SCOTTISH CHARACTERISTICS.

BY

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

The advance sheets of this work have been sent to us by the Author as fast as they could be got ready. We have had several changes made in the body of the book—adding an Index, and other improvements. We realized the fact that in the United States and in Canada there are almost as many Scotch, and people of Scotch descent, as there are in Scotland itself. They are indeed a grand and peculiar race of people, and Paxton Hood, we believe, is of all other writers the man to do them justice. We issue the volume with full confidence that it will take favorably with our readers.

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SCOTTISH CHARACTERISTICS.

CHAPTER I.

THE OLD SCOTTISH MINISTER.

In every estimate of Scottish character and humor the old minister furnishes a singular variety of illustrations, marking a very distinct and individual type. Among ministers of all orders, and especially in a time not very far remote, there was much more of a brotherly resemblance than a brotherly difference; for they might belong to the Establishment, or not; they might belong to the "United Presbyterian," the "Relief," or the "Antiburgher" communions, but they were usually scholars and men of education; they were versed in their "*humanities;*" the framework of their theology was uniformly built up from the Confession of the Westminster Assembly, and their church government was uniformly Presbyterian. Thus they all resembled each other, and from their number it is very easy to distinguish many rich and rare originals, but the uniformity of the type holds even in circumstances which seem to differ.

Nor was this national type Presbyterian only. Episcopacy and Prelacy have been supposed to be, until very recently, especially hateful to the Scottish mind; but John Skinner, the Episcopal clergyman of Longside, in Aberdeenshire, for sixty-four years during the last century, was as true to the type as any whose ecclesiastical relations we have indicated. He was

the friend of Robert Burns, and the author of the famous and inspiring Scotch song, or reel, "Tulloehgorum;" but he was the author also of a singularly interesting "Dissertation on the Shekinah, or Divine Presence with the Church, or People of God," and of one of the longest and most learned of the Expositions of "the Song of Solomon." For upward of half a century he lived in his manse, a little low-thatched abode, "far from the madding crowd," apart from any public road, in a district of Scotland removed from any animating local scenery: his romantic retreat was by a sedgy *burn*, or brook, which, without the semblance of a current, served as a fence on one side to his garden. His manse stood in a dreary plain, almost two miles square, in which neither tree, nor stone, nor shrub—unless a straggling bush of broom deserved the name—was to be seen, and there it was his consolation to say, "My taper never burns in vain." The light was always at night shining in his window; he never permitted curtain or shutter to intercept its rays. He used to say, "It may cheer some roaming youth, or solitary traveller, since the Polar Star is not truer to its position than is the position of the *Linshart* (the name of his house) in its rise and setting, true to the Buchan Hind." He used to say, while there was a chance of any human creature traversing the "*Lang-gate*" he could not bear to go to bed. John Skinner, with his humor, his strait theology, his benevolent common-sense, has always seemed a fine specimen of the old Scottish minister, although of a communion which has never been acceptable to the Scottish mind.

The biographies of such men are innumerable. A charming picture Dr. Norman Macleod gives of his father's life among the old hills of Morvern; and it may probably stand as a beautiful photograph of many a Scottish minister in his relation to his household and his parish. "Were I asked," says the son, "what there was in my father's teaching and training that did us all so much good, I would say, both in regard to him and my beloved mother, that it was love and truth. They were both so real and human. No *cranks*, *twists*, *crotchets*, *isms*, or

systems of any kind, but loving, sympathizing ; giving a genuine *blowing up* when it was needed, but passing by trifles, failures, infirmities, without making a fuss. The liberty they gave was as wise as the restraint they imposed. Their home was happy, intensely happy. Christianity was a thing taken for granted, and not enforced with scowl and frown. I never heard my father speak of Calvinism, Arminianism, Presbyterianism, or Episcopacy, or exaggerate doctrinal differences, in my life. I had to study all these questions after I left home. I thank God for his free, loving, sympathizing, and honest heart. He might have made me a slave to any 'ism.' He left me free to love Christ and Christians." And this pleasant picture of the manse of the patriarchal minister of Morvern reminds us of that other picture of the Scottish minister and his work, from the same pen, in the "Reminiscences of a Highland Parish," for which most likely the ancient father furnished the original.

We are apt to think of the old Scottish minister as usually living in wild scenes, amid scattered mountain hamlets, amid wide and far-spreading moors, amid "the sheep that is among the lonely hills," the wail of plovers, and the songs of mountain streams. But this separation from cities, and from what is called cultivated society, must not, therefore, imply, in this instance, a character either less cultivated or less powerful, or, in its sphere, less influential ; "strongest minds," says Wordsworth, in his fine portrayal of just such a character as we are attempting to delineate—

> "Strongest minds
> Are often those of whom the noisy world
> Hears least."

There were remarkable oddities in the Scottish ministry in the times of old. Mr. Kennedy, in "The Days of Our Fathers in Ross-shire," recites, with admiration, the life of Mr. Sage, the pastor of the kirk of Lochcarron. He found his parish in a state of extreme depravity, and he made friends with the strongest man in the parish. "Now, Rory," he said,

"I'm the minister, and you must be my elder, and we must see to it that all the people attend church, observe the Sabbath, and conduct themselves properly." So it seems to be true that between them they dragged the idlers into the church, locked the door, and returned to eateh more ; then the minister mounted the pulpit. Rory stood at the door with his cudgel, and the serviee proceeded. Mr. Kennedy says one of the earliest sermons was blessed to the conversion of Rory ; and the whole parish, beneath Mr. Sage's pastorate, beeame remarkable for its orthodoxy of doctrine and behavior. This is a story like that of our William Grimshaw, of Haworth, who used to go out on the Sabbath morning through his long-neglected parish, and literally eompel the people to eome into the chureh. Before long it was a new place, and the good minister was as mueh loved as he had been first feared, and then respected.

Johnson, in his "Journey in the Western Islands," gives us fine glimpses of the old Scottish minister. Mr. Maclean, on the Isle of Coll, he says, had the reputation of great learning. He was seventy-seven years old, but not infirm, "with a look of venerable dignity," says Johnson, "exeelling what I remember in any other man ; we found him," eontinues the doctor, "in a hut—that is, a house of only one floor, but with windows and chimney, and not inelegantly furnished." In Skye, he says of another elergyman, Mr. MeQueen, "he was courteous, candid, sensible, well-informed, very learned ;" and he speaks of the whole raee of ministers, saying, "I saw not one in the islands whom I had reason to think either deficient in learning or irregular in life." Sueh were the men, the foundations of whose faith were laid amid the silence of mountains and the roar of seas ; there they learned

> "To look on Nature with a humble heart ;
> Self questioned, where it did not understand ;
> And with a superstitious eye of love."

Such scattered societies have been favorable to the development of humor and originality of character. Polite society is

more favorable to the cultivation of the conventional, and greatly takes away from the man, the doctor, or the minister, that freedom of intercourse between classes which is the foundation of all true humor or naturalness of personality.

One of the most essential attributes of the Scottish mind is its orderly, methodical, in a word, its logical character ; this has often given to its preaching a bony appearance, or eminently doctrinal method. It was very important that the minister should fulfil these conditions, that he should be "*soun*," or sound. Some ministers had the reputation even of being "*awfu soun*," and hence a more sprightly and flowing manner came to be regarded with suspicion. Alexander Fletcher, before he went to London, was exceedingly popular at Stow. On the evening before he received "the call" to become the co-pastor there, with the Rev. Mr. Kidstone, there had been some doubt as to the perfect orthodoxy of his views ; but on this occasion he preached a sermon to the delight, and even surprise, of a great gathering of people. Coming down from the pulpit, and going into the manse, Mr. Kidstone met him and thanked him, saying with great suavity, "Weel, Sandie, I must admit you're vara 'soun,' but, oh, man! you're na deep!"

A part of the usual duty of the Scottish minister was periodical pastoral visitation, which included visitations during which all the members of the family were supposed to submit to catechetical examinations. This work of examination has been, from time immemorial, supposed to be kept up from house to house, the minister taking certain districts, and usually anouncing his route of visitation from the pulpit on the preceding Sabbath. This visit of the minister was often the occasion of great alarm and preparation, and, perhaps, was conducted—whatever may be the case now—very mechanically. There was examination in the Catechism, and the general routine of sound theology. The beadle usually went before the minister into the district to announce that on such and such a day he would pay his visit. Sometimes, however, indolent ministers

neglected this duty. A poor old deaf man resided in Fife; he was visited by his minister shortly after coming to his pulpit. The minister said he would often call and see him; but time went on, and he did not visit him again until two years after, when, happening to go through the street where the deaf man was living, he saw his wife at the door, and could therefore do no other than inquire for her husband. "Weel, Margaret, how is Tammas?" "None the better o' you," was the rather curt reply. "How! how! Margaret?" inquired the minister. "Oh, ye promised twa year syne to ca' and pray once a fortnight wi' him, and ye hae ne'er darkened the door sin' syne." "Weel, weel, Margaret, don't be so short; I thought it was not so very necessary to call and pray with Tammas, for he is sae deaf ye ken he canna hear me." "But, sir," said the woman, with a rising dignity of manner, "the Lord's no deaf!" And it is to be supposed the minister felt the power of her reproof. Of course, in these visitations, sometimes more humorous incidents occurred. Dr. Henderson, of Galashiels, in the course of one of his pastoral calls, came to the house of a woman who had lost her husband a short time before, and had been left with a large and non-productive family; naturally the minister inquired after the health of the household. "Weel," said the woman, "we're all richt, except puir Davie; he's sair troubled wi' a bad leg, and not fit for wark." The doctor could not recollect who Davie was, but, as in duty bound, he prayed that Davie's affliction might be blessed to him, and also that it might not be of long duration. But going home, and consulting his wife, he said, "Davie, Davie! which of the boys is Davie?" "Hoot, hoot! you ought to ken wha Davie is," she replied. "Davie is nae son, Davie is just the cuddy" (donkey).

Absence of mind, however, sometimes produces results as awkward as absence of humor. The Rev. Mr. Imlack, of Murroes, was an able man, but a very absent-minded one, and once, in a public service of considerable importance, he spoke of all ranks and degrees of persons, "from the king on the

dunghill to the beggar on the throne ;" but, suspecting rather than perceiving the mistake, he proceeded instantly to amend his error by saying, "No, my friends, I mean from the beggar on the throne to the king on the dunghill."

"One of Chalmers's earliest movements was to improve the social status and domestic condition of the clergy. He came to my father," says Dr. Charles Rogers, "on a Monday in a state of great enthusiasm. 'Yesterday I preached,' he said, 'in the college kirk, and inaugurated my scheme for the augmentation of stipends. I'll read to you my discourse ;' thereupon taking a MS. from his pocket, and placing it on the table. 'Just twenty minutes,' said my father, who knew that his friend, when he entered warmly on a subject, forgot everything else ; and the cook had announced that dinner was almost ready. 'Half an hour,' pleaded Chalmers, 'and you shall have the entire discourse.' My father assented, but placed his watch upon the table. The orator proceeded, as if he had been addressing a congregation. 'The church bell,' he said, 'may ring for a century to come, but if the clergy are not properly remunerated, they will be termed "puir bodies," and themselves and their ministrations will be regarded with contempt.' 'I beg your pardon, Mr. Chalmers,' said my father, 'but what's your text?' 'My text,' said the orator, 'is Luke 12 : 15 : "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."' 'You are not textual,' said my father. 'Wait a little,' rejoined the orator, 'and you'll see.' The sermon proved both eloquent and appropriate. 'He never expressed himself better,' said my father, 'even in the days of his greatest popularity.'"

But there is probably no country in which the minister receives so much respect—and respect of so high an order ; this is true of every communion in Scotland. Our readers need not to be informed that the service of the Scottish communions was utterly unadorned and unritualistic ; but Lockhart, in that most charming book, "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk," was not wide of the truth when he pointed out that, to the devout

Presbyterian, the image of his minister, and the idea of his superior sanctity and attainments, stand instead of the whole calendar of Catholicism ; or all the splendid liturgies, chantings, and pealing organs of our English cathedrals. The minister was the symbol of the faith, and, looking on his minister, says Lockhart, the Scotchman might, whether he were of the Old Presbytery, or an Old-light Anti-Burgher, or a New-light Anti-Burgher, say with the Greek of old, " It is not in wide-spreading battlements, nor in lofty towers, that the security of our city consists. Men are our defence !" With all this, the Scottish ministers of the old time had much cheerfulness ; the *dourness* was of a far later growth. One writer before us, a century old, tells that " papa and mamma," when he was a boy, had invited a very important minister from Edinburgh to spend some days with them. " It put me in a terrible fright, for I had formed a most awful idea of a minister. I thought of some gaunt-looking personage, with a bushy wig, and all stiffness and formality. I was dreadfully alarmed lest he should examine me in the Longer or Shorter Catechism—for, to tell the truth, I knew no more of their contents than the first and third questions, ' What is the chief end of man ? ' and ' What do the Scriptures principally teach ?'—when the servants announced the awful intelligence that the minister had come. I thought my heart would have leaped into my mouth, but my alarm was only for a moment ; for, in place of seeing a gaunt, old, formal, sour Plum, as I expected, I found the most lively, frank, good-humored personage I had ever met with."

And such we suppose would be usually the account to be given of the Scottish minister ; with very much ecclesiastical decorum and official austerity, a blithe and cheerful person, able to command not less the love and reverence of the young than the respect and confidence of the old.

Very naturally we have only thought of the Scottish minister, or ministers, of past generations ; the present will be entitled to take their place by and by ; but how long shall we

have to wait before we have such another portrait as that of Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, by his gifted son, Dr. John Brown, in the "Horæ Subsecivæ"?

Perhaps the prejudice against read sermons lingered longer in Scotland than in any other district. Until very recently the use of any manuscript would have been fatal to the cordial acceptance of any candidate.

"He's a grand preacher," whispered an old spinster to her sister on hearing a young minister for the first time. "Whist! Bell," was the reply; "he's readin'!" "Readin', is he?" said the eulogist, changing her tone; "paltry fellow! we'll gang hame, Jenny, and read our Book." In 1762 Dr. Thomas Blacklock, the well-known poet, was presented by the Earl of Selkirk to the living of Kirkcudbright. He was afflicted by the loss of sight, but, when he was preaching one of his trial discourses, an old woman who sat on the pulpit stairs inquired of a neighbor whether he was a reader. "He canna be a reader," said the old wife, "for he's blin'." "I'm glad to hear it," said the ancient neighbor; "I wish they were all blin'!" His blindness, however, did not serve Blacklock, for exception was taken to him on account of his loss of sight, and he was compelled to resign his living.

As anecdotes of them occur in the old biographies, they must often seem a strange race, those old Scottish preachers and pastors. Mr. Shanks, of Jedburgh, was greatly perplexed by a text; he could make nothing of it; so, late at night, he started off to Selkirk, a distance of fifteen miles, to take counsel upon it with his friend Dr. Lawson. He arrived at one in the morning; he had to knock many times at the manse before he was heard. At last a servant appeared, asking who he was, and what, in the name of all disorders, could have brought him at that hour of the night. The perplexed parson insisted on seeing Dr. Lawson. He had been in bed hours since. "I must see him, however," said he, "and you must hold my horse until I come down." He knew the way to the doctor's bedroom. He knocked, and entered in the dark.

He told his brother minister his errand. Lawson entered into the difficulty of the situation, and, although in a somewhat dreamy state, he commenced an exegesis upon the text in question, showed the bearing of the context, referred to the parallel passages, and cleared up the whole subject to his friend's satisfaction, who thanked Dr. Lawson, bade him good-morning, and then mounting his horse, rode back through the night to Jedburgh. In the morning, at about five, Dr. Lawson awoke.

"My dear," he said to Mrs. Lawson, "I have had a very singular and not unpleasant dream. I dreamed that Mr. Shanks, good man, came all the way up from Jedburgh to consult with me about a text that troubled him."

"It was no dream," said Mrs. Lawson; "Mr. Shanks was here, in this very room, and I had to listen to all that you and he had to say."

It was with difficulty she could persuade him to believe it had been so. On going downstairs, however, he inquired if Mr. Shanks had been during the night, and then in what room he was sleeping. The servant assured him that he had really been in the house, but added, "He is not in the house now, sir. He is at Jedburgh long before this time."

Of course this spirit of ministerial simplicity and earnestness was sometimes imposed upon. Dr. Chalmers was not only a mighty orator and sagacious scientific thinker, he was a large-hearted and open-handed man. But there was one singular instance in which he lost his temper. He was sitting busily engaged in his study one afternoon when a man was introduced. He was a Jew, professing to be an anxious inquirer. Apologizing for his interruption by saying that he was in very great distress of mind, the doctor's sympathy was instantly excited.

"Sit down, sir. Be good enough to be seated."

The visitor declared he had been an unbeliever in the divine origin of Christianity, but, beneath the touch of the doctor's eloquence all doubts had vanished; still there was a difficulty which pressed upon him with peculiar force—it was the ac-

count the Bible gave of Melchizedek, one of the types of the Christian Messiah, being without father, without mother, etc. Very kindly, patiently, and anxiously Chalmers disposed of all these difficulties. The man expressed himself as greatly relieved in his mind, thankfully acknowledging that, in the matter of Melchizedek, he saw his way very clearly.

"And now," continued he, "doctor, I am in great want of a little money, and perhaps you could help me in that way too."

At once the object of the visit, and the cunning stratagem for obtaining an introduction, was seen, and the wrath of the doctor was aroused. To have been interrupted in his work, to have expended all his eloquence, and learning, and patience on this! A tremendous tornado of indignation rolled over the head of the unfortunate mortal as he retreated from the study to the street door.

"It's too bad!" said the orator. "Not a penny, sir; not a penny, sir! It's too bad; not merely to waste my time, but to haul in your mendicity upon the shoulders of Melchizedek!"

But with all his grand shrewdness of character, Chalmers—especially in his earlier life—was easily imposed upon, as Dr. Charles Rogers illustrates in the following anecdote:

"One Saturday morning, the minister of Kilmany (Chalmers) stepped in. 'My dear sir,' said he, 'I have been detained at Anster all the week, and I am unprepared for to-morrow's duty; so allow me to take your place, and, like a kind man, you'll take mine at Kilmany.' My father consented. 'I don't know what my housekeeper may have for you in the way of eating,' he proceeded, 'but there is very fine whiskey, and this reminds me, I have discovered a method of eliminating the harsher and more deleterious particles from all spirituous liquors. I leave my bottles uncorked, and place them in an open cupboard, so that atmospheric air entering the necks of the bottles may mollify the fluid.' 'All very good,' said my father. On a bottle of Mr. Chalmers's *rectified aqua* being produced next day after dinner, at Kilmany, he found

that other agencies than those of the atmosphere had been reducing the strength. Three fourths of the liquor had evidently been poured out, and the remainder proportionally diluted with *aqua* from the well. Whiskey of such extreme mildness might be drunk readily. In the evening, as my father was approaching the manse, Mr. Chalmers met and hailed him. 'Got well through, I hope?' 'Oh yes!' 'And some home comforts, too?' 'Yes, a very good dinner, and very mild whiskey.' 'Glad you liked it; knew you would. I've fallen on the true secret.' 'It was so very mild, that I finished the bottle.' 'Nonsense, my dear sir,' said Mr. Chalmers, who now began to suspect his friend's sincerity; 'had you done so, you would not have been here to tell the tale.' 'Oh, yes,' persisted my father, 'I finished the bottle. The fact is, Mr. Chalmers, you're a bachelor, as well as myself, and if you take the corks out of your whiskey bottles, and throw open your cupboards, your whiskey will be mild enough. Yours was mostly water.' Chalmers was a little crestfallen, but added after a little—'Depend upon it, sir, *the air* does it.'"

Dr. Macfarlane has given, in his vivid likeness of George Lawson, of Selkirk—the original of the Rev. Josiah Cargill in "St. Ronan's Well"—a piece of ministerial Scottish folk-lore, richer, because more original than Dean Ramsay's celebrated "Reminiscences." Writing to Dr. Macfarlane, Thomas Carlyle says: "From your biography of Dr. Lawson, I gather a perfectly credible account of his character, course of life, and labors in the world; and the reflection rises in me that, perhaps, there was not in the British Islands a more completely genuine, pious-minded, diligent, and faithful man. Altogether original too; peculiar to Scotland, and, so far as I can guess, unique even there and then. England will never know him out of any book, or, at least, it would take the genius of a Shakespeare to make him known by that method; but if England did, it might much and wholesomely astonish her. Seen in his intrinsic character, no simpler-minded, more perfect lover of wisdom do I know of in that generation. Professor

Lawson, you may believe, was a great man in my boy circle ; never spoken of but with reverence and thankfulness by those I loved best. In a dim, but singularly conclusive way, I can still remember seeing him—and even hearing him preach, though of that latter, except the fact of it, I retain nothing ; but of the figure, face, tone, dress, I have a vivid impression (perhaps about my twelfth year, *i.e.* summer of 1807–8). It seems to me he had even a better face than in your frontispiece—more strength, sagacity, shrewdness, simplicity, a broader jaw, more hair of his own (I don't much remember any wig) ; altogether a most superlative, steel-gray Scottish peasant, and Scottish Socrates of the period ; really, as I now perceive, more like the twin brother of that Athenian Socrates who went about supreme in Athens in wooden shoes, than any man I have ocularly seen." Such was George Lawson. He fulfilled his course among a people who had their homes on the banks of the Tweed, the Ettrick, the Yarrow, and the Gala—among shepherds and farmers ; they listened to his words, seated in the house of God, on winter days, wrapped in their shepherds' plaids, their shepherd dogs crouching at their feet, like silent and reverent hearers, too, till, the sermon over, they started to their feet, wagged their tails, and marched out of the house with their masters.

The old Scottish minister was remarkable for quaint drollery, and it often partook of that dry and grim character which we have distinctly identified as a feature of Scottish humor in general. Men notable for absence of mind were seldom found napping when the occasion came to waken their wit. Evidently in allusion to the doctor's own wig, an impudent fop once dared to ask Mr. Lawson if he could tell him the color of the devil's wig, and prompt came the doctor's reply : " Oh, man," said the divine, " ye maun be a puir tyke of a servant to hae served a master sae lang and no to ken the color o' his wig." Dr. Macfarlane, among his souvenirs, gives one of a Selkirk minister—we believe Mr. Law, afterward of Kirkcaldy —who was equally remarkable for wit and satire, piety and tal-

ent : Mr. Law was a well-known humorist, though an excellent man and diligent pastor. There was a sort of infidel and scoffing character in the town in which he lived, commonly called Jock Hammon. Jock had a nickname for Mr. Law, which, though profane, had reference to the well-known evangelical character of his ministry. "There's the Grace of God," he would say, as he saw the good man passing by ; and he actually talked of him under that designation. It so happened that Mr. Law had, on one occasion, consented to take the chair at some public meeting. The hour of meeting was past, the place of meeting was filled, but no minister appeared. Symptoms of impatience were manifested, when a voice was heard from one corner of the hall—"My friends, there will be no 'Grace of God' here this nicht !" Just at this moment the door opened, and Mr. Law appeared, casting, as he entered, a rather knowing look upon Jock Hammon as Jock ejaculated these words. On taking the chair Mr. Law apologized for being so late. "I had," he said, "to go into the country to preside at the examination of a village school, and really the young folks conducted themselves so well that I could scarce get away from them. If you please, I will just give you a specimen of the examination. I called up an intelligent-looking girl, and asked her if she had ever heard of any one who had erected a gallows for another and who had been hanged on it himself ? 'Yes,' replied the girl ; 'it was Haman.' With that up started another little girl, and she said, 'Eh, minister, that's no true. Hammon's no hanged yet ; for I saw him at the public-house door this forenoon, and he was swearing like a trooper.'" (Upon this there was a considerable tittering among the audience, and eyes were directed to the corner were Jock was sitting.) "You are both quite right, my dears," said Mr. Law. "Your *Haman* was really hanged, as he deserved to be ; and" (turning toward the other) "your *Hammon*, my lambie, is no hanged *yet*, by 'the Grace o' God,'" he added, with a solemnity of tone which removed every thought of irreverence from the allusion. It might have

reminded some present of the saying of the great English martyr, when he saw a criminal led to execution, "But for the grace of God, there goes John Bradford." The meeting was awed at first by the solemnity of the rebuke, but then the humor of the thing tickled them, and, amid roars of laughter, Jock rushed out of the meeting, and, for a time at least, he ceased to make the worthy minister the object of his scurrilous jokes.

Dr. Macfarlane's delightful Life of the old patriarch, Lawson, gives some pathetic glimpses into the interior of the old Scottish manse; the following, of his comportment on the night of the death of his most loved son, we take to be characteristic, not only of Lawson in particular, but of the old Scottish minister in general.

It was customary at that time to send for the undertaker at whatever hour of the day or night death took place, who brought along with him what was called the "dead-board," upon which the corpse was stretched out. The son of the worthy man who performed this duty at this time informed Dr. Macfarlane that when his father arrived at the manse, he found the family in great distress—weeping and lamenting over the dead—Dr. Lawson sitting in the midst of them, calm, but overwhelmed. After a short space, he arose and said, "Oh, Mrs. Lawson, will you consider what you are about? Remember who has done this. Be composed; be resigned; and rise, and accompany me downstairs, that we may all join in worshipping our God." And so they all went down with him to the parlor. He then read out for praise these solemn verses of the 29th paraphrase:

"Amidst the mighty, where is He
Who saith, and it is done?
Each varying scene of changeful life
Is from the Lord alone.

"Why should a living man complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod?
Our sins afflict us; and the cross
Must bring us back to God."

Before he raised the tune, he paused for a moment, looking round upon the weeping circle, and then, with faltering accents, said, "We have lost our singer this morning; but I know that he has began a song which shall never end," and then procceded with the worship, completing a scene as holy and sublime as can well be imagined. It was also customary at that period, and in that quarter, when the day of funeral came, for the chief mourners to come out and stand at the door, in front of the house, to receive the company as they assembled. Dr. Lawson, however, was not there; and, as the hour was past the undertaker (one of his elders) entered the manse to inquire the reason. No one could inform him. Upon which, he opened the door of the library, and found the afflicted father on his knees in prayer.

A few days after this, a letter came to "*John*," from one of his pupils at Penrith—son of Herbert Buchanan, Esq., of Arden—making anxious inquiries as to his health. The letter was opened and read by the father, who wrote an answer to it, as if from John himself in heaven—"an answer which breathes not the language of terror and despair, like the spirit that assumed the figure, the voice, and the mouth of the departed prophet, but that of holy love and hope, like the words of Moses and Elias, when they appeared in glory on the mount, and spake of the decease which Jesus should accomplish at Jerusalem."

"Dear Sir: Your hope that I am in a better state of health than formerly, is now more than realized. God has, in His infinite mercy, been pleased to receive me into those happy abodes where there is no more sorrow, nor death, nor sin. I now hear and see things which it is impossible to utter; and would not give one hour of the felicity which I now enjoy, for a lifetime, or for a thousand years, of the greatest felicity which I enjoyed on earth.

"I still love you and the other friends whom I left on earth, but my affection for them is very different from what it

was : I value them not for the love which they bear to me, or the amiable qualities which are most generally esteemed by men, unless they love my Lord and Saviour, through whose blood I have found admission to heaven. The happiness which I wish for you, is not advancement in the world, or a rich enjoyment of its pleasures, but the light of God's countenance, the grace of His Spirit, and a share, when a few years have passed, of those things which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, and which it has not entered into the heart of man to conceive.

" It is not permitted to us who dwell on high to appear to our former friends, and to inform them of our present feelings ; and, ardently as I desire to have you a participant of my felicity, I do not wish to approach you in a visible form, to tell you of the riches of the glory of that inheritance which I possess. Abraham tells me that the writings of the prophets and apostles are better fitted to awaken sinners to a sense of everlasting things, and to excite good men to holiness, than apparitions, and admonitions of their departed friends would be ; and what he says is felt to be true by all of us. I do not now read the Bible. I thank God I often read it from beginning to end, when it was necessary for me to learn from it the knowledge of my beloved Saviour ; and yet, if I could now feel uneasiness, I would regret that I made it so little the subject of my meditation. You would be glad to know whether, though unseen, I may not be often present with you, rejoicing in your prosperity, and still more in every good work performed by you, in every expression of love to my God, and care for the welfare of your own soul. But I am permitted to tell you no more on this subject than God has thought meet to tell you in His Word, that there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth ; and angels are present in Christian assemblies, observing with pleasure or indignation the good or bad behavior of the worshippers ; and that we welcome with great joy our friends from earth, when they are received into our everlasting habitations.

" Farewell, my dear friend, farewell, but not forever.

What are all the days you have before you on earth, but a moment! I hope that the grace which hath brought me so early in my existence to heaven, will bring you all to the same happy place, after sparing you some time longer in the lower world to serve your generation, by His will; and to do more than I had an opportunity to do, for exciting your neighbor to choose the path of life. Much good may be done by the attractive example, by the prayers, and (at proper times) by the religious converse of Christians engaged in this world.

"Farewell, again, till we meet never to be separated.

"I am, your friend, more sincerely than ever,

"JOHN LAWSON."

Thus we obtain a beautiful insight into the character of the old Scottish minister.

CHAPTER II.

CHARACTERISTICS OF SCOTTISH HUMOR.

The humor of any country really represents its human character, and it varies therefore in every nation with the character. The English, Irish, French, Spanish, and American, have all varying shades of humor decidedly their own ; differences and resemblances, contrasts and likenesses. Humor is the outflowing of the human idiosyncracy ; and such as the character is—and that will vary from the influence of temperament, scenery, and circumstance—so will the humor be. The Scottish character has a kind of humor especially its own.

Reticence is one very marked characteristic ; a reserved sense —sometimes a kind of grim reserve ; indeed, this pervades, more or less, all the manifestations.

Thus we read that "a minister's man," one of a class of whom, indeed, many stories are told, was following the minister from the manse to the kirk one Sabbath afternoon, when, the minister glancing back, perceived a smile on the face of his old attendant.

"What makes you laugh, James? It is unseemly. What is there to amuse you?"

"Oh, naething particular," says James ; "I was only thinking o' something that happened this forenoon."

"What is that? Tell me what it was."

"Weel, minister, dinna be angry wi' me ; but ye ken the congregation here are whiles no pleased to get auld sermons fra' you, and, this morning, I got the better of the kirk session ony way."

"And how was that, Jamie?" says the minister.

"'Deed, sir, when we came out o' the kirk this forenoon, I kenned what they were thinking; and says I, Eh, but you canna ca' that an auld sermon this day, for it's not abune sax weeks since you heard it last!"

Dr. McLeod was proceeding from the manse of D—— to church, to open a new place of worship. As he passed slowly and gravely through the crowd gathered about the doors, an elderly man, with the peculiar kind of wig known in that district—bright, smooth, and of a reddish brown—accosted him.

"Doctor, if you please, I wish to speak to you."

"Well, Duncan," said the venerable doctor—it was, we believe, the father of the well-known Scottish minister of our own day—"well, Duncan, can you not wait till after worship?"

"No, doctor, I must speak to you now, for it is a matter upon my conscience."

"Oh, since it is a matter of conscience, tell me what it is; but be brief, Duncan, for time passes."

"The matter is this, doctor. Ye see the clock yonder, on the face of the new church. Well, there is no clock really there; nothing but the face of a clock. There is no truth in it, but only once in the twelve hours. Now, it is in my mind very wrong, and quite against my conscience, that there should be a lie on the face of the house of the Lord."

"Duncan, I will consider the point. But I am glad to see you looking so well; you are not young now; I remember you for many years; and what a fine head of hair you have still."

"Eh, doctor, you are joking now; it is long since I have had any hair."

"Oh, Duncan, Duncan, are you going into the house of the Lord with a lie upon your head?"

This, says the story, settled the question; and the doctor heard no more of the lie on the face of the clock.

Grotesque and ludicrous, producing the effect of humor without being humorous—we have said this is often the characteristic of Scottish humor. At a time when many of the

poor in Scotland had scarcely any notion of any food but oatmeal, a gentleman asked a boy one day if he did not tire of porridge. The boy looked up astonished, saying :

" Wad ye hae me no' like my meat ?"

And so we read of a wee laddie interrogating his mother :

" Mither, will we hae tea tae our breakfast the morn ?"

" Ay, laddie, if we're spared."

" And if we're no spared, mither, will we only hae parritch ?"

The story is well known of the old lady who shared the strong prejudices against the organ in divine service. One was, however, erected in her kirk ; it was the first she had ever seen or heard, and she was asked her opinion of it after the first performance, and she replied, " It's a very bonny kist (chest) o' whistles ; but oh, sirs, it's an awfu' way of spending the Sabbath-day !" At the church of Dr. Alexander in Edinburgh, where, after a considerable strife, an organ was erected, it was discovered one Sabbath morning that it could not be used, and the beadle appeared before the reverend doctor, the pastor of the congregation, just as he was going into the pulpit, saying, slyly—he had always been opposed to the innovation—" Doctor, yon creature of an *ourgan* has gi'en up the ghaist a'thegither the day !"

The best humor of Scotland is of a very *sly* and *subtle* kind. Even the best humor of Burns is often of this order. The Waverley novels, overflowing with every variety of Scottish humor, have many illustrations of this ; the answers of Edie Ochiltree, for instance, in his examination before the magistrate, Bailie Littlejohn. The old blue-gown's fencings of speech are all in this play of unconscious subtlety :

" Can you tell me now, bailie, you that understand the law, what gude will it do me to answer ony of your questions ?"

" Good ! no good, certainly, my friend, except that giving a true account of yourself, if you are innocent, may entitle me to set you at liberty."

" But it seems mair reasonable to me now that you, bailie,

or anybody that has onything to say against me, should prove my guilt, and not be bidding me to prove my innocence."

"I don't sit here," answered the magistrate, "to dispute points of law with you. I ask you, if you choose to answer my question, whether you were at Ringan Arkwood, the forester's, on the day I have specified?"

"Really, sir, I dinna feel myself called on to remember," replied the bedesman.

"Or whether in the course of that day or night you saw Steven or Steenie Mucklebacket? You know him, I suppose?"

"Oh, brawlie did I ken Steenie, puir fallow," replied the prisoner, "but I canna condescend on ony particular time I have seen him lately."

"Were you in the ruins of St. Ruth any time in the course of that evening?"

"Bailie Littlejohn," said the mendicant, "if it be your honor's pleasure, we'll cut a long tale short, and I'll just tell you I'm no minded to answer ony o' thae questions. I'm ower auld a traveller to let my tongue bring me into trouble."

"Write down," said the magistrate, "that he declines to answer all interrogatories, in respect that by telling the truth he might be brought to trouble."

"Na, na," said Ochiltree. "I'll no hae that set down as ony part o' my answer; but I just meant to say, that in all my memory and practice I never saw ony gude come o' answering idle questions."

"Write down," said the bailie, "that, being acquainted with judicial interrogatories by long practice, and having sustained injury by answering questions put to him on such occasions, the declarant refuses—"

"Na, na, bailie," reiterated Edie, "ye are not to come in on me that gait either."

This conversation well illustrates that pleasant phase of Scottish humor, simple yet shrewd, which has received the well-known epithet of *canny*.

Perhaps this is the faculty which gives that fine power of repelling an assault by some keen, efficient reply, sometimes delicate and sometimes coarse, as the case may be, but quite equal to the end. We have heard of a Scotchwoman who had accompanied her mistress to Ireland, who, being jeered by an Irishman on her unmarried condition, replied, in the predestinarian phraseology very peculiar to her class, "I'm truly thankful that a man was na ordainit to me, for maybe he might have been like yoursel'."

Indeed, this cautious and canny slowness of character is enjoined in a well-known Scottish proverb, "*Naething should be done in haste but gripping fleas.*"

A droll kind of slow movement of character gives a hint of a good deal of the humor. It is recorded by Chambers and other Scottish historians that when Mrs. Siddons was in Edinburgh, on the occasion of her first appearance, the audience had been, to English notions, singularly undemonstrative of their approbation. Yet during one scene the whole house was held entirely spellbound and breathless, when there was heard distinctly from the pit a voice from some canny, cautious Scotch critic, "Yon was no' that bad;" and at that word the whole house burst forth into a perfect tumult and uproar of applause. A lady of rank, a very dear friend of the writer, herself a Scotchwoman of a very old family, usually goes into the housekeeper's room every morning to give her directions for the day to her housekeeper, a daughter of Aberdeen. Our friend has a considerable play of humor and fun, and she has told us how, more than once, after some humorous remark, on the day following her housekeeper will say to her, "Yon was a very humorsome thing ye're leddyship was saying yesterday." It had taken twenty-four hours for the saying fairly to work in the mind. It was like the Scotchman's criticism in the theatre, "Yon was no' that bad!"

It is no doubt owing to this queer slowness in the character that we have among Scottish anecdotes so many of the ludicrous, which are not humorous. Dr. Rogers, in his collection,

gives an instance of grotesque stupidity in a magistrate. A bailie of the Gorbals, Glasgow, was noted for the simplicity of his manners on the bench. A youth was charged before his tribunal with abstracting a handkerchief from a gentleman's pocket. The indictment being read, the bailie, addressing the prisoner, remarked, "I hae na doot ye did the deed, for I had a handkerchief ta'en oot o' my ain pouch-pocket this vera week." The same magisterial logician was, on another occasion, seated on the bench when a case of serious assault was brought forward by the public prosecutor. Struck by the powerful phraseology of the indictment, the bailie proceeded to say, "For this malicious crime you are fined half a guinea." The assessor remarked that the case had not yet been proven. "Then," said the magistrate, "we'll just make the fine five shillings." But we have many analogies to this worthy among the magistrates of England.

The humor of some stories needs some little knowledge to apprehend the altogether unconscious humor which comes out from the narrator. It has been said, that of all the sciences, it is a difficult task to make a Highlander comprehend the value of mineralogy ; there is some sense in astronomy, it means the guidance of the stars in aid of navigation ; there is sense in chemistry, it is connected with dyeing, and other arts : but "chopping off bits of the rocks," that is a mystery.

A shepherd was sitting in a Highland inn, and he communicated to another his experiences with "one of they mad Englishmen."

"There was one," said he, "who gave me his bag to carry, by a short cut, across the hills to his inn, while he took the other road. Eh ! it was dreadfully heavy, and, when I got out of his sight, I determined to see what was in it, for I wondered at the unco' weight of the thing ; and, man ! it's no use for you to guess what was in that bag, for ye'd ne'er find out. It was stanes."

"Stanes !" said his companion, opening his eyes, "**stanes !**"

"Ay, just stanes."

"Well, that beats all I ever knew or heard of them. And did you carry it?"

"Carry it! Man, do ye think I was as mad as himself? Nae! Nae! I emptied them all out, but I filled the bag again from the cairn near the house, and I gave him good measure for his money."

And yet Hugh Miller was a Scotchman!

It has sometimes appeared to us that old Scotland furnishes a greater variety of humor in the character than any other region of which we have heard; there is a greater originality, and there is less sameness. Sir Walter Scott knew this, and he studied this variety, and originality in variety, so as to bring it out in the many characters he portrays. Daft Jock Amos is a character of whom many stories are told.

"John," said the minister to him one day—"John, can you repeat the Fourth Commandment? I hope you can; which is the Fourth Commandment?"

"I dare say, Mr. Boston, it'll be the ane after the third."

"Can you repeat it?"

"I'm no sure about it. I ken it has some wheeram by the rest."

Mr. Boston repeated it. He had found John working with a knife on the Sabbath-day. He tried to show him his error, but John whittled on.

"But, John, why won't you rather come to church, John? What is the reason you never come to church?"

"Because you never preach on the text I want you to preach on."

"What text would you have me to preach on?"

"On the nine-and-twenty knives that came back from Babylon."

"I never heard of them before!"

"It is a sign you never read your Bible. Ha, ha, ha, Mr. Boston! sic fool, sic minister."

But Mr. Boston went away and searched long and hard for John's text, and sure enough he found the record in Ezra 1 : 9;

though he still wondered greatly at the acuteness of the fool, considering the subject on which he had been reproving him. But this story became the foundation of a proverb, "The mair fool are ye, as Jock Amos said to the minister." It was to this same Jock Amos an old wife said one day:

"John, how auld will ye be?" They had been talking of their ages.

"Oh, I dinna ken," said John. "It would tak' a wiser head than mine to tell ye that."

"It is unco' queer that ye dinna ken how auld you are," returned she.

"I ken weel enough how auld I am," said John, "but I dinna ken how auld I'll be."

A good deal of the humor is just in the shrewd simplicity of a reply. A London tourist met a young woman going to the kirk, and, as was not unusual, she was carrying her boots in her hand and trudging along barefoot.

"My girl," said he, "is it customary for all the people in these parts to go barefoot?"

"Pairtly they do," said the girl, "and pairtly they mind their own business."

In the town of Falkirk there lived a very notorious infidel who gloried in his profanity. On one occasion he was denouncing the absurdity of the doctrine of original sin; and the beadle of the parish, perhaps, thought himself bound officially to put in his word, although the other was socially his superior.

"Mr. H.," said he, "it seems to me that you needna fash (trouble) yoursel' about original sin, for to my certain knowledge you have as much akwal (actual) sin as will do your business."

The humor of the Scotchman does not always seem to wear the most amiable complexion. Some one remarked to an Aberdonian, "It's a fine day."

"Fa's (who's) finding faut wi' the day?" was the not very civil reply. "Ye wad pick a quarrel wi' a steen (stone) wa!"

Repartee is a species of witty gladiatorship, which, skilfully

wielded, is sure to set the "table in a roar." The Hon. Henry Erskine was, notwithstanding his powers as a humorist, once overcome in wit by a country clergyman. The Rev. Dr. M'C——, minister of Douglas, and Mr. Erskine had met at the dinner-table of a mutual friend. A dish of cresses being on the table, the rev. gentleman took a supply on his plate, which he proceeded to eat, using his fingers. Erskine remarked that the doctor's procedure reminded him of Nebuchadnezzar. "Ay," retorted Dr. M'C——, "that'll be because I am eatin' amang the brutes."

Hugo Arnot was of a form so emaciated that he was often compared to a walking skeleton. He was one day, in his usual eccentric manner, eating on the street a *speldin*, or dried fish. Mr. Erskine came up. "You see," said Arnot, "I'm not starving." "I confess," replied the wit, "you are very like your meat." Arnot openly avowed infidel principles. He was riding on a white horse one Sabbath afternoon, when he met the celebrated Rev. Dr. Erskine of the Greyfriars returning from church. "I wonder that a man of your sense," said the infidel, "would preach to a parcel of old wives; what was your text?" "The text," replied Dr. Erskine, "was in the sixth chapter of Revelation, 'And I looked, and behold a pale horse: and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him!'" Arnot gave reins to his horse, and galloped off.

A capital story is told of Professor Blackie, of Edinburgh, Grecian, poet, philosopher, and orator. He had one day affixed a paper to the door of his class-room, announcing that "Professor Blackie is unable to meet his classes." Some wag of a student, seeing this, carefully erased the first letter of the word *classes*, which left the announcement that "Professor Blackie is unable to meet his *lasses*;" but the Professor came along, noticed the erasure, and made another of the letter "*l*;" thus leaving the announcement that "Professor Blackie is unable to meet his *asses!*"

But the humors of the religious character are among the

most noticeable. To some English readers the phraseology may be amusing from its quaintness, but let them remember that it is used with the most solemn reverence. A Scotchman would be equally amused with the seeming irreverence of "Jessica's First Prayer," or with the words of the worthy English soldier, who, in his prayer at the opening of Mrs. Daniell's Home at Aldershot, said, "Lord, Thou knowest what a fix the poor soldier was in before this here blessed place was built." Stories are told of a Mr. James Lockhart, of the Salt Market, in Glasgow, who was a good specimen of the old-fashioned morality of bygone times. One day a country girl came into his shop to buy a pair of garters. Having asked the price, Mr. Lockhart told her they were fourpence. The girl said, "I will not give you a farthing more than threepence for them." "Weel, lassie, you'll not get them," replied the shopkeeper. Shortly afterward the girl returned and said, "I noo gie ye fourpence." "Gang awa', lassie; gang awa'," replied Mr. Lockhart, "and no tell lies." An anecdote is told of another worthy tradesman, a near neighbor of the above, which illustrates the high principle and simple manners of one who lived when profane swearing was too common. One day a woman came into the shop of this person (his son became a magistrate of the city). She asked the price of his goods, and hearing the cost, she cried out at the top of her voice, "Lord preserve us!" which words were no sooner ejaculated than the good religious man touched her very gently on the arm, and, with a look of kindness, said to her, "It is very good always to pray." "Was I praying, sir?" asked the woman. "Indeed you were; but you might do so more reverently."

The Ettrick Shepherd, in his "Shepherd's Calendar," refers to the religious character of the shepherds of Scotland in his day, as a class; in his experience, he says, it was scarcely possible that he could be other than a religious character, feeling himself to be a dependent creature, compelled to hold converse with the cloud and the storm, on the misty mountain and the dark waste, in the whirling drift and the

overwhelming thaw ; amid the voices and sounds that are only heard in the howling cliff and the solitary dell. "Among the shepherds," says the Ettrick Shepherd, "the antiquated but delightful exercise of family worship was never neglected ;" always gone about with decency and decorum ; but, he continues, "formality being a thing despised, there are no compositions, that I ever heard, so truly original as those prayers occasionally are ; sometimes for rude eloquence and pathos, at other times for an indescribable sort of pomp, and, not unfrequently, for a plain and somewhat unbecoming familiarity." He gives several illustrations quite justifying this description from some with whom he had himself served and herded. One of the most notable men for this sort of family eloquence, he thought, was a certain Adam Scott, in Upper Dalgleish. Thus he prayed for a son who seemed thoughtless : "For Thy mercy's sake—for the sake of Thy poor sinfu' servants that are now addressing Thee in their ain shilly-shally way, and for the sake o' mair than we dare weel name to Thee, hae mercy on Rab. Ye ken fu' weel he is a wild, mischievous callant, and thinks nae mair o' committing sin than a dog does o' licking a dish ; but put Thy hook in his nose, and Thy bridle in his gab, and gar him come back to Thee wi' a jerk that he'll no forget the longest day he has to leeve." He prayed for another son away from home : "Dinna forget poor Jamie, wha's far awa' frae us the nicht. Keep Thy arm o' power about him ; and oh, I wish ye wad endow him wi' a little spunk and smeddum to act for himself. For if ye dinna, he'll be but a bauckle (an old shoe) in this world and a backsitter in the neist." Another time, when the first Napoleon was filling Europe with alarm, he prayed : "Bring down the tyrant and his lang neb, for he has done muckle ill the year, and gie him a cup o' Thy wrath, and gin he winna take that, give him kelty (two cups)." Hogg heard a relation of his own, a worthy old shepherd, pray as follows on the day on which he buried his only son : "Thou hast seen meet in Thy wise Providence to remove the staff out of my right hand at the very

time when, to us poor sand-blind mortals, it appeared that I stood maist in need o't. But oh, he was a sicker (such) ane and a sure ane, and a dear ane to my heart! And how I'll climb the steep hill o' auld age and sorrow without it Thou mayst ken, but I dinna." Another time he prayed during a severe and long-lying storm of snow, "Is the whiteness of desolation to lie still on the mountains o' our land forever? Is the earthly hopes o' Thy servants to perish frae the face o' the earth? The flocks on a thousand hills are Thine, and their lives or deaths wad be naething to Thee—thou wad be neither richer nor poorer, but it is a great matter to us. Have pity, then, on the lives of Thy creatures, for beast and body are a' Thy handiwork, and send us the little wee cludd out o' the sea like a man's hand, to spread and darken, and pour and flash, till the green gladsome face o' nature aince mair appear." Reading the story of Goliath and David at family prayer, his prayer, as was often the case, became a commentary: "And when our besetting sins come bragging and blowstering upon us, like Goli o' Gath, oh, enable us to fling off the airmer and hairnishing o' the law, whilk we haena proved, and whup up the simple sling o' the gospel, and nail the smooth stanes o' redeeming grace into their foreheads."

The Waverley novels constitute the most comprehensive compendium of Scotch humor of every kind and variety. The characters are living embodiments of the humor of the nation, especially in that feature we have indicated, its imperturbable unconsciousness. King Jamie and "Gingling Geordie," or George Heriot, and Andrew Fairservice, and Richie Moneplies, and crowds besides, all fulfil this droll unconsciousness. They say the most pleasant and unexpectedly odd things, which make the reader's sides ache with laughing, and themselves see nothing in what they say to provoke a smile. A minister called to console a poor widow who had just lost her husband, Jock Dunn, a thriftless rascal, who only lived to eat and drink the hard-won earnings of his patient wife, Jeanie. "Providence in His mercy," said the minister, "has seen fit to take

awa' the head of yer house, Jeanie, lass." To this the bereaved wife philosophically replied, "Oh, hoch aye, but, thank gudeness, Providence, in His mercy, has ta'en awa' the stommack tae!" There is a deal of quiet philosophy in Scotch humor.

When the present fashionable spa of Bridge of Allan was a small agricultural hamlet, it was the abode of an old cobbler who was renowned for his witty sayings, and was never known to be put out. One day, as he was walking in front of his little cottage, two young officers from Stirling Castle came up. One had previously betted with the other that he would overmatch the cobbler. "How far have we to go, Sawney?" says the confident. "Just three miles," replied the cobbler. "How do you know?" insisted the querist. "Because," answered the cobbler, "it's three miles to Stirling, an' it's three to Dunblane, and there's a gallows at baith!" It is necessary to explain, that at the period of the incident there were public executioners at both places.

The celebrated Dr. John Erskine of Greyfriars, Edinburgh, was noted for the evenness of his temper. His handkerchief had disappeared every Sabbath during his descent from the pulpit, and suspicion could only fall on an elderly female, who, according to the practice of the times, sat on the pulpit stair. In order to discover the depredator, Mrs. Erskine sewed the corner of the handkerchief to the minister's pocket. Returning from the pulpit, he felt a gentle pull, when, turning round and tapping the old woman on the shoulder, he exclaimed, "No the day, honest woman; no the day!"

"My grandmother," says Hugh Boyd in his most entertaining "Reminiscences of Fifty Years," "once awoke my grandfather in the middle of the night, and told him that she much feared their son Willie, who slept next room to them, had become deranged, as she had been listening to him for some time speaking loudly and rapidly to himself. Her husband listened, and came to the same conclusion; and they forthwith hurried into their boy's bedroom to know what was

the matter. Willie's explanation was, that as they were going to the seaside next day, he wished to save time, and was saying his prayers over and over to last him during the holidays. This reminds me," he continues, "of our cook in Scotland, whom I found one night after twelve o'clock sipping her tea. 'Hallo, cook! how late you are in drinking your tea.' 'Na, na, sir, I am *no* at my tea, I am at my breakfast, as I *thocht* it best to *tak* mine *afore ganging* to bed, as you and the *ither* young gentleman *hae* ordered yours to be ready at five, that ye mae get aff in *guid* time to the *muirs*.'"

The Rev. Dr. H——, though of a kindly, genial nature, indulged in a somewhat blunt manner of talking. "How many of your family are alive now, Saunders?" asked the Doctor of an aged person, who had been his parishioner forty years before, prior to his elevation to a professorship. The old man replied, "They're a' leevin, sir, but my sister an' me." "Ye're a fool, man," said the Doctor; "are you not living?" The following season Dr. H—— happened to be in the parish, and again encountered Saunders. "I am glad to meet you once more, Saunders," said the professor. "Maybe, sir," replied the rustic; "but I didna expect that ye wad hae spoken to me. You ca'd me a full the last time we foregathered." "Ye're an idiot, man," said the Doctor; "I have no recollection of ever having called you a fool in my life." Dr. Rogers, to whose ample and well-stored memory we are indebted for so many happy anecdotes, says he was a witness to both the interviews.

An odd illustration of the indigenous love of titles in the Scotch oeeurs in an old newspaper. In the days of Bailie Nicol Jarvie's father, the offiee of deaeon (chairman of a eorporation of tradesmen) was esteemed no mean distinction. Two worthy incumbents, who fretted their little hour upon a stage not far from the banks of the Ayr, happened to be invested with the above-named dignity on the same day. The more youthful of the two flew home to tell his young wife what an important prop of the eivic edifice he had been al-

lowed to become ; and searching the "but and ben" in vain, ran out to the byre, where, meeting the cow, he could no longer contain his joy, but, in the fulness of his heart, clasped her round the neck, and it is even said, kissed her, exclaiming, "Oh, crummie, crummie, ye're nae langer a common cow—ye're the *deacon's cow!*" The elder civic dignitary was a sedate, pious person, and felt rather "blate" in showing to his wife that he was uplifted above this world's honors. As he thought, however, it was too good a piece of news to allow her to remain any time ignorant of, he lifted the latch of his own door, and stretching his head inward, "Nelly!" said he, in a voice that made Nelly all ears and eyes, "gif ony body comes spierin' for the *deacon*, I'm just owre the gate at John Tamson's!"

One dark winter's evening, John Ritchie, the beadle of St. Dariel's Church, Dundee, undertook to conduct the minister of an adjoining parish to the residence of his own pastor in a suburb of the town. It was particularly dark, and the minister who accompanied John began to express a fear that his guide would miss the way. John, however, continued to assert that all was right, till, after a lengthened journey, they reached the precincts of a large public building ; the not discomfited functionary exclaimed, "I've ta'en ye a little aboot, sir ; but I thocht ye wad maybe like to see the Cholera Hospital!" The Asiatic scourge was then raging in the town ; and John had, indeed, lost his road.

Alexander M'Lachlan, beadle in the parish of Blairgowrie, had contracted a habit of tippling, which, though it did not wholly unfit him for his duties, had become a matter of considerable scandal. The Rev. Mr. Johnstone, the incumbent, had resolved to reprove him on the first suitable opportunity. A meeting of the kirk session was to be held on a week-day, at twelve o'clock. The minister and the beadle were in the session-house together before any of the elders had arrived. The beadle was flushed and excited, and the minister deemed the occasion peculiarly fitting for the administration of reproof.

"I much fear, Saunders," began the minister, "that the bottle has become—" "Ay, ay, sir," broke in the unperturbed official, "I was just gaun to observe that there was a smell o' drink amang's !"

"How is it, John," said a clergyman to his church officer, "that you never go a message for me anywhere in the parish but you contrive to take too much spirits? People don't offer me spirits when I'm making visits in the parish." "Weel, sir," said John, "I canna precisely explain it, unless on the supposition that I'm a wee mair popular wi' some o' the folks."

Among the pleasing illustrations of the peculiarities of Scottish humor, we remember nothing more characteristic than an incident which appeared many years since in the columns of a Scotch newspaper; it was the story of Betty's marriage—and we the rather insert it here because, characteristic as it is, it is not so popular as it deserves to be; it perhaps, however, needs the accent of the Scottish tongue to give full effect to its humor. Betty was the housekeeper to a farmer, not very far away from Edinburgh, who had attained the matured age of sixty and had never found a wife for a helpmate; all his household affairs, however, were conducted by Betty; she was a young woman, and rather regarded as a housekeeper than a merely humble domestic servant, for the farmer was wealthy and had many servants to his household; Betty had the rare good fortune to be at once beloved by her fellow-servants as well as highly respected and trusted by her master; he often consulted her upon matters on which she was able to advise, and she never tendered her advice gratuitously, but always gave her opinion with modesty and wisdom. She had lived with him many years in this way, when a maiden lady in the neighborhood, having set her cap at the farmer and failed, began to whisper certain scandals which came to the farmer's ear; he not only had a high regard to his own character, but an equal regard for the character of Betty; so he took the best course at once of vindicating himself and his excellent

housekeeper, by asking her to become his wife. The event excited considerable speculation—what artifice could she have used? how could she have gone about courting the old man? A neighbor asked her to give an account of how it all came about; but Betty was perfectly simple, a true and altogether inartificial person; and thus called upon, she gave an account of her marriage with a *naïveté* and homeliness peculiarly Scotch. She had a lisp in her speech, so that the *s* was always pronounced as *th*, and this added a deeper and more pleasing simplicity to her manner; here is Betty's narrative, and we do not know anything in Galt or Scott more simply and thoroughly worthy of being called a Scottish characteristic:

"Weel, Betty," says her acquaintance, "come, gie me a sketch, an' tell me a' about it, for I may hae a chance mysel. We dinna ken what's afore us. We're no the waur o' haein somebody to tell us the road when we dinna ken a' the cruiks and thraws in't." "'Deed," says Betty, "there was little about it ava'. Our maister was awa' at the fair ae day, selling the lambs, and it was gey late afore he cam hame. Our maister very seldom stays late, for he's a douce man as can be. Weel, ye see, he was mair hearty than I had seen him for a lang time, but I opine he had a gude merket for his lambs, and there's room for excuse when ane drives a gude bergen. Indeed, to tell even on truth, he had rather better than a wee drap in his e'e. It was my usual to sit up till he cam hame, when he was awa'. When he cam in and gaed upstairs, he fand his supper ready for him. 'Betty,' says he, very saft like. 'Sir,' says I. 'Betty,' says he, 'what has been gaun on the day?—a's right, I houp?' 'Ou ay, sir,' says I. 'Vera weel, vera weel,' says he, in his ain canny way. He gae me a clap on the shouther, and said I was a gude lassie. When I had telt him a' that had been dune through the day, just as I aye did, he gae me anither clap on the shouther, and said he was a fortunat man to hae sic a carefu' person about the house. I never had heard him say as muckle to my face before, though he aften said mair ahint my back. I

really thocht he was fey. Our maister, when he had got his supper finished began to be vera joky ways, and said that I was baith a gude and bonnie lassie. I kent that folks arna themsels whan in drink, and they say rather mair than they wad do if they were sober. Sae I cam away doon into the kitchen. Na, my maister never offered to kiss me ; he was ower modest a man for that.

"Twa or three days after that, our maister cam into the kitchen. 'Betty,' says he. 'Sir,' says I. 'Betty,' says he, 'come upstairs ; I want to speak t'ye,' says he. 'Vera weel, sir,' says I. Sae I went upstairs after him, thinking a' the road that he was gaun to tell me something about the feeding o' the swine, or killing the heefer, or something like that. But when he telt me to sit doun, I saw there was something serious, for he never bad me sit doun afore but ance, and that was when he was gaun to Glasgow fair. 'Betty,' says he, 'ye hae been lang a servant to me,' says he, 'and a gude and honest servant. Since ye're sae gude a servant, I aften think ye'll make a better wife. Hae ye ony objection to be a wife, Betty ?' says he. 'I dinna ken, sir,' says I ; 'a body canna just say how they like a bargain till they see the article.' 'Weel, Betty,' says he, 'ye're vera right there again. I hae had ye for a servant these fifteen years, and I never knew that I could find faut wi' ye for onything. Ye're carefu', honest, and attentive, and—' 'Oh, sir,' says I, 'ye always paid me for't, and it was only my duty.' 'Weel, weel,' says he, 'Betty, that's true ; but then I mean to make am nds t'ye for the evil speculation that Tibby Langtongue raised about you and me, and forby the warld are taking the same liberty ; sae, to stop a' their mouths, you and I sall be married.' 'Vera weel, sir,' says I ; for what could I say ?

"Our maister looks into the kitchen anither day, an' says —'Betty,' says he. 'Sir,' says I. 'Betty,' says he, 'I am gaun to gie in our names to be cried in the kirk this and next Sabbath.' 'Vera weel, sir,' says I.

"About eight days after this, our maister says to me—

'Betty,' says he. 'Sir,' says I. 'I think,' says he, 'we will hae the marriage put ower neist Friday, if ye hae nae objection.' 'Vera weel, sir,' says I. 'And ye'll tak the gray yad, and gang to the toun on Monday, an' get your bits o' wedding braws. I hae spoken to Mr. Cheap, the draper, and ye can tak aff onything ye want, an' please yoursel, for I canna get awa' that day.' 'Vera weel, sir,' says I.

"Sae I gaed awa' to the toun on Monday, an' bought some wee bits o' things; but I had plenty o' claes, and I couldna think o' being 'stravagant. I took them to the manty-maker to get made, and they were sent hame on Thursday.

"On Thursday night our maister says to me—'Betty,' says he. 'Sir,' says I. 'To-morrow is our wedding-day,' says he; 'an' ye maun see that a' things are prepared for the denner,' says he, 'an' see everything dune yoursel,' says he; 'for I expect some company, an' I wad like to see everything feat and tidy in your ain way,' says he. 'Vera weel, sir,' says I.

"I had never taen a serious thought about the matter till now, and I began to consider that I must exert mysel to please my maister and the company. Sae I got everything in readiness, and got everything clean; I couldna think ought was dune right, except my ain hand was in't.

"On Friday morning our maister says to me—'Betty,' says he. 'Sir,' says I. 'Go away and get yoursel dressed,' says he; 'for the company will soon be here, an' ye maun be decent. An' ye maun stay in the room upstairs,' says he, 'till ye're sent for,' says he. 'Vera weel, sir,' says I. But there was sic a great deal to do, and sae mony gran' dishes to prepare for the denner to the company, that I could not get awa', and the hail folk were come afore I got mysel dressed.

"Our maister cam dounstairs, and telt me to go up that instant and dress mysel, for the minister was just comin doun the loan. Sae I was obliged to leave everything to the rest of the servants, an' gang upstairs an' put on my claes.

"When I was wanted, Mr. Brown o' the Haaslybrae cam

an' took me into the room among a' the gran' folk and the minister. I was maist like to fent, for I never saw sae mony gran' folk thegither a' my born days afore, an' I didna ken whar to look. At last our maister took me by the han', an' I was greatly relieved. The minister said a great deal to us, but I canna mind it a', and then he said a prayer. After this, I thought I should hae been worried wi' folk kissing me ; mony a yin shook hands wi' me I had never seen afore, and wished me much joy.

"After the ceremony was over, I slipped awa' doun into the kitchen again amang the rest o' the servants—to see if the denner was a' right. But in a wee time, our maister cam into the kitchen, and says—'Betty,' says he. 'Sir,' says I. 'Betty,' says he ; 'you must consider that ye're no longer my servant, but my wife,' says he, 'and therefore ye must come upstairs and sit amang the rest o' the company,' says he. 'Vera weel, sir,' says I. So what could I do but gang upstairs to the rest o' the company, and sit down amang them? Sae, Jean, that was a' that was about my courtship and marriage."

CHAPTER III.

THE HUMORS OF SCOTTISH CHARACTER.

Although so many hands have attempted to delineate it, the Scottish character is not very easily sounded ; there is a subtlety and a variety in it which a few crayon strokes will by no means satisfy. This character is composite ; the Lowlander and the Highlander meet in the character ; the Dane and the Englishman may each recognize some features of themselves. The first thing which has usually impressed us is that the Scotchman is one who is always "keeping up a terrible thinking"—a kind of man engaged in a perpetual soliloquy, or rather colloquy, with himself—

> "As I walked with myself I talked with myself,
> And myself replied to me."

We some time since were dining in Edinburgh at our table by ourselves, but in an opposite corner was a Scotchman dining also, and his mind seemed sorely exercised. Quite alone at his table, he was altogether oblivious of any company in the room, and at intervals of two or three moments came forth the ejaculation, "Ay—ay, ay !" He pursued the pathway of silence, occupied with his steak, but as he stretched forth his fork for another potato, it came forth again, "Ay, ay—ay !" And so through the whole af his dinner he renewed his expressive utterances from the flashes of silence. It seemed to us very Scotch.

Would it be possible to write the "Cotter's Saturday Night" now ? Even if Scotland had a Burns, would such a picture be any longer true of the social life of the country ? Is it true that, as Emerson says, merely "for everything given some-

thing is taken ;" that while "society has acquired new arts, it has lost its old instincts ;" that "the civilized man has built a coach, but has lost the use of his feet ; that he has a fine Geneva watch, but cannot tell the hour by the sun" ? Is this the entire story of civilization ? We can draw some very sweet pictures of the rural life in times not long since deceased, but there are, of course, other pictures. Was there not much more real enjoyment then than is now known ? They had, it has been truly said, more leisure to be merry than their descendants have. Looking into many homes, especially of the Highland tacksman and the Lowland farmer, it seems as if they had more innocent enjoyments. Even though spring and autumn were seasons of arduous labor, the other seasons of the year were periods of heart-stirring festivity. Sometimes the labors were light—the *winning*, or raising peats and hay, ewe-milking, sheep-shearing, the dairy, the flocks, and the herds. Such occupations employed the jocund hours of summer. But no sour Puritanism presided over the home-born happiness of winter ; the long winter evenings were crowned with fireside delights, and Alexander Waugh, who came from such a home, says, with scarcely any books of amusement, without any games of chance, without stimulating liquors, and without ever seeing a newspaper, our simple ancestors managed to beguile their hours of leisure and relaxation cheerfully, and innocently, and, on the whole, quite as rationally, if not quite so elegantly, as their more bustling and ambitious offspring. The state of culture and education must have been much higher in the old times, especially with the gentlemen tacksmen, or leaseholders. Dr. Macleod, in his book published twelve years since, says he knew one who was ninety years of age then. Fifty years since, in the Highlands, he was accosted by a pedestrian with a knapsack on his back, who addressed him in a language which was intended for Gaelic. The farmer, judging him to be a foreigner, replied in French, which met no response, the farmer's French being probably as bad as the tourist's Gaelic. The Highlander then tried Latin, which created a smile of

surprise, and drew forth an immediate reply. This was interrupted by the remark that English would probably be more convenient for both parties. The tourist, who turned out to be an Oxford student, laughing heartily at the interview, gladly accepted the invitation of the tacksman to accompany him to his thatched house and share his hospitality. He was surprised on entering "the room" to see a small library in the humble apartment. "Books *here!*" he exclaimed, as he looked over the shelves. "Addison, Johnson, Goldsmith, Shakespeare—what! Homer too?" The farmer, with some pride, begged him to look at the Homer; it had been given as a prize when he was a student at the university.

"*As proud as a Scot*" is an old proverb. It is Sir Walter who sketches the portrait in "Richie Moniplies:" "'Now there goes Scotch Jockey with all his good and bad about him,' said Master George. 'That fellow shows, with great liveliness of coloring, how our Scotch pride and poverty make liars and braggarts of us; and yet the knave, whose every third word to an Englishman is a boastful lie, will, I warrant you, be a true and tender friend and follower to his master, and has, perhaps, parted with his mantle to him in the cold blast, although he himself walked *in cuerpo*, as the Don says. Strange that courage and fidelity—for I will warrant that the knave is stout—should have no better companion than this swaggering braggadocio humor.'"

The Scot clings tenaciously, wander as he may, to the ties and associations of his youth. Sir Thomas Munroe was born in Glasgow; he became such a man that George Canning said of him that Europe never produced a more accomplished statesman, nor India, so fertile in heroes, a more skilful soldier. When the general, after his long absence in India, returned to Glasgow, he paid a visit to an old school-fellow who, while Munroe had pursued his work abroad, had followed his humbler calling of enlightening the world by making candles in the old street in which both he and the general were born. "Well, Mr. Harvie," said Sir Thomas, as he

entered the shop, "do you remember me?" Harvie gazed for some time at the tall, gaunt figure before him, striving to recall his features. At last he said, "Are ye Millie Munroe?" "I'm just Millie Munroe," said the other; and then the two plunged into a long talk, in which all the differences of social rank and occupation were buried in the memories of "auld lang syne." The nickname "Millie" came from the fact that, in those early days, he was the hero of the school; he had a proficiency in "milling," and was the hero of a hundred fights.

Not but that the Scot can be "sly and sleekit" on occasion. We remember to have read an awkward illustration of this. A well-known and very able practitioner, but not less remarkable for a captious and troublesome temper, sought admission into the Medical Club of Glasgow. By the laws of the club one black ball was sufficient for exclusion; the gentleman who had proposed his professional brother fearing, perhaps, that the fervor of his eloquence might permit this anti-social element to slip in, and thereby injure the harmony of the fraternity, resolved to sacrifice friendship at the shrine of duty, and, as the ballot-box came round, he slipped in a black ball. But what was the surprise of all present when, on opening the repository of the silent voices of the club, it was found they were *all* of the same color, and all *black!*

There are singular contradictions in the Scottish character; hardness and tenderness seem to meet and mingle in equal proportions, the sarcastic and the reverential perpetually striving for mastery; how they rejoice if they are able to espy something in a train or chain of reasoning through which they can pierce!—and, on the other hand, they become most delightfully unreasonable, and bow themselves down before some single and solitary touch of truly affectionate eloquence; they are unable to resist it, and they have no desire to attempt to do so. Speculative hard-headedness unites in the national character with a sublime and lofty enthusiasm concerning things altogether remote and intangible.

The logical and the poetical thus wonderfully mingle in the national character. They have carried logic into their theology as persistently even as Rome herself. Andrew Hunter was a member of the United Presbyterian Greyfriars congregation. He dared to permit himself to be employed to erect the Episcopal Meeting House of St. Andrew's, Glasgow, and from an old church minute-book we have the following minute: "26th April, 1750. The Session, understanding by the Moderator and some members of the Session that they had conversed privately with Andrew Hunter, mason, a member of this congregation, who had engaged to build the Episcopal Meeting House in this place, and have been at great pains in convincing him of the great sin and scandal of such a practice, and the Session, understanding that notwithstanding thereof he has actually begun the work, they therefore appoint him to be cited to the Session at their meeting on Thursday after sermon;" but the unfortunate builder prosecuted his work, so he was forthwith excommunicated and "denied all church benefit." The church rose in about twelve months. Then went abroad a saying that Alexander Beelzebub was the master mason of the new English chapel; and that Andrew Hunter got Satanic help in his Babylonish work.

But the more domestic humors of the Scottish character are brought out in many illustrations. Hugh Boyd presents us with one, lying immediately to hand:

"Since the introduction of the steamboat and railway, the Glasgow merchant, the professional man, and the more affluent tradesman, manages on the shores of the attractive Clyde to give his family, annually, sixty days or more 'o' the saut-water.' Mr. Mac (a Maclean, Mackenzie, or a MacGregor) had accordingly located the family group in an attractive 'neuk,' convenient for steamer and rail. He was a hospitable man, and one Saturday invited from Scotland's great commercial centre a larger party than usual, thereby causing the *douce* and prudent Mrs. Mac some anxiety; for she dreaded that, if the 'control' department were that day deficient, the small

hours of the Sabbath morning might be most improperly invaded. Dinner passed off ; but it was observed that Mrs. Mac and the ladies sat afterward, as the host thought, inconveniently long—so much so that, had he dared, he would, by way of reminder, have asked his wife what month followed February. The ladies at last retired, and after two or more rounds of good port and sherry, the evening being damp, there was a unanimous call for whiskey-toddy. Mrs. Mac was *en rapport* with all that was passing, and was sanguine that when edition No. 1 of the 'barely-bill' was discussed, the gentlemen would appear in the drawing-room. It is but fair to state that a majority of the visitors wished then to adjourn, and hinted that they thought Mrs. Mac expected them to join her and the ladies. On this being stated to the host, he became somewhat emphatic, and declared that he was 'Julius Cæsar' in his own house, and forthwith rang the bell for a further supply of hot water, which was instantly brought. The tumblers were replenished, when the door immediately behind the host quietly opened, and the figure of a female appeared, which was recognized to be that of Mrs. Mac. 'Gentlemen,' said the amiable lady, 'I beg you to finish your whiskey-toddy, and to enjoy yourselves ; but as for you, Julius Cæsar, I shall at once put you to bed, so come along.' The Roman Emperor, wisely considering that discretion is the better part of valor, did as he was bid."

The Anderston Relief Church of Glasgow arose from one of the most eminent, successful, and notable manufacturers of that city declining to stand church censure. He and his wife one Sabbath were proceeding to their own place of worship in Duke Street ; a heavy shower of rain came on, and they turned aside into the iron church of the Establishment. For this grievous offence they were both ordered to stand a sessional rebuke ; he would not submit to it, and the establishment of the Anderston Relief Church was the result. The pulpit of the new building was well supplied ; and the services, although conducted by clergymen of the same order, were described as

"grand sermons, but out of a foul dish." Sectarian feeling ran very high, and even the young understood the party animosities.

The weather in Scotland is a delicate subject for a visitor to criticise with a native, as remarks upon it may lead to a very long sermon, as in the following instance :

"Well, John, this is a very wet day." "No ava (not at all), sir," replied John, rather sternly. "It's a wee saft (somewhat moist), but it's no a *wat* day. *Raley*, sir, it *provoks* me at times to hear the remarks o' some o' the Englishers. I recollect an English leddy who *cam* here a few years *syne* (since), and she *wrot* to her *friens* that she had been a week in *Scoteland*, and had never seen a dry day nor a smiling face, and would remain *nae langer*. Noo, sir, you *maun* (must) admit it's *vera wrang* for any wooman, leddy or no leddy, to write in that *mainer aboot ony kintra, mair speeciallie Scoteland*, the *kintra aboon a' ithers* (above all others) that every *ane* o' them, gentle or simple (high or low), be they English or American, ay, or French or Spanish—the bonnie Empress o' the French o' the number—are *sae* proud to *brag o'* (boast of), for *gin* (if) they *hae* a drap 'o Scotia's bluid in their veins, *they're shure* to tell you o't (of it), let them *alane* for that ; and then to talk o' the *wather* (weather) as if Providence *didna* (did not) *ken* (know) *hoo* (how) to regulate the elements. Na, na, I'm no the man to say that Scotch folks *haena* their *fauts* (have not their faults) as weel as English ; but I will say this, they get *awsomely* (terribly) spoiled and contaminated after they *gang amang* the *Southrons* (among the English) ; they are *a' recht eneuch* (all right enough) while they're at hame. Ma faither *ance wus* sairly tried *wi'* his ain brother in the *Wast* Indies as to the *mainer* in which he received ma brither oot there, for it showed *raal* clear *hoo* Scotchmen get altered from what they *wur* afore they left their ain *chimla lug* (fireside). Ma faither said to ma brither, 'Willie, there's *naething* for you, my dear lad, to do at *hame ;* you'd better *gang oot* to your uncle in the *Wast* Indies,' which Willie vera properly at *ance* said he *waud*

do, or *ony*thing else, puir fallow, his faither wished o' him. Accordingly, ma faither fitted oot Willie, and ma mither pack't his *kist* (box) fu (full) o' sarks (shirts) and *nice claes* (good clothes), and sent him *ower* the sea to Liverpool, and got a frien there to *tak* a passage for him in a ship for the *Wast* Indies, to the place *whar* his uncle *wus*. *Noo*, the fact is, ma uncle had become a great man *oot* there, although when he first went to a distant land, I *hae hard* ma faither *aften* say, he *wus onnly* a bit o' a *clark* or an *owerseer* to the *blaiks* (blacks). Well, on his landing *frae* the ship, he *gaed* strecht (went straight) to his uncle, wha (who) *recaived* him *vera cauldly*, which *was eneuch* to doomfoonder ony *puir* lad. 'Who are you?' said his uncle. 'I'm *yur* ain *brither's* son, sir, and of consequence *yure nevy*'—a vera discreet and proper answer for my brither to *mak*. 'Hoo (how) am I to know that?' and he said it in a vera angry tone o' voice. Wasn't it *eneuch* (enough) to *brak doon ony* lad's *speerit?* 'Where's your letter o' introduction to me?' said his uncle. 'Ma faither, sir, didna think there *wus* ony need for me to bring a bit o' a note to you.' 'The deuce he didn't,' *wus* the answer ma brither got to this. 'Hoo (how) am I to ken (know) that you are not a young scamp?' Wasn't that an *awfu'* remark to *drap frae* his lips? But ma brither's bluid *wus* a *wee* up at this, and he said—for he *tellt* me the *hale* (whole) story in his letter—'Oh, sir, I was always vera respectable, and I never *gied ma friens* (gave my friends) ony trouble or vexation except that they *cou'dna fin* (could not find) ony employment for me *aboot* the farm, which is the cause o' my coming *oot* to the *Wast* Indies.' His uncle then *lookit* him recht through and *a' ower*, and *tellt* him he cou'd see nae family likeness, to which ma brither *doucely* (prudently) made answer—for he *wus* always a vera *respectfu'* lad, *wi* (with) nice *mainers* o' his ain—'I assure you, sir, *yur ain* brither is ma faither.' To this his uncle vera unkindly remarked, 'I fear a strange bull then must *hae* strayed into the pastures, as *ma* brither could never be *sae* fool-like a man as to send a son o' his *oot* to the *Wast* Indies without a

letter o' introduction.' 'But he did *sae*, I assure you, sir, and I'm speaking *naething* but the *trowth*.' 'Weel,' said ma uncle, who *aifter a' wus* a *vera guid*-hearted man, 'I thocht, when I left Scoteland, there was mair (more) common-sense in *ma* family there than appears to be the case.' That remark, when ma faither read it in ma brither's letter, stuck into him *awfu'*. He then took *anither awsom* keen *glowr* (look) at Willie, and then handed him a bit piece o' paper and a quill (a pen), at the same time pushing the inkstand *afore* him, 'as he wished,' he said, 'to see what kind o' hand o' write his was.' Well, when he saw it, he *tellt* Willie it was a confoondedly bad stick ; but ma brither, who had been sairly tried that day by his uncle, never *ance* lost *himsel'* the least in his replies, for he *wus* a shrewd Scoatch callan (lad, boy), and but for that he would hae been *druven* (driven) *distrackit* (distracted) ; he juist met it candidly by telling his uncle that he had been *waur* (worse) at the writing at school than *ony*thing else, and that it *wus* a *la-mentable* fact. *Hooever*, ma uncle began at last to tak to *ma brither*, and behaved *vera* cleverly (very kindly) to him, and vera soon, by my faith, made a man o' him. Ma faither, *aifter* being weel *blawn* (blown) up by his *brither*, began to be o' opinion that it would hae been the better *coorse to hae gien* (have given) Willie a bit o' a line o' introduction at first to his uncle, but *ma faither* never *liket* to be thocht *wrang*, and nae Scoatchman does, for its unco (very) seldom they are wrang.'' The entire of this is very Scotch.

And this reminds us of another illustration belonging, perhaps, to that droll reticence to which we have already referred ; for this also we are indebted to the pleasant garrulity of Hugh Boyd. He says :

"My late esteemed friend Mr. John Mackie, M.P. for Kirkcudbrightshire, used to describe an extensive view which one of a friend's hills commanded. This he never failed to call to the attention of his English visitors when the weather was clear. Willy the shepherd was always the guide on such occasions, as he knew precisely the weather that would suit.

"One forenoon an English friend was placed under Willy's charge to mount the hill in order to enjoy the glorious view. 'I am told, shepherd, you are going to show me a wonderful view.' 'That's quite true, sir.' 'What shall I see?' '*Weel*, ye'll see a *feck* (many) o' kingdoms, the best part o' *sax*, sir.' 'What the deuce do you mean, shepherd?' '*Weel*, sir, I mean what I say.' 'But tell me all about it.' 'I'll tell ye *naething mair*, sir, until we're at the *tap* o' the hill.' The top reached, Willy found everything he could desire in regard to a clear atmosphere. '*Noo*, sir, I hope you've got *guid een?*' 'Oh, my eyes are excellent.' 'Then that's a' *recht* (right), sir. *Noo, div ye* see yon hills *awa* yonder?' 'Yes, I do.' 'Weel, sir, those are the hills o' Cumberland, and Cumberland's in the kingdom o' England; that's *ae* kingdom. *Noo*, sir, please keep *coont*. Then, sir, I must *noo* trouble you to look *ower* (over) yonder. *Div ye* see what I mean?' 'Yes, I do.' 'That's a' *recht*. That's the Isle o' Man, and that was a kingdom and a sovereignty in the families o' the Earls of Derby and the Dukes o' Athol, frae the days o' King David o' Scotland, if ye ken *onything* o' Scotch history.' 'You are quite right, shepherd.' 'Quite *recht, div ye say;* I *wouldna hae brocht* ye here, sir, if I *wus* to be wrang. *Weel*, that's *twa* kingdoms. Be sure, sir, to keep *coont*. *Noo*, turn *awee aboot*. *Div ye* see youn land yonder? It's a bit *farder*, but never mind that, *sae lang* as ye see it.' 'I see it distinctly.' '*Weel*, that's a' I care *aboot*. *Noo*, sir, keep coont, for that's Ireland, and *maks* three kingdoms; but there's nae trouble *aboot* the *niest* (next), for ye're *stannen on't*—I mean *Scoteland*. *Weel*, that *maks* four kingdoms; *div ye* admit that, sir?' 'Yes, that makes four, and you have two more to show me.' 'That's true, sir, but don't be in *sic* (such) a hurry. *Weel*, sir, just look up *aboon* (above) *yer heed*, and this is by far the best of *a'* the kingdoms; that, sir, *aboon* is *Heaven*. That's five; and the *saxth* kingdom is that *doon* below *yer* feet, to which, sir, I hope you'll never *gang;* but that's a point on which I cannot speak with *ony* certainty.'"

The humors of the Scottish character abound in thousands of illustrations. "Jeanie," said a stanch old Cameronian to his daughter, "Jeanie, my lass, it's a very solemn thing to be married." "I ken that weel," said the sensible lassie; "but it is a great deal solemner not to be." And most of our readers will remember the prayer of Preacher Geordie for the magistracy of Lochmaben; it was once far-famed: "Lord, we pray Thee to remember the magistracy of Lochmaben, such as they are!" The old life of Scotland tended to elicit and give effect to many singular varieties of character.

A grim, and yet a droll aspect, to our modern notions have the following advertisements. They certainly indicate that there was a time when far more attention was paid to the adornment of the dead. It was a mournful and lugubrious occupation, but those who pursued it carried on a very profitable trade, and this continued, until the beginning of the present century, to be so fruitful a branch of industry, and the materials used for the dressing of corpses were considered so important, that Acts of Parliament were passed in favor of woollen or linen, as one branch or other of the manufactures appeared to need encouragement. The following advertisements have a very cheerful and pleasant ring.

First, here is one from Glasgow in 1747: "James Hodge, who lives in the first close above the Cross, on the west side of the High Street, continues to sell burying crapes, ready made; and his wife's niece, who lives with him, dresses dead corpses at as cheap a rate as was formerly done by her aunt, having been educated by her and perfected at Edinburgh, from whence she has lately arrived, and has brought with her the newest and latest fashions!"

Here is another advertisement in 1789: "Miss Christy Dunlop, Leopard Close, High Street, dresses the dead, as usual, in the most fashionable manner." Again in 1799: "Miss Christian Brown, at her shop, west side of Hutcheson Street, carries on the business of making *dead flannels* and getting up burial crapes, etc. She also carries on the mantua-making at her

house in Duncan Close, High Street, where a mangle is kept as formerly."

Very strange are some of the traits of Scottish character. We ought, did our space permit, to devote a chapter to the humors of the medical profession. It is related by an eminent physician that a wealthy citizen, who had the misfortune to require his visits, was in the custom of having the gold always ready in his hand to electrify the doctor when he felt his pulse. One day it happened, on the doctor's making his stated call, that the servant informed him, "All is over!" "Over?" re-echoed the doctor, as the remembrance of the accustomed fee flashed on his mind. "Impossible! he cannot be dead yet; no, no; let *me* see him—some trance or heavy sleep, perhaps." The doctor was introduced into the sable apartment; he took the hand of the pale corpse, applied to that artery which once ebbed with life, gave a sorrowful shake of his head, while, with a trifling *legerdemain*, he relieved from the grasp of death *two guineas*, which, in truth, had been destined for him. "Ay, ay, good folks," said the doctor, "he *is* dead; there's a destiny in all things," and, full of shrewd sagacity, turned upon his heel.

Among the national characteristics of Scotland was that festive meeting of thrifty fingers, called the "Rocking." Burns celebrates it:

> "On Fasten E'en we had a rocking,
> To ca' the crack and weave our stocking;
> And there was muckle fun and joking,
> Ye need na doubt;
> At length we had a hearty yoking
> At sang about."

It was, in fact, the most popular evening pastime during the winter. It combined, in the thrift and enjoyment, the spinning-wheel and the needle, the song and the dance. The Scottish peasantry were wont to take great pride in a stock of home-made linen; and the family was poor indeed where the

gudewife was without an enviable portion of such goods in contemplation of her own household necessities, and of her bairns' marriage providing. How true it is that such feelings of decent pride have their moral advantages. Is it not true that the thrift, the cleanliness, and independent spirit, proved by the possession of such articles, are at least akin to virtue? Some pieces were kept with singular care, such as were of a particular texture or as being the manufacture of a beloved mother. But, above all, there was *one* called "the weel-hained web"—that was the dead linen, reserved for winding-sheets. That was consecrated, and there were usually several ready-made robes of the same stuff to dress the body ere the blood was cold, "for," said a gudewife, "there's a number of us yet to bury;" and many a necessary and comfort of life would be denied ere the property of the dead could be violated. And "the weel-hained web," the robe of death, was not carelessly shown; none but friends know anything about this attire, and their exhibition and history are only confided to favorites, or at a time when hearts are interchanging their secret thoughts. On such occasions you would observe the eye filled with tears, started by mournful recollections or anticipations, and all conversation conducted in whispers, as if a dread being were present and hallowing the elements before them. But "the weel-hained web" was not the work of the *Rocking;* that was altogether too blithe an occasion for such associations and thoughts; that was the hour of the spinning-wheel. As Robert Nicholl says and sings with true nationality:

"The spinnin'-wheel! the spinnin'-wheel! the very name is dear;
It minds me o' the winter nichts, the blithest o' the year;
O' cozie hours in hamely ha's, while frozen was the wiel
In ilka burn, while lasses sang by Scotland's spinnin'-wheel.

"The auld wife by the ingle sits, an' draws her cannie thread;
It hauds her baith in milk an' meal, an' a' thing she can need;
An' gleesome scenes o' early days upon her spirits steal,
Brought back to warm her withered heart by Scotland's spinnin'-wheel!"

The capacious kitchen, or more frequently the barn, was well swept, and the best china was brought out for the occasion, and the tables were loaded with buttered toast, sweet-cakes, cheese, ham, honey, jelly ; the board ever replenished as the dainties disappeared. A Scottish Rocking was a merry time—a time of flirting and wooing, while the auld wives spun, and the gray-headed gude men laughed and cracked over crops, and markets, and news, and old tales.

Some of Robert Nicholl's verses are very finely descriptive in their humorsome individuality : "The Auld Beggar-man," "The Bailie," "The Provost," "Fiddler Johnnie," "Bonnie Bessie Lee," "Minister Tam," "The Dominie." The following of "My Grandfather" is very Scottish :

"Ance proud eneuch was I to sit
Beside thee in the muirland kirk,
A ruling elder—ane o' weight,
Nae wonder though your oe did smirk :
And braw eneuch was I to find
My head the preacher's hand upon,
While by the kirkyard still he cracked
Of holy things with Elder John !

"Thy daily fireside worship dwells
Within this inmost soul of mine ;
Thy earnest prayer—sae prophet-like—
For a' on earth I wadna' tyne.
And you and grannie sang the psalms
In holy rapt sincerity ;—
My grannie ! dinna greet, auld man—
She's looking down on you and me.

"But mair than a' frae beuks so auld—
Frae mony treasured earnest page,
Thou traced for me the march of Truth,
The path o' Right frae age to age :
A peasant auld, and puir, and deaf,
Bequeathed this legacy to me,
I was his bairn—he filled my soul
With love for liberty !"

But very varied and dissimilar are the illustrations of Scottish character.

The following is on both sides thoroughly Scotch.

Robin Carrick was one of the earliest bankers of Glasgow; he came to Glasgow a poor boy; he became the chief and leading partner of the old Ship Bank; he lived and he died a grim, penurious old bachelor, and left not a penny to any benevolent institution in the city in which all his wealth had been accumulated; but, on one occasion, the old miser was waited on by a respectable deputation of three fellow-citizens, for a subscription to the Royal Infirmary, then in its infancy; he was requested to head the subscription, and, to their mortification and surprise, he would only put down his name for two guineas; and when they earnestly besought him to increase his miserable pittance, he talked even of drawing it back. He told them he could not really even afford that sum, bowed them out of the room, encased with hoards of money, represented by bills and other documents.

The deputation then proceeded to Mr. M'Ilquham, one of the great early manufacturers of Glasgow, to ask his help. He looked down the list of subscribers, but exclaimed, "Bless me, what's this? Banker Carrick only *two guineas!*" They told the manufacturer that the banker had said he really could not afford any more. "What's that you say? Jamie"—to his faithful cash-keeper and confidant, James Davidson—"Jamie, bring me the bank-book, and a check, and the ink-bottle, and a pen," and he wrote a check on the Ship Bank for £10,000. Some reports give a much larger sum; no matter, it was large. "Now, Jamie, run down as fast as your legs will carry you to the bank, and bring that money to me."

The check was presented. Old Robin stared. "Go back," said he, "there's some mistake." And presently he came running into M'Ilquham's counting-house in a high state of fever. "What's wrong wi' ye the day?" said the banker. "Nothing in the least degree wrong. I only suspect there's surely something very far wrong with yourself and the bank;

for my friends, these douce gentlemen sitting there yonder, have assured me that, in your own premises, and out of your own mouth, you declared you could only *afford* them scrimp two guineas for the purpose ; and, if that is the case, I think it is high time I remove some of my deposits out of your hands."

With some reluctance Robin had to put down his name for fifty guineas before Mr. M'Ilquham would cancel his check for £10,000. The deputation went away, scarce less amazed than they were delighted. But we have not done with Robin Carrick yet, for one of the mighty notabilities of Glasgow, now some generations back, was Robin Carrick ; true, he was a miserable sinner, but his name is connected with the monetary history of Glasgow. He was the son of a poor clergyman in Renfrewshire, who never got beyond an income of eighty pounds a year ; thus Robin came into Glasgow a poor boy, as before stated, and died in 1865, at the age of eighty-six, the principal of the Glasgow Ship Bank, having amassed a fortune of a million sterling. He was a bachelor, exactly of the type and order of Jimmy Wood of Gloucester ; it is said he was one of the veriest scrubs or misers Glasgow ever knew ; and yet, as we have truly said, to the city in which he had amassed his enormous wealth, he did not leave for any of its charitable institutions a single penny. An elderly damsel, Miss Paisley, his niece, kept his house for him ; they lived in a miserable style, in the upper flat of the bank premises ; he carried on his immense transactions in the flat below. His niece and housekeeper was exactly worthy of her Uncle Robin ; it is said she would price, haggle, or banter the shopkeepers down to the value of a farthing ; and a writer in the " History of Glasgow" says : " We have frequently seen her hurrying from the market in King's Street, with a sheep's head and trotters, or a string of flounders, or caller herrings." A keen old boy was Robin, and Glasgow at one time resounded with droll stories concerning him. On one occasion he was waited upon by a rising and sprightly customer with a batch of bills to discount ;

they seemed all to pass current with the exception of one, the largest in amount; thereat Robin shook his head. "Oh, you need not hesitate about him, Mr. Carrick," said the proposed discounter, "for he has started and keeps his carriage." "Ou, ay," said Robin; "but the question wi' me is, can he keep his legs?"

One day when Mr. Carrick was sitting in his private room at the bank, a gentleman (said to have been Thomas Stewart of *The Field*), who was upon intimate terms with him, called to transact some trifling bank business. This matter being arranged, these gentlemen sat down to a sober two-hand *crack*, which Mr. Carrick enjoyed very much when he met an old acquaintance. All of a sudden, Mr. Carrick rose up and proceeded to his iron safe, from which he extracted a piece of paper, carefully folded up, which, having spread out, he laid it before his visitor, saying, "Here is a bill made payable at the bank; will you be so good as to give me your opinion of it?" The gentleman having examined the bill, returned it to Mr. Carrick, saying, "I am greatly surprised, Mr. Carrick, at your having discounted that bill." "How so?" said Mr. Carrick. "Because," said the gentleman, with an emphasis, "it is a forgery." At this Mr. Carrick merely gave a gentle smile, calmly folded up the bill, and, on rising to restore it to his iron safe, simply remarked, with a nod, "It is a very good bill." In fact, Mr. Carrick had a shrewd guess that the bill was a forgery when he discounted it, but he also knew that it was sure to be regularly paid when due; he, however, was desirons of ascertaining from another person if his suspicions were likely well founded.

Old Robin was very partial to transact business with the respectable Highland drovers, believing that the Ship Bank notes would not soon come back; once upon a Tuesday a Highland drover came into Mr. Carrick's private room with a bill having three days to run before becoming due, and requesting cash for it. Robin readily agreed to take the bill, remarking, however, that there was sixpence of discount to be taken

off. "Na, na," said the Highlandman, "she maun hae a' te siller!" "I can't do that," replied Carrick, "the discount must be deducted." "Hoot, toot," exclaimed the drover, "she'll get it all hersel' on Friday; shust gie me te siller!" Carrick, however, was obstinate in his refusal, and so carelessly handed back the bill to the Highlandman. He then put on his spectacles and commenced writing. The drover walked slowly away to the room door with the bill in hand, expecting to be called back; but Carrick continued writing without taking the least notice of him. The Highlandman, having got outside the door, kept it a little while upon the jar, but still grasping firmly the handle of the door. He then popped in his head at the jar, and called out to Carrick, "She'll gie 't for te groat!" "No, no," replied Carrick, "it must be sixpence!" "Well, well," cried the drover, "if it maun be sae, it maun be sae." And so, sixpence being deducted, the bill was discounted. Such was Robin Carrick, a character on whose memory we can linger with no pleasure, although a marked and strong man in his day. His old porter, John, served him faithfully for fifty years, for the greater part of which time he had also been his butler; the old man was almost as great a notability in the city as his master; he knew every merchant manufacturer in the city, and all their kith and kin; he remembered and had conversed with the great Virginia lords when they walked the Trongate, in their scarlet mantles, in their pride of place; he had carried in his arms, when he was an infant, the illustrious Sir John Moore, the hero of Corunna, who was born in Glasgow, and distantly related to Robin Carrick. The old man was a walking history of Glasgow, and it was supposed when his master died that poor old John would be certainly noticed handsomely and sufficiently for the remainder of his days; but the old miser left him not a farthing, not the gratuity of a year's or a week's wages; and he died in the town's hospital, in which he had been enrolled as a pauper. He was a polite, communicative old man, described as possessing a heart and disposition far superior to that of the miserable

master who had for fifty years received the benefit of his honest services.

Robin had odd people about him, especially Mr. John Marshall, his accountant—"Old Accountant Marshall," as he was called; he was very fond of taking his meridian, which generally consisted of a glass of real Ferintosh, strongly savoring of John Highlandman's handiwork, but he was equally desirous of doing something effectually to prevent the sweet aroma of the peatreek being discovered by his breath, therefore he always took a mouthful of oat-cake toasted brown almost to blackness; but he doubted the efficacy of this remedy, and once, while he and Dr. Towers, a well-known Glasgow physician, were holding a social crack in the Trongate, Marshall thought this would be a good opportunity to ascertain from the doctor if he knew of a specific certain to overwhelm the smell of whiskey, and accordingly he put the question direct to the doctor; the doctor readily answered, "Oh, yes, I can tell you," and tapping Mr. Marshall gently on the shoulder, "Johnny, my man, if you take a glass of whiskey and dinna want ony one to ken it, just take two glasses of rum after it, and the deil ane will ever suspect ye having tasted a drap o' whiskey."

The imperturbable stolidity of the Scotchman has often been remarked upon as one of the chief national characteristics, and especially as that, perhaps, which has won for him pre-eminent success in almost every sphere and region of life and labor; and Mr. Boyd, in his interesting "Reminiscences of Fifty Years," gives us an illustration of this in the story of the non-elected Scotch laird, who, with perfect self-possession, took his seat in the House of Commons. He says: "The following anecdote I heard from Mr. Cutlar Fergusson, M.P., as well as from the laird himself the day after the occurrence. I wrote it out at the time, and it appeared shortly afterward in the London *Magazine*. A worthy Scotch proprietor, whose estate was in Kirkcudbrightshire, then represented by the Right Hon. R. Cutlar Fergusson, the Judge-Advocate in Lord Melbourne's

Government, came up to London for a few weeks shortly after the assembling of a new Parliament. He called upon his right honorable friend, who asked him what he could do for him in town. The laird said that nothing he would like so much during his stay as being present at the debates in the House of Commons. 'That being the case,' said the Judge-Advocate, 'I will have your name placed on the Speaker's list.' The following evening the laird was early in his attendance at the House, found his name on the list, and was told by the doorkeeper to enter. Where the Speaker's privileged friends sat he knew not, but up the body of the House he walked, and took his seat on the second bench of the Opposition, close behind Sir Robert Peel. An interesting debate came on, and the laird sat undisturbed until the House adjourned at midnight. Fortunately for him there was no division, and equally fortunately it was a new Parliament. Next day he called upon Mr. Fergusson, whose first inquiry was: 'What became of you, as I looked for you in vain?' 'Oh,' said the laird, 'I saw you moving about the House, and tried to catch your eye. I was delighted with the debate, and I shall now be a constant attendant.' From the laird's vernacular he was supposed to be a recently elected Scotch member, and being a tall, portly, gentlemanly-looking man, so far as appearance went, passed muster very well. Next night found the laird occupying his former seat. However, about nine o'clock, Lord Granville Somerset, who the previous evening had his doubts as to the genuineness of the reputed Scotch M.P., went to the sergeant-at-arms and asked who was that tall man sitting behind Sir Robert Peel? 'Oh, he is a Scotch member, one of yourselves, Lord Granville.' 'I doubt that exceedingly,' said his lordship, 'and I doubt his being a member at all.'

"The sergeant-at-arms, all excitement, flew round behind the Opposition benches and gave the laird a sharp tap on the shoulder, desiring him to come to him. The laird so far complied, but not being accustomed to be treated unceremoniously, asked the stern official what he meant? 'Why, sir, you were

in the House last night?' 'I was.' 'You sat in the same place you have now been occupying?' 'Yes, the very same; and what right have you to disturb me?' 'You are in my custody.' 'In your custody! for what? Hands off!' exclaimed the laird in any other tone than a mild one. 'Who are you?' asked the sergeant. 'Who am I! go and ask Mr. Cutlar Fergusson; he placed my name on the Speaker's list, and if there is any mistake'—the laird being now very angry—'it was your duty, as the servant of the House, to have shown me where to sit.' The sergeant-at-arms was so far relieved; but still holding the laird's arm, the latter again exclaimed, 'Hands off!' and being a powerful man, soon wrested himself from the official's grasp. 'Tell me where my place is.' This he was only too happy to do, and the laird now took his fresh seat in St. Stephen's, under considerable excitement, muttering to the sergeant-at-arms that it was a matter of indifference to him where he sat, provided he heard the speeches, but he must beg not to be again disturbed.

"This escapade of my countryman in the House of Commons used to amuse a hospitable friend of mine in town beyond measure, the more so from the fact of his coming from his own and my part of Scotland. One day, after dinner, I was asked by my friend to tell the story, and finding myself sitting next to Mr. William Holmes, M.P., the Conservative 'whip,' I remarked that Mr. Holmes would correct me if I went wrong. The honorable gentleman was kind enough afterward to say that I had told it *right* well."

This imperturbability of the Scottish character has been well illustrated in many instances, although sometimes it has been found at fault; there was a time when the Scottish commercial character regaled and strengthened itself by constant appeals to McCulloch's Commercial Dictionary, and this was so frequently the case that McCulloch as frequently became a great bore. Mr. Boyd, among his numerous reminiscences, mentions the instance of a member for a Scotch borough, who on the occasion of his first election, having to address his constituents, and

finding a difficulty in obtaining a place for that purpose, the minister of the parish was so obliging as to offer him the use of the kirk; every corner of the building was of course crammed, and at length the candidate for senatorial honors was seen ascending the pulpit with a large volume under his arm. "Ay, mon, div ye see that he is ganging up into the pulpit wi' the Bible under his arm?" "Na, na, it canna be the Bible, frae the binnen [binding] o' the buik." But the mysterious volume was soon opened, and it proved to be McCulloch's Dictionary, from which he continued reading for two hours, instead of attempting a speech of his own. However, it is said that his readings from McCulloch secured him a seat in the House, and McCulloch himself suffered not a little in the way of quizzing from the part he had in the return of this member. But the joke remains as yet untold, for when he entered the House, he thought to dose it with McCulloch too; and upon one sad occasion he felt himself called upon to assert his principles; he had a boundless sense of his importance, and did not fail to convey this idea alike to the members of the Treasury and the Opposition benches. Upon this particular occasion he entered the House with slow step and grave countenance, and his mercantile lexicon in his hand, in various portions of which he had inserted slips of paper, quotations to guide him, or verify his statements in his speech; but he found that the debate would not be likely to give him his desired opportunity for some considerable time, for an hour or two, during the which he might regale himself by retiring for dinner, and return strengthened for the conflict. He had no sooner gone, having, however, allowed sufficient time to be assured he was comfortably engaged with the affairs of the table, when one of the wags of the House, a facetious member who was often relieving graver cares by some singular excursion of his humor, took the place of the mercantile member who had left his McCulloch behind him on his seat. The wag carefully inspected the passages indicated in the volume, but turning to some of his friends, who were enjoying the scene, he

said, "Why, good gracious! if he gives us all these readings he must speak for hours. This won't do; in the interests of the country, and our domestic felicity, I must put a stop to it. We shall be regularly bombarded, therefore I must close the channels by lifting the buoys." So he proceeded to alter all the slips of paper which the intending orator had carefully arranged to lead him unerringly along through his oration—passages which were indeed to constitute not only the main argument, but the main portion of his speech. The postprandial hour came; the only fear was lest before commencing he should refer to any one of the quotations, and by its defection discover the remainder; but no, the awful moment came, and he rose. After a very few introductory remarks he said, "I shall now read to the *Hoose* what Mr. McCulloch says." Up went the spectacles on his nose; but, alas! that eminent political authority was not forthcoming; up and down and across did his eyes flit and wander, but without avail; then he made the important announcement that he "would save the time of the *Hoose*" (loud cries of "Hear, hear!"), "and proceed to anither branch of the subject;" and on this head he would also refer to Mr. McCulloch—but with like success. So after floundering and floundering, again and again renewed, he resumed his seat. He was not comforted when he sat down, for an old and experienced member asked him why he always referred to McCulloch's brains instead of using his own, informing him that he had a copy of McCulloch, and that it was exceedingly likely that every member of the House, able to form a judgment, had a copy too. Feuchtersleben, in his "Mental Physiology," has said, "that if we could penetrate into the secret foundations of human events, we should frequently find the misfortunes of one man caused by the intestines of another." No doubt the German metaphysician was right; in the instance, however, of the Scottish member, his own intestines were the cause of his postprandial grief. He continued, however, to be a remarkable man in the House; one of his fellow members, in a somewhat unfraternal spirit, remarking of

him that "so long as he continued in the House he must be a distinguished member, since he was considered the very ugliest member in it."

Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, in his work on the floods of Moray —a work the interest of which it is impossible to over-estimate—has crowded the pages of his entertaining volume with instances of a kind of stolid but moral dignity, bearing itself firmly and piously in the presence of the most overwhelming terrors of the tempest and the flood. He tells the story of John Cly, a sturdy, hale man of sterling independence of character, who, in the year 1829, had reached his seventy-fifth anniversary. All his life he appears to have been singularly persecuted by floods; he suffered by that in 1768, then by another, in 1783, his house and mill were carried away, and he was left penniless; this flood fell upon him, and no one else, and the calamity very sorely affected him, but his indomitable spirit rose triumphant over all his troubles. About seven years before the great flood of 1829, he undertook to improve a piece of absolute beach of two acres, entirely covered with enormous stones and gravel. But John knew that a deep, rich soil lay below buried there by the flood of 1768; he removed the stones with immense labor, formed them into a bulwark and inclosure round the field, trenched down the gravel to the depth of four or five feet, and brought up the soil, which afterward produced the most luxuriant crops. His neighbors ridiculed his operations while they were in progress, saying that he would never have a crop there. "Do ye see these ashen trees?" said John, pointing to some vigorous saplings growing near; "are they not thriving?" It was impossible to deny that they were. "Well," continued John, "if it wunna produce corn, I'll plant it with ash trees, and the laird at least will hae the benefit." The fruits of John's labors were all swept away by the direful floods of the third of August; but pride of his heart as this improvement had been, the flood was not able to sweep away his equanimity and his philosophy with his acres. When some one condoled with him on his loss—

"I took it frae Awen [the river Aven], and let the Awen hae her ain again," he said with emphasis. And when a gossiping tailor halted at his door one day, charitably to bewail his loss, he cut him short by pithily remarking, "Well, if I have lost my croft, I have got a fish-pond in its place, where I can fish independent of any one." After the year 1783, he built his house on a rock that showed itself from under the soil, at the base of the bank bounding the glen of the burn. During the late flood, the water was dashing up at his door, and his sister, who was older than he, having expressed great terror, and proposed that they should both fly for it—"What's the woman afeard o'?" cried John impatiently. "Hae we not baith the rock o' nature an' the Rock o' Ages to trust till?—we'll no stir one fit!" John's first exertion after the flood was to go down to Ballindallock to assist the laird in his distress; there he labored hard for three days before the laird discovered that John had left his own haystack buried to the top in sand, and insisted on his going home to disinter it. When the laird talked to him of his late calamity, "Odd, sir," said he, "I dinna regaird this matter hauf sae muckle as I did that slap i' the aughty three, for then I was in a manner a marked man. Noo, we're a' sufferin' thegither, an' I'm but neebourlike." Lauder says that the people of this district bear misfortunes with a wonderful degree of philosophy, arising from the circumstance of their being deeply tinged with the doctrine of predestination. "I was much gratified," says Lauder, "by my interview with honest John Cly. While I was sketching him unperceived, Mr. Grant was doing his best to occupy his attention. 'Well, now, John,' said Mr. Grant to him, pointing to an apparently impracticable beach of stones a little way up the glen, 'if you had improved that piece, as I advised you, it would have been safe still, for you see the burn hasn't touched it at all.' 'Na, fegs!' replied John, with a most significant shake of his head, 'gin I had gruppit her in wi' stanes that cam oot o't, whaur wad she hae been noo, think ye?—Odd. I kent her ower lang.'"

The flax-miller's croft shared the same fate as John Cly's,

and the mill full of flax was sanded up to the beams of the first floor.

The ancient stories of Scotland show just this same spirit upon which we are remarking.

It appears certain that wolves inhabited the forests and mountain fastnesses of Scotland for hundreds of years after they were exterminated from England and Wales. The general belief is that they were finally extirpated about the year 1680, but there is reason to suppose that they existed in remote districts considerably after that period—indeed, until within the last hundred years—certainly so, if we may rely upon a story told by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder. Macqueen, the laird of Pollochock, on the Findhorn, at the time of the great Moray floods, 1829, is believed to have been alive at the time of the slaughter of the last wolf—indeed, was its destroyer. The story is as follows :

" A poor woman, crossing the mountains with two children, was assailed by the wolf, and her infants devoured, and she escaped with difficulty to Moyhall. The chief of Mackintosh no sooner heard of the tragical fate of the babes, than, moved by pity and rage, he dispatched orders to his clan and vassals to assemble the next day at twelve o'clock, to proceed in a body to destroy the wolf. Pollochock was one of those vassals, and being then in the vigor of youth, and possessed of gigantic strength and determined courage, his appearance was eagerly looked for to take a lead in the enterprise. But the hour came and all were assembled except him to whom they most trusted. Unwilling to go without him, the impatient chief fretted and fumed through the hall, till at length, about an hour after the appointed time, in stalked Pollochock, dressed in his full Highland attire : ' I am little used to wait thus for any man,' exclaimed the chafed chieftain, ' and still less for thee, Pollochock, especially when such game is afoot as we are boune after ! ' ' What sort o' game are ye after, Mackintosh ? ' said Pollochock simply, and not quite understanding his allusion. ' The wolf, sir,' replied Mackintosh ; ' did not my mes-

senger instruct you?' 'Ou, ay, that's true,' answered Pollochock, with a good-humored smile; 'troth I had forgotten. But an' that be a',' continued he, groping with his right hand among the ample folds of his plaid, 'there's the wolf's head!' Exclamations of astonishment and admiration burst from chief and clansmen as he held out the grim and bloody head of the monster at arm's-length, for the gratification of those who crowded round him. 'As I came through the slochk [ravine], by east the hill there,' said he, as if talking of some every-day occurrence, 'I forgathered with the beast. My long dog there turned him. I buckled wi' him, and dirkit him, and syne whuttled his craig, and brought awa' his countenance, for fear he might come alive again; for they are vera precarious creatures.' 'My noble Pollochock!' cried the chief in ecstasy; 'the deed was worthy of thee! In memorial of thy hardihood, I here bestow upon thee Seannachan, to yield meal for thy good greyhound in all time coming.'"

An old fragment of a mill was disinterred and brought down, in the great floods of Moray, by the Cuach, and lodged on Mr. Cumming's farm. It was ultimately proved to have belonged to a saw-mill that existed in Glenquoich, in Mr. Cumming's father's youth, though for some time it excited yet greater interest, as it was believed to be part of a corn-mill anciently erected in a small plain in the glen. As persons conversant in mechanics were not plenty in the Highlands in the days when this corn-mill was constructed, the laird brought a miller from the low country to manage it. In this neighborhood there lived at this time a certain Donald Mackenzie, a far-removed branch of the family of Dalmore, a place that once stood where the lodge does now. This hero, being remarkable for his haughty and imperious manner, was known by the appellation of *Donald Unasach*, or Donald the Proud. Being a native of Glenquoich, he knew as little of the English language as the miller did of the Gaelic. He was an outlaw, addicted to free-booting, and of so fierce and unruly a temper that the whole country stood in awe of him. One circumstance regarding him

struck every one with superstitious awe, and created much conjecture and speculation among those around him. He was never known to be without abundance of meal, and yet he was never known to carry any corn to the mill.

But the sagacious miller of Glenquoich soon discovered that, in order to bilk him of his proper mill-dues, the caitiff was in the habit of bringing his grain to the mill in the night, and grinding it, and carrying it off before morning. To charge him directly with this fraud was too dangerous an attempt. But the miller ventured to ask him now and then quietly how he did for meal, as he never brought any corn to the mill. To which the freebooter never returned any other answer than—"*Is laider larinh Dhe!*"—"Strong is the hand of God!"

Provoked at last, the miller determined to take his own way of curing the evil; and, having some previous inkling of the next nocturnal visit of his unwelcome customer, he took care, before leaving the mill in the evening, to remove the bush, or that piece of wood which is driven into the eye of the nether millstone, for the purpose of keeping the spindle steady in passing through the upper stone. He also stopped up the spout, through which the meal discharged itself; and, as the mill was one of those old-fashioned machines, where the water-wheel moved horizontally, and directly under the stones, it follows that, by this arrangement of things, the corn would fall into the stream. Having made these preparations, the miller locked his house-door, and went to bed. About midnight, Donald arrived with his people, and some sacks of dry corn; and finding everything, as he thought, in good order in the mill, he filled the hopper, and let on the water. The machinery revolved with more than ordinary rapidity—the grain sank fast into the hopper, but not a particle of it came out at the place where he was wont to receive it into his bag as meal. Donald the Proud and his *gillies* were all aghast. Frantic with rage, he and they ran up and down; and in their hurry to do everything, they succeeded in doing nothing. At length Donald perceived, what even the obscurity of the night could not hide,

a long white line of fair provender floating down the middle of the stream, that left not a doubt as to where his corn was discharging itself. But he could neither guess how this strange phenomenon was produced, nor how the evil was to be cured. After much perplexity, he thought of turning off the water. But here the wily miller had also been prepared for him, having so contrived matters that the pole or handle connecting the sluice with the inside of the mill had fallen off as soon as the water was let on the wheel. Baffled at all points, Donald was compelled at last to run to the miller's house. Finding the door locked, he knocked and bawled loudly at the window; and on the miller demanding to know who was there, he did his best to explain, in broken English, the whole circumstances of the case. The miller heard him to an end; and, turning himself in bed, he coolly replied, "Strong is the hand of God!" Donald Unasach gnashed his teeth; tried the door again; returned to the window; and, humbled by circumstances, repeated his explanations and entreaties for help. "*Te meal town te purn to te tiel! Hoigh! Hoigh!*" "I thought ye had been ower weel practeesed in the business to let any sic mischanter come ower ye, Maister Anesaek," replied the imperturbable Lowlander; "but strong is the hand of God!" The mountaineer now lost all patience. Drawing his dirk, and driving it through the window, he began to strike it so violently against the stones on the outside of the wall, that he illuminated the house with a shower of fire, and showed the terrified inmates the ferocious countenance of him who wielded the weapon. "*Te meal to te mill, te mutter to te mailler,*" sputtered out Donald in the midst of his wrath, meaning to imply that, if the miller would only come and help him, he should have all his dues in future. Partly moved by this promise, but still more by his well-grounded fears, the miller arose at last, put the mill to rights, and ground the rest of the corn; and tradition tells us that, after this, the mill-dues were regularly paid, and the greatest harmony subsisted between Donald Unasach and the miller of Glenquoich.

It is not difficult to see, in such old traditional stories as these, the foundations of that commingled shrewdness and strength which are so prominent in the Scottish character.

Colonel Stewart, in his work on the present state of the Highlanders in Scotland, tells a story very honorable to the Highland character. In the year 1795 there had been some disturbance in a Highland regiment, the Breadalbane Fencibles ; but the soldiers were made sensible of their misconduct, and of the necessity of consequent punishment ; whereupon four men voluntarily offered themselves to stand trial and suffer the sentence of the law as an atonement for the whole. These men were accordingly marched to Edinburgh Castle for trial. On the march, one of the men stated to the officer commanding the party, Major Colin Campbell, that he had left business, of the utmost importance to a friend in Glasgow, uncompleted, which he wished to transact before his death ; that, as to himself, he was fully prepared to meet his fate, but with regard to his friend, he could not die in peace until the business was settled, and that, if the officer would suffer him to return to Glasgow for a few hours, he would join him before he reached Edinburgh, and march as a prisoner with the party. The soldier added, " You have known me since I was a child ; you know my country and kindred, and you may believe I shall never bring you to any blame by a breach of the promise I now make to be with you in full time to be delivered up in the Castle." This was a startling proposal to make to the officer ; but his confidence was such that he complied with the promise of the prisoner, who returned to Glasgow at night, settled his business, and left the town before daylight to redeem his pledge. He was under the necessity of taking a long circuit to avoid being seen and apprehended as a deserter and sent back to Glasgow. In consequence of this caution, there was no appearance of him at the appointed hour. The perplexity of the officer when he reached the neighborhood of Edinburgh may be easily imagined. He moved forward slowly indeed, but no soldier appeared ; and unable to delay any longer, he

marched up to the Castle, and as he was delivering over the prisoners—but before any report was given in—Macmarbin, the absent soldier, rushed in among his fellow-prisoners, all pale with anxiety and fatigue, and breathless with apprehension of the consequences in which his delay might have involved his benefactor. The whole four were tried, and condemned to be shot ; but it was determined that only one should suffer, and they were ordered to draw lots. It is some relief to know that the fatal lot was not drawn by this faithful soldier.

CHAPTER IV.

SOME VARIETIES OF SCOTTISH SUPERSTITION.

It is scarcely possible to take up the life of any member of the great Scottish family without instantly being made aware of the strong tendency to superstitious fancy which governs almost all orders of life, however learned or illiterate. We find it in the life of Sir David Brewster. His daughter, Mrs. Gordon, tells us how, in his early days, the love and fear of the superstitious surrounded the home of the future great philosopher. Behind his father's house at Jedburgh was a little cottage, and, as we are speaking of a period nearly a century ago, it is not a cause for wonder that only a gable of it is standing now ; in Sir David's childhood it was shaded by a favorite apple-tree, and within it lived David's old nurse. The delight of the future author of the charming volume on Natural Magic was to spend his winter evenings with the old woman, whose memory appears to have been an amazing repository of stories of ghosts and goblins. The old lady's narrations usually so infiltrated the imagination of her young auditor that she had to quit her easy-chair and cosey fire and convey the shuddering child, or children, across the garden home, with her apron thrown over their heads ; and Mrs. Gordon tells us that the recollection of the old apple-tree and the fascination of the old stories of the ancient woman were so vivid upon her father in his old age, that he himself pleaded guilty to suffering from superstitious fears even through the maturest years of manhood. Perhaps many writers, like Sir David Brewster and Sir Walter Scott, who have written elaborate works to show how groundless are superstitious fears, have been impelled to the task by a strong sense of the hold which superstitious ideas had

upon them ; few can doubt that this was the case with the healthy-minded Sir Walter. It is more remarkable to find that Mrs. Somerville—the illustrious mathematician and great scientific expositor—was the subject of the same fears. Speaking of her childhood, she says, "I was very fond of ghost and witch stories, both of which were believed in by most of the common people and many of the better educated. I heard an old naval officer say that he never opened his eyes after he was in bed ; I asked him why, and he replied, 'For fear I should see something!' Now I did not actually believe in either ghosts or witches, but yet, when alone in the dead of the night, I have been seized with a dread of I know not what. Few people will now understand me if I say I was *eerie*, a Scotch expression for superstitious awe. I have been struck, on reading the life of the late Sir David Brewster, with the influence the superstitions of the age and country had on both learned and unlearned. Sir David was one of the greatest philosophers of the day ; he was only a year younger than I ; we were both born in Jedburgh, and both were influenced by the superstitions of our age and country in a similar manner ; for he confessed that, although he did not believe in ghosts, he was *eerie* when sitting up at a late hour in a lone house that was haunted. This is a totally different thing from believing in spirit-rapping, which I scorn."

But, of these distinguished names in science, Hugh Miller, in his "Schools and Schoolmasters," gives an instance from his childhood which seems to rank him among veritable ghost-seers. He gives a reminiscence from his earliest childhood of that night when, in the wild and fatal tempest, his father went down at sea. His mother had just received a cheerful letter from the father, so that there were no forebodings in the dwelling. She was sitting, plying her cheerful needle by the household fire ; the door had been left unfastened, and she sent little Hugh to shut it ; it was in the twilight. "A gray haze," he says, "was spreading a neutral tint of dimness over distant objects, but left the near ones comparatively distinct, when I saw

at the open door, within less than a yard of my breast, as plainly as I ever saw anything, a dissevered hand and arm stretched toward me—hand and arm were apparently those of a female ; they bore a livid and sodden appearance, and directly fronting me, where the body ought to have been, there was only a blank transparent space, through which I could see the dim forms of the objects beyond. I was fearfully startled, and ran shrieking to my mother, telling what I had seen ; and the house-girl, whom she next sent to shut the door, apparently affected by my terror, also returned frightened, and said that she too had seen the woman's hand."

Hugh Miller says, "I communicate the story as it lies fixed in my memory, without attempting to explain it. The coincidence with the probable time of my father's death seems at least curious."

We mention these illustrations without any especial comment upon the instances, but for the purpose of remarking that this hard-headed Scotch mind, which seems so naturally allied to mathematics and the logic of facts, is especially metaphysical and mystical ; the love of the mysterious is inherent among the people, and, among thinkers, a fondness for dealing with the occult causes of things seems generally to pervade the mind. Even now, Dr. Rogers says, "Spectres have not altogether left the scene, and although those apparitions which do appear are generally detected, and found to possess flesh and blood, they testify to a general prevalence, a terror of and faith in ghostly visitations among the people."

He mentions how a friend of his own was returning late on a summer evening to his residence at Earlston from the vicinity of Montrose. The road led through a piece of unfrequented moorland, a solitary waste. The night was oppressively hot ; the course was up hill. To relieve himself a little he threw open his vest, inclosing his head in a light-colored handkerchief, raising his hat aloft upon his cane. On a sudden a figure started from the foot-path and disappeared amid a forest of whins. The traveller appears to have been a little terrified

himself. Approaching the spot where the figure seemed to be concealed, he called out, "Who is there?" Then came the immediate reply, "I'm—I'm—I'm a weaver frae Galashiels; but och, man! I'm glad to hear you speak, for ye were an awfu' like sicht comin' ower the hill; I thocht ye were a ghaist, an' I were amaist feared oot o' my judgment!"

No doubt many a ghost has as natural a solution or dissolution, but such stories do not the less tend to show a characteristic of the national mind. In his very interesting, but now rare, book on "Scotland, Social and Domestic," Dr. Rogers has collected a number of instances; some of them were personal, and household alarms, arising from simple causes, but there are many also to which he does not furnish any explanation, and some of them of a quite recent occurrence. In the University of St. Andrews a custom obtains that, on the death of a professor, intimation of the event is conveyed by messenger to the other members of the institution. In 1842 an aged professor was very ill, and his decease was expected daily. One of his colleagues sat down to his usual evening devotions with his household. His wife was reading a portion of Scripture when, watch in hand, the professor asked her whether it was not precisely half-past nine. The lady, taking out her watch, answered that it was. When the service was concluded, the professor explained that at the time he had interrupted the reading he had seen his ailing colleague, who had signalled him an adieu. He felt satisfied his friend had then expired. Not long after a messenger arrived, reporting that Dr. H. had died that evening at half-past nine.

Scotch writers classify apparitions into four orders. This alone shows the prevalence among them of superstitious ideas. There are the wraith, the tutelary spirit, the genie, and the unrested ghost. There is a singular story connected with the death of Mungo Park on his second great African expedition. His sister, Mrs. Thomson, lived with her husband on their farm at Myreton, among the Ochils. She had received a letter from her brother, expressing his hope that he would shortly

return home, and saying that she would not be likely to hear from him again until she saw him on his return. Shortly after this she was in bed ; she fancied she heard a horse's feet on the road before her window. Sitting up in bed, she instantly saw her brother, the great traveller, open the door and walk toward her in his usual attire. She expressed her delight, sprang up from bed, stretched out her arms to embrace him, and only folded them over her own breast. By the dim light she could still only believe that he had stepped aside, that he was, perhaps, joking with her ; and while she was upbraiding him for retreating from her, her husband came into the room and assured her of her delusion. This was the last that was heard of Mungo Park ; the date of his death is unknown. Mrs. Thomson is described as a shrewd, intelligent woman not at all inclined to superstition, but she always believed that his death took place at the time when she imagined he had returned to her at Myreton. Such stories as these hover over all Scotland, and seem to interlace themselves with the histories of all her families. We apprehend that very extraordinary man, John Leyden, great scholar, extensive traveller, enthusiast, and exquisite poet, gives not only his own experience, but also that of many another member of his Scottish kindred, when, in his " Scenes of Infancy," he says :

> " The woodland's sombre shade that peasants fear,
> The haunted mountain streams that murmur near,
> The antique tombstone and the churchyard green,
> Seemed to unite me with the world unseen ;
> Oft when the eastern moon rose darkly red
> I heard the viewless paces of the dead,
> Heard in the breeze the wandering spirits sigh,
> Or airy skirts unseen that rustled by."

Mental eminence and independence, or extensive attainments, seem to be no protection against this mystical charm of ghostly influence ; and even the metaphysical strength of Scottish thought seems to assure us of the relation of the mind to occult subjects of investigation. Hugh Miller, to whom we have

already referred, gives to us, in the twenty-fifth chapter of his "Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland," a long succession of ghostly tales which infiltrated, and, no doubt, formed, his young imagination as they floated round his early home.

The superstitions of Scotland vary according to the region; there is a difference between Lowland and Highland superstitions; between the superstitions of the Scottish fishermen and the Scottish shepherds. It is true of other countries, besides Scotland, that the superstitions of a district live longest among its fishermen. The profession of the fisherman naturally inclines him to superstition; life with him is always especially uncertain; there is a wide province for the imagination, for the ominous dream and the warning vision, the wandering death-light and the threatening spectre; superstition seems natural to precariousness and peril. Hence, usually, the fishing village is especially full of stories and legends; almost every disaster is set in a framework of the supernatural. Then the fisherman's life is isolated; even in his marriage he must have a wife not selected from the family of the cotter or mechanic; he must have a girl who can bait lines, and repair nets, and who can help him to sell his fish; a girl of his own class; so there is no infusion of new ideas, the same legendary life runs on from generation to generation.

But the Highlands were the especial home of superstitions, although, even when Dr. Johnson visited the Western Isles, he thought they were wearing away.

At the commencement of the present century, Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, wrote her charming, thoughtful, and eloquent essays on the superstitions of the Highlands; and although she very beautifully attempted to elucidate the natural causes of these superstitions, and to expostulate with them, she certainly dealt with them in no merely sceptical or flippant spirit, while her volumes contain many tender illustrations of the hold which the heart had on the life of the world to come. Thus we read how common it was for survivors to give conditional messages

to their departing friends by the passing spirit; there was a kind of ritual of decorous departure. "Nothing was more common," says Mrs. Grant, "than to take a solemn leave of old people as if they were going on a journey, and pretty much in the same terms: 'If you are permitted, tell my dear brother that I have merely endured the world since he left it, and that I have been very kind to every creature he used to cherish, for his sake.' I have heard, indeed," continues Mrs. Grant, "a person of a very enlightened mind seriously give a message to an aged person to deliver to a child he had lost not long before, which she as seriously promised to deliver, with the wonted condition, *if* she was permitted." We read in these same essays, written amid the people to whom they refer, of a man remarkable for filial affection, who continued single that he might sedulously attend to the comfort of his mother and watch her declining years with reverent care. On her birthday he always collected the members of the family, his brothers and sisters—they were all married before the father's death—and at the conclusion of the family feast he always proposed a reverent toast, the substance of which was, "An easy and decorous departure to my mother." How this toast would shock and shake the nerves of fashionable delicacy! how the cynic would sneer at it, and almost mis-translate it! but it was not thought an unnatural thing, it was received with great applause, and the old lady always replied in nearly the same terms, that "God had always been good to her, and she hoped she should die as decently as she had lived." It was thought of the utmost consequence to "die decently."

We read Mrs. Grant's "Essays and Letters from the Mountains" until we almost wish that the knowledge of books and science, the learning of so many things by rote, the remoteness of nature and of the influences of nature, had not deprived us of that singular sense of a pleasant familiarity with the dead which those papers delineate; when auspicious forms came to comfort the mourner, or to suggest useful hints on the conduct of life, and when the want—the deadly and wretched want—of

some object beyond what earth affords to stimulate or satisfy was responded to by something lifting the mind above objects of mere sense, enlarging the conceptions, and exalting the general character. Some of these spectres, or visions, of the Highlands of the old time seem almost like allegories.

A farmer, whose high character gave him great influence in his elevated hamlet, lost his children, one after another ; at last he lost a little child who had taken great hold on the father's affections ; the father's grief was intemperate and quite unbounded. The death took place in the spring, when, although the sheep were abroad in the more inhabited Lowlands, they had to be preserved from the blasts of that high and stormy region in the cote. In a dismal, snowy evening, the man, unable to stifle his anguish, went out lamenting aloud ; he went to the door of his sheep-cote to take a lamb he needed, and he found a stranger at the door. He was astonished to find, in such a night, any person in so unfrequented a place. He was plainly attired, but with a countenance remarkably expressive of mildness and beneficence. The stranger, very singularly, asked the farmer what he did there amid the tempest on such a night. The man was filled with awe, which he could not account for, but said he came there for a lamb.

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

"The very best I can find," answered the farmer ; "but come into the house and share our evening meal."

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

"Never," said the farmer.

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

Perhaps the reader may, in some form, have met this story

before, but we give it as it has come down from the mountains, ages since.

But we must not dwell on these old superstitions of the Highlands, and tell the stories of visions of the dead, and how often, even in the stillness of noon, in the solitary place, while speaking of them, in an instant, even in the daytime, they were beheld passing transiently or standing ready for conversation. We cannot attempt to elucidate the wonders of second sight, by which things distant or future are seen as if they were present ; a seer driving home his cattle, or wandering in idleness, or musing in sunshine, is suddenly surprised by the appearance of a bridal ceremony, or a funeral procession ; a Mr. Keith drops down dead of an apoplexy from his chair, and an innkeeper declares that he saw that event three hours before !

Dr. Macculloch, in his splendid descriptions of the Highlands, deals with these matters at length in a very jocular spirit ; but the whole phenomena of Highland spiritualism has been a perplexity to many writers, who have been far enough from a disposition to yield themselves implicitly to all the vagaries of superstition ; and we suppose that most readers are much better pleased to find a clearing up of some mysterious story than to remain beneath the impression of inexplicable mystery.

But superstition in Scotland is rapidly on the wane ; all the grosser superstitions are gone. Once it was the favored region of wizards, witches, warlocks, fairies, brownies, and hobgoblins ; they have all taken their departure. Spectres, as we said at the commencement of this chapter, have not entirely left the scene, but the temper of the times in which we live leads us to feel most enjoyment when they are found to be divested of ghostly terrors, and to appear in flesh and bones.

We have shown how fear operates when faith declines. A story is told of Mr. Fleming, who was, in his large building transactions, the first to introduce Scottish timber for purposes for which foreign wood had been previously employed. About the year 1753–54 he was at Kilmun—now, we believe, a fash-

ionable and well-built watering-place ; then, a remote and secluded Highland hamlet. The accommodation was so bad that, instead of submitting to the predaceous animals thirsting for the blood of the Lowlander, he chose to have a temporary bed put up in the burial-vault of the Argyle family, there to attempt to sleep surrounded by the peaceful coffins of departed dukes and duchesses. Could the most audacious modern disbeliever in ghosts dare this feat ? While occupying this dark, and to our ideas not attractive bed-chamber, he on one occasion stepped out rather early on a fine Sabbath morning in his white night-dress, and, while indulging himself and giving a loud yawn, he was perceived by some sailors who were loitering near the tomb and waiting for a tide to carry their small craft, which was moored in the Holy Loch, to Greenock. The superstitious sailors, as may well be conceived, were quite appalled by the supposed apparition issuing from the charnel-house ; they instantly took to their heels, and, hurrying into their boat, set off to Greenock, where, on their arrival, they gave such a circumstantial account of the resurrection of at least one of the Dukes of Argyle as to induce the authorities to make a formal inquiry into the circumstance.

Into the historical department of Scottish superstition we have not permitted ourselves to enter ; it is a brief and very painful chapter in the history of fanaticism, the story of the persecutions for witchcraft, the shuddering recollections of which perpetuated themselves in the marvellous visions of Tam O' Shanter, in the old kirk of Alloway :

" Where ghosts and owlets nightly sigh !"

Every close in Edinburgh is haunted with weird old stories ; and the memory of Major Weir has scarcely relinquished the awful hold it had upon even the better judgment of men. We are bold enough to think that Major Weir and his sister were a sorely much-abused old couple.

Major Weir was one of the strictest of the old Scotch Pres-

byterians, a man of singular devoutness and exact Puritanic severity; he lived in the West Bow with his sister; a man mighty in prayer and heavenly gesture, and unsullied in reputation, he continued through many years, when, being seized with a severe illness, he made open and voluntary confession of having indulged in every kind of possible and impossible wickedness. It was the day of wizards and witchcraft; upon his own and his sister's confessions they were tried April 9th, 1670; he was sentenced to be strangled and burned, and his sister to be hanged; and the sentences were accordingly carried into execution. For a century and a half the neighborhood was haunted by the memory of Major Weir; his memory lingers over the neighborhood still, although the house in which he resided was probably pulled down. For many years it was deserted; it was said to be haunted, and no one would live in it, until at last some hardy spirits attempted to do so, and, upon the first night's attempt, were scared away. For a long time Major Weir and his sister haunted the imaginations of the people of the West Bow, in the Lawn Market. His name figured in Sinclair's "Invisible World Discovered," and other such works. Of course, innumerable stories were told of him; his sister had said that all the major's power lay in his staff; this was sentenced to be burned also, but when it was cast into the fire it showed great indisposition to burn, and "gave several rare turnings."

Scott refers to this extraordinary instance in the story of "Blind Willie's tale," which was, perhaps, partly derived from it. Robert Chambers, in his "Traditions of Edinburgh," says that the conclusions of humanity in the present age are simply that the poor major was mad; his mind wrought upon by the diseased atmosphere around him, laden with notions of witchcraft and wizardry, and himself wrought up to an unnatural state of nervous excitement by overstrained theological notions, united, probably, to fastings and experiences almost monastic, produced on his mind the effects of monomania; and it should be remembered that nothing was

ever proved tending to sully the innocence of the major's character beyond his own solemn asseverations.

It is not wonderful that imagination, combining with superstition, in a people themselves intensely imaginative, hung round the names and memories of certain characters traditions of an even awful description ; and Blind Willie's tale, to which we have just referred, is not so much an exaggeration as an illustration of this. Sir Walter Scott's description of Redgauntlet seems only naturally to give the impressions conveyed of Sir Robert Grierson, the laird of Lag, one of the most cruel and remorseless persecutors of the Covenanters. The house the great novelist intended to depict was Grierson's town house, in Dumfries ; it was an old pile, for a long time called "the Turnpike," and has now yielded to modern change. In it the laird of Lag spent the latest years of his life, and there he died in 1736 ; but if anything were wanting to identify him with the grim Redgauntlet of Blind Willie's tale, Mr. McDowall has supplied it in his History of Dumfries, by his assurance that the monkey companion of Redgauntlet, called "Major Weir," had a real existence as the companion of Grierson, as had also the "cat's cradle" where the curious creature slept ; it was a remote turret of "the Turnpike" which had been built as a point of observation in ancient times. It will not be apart from the purpose of the present volume to quote from Wandering Willie's tale what must pass for a most racy description of the laird of Lag, and, considering what he had been—a wicked persecutor, and what were his awful and grotesque surroundings, it seems natural that the popular imagination should surround him and his memory with the notoriety of an infamous terror : "There sat the laird his leesome lane, excepting that he had beside him a great, ill-favored jackanape, that was a special pet of his ; a cankered beast it was, and mony an ill-natured trick it played—ill to please it was, and easily angered —ran about the haill castle, chattering and yowling, and pinching and biting folk, especially before ill weather, or disturbances in the state. Sir Robert ca'd it 'Major Weir,' after the

warlock that was burned ; and few folk liked either the name or the conditions of the creature—they thought there was something in it by ordinar'. Sir Robert sat, or I should say lay, in a great armed chair, wi' his grand velvet gown and his feet on a cradle—for he had both gout and gravel—and his face looked as gash and ghastly as Satan's. ' Major Weir ' sat opposite to him in a red laced coat, and the laird's wig on his head ; and aye as Sir Robert girned wi' pain, the jackanape girned too—like a sheep's-head between a pair of tangs : an ill-faured, fearsome couple they were. The laird's buff coat was hanging on a pin behind him, and his broadsword and his pistols within reach ; for he keepit up the auld fashion of having the weapons ready, and a horse saddled day and night, just as he used to do when he was able to loup on horseback and away after ony of the hill-folk he could get speerings of." The "major" was literally pistolled by Sir Gilbert, the next laird of Lag, though not, need we add, under such circumstances of *diablerie* as are so graphically narrated in the romance.

The ghostly superstitions of Scotland are so many and so characteristic that the omission to notice some of the more considerable of them would render any estimate of Scottish character, however full otherwise, incomplete. There is a traditional catch in the county of Berwick :

> " O Pearlin' Jean, O Pearlin' Jean,
> She haunts the house, she haunts the green,
> And glowers on us a' wi' her wullcat e'en."

" In my youth," says Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, " Pearlin' Jean was the most remarkable ghost in Scotland, and my terror when a child. Our old nurse, Jenny Blackadder, had been a servant at Allanbank, and often heard her rustling in silks up and down stairs, and along the passages. She never saw her, but her husband did. She was a French woman, whom the first baronet of Allanbank, then Mr. Stuart, met with at Paris, during his tour to finish his education as a

gentleman. Some people said she was a nun ; in which case she must have been a Sister of Charity, as she appears not to have been confined to a cloister. After some time young Stuart either became faithless to the lady, or was suddenly recalled to Scotland by his parents, and had got into his carriage, at the door of the hotel, when his Dido unexpectedly made her appearance, and stepping on the fore-wheel of the coach to address her lover, he ordered the postilion to drive on ; the consequence of which was that the lady fell, and one of the wheels going over her forehead, killed her.

"In a dusky autumnal evening, when Mr. Stuart drove under the arched gateway of Allanbank, he perceived Pearlin' Jean sitting on the top, her head and shoulders covered with blood. After this, for many years, the house was haunted ; doors shut and opened with great noise at midnight ; the rustling of silks and the pattering of high-heeled shoes were heard in bedrooms and passages. Nurse Jenny said there were seven ministers called in together at one time to lay the spirit ; 'but they did no muckle good, my dear.' The picture of the ghost was hung up between those of the lover and his lady, and kept her comparatively quiet ; but when taken away, she became worse natured than ever. This portrait was in the present Sir J. G.'s possession. I am unwilling to record its fate. The ghost was designated Pearlin, from always wearing a great quantity of that sort of lace—a species of lace made of thread. Nurse Jenny told me that when Thomas Blackadder was her lover (I remember Thomas very well), they made an assignation to meet one moonlight night in the orchard at Allanbank. True Thomas, of course, was the first comer ; and seeing a female in a light-colored dress, at some distance, he ran forward with open arms to embrace his Jenny ; when, lo, and behold ! as he neared the spot where the figure stood, it vanished ; and presently he saw it again at the very end of the orchard, a considerable way off. Thomas went home in a fright ; but Jenny, who came last, and saw nothing, forgave him, and they were married. Many years after this, about the year 1790,

two ladies paid a visit to Allanbank—I think the house was then let—and passed the night there. They had never heard a word about the ghost; but they were disturbed the whole night with something walking backward and forward in their bed-chamber. This I had from the best authority." A housekeeper called Betty Norrie, who lived many years at Allanbank, declared she and many other people had frequently seen Jean, adding that they were so used to her as to be no longer alarmed at her noises. The persevering annoyances at Allanbank were so thoroughly believed and established as to have formed at various times a considerable impediment to letting the place. Sir Robert Stuart of Allanbank was created a baronet in the year 1697, so that it must have been previous to that time that Jean died.

Another famous ghost was, we do not know whether we may say is, "The Chappie of Houndwood," concerning which an old Border ballad sings:

> "For the cruel and bloody deed
> That was done within the dome,
> Shall haunted be the forest home
> O' Houndwood, till away shall speed
> Generations mony a ane;
> And no son shall heir that Ha'
> Till Chappie leave baith wood and wa',
> And a' our kings and queens are gane."

Houndwood is an old mansion lying on the north bank of the Eye, about four miles south-west of Coldingham. It was an old possession of the priory of Coldingham; and the house was placed in the midst of the forest attached to that splendid establishment—and was built, it is said, as a hunting-seat for the prior. Like all old country mansions, Houndwood was long a haunted house; and individuals are still living who maintain that they have heard strange sounds and seen strange sights there. The ghost which so long troubled the inmates of the forest house was usually called "Chappie," from the frequent knockings which it made during the night. The servants

were frequently annoyed, even in the daytime, with its pertinacious visits. Sometimes a knocking would be heard at the front door ; and if anybody went to open it, nobody could be seen, except on one occasion, when on the servant's opening the door, a grand lady rushed past her, and went up the stairs with a majestic gait, rustling in silks and satins ; but this lady was never afterward seen, either within or without the house. Sometimes, in the twilight, would be heard near the house the voice as of the *greeting* and wailing of a child in distress ; and when the inmates of the house went out to seek the object of such lamentation, it could never be found—" an individual told me lately," says Mr. George Henderson in his valuable little *brochure* on " The Popular Rhymes, Sayings, and Proverbs of the County of Berwick," " that her father was one of those who made such a search, on one occasion." At other times, during the silence of night, there would be heard loud knockings, rattling and rolling of heavy objects about the house, and sounds as if of combatants in mortal struggle, and sometimes all the plates, basins, and glasses were scattered over the floor, and then followed moanings, and groans of an appalling kind, which made the inmates shudder and creep together in terror and dismay. One night, our informant, then a very young girl, and a servant in the house, had occasion to go with a friend to the neighboring farmhouse of Lamington. When about halfway to the place, they were struck with the sound of what appeared to be a great number of horsemen coming galloping up behind them ; they both ran to the side of the road, and got upon the hedge-bank to be out of the way of the riders ; they had only stood a minute or so, when the troop rushed past —at least, what appeared, by the sound, to be a troop—for they *saw* nothing ; and the noise of the trampling of the horses, and the clashing of armor, died away on the wind, as if it had been a real cavalcade of mortal men and horses ! There was a room in Houndwood House, called " Chappie's room," into which nobody ever cared to enter, even in the broad light of day. It was from this room that most of the supernatural

noises seemed to proceed. In it had been done, at some former period, an atrocious deed of murder : there were dark spots of blood on the floor, which could not be washed out—the floor had been taken up and renewed—but it was all the same—the gory marks reappeared in the new flooring as well ! In consequence of this murder, it was prophesied, by whom we never heard, that Houndwood was not to have a male heir for five generations at least. Our father had a cousin, Margaret Smeaton by name, who died in Chirnside in 1827, and who, when young, lived as a servant at Houndwood. She was a very pious woman, and would not have told an untruth to please the greatest lord or lady in Christendom, and she related to our father the following story, which we have often heard him tell : " While living at Houndwood, an Englishman was hired as gardener—he would not believe in the tales about the ghost ; and so bold and confident was he that he swore there was no such thing in the world as ghost or apparitions ; and to show that he did not believe in them, he had a bed made up in ' Chappie's ' room, in which no person had slept for a hundred years or more ; and there he was determined to sleep in defiance of all the ghosts, goblins, and devils under the moon ! Well, the gardener went to his bed in the said ' goblin chamber,' and composed himself for sleep ; but about the witching hour of twelve,

> ' When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
> Contagion to the world,'

the crest-fallen gardener came down the stairs with such precipitation that he put both neck and limbs in the utmost jeopardy, and swore that he would never set foot again in that room while he lived ; and when asked what he saw, or heard, that had put him into such affright, he said that he would never tell any mortal man or woman what he had seen !" It is said that " Chappie" sometimes appeared in the shape of a pair of enormous military or trooper's boots, stalking across the floor all plashed with blood, but no other part of the

wearer of those boots was visible. Such is a specimen of the ghost stories, which had such a charm for our boyhood !

We have not left ourselves much space to speak upon the more favorite and popular department of superstition—that of dreams. The words about dreams have not always been as wise as those of William Calder, of Strath-halladale, who used to say, " When I have a pleasant dream I thank the Lord for it, and when it is unpleasant I thank Him that it was only a dream." Many of our Scoteh friends have had some experiences to give us from dreamland, tending to show the prevalence of a certain kind of composition in the blood or temperament very favorable to a kind of spiritual communion.

A Scotchman—a dear, but now departed, friend of the author of this volume—used to tell how he, early, when a very little child, lost his father. His mother had tenderly loved her husband. She was distracted ; she was desolate. All day long, and for many days, she lay as one stunned ; she could not brook the loss ; she could not live for her child. One night she dreamed she was in a deep forest alone ; she could not see the path, nor know the way, but she knew she was in a forest. Suddenly a shining one stood before her. He was clad in white, but he was radiant, and he illuminated the forest. He revealed the path ; he revealed himself. He held in his hand a golden wand, and with it he touched the left eye of the mourning widow, and she saw no longer the forest ; all was lit up with heaven, with brightness, and there in the distance, beyond a doubt, was her husband, and he knew her, recognized her, and gave her his well-known smile. The stranger still stood by her side.

" Oh," she said, " touch the other eye !"

She was all impatience. What might not that touch do ?—bring her to him ; bring him to her ?

" Better not," said the white-robed shining one, " better not."

But she still said, " Do, *do !* oh, do !" Her heart was impatient.

"Well," he said, and he touched the other eye, and instantly all faded, the husband, the heaven, the stranger, and she woke to her lonely pillow.

The reader may rely on this as a veritable dream, perhaps he will say a foolish dream, but, on the strength of it, she arose and went forth to life and duty. The dream became cheerfulness, solace, and hope to her heart; her boy, in due time, took his degree in Edinburgh, became a minister, and was just one of the most beautiful spirits it has been the writer's privilege to know.

A lady, also a friend of the writer, from beyond Aberdeen, the daughter of a Presbyterian minister, and one who always seemed to have fairy blood in her veins, used to tell us of a dream she had before she was married, when living at home at her father's manse. The pastor of the next parish, some several miles distant, was her uncle—her father's brother. He was an unco' dry old body, given over to studies of a very perplexing description; he was a weird comminglement of metaphysician and mathematician; nobody, even of his own family, saw much of him, week in and week out; he lived at the top of the house, in a remote study, surrounded by his books and diagrams, and working out his head-splitting calculations. His brother—the father of our friend—often told him that if he did not quit his evil ways, and become human, he, or somebody for him, "would sairly rue his weird." One night, Sally, his niece, and our friend, dreamed that she saw the old manse in which her uncle lived just clean divide itself right in two, and one part seemed to come toward her father's manse, and the other seemed to go off, she knew not whither; and she woke, but falling asleep again, she dreamed the same dream. She was a girl of about twenty years of age, and, when she woke in the morning, the dream so troubled her that she would give her father no rest until he sent off to the other manse to know if all were right there. On the way his messenger met some one coming to inform them that, during the night, the minister, her uncle, had been seized with fever

—uncontrollable madness—insanity! The end of the story was that the dear old manse in the moorlands was broken up. The wife and children came for a time to the other manse, while the poor shattered and broken body and mind were conveyed away to some asylum, where they also soon parted company in death. And so the manse, as in the dream, divided in two!

CHAPTER V.

"THE SCOT ABROAD."

We appropriate the title given by the historian of Scotland, Mr. John Burton, to his two pleasant volumes. It is very descriptive, and suggestive of a remarkable trait of Scotch character. Mr. Burton devotes his work very much to the great relations of Scotland with France, in the time of the French League with Scotland, and in those days when the old Scots Guard of France was as famous as the unfortunate Swiss Guard of recent and unhappy times. But this is only a hint of what the Scot has been ever since. With considerable pride and real humor a Scotchman said to us once, "We're just the greatest *vaga*bonds on the face of the earth;" and so, if the vagabond be a wanderer, as the term literally and etymologically implies, just as Abraham, Jacob, Joseph, and Moses were vagabonds, "strangers and pilgrims on the earth," to the same illustrious order the Scot in all ages has belonged. He has furnished the world, in recent times, with its most illustrious travellers, and especially in the department of African travel. Livingstone, although the incomparable chief, had many distinguished predecessors from his own country, notably Mungo Park, Hugh Clapperton, James Bruce, Ledyard, Leyden, and many others; and the Scot has supplied, perhaps, not only the most enterprising but the most successful emigrants. The Scot has not merely left his mountains, lochs, and moors for the great cities of England. The same spirit which makes him so important an element in the commercial life of London, Manchester, and other great cities, has pushed him out to the most important commercial seats in far-distant quarters of the globe as engineer, trader, and inventor.

The Scot is one of the most ubiquitous of all travellers. Referring to this, an ill-natured old proverbial riddle asks, "Which is the finest view in all Scotland?" The reply being, "The road which leads out of it, or the road which leads to England." If this be so, at any rate England and the world have gained by the spirit which has impelled the Scot to wander. In a quiet, irresistible sort of a way, he is taking possession of the world, and especially the world opened up by the arms and discoveries of Great Britain. Its markets, its literature, its poetry, its manufactories, its steamboats, and its trains, its foreign depôts—Singapore, Shanghai, Hong Kong, Calcutta, Melbourne, and Montreal—all proclaim the Scot is abroad. The people, proverbially considered the most cautious, are, perhaps, the most adventurous, the most speculative and daring, not to say rash, on the face of the earth, and their power is now, where it has ever been, not so much in their prudence, or their principles, nor in their so often boasted love of liberty—which really has often looked very mythical, and faded away into a true Celtic worship of that which is strongest—but in a certain strong, shrewd perception, sustained by physical daring, and physical endurance, a firm educational faculty at home resulting in a strangely uniform success abroad. Scotland herself is now becoming thickly peopled, and the motives which once drove the Scot into foreign armies and far-away cities do not operate quite to the same extent now. It is wonderful, and almost inexplicable, that while Ireland, with so much more of the material means of prosperity at her command, has added little to the world's stock and store, and is still loudly clamoring about Home Rule, every Scotchman would, probably, gratefully acknowledge that the moment which put an end to the mere political independence of Scotland put an end also to its poverty, increased its pride, and lifted it from the condition of a little insignificant principality, to become one of the mightiest elements in the political and commercial administration of Great Britain.

The strength of Scotland seems really to lie in the fact that

"the union" has brought that country nearly into the same close relationship as the English counties, say, of Yorkshire or of Cornwall.

The Scot is a keen trader. An old woman was heard in consultation with her son, who was about to embark to Australia from the Land o' Cakes, but who loudly grumbled at the idea of going to a country where he heard there was nothing to trade with but kangaroos. "Weel," said the old woman, in a consolatory tone, "and is na' a kangaroo's money as good as onybody else's?" It is true that this restless spirit leaves many a neighborhood silent, solitary, and deserted; many a grand old feudal castle in the far north is little more than a mere shooting-box, and still, in such old neighborhoods, there are some tenacious old souls who cling to the old scenes, and drink the Highland toast of old times, "Here's our native country, and may those who don't like it leave it!" But, in most instances, those who have left it did not depart from any ungrateful sense of dislike. Usually the absence of all the means and hopes of life drove them away, and, like Richie Moniplies, they find the means and magnificence of their country to increase in proportion to their distance from it.

Sweden has, among her other romances and legends, many of "the Scot Abroad." It is with reference to the Scotch descent upon Uick that, at midnight, when the storm rages, the Ballar peasant listens and cries, "Hark! 'tis the war cry of the Scots, and the clash of their weapons from the battle-field." The story of that immense villain, Bothwell, "the wicked earl," is as full of romantic incident and interest in Sweden as in Scotland. He was imprisoned, died, and was buried at Malmohus in Sweden, and he no doubt there made a confession quite exonerating Queen Mary from the murder of Darnley. We find "the Scot Abroad" in Sweden and at Stockholm in the last years of the reign of Gustavus Vasa; indeed, it is said, and is no doubt true, that, in the Swedish Riddarhaus, near two hundred of our Scotch cousins hang enrolled among the noblest of the country. We seem to be

quite at home in Sweden, among the Stuarts and Ruthvens, the Mornays, Balfours, and Neaves. The Scots were often ennobled, and often also treated in a scurvy manner. Thus, in 1565, we read how, on a Scot soliciting the release of one Anders Ansteot, unjustly suspected as a spy, and imprisoned at Stockholm, King Erik writes to his secretary: "Accuse Anders at once of treachery and breaking the trust confided in him, and cause him immediately to be executed. The other Scotchman will come with a paper in which his Majesty orders Anders shall be pardoned. This reprieve must not be delivered until the sentence is already executed. When he arrives you must pretend to think it a great pity, and blame the man for not having made more haste on the way!" Not to mention the valorous deeds of the "Green Brigade in Sweden," we find "the Scot Abroad," with Gustavus Adolphus, in Germany, fighting with the great champion of the Reformation, and for their services upward of two hundred received patents of nobility, while those who could prove themselves of baronial lineage, although only of collateral descent, were granted the same rank in Sweden, with counties, baronies, and lands to support the dignity of the newly erected fief. We know not where in English literature we could find a more curious chapter illustrative of "the Scot Abroad" than the forty pages of Horace Marryat's Appendix to his "One Year in Sweden." When we remember how delightfully the great northern wizard called up the memories of the persons of the old Scots Guard in France, in the pages of "Quentin Durward," we can but wish that the same enchantingly descriptive and dramatic pen had dealt with persons and scenes which seem to us even more romantic in the story of the Scotch Abroad in Stockholm and Sweden, Copenhagen and Denmark.

One of the most entertaining novels of John Galt is "Laurie Todd." It is the story of a Scotsman who emigrated to America, and, by a combination of thrift, prudence, and sagacity, succeeded in life. But, in fact, it is known well that the genius of the story-teller only wove together the real facts

in the life of Grant Thorburn, from Dalkeith, who from humble beginnings became a successful man in New York. "A slikie auld Scotchman" described him very well, when he said to him, "Ye're an auld furrant chap [Thorburn was but a lad then], an' nae doobt but ye'll do very weel in their country." Grant Thorburn's life well illustrates the Scotsman who carries the religious sentiments and convictions of his early training with him. But when we think of "the Scot Abroad" we come up against some of the most illustrious names in history. Especially we have that name, so long Scotland's highest boast, John Knox, who was a Scot Abroad, working for nineteen months as a prisoner in the French galleys, passing there through that dreadful ordeal which was to fit him for that great reforming work in Scotland—that "Scottish Puritanism which," says Thomas Carlyle, "well considered, seems to me distinctly the noblest and completest form that the grand sixteenth century Reformation anywhere assumed." And of quite another order was Marshal Keith, the right-hand man of Frederick the Great, and Patrick Gordon, whose life of adventure at last landed him in the service of Peter the Great. Whatever may be the cause, through all ages, near or far remote, the Scots appear ever as the most restless of mortals; and even of those whose names are intimately associated with their own country it may be said they won their spurs abroad.

It is a Scotch proverb that "*A Scotsman, a crow, and a Newcastle grindstone travel a' the world over.*" The Scotch, very singularly, are far less insular than the English; it is said they differ less from the general type of Europeans; they adapt themselves more to the habits and modes of thought of other nations; it is said, also that on the Continent, they mark themselves far less strongly, and conform to foreign ways more easily and naturally than the English. It is far more usual to meet with a continentalized Scotchman than a continentalized Englishman. As we have already said and shown, the connection of Scotland and France has been much more close, and the influence much more abiding, than between France and Eng-

land. Thus in Scotland, as in France, in the designation of functionaries and officials they have advocates, procurators, provosts and bailies, etc., corresponding to the barristers and solicitors, the mayors and the aldermen, of England. Old Osborne said, ages since, "The Scot, like the poor Swiss, finds a more commodious abiding under every climate than at home, which, as it makes the Swiss to venture their lives in the quarrel of any prince for money, so this northern people are known to do; or turn peddlers, being become so cunning through necessity that they ruin all about them. Manifest in Ireland, where they usually say none of any other country can prosper that comes to live within the kenning of a Scot." This testimony, although neither courteous nor kind, is curious for its age, while it has a large measure of substantial truth. A story appeared in a well-known serial, some several years since, describing the disappointment of an Englishman who went out to the East as an interpreter, and whose ruling passion was a hatred of everything Scotch; but strolling through the camp with a Turkish officer, and abusing the Scotch to his heart's content, to his astonishment, Hassan Bey, the Turk, broke out, "I'll tell ye whaat, ma mon, gin ye daur lowse yere tongue upon my country like thaat, I'll gie ye a cloot on the lug that'll mak' it tingle fra this till Hallowe'en!" The thunderstruck Englishman stammered out, "Why, my good man, I thought you were a Turk!" "And sae I *am* a Turk the noo, ma braw chiel," said the angry Glasgow Mussulman, "but my faither's auld leather breeks ne'er travelled farther than just fra Glasgow to Greenock and back again; but when I gang hame—as I'll do or it's lang, if it be God's will—I'll just be Wully Forbes, son o' auld Daddy Forbes, o' the Gorbals, for a' that's come and gane!" Presently a splendidly-dressed Hungarian came up and said to the Turk, "Wully, mon, there's a truce the noo for twa hours; just come wi' me and we'll hae a glass o' whuskey thegither." It was the same with a Russian officer, until the Englishman exclaimed, "Bless my heart! is everybody on earth a Scotchman? Perhaps I'm

one myself without knowing it !" But when the Russian general Tarassoff exclaimed, " Eh, Donald Cawmell ! are *ye* here ?" and Ibrahim Pasha burst forth, simultaneously, " What, Sandy Robertson ! can this be you ?" the Englishman burst forth, " It's all over ! Turks, Russians, Hungarians, English—all Scotchmen ! It's more than I can bear ! I shall go home ; there's nothing left for me to do here. I came out as an interpreter, but if all the nations of Europe talk nothing but Scotch, what use can I be ?" This seems very droll, but it is not more droll than real.

In the midst of all this, however, it is still true that " the Scot Abroad " usually not only retains his own nationality, but also affects some considerable contempt frequently for the people among whom he dwells. Mr. Boyd gives us the following characteristic anecdote :

" The laird of ——, a few years after the battle of Waterloo, took his family to France for economy and education. A former neighbor of his in Scotland, who had never been on the Continent, resolved about 1832 to visit his friend, who had taken up his abode at Tours, or Dijon. The day after his arrival, he, with his host as cicerone, were strolling through the streets of the old town, the laird explaining everything minutely to the new-comer. At last they came to something which even puzzled the laird, and greatly interested his visitor, who said, ' Do ask this person to explain and tell us all about it.' ' Na, na, naething o' the kind,' said the laird, ' for I maun (must) tell you that I hate the people, and I hate their language, and hae I not hauden weel aff (have I not managed well) not to hae piekt ony o' it up in fourteen years ? ' ' Well,' said his visitor, ' as you have considered France a country good enough to live in for the last fourteen years, I should not have turned my back so much upon the language as you appear so successfully to have done.' The laird made no reply."

We believe it is Sir Archibald Alison who mentions how, when Marshal Keith was combating the Turkish forces under the Grand Vizier, the two generals came to a conference with

each other ; the Grand Vizier came mounted on a camel, in all the pomp of Eastern magnificence ; the Scotch Marshal Keith, who originally came from the neighborhood of Turiff, in Aberdeenshire, approached on horseback. After the conference the Turkish Grand Vizier said to Keith that he would like to speak a few words in private to him, in his tent, and begged that no one should accompany him ; Marshal Keith accordingly went in, and the moment they conferred, the Grand Vizier threw off his turban, tore off his beard, and running to Marshal Keith, said, "Oh, Johnnie, foo's a wi' ye, man ?" and he then discovered that the Grand Vizier of Turkey was a schoolfellow of his own who had disappeared about thirty years before from a parish school near Methlic. And we remember to have met with an anecdote of a Scotchman from Perth, who had penetrated into some far interior of Asia—we forget where ; he had to see the Pasha, or Bashaw. He was introduced to the comely man in his tent. They gathered up their knees, and sat down upon their carpets. They drank their strong coffee, and smoked their hookahs together in solemn silence ; few words, at any rate, passed between them, but, we may trust, sufficient for the occasion ; but when the man of Perth was about to leave, the Pasha also arose, and, following him outside the tent, said, in good strong Doric Scotch, "I kenned ye vera weel in Perth ; ye are just sae and sae." The Perth man was astonished, as well he might be, until the Pasha explained, as he said, "I'm just a Perth man mysel' !" He had travelled, and he had become of importance to the Government there. His story was not very creditable. In the expectation of the post he filled, he had become a Mohammedan. But he was an illustration of the ubiquity of his race, and of "the Scot Abroad."

But the heroes of the Indian service illustrate the outward-bound character of the Scot, and the ease with which he not only finds a home for himself on every soil, but the energy and strength of mind he brings to bear to make his home useful to himself and to others. Some of the most eminent and

brilliant names in the rise and development of our Indian empire are those of Scotsmen, from the highest names to the rank of lowliest service.

And not in India alone, but all the world over, energy has passed from the fields of the Lothians and the bleak moors of the north to create generals like Baird, Moore, Abercrombie, Graham, Campbell, Gordon, who have raised the renown and glory of the empire ; and judges like Erskine, Wedderburn, Murray, Campbell, and Brougham, who must all be spoken of as Scots Abroad.

CHAPTER VI.

THE HUMORS OF THE SCOTTISH DIALECT.

We are quite aware that some Scotch cousin may be somewhat aggrieved at the use of the term *dialect*, and may interrogate us at the commencement of our chapter, "Dinna ye ken, sir, that oors is a language?" We shall only humbly entreat that this may be permitted for the moment to pass, nor is this chapter intended to claim any of the regards of a philological essay. It is undoubted that, to most English readers, the Scottish language is more or less of a mystery; it very frequently draws an almost impenetrable veil over the richest humor of Burns and Scott, and prevents the reader from entering into and following the course of a dialogue. Nor is the dialect *one* any more than those of Somersetshire and Lancashire are *one*, and the Lowlander and the English-speaking Highlander are as likely to misunderstand each other as are those widely-separated counties of England.

Mr. Burton, in his both instructive and entertaining volumes, "The Scot Abroad," to which we have already referred, shows, in a peculiarly interesting manner, how much indebted the architecture of Edinburgh is, or rather has been, to its connection with France. The same remark applies to the etymology of many of its words. It is supposed that there is something peculiarly Scotch about a *haggis*, and Burns, the poet, has loudly proclaimed its nationality, and, eulogizing it, has scoffed at the French *ragout*. Yet Mr. Burton pretty plainly demonstrates that the one is as French as the other. The *haggis*, that potent pudding which has been called a boiled bagpipe, is the lineal descendant of the French *hachis*, which, being interpreted, means a sliced gallimaufry, or minced meat. The

almost equally famous Scotch dish *hodge-podge* is also a gift from France—*hochepot;* that also is a confused gallimaufry, or mingle-mangle of divers things jumbled together. In connection with this jumbling together, a curious story, and worth repeating, is told of the late Prince Consort.

During one of the earlier visits of the royal family to Balmoral, Prince Albert, dressed in a simple manner, was crossing one of the Scottish lakes in a steamer, and was curious to note everything relating to the management of the vessel, and, among many other things, the cooking. Approaching the galley, where a brawny Highlander was attending to the culinary matters, he was attracted by the savory odors of a pot of hodge-podge which the Highlander was preparing. "What is that?" asked the prince, who was not known to the cook. "Hodge-podge, sir," was the reply. "How is it made?" was the next question. "Why, there's mutton *intil't*, and turnips *intil't*, and carrots *intil't*, and—" "Yes, yes," said the prince; "but *what* is 'intil't'?" "Why, there's mutton *intil't*, and turnips *intil't*, and carrots *intil't*, and—" "Yes, I see, but what *is* 'intil't'?" The man looked at him, and, seeing that the prince was serious, he replied, "There's mutton *intil't*, and turnips *intil't*, and—" "Yes, certainly, I know," urged the inquirer; "but what is 'intil't'—'intil't'?" "Man!" yelled the Highlander, brandishing his big ladle, "am I no' tellin' ye what's *intil't?* There's *mutton* intil't, and—" Here the interview was brought to a close by one of the prince's suite, who fortunately was passing, explaining to his royal highness that "intil't" simply meant "into it," and nothing more!

Burns, as is well known, felt the inspiration of haggis:

> "Ye Powr's, who mak mankind your care,
> And dish them out their bill o' fare,
> Auld Scotland wants nae stinking ware,
> That jimps in luggies;
> But, if ye wish her gratefu' prayer,
> Gie her a haggis!"

But *hodge-podge* also has its poet, and Mr. Burton has introduced some lines singularly national and characteristic. They appear never to have been published before, and Mr. Burton speaks of their author as the venerable and accomplished Archibald Bell, the sheriff of Ayrshire. "And I think," says he, "some of those who merely knew him as a man of business will be a little surprised, if not scandalized, to know that he was capable of such an effusion." We can only trust that our readers will not be scandalized by its insertion here. It will be noticed that he spells *intill't* more correctly than the writer of the prose anecdote.

A SONG IN PRAISE OF HODGE-PODGE.

"O leeze me on the canny Scotch,
Wha first contrived, without a botch,
To make the gusty, good *hotch-potch*,
That fills the wame sae brawly:
There's carrots intill't, and neaps intill't,
There's cybies intill't, and leeks intill't,
There's pease, and beans, and beets intill't,
That soom through ither sae brawly.

"The French mounseer and English loon,
When they come daunderin' through our town,
Wi' smirks an' smacks they gulp it down,
An' lick their lips fu' brawly:
For there's carrots intill't, and neaps intill't,
And cybies intill't, and leeks intill't,
There's mutton, and lamb, and beef intill't,
That maks it up so brawly.

"And Irish Pat, when he comes here,
To lay his lugs in our good cheer,
He shools his cutty wi' unco steer,
And clears his coque fu' brawly:
For there's carrots intill't, and neaps intill't,
There's pease, and beans, and beets intill't,
And a' gude gusty meats intill't,
That grease his gab fu' brawly.

"A dainty dame she cam' our way,
An' sma' *soup meagre* she wad hae ;
Wi' your fat broth I cannot away—
I' maks me scunner fu' brawly :
For there's carrots intill't, and neaps intill't,
There's cybies intill't, and leeks intill't,
And filthy, greasy meats intill't,
That turn my stamach sae brawly.

"She gat her soup : it was unco trash,
And little better than poor dish-wash ;
'Twad gie a man the *water-brash*
To sup sic dirt sae brawly :
Nae carrots intill't, nor neaps intill't,
Nae cybies intill't, nor leeks intill't,
Nor nae good gusty meats intill't,
To line the ribs fu' brawly.

"Then here's to ilka kindly Scot ;
Wi' mony good broths he boils his pot,
But rare *hotch-potch* beats a' the lot,
It smells and smacks sae brawly :
For there's carrots intill't, and neaps intill't,
There's pease, and beans, and beets intill't,
And hearty, wholesome meats intill't,
That stick the kite sae brawly."

Of course, many words, which seem natural enough in the more retired muirlands and mountain districts, become very offensive when used in the polite circles of Edinburgh society. Our readers will remember an illustration of this in Dr. Guthrie's story of the unfortunate use, in a fashionable pulpit in Edinburgh, of the word *puddings*, which, although it might prove interesting to an etymologist—whose business has been said to be to send vagrant words back to their own parish—was certainly odd, and quite out of place in an Edinburgh pulpit.

The preacher, from a remote country parish, filling the pulpit of the eminent Dr. Blair, in the presence of the most cultivated and fashionable congregation in Edinburgh, amid

many other vernaculars, somewhat horrific to polite ears, reached the climax of his offences by introducing some remarks upon "*the puddings*" of mankind, the word "*puddings*" in Scottish dialect meaning *bowels*.

Speaking of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," Lord Cockburn says—and we thoroughly sympathize with him—"Its Scotch is the best Scotch that has been written in modern times. I am really sorry for the poor one-tongued Englishman, by whom—because the Ettrick Shepherd uses the sweetest and most expressive of living languages—the homely humor. the sensibility, the descriptive power, the eloquence, and the strong joyous hilarity of that animated rustic can never be felt." "The sweetest and most expressive of living languages!" It is very high praise. But Lord Cockburn expresses his belief that the Scottish dialect is dying out; he is afraid that even Burns's glory must contract, not extend, because the sphere of the Scotch language, ideas, and feelings is diminishing. Even in Scotland there are now, he says, more English words and less of the Scotch idiom. Even in Scotland Burns is becoming a sealed book. "English," says Lord Cockburn, with becoming national pride, "has made no encroachment on me," but, he continues, "I could name dozens of families, born, living, and educated in Edinburgh, which could not produce a single son and daughter capable of understanding even 'The Mouse,' or 'The Daisy.' I speak," he continues, "more Scotch than English throughout the day, but I cannot get even my own children to do more than pick up a queer word of Burns here and there." Cockburn wrote thus in 1842. Since then every year has, we are sorry to say, witnessed, more and more, the decline of the Scottish language, not only among the residents in England, but even in Edinburgh, and throughout Scotland. It is said that Lord Cockburn was one of the last who added to the grandeur of his demeanor as a judge by his use of the Scottish accent; and it cannot be doubted that it is a vehicle for masculine pathos far superior to the English tongue.

A living writer—an eminent poet and novelist—George Mc-

Donald, has done his best to keep alive the waning Scottish dialect; but it is especially singular, and quite confirmatory of the prophecy of Lord Cockburn, that, among our own friends, we have those from Auld Reekie who are quite unable to follow the course of his dialogue, or to enter into the meaning of many of his Scotch words; indeed, we have heard some of them say that "George McDonald is more Scotch than the Scotch."

The humors of the Scottish language are among the most interesting suggestions on the subject; take the word *soft*, for instance, as applied to the weather.

"A drizzling morning, good madam," says Mr. Touchwood to Mrs. Dodds, in "St. Ronan's Well."

"A fine *saft* morning for the crap, sir," answered Mrs. Dodds.

"Right, my good madam, *soft* is the very word, though it has been sometime since I heard it. I have cast a double hank round the world since I last heard of a *soft* morning." It is only in the Scottish dialect that this epithet is used to express weather which the barometer calls rainy.

Pig, in old-fashioned Scotch, was a term always used for a coarse earthenware jar, or vessel; the story is well known of the good-natured chambermaid, who said to an English lady who had lately arrived in Scotland for the first time in her life, "Would you like a het crock in your bed, this cauld nicht, mem?" "A what?" said the lady. "A *pig*, mem. Shall I put a pig in your bed to keep you warm?" "Leave the room, young woman! Your mistress shall hear of your insolence." "Nae offence, I hope, mem. It was my mistress that bade me ask, and I'm sure she meant it in kindness." The lady looked Grizzy in the face, and saw at a glance that no insult was intended; but she was quite at a loss how to account for the proposal. She was aware that Irish children sleep with pigs on the earthen floors of their cabins, but this was something far more astonishing. Her curiosity was now roused, and she said in a milder tone, "Is it common in this

country, my girl, for ladies to have *pigs* in their beds?" "And gentlemen hae them too, mem, when the weather's cauld." "But you surely would not put the pig between the sheets?"

"If you please, mem, it would do you maist good there." "Between the sheets! It would dirty them, girl. I could never sleep with a *pig* between the sheets." "Never fear, mem! You'll sleep far mair comfortable. I'll steek the mouth o' 't tightly, and tie it up in a poke." "Do you sleep with a pig *yourself* in cold weather?" "No, mem; pigs are only for gentlefolks that lie on feather beds. I sleep on cauf (chaff in sacking) with my neighbor-lass." "Calf? Do you sleep with a calf between you?" said the Cockney lady. "No, mem; you're jokin now," said Grizzy; "we lie on the tap o' 't."

A recent poet, Robert Leighton—now no more—has put the difficulties of the Scottish dialect into very pleasant verse, which, to our readers, will also have the advantage of explaining what it humorously describes.

"They speak in riddles north, beyond the Tweed,
The plain pure English they can deftly read;
Yet when without the book they come to speak,
Their lingo seems half English and half Greek.
Their jaws are *chafts*; their hands, when closed, are *neives*;
Their bread's not cut in slices but in *sheives*;
Their armpits are their *oxters*; palms are *luifs*;
Their men are *chields*; their timid fools are *cuiffs*;
Their lads are *callants*, and their women *kimmers*;
Good lasses *denty queans*, and bad ones *limmers*.
They *thole* when they endure, *scart* when they *scratch*;
And when they give a sample it's a *swatch*;
Scolding is *flytin*, and a long palaver
Is nothing but a *blither* or a *haver*;
This room they call the *but* and that the *ben*,
And what they do not know they *dinna ken*;
On keen cold days they say the wind *blaws snell*,
And they have words that Johnson could not spell.
To *crack* is to converse, the *lift's* the sky;

And *bairns* are said to *greet* when children cry ;
When lost folk ever ask the way they want
They *speir the gate ;* and when they yawn they *gaunt ;*
Beetle with them is *clock ;* a flame's a *lowe ;*
Then *straw* is *strae ;* chaff *cauf*, and hollow *howe ;*
A *mickle* means a few ; *muckle* is big ;
A piece of crockeryware is called a *pig*."

Such is the Scottish language or dialect ; as Lord Brougham and Mr. Latham have both maintained, a sister, not a daughter of the English language, by which concession of sisterhood, not childhood, we trust we have made amends for what may seem the improper use of the word dialect. Mr. Latham says that "in Lowland Scotch there are a number of words which, though Teutonic, were never Anglo-Saxon ; a large portion were introduced directly from France." The dialect partakes largely of the Danish or Norwegian element, and, no doubt, it is from the Scandinavian branch of the Teutonic stem that what we now incorrectly call the Scottish people have their essential origin. It is therefore no paradox to maintain that the person we call *a Scot* is usually no Scot at all.

No doubt the power of the Scottish language is very largely in its strong and earnest accent ; there is an old and singular illustration of this, and we must give it here. It has been said, that the Scottish dialect is peculiarly powerful in its use of vowels, and the following dialogue, between a shopman and a customer, has been given as a specimen. The conversation relates to a plaid hanging at the shop door.

Cus. (inquiring the material).--Oo? (wool).
Shop.—Ay, oo, (yes, of wool).
Cus. (touching the plaid).—A' oo ? (all wool).
Shop.—Ay, a' oo (yes, all wool).
Cus.—A' ae oo ? (all same wool).
Shop.—Ay, a' *ae* oo (yes, all same wool).

Hence it is that such odd and incomprehensible mistakes are made by the English as they listen, altogether unable to apprehend Scotch words. We read of a stranger amazed in listening

to a minister, who, intending to inculcate on his congregation the propriety of receiving a hint properly, did it by saying, "My friends, be ready at all times to take a *hunt!*" Another was quite perplexed when told at a party in Scotland that all the guests were "*Kent* people," the phrase not meaning to imply that they were, as he supposed, all from the county of Kent, but that they were all well-known personages. How very odd it is to hear a sore or painful affection of any part of the body called an "*income!*" Miss Sinclair tells of an old woman who came to her begging, with a most pitiable countenance, because she had a great "*income*" in her hand.

A legacy to any charitable fund or institution is called a *mortification;* and a very benevolent person was heard to express himself with great gratification because the Blind Asylum had received a great *mortification* from Mr. Angus's will. If a Scotch person says, "*Will* you *speak a word* to me?" he means, "Will you listen?" But if he says to a servant, "I am about to *give you a good hearing,*" that means a severe scolding. Scotticisms have been detected in some of the most classical of Scottish writers. It is singular to hear one say, "*Take*"—that is, shut—"the door after you;" or another, "She looks very *silly*"—that is, *weakly* in body. To hear it said of a thing that it is "*out of sight* the best," means that it is "*out and out.*" To be told always to *change your feet* (that is, "your shoes and stockings") after walking. "*To be going seventeen*" is to be in the seventeenth year. "*He has fallen thro' his clothes*" is a way of saying that he has grown thin, and that his clothes do not fit him. We read, "*He sat down on his knees.*" "*Well on to fifty*" is almost, or well-nigh, fifty; and it is consistent with the Scottish language to speak of *sparks* or bespatterings of water. While *at* takes the place of *with*, for, or to—as, to be angry *at*, sorry *at*, or to ask *at*, and so to feel hatred *at* or dislike *at*, instead of against. These illustrations might be carried on to any extent, but it is enough to show that they often give some perplexity in understanding the dialect. Of course the difficulties of comprehension in-

crease as we find ourselves in more remote and untrodden districts ; but they are certainly not greater, while they are exactly of the same character as those which might meet some traveller in an out-of-the-way village of Lancashire or the West Riding of Yorkshire. In an admirable and entertaining paper in *Blackwood's Magazine* for 1842, on the "Fishers of the South-east Coast of Scotland," we read of a stranger who had occasion to call on a fisherman, living in one of the Buchan fishing villages, named Alexander White, but he was ignorant both of his house and his *tee*, or mark, or, as perhaps we should say, his "nickname," and unfortunately there were many persons of the same name in the village. Meeting a girl, he asked, "Could you tell me *fa'* Sanny Fite lives?" "*Fiek* (*i.e.* young) Sanny Fite?" "*Muckle* (big) Sanny Fite." "*Fiek muckle* Sanny Fite?" "*Muckle lang* Sanny Fite." "*Fiek muckle lang* Sanny Fite?" "*Muckle lang*, *gleyed* (squinting) Sanny Fite." "Oh! it's *Goup the lift* ye're seeking," cried the girl ; "and fat for dinna ye speer for the man by his richt name at ance?" But this is from the Highlands. The difficulties from the Lowlands would, perhaps, be as great.

One of the most curious illustrations of the Scottish language recently published is a volume little known, entitled, "The Psalms : frae Hebrew until Scottis, by P. Hately Waddell, LL.D." Whosoever is able to read this will find all the rich, human, and perhaps even, in such a connection, we may be permitted to say, the humorsome characteristics of the language. Take two or three instances. Thus, "Touch the mountains, and they shall smoke," is literally rendered, "Tang but the heights, an' they'll reek!" and, "He delighteth not in the strength of the horse ; He taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man," is rendered, "He cares nane for the strength o' the aiver ; likes as little the shanks o' the carl." But our readers will perhaps like to see a more extended illustration ; and here, then, is the 23d Psalm, and we think it will be scarcely possible to read it without feeling its frequent beauty and literalness of expression :

"The Lord *is* my herd ; nae want sal fa' me.

"He louts me till lie amang green howes ; He airts me atowye by the lown waters.

"He waukens my wa'-gaen saul ; He weises me rown, for His ain name's sake, intil right roddins.

"Na ! tho' I gang thro' the dead-mirk-dail ; *e'en thar* sal I dread nae skaithin ; for yersel *are* nar-by me ; yer stok an' yer stay haud me baith fu' cheerie.

"My buird ye hae hansell'd in face o' my faes ; ye hae drookit my head wi' oyle ; my bicker is *fu'* *an'* skailin.

"E'en sae sal gude guidin an' gude gree gang wi' me, ilk day o' my livin ; an' evir mair syne, i' the Lord's ain howff, *at lang last*, sal I mak bydan."

Another illustration or two may be given as furnishing a pleasant key to idiomatic Scotch. Here are the first two verses of the 103d Psalm "My saul, ye maun blythe-bid the Lord ; and a' in mysel, that name o' His ain sae halie : my saul, ye maun blythe-bid the Lord, an' forget na' His gates, a' sae kindly." And equally characteristic the first three of the 104th : "My saul, ye maun blythe-bid the Lord : Lord God o' my ain, sae grand as ye hain ; gloiry an' gree ye put on. Light ye dight on like a cleuk ; the lift, like a hingin', ye streck ; stoopin his banks on the fludes ; ettlin his carriage the cluds ; on the wings o' the win' makin' speed."

The study of the Scottish dialect, however it may seem to be fading from use, would well repay the student, who would find his language enriched by some fine monosyllabic words, and graced by expressive compound epithets ; but this is beyond the purpose of these slight sketches.

CHAPTER VII.

THE OLD SCOTTISH LAWYERS AND LAW COURTS.

THE spirit of litigation, it is well known, is peculiarly characteristic of Scotland, and this being so, it is not wonderful that some of the most striking characteristics of Scottish humor should pertain to the law courts, especially to the law courts of the times of old. Perhaps the most entertaining passages of Lord Cockburn's Memorials are his memories of the law lords. Belonging to this race there were several characteristically eminent, and some as characteristically odd. David Rae, Lord Eskgrove, for a long time the head of criminal law in Scotland, could have had few who exceeded him in oddity ; thus, whenever addressing a jury, if a name could be pronounced in more ways than one, he gave them all. Syllable he always called syll*abill*, and whenever a word ended with the letter "G," the letter was pronounced, and strongly so. He crowded his speech with a meaningless succession of adjectives. The article "A" was generally made into *one*, and he would describe a good man, for instance, as "*one* excell*ant*, and worthy, and amia*bill*, and agreea*bill*, and very good man."

The stories Cockburn tells of him are ridiculous. "I heard him," says Cockburn, "condemning a tailor to death for murdering a soldier by stabbing him ; he addressed him thus : 'And not only did you murder him, whereby he was berea-*ved* of his life, but you did thrust, or push, or pierce, or project, or propel the lethal weapon through the belly-band of his regimen-*tal* breeches, which were his majesty's' !"

The following story is well known. In the trial of Glengarry, for murder in a duel, a lady of great beauty was called as a witness : she came into court veiled, but, before adminis-

tering the oath, Eskgrove expounded to her the nature of her duty as a witness. "Young woman! You will now consider yourself as in the presence of the Almighty, and of this high court; lift up your veil, throw off all modesty, and look me full in the face!" He had to condemn two or three persons to death for housebreaking; he first, as usual, explained the nature of the various crimes, assault, robbery, and hamesucken, giving to the prisoners the etymology of the words; he then reminded them that they had attacked the house, and the persons within it, and robbed them; and then he wound up with this climax: "All this you did—just when they were sittin' doon to their denner!"

He never failed to signalize himself in pronouncing sentences of death, and it was his style to console the prisoner thus: "Whatever your religi-*ous* persua-*tion* may be, or even if, as I suppose, you be of no persua-*tion* at all, there are plenty of rever-*end* gentle-*men* who will be most happy for to show you the way to *ye*ternal life." Cockburn says a common arrangement of his logic to juries was this: "And so, gentle-*men*, having shown you that the pannel's argument is utterly impossi*bill*, I shall now proceed for to show you that it is extremely improb-*abill*." His entertaining memorialist says his tediousness of manner and matter in charging juries was most dreadful; it was, indeed, usual for the juries to stand while the judge was charging them, but no other judge was punctilious about it; and sometimes, perhaps usually, beneath the discourse of this tedious old oddity, some one would sink into a seat, from sheer inability to stand any longer, but the unfortunate wight was sure to be reminded by his lordship that "these were not times in which there should be any disrespect of this high court, or even of the law." "Often," says Cockburn, "have I gone back to the court at midnight and found him, whom I had left mumbling hours before, still going on, with the smoky, unsnuffed tallow candles in greasy tin-candlesticks, and the poor despairing jurymen, most of the audience having retired or being asleep, the wagging of his lordship's

nose and chin being the chief signs that he was still *charg-ing.*" It is said he was the staple of public conversation ; and his oddities, so long as his old age lasted, almost drove Napoleon himself out of the talk of the Edinburgh world.

One of these late law lords, whose irritable disposition, eccentricities, and facetiousness have been so aptly portrayed by the author of the "Scrap Book," in his story of *The Man*, had his natural propensities called into action on another occasion, when presiding in a criminal court in the north. A trial, where life and death were at stake, was proceeding with that solemnity which distinguishes the Scottish justiciary courts over those of their neighbors, when a wag (for there are some characters who must have their joke, however solemn the occasion) entered the court, and set a musical snuff-box a-playing "Jack's Alive" upon one of the benches. In the silence of conducting the inquiry, the music struck the ear of the audience, and particularly the venerable judge, whose auricular organ was to the last most admirably acute ; and a pause to the business was the immediate consequence. He stared for an instant at a sound so unusual in a court of justice, and with a frantic demeanor exclaimed, "Macer, what, in the name of God, is that?" The officer looked round him in vain to answer the inquiry, when the wag exclaimed, "It's 'Jack's Alive,' my lord." "Dead or alive, put him out this moment." "We canna grup him, my lord." "If he has the art of hell, let every man assist to arraign him before me, that I may commit him for this outrage and contempt." Every one endeavored to discover the author of the annoyance, but he had put the check upon the box, when the sound for a time ceased, and the macer informed his lordship that the person had escaped. The judge was indignant at this, but not being able to make any better of it, the trial proceeded, when, in about half an hour, sounds of music again caught the ears of the court. "Is he there again?" exclaimed his lordship. "By all that's sacred, if he shall escape me this time ! fence, bolt, bar the doors of the court, and at your peril, let a man, living

or dead, escape." All was now bustle, uproar, and confusion ; but the search was equally vain as before. His lordship, who had lived not long after the days of witchcraft, began to imagine that the sound was something more than earthly, and exclaimed, "This is *deceptio auris;* it is absolute delusion, necromancy, phantasmagoria ;" and to the hour of his death never understood what had occasioned the annoyance that day to the court.

There were many of these men odd in different ways. English judges have been supposed to reserve their queer characteristics of manner, style, and matter, for the private and convivial circle ; but, in the old times, the law lords of Edinburgh seem to have flaunted theirs freely from the chair of justice. Their speeches were frequently freaks, which, however, invested with the dignity of law, kept the court and the city in a wondering roar of laughter. Jeffrey used to mention—Cockburn does not mention it—that one day Cockburn bounced into the second division, and came out again. Running up against Jeffrey, "Do you see any paleness about my face?" said Cockburn. "No," replied Jeffrey ; "I hope you are not unwell?" "I don't know, but I've just heard Bolus [the irreverent designation of the Lord Justice Clerk] say, 'I for one am of opinion that this case is founded on the fundamental basis of a quadrilateral contract, of which the four sides are aglutinated by adhesion.' After that," said Jeffrey, "I think we had better go home."

Famous among the Edinburgh legal notabilities was John Clerk, of Eldin. He possessed a very coarse humor ; it has been said that what in other men was sugar in character, in him became crystallized vinegar. It was of him the story was told that he had been dipping deeply into convivialities with a friend in Queen Street, and coming out into the open air, early in the morning, he was quite confused, and unable to tell the way to his own house in Picardy Place. He saw an industrious housemaid cleaning a doorstep, and went up to her, saying, "Eh, my girl, can ye tell me where John Clerk lives?"

"Dinna speer at me," says the girl, "with your nonsense, when you're John Clerk himsel'!" "Ay, ay," said he, "I ken that vera weel, but John Clerk wants to know where John Clerk lives."

The traditional stories of his eccentricities are innumerable, and if only these had been preserved we might wonder at the respect paid to his memory. But, fortunately, we have his character portrayed by Lord Cockburn, who is far more than equal to Dean Ramsay in his graphic sketches of Scottish life and manners. He describes John Clerk as a person whose conditions in repose and in action, that is, in his private and in his professional life, almost amounted to the possession of two natures.

A contracted limb, which made him pitch when he walked, and only admitted of his standing erect by hanging it in the air, added to the peculiarity of a figure with which so many other ideas of oddity were connected. Blue eyes, very bushy eyebrows, coarse grizzly hair, always in disorder, and firm projecting features, made his face and head not unlike that of a thoroughbred shaggy terrier. It was a countenance of great thought and great decision.

Had his judgment been equal to his talent, few powerful men could have stood before him. For he had a strong, working, independent, ready head—which had been improved by various learning, extending beyond his profession into the fields of general literature, and into the arts of painting and sculpture. Honest, warm-hearted, generous and simple, he was a steady friend, and of the most touching affection in all the domestic relations. The whole family was deeply marked by a hereditary caustic humor, and none of its members more so than he.

These excellences, however, were affected by certain peculiarities or habits, which segregated him from the whole human race. Among these peculiarities was his temper, which, however serene when torpid, was never trained to submission, and could rise into fierceness when chafed.

Of course it was chafed every moment at the bar, and, accordingly, it was there that his other and inferior nature appeared. Every consideration was lost in eagerness for the client, whose merit lay in this, that he has relied upon me, John Clerk. Nor was his the common zeal of a counsel. It was a passion. He did not take his fee, plead the cause well, hear the result, and have done with it ; but gave the client his temper, his perspiration, his nights, his reason, his whole body and soul, and very often the fee to boot. His real superiority lay in his legal learning and his hard reasoning. But he would have been despicable in his own sight had he reasoned without defying and insulting the adversary and the unfavorable judges ; the last of whom he always felt under a special call to abuse, because they were not merely obstructing justice, but thwarting him. His whole session was one keen and truceless conflict, in which more irritating matter was introduced than could have been ventured upon by any one except himself, whose character was known, and whose intensity was laughed at as one of the shows of the court.

His popularity was increased by his oddities. Even in the midst of his frenzies he was always introducing some original and quaint humor ; so that there are few of the lights of the court of whom more sayings and stories are prevalent.

Lord Braxfield has left a name for heartless severity as a judge. It was he of whom we read in Lockhart's Life of Scott, who addressed some eloquent culprit at the bar, "Ye're a vera clever chiel, man, but ye'll be none the worse for hanging." It is said that it may be doubted if he was ever so much in his element as when vauntingly repelling the last despairing claim of a wretched culprit, and sending him to Botany Bay or the gallows, with an insulting jest, over which he would chuckle the more from observing that correct people were shocked. He had a pleasant and humorous maxim, which he often repeated, and attempted as far as possible to practise—"Hang," he would say, "a thief when he is young, and he'll no steal when he is auld." His character, as judged by his

language, seems to have been indecent and detestable. His conduct in the political trials of that time, especially of Muir, Palmer, and the early advocates of reform, could not have been surpassed by the notorious Judge Jeffries.

While Lord Coalstoun lived in a house in the Advocates' Close, Edinburgh, a strange accident one morning befell him. It was at that time the custom for advocates and judges to dress themselves in gowns, and wigs, and cravats, at their own houses, and walk to the Parliament House. They usually breakfasted early, and, when dressed, were in the habit of leaning over their parlor windows for a few minutes, before St. Giles's bell started the sounding peal of a quarter to nine, enjoying the agreeable morning air, and perhaps discussing the news of the day. It so happened one morning, while Lord Coalstoun was preparing to enjoy his matutinal treat, two girls, who lived in the second flat above, were amusing themselves with a kitten, which, in thoughtless sport, they had swung over the window, by a cord tied round its middle, and hoisted for some time up and down, till the creature was getting rather desperate with its exertions. His lordship had just popped his head out of the window directly below that from which the kitten swung, little suspecting, good easy man, what a danger impended, like the sword of Damocles, over his head ; when down came the exasperated animal at full career, directly upon his senatorial wig. No sooner did the girls perceive what sort of landing-place their kitten had found, than in terror or surprise they began to draw it up ; but this measure was now too late, for, along with the animal, up also came the judge's wig, fixed full in its determined talons. His lordship's surprise, on finding his wig lifted off his head, was ten thousand times redoubled, when, on looking up, he perceived it dangling in its way upward, without any means visible to him by which its motion might be accounted for. The astonishment, the dread, the awe almost of the senator below—the half-mirth, half-terror of the girls above—together with the fierce and retentive energy of puss between—altogether formed a scene to which

language cannot do justice, but which George Cruikshank might perhaps embody with considerable effect. It was a joke soon explained and pardoned ; but assuredly the perpetrators of it did afterward get many a lengthened injunction from their parents, never again to fish over the window with such a bait, for honest men's wigs.

If not of Clerk, it was of one of the advocates of the same day and the same order, that it was said his opinion was exactly measured out in proportion to his fee ; and, one day, while dictating to his clerk, he suddenly stopped. "By the bye, Sandy," said he, "what was the fee in this case?" "Two guineas," was the answer. "Two guineas! Ay, is that it, man, why didna ye tell me that sooner? Go on to the next case." Vivid in all Scottish delineations, it is not surprising that we find such pictures of the old lawyers and the law courts in the pages of Scott ; it was Scott's own life ; he was a Writer to the Signet, and he is careful to let us know that his portraits of advocates, like Protocol and Pleydell, and their unfortunate litigants and clients, like Peter Peebles, are all memories drawn from the life ; nor less those roystering descriptions of the convivial habits of the Scottish bar. The passion for litigation, which really left the advocate with scarcely a choice of his own, is well realized in the determination of Dandy Dinmont, against all advice whatever, to "ding Jock o' Dawstoweleugh."

Such were some of the great lawyers of Edinburgh at the early part of the present century.

Sir Walter Scott appears usually to have drawn his more prominent and remarkable characters from personages tolerably well known. Paul Pleydell is identified in the celebrated Mr. Crosbie, who flourished for many years at the head of the Bar, and was highly respected for his integrity and his abilities. He frequented the Clerihugh's, a respectable house in Anchor Close ; there, on Saturday evenings, it was the wont of members, both of the Bar and Bench, to regale themselves with tripe and minced collops, which were served up at the moder-

ate charge of sixpence a head ; and after this a bacchanalian festivity was carried on through the night. His more favorite place during the day was John's Coffee-room ; this was a great resort of gentlemen of the Bar ; and here, over a gill of brandy and a bunch of raisins, technically called " a cock and feather," it was the wont to fee counsel. A practical joke was played off upon Mr. Crosbie by the celebrated Lord Gardenstone, who, in the course of a walk from Morningside, where he lived, met a rustic going to Edinburgh, in order to be present at the pleading of a cause in which he was deeply interested as a principal, and in which Mr. Crosbie had been retained as counsel. His Lordship directed the man to get a dozen or two of farthings at a snuff-shop in the Grassmarket, to wrap them up separately in white paper, as if they were so many guineas, and to present them, as the occasion served, in the capacity of fees. The counsel, who did not happen to be very warmly animated with his client's case, frequently suffered his eloquence to droop, to the imminent danger of being non-suited. His wary client, however, who had posted himself close to his back, ever and anon, as he found the cadence of his voice hastening to a full-stop, for the purpose of winding up the argument, slipped another farthing into his hand. These repeated applications of the wrapped-up farthings so powerfully stimulated Mr. Crosbie's exertions, that he strained every nerve in grateful zeal for the interests of his treacherous client ; and, precisely as the fourteenth farthing was passing into his counsel's hand, the cause turned in his favor. The *dénouement* of the conspiracy, which took place shortly afterward in John's Coffee-house, over a bottle of wine with Lord Gardenstone, at the expense of Mr. Crosbie, from the profits of his pleading, may be better imagined than described.

There is another character in the same novel, Pleydell's clerk, Driver ; he also appears to have been a well-known haunter of Parliament Square. He was a creature who had sunk from a regular course of irregularities to a kind of thin, pimpled Falstaff, a man of genius, fulfilling in himself what

Pleydell said of Driver—that sheer ale would support him under everything, was meat, drink, clothes, bed, board, and washing to him. It is said "there did not exist a tavern in Edinburgh of which he could not have worked you the characters of both the waiters and the beefsteaks of each, at a moment's notice; he had never been farther than five miles out of Edinburgh in his life; all he knew beyond his profession was Auld Reekie, but then he knew all that; he was the walking chronology of the mobs, manners, and jokes of the town; a human vial containing the essence of the most remarkable events, corked with wit, and labelled with pimples. He was infinitely rich in all sorts of humor and fine sayings. His conversation was dangerously amusing; and had he not, unhappily, fallen into irregular habits, he possessed abilities that might have entitled him to the most enviable situations about the court. He had a perfect knowledge of the law of Scotland, combined with much professional tact; but from the nature of his peculiar habits, his wit was the only faculty he ever brought to bear to its full extent. It was absolutely true that he could write his papers as well drunk as sober, asleep as awake; and the anecdote which the fictitious Pleydell related to Colonel Mannering, in confirmation of this remarkable faculty, is strictly consistent in truth with an incident of real occurrence." This is the character which, as what we have already said shows, is delineated by Sir Walter in the following conversation between Colonel Mannering and Pleydell:

"The clerk grinned, made his reverence, and exit.

"'That's a useful fellow,' said the counsellor; 'I don't believe his match ever carried a process. He'll write to my dictating three nights in the week without sleep, or, what's the same thing, he writes as well and correctly when he's asleep as when he's awake. Then he's such a steady fellow—some of them are always changing their alehouses, so that they have twenty cadies sweating after them, like the bare-headed captains traversing the taverns of East-Cheap in search of Sir John Falstaff. But this is a complete fixture; he has his winter seat

by the fire, and his summer seat by the window, in Luckie Wood's, betwixt which seats are his only migrations—there he's to be found at all times when he is off duty. It is my opinion he never puts off his clothes or goes to sleep ; sheer ale supports him under everything ; it is meat, drink, and clothing, bed, board, and washing.'

" ' And is he always fit for duty upon a sudden turnout ? I should distrust it, considering his quarters.'

" ' Oh, drink never disturbs him, Colonel ; he can write for hours after he cannot speak. I remember being called suddenly to draw an appeal case. I had been dining, and it was Saturday night, and I had ill will to begin to it ; however, they got me down to Clerihugh's, and there we sat birling till I had a fair tappit hen under my belt, and then they persuaded me to draw the paper. Then we had to seek Driver, and it was all that two men could do to bear him in, for, when found, he was, as it happened, both motionless and speechless. But no sooner was his pen put between his fingers, his paper stretched before him, and he heard my voice, than he began to write like a scrivener—and, excepting that we were obliged to have somebody to dip his pen in the ink, for he could not see the standish, I never saw a thing scrolled more handsomely.'

" ' But how did your joint production look the next morning ? ' said the Colonel.

" ' Wheugh ! capital—not three words required to be altered, it was sent off by that day's post.' " *

How well and wisely Scott says, in the person of old Pleydell, of the legal profession : " It is the pest of our profession that we seldom see the best side of human nature ; people come to us with every selfish feeling newly pointed and grinded. Many a man has come to my garret yonder that I have first longed to pitch out at the window, and yet, at length, have discovered that he was only doing as I might have done in his case, being very angry, and, of course, very unreason-

* " Guy Mannering," chap. xxxix.

able. I have now satisfied myself that if our profession sees more of human folly and human roguery than others, it is because we witness them acting in that channel in which they can most freely vent themselves. In civilized society law is the chimney through which all that smoke discharges itself that used to circulate through the whole house and put every one's eyes out. No wonder, therefore, that the vent (chimney) itself should sometimes get a little sooty."

We surmise also that Scott had in view the craving and litigious disposition which characterizes some of our northern brethren, when he drew the following sketch of "Poor Peter Peebles *against* Planestanes." The touches are so true to nature, and the incidents of such daily occurrence, that we cannot resist quoting it. The satire on a court of justice is no less keen than true.

"'Well, but, friend,' said the Quaker, 'I wish to hear thee speak about the great law-suit of thine which has been a matter of such celebrity.' 'Celebrity! ye may say that,' said Peter (a ruined pauper suitor) when the string was touched to which his crazy imagination always vibrated. 'And I dinna wonder that folks that judge things by their outward grandeur should think me sometimes worth their envying. It's very true, that it is grandeur upon earth to hear ane's name thundered out along the arched roof of the outer house—"*Poor* Peter Peebles against Planestanes *et per contra*;" a' the best lawyers fleeing like eagles to the prey; some because they are in the cause, and some because they want to be thought engaged (for there are tricks in other trades by selling muslins), to see the reporters mending their pens to take down the debate—the lords themselves porin' in their chairs, like folks sitting down to a gude dinner, and crying at the clerks for parts and papers of the process; the puir bodies can do little mair than cry on their closet keepers to help them. To see a' this,' continued Peter, in a strain of sustained rapture, 'and to ken that nothing will be said or done amang a' these grand folk, for may be the feck of three hours, saving that concerns you and your busi-

ness. O man, nae wonder that ye judge this to be earthly glory ! and yet, neighbor, as I was saying, there be unco drawbacks. I whiles think of my bit house, where dinner and supper and breakfast used to come without any crying for, just as if the fairies had brought it—and the gude bed at e'en—and the needfu' penny in the pouch—and then to see a' ane's worldly substance capering in the air in a pair o' weigh bauks, now up, now down, as the heart of judge or counsel incline for pursuer or defender. Troth, man, these are times I rue having even begun the plea wark, though may be, when ye consider the renoun and credit I have by it, ye will hardly believe what I am saying.' ''

The stories of Scottish conviviality of olden times are quite innumerable. Mr. Boyd says : '' My father related to me an instance of the state of convivial society in Scotland at the commencement of the century. He was on a visit to Lord Newton, one of the judges of the Court of Session. The courts were about to open for the autumn or winter session, and the learned lord was giving a dinner to his brother judges and some of the senior members of the Bar. They dined and they drank, they supped and they drank ; but many, previous to the grilled bones and supper appearing, had fallen from their chairs—the more dignified of whom were removed by the servants for a couple of hours' rest, and again rejoined the orgies. One half of the party remained all night, and to avoid publicity did not, or rather were not, sent home until the sun had gone down the following evening to that on which the debauch commenced.'' This is a singular picture of a judge's dinner in modern Athens, but it may be accounted for perhaps upon the logic of the Scotchman who was seriously called to task, by one who had his welfare at heart, for his constant addiction to whiskey. '' Canna ye follow the example o' that coo, noo, ganging doon to the water to tak a drink which will satisfie her until the morn ? But wi' you it's drink, drink a' day lang.'' To which the accused replied : '' Ye maun recollect this, that the coo haesna, as I hae ower often, ane or ither sitting oppo-

site, and saying to me, 'Here's to ye—finish yer glass, and let's have another hauf mutchkin.' That's how I differ from the coo."

There were others of higher moral type; the Lord President Hope, for instance. Lockhart gives a vivid picture of him pronouncing sentence upon a well-known Writer of the Signet detected in some piece of mean and petty chicanery. "Amid silence profound as midnight, he named the man before him in tones that made my pulse quiver, and every cheek around me grow pale, and I thought within myself that the offence must indeed be great which could deserve to call down upon any head such a palsying sweep of terrors. The language in which the rebuke was clothed would have been enough of itself alone to beat into atoms the last lingering bud of self-complacency on which detected meanness might have endeavored to prop up the hour and agony of its humiliation. The harrowing words came ready as flashes from a bursting thundercloud, making the flesh and spirit of the poor wretch creep chill within him like a bruised adder. His coward eye was fascinated by the glance that killed him, and he durst not look from the face of his chastiser. He did look for a moment; at one terrible word he looked wildly round, as if to seek for some whisper of protection or some den of shelter. But he found none, and after the rebuke was at an end he stood like the statue of Fear, frozen in the same attitude of immovable desertedness."

A greater man still was the Lord President Blair. He was called "a living equity;" he was a man of supreme intellect, and apparently of moral perceptions in equal proportion. A story is told of a very great and eminent barrister who appeared before him with a truly mighty mass of ingenious sophistry, which appeared insurmountable to the rest of his audience. The President Blair overturned it all without an effort in a few clear, short sentences. It had cost the barrister, most evidently, much labor to erect his cause. Chagrined and discomfited, he sat a few seconds musing in his bitterness, and then muttered between his teeth, "My man, the Almighty

spared nae pains when He made your brains." It was a great and characteristic compliment, and not to be the less thought of on account of its coarseness. Only once again, in the instance of Chalmers, was there such a funeral in Edinburgh as that when Blair was carried to his grave. "When the sod," says Cockburn, "was laid, his relations took off their hats; so did the judges who stood next; then the magistrates, the faculty and other legal bodies, the clergy, and all the spectators in the churchyard, beyond whom it ran over the skylines of the people, ridged on all the buildings and on the southern edge of the Castle Hill. All stood silent and uncovered."

We have said that Scotland is litigious, and so it was said once, and there is scarcely much exaggeration in the saying, that every house which a man, not a lawyer, builds out of Edinburgh enables a man who is a lawyer to build another equally comfortable in Edinburgh. The attorneys of Edinburgh are called the Writers to the Signet, and it is said that almost every foot of land in Scotland pays something to them. But the same may be said of English property. These writers are, of course, the agents of all proprietors, and, in this connection, the writer is called the "doer." They were once said to be the bankers and creditors of their clients; and when any gentleman changes his man of business, the difficulties are so great, there is so complete a revolution and revulsion, that it has been said that in Scotland it is a much easier thing to get rid of one's wife than for a man to get rid of his "doer." The "doer" was the term used for the agent of the law; it is, perhaps, not singular that it was also the designation of the hangman!

The case before the town bailies of Cupar Angus, when Luckie Simpson's cow had drunk up Luckie Jameson's browst of ale, while it stood in the door to cool, is very fully and facetiously detailed in Franck's "Northern Memoirs," of which a reprint was published at Edinburgh, under the reported superintendence of Sir Walter Scott; it suggests a not unnatural picture of the curious frivolities of Scottish law, and is thus

humorously narrated in the last Waverley edition, with the author's notes, to the following effect: "An ale-wife in Forfar had brewed her 'peck o' malt,' and set the liquor out of doors to cool; a neighbor's cow chanced to come by, and seeing the good beverage, was allured to taste it, and finally to drink it up. When the proprietor came to taste her liquor, she found her tub empty, and from the cow's staggering and staring, so as to betray her intemperance, she easily discovered the mode in which her 'browst' had disappeared. To take vengeance on crummie's ribs with a stick was her first effort. The roaring of the cow brought her master, who remonstrated with his angry neighbor, and received in reply a demand for the value of the ale which crummie had drank up. Payment was refused, and the party was cited before the magistrate, who listened patiently to the case, and then demanded of the plaintiff whether the cow had sat down to her potation, or taken it standing. The plaintiff answered she had not seen the deed committed, but she supposed the cow had drank the ale standing on her feet—adding that, had she been near, she would have made her use them to some purpose. The bailie, on this admission, solemnly adjudged the cow's to be *deoch an doruis*—drink at the door, a stirrup, for which no charge could be made, without violating the ancient hospitality of Scotland."

Henry, Lord Cockburn, was himself one of the most eminent of the Scotch men and judges of his day. Perhaps, as we have said before, the most entertaining portion of his "Memorials" is to be found in his sketches of his brethren of the bench; and we have seen from his delineations that they appear to have been a very odd race. Thus George Fergusson, Lord Hermand, was a tiger on the bench, but a lamb among his gardens and his fields. He lived to the age of eighty-four, greatly beloved in private, but through all his life, in court, a queer piece. His energy in speaking made him froth and splutter, and a story is told of him before his elevation how, when once pleading in the House of Lords, the Duke of Glou-

cester, who was about fifty feet from the bar, rose and said, "I shall be much obliged to the learned gentleman if he be so good as to refrain from spitting in my face." He pronounced, says Cockburn, the word lords *laards*, and many other words in the same way. Thus he was very apt to say, "My laards, I feel my law—*here*, my laards," striking his heart. This is the worthy of whom the story is told that when, in early life, pleading at the bar with even more than his usual animation, and just about to close his oration, his agent came up to him and whispered, "Oh, Mr. Fergusson, ye've ruined us a'thegither; ye're pleading on the wrang side!" Thus checked, with great presence of mind he proceeded: "Such, my lords, is the case the opposite party will make, and which I have presented to your lordships in the strongest possible terms, but I will now proceed to show your lordships how utterly groundless the case is," and so he took up his own previous arguments one by one, and refuted them all.

There is no lack of either interest or romance in the law courts of Scotland. We meet with a good illustration of two methods of examining a witness, and by two eminent counsel, Francis Jeffrey and Henry Cockburn. The examination turned upon the sanity, or insanity, of one of the parties concerned, and Jeffrey and Cockburn were acting together in the case. Jeffrey began, "Is the defender, in your opinion, perfectly sane?" he said to one of the witnesses, a plain, stupid-looking countryman. The witness gazed in bewilderment at the question, but gave no answer. Jeffrey repeated it, altering the words, "Do you think the defendant capable of managing his own affairs?" Still in vain. "I ask you," said Jeffrey, "do you consider the man perfectly rational?" No answer yet; the witness glowered with amazement and scratched his head. "Let me tackle him," said Cockburn. Then assuming his own broadest Scotch tones, and turning to the obdurate witness, he began, "Hae ye your mull [snuff-box] wi' ye?" "Ou, ay," said the awkward fellow, stretching out

his snuff-horn to Cockburn. "Noo, hoo lang hae ye kent John Sampson?" said the witty advocate, saluting the mull and taking a pinch. "Ever since he was that height," was the ready reply, the witness indicating with his hand the alleged height. "An dae ye think noo, atween you and me," said Cockburn, in his most insinuating Scottish brogue, "*that there's onything intill the creature?*" "I would not lippen [trust] him with a bull calf," was the instant rejoinder. The end was gained amid the convulsions of the court, and Jeffrey said to Cockburn that he had fairly extracted the essence out of the witness.

No spot of Edinburgh is more interesting, either to the citizen, or to a stranger, than the magnificent old Parliament House. The noble hall is, like ours of Westminster, the scene of parliamentary debates, and of great historical incidents of many generations; but also, like Westminster Hall, the region of the law courts. Along these boards and stones, one thinks, as one walks along—here walked Duncan Forbes—*clarum et venerabile nomen*—Lord Kaimes, Monboddo, Hume, McKenzie, Erskine, Cockburn, Brougham, Horner, Jeffrey, Scott. The calm statues, busts, and portraits of many of these look down upon the stranger as he passes along. On the outside stood the figures of Justice and Mercy, concerning which a pleasant story is told. The late Honorable Henry Erskine was persuading a friend, a tough old Jacobite laird, James Robertson, the Master of Kincraigie, to accompany him into the Parliament House. Robertson abruptly declined. "But I'll tell ye what, Harry," he said, pointing to the statue of Justice which stood over the porch, "take the Lady Justice with ye; for, poor thing, she's stood lang at the door, and it wad be a treat for her to see the inside like ither strangers!" Probably, in this particular, the Parliament Square of Edinburgh, is not worse than our own Westminster Hall or any other law court.

It is a mighty and ancient dispute, and one the very fringes of which we are altogether unable to touch, as to whether

modes of procedure in Scottish or English law be the best. Certainly Scott, Galt, and all the other domestic humorists of the land have dwelt at length upon the ease with which an unfortunate wight may get himself entangled, before he is aware, in the mighty machinery, and the difficulty he will find in escaping when he has once permitted himself to be caught in its toils. Members of the Scottish legal profession, however, we understand, painfully feel that "the profession of the advocate has seen its day." We quote from an able paper on the legal profession in the *North British Review*. The gravest questions, it is thought, which roused the splendid invective of the Erskines, Broughams, and others, will no longer call for their apologists. We confess we a little doubt this; still it may be fairly presumed that men are casting off the glamor which, from time immemorial, has been thrown over them by the courts of law, and Scotchmen especially are not so quarrelsome as they were. After all, the spirit of combativeness, or litigiousness, as it becomes in civilized life, is a failing in human nature, and belongs to no nationality. Yet we call it a specially Scottish characteristic. We are not likely soon to forget the occasion of our first visit to Scotland, some thirty-five years since. We were riding on the top of the coach then running—there was no rail—between Stirling and Dumblane. Sitting next to us was a Scot, whom an extra allowance of whiskey had made something considerably less than canny. We were strangers to the place—the villages, St. Ninians, etc., through which we were passing. We inquired, however, of our neighbor the name of one spot, and received a hearty dig in the ribs from his elbow, as he exclaimed, "Dinna ye ken whaur ye were weel lickit?" "What?" we exclaimed, and received another dig or elbowing in the ribs, and again the question, "Dinna ye ken whaur ye were lickit?" It was his civil way of conveying to us the information that we were unconsciously passing over the field of Bannockburn. He was a quarrelsome Scot; but the intercommunication, the true inter-

national relations and unity of life, have not only brought about an amiable state of feeling between the two countries, but have in Scotland itself disseminated a kindlier feeling between all classes, and no doubt there, as with us, much of the law business has become now more a matter of the chamber than of the court.

CHAPTER VIII.

OLD EDINBURGH.

We had just stepped outside from our hotel, not far from the noble Scott Monument in Princes Street, Edinburgh ; it was verging toward evening, and we were standing, in a half-irresolute frame of mind, undetermined which way we should walk in a city where every inch of ground is a romance, and every suburb an enchantment, when a respectable stranger who, we suppose, saw that we were not native to the land of cakes, and had perhaps noticed our eyes travelling up and down that most splendid highway, and glancing on the gathering lights glimmering out from the old town opposite, accosted us with "Is na it a braw city, sir?" We expressed our entire sympathy with his evident hearty admiration.

"Why, sir," continued our interlocutor, "I suppose it is weel kent there is na sich anither bit o' kintra on the face of all the yarth!" He was a fine, hearty-looking Lowlander, evidently of the Scottish borders, quite prepared to chant to any extent the praises of his great Scotch capital. We mildly complied with the claims he levied on our regards, only narrowing them by a confession of ignorance of the greater number of the cities of the world, or even of Europe, but giving him our hearty adhesion so far as our knowledge permitted. "Weel," exclaimed our companion, "I hav na been muckle o' a traveller mysel, but I hae run a bit about England, and have just been o'er the water to Paris—a bonnie city, wi' its gardens, and squares, and sic like—but, oh, man! it's a puir thing compared wi' Embro'. It's just like comparing a sausage to a haggis. Do ye ken Davie Wilkie?" "The great painter?" we suggested. "Ay, that's the man ; weel, did ye nae hear

what he said about Embro' ? Why, he said that he had just travelled over all Europe to find that a' that it was necessary to see elsewhere was just to be found in this braw city. It was at a public dinner, gien to him just on this verra spot, and I think likely in this verra house ye hae just come out of, and I mind me he said that he'd been to Prague, and Saltzburg, and he'd been to Genoa, and Naples, and Athens, and he mentioned places he'd seen in Rome, and Greece, and Spain, and the very crack places, too ; and mind me if he did na say that the like o' them a' were to be found in Auld Reekie. Ay, man ! but it's a bonnie spot !" Our admiring friend proceeded to expatiate in a very intelligent and instructive manner upon the memories, the mysteries, and the glories of his city ; Edinburgh was evidently a passion with him. We walked together up into the High Street, and there we parted.

But we have often thought that he was not far wrong ; and, perhaps, of all the great cities which travellers are wont to visit from motives of memory, affection, and admiration, if there be some which equal, it may be questioned if any one can bear the palm away from the great northern capital. He was quite right about Sir David Wilkie ; he almost quoted his words exactly, though it was probably the passion of nationality—and where is the Scotchman who is destitute of that ?—which led him to say, on the occasion to which our friend referred, " What the tour of Europe was necessary to see elsewhere, I now find congregated in this one city ; here are alike the beauties of Prague and Saltzburg ; here are the romantic sights of Orvietto and Tivoli ; and here is all the magnificence of the admired bays of Genoa and Naples ; here, indeed, to the poetic fancy may be found realized the Roman capital and the Grecian Acropolis."

It is not mere local vanity which makes Scotchmen believe that, in point of position, Edinburgh is not only unsurpassed, but unrivalled by any cities in Europe, with the possible exceptions of Corinth and Constantinople. Venice and Florence are

wonderful dreams, and the first, especially, is an amazing freak of architecture—a city on the sea ; but they depend more for the passion of admiration they excite upon what is in them than what nature has done around them. Innspruck and Geneva are grand, and magnificent in the surrounding majesties of nature ; but they have little interior, and their natural glories of immediate neighborhood can scarcely be said to equal the Scottish metropolis. Vienna, Berlin, Paris, have no castle crags like those which rise so proudly over the northern city ; and their rivers have none of the wild beauties of those which are to be found here, and they are at a distance from the ever-living and ever-changing sea ; while the absence of the great excitements of trade and manufactures have constituted this spot the retreat of quiet wealth and learned leisure, and, in certain and recent periods of its history, have made it indeed a very Athens in renown, for the presence of its large constellation of poets, philosophers, historians, and preachers.

Lord Cockburn wrote and published a letter to the Lord Provost on the best ways of spoiling the beauties of Edinburgh ; and there can be no doubt that, while manufactures might and would materially increase the wealth of the city, they would soon rob it of that isolated beauty and splendor with which it lifts itself up, as has so often been remarked, a metropolis worthy of the land of the mountain and the flood, the glen, the forest, and the loch. We know of no other city with such a cliff rising in the centre of it, crowned with its hoary Castle, and such crags as those of Salisbury and Arthur's Seat rising over it, while at their foot stands the historic old palace of Holyrood. Looked at from the sea, or from the heights of the Castle Hill, or walking down its noble Princes Street, or wending in and out through its innumerable and haunted closes in the old town—every way, and everywhere, Edinburgh is wonderful.

Edinburgh in particular, and Scotland in general, have been eminently honored. Probably there is no spot on the face of the earth of which so much has been written, so much has been

well said, and well sung. The novelists, like Scott, Galt, and the Wilsons, not to mention a number of other and many inferior names, have set the social manners of the people, the scenery, and the historical incidents in such a pleasing light; the poets, like Scott again, Burns, Fergusson, and Ramsay, have made every variety of beauty familiar to all readers by their verse. No other spot has been honored by such a crowd of artists and engravers, illustrating and realizing the charm of scenery, the romantic structure of old buildings, or the curiosities of old manners. The Abbotsford edition of Scott is as remarkable in this particular as are the works themselves, which have attained so extensive a renown. And then the archæologists and historians of Edinburgh and Scotland, like Burton, Rogers, Pitcairn, Chambers, have explored every cranny where a fact or a forgotten incident might be supposed to lie. Besides these, there is a world of biographers and collectors of anecdotes and *ana*, men like Dr. Strong, whose "Clubs of Glasgow" is full of the odd incidents of states of society which have been long left to oblivion, and of which such works are the pleasant relics, brought up by such divers from the deep seas. Edinburgh is a place of which not only its citizens, but all England and all English colonies may well be proud. What an amount of brain it has supplied to the world! It has been like a popular author who needed a large population to give to him his success and fame. The great men of Edinburgh could not have attained their eminence without London and the large populations and interests London represents. But what great successes the ventures of Edinburgh have been, when we think of the *Edinburgh Review*, *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, and *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*. It is true these have now, for the most part, left the city of their birth, but in their first years they were eminently Scotch. And as we walk round the old city, what names and memories come up—names of men who were all there together.

Henry Cockburn has given a charming picture of that old time in his memorials, talking with all the affectionate garrulity

of a wise, thoughtful, and highly cultivated man. It is almost idle to mention names, but when the isolated state of that small city at the commencement of this century is remembered, when there were no trains to thunder along at the foot of the Castle, and no steamers to break the stillness of the beautiful waters of its Firth ; to think that there were Dugald Stewart and his successor, Thomas Brown ; that there were Scott, Lockhart, Wilson, and that singular chield, the Ettrick Shepherd ; there was Thomas Chalmers, and in another—perhaps some would call it a sectarian—pulpit, John Brown ; there the young Chambers' were just commencing their career as publishers, and one certainly exciting attention by his first happy effort as an author, in his "Traditions of Edinburgh ;" that there was Jeffrey, and, frequently, his greater companion in arms, and collaborateur in literature, Henry Brougham ; there frequently the young Carlyle, even after his student days, was a marked man and a frequent visitor ; and William Hamilton was gathering into his mind that amazing variety of learning which some have thought, perhaps, the most stupendous ever found in a single head, and revolving all into philosophic theses which were to be the *nuces philosophicæ*, the hard nuts for generations of thinkers to crack. When it is remembered that all this mental development was going on there—great poems read with avidity all over the earth as soon as published ; great novels which changed the whole idea of what a novel might, or ought to be ; great preachers, whose oratory was famous and effective beyond that of almost any other preachers of the age ; great lecturers in the university ; and great reviews and magazines all over the empire, diffusing or directing opinion—and all this in a town then not nearly the size of the present Brighton—it must be admitted that Edinburgh was a remarkable little piece of earth. Since that day a large portion of what was then so interesting in Edinburgh has passed away. Perhaps Edinburgh is now almost as unlike what it was in those days as in those days it was unlike to the city of which the earliest history

informs us when it was but a small burgh, or rather a village, the houses of which, because they were so often exposed to incursions from England, being thatched for the most part with straw and turf, so that when burned or demolished they were with no great difficulty restored.

In fact the old Canongate is full of traditions of which the gravest historians recite the legends. Adjoining Rae's Close there is a stone tenement with an antique gable façade, in which is the curious figure of a turbaned Moor, "occupying a pulpit in a recess." It stood upon a spot called for ages, and still so called, when Wilson published his "Memorials of Edinburgh in the Olden Time," "Morocco Land." Wilson claims to have ferreted out the origin of this singular name and sign. The mobs of Edinburgh were in ancient times troublesome and famous affairs. On the accession of Charles I., from some cause not necessary to expound, such a mob assailed the house of the provost, who had made himself unpopular; they broke into it and fired it. After some time, order was re-established, but several of the rioters were seized, and among others a leading spirit, Andrew Gray, a son of the Master of Gray, whose descendants still inherit the honors and title of the family; he was convicted and sentenced to be executed in a day or two; the gallows was erected, and all preparations completed for the execution, but the very night before the morning fixed for the execution, the old Tolbooth—whose gates were often so sensible to the privileges of gentle blood—connived at his escape; the culprit effected it by means of a rope and file; a boat was in waiting at the foot of one of the closes, by which he was ferried over the North Loch, and, long before the hour appointed for execution, Andrew Gray was beyond the reach of his pursuers. Years passed away, and he was heard of no more. The sack of the provost's house was forgotten; but in the year 1645 a terrible gloom hung over the city; it was the year of the last visitation of pestilence; the plague appears almost to have equalled in its ravages the great plague of Lon-

don ; all the prisoners in the Tolbooth were set at liberty ; all persons not free of the city were compelled to leave it ; the city was deserted.

In the midst of this dismay, and all the preparations made to diminish the ravages of the plague, a curious vessel anchored in the Leith Roads. It turned out to be an Algerine rover ; a number of the crew landed. They were told in vain of the dreadful scourge to which they exposed themselves ; they evidently intended no good will to the city. It is said, by old Maitland, there were scarce sixty men equal to the defence of the town in the event of attack. The magistrates proposed to ransom the town, and a large ransom was agreed to be received on condition that the son of the provost, Sir John Smith, should be delivered up to the captain of the Algerine rover. But it transpired that the provost had no son, and his only child, a daughter, lay stricken of the plague, of which her cousin, Egidia Gray, had recently died. This information seemed to work a sudden change in the mind of the leader of the Moors ; he intimated his possession of an elixir of wonderful potency, and demanded that the provost's daughter should be intrusted to his care and skill, engaging, if he did not cure her immediately, to embark with his men and leave the city free without ransom. It was only after the earnest exhortations of his friends that Sir John Smith accepted the offer of the Moor, who would not go to the provost's house, but insisted that the young lady should be brought to that where he had taken up his abode, at the head of the Canongate, and, to the astonishment of the father, the fair invalid was shortly after restored to him safe and well. Then came the singular close of the story. The Moorish leader and physician proved to be Andrew Gray. He had been captured by pirates and sold as a slave, had won the favor of the Emperor of Morocco, and risen to rank and wealth in his service. He had returned to Scotland, bent on revenging his early wrongs on the magistrates of Edinburgh, when he found the destined object of his special vengeance, the provost, to be a relative of his own. He mar-

ried the provost's daughter, and settled down a wealthy citizen in the Canongate. The house to which his fair patient was borne, and whither he afterward brought her as a bride, is still adorned with the effigy of his royal patron, the Emperor of Morocco, and has ever since been called "Morocco Land." The residents of Edinburgh have often seen it, and probably wondered why it should be there. The writer has often looked at it, and realized the wild story whose memory it perpetuates. It is added that Andrew Gray had vowed never to enter the city but with sword in hand, and having abandoned all thoughts of revenge he kept the vow till his death, and never passed the threshold of the Nether-bow port. In the Canongate the figure of the Moor has always been a subject of popular admiration and wonder, and Dr. Wilson, although he says he cannot pretend to guarantee the romantic legend, thought he discovered coincidences in the title-deeds of the Gray estate, confirmations of the Chronicle of the Algerine rover and the provost's daughter. Such is one of the memories of this famous street.

It is no part of our purpose to write a history of Edinburgh. Even now the lovers of romance, and those who like to loiter among the dainty bits of grotesque building which artists love to sketch, and over which poets love to dream, will find plenty of queer old places. It is unfortunately true that the perambulator must usually pay for his explorations by wading through a world of filth. It is something astonishing that such a noble city, with a people also capable of such noble things, should be permitted to abide contented amid such singularly filthy highways and byways. Never shall we forget the disenchantment which came over our minds when we first went down the Canongate. The Chronicles of the Canongate of these later days would furnish very different stories from those of the Great Northern Wizard. Here, for many years, has run down, as into a common sewer, the beggary and destitution, the dirt and drunkenness of the great city; in this street, at the foot of which is the old palace, the street in which the proudest

nobles, the Morays, the Montroses, and the Argyles lived, or moved with their cavalcades to and fro, is seen nothing but dirt and squalor now, while gin-shops everywhere abound where once the houses of proud nobles stood. With all due deference and homage to the transcendent genius of Sir Walter Scott, we have always thought that his "Chronicles of the Canongate" was rather a misnomer. Of course, he knew the history of every bit of stone in Edinburgh; but, assuredly, he might have found, in the old Canongate itself, anecdotes, facts, and traditions even more appropriately belonging to it than those he has recited.

From among the many houses, so difficult now to conceive of as the residences of great statesmen and beautiful women, there is one, Moray House, upon which, and its balcony, we have often looked with interest as we have passed it by. There, in that room from which juts out the balcony, in 1650 great merry-makings were going on, the occasion being the marriage of Lord Lorne, afterward known as the unfortunate Duke of Argyle, with the Lady Mary Stuart, the eldest daughter of the Earl of Moray. While they were there, a crowding and hurrying was observed in the street. Along the Canongate the great Marquis of Montrose was borne, ignominiously bound to a low cart, to the place of execution. Montrose had fought with and overcome Argyle, the father of the bridegroom—had driven him beyond the sea, and wasted his country with fire and sword; and now, as he came beneath the windows of Moray House, the Earl of Lauder, then Lord Chancellor, Lord Warriston, and the Countess Haddington, along with the Marquis of Argyle, and the bride and bridegroom, stepped out on the old stone balcony to gaze upon their prostrate enemy. It is even said that the Countess of Argyle's niece so far forgot her sex as to spit upon Montrose as he passed. The gloomy procession passed on to the Tolbooth, and the gay wedding-party disappeared from the window. But what a picture of the vicissitudes of the times it furnishes, to remember that three of these onlookers, including the gay and happy bride-

groom, perished by the hand of the executioner on the same spot as that to which Montrose was wending his melancholy way. Truly the Canongate is full of memories.

So is the Lawn Market, so called because, even within the memory of men now living, the wide thoroughfare was covered with the stalls and booths of lawn merchants, with their webs and cloths of every description. Among these singular closes we are to seek, and here we shall find, some of the most interesting houses of the last century. Very few persons will visit Edinburgh for more than a brief sojourn without seeking Lady Stair's Close. That contemptible-looking house held in its day the leaders of fashion, at a period when the distinctions of rank and fashion were guarded with a jealousy which we now can scarcely imagine. If, however, we step into the interior, we shall find in some of the rooms indications of an ancient style of which the exterior gives us little idea. The Countess of Stair adds to this house an especially romantic interest, as in her singularly checkered and romantic life is said to have occurred the incident which Sir Walter Scott has told in "Aunt Margaret's Mirror," one of the most singular stories of this neighborhood.

It is in this immediate neighborhood that haunted houses abound. Perhaps the clouds of fancy are rolling away from most of them, and, beneath the lights of advancing intelligence, and the demand for house accommodation, old closes and their chambers are being disenchanted ; it seems, however, that in many a stack of buildings where, while one flat story or suite of rooms might be occupied, others in the same building might remain locked, closed, and unoccupied for years, about which innumerable weird stories would spring up. We believe there are many such suites of chambers so unoccupied even now. We must quote the words of a well-known citizen of Edinburgh, remarkable for caution and good common sense, Robert Chambers. In the last edition of his "Traditions of Edinburgh," published so recently as 1869, he says : "At no very remote time there were several houses in the old town

which had the credit of being haunted ; it is said that there is one at this day in the Lawn Market, a ' flat ' which has been shut up from time immemorial. The story goes that one night, as preparations were made for a supper-party, something occurred which obliged the family, as well as all the assembled guests, to retire with precipitation and lock up the house. From that night it has never once been opened, nor was any of the furniture withdrawn ; the very goose, which was undergoing the process of being roasted at the time of the occurrence, is still at the fireplace ; no one knows to whom the house belongs ; no one ever inquires after it ; no one living ever saw the inside of it : it is a condemned house. There is something peculiarly dreadful about a house under these circumstances—what sights of horror might present themselves if it were entered." When in Edinburgh we have tried to discover the close in which this " flat" might be, we are sorry to say ineffectually, but we saw many which might seem to be worthy of holding such a legend.

Most of the lovers of old associations will regret that the old Tolbooth is no more, " The Heart of Mid Lothian," as it was properly called. In fact it was the Newgate of the old city. Several years ago one of the wildest and most popular demagogues of modern times, not quite aware of what the " Heart of Mid-Lothian" meant, went down to Edinburgh to harangue the roughs, and before a large concourse of persons whom he gathered round him to unfold his scheme, in an inflated flight of eloquence he commenced his address : " Brothers and men of the ' Heart of Mid-Lothian.' " In point of fact, what that expressed was, " my brother jail-birds !" To his amazement what he intended to be a telling apostrophe created a loud and utterly unconquerable roar of laughter ; the orator was discomfited, and his unfortunate and unsuccessful flight amid the tropes and figures of poetry more successfully foiled the purposes of his meeting than any reading of the Riot Act would have done. The Heart of Mid-Lothian, the old Tolbooth, stood next to St. Giles's Church ; it has been down for more

than half a century, so that Scott's novel was a kind of funeral sermon for the old building. It was haunted by a crowd of memories ; in its ancient days, royal and fiscal ; in more modern times, for the most singular stories in the romance of crime ; it was, in fact, an old curiosity-shop of crime. In the hall or chapel hung a board, on which were the following true and expressive lines :

"A prison is a house of care,
A place where none can thrive ;
A touchstone true to try a friend,
A grave for men alive.
Sometimes a place of right,
Sometimes a place of wrong,
Sometimes a place for jades and thieves
And honest men among."

It appears to have been a horrible place, but its historian says it knew the men who ought not to be too roughly handled, and the consequence was that almost every criminal of rank confined in it contrived somehow to make an escape. One of the most remarkable stories was that of the Lady Catherine Nairne, who, in 1766, was tried, convicted, and sentenced to death for the murder of her husband. He had treated her, it appeared, with great barbarity ; but, although popular prejudice was very strong against her, so that the crowd upon her appearance was prepared to give her a very rough reception, her exceeding beauty, joined to her exceeding youth, quite turned the tide of feeling in her favor, and her guilt, although she had been very guilty, was forgotten in a tide of sympathy. When condemned she was near the time of her confinement ; her execution was delayed on this account. A midwife in the city was admitted into the prison to attend her ; two days after her confinement, disguised as the midwife, she composedly walked out of the Tolbooth. Intending, apparently, to call at the house of her uncle, afterward Lord Dunsinane, she knocked at the door of the judge who had condemned her. The footman, who had been at the trial, recognized her ; she took to

her heels. The hue and cry was raised, and still she escaped to some cellars apparently unknown, but belonging to her uncle's house. There she continued some days, and at last effected a safe escape to France disguised in a soldier's uniform ; thence she reached America, where she is said to have changed in an eminent degree her morals and her manners, married again, and died at a very advanced age, highly honored and loved by a very large family.

A far more tender story of the old Tolbooth is that of the faithful wife of a poor wig-maker of Leith, who was executed for signing a bill to save her husband from disgrace. It was a case singularly involved, and well calculated to create a large amount of sympathy, but she had no rich relations or aristocratic connections to connive at her escape, and she died the victim of her mistaken act of constancy and affection.

Walking about among the old houses of Edinburgh, nothing was, and we may still say is, more noticeable than the frequent inscriptions over houses ; of course we mean the old houses, with their fantastic timbers and stone gables, strange relics of a forgotten order of things. Thus, over one house, on the antique lintel, is the quaint legend in ornamental characters of a very early date, "Ye yt tholes obercumies;" that is, "He that tholes (or endures) overcomes." Who put up this motto is not, and never will be known ; but it is very illustrative of the Scotch character, nor can it be doubted that the unknown person who reared this house, and put over it this inscription, had realized it as the great truth of life, that steady, quiet endurance conquers and triumphs at last. Many of the inscriptions are in old Latin. A handsome tenement stands not far from the Cowgate, surmounted with two ornamental gables, bearing on them the initials of the two builders, and over the main doorway the inscription : "Oh magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together, 1643." But the tailors, over their hall, when it was erected in 1664, put very ambitious and striking inscriptions ; an earlier inscription, 1621, with the sign of the shears and three balls of thread, bears the pious wish,

"God gibe the blising to the tailzer craft in the good town of Edinburgh." Then over the main entrance is the dedication verse :

"To the glore of God, and bertewis renowne,
The companie of tailzeours with this good town;
For meiting of their craft this hal his erected,
With trust in God's goodness to be blist & protected."

In a recess in a picturesque timber-fronted tenement, opposite St. Peter's Pend, is a very fine door with an inscription which perhaps has been passed by many onlookers as altogether too puzzling and vernacular to make out :

"Gif he Deid as he hoold he mycht haif as he hald."

Literally rendered into modern English, it is, "If we did as we should, we might have as we would." We do not remember ever to have seen a more pathetic inscription than that which tells a sad story, although a story altogether unknown, at the head of Rae's Close, near to that Morocco Land in the Canongate of which we spoke a short time since :

"Miserere mei Domine; a peccato, probro, debito,
et morte subita, me libera, 1818."

Shall we say that the national character, as revealed in the history of Scotland, seems to be usually that of a grim one? How especially this comes out in the records of punishments for offences; some of the sentences, as gathered by Dr. Wilson, are very odd. We will take the liberty to simply adapt the spelling to our modern ocular and audible senses; thus we read : "Patrick Gowanlot, on the first of July, 1530, is banished the town forever, under pain of death, for harboring a woman infected with pestilence, and half of his movable goods be applied to the common work of the town for his default; and his serving-woman, which is infected, for her concealing the same, shall be burnt on both cheeks, and banished the town forever, under pain of death." Drowning was a fre-

quent punishment of women for stealing. A favorite punishment in the seventeenth century was the standing in the pillory with the ears nailed to it. We read, in 1655, the marshal's man who was appointed to "Haif cuttit Mr. Patrick Maxwell haill lug (ear) did onlie cut off part of his lug, was therefore this day brought to the Market Cross of Edinburgh, and set upon the pillory and there his lug boirit for not obeying his commission in that point." There was a mode of punishment which we confess passes beyond our knowledge, "nose pinching;" thus we read, in 1728, of the trial against "Jean Spence, noted thief, pilloried, her lug nailed, and her nose pinched."

Some of the provisions against fever and plague seem especially cruel; we find another instance similar to that cited above. On the same day, a woman who had been in the house of infected persons, and was now infected herself, without revealing either circumstance, is sentenced to be burned on the cheek, and banished the town for life, and to remain on the muir till she be recovered, under pain of death. On the 4th of June, a woman who had a daughter sick without giving information, is sentenced to the like punishment, "all her bairns" being at the same time adjudged to perpetual banishment. Several cases of the same kind occurred throughout June and July (1530); but at length, in August, when probably the danger had become greater, concealment of sick friends is punished with death! An unfortunate tailor, David Duly by name, had a wife sick; he kept her concealed in his house, and even, while she was ill, went to attend mass in St. Giles's Kirk, thereby "dooand (carrying all) at was in him till haif infekkit all the toune." For this he was adjudged to be hanged on a gibbet before his own door; the sentence seems to have been immediately carried into execution, for, in the afternoon of the same day, we find an entry stating that Duly had been hung up, but that the "raip" had broken, and he escaped at the will of God, for which reason, and because "he is ane puir man with small bairns, and for pete of him," the

council banish him instead. A few months afterward, we find that several women were actually put to death ("drounit in the Quarrell holis at the Grey-frier post") for concealing their sickness. Throughout August, the business of "elenging," that is, we presume, of completing quarantine, proceeds under the regulation of various statutes. But even after suspected, or sick persons had given full satisfaction of their purity from the disease, and had been allowed to come back to their homes with their goods, they were still forbidden to attend mass among the other clean people. Such were a few of the doings and sufferings of our citizens in "the good old times."

One of the oldest inscriptions in Edinburgh—alas! that we should say it—is over the "Rose and Thistle Tap," the traditional guard-house of Cromwell's Ironsides after the battle of Dunbar, "Faith in Christ onlie sabit, 1567." While another building in the High Street, of the period of James VI., has an inscription with a hand pointing, as if giving emphasis to it, "The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance, and of my cup; Thou maintainest my lot. Psalm xvi. verse 5." Sometimes these inscriptions are placed on ceilings, sometimes over fireplaces; several very beautiful inscriptions are in the Castle, and these are so many, and so representative of various phases of historical opinion, that an interesting volume might be compiled giving the various mottoes, the engravings of them, and perhaps, in many instances, some necessary elucidation of their meaning; some of them in the Edinburgh interiors are exceedingly beautiful.

We have seen how terrible were the terrors to evil-doers in Old Edinburgh. Yet it was a singularly merry and convivial old city. Scott, both in "Guy Mannering," "Rob Roy," and others of his works, has given very vivid descriptions of days when tavern dissipation among the respectable classes prevailed to an amazing extent; it was the same in Glasgow as in Edinburgh; there were a multitude of clubs with ridiculous rules and designations; there was the Dirty Club, at which no gentleman was to appear in clean linen; the club of the Black

Wigs ; the club of Odd Fellows, all whose members were bound to write their names upside down ; there was the Spendthrift Club, so called from the extravagance of the members, who were all bound to spend fourpence halfpenny each night ; and there was the Pious Club, so called because they met in a room over a pie-house, but who really adopted this as an equivoque, as they really were steady characters, always breaking up at ten o'clock at night, never drinking more than one gill, and, if they met on a Sunday evening, always restricting their conversation to the subject of the morning's sermon.

Enough that, although so much has been written upon this subject, it is still fresh in every kind of interest for the pen of poet or archæologist, the pencil of the artist, or note-book of the collector of the folk-lore of the manners and customs of the fathers and mothers of Old Edinburgh.

And, in fact, we very seriously question whether there be another spot in all Europe so abounding in every kind of romantic, tingling tradition and legend ; and where every street and stone seems to speak so immediately to some singular old-world anecdote or memory.

CHAPTER IX.

THE OLD SCOTTISH LADY.

The old Scottish lady appears to have been singular. The anecdotes told of this character are innumerable, and the class she represents enters, in a very extraordinary manner, into the social life of the period. Some remarkable illustrations occur in that extraordinary and pathetic little book, "Mystifications," apparently edited, and introduced by Dr. John Brown, who indeed gave to it much of its popularity by his short paper bearing the same title in the second series of "Horæ Subsecivæ." There is much that is very pathetic in the little volume itself. The authoress is an old Scottish lady, Miss Clementina Sterling Graham, a descendant of the old Montrose family. When she was young—no doubt a bright, merry creature—she possessed a remarkable power of personating what was then, in her young time, the Old Scottish Lady. Great men, like Jeffrey and Sir Walter Scott, and others, declared it would be impossible to take them in, but the old lady called upon them, or was introduced to them at parties, and kept them in conversation, acting her part, and the innocent imposture was successfully maintained.

Her imposition on Jeffrey was complete and entire ; him she called upon for the purpose of legal consultation, and it was in response to an invitation from Jeffrey himself, who had begged Miss Graham to let him see her Old Lady. So one evening the "Lady Pitlyal" called on Jeffrey with her daughter, a young lady of about twenty. She called, as she said, "to take a word of the law frae him." She kept him from his dinner a long time, and when he returned to the room from which he had been called, Mrs. Jeffrey said, "What in the world has

detained you ?'' "One of the most tiresome and oddest old women I ever met with,'' he replied ; "I thought never to have got rid of her.'' While he was narrating to his wife some particulars of the conversation, it flashed upon him that he had possibly been taken in, but going back to the room, and finding, in the envelope which the old lady had left, only a blank sheet of paper with his fee of three guineas, he supposed that it really was the case of an odd old lady, desirous of his opinion upon a complicated question of law, and not until the next day did he discover that Miss Graham had permitted him to see her Old Lady, as he had requested.

These "mystifications'' were for a long time the talk of the upper classes of that old Edinburgh society, and in her old age the lady was often requested to put down some account of the innocent impostures she had so successfully performed in her young and merry days. Her little book, privately printed, and kept private for many years, although now published, justifies the characterization of it by Dr. Brown, "Was there ever anything better, or so good, said of a stiff clay than that it 'girns a' simmer and greets a' winter' ?''

Miss Graham in her little volume has appended two or three little portraits which she calls "worthies ;'' one of them of Miss Menie Trotter, mentioned by Lord Cockburn in his Memorials, but to whose portrait Miss Graham adds some charming characteristics. She appears to have been one of the most delightful of these strong-minded but most tender-hearted and singularly eccentric old Scottish ladies ; when in her extreme old age, she sent an invitation begging her old neighbor, Sir Thomas Lauder, to dine with her on a very early date she mentioned, writing, "for eh, Sir Thammas, we are terrible near the tail noo !'' If Miss Menie Trotter was a representative woman in the society of old Scottish ladies, that society must have been very rich in fine characters. She was exceedingly penurious in small things, but she had a noble generosity ; she had a perfect contempt for all securities, and would trust no bank with her money, and kept all her bills and bank-notes in a

green bag hanging on her toilet glass. On each side of the same table stood two bowls, the one full of her silver and the other of her copper money, accessible to any of the servants of her household, the idea of any one stealing money from her never entering into her head. She sent a present of a fifty-pound note to her niece, Mrs. Cunningham, wrapped up in a cabbage leaf. And the same niece told Miss Graham the following pleasant anecdote of her. She said to Mrs. Cunningham one day, "Do ye ken, Margaret, that Mrs. Thomas R—— is dead? I was gaun by the door this morning, and thought I would just look in and speer for her; she was very near her end, but quite sensible, and expressed her gratitude to God for what He had done for her and her fatherless bairns. She said she was leaving a large young family with very small means, but she had that trust in *Him* that they would not be forsaken, and that *He* would provide for them. Now, Margaret, ye'll tell Peggy (this was her housekeeper) to bring down the green silk bag that hangs on the corner of my looking-glass, and ye'll tak twa thousand pounds out of it and give it to Walter Ferrier for behoof of thae orphan bairns; it will fit out the laddies, and do something for the lasses. I want to make good the words that God would provide for them; for what else was I sent that way this morning, but as an humble instrument in His hands?"

Miss Graham mentions another instance. There was a young man, the son apparently of a widowed friend of Miss Trotter. He was not remarkably gifted either with sense or goodness, but he was in a bank in Edinburgh, where he contrived to steal money to the extent of £500. His peculations were discovered. Had he been prosecuted in those days he would have been hanged. Miss Trotter posted off to the bank in Edinburgh; there, before the principal, she at once laid down the £500, saying, "Now, you maun not only stop proceedings, but you maun keep him in the bank in some capacity, however mean, till I find some other employment for him." Then she fitted the lad out and sent him to London, writing to a friend

that she was prepared to give another £500 to any one who would procure him a good situation abroad, where he might gain an honest living, but never be trusted with money. All this time she kept his mother in ignorance of the lad's sins, and did not communicate them until he was settled again.

The story of the love passage in the early days of this noble old lady is one of the most pathetic things we ever read. Her niece one day looked at a little coarse engraving hanging in the old lady's room in a black frame. "Dinna ye ken, Margaret," she said, "whase picture that is? I would like to tell ye all about it." The old lady was in her last days then, near her end. "That's Jamie Pitcairn; he was a medical student in thae days, but he rose to distinction in his profession after that. He was of a noble nature and had a kindly heart, and he was the only one in the whole world that ever showed me any tenderness or affection, and well did I love him; indeed, we were deeply attached to ane anither." But we will continue to tell the story in the old lady's own words, the volume which contains it is not likely to be known to many of our readers. "My mother and my sister Johanna were proud and overbearing, and looked down upon Jamie, but my auldest sister, Mrs. Douglas, had a mair feeling heart, and often took me with her to visit at Dr. Cullen's, where I met Jamie, and mony happy hours we spent there. Whiles he wad come and drink tea with Mrs. Douglas. Her house was at the head of the Links, and the windows looked out upon the country and up to Arthur's Seat and the Salisbury Craigs. One evening we three sat there building our airy castles, a happy party; the beautiful warld before us, and the birds singing joyously, when the door opened, and four black eyes like a thundercloud darkened the room. They fell upon me like a spell that froze my very heart's blood. I can never forget the look of disdain they coost upon Jamie. He never spoke, but took up his hat, gave one kind look to me, opened the door, and left the room, and I never saw him again. They were cruel to me. I was ta'en hame to suffer, and he never married. I had no friend left,

for Mrs. Douglas went to France for the education of her only daughter, who in course of time became Lady Dick of Prestonfield. So I wandered among the hills, and held communion with Him who is the Father of the afflicted, and when I looked over the varied land and the restless sea, and down upon the broom and the flowers that were offering up their mute praise and incense to their Creator, I found 'the comfort that passes understanding.' Mony ane thought when I gaed thae long walks among the mountains that I was my lane (*i.e.*, all alone), but I never was my lane, for the Maker of this beautiful world was my constant companion." Pointing again to the engraving, she said, "Now that's the picture of James Pitcairn!" Mrs. Cunningham called upon her again a day or two after this and found her still alive, but very feeble, and asking how she felt, the old lady replied, "Vera weel, but the candle is just done!" She fell asleep the same evening, says Miss Graham, "and her soul returned to Him who gave it."

The old Scottish lady was a study worthy of much more attention than we can bestow upon her, and we think we see the reflection of that stately old character in many, elder or younger, of the good old race with whom we are acquainted. There was a deep nobility of sentiment beneath the character of the old Scottish woman; she was not a flirt; she had little real coquetry about her; it has been said of her, we think with truth, and the little story we have just told seems to illustrate this, that, she did not get through her love affairs with little trouble; they were deep, heartfelt, sincere, and abiding. A Scottish writer says these ladies of the old Scottish school "did not first try to fascinate, and then try to think they were fascinated; they received a wound like a bird that closes its wing over it, and they would die rather than reveal the secret; a Scottish woman never babbles a love-tale of her own passion, not like the Continentals, whose love affairs are like musical glasses, hollow and empty."

The old Edinburgh ladies formed a very stately aristocratic circle; stiff, in their black silk gowns and pure white muslin

caps and mutchkins ; or sailing along, as the author of the Memorials describes one of them, like ships from Tarshish, gorgeous in velvets and rustling silks, imperial and splendid, venerable and beautiful, those various but honest faces, with gentle voices, and kind eyes, mild, but with such a capacity for sternness ; cheerful, but with such a capacity for severity, they look out upon us from the environment of old times. The stories about them are full of humor, but it frequently also partook of that which we have noticed as a characteristic of much Scottish humor in general—grimness. The story is well known of that old Scotch lady, Miss Johnson, who was lying on her deathbed in the midst of a tremendous thunderstorm ; it rattled and shook the house, and the old lady, with no thought of profanity, but in the full possession of all her faculties, exclaimed to her attendants, " Ech, sirs, what a night for me to be fleein' through the air !" We agree with those who have remarked upon it that there was something wild, striking, and almost sublime in the expression ; that it was not an utterance of humor out of season, but of a highly imaginative and poetic temperament ; that it was probably not the utterance of the weakness, but of the strength of her faith ; that it was a note of aspiration and not of despair ; and that, perhaps, haunted by some of her ancient readings, and country superstitions, she realized her flight heavenward through the midnight storm to her bright home. It seems like the expression of one shudderingly setting sail through a dark storm-haunted night, but with the assurance of the morning in the land beyond.

Take these memories of the Lady Anne Barnard, one of the most distinguished Scottish ladies of the olden time ; her maternal grandmother, the ancient Lady Dalrymple of Capringston, as was much in accordance with the kindly habits of those days, spent her widowed years under her son-in-law's roof at Balcarres, and after his death settled in Edinburgh, where her house, in a *close* of the Canongate, was the usual town-house subsequently of all her young descendants. Mrs. Murray Keith, the original of Mrs. Bethune Baliol, in the " Chronicles

of the Canongate," kept house with Lady Dalrymple. Lady Anne recollected her grandmother as "a placid, quiet, pleasing old woman, whose indolence had benevolence in it, and whose sense was replete with indolence, as she was at all times of the party for letting things alone."

"I now remember," continues Lady Anne, "with a smile the different evolutions that grandmamma's daily fidgets had to perform, though, at the time, they plagued me a little. At ten, she came downstairs, always a little out of humor till she had had her breakfast. In her left hand were her mitts and her snuff-box, which contained a certain number of pinches; she stopped on the seventeenth spot of the carpet, and coughed three times; she then looked at the weather-glass, approached the tea-table, put her right hand in her pocket for the key of the tea-chest, and, not finding it there, sent me upstairs to look for it in her own room, charging me not to fall on the stairs. 'Look,' said she, 'Annie! upon my little table—there you will find a pair of gloves, but the key is not there; after you have taken up the gloves, you will see yesterday's newspaper, but you will not find it below that, so you need not touch it; pass on from the newspaper to my black fan, beside it there lies three apples—(don't eat my apples, Annie! mark that!)—take up the letter that is beyond the apples, and there you will find it.' 'But is not that the key in your left hand over your little finger?' 'No, Annie, it cannot be so, for I always carry it on my right.' 'That is, you intend to do so, my dear grandmamma, but you know you always carry it in your left.' 'Well, well, child! I believe I do, but what then? is the tea made? put in one spoonful for every person, and one over—Annie, do you mark me?' Thus, every morning, grandmamma smelled three times at her apple, came downstairs testy, coughed on the seventeenth spot, lost her key, had it detected in her left hand, and, the morning parade being over, till the evening's nap arrived (when she had a new set of manœuvres), she was a pleasing, entertaining, talkative, mild old woman. I should love her, for she loved me; I was her

god-daughter, and her sworn friend." "She was the mildest," adds Lady Anne, many years afterward, "and most innocent of beings."

The following anecdote of David Hume, whom Lady Dalrymple had known from a child, occurs in a letter of Lady Anne to her sister Margaret, from her grandmother's house in Edinburgh: "Our friend David Hume is a constant morning visitor of ours. My mother jested him lately on a circumstance which had a good deal of character in it. When we were very young girls, too young to remember the scene, there happened to be a good many clever people at Balcarres at Christmas, and as a gambol of the season they agreed to write each his own character, to give them to Hume, and make him show them to my father, as extracts he had taken from the Pope's library at Rome. He did: my father said, 'I don't know who the rest of your fine fellows and charming princesses are, Hume; but if you had not told me where you got this character, I should have said it was that of my wife.' 'I was pleased,' said my mother, 'with my lord's answer; it showed that at least I had been an honest woman.' Hume's character of himself," said she, "was well drawn and full of candor; he spoke of himself as he ought, but added, what surprised us all, that, plain as his manners were, and apparently careless of attention, vanity was his predominant weakness. That vanity led him to publish his essays, which he grieved over, not that he had changed his opinions, but that he thought he had injured society by disseminating them. 'Do you remember the sequel of that affair?' said Hume. 'Yes, I do,' replied my mother, laughing; 'you told me that, although I thought your character a sincere one, it was not so—there was a particular feature omitted, that we were still ignorant of, and that you would add it; like a fool I gave you the MS., and you thrust it into the fire, adding, "Oh! what an idiot I had nearly proved myself to be, to leave such a document in the hands of a parcel of women!"'"

It was in this old lady's house that Sir Walter Scott, when a

boy of six or seven, used to see Lady Anne Barnard ; and in one of his letters to her, after the lapse of nearly fifty years, he says : "I remember all the *locale* of Hyndford's Close perfectly, even to the Indian screen with Harlequin and Columbine, and the harpsichord, although I never had the pleasure to hear Lady Anne play on it. I suppose the close, once too clean to soil the hem of your ladyship's garment, is now a resort for the lowest mechanics—and so wears the world away. The authoress of 'Robin Gray' cannot but remember the last verse of an old song, lamenting the changes 'which fleeting time procureth :'

> 'For many a place stands in hard case
> Where blythe folks kenned nae sorrow,
> With Humes that dwelt on Leader Haughs,
> And Scots wha lived on Yarrow.'

It is, to be sure, more picturesque to lament the desolation of towers on hills and haughs, than the degradation of an Edinburgh close ; but I cannot help thinking on the simple and cosey retreats where worth, and talent, and elegance to boot, were often nestled, and which now are the resort of misery, filth, poverty, and vice.

"I believe I must set as much modesty as near thirty years of the law have left me entirely aside, and plead guilty to being the little boy whom my Aunt Jeanie's partiality may have mentioned to your ladyship, though I owed my studious disposition in no small degree to my early lameness, which prevented me romping much with other boys, though, thank God ! it has left me activity enough to take a great deal of exercise in the course of my life. Your ladyship's recollections, awakening my own, led me naturally to reverse the telescope on my part of life, and to see myself sitting at the further end of a long perspective of years gone by—a little spoiled chattering boy, whom everybody was kind to, perhaps because they sympathized with his infirmities."

Another of Lady Anne's portraits brings before us a most

picturesque spinster, of whom also Sir Walter had preserved a lively recollection : "I close this gallery of portraits with that of Sophy Johnstone, for many years a constant inmate of Balcarres, and one of the most extraordinary originals of a day when character seems to have been stamped with a bolder die, or at least to have opposed more resistance to attrition than it now does." "Her father," says Lady Anne, "was what was commonly called an odd dog ; her mother that unencroaching sort of existence, so universally called 'a good sort of woman.' One day after dinner, the squire, having a mind to reason over his bottle, turned the conversation on the folly of education. The wife said, she had always understood it was a good thing for young people to know a little, to keep them out of harm's way. The husband said, education was all nonsense, for that a child who was left to nature had ten times more sense, and all that sort of thing, when it grew up, than those whose heads were filled full of gimcracks and learning out of books. Like Mrs. Shandy, she gave up the point, and, as he stoutly maintained his argument, they both agreed to make the experiment on the child she was ready to produce, and mutually swore an oath that it never should be taught anything from the hour of its birth, or ever have its spirit broken by contradiction.

"This child proved to be Miss Sophy Johnstone. I scarce think that any system of education could have made this woman one of the fair sex. Her taste led her to hunt with her brothers, to wrestle with the stable-boys, and to saw wood with the carpenter. She worked well in iron, could shoe a horse quicker than the smith, made excellent trunks, played well on the fiddle, sung a man's song in a bass voice, and was by many people suspected of being one. She learned to write of the butler at her own request, and had a taste for reading which she greatly improved. She was a droll, ingenious fellow ; her talents for mimicry made her enemies, and the violence of her attachments to those she called her favorites secured her a few warm friends. She came to spend a few months with my mother soon after her marriage, and, at the time I am speaking

of, had been with her thirteen years, making Balcarres her headquarters, devoting herself to the youngest child, whichever it was, deserting him when he got into breeches, and regularly constant to no one but me. She had a little forge fitted up in her closet, to which I was very often invited." It was for a beautiful old Scottish melody, sung by this Amazonian dame, that Lady Anne, the eldest of the youthful tribe of Balcarres, wrote the ballad of "Auld Robin Gray."

The times of these old ladies call up before us many pictures of old memories and old manners such as cannot here be described. How imposing and important were the tea-tables over which they presided!

> "The checkered chairs in seemly circle placed,
> The Indian tray with Indian china graced;
> The red stone teapot with its silver spout,
> The teaspoons numbered, and the tea filled out;"

for the numbers on the spoons enabled the hostess to return to each guest the cup which he had before. And then, how singular it seems, to our notions, that, after the tea-drinking was over, the lady of the house washed, with her own fair hands, the china cups at the table. For this purpose a wooden bowl, kept for this business alone, was introduced, and the work was gone through with both grace and gravity. We suppose this answered the double purpose of preventing breakages and assisting servants, who, perhaps, were neither so numerous nor neat-handed as in our more convenient and polished times; and then, at the close,

> "The clogs are ready when the meal is o'er,
> And many a blazing lantern leaves the door."

Those were the times, to which we are looking back, when scarcely a thing, or circumstance, we should regard as essential to our comfort now, had come into use; but an old Scotch song says:

"Little was stown (stolen) then, and less gaed to waste,
Barely a millen (a sniff) for mice or for rattens (rats);
The thrifty housewife to the flesh-market paced,
Her equipage a'—just a guid pair o' pattens;

"Folk were as gude then, and friends were as leal,
Though coaches were scant, with their cattle a-canterin',
Right air (early) we were tell't, by the housemaid or chiel (young man),
'Sic, an' ye please, here's your lass and a lantern.'"

A great institution of those old times was the lass with the lantern, the constant attendant of every lady, whether accompanied by a gentleman or not, who might happen in those gasless days to be out after nightfall.

But we can have no more favorable opportunity for remarking that Scotland furnishes, not only among those we have designated Scottish ladies—women of the higher circles—but in much more lowly and humble spheres, very fine illustrations of truly noble womanhood. How many romantic stories of singularly faithful wives and daughters we must not stay to tell! Of those old times, the men seem to be much more attractive by their strength, but of a rugged order. The women seem to attract not less by their strength than by a certain elevated beauty of character, frequently, no doubt, in a setting which seems somewhat rugged too. The story of Helen Walker of Irongray, the real original of Jeannie Deans, is too well known to need any specific mention. Exactly to the same order belonged the mother of Robert Nicol, the poet. The Nicols were a very poor family; the mother nobly struggling to educate the children, and by this means to raise their condition to the level from whence misfortune had driven them. When Robert was dying in Leeds, she had acquired some little property, solely by her own exertions and industry, but she had no money to spare to defray the necessary expenses of a journey to Leeds, and Robert was dying, languishing to see her. A friend afterward asked her how she had been able to defray the expenses, as her son was in no condition to help her, when she

bluntly but nobly replied, "Indeed, sir, I shore for the siller" —that is, her wages as a reaper, her harvest-fee, was the only means by which she could honestly fulfil her son's dying wish, and accomplish the yearning desire of her own mother's heart.

Thus it is as much in the lowly ranks of womanhood in Scotland that we are often to seek for the spirit and bearing we admire in higher circles. Lord Cockburn says, "On the 23d of July, 1637, Jenny Geddes threw her stool at the Dean of Edinburgh's head, a proceeding for which, at the distance of two hundred years, she is still respected. Another Jenny has appeared, against whom and her principles all the lairds of the empire will persecute in vain. This woman, Jenny Frazer, occupied a few yards of ground in one of the Duke of Buccleuch's parishes, which it was discovered were not his but hers, being the only spot in that inconvenient condition. She was offered an extraordinary price for it. Though but a poor crofter, she had the spirit to say, 'Na! it cam' frae the Lord, an' the Lord wants 't again and He shall have it!' And there is now a Free Church erected upon it." This is finer than Jenny Geddes; and Cockburn adds, he firmly believes the story to be correct.

Some of the most affecting, it is not too much to say some of the most wonderful stories of old Scotland are of snow-storms. Dr. Macleod tells one of a Highland widow. She had left her home on a morning which gave the promise of a peaceful day. She carried her only child, an infant, with her. Her journey was through giant precipices for ten miles, but her rent was overdue, she had been threatened with dispossession, and she was on her way to seek help of a kinsman. It was in the month of May; but before noon the weather changed, the sky became black and lowering, the clouds fell down upon the hills, the wind rose, and was followed by the rain, and by the sleet, and then came a heavy fall of snow. This snowstorm became memorable as the "great May storm." Her journey was known to her neighbors, but little anxiety was felt, as it was supposed that in the sheiling of some shepherd, or the

steading of some farmer, she would find a refuge before she began to cross the rugged mountain-side. But when the next morning came, and it was learned, from some person who arrived from the place to which the widow was travelling, that she had not made her appearance there, a dozen men mustered to set forth to search for the missing woman. For some distance they were able to track her as she had been seen pursuing her journey the day before. At last they lost all trace of her. The shepherd on the mountain could give no information regarding her, and beyond his hut there was no shelter. There was nothing but deep snow, the drift lay thickest, the storm had blown with a fierce and bitter blast, the deep wreaths filled up every hollow. At length a cry was heard from one of the searchers, and, crouched beneath a huge granite boulder, they found the dead body of the widow entombed in the snow. A portion of the wretched tartan cloak, which scarcely covered her, led to the discovery, but she was divested almost entirely of her clothes. What had become of them? She had evidently died where she sat, almost bent double. Where was her child? The mystery was soon cleared up. A shepherd found the infant alive in a sheltered nook of the rock; high up, near the spot where the mother sat cold and stiff in death, he lay in a bed of heather and of fern, swathed all round with the clothes which his mother had stripped from herself to save her child. Such was that mother's love. It was an incident never forgotten in that neighborhood, and we may well believe that no eyes were dry, and the minister could scarcely perform the service for his tears, when the poor body was carried to its grave. And this son never forgot the mother, whom he never remembered to have seen. He entered the army when a man, and, fifty years after, came home to his native village to die; and, Dr. Macleod says, among his last words were, "I have found deliverance now, where I found it in my childhood, in the cleft of the rock—the Rock of Ages."

Archdeacon Sinclair, in his interesting volume, "Old Times and Distant Places," gives the account of an old Scottish

woman, quite too remarkable to be omitted from any gathering of the curiosities of Scottish folk-lore, and especially in the chronicling of the memories of Scotland's daughters. He knew her well ; she was one of his congregation and pensioners when he was a minister in Edinburgh. He calls her "Widow Butler, the centenarian," and says, "In the year 1831, notwithstanding the infirmities of above a hundred years, she regularly took her seat on Sundays upon the pulpit stairs of my chapel, St. Paul's, York Place, Edinburgh." He says, "Her short, thin figure bent forward reminded me of the saying that aged persons seem always to be stooping down in search of the grave to which they are hastening. Her face did not at first betray extraordinary age, but on close examination it was interlaced in all directions, with a profusion of small wrinkles, about which there could be no mistake. When once upon her feet, she was able, with the help of a stick, to totter on for miles." Her age was doubted, but the examination of the register of her birth placed it beyond dispute. Here was a singular instance. She was a native of Dumfries, and was seventeen years old when she saw Prince Charles Stuart, in 1745. Sinclair asked her what she thought of the prince. "He was dressed," she said, "in tartan, with plenty of silk and gold, and many thought he was the best-looking man in the army ; but, for my part, I was but a girl, and I thought I saw men who, with as much silk and gold, would have looked as well as he." She had innumerable stories to tell of those days. She had a daughter and granddaughter, with whom she lived. They behaved badly to her, and Mr. Sinclair took her beneath his protection. "Once," he says, "I raised some money to pay her rent, and was putting it into her hand, when she stopped me, saying, 'Keep it till the term day, I know it is safe, and if my daughter and granddaughter knew I had such a pile of money I couldna keep it from them.'"

Among his friends in those days in Edinburgh, the archdeacon numbered an old lady, Mrs. Irving, ninety-eight years of age, and very proud of her longevity. "I mentioned," he

says, "the widow Butler to her. Her curiosity was excited, and I arranged that they should have an interview. The next time I called on Mrs. Irving she took me good-humoredly to task, asking in broad Scotch, 'What for did you send that auld woman to take the shine out of me?'" The old widow Butler used to say to Mr. Sinclair, "I have been spared far longer than other folk; but a hundred years, when you look back upon them, are but a span long; the things lang syne seem to me as if they had only happened yesterday; it would be ill for us if we had naething but this puir world for our portion." Mr. Sinclair visited her a few hours before her death, when, as he was taking leave, she rose up in bed without assistance, stretched out her thin, wrinkled arms, and in solemn benediction said, "God bless you, you have long been the chief earthly stay of a puir helpless woman that has seen above a hundred years." She died a few hours after, aged one hundred and nine. This is a singular glimpse into a remote and agitated time. Her husband had been a soldier, and out in the great forty-five. She had anecdotes to tell of officers and men of her husband's regiment in the army, whose names were known upon inquiry; and her stories clothed with life and freshness personalities which otherwise were only names and dust.

To return to the old Scottish lady of the higher class of Edinburgh society of a departed age, Colonel Fergusson, in his recently published life of the celebrated Henry Erskine, the Lord Advocate of Scotland, calls up a dream of fair women of the old time, which we may, we trust, be permitted to quote. Referring to the old Edinburgh ball-room, Colonel Fergusson says in his delightful volume:

"But there can be no doubt about the beauty of the fair performers who figured in such scenes as these; it might be so now if the *élite* of the Scottish nation were to be found in an Edinburgh ball-room. Such an incident as that recorded as having been frequently witnessed at the period of the West Port balls will never, it is feared, be seen again. Imagine a

procession of *eight* sedan chairs, each with its couple of liveried bearers, carrying a lady in full ball costume of feathers, sacque, etc., on their way to the Assembly Rooms. These are the seven lovely daughters of Susannah, Countess of Eglintoun—herself the loveliest of her daughters—who are thus conveyed to the ball-room in broad daylight. Great is the excitement as the procession, emerging from Lady Eglintoun's house in the Canongate, threads its way up the crowded High Street till it reaches the Assembly Rooms hard by the house of the infamous Major Weir, half-way down the steep street leading to the Grassmarket. But a scene still more striking and picturesque was witnessed when these fair ladies returned from the ball with the addition of flaming torches, and to each chair a gentleman in attendance, drawn sword in one hand, and hat obsequiously held in the other, according to custom, to guard the party till they descend at their house in the aristocratic neighborhood of Jack's Land. As this goodly caravan wends its way down the slopes of the Canongate, with wealth of cackle and silvery laughter over incidents of the ball, what fitter subject for a last century picture than such a combination of sedans, torches, swords, cocked hats, and full-dressed wigs, with flashes from bright eyes more deadly than from the swords, while from under the outside stairs the aroused swine stare forth in wonder. Susannah, Countess of Eglintoun, had the remarkable distinction of being the only person in Scotland who kissed Dr. Johnson. Her ladyship was vastly pleased with his opinions and genteel conversation. Nature had almost surpassed herself when she turned out this bevy of fair dames. Moreover, from her ample stores she had provided a product—a cosmetic—which should have the effect of conserving her handiwork in its original loveliness—it was *sow's milk*. With one exception all these ladies made good marriages. This same nature delights in contrasts. Erskine, of ——, in the south country, had several hard-favored daughters. After him his comely widow 'enjoyed' two other husbands, while not one of the girls went off. The scene where the young ladies stand

around busking their buxom mother for her third wedding is a subject for reflection. 'How strange it seems, my dears,' said the bride, 'that I should be married a *third* time before one of you has been married *once!*' 'This,' remarks the good old lady who relates the incident, 'is perhaps Scotch wit—which usually has a spice of savagery in it.'" *

And this chapter shall not close without some verses in which the charming Scottish poet, Dr. Walter Smith, beneath the portrait of Miss Penelope Leith, delineates the oddities and contradictions in the character of the old Scottish lady :

"Never to her the new day came,
Or if it came she would not see ;
This world of change was still the same
To our old-world Penelope ;
New fashions rose, old fashions went,
But still she wore the same brocade,
With lace of Valenciennes or Ghent,
More dainty by her darning made.
A little patch upon her face,
A tinge of color on her cheek,
A frost of powder just to grace
The locks that time began to streak.

"A stately lady ; to the poor
Her manner was without reproach ;
But from the Causeway she was sure
To snub the Provost in his coach.
In pride of birth she did not seek
Her scorn of upstarts to conceal,
But of a baillie's wife would speak
As if she bore the fisher's creel.
She said it kept them in their place,
Their fathers were of low degree ;
She said the only saving grace
Of upstarts was humility.

* "The Honorable Henry Erskine, Lord Advocate of Scotland, with Notices of Certain of his Kinsfolk and of his Time," by Lieut. Colonel Alex. Fergusson. (William Blackwood.)

"The quaint old Doric still she used,
And it came kindly from her tongue;
And oft the 'kinsfolk' she abused,
Who mincing English said or sung.
She took her claret, nothing loth,
Her snuff that one small nostril curled;
She might rap out a good round oath,
But would not mince it for the world:
And yet the wild word sounded less
In that Scotch tongue of other days;
'Twas just like her old-fashioned dress,
And part of her old-fashioned ways.

"She loved a bishop or a dean,
A surplice or a rocket well,
At all the Church's feasts was seen,
And called the kirk, conventicle;
Was civil to the minister,
But stiff and frigid to his wife,
And looked askance, and sniffed at her,
As if she lived a dubious life.
But yet his sick her cellars knew,
Well stored from Portugal or France,
And many a savory soup and stew
Her gamebags furnished to the manse.

"Her politics were of the age
Of Claverhouse or Bolingbroke;
Still at the Dutchman she would rage,
And still of gallant Grahame she spoke.
She swore 'twas right that Whigs should die
Psalm snivelling in the wind and rain,
Though she would ne'er have harmed a fly
For buzzing on the window pane.
And she had many a plaintive rhyme
Of noble Charlie and his men;
For her there was no later time,
All history had ended then.

"The dear old sinner! yet she had
A kindly human heart, I wot;
And many a sorrow she made glad,
And many a tender mercy wrought;

And though her way was somewhat odd,
  Yet in her way she feared the Lord,
And thought she best could worship God
  By holding Pharisees abhorred,
By being honest, fearless, true,
  And thorough both in word and deed,
And by despising what is new,
  And clinging to her old-world creed."

CHAPTER X.

SCOTTISH PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

Proverbs constitute the great volume of folk-lore in almost all nations ; they are the granite flooring, the underlying strata, upon which rises, and, indeed, out of which is built, the mind of a people. The proverbs of a nation are the great book out of which it is easy to read its character. French or Spanish, Chinese or Hindoo, the idiosyncrasy of a people may be tested by the national proverb. No doubt, as a nation increases in culture, and in what is called the refinement of social manners, the proverb dissolves and dissipates like the ripened poetry of a country, the philosophy of life becomes less axiomatic and proverbial, and more diffuse. It might naturally be supposed that with a people whose national characteristics are so marked, so sharply and distinctly defined as the Scotch, proverbs would form a large department of literature, when efforts were made to gather them up, and group and classify them ; and it is so. This " wit of the one, and wisdom of the many," as the proverb has been so admirably defined—these gold-headed nails of speech—are very abundant, and from time to time men have appeared who have put almost the labor of a life into the accumulation. After all that has been done in this way, perhaps one of the earliest collections—that by James Kelly, M.A. (1721)—is, on the whole, the best. Lord Bacon's well-known saying that " the genius, wit, and spirit of a nation are discovered in their proverbs," finds remarkable illustration here. That can scarcely be said now which Kelly remarked in his day : " Among others, the Scots are wonderfully given to their way of speaking, and, as the consequence of that, abound with proverbs, many of which are very expressive, quick, and home

to the purpose ; and indeed, this humor prevails universally over the whole nation, especially among the better sort of the community, none of whom will discourse you any reasonable time, but he will confirm every assertion and observation with a Scottish proverb."

There is some difference between those proverbs derived from the Gaelic and the Lowland Scotch ; the first are like the people, more melancholy, simple, and superstitious. "*One dog is the better for seeing another dog hanged*" is characteristic. The Scottish proverbs are humorous, shrewd, figurative, rustic, and predatory. "*He that cheats me aince* (once) *shame fa him ; but he that cheats me twice shame fa me,*" is very national. "*Ding down the nests and the rooks will flee awa,*" gave an edge to the wrath of Covenanters and Cameronians ; indeed, it would be easy to show how Scotland is embodied in her popular sayings.

And no doubt the love of the proverb lingers still, but it is true that the age of the proverb has passed, or is rapidly passing, when the archæologists of letters make them a grave matter of study, and seek to collect them into books. Of the collections, however, in this way, old friend Kelly's is the best among the old, and Alexander Hislop's seems to us certainly the best among the new. Another collection by Andrew Henderson, with an introduction by William Motherwell, the well-known Scotch poet, while it is usually regarded as very scarce, and fetches many times the price of either of the others, seems to us really far inferior. No doubt its value is greatly derived from William Motherwell's introductory essay, but even that is far below his literary character ; he only tells one story where he ought to have told at least a hundred, but his one story is a droll one. A friend of Motherwell's piqued himself upon his store of proverbial colloquialisms ; he was always ready, upon every occasion and in all conversations, to pour out a broadside of rusty saws or proverbial rhymes ; he was always accumulating and collecting these quaint oddities of ancient wisdom, so that he scarcely ever had a card or piece

of paper in his pocket upon which some such stray gathering was not written. On one occasion, invited to a large party at the house of a friend, a misunderstanding arose between the proverb collector and another gentleman which ended, as was too frequently the case in that old day, with an irritated and ominous exchange of cards between the two gentlemen, and they parted for the night. The next morning, when he who was wroth with the man of proverbs examined the card for the purpose of learning the address of his antagonist of the preceding evening, and desirous of refreshing at once his memory and his irritation, he found nothing belonging either to name or place, only on one side inscribed in good legible characters, "*Naething should be done in a hurry but catching fleas.*" The effect was irresistible, the proverb became a peacemaker. The anger melted into good humor, and instead of one or the other of two valuable lives being sacrificed to a foolish whim, a mutual friendliness was brought about by the intervention of a droll aphorism.

The old Scottish novelists, and especially the great Sir Walter, abound in the appropriation of proverbs. Scott constantly dovetails proverbs into the homely speech of almost all his humbler characters. That canny Scot, Andrew Fairservice, in "Rob Roy," often illumined the paths of his piety by a proverb. "If ye dinna think me fit," said Andrew, in a huff, "to speak like ither folk, gie me my wages and my board wages, and I'll gae back to Glasgow. '*There's sma sorrow at our pairting, as the auld mare said to the broken cart.*'" For proverbs, no doubt, as we have already said, find their largest reception and application among the humbler, and those who are spoken of as the unlettered, classes. To them, as has been said by Motherwell, "proverbs are a kind of metaphysical language which stands as a substitute for philosophical principles. Men of education express their ideas in their own words, perhaps, sometimes, and often in inferior words; the uneducated man uses those traditional forms which custom and daily use have made familiar to him, and when a remark needs confirmation

he clenches it by a proverb." Thus, in "Rob Roy," from which we have already quoted, "The Deacon used to say to me, 'Nick—young Nick'—his name was Nicol as well as mine, sae folk ca'd us in their daffin 'Young Nick and auld Nick'—'Nick,' said he, '*never put your arm out farther than ye can draw it easily back again.*'" And the same moral is conveyed, perhaps, in that other proverb: "*Ne'er let your feet run faster than your shoon.*"

Even ordinary idiomatic phrases have something of this character. The designation, "*Aye, he's a ne'er-do-weel,*" and that other, "*I canna be fashed*" (that is, troubled), as in the story of the old lady who was asked how the old gentleman (her husband) was—he was ninety-three years of age—she replied, "Weel, I can scarcely tell ye, for I am fairly fashed wi' him, for he'll neither leeve nor dee!" Perhaps our readers will see here an illustration of that French relationship to the Scotch, to which we have referred some papers back, and find for the Scottish word "fash" a French parentage in the French verb "*fâcher.*"

It is not too much to say that the spirit of the proverb seems as if it were essentially inherent in the Scottish character. There are many natural reasons for this. It is a character made up, as Thomas Carlyle says, of strong Saxon stuff, interpenetrated everywhere with the Presbyterian gospel of John Knox: a sense—very frequently a kind of grim, sour sense—of the infiniteness of the universe has made itself felt even by almost every denizen of the humblest cottage home; a sense that life is no place for a midsummer's night dream or a May day holiday, but a sphere for earnest labor, and demanding for conquest and overcoming a strong hand and a strong head, a stout will with clear practical shrewdness; with this has become conjoined in the character, or certainly was so in times not far remote, a really devout and reverential nature, through which thought has been wakened and conscience quickened. A rare sense of humor has received some sombre shades from the universal feeling that human life, as it

is God-given, so also it is God-commissioned and commanded, and thus a sense of its mystery and awfulness over-canopies it all.

We have made the remark before, and perhaps in these papers it is a very palpable and obvious remark to make, that there is an eminent likeness, we have no doubt a real relationship to and between the Scottish—of course we mean especially the Lowland Scotch—and the Danish and Swedish characters, more particularly the Danish. No doubt the Lowland Scot is a branch of the Scandinavian stem. The fine Danish proverbs are very like those of Scotland in their character. Let us take a few: "*The Lord will not fail to come though He may not come on horseback;*" "*Under white ashes often lie glowing embers;*" "*You may often feel that heavily on your back which you took lightly on your conscience;*" "'*Peter, I'm taking a ride,*' *said the goose, when the fox was running into the wood with her;*" "*When joy is in the parlor sorrow is in the passage;*" "*A headless army fights badly;*" "*He who would make a fool of himself will find a good many people to help him;*" "*The foot of the farmer manures the field;*" "*He is nearest to God who has fewest wants;*" "*He is young enough who has health, and he is rich enough who has no debts.*" We need not extend our quotations, although we have an affluent supply before us. The spirit of all these Danish proverbs is very like that which we recognize in the Scottish.

The Scottish character has a strong, terse, idiomatic way of expressing itself. We have referred to Sir Walter's knowledge of Scotch proverbs, and the easy, happy way in which he introduces a number of these old-world sayings; but it is really sometimes difficult without knowledge to discriminate the proverb quoted from the entire speech of which it forms a part; the same remark applies to the domestic novels of John Galt; and, not to stay to illustrate this, the proverbial power of the Scotch character is seen in other of its great writers. Many of the words of Burns have become proverbs:

"The best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft a-gley!"

"A man's a man for a' that!"

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us, to see ourselves as ithers see us!"

"An atheist's laugh 's a poor exchange for Deity offended."

"A correspondence fixed with Heaven is sure a noble anchor."

Burns abounds in such rememberable proverbial sentences, more or less well known. But from the works of Thomas Carlyle might be gathered, we suppose, a larger collection of genuine proverbs illustrative of the Scottish mind than from any other writer whom we could quote. "*How long the rotten will hold together if you do not handle it roughly;*" "*To the blind all things are sudden;*" "*Whoever is not a hammer must be an anvil;*" "*The beggarliest truth is better than the royalist lie;*" "*Wisdom is folly which is wise only behindhand.*" The whole style of Carlyle may be said to be made up of those winged words, those sharp, short, rememberable sentences we call proverbs, like his definition of democracy, that it means "government by blindman's-buff." The great famous writers of Scotland thus illustrate in a remarkable manner the proverbial philosophy, the condensed wisdom, of the nation.

Our paper will not be as entertaining as was many a meeting of shepherds among the hills in the old time, where, as the poet Ramsay says, it was the custom to exercise the memory by keeping up a conversation "with these guid *auld says* that shine with wail'd (choice) sense, and will as long as the world wags." The soul of conversation was sustained and kept alive by old proverbs; and so, before books became general, it is testified that, not many years ago, it was the common pastime of a winter's night to while the time away by repeating proverbs and illustrating them by personal tales and family experiences, or illuminating them by suggestive songs and ballads; this, however, was before the schoolmaster was abroad. But indeed the schoolmaster was abroad then, and his school was by the ingleside. Not unprofitable, we fancy, would it have been to have listened to the sharp sayings in one of those

Noctes among the hills, long before the jovial nights of Christopher North and the Ettrick Shepherd; lessons of wisdom quaintly uttered, and derived not from books but from the lone ways among the hillsides and from intercourse with men in daily life; not, perhaps, that they were all so wise: such, for instance, as that very questionable one, "*Do a man a good turn and he'll ne'er forgie you,*" the proverb which Scott has turned to such powerful use in "The Pirate." "'Are you mad?' cried Brice Snailsfoot, 'you that lived sae lang in Zetland to risk the saving of a drowning man? Wot ye not, if you bring him to life again, he will be sure to do you some capital injury?'"

No doubt, in the quiet and measured cadence with which these proverbs were uttered, we can often perceive a strong consciousness of the superiority of the Scotch, reminding us of the gardener who, when asked by his master, an English squire, how he liked the English, replied, "Weel, sir, being frae hame, and amang the English, I find nae great faut in them; but I maun mak this remark, that for ministers, or gardeners, or onything needin' hede (head) wark, ye maun come to us in the North."

A strong fatalism runs also along many of these proverbs; the very word "weird," so thoroughly Scotch, has an ominous and mystic tone in it. "*A man may woo where he will, but must wed where his weird is;*" "*We can a' shape our coat but we canna shape our weird;*" "*Every man has his weird, and we mun a' dee when our day comes.*" It is easy to feel something of the tingling sensations which the commentaries and illustrative stories for such proverbs as these would awaken in nights in far remote places, before ghosts had been laid by learned discourses on natural magic, demonology, and witchcraft. The greater number of these proverbs, however, are lessons on the prudent side of life: "*They mun hunger in frost that winna wark in sunshine;*" "*An idle brain's the devil's workshop;*" "*All the speed's not in the spurs;*" "*A wee house has a wide mouth:*" "*The feathers carried away the flesh.*"

Of course we have plenty of humor among these proverbs, and when there was more disposition for business than devotion it was somewhat grimly expressed by that one, "*I wad rather be your Bible than your horse;*" and the disposition to serve the two masters was satirized in that "'*It's always weel to be ceevil,*' *as the auld wifie said when she made a courtesy to the de'il.*" Unprofitable ministers came in for some of these sayings. A country farmer would say, after he had listened to the exhortation of a very poor preacher, "*Ye've put a toom* (empty) *spune in my mouth.*" Of course the dryness of the humor is proverbial. "*Three are always good to keep a secret when two are awa';*" and some have a very odd ring, like "*The clartier* (dirtier) *the cosier,*" that is, the more comfortable. We may believe that Scotland has reformed this altogether.

Not the least interesting are those proverbs which refer to that awful person, the Devil, and they are usually very suggestive. We find a number of them: "*The De'il's a busy bishop in his diocese;*" "*The De'il's journeyman never wants work;*" "*The De'il's aye* (always) *gude to his ain;*" "*The De'il's ower grit* (too familiar) *wi' you;*" "*The De'il's bairns hae* (have) *aye* (always) *their daddy's luck;*" "*The De'il always drives his pigs to a bad market;*" "*The De'il gaes* (goes) *away when he finds the door stecket* (shut) *against him;*" "*If ye follow the De'il ye'll even gang to the De'il.*" A questionable pleasure or adornment is ridiculed in that proverb, "'*They're curly and they're crookit,*' *as the De'il said to his horns;*" or, in that other, "'*Are they not a bonny pair?*' *as the De'il said to his hoofs.*" One would suppose that with all the alleged Scottish love for litigation, there was a furtive suspicion of lawyers from that proverb, "'*Hame is hamely,*' *as the De'il said when he found himself in the law court.*"

Many others were not quite so unexceptionable as those we have quoted, against which, we should think, the most fastidious taste can have nothing to urge either on the score of decency or devotion.

These old fathers, according to their proverbs, believed in

making the earlier years to bear the yoke and burden of life rather than the later ones—"*Sharp sense gives a good taste to sweetmeats.*" They had a great faith in, as they said, "*beginning the world at the right end,*" and there is a story very well known which has passed into a proverb as describing the cause why some came to grief in life: "*He began wi' the chuckie*" (fowl). It is the story of an old pair who, by dint of thrift and careful saving, had provided for themselves a decent competency and comfort in old age, and they established their son Tam in business. He seemed industrious and regular, but behold, in the course of a very little time, it was found that he was doing ill—was the victim, as it was said, of ill-luck; and when a neighbor came to condole with his mother, the old lady said, "Ye see, our Tam could mak siller enough, but he could never understand that pence mak pounds; he began the world at the wrang end. Ye see, mem, when the gude man and me began the wurld thegither, we were just as bare as weel could be—hardly ae saxpence to rub against anither; but we contented ourselves wi' a drap parritch and milk i' the morning, a herring and a potato or sae to our dinner, and our parritch at nicht again. By and by we began to mak a little; then we had some gude broth and meat at dinner-time, and after that a wee we ventured on a drap tea in the morning. As things got better wi' us, the gude man wad whiles send hame a lamb-leg for our Sunday's dinner, and, odd, mem, before a' was dune, we used sometimes to treat ourselves to a chuckie; now, ye see, mem, our Tam took the clean contrair way o' going aboot things; '*he began wi' the chuckie!*'" Hence it has been said of many who, without any apparent cause for their bad success, are unable to get their head above water, "*they have begun with the chuckie.*"

Some proverbs need a knowledge of localities; that, for instance, spoken of a crowded house, "*It's like Craushaw's Kirk—there's as mony dogs as folk, and neither room for reel nor rock.*" Craushaw lies among the Lammermore hills, where shepherds' dogs accompany their masters to church, and

where, as the number of shepherds was considerable, the dogs, perhaps, equalled in number the more rational hearers of the Divine Word.

And many of the Scottish proverbs, perhaps, like many others, or, indeed, like innumerable words, are a kind of fossilized history, and we must know the circumstance in order to understand the proverb. Thus, "*Who dare bell the cat?*" so famous in Scotland, in addition to the fabulous illustration of the Mice and the Cat, has an historical fact attached to it which is well known in Scotland. The Scottish nobles of the time of James III. proposed to meet at Stirling in a body and take Spence, the king's favorite, and hang him. At a preliminary consultation Lord Gray said, "That is very well said, *but who will dare bell the cat?*" The Earl of Angus undertook the task, accomplished it, and, until his dying day, was called "Archibald Bell-the-Cat."

There is a cluster of proverbs to which we have as yet made no reference, which illustrate the spirit of a simple and nature-loving people, such as that in honor of early rising: "*It's better to hear the lark sing than the mouse cheep;*" or, "*Gang to bed with the lamb and rise with the laverock;*" "*They that rise with the sun have begun their work well.*" Indeed, many of the proverbs, and among these the oldest, have great beauty, such as "*Goodness ne'er grows auld,*" and, "*If a gude man thrive, all thrives with him;*" and that is a pretty one, "*The changing of words is the lightening of hearts;*" and "*Rue and thyme grow both in the same garden.*" Nor ought we to forget what, indeed, has been already implied, that a devout religious spirit runs through many of these household saws, such as "*Forsake not God till ye can find a better Master.*" At the same time very wise are the hints as to dealings with human nature: "*Gi'e your tongue mair holidays than your head;*" "*Meat feeds, cloth clothes, but manners make the man;*" "*Truth has a gude face but raggit claes.*"

We have often thought that if we were called upon to give the proverb which reflects most completely the Scottish char-

acter, we should go to that old house in the West Bow in Edinburgh, if it be still standing, over which was inscribed, "*He yt tholis overcummis*"—"*He that tholes,*" that is, he that endures, "*overcomes.*" It is a fine proverb ; it is not found in all collections, even of Scottish proverbs, but scarcely any could more appropriately represent that steady and indomitable tenacity of purpose, that power of holding on against odds and difficulties, that power of holding out, and against hope believing in hope, which has done so much, on so many shores and in so many circumstances, to make the Scotchman successful and invincible. It is a fine lesson, too, for every order of life, and especially for youth, the power of enduring, the quality attributed to Moses—the *tholing*, the enduring, "as seeing Him who is invisible ;" the quality enjoined by the old soldier Paul upon the young soldier Timothy—the *tholing*, the enduring "hardness." It seems such an eminent Scottish virtue ; and the old lettering on the house to which we refer, when Robert Chambers with difficulty deciphered it, he thought could not be more recent than 1530. The characteristic has descended from an ancient line. And there is another proverb like it, thoroughly Scotch, a cheerful reproof of despair, "*When ae door steeks anither opens*"—When one door shuts another opens. The whole fleet of life is not lost in one ship —The wealth of life is not in one venture—is a faithful expostulation with an innate disposition to give up and to be downhearted ; it seems to reason that the very spring which closes one door may touch that which opens another ; and the proverb might be illustrated from many a brave life which has gone forth to wrestle with untoward elements from the hardy Northern land.

Scottish perseverance has itself become proverbial ; we remember to have met with a story which is said to be connected with the foundation of an opulent mercantile house which has flourished for some generations. Saunders, the traveller, entered a shop and inquired for the head of the house ; one of the clerks asked what he wanted ; the answer

of Saunders was, as usual, a question, "Want ye aught in my line, sir?" "No," was the prompt reply, accompanied by a look of contempt at the itinerant Scotch merchant. "Will ye no tak' a look o' the gudes, sir?" was Saunders's next query. "No, not at all; I have not time. Take them away—take them away!" "Ye'll aiblins (perhaps) find them worth your while, and I doubt na but ye'll buy," said Saunders; and he proceeded to untie and unstrap his burden. "Go away—go away!" was reiterated half a dozen times by the clerk, but the persevering Scot still persisted. "Get along, you old Scotch fool!" cried the clerk, completely out of temper. Saunders looked up, and still said, "An' wull ye really no buy aught? But ye dinna ken; ye hae na seen the gudes yet." "Get out of the shop, sir!" was the peremptory command; to which Saunders replied, "Are ye in earnest, friend?" "Yes, certainly," was the answer; and the reply was succeeded by an unequivocal proof of sincerity, for the clerk seized the bonnet of Saunders, and whirled it into the street. The cool Scotchman walked gravely and deliberately after his head-gear, picked it up, gave it two or three hearty slaps upon the wall before the door, came back, and said, "Yon was an ill bird, man; ye'll surely tak' a look at the gudes noo?" The master of the establishment had been watching the whole scene, and now he stepped forward, and, moved by some compunction for the treatment the traveller had received, and some admiration, too, for the patience and perseverance of the man, he consented to look over the contents of the pack, found them to be exactly the goods he was in want of, purchased them all, and gave a very large order; and thus, says Chambers, who tells the story, assisted in the foundation of a large mercantile house.

But is not this the stuff of which also the Livingstones and the Lawrences are made? Was not this the spirit which set the brave Sir Walter Scott to work, when sinking into his later years, to overtake his fearful loss of £100,000? Is it not a commentary upon that especial proverb which we have said so illustrates the Scottish character, "*He that tholes overcomes*"?

A volume might be filled with those Scottish proverbs which refer to places, and which, arising in some ancient tradition or circumstance, cannot be appreciated or understood without some knowledge of it ; thus, for instance, *He has a conscience as wide as Coldingham Common.*

Before the year 1703, Coldingham moor, or common, was an extensive or undivided waste of above 6000 acres. It was divided by a decree of the court of session, the 15th January, 1773, among those heritors proving thereto. Since that time, several portions of it have been planted and cultivated ; and during the last twenty years or so, several feurs have taken up their residence within its bounds, and there protract an uncomfortable existence on the scanty crops which it produces ; but the greater portion still is covered with heath, interspersed with bogs and mosses. It is understood that there is still about 4000 acres of this common in an uncultivated state. In ancient times, this wide moor constituted part of the forest belonging to the monastery of Coldingham. It was then mostly covered with trees and brushwood—the roots of oaks, birch, and hazel, etc., being still frequently found embedded in the soil—and the peat-mosses are full of their decayed trunks and branches. This moor has a singularly wild, bleak, and dreary aspect—so that in the "Memoirs of Paul Swanston," by Alexander Sommerville, the author very appropriately makes one of his characters say, "My heart was as desolate as Coldingham moor on a misty day"—and this naked dreariness, extending several miles in every direction. The proverb is very applicable to those persons of lax principles, who can accommodate their consciences to all circumstances, and which are of a very horny texture, and yet, like elastic gum, can stretch themselves to any extent. The conventional manners of the day, the trade spirit of the times gives a sanction to untruthfulness, or laxity of conscience, under cover of which, "men reputed for godliness scruple not to take shelter ; promises made with no intention of performing them—articles recommended in terms which are meant to produce an exaggerated impression of their value—

equivocations framed with a view to mislead—suppressions of known fact, the candid mention of which might alter the mind of a purchaser—appearances assumed to impose upon the unwary—tricks resorted to for making things pass for what in reality they are not—and numberless manœuvres, in almost every business, practised with the design of placing the seller in a position to the buyer, or *vice versâ*—these are looked upon as the piccadilloes of trade, and, to their shame be it spoken, are allowed to constitute part of the daily conduct of men laying claim to a religious character." A trading spirit has a wide conscience. Too many individuals are keen set in practising chicane in their ordinary dealings, and are great adepts in the little dirty tricks of bargain-making. The pride or tact to outwit a purchaser, and to make what is called a good bargain, or to take the advantage of some unsuspecting person, is almost universal in the world. Fair dealing is a rare jewel among mankind. The *horse couper* or *cow couper* spirit is to be found in ten thousand instances, besides those respectable persons who deal in horses or cows. We sometimes expect a better spirit in those especially who get the reputation of "righteous men"—but even these can stretch their *consciences as wide as Coldingham Common*, and sometimes a good deal wider, for they set no bounds whatever to their rapacity.

An old proverbial couplet says :

> "In the town o' Auchencrow,
> Where the witches bide a'."

These lines have long constituted a common saying of obloquy or reproach against Auchencrow (usually pronounced Edencraw) and its inhabitants, how much deserving of it we do not pretend to say. Auchencrow was a queer place in the days of old, and is supposed to have furnished its quota of witches, or some of those poor unfortunate aged women, whom Home of Renton, Sheriff of Berwickshire, caused to be burned at Coldingham, for being guilty of the sin of witchcraft. In the session records of Chirnside, we find that, "in May, 1700, Thomas

Cook, servant in Blackburn, was indicted for *scoring* a woman in Auchencrow *above the breath* (that is, drawing a gash across her brow), in order to the cure of a disease he labored under," which disease he imagined was caused through the witchcraft of the woman. Dr. Henderson, in his " Popular Proverbs of the County of Berwick," says : " We have been credibly informed, by an eye-witness of the fact, that the operation of ' scoring aboon the breath ' was inflicted, or attempted to be inflicted, upon the person of an old woman of the name of Margaret Girvan, residing in Auchencrow, so late as the commencement of the present century. This atrocious deed was done by a neighboring laird, because he imagined that the poor woman, who was gleaning in his fields at the time, was guilty of raising a wind to shake his corn !" Auchencrow, about the beginning of this century, was a famed seat of learning, Mr. John Strauchan, an eminent Greek and Latin scholar, having his school here, so that Alexander Hewitt, a Berwickshire ploughman, in an address to Mr. Strauchan, says :

" Where witches used to rant and reel
You've rear'd a college."

In the following local rhyme, an attempt has been made to depict some of the doings of " The Witches o' Edencraw" :

" In langsyne days, in ancient times,
When rang in Britain's Isle King James,
Then witches wraught their awfu' crimes
In mony a house and ha',
'Mang they were foremost, say old rhymes,
The witches o' Edencraw.

" They play'd wild pranks in bught and fauld,
'Round wechts in barns, they danced bauld,
In mirksome howes, they reel'd and squall'd,
And frighten'd great and sma' ;
And mony a saul to death they haul'd—
The witches o' Edencraw.

"Wi' gley'd laird Bour, they met and danc'd,
And 'bout the bourtrees nightly pranc'd;
Wi' carl-cats they squeel'd and ranc'd
'Round the auld Castle wa',
And in the dark their wild een glanc'd—
The witches o' Edencraw.

"They witch'd complete laird Bogue's auld mare,
That she wad neither gang nor steer,
And she came down the loan wi' bere,
She flung the laird an' a',
And they maist made him swarf wi' fear—
The witches o' Edencraw.

"As Robin Pae cam hame wi' saut,
He saw a hare as gray's 's hat,
Rin cross his path, and there he swat,
For fear he maist did fa';
For aft was seen like hare or cat—
The witches o' Edencraw.

"Poor Tibby Redpath's cow lay dead,
And she had nane her cause to plead,
The cow was gane without remead,
The witches did her thraw,
And they might hersel' to ruin tread—
The witches o' Edencraw.

"The gudewife's butter wadna kirn,
The gudewife's milk it wadna yirn;
And troth, they play'd a bonny pirn
On decent Nelly Shaw,
They chang'd her woo' to clatts o' shern—
The witches o' Edencraw.

"A' night they plough'd the windy-flat,
Wi' thirteen paddocks and a rat
Yok'd in a plough—old Nick held that,
Seven warlocks did it ca';
And on the knowe a' girnin' sat
The witches o' Edencraw.

"A feast was held in Buncle Kirk,
Whereat was wrought some fearfu' wark

Wi' imps o' ill wha like the dark,
And spurn the auld gude law ;
And rudous wives, grim, gaunt, and stark—
The witches o' Edencraw.

" Out o' their graves, below the stanes,
They houkit skulls wi' grievous granes,
And wrought their cantraips owre the banes,
Mischief 'mang men to saw—
A wicked crew—as ilk man kens—
The witches o' Edencraw.

" Neist day the corn was blawn to labbs,
Three boats gaed down right off St. Abbs,
And lang and sair, in fitful sabs,
The wind did furious blaw ;
Yet merrilie gaed the spitefu' gabs,
O' th' witches o' Edencraw.

" John Bonner's house was driven down,
Poor John gat out wi' cracked crown ;
They hadna power to smoor or drown,
The honest man ava ;
And he got free o' ilka loon
'Mang witches o' Edencraw.

" Bee Bonner's swarms to cast were sweer,
Frae his skeps his queens wad hardly steer ;
A' his bees grew drones, best time o' year,
And hive fought hive wi' ga' ;
And they stole and drank his bragwort beer—
The witches o' Edencraw.

" They gar'd Meg Laudles hang hersel'
Frae the kipple-bawks, and gang to h——,
They drown'd Jean Dewar i' the meadow well,
At the mirk gloamin's fa' ;
And they killed Tom Hood wi' a knockin-mell—
The witches o' Edencraw.

" Bob Durno's loom wad work nae mair ;
The bull ran wud o' auld lair Fair,
Laird Greenfield's yauds fell down wi' care,
When he gaed out to saw ;

And night and day they fash'd folk sair—
The witches o' Edencraw.

"A big flesh-boat wi' feathers fu',
Stood by the side of Rigan's mow,
To it they Rigan haul'd and drew
Headforemost, 'gainst a' law;
And coup'd him in like a fat sow—
The witches o' Edencraw.

"He had nae breath to squeel or roar—
Some wicked randies ranc'd the door,
They guddled him till he a' was gore,
And left him wi' a flaw—
But the vile hags will ne'er sae glore—
The witches o' Edencraw.

"As cooper Tom ae night when late,
Gaed owre the myre for howdie Kate,
Aff's naig he fell, and lost the gate,
And deils and ghaists he saw,
And they gar'd him maist lose his mate—
The witches o' Edencraw.

"On auld broom-besoms, and ragweed naigs,
They flew owre burns, hills, and craigs,
To spread their devilry and plagues,
And make this life a staw;
And play'd on rich and poor their flegs—
The witches o' Edencraw.

"Some o' thae hags they burn'd to dead,
High up on Sheilup-dikes knowe-head,
And some aboon the breath did bleed,
In yonder reeky raw;
For in a' ill they took the lead—
The witches o' Edencraw.

"But at the length some light arose,
And scarce a witch durst show her nose,
Meg Girvan's days in storm did close—
She was the last o' a'.
And ne'er again will be our foes
The witches o' Edencraw.

"Wi' 's Greek and Latin Strauchan came,
Thae ill-gien witches a' to tame,
And Boag shed light on mony a hame,
Frae his auld Gramman Ha ;
But now they're only ken'd in raeme—
The witches o' Edencraw.

"And now, on earth nae witch surpasses,
Siller, drink, and bonny lasses,
Thae witch wise men and silly asses,
To mony a fatal fa' ;
And bring on us far waur distresses
Than the witches o' Edencraw."

CHAPTER XI.

THE OLD SCOTTISH SABBATH.

Many severe things have been said concerning the old Scottish Sabbath, and many stories told in profane ridicule of the Scotch idea of the Day of Rest; but the reader may find from some pens, and in some places where he would not expect such words, commendations, all tending to show that the rest of the day has woven itself tenderly into the hearts of the people. Shall we give Christopher North, or the Ettrick Shepherd, the credit of the words in the "Noctes"?

"A day set apart from secular concerns, and, as far as may be, from the secular feelings that cling to them, even in thought, has a prodigious power, sirs, ower a' that is divine in our human. It is as if the sun rose more solemnly, yet not less sweetly, on the Sabbath morning, and a profounder stillness pervaded not the earth only, but also the sky. The mair Christian the people, the mair Christian the Sabbath; therefore, let the Sabbath be kept holy, as I believe it to be in Scotland, and then the blessing of God will be upon her; and as she is good, so shall she wax great."

Dr. Guthrie hits the truth of the Scottish Sabbath when he says, "Our ancestors might be too scrupulous, but whatever they were, they were not fools. I don't say they did not fall into even glaring inconsistencies." And then he mentions how, on first going to Ross-shire to visit and preach for his friend, Mr. Carment, of Ross Keen, he asked him on the Saturday evening before retiring to rest whether he "could get warm water in the morning," whereupon his host held up a warning hand, saying, "Whist! whist!" adding, with a

twinkle in his eye, "Speak of shaving on the Lord's day in Ross-shire, and you need never preach here any more."

Dr. Strang, in his "Clubs of Glasgow," gives an extract from the journal of Mr. George Brown, who was educated in the Glasgow University, was some time on the town council, and several times Dean of Guild. The following extract gives a picture of the manner in which Sunday was spent in Glasgow in those days :

"Sabbath-day, Nov. 10th, 1745.—Rose about seven in the morning ; called on the Lord by prayer ; read the 9th chapter of Job, then attended to family worship, and again prayed to the Lord for His gracious presence to be with me through the whole of the day, and went to church at ten of the clock ; joined in public prayers and praises in the assembly of His saints ; heard the 17th chapter of Revelation lectured upon, and sermon from the 81st Psalm, 13th and 14th verses. In the interval of public service I thought on what I had heard, and wrote down some of the heads of it ; went again to the house of the Lord, and heard sermon from the same text ; came home and retired, and thought on the sermon. About five at night joined in family worship, and afterward supped, then retired again and wrote down some things I had been hearing ; then read the 9th chapter of Romans and prayed ; after this I joined in social worship a second time, and went to keep the public guard of the city at ten o'clock at night."

Such was probably many a Sabbath in Glasgow in the old time. Sir Kenneth Mackenzie directed the attention of Dr. Guthrie to a servant-girl who astonished her master by refusing to feed the cows on the Sabbath. She was willing to milk them, but would by no means feed them ; and her reasoning as to acts of necessity and mercy was finely casuistical. "The cows," she said, "canna milk themselves, so to milk them is a clear work of necessity and mercy ; but let them out to the fields and they'll feed themselves."

Very odd and very severe are some of the extracts which Dr. Strang gives in his "Clubs of Glasgow ;" and we find similar

extracts in the "History of Glasgow" referring to the observance of the Sabbath, especially in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. "In 1600 the session ordains the deacons of the crafts to cause search for the absents from the kirks in their crafts of all the freemen; the one half of the fine to go to the kirk and the other to the craft." The same year searchers are directed to pass, on the Sabbath, into all houses to apprehend absents from the kirk. In 1642 we find an entry that the session directs the magistrates and ministers to go through the streets on the Sabbath nights to search for persons who absent themselves from kirks, "the town officers to go through with the searchers;" and in 1691, "Those who wander on the Sabbath or stand before the door will be called before the session."

We read of a Mr. Andrew Taylor, a good teacher, but who, in his declining years, became rather too fond of social excitement. He usually dined out on Saturday, and rarely found his way home by a very direct route. One such Saturday, going to bed well refreshed, he awoke in a hurry in the morning on hearing the clock strike, and forgetting the day of the week, rang his bell violently, and upon his servant coming to the door, he cried, "Jenny! Jenny! bring shaving water as fast as possible. What will the boys say, and me no at the schule?" "Oh, Maister Taylor," said the girl, "it's the Saubath-day." "The Saubath-day!" quoth the dominie; "glorious institution the Saubath, Jenny," and forthwith turned himself round for another snooze.

There is a story told by Mr. Kennedy in his work, "The Days of our Fathers in Ross-shire," of a worthy called the "Penny Smith," and how he reprimanded the sheriff for taking a walk on the Sabbath evening. Meeting the sheriff in his Sabbath evening walk, "Law-makers should not be law-breakers," said the smith to him, as he looked him boldly in the face. "My health requires that I should take a walk, Kenneth," said the sheriff, by way of excuse. "Keep you God's commandment, and you can trust Him with the keeping of your health," was the smith's reply. "Accursed must be

the health that is preserved by trampling on the law of God." And, indeed, we read that Mr. Blackburn, the grandfather of the present Laird of Kilearn, having been taken into custody for walking on the Glasgow Green on the Sunday, brought an action against the magistrates for unwarranted exercise of authority, and carried his suit to the Court of Session, who at once decided against the attempt to prevent walking on the Sunday either in the streets or on the green.

But the Scottish Sabbath among the hills, in the lonely glens, and solitary kirkyards, among the moors—the Scottish Communion Sabbath, when, from far and near, the worshippers and the communicants come—how many pens have most sweetly described the scene! By those who know very little of the spirit of such services and scenes, Burns's "Holy Fair" has been quoted as an authority; but it may be sufficient to remember how different is the impression conveyed in that truly elevated and sacred poem, "The Cotter's Saturday Night."

The Sacrament was generally administered, did the weather at all permit, in the open air. When the venerable and holy Alexander Waugh drew near to the close of his life, all his young enthusiasm revived if any member of his family recalled to his memory the Communion Sabbaths of his early days on Stitchell Brae. Lockhart, whose pen we might suppose not inclined to especially favorable words concerning the religious habits of Scotland, rises to warm enthusiasm as he remembers to describe the Scottish Sabbath and the Scottish Sacrament. Let the reader, for instance, think of some rustic amphitheatre filled by a mighty congregation; on the top and brink of the ravine the carriages of the ancient gentry; the horses taken away; the ancient ladies of the neighborhood sitting in the carriages; the younger ladies sitting on the turf immediately below them; the old people gathered mostly together, the old women dressed in their clean white "mutches," with black ribbon bound round their heads; some of the more gently born would have some of the relics of the family of the old

days, such as a black silk scarf, or an old silver brooch, adornments taken out of the old family kist. What thankfulness was expressed if the day was fine.

No pen has described more tenderly the Sacramental Sabbath of Scotland than that of Principal Shairp, in his "Kilmahoe." His lines are as graphic as the pictures of Tiedeman, the great painter of the Swedish Sabbaths, which greatly resemble the Scotch :

"Lull'd the sea this Sabbath morning,
Calm the golden-misted glens,
And the white clouds upward passing
Leave unveil'd the azure Bens,
Altars pure to lift to heaven
Human hearts' unheard amens.

"And the folk are flowing, flowing,
Both from near and far, enticed
By old wont and reverent feeling,
Here to keep the hallowed tryst,
This calm Sacramental Sabbath,
Far among the hills with Christ.

"Dwellers on this side the country
Take the shore-road, near their doors,
Poor blue-coated fishers, plaided
Crofters from the glens and moors ;
Fathers, mothers, sons, and daughters,
Hither trooping, threes and fours.

"You might see on old white horses
Aged farmers slowly ride,
With their wives behind them seated,
And the collie by their side ;
While the young folk follow after,
Son and daughter, groom and bride.

"There a boat or two is coming
From lone isle or headland o'er ;
Many more, each following other,
Slowly pull along the shore,
Fore and aft to gunwale freighted
With the old, the weak, the poor."

The old bell which had rung over the silent fields ceased its tolling, and then the service went on. "Such prayers! such sermons!" said old Alexander Waugh; "none such to be heard nowadays! It was a scene on which God's eye might love to look. What are your cathedrals, your choirs, your organs? God laid the foundations of *our* temple on the pillars of the earth; our floor was nature's verdant carpet; our canopy was the vaulted sky, the heaven in which the Creator dwells; nature in all the luxuriance of loveliness—the lowing herds, the flowers and green fields offering their perfume; and, lovelier still, and infinitely dearer to God, multitudes of redeemed souls, and hearts purified by faith, singing His praises in grave, sweet melodies." The old tune, "Martyrs," was usually the last psalm sung in the service of the holy day. It is a great favorite over the whole of the west of Scotland, and was so among the ancient Covenanters; its very name is derived from the fact that it was often sung by them on the way to death, as the old verse says:

"This is the tune the martyrs sang,
When they, condemned to die,
Did stand all at the gallows tree,
Their God to glorify."

That antique melody had a wonderful charm as it fell over the darkening fields; there is a breath of sober-enduring heroism in its melancholy accents; its murmurs fall like evening dews, and it seems to breathe of the communion of saints; it has a kind of sunset glow in its chords, and seems to connect the living and the dead, those who sit upon the grassy tombs with those who sleep beneath. And, indeed, these services are derived, in the form we have described, from the old Covenanter days, when the best of the nation had to worship God in the open air; when, not for conveniency but of necessity, the psalm in the wilderness must perforce mingle with the bleating of sheep, the wail of the plover, and the cry of the distant eagle; with the musical thunder of the cataracts, and

the gentle plash of the stream ; when the voice of the preacher was heard under the blue dome of the sky overhead, in some sequestered glen, or on the wild, dark moor ; or, sometimes, where such accessories as we have mentioned were wanting, in some lonely cave, in the neighborhood of the ever-sounding sea, moaning hoarse and bodeful but—

> " Where, as to shame the temple deck't,
> By skill of earthly architect,
> Nature herself, it seem'd, would raise
> A minister to her Maker's praise !
> Not of a theme less solemn tells
> That mighty surge, that ebbs and swells ;
> There Nature's voice might seem to say,
> ' Well hast thou done, frail child of clay !
> Thy humble powers that stately shrine
> Task'd high and hard—but witness mine.' "

Such meetings were often watched, waited for, and interrupted by the dragoons of Claverhouse and Dalziel, and it often happened that the worshippers in such circumstances sang—

> " Their last song to the God of Salvation,
> While the melody died, midst derision and laughter,
> As the hosts of th' ungodly rushed on to the slaughter ;"

and then the chariot of fire descended through the dark cloud to bear the faithful martyr to the martyr's crown and kingdom of glory.

Such memories no doubt often fell over the minds and hearts of Scottish worshippers on their Communion Sabbath evenings, amid their pastoral valleys, in more peaceful times. This tune of " Martyrs," to which we have referred, has been carried into remote wildernesses, wherever the Scottish emigrant has travelled. Thomas Pringle, in his narrative of a residence in South Africa, describes thus, in touching language, a Sabbath in the African desert :

" The day was bright and still, and the voice of psalms rose with a sweet and touching solemnity among those wild moun-

tains, where the praise of the true God had never in all human probability been sung before. The words of the hymn were appropriate to our situation, and affected some of our congregation very sensibly.

> 'Oh, God of Bethel! by whose hand
> Thy people still are fed.'

(These are words which are seldom sung in Scotland to any other tune than Martyrs.) We then read some of the most suitable portions of the English Liturgy, which we considered preferable to any extempore service that could be substituted on this occasion. We read an excellent discourse, by the Rev. Dr. Pringle, of Perth, and had a similar service in the afternoon, and agreed to maintain in this manner the worship of God in our infant settlement. While we were singing our last psalm in the afternoon, an antelope, which appeared to have wandered down the valley without observing us, stood for a little while on the opposite side of the rivulet, gazing at us in innocent amazement, as if unacquainted with man, the great destroyer. On this day of peace it was of course permitted to depart unmolested." Thus, whatever sarcasms some may choose to indulge concerning the Scottish Sabbath, it is surrounded with lights of exquisite beauty, and we venture to believe that neither in Scotland nor elsewhere do the happiness, the honor, or the prosperity of a people increase as the sanctity of the day declines. Although we may afford a smile at the story Professor Blackie tells in his "Altarona," of the grave old man walking to the kirk with a young companion, who when the latter dared to remark on the loveliness of the Sabbath morning, "It is a beautiful day this;" replied, "Yes, indeed, young man, it is a very beautiful day; but is this a day to be talking about days?"

CHAPTER XII.

NORTHERN LIGHTS.

We are not certain whether we could find now in Scotland all the characteristics which we have attempted to delineate in this small volume. Scotland has not escaped the transitions and innovations so remarkable in our times. We sometimes wonder whether the Scottish peasantry is now, what it was admitted universally to be once, the finest and noblest in the world. The peasant so tenderly described by Mr. Cromek in his "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song," in which he writes: "There is not perhaps a more impressive scene than a Scottish Sabbath morn presents; when the wind is low, the summer's sun newly risen, and all the flocks at browse by the waters and by the woods. How glorious then to listen to the holy murmur of retired prayer, and the distant chant of the cotterman's psalm spreading from hamlet and village." Or, in the language of Thomas Aird, one of Scotland's sweetest poets: "To see the old men on a bright evening of the still Sabbath, sitting in their southern gardens on the low beds of chamomile, with the Bible in their hands, their old eyes filled with mild seriousness, blent with the sunlight of the sweet summer-tide, is one of the most pleasing pictures of human life." This cottage peace, and solemn reverence of young and old, is perhaps very much a story of the past. But it was, we believe, from scenes and characteristics like these it came about that, perhaps, no country in the world, in proportion to its size, has produced so many eminent men from the humble ranks of life—men who, from the most adverse circumstances, have forced their way to fame; the sons of shepherds and of weavers, lowly born and sternly reared, becoming great lawyers

and great linguists, great poets, great orators in the pulpit, and leaders of metaphysical thought.

Perhaps the course of these pages, which we are now bringing to a close, will a little vindicate us from the charge in the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," that Englishmen are prone as a people to underrate the national virtues of Scotchmen. On the other hand, the same page of the same work declares that, manifold as are the excellences of the Scottish character, there is a tendency, in the English mind or imagination, enormously to magnify them; but we have presented no such exaggerations. We have seen that Scotland—a land considered naturally poor —is so wealthy that you may hear the cattle lowing on a thousand hills, while the river-fed glens are rich with the noblest of crops. The scenery, too, is of the noblest on the earth, and, perhaps, better fitted, than any we can easily reach, to stir and to satisfy the heart of the pedestrian. The vast and houseless moors are more cheerful than cities; the hill country is alive with the voice of streams, and magnificent armies of mists trooping to and fro among the glens, and rolling in silence far more sublime than the tramp of horses or the rush of chariots; such scenes give perpetual variety to the heath-covered mountains of this lovely land.

The grandeur and moral sublimity of any country may be estimated by its power to produce upon the mind permanent impressions, and this is eminently the case with Scotland; mountains and floods, mists and roaring torrents, silver lakes and precipitous crags, the unceasing dash of the ocean beating on the hard rocks—all such things become the occasions of intellectual and moral power, and they act on the hearts and minds of those capable of interpreting such sublime phenomena.

Scotland appears in a remarkable manner to illustrate the interdependence of moral and physical geography; its climate and its physical features have, no doubt, very materially helped to mould the character of its people.

Burt, in his "Letters from the North of Scotland" (1754),

one of the earliest works descriptive of this country, tells the story of an officer finding a laird at one of the public huts in the Highlands, and, both going the same way, they agreed to keep each other company for the rest of the journey. After they had ridden about four miles, the laird turned round, and said, "Now, all the ground we have hitherto gone over is my own property." "Say you so?" says the other; "I tell you the truth; I have an apple-tree in Herefordshire that I would not swop with you for the whole of it."

This may appear to give but a grim account of the country; but perhaps it speaks of that hard strength of the strata which sustains a character equally expert, it has been said, in constructing systems of mental science and philosophy, and good bowls of whiskey punch. The characteristics of Scottish national scenery seem to be very closely blended with reminiscences which all tend to illustrate, and to bring out into a strong light, the mind, and moral qualities of the people. Perhaps the effect of natural objects in a northern, or mountainous region, is greater when associated with objects of national history. Wordsworth truly says,

> "The tales
> Of persecution and the Covenant,
> Their echo rings through Scotland to this hour."

Those persecutions were not mere things of a day, but continued through at least three generations, and their memory has been emblazoned by the pens of Scott, Galt, Hogg, Wilson, Grahame, Pollock, and Moir, and the pencils of Wilkie, Harvey, Duncan, and a crowd besides. The pious Scotchman comes to holy ground as he wanders among the wild moors and solitudes of his land. Here was the cavern, where the crystal water bubbles up, where the Covenanter's infant was baptized. Beneath this little knoll the aged elder was gathered to his final rest, and in this narrow vale the children and disciples of the Covenant met, in fear and trembling, to remember the death of

the Saviour, or to rejoice over some great deliverance, singing, as in the fine words of Delta :

> " We have no hearths ; the ashes lie
> In blackness where they brightly shone ,
> We have no homes—the desert sky
> Our covering, earth our couch alone ;
> We have no heritage—depriven
> Of these, we ask not such on earth.
> Our hearts are sealed, we seek in heaven
> For heritage, and home, and hearth.
> Let thunders crash, let torrents shower,
> Let whirlwinds churn the howling sea ;
> What is the turmoil of an hour
> To an eternal calm with Thee !"

Hence, what a fascinating charm gathers round the Bass Rock, as it looms, a lone island, out of the sea near Edinburgh, with its martyr graves. But patriotic memories and associations of Scotland equal its religious. Here you come upon a glen which sheltered William Wallace from his foes, and there some hut or rude cavern which gave an asylum to the outlawed Bruce. Even the translucent Esk, and the caverned Hawthornden, hold the charm not merely of the old oak and birchen forests which fringe their beauties, but of the venerable names we have just mentioned. Hence it was that the phlegmatic Dr. Johnson, notwithstanding all his foolish prejudices against Scotchmen, was compelled to yield to the moral inspiration of the home of St. Columba ; while Sir Walter Scott not only received the permanent impressions of the wonderful country whose wild and varied legends seemed to respond to, and to interpret, the majestic glories of the

> " Land of brown heath, and shaggy wood,
> Land of the mountain, fell, and flood,"

but fixed his impressions in his immortal and Homeric descriptions. Well may Scotland be proud ; she has given never-dying names to intellectual science ; she has given historians

who have written the immortal histories of continents, and philosophers who have successfully speculated on the universal nature of man. She has given some of the children of sweetest song, embodying, in most wonderful verse, the most obscure and the most fascinating traditions ; while it has been said that Adam Smith did not so much create an era in political science as political science itself ; but great as are the merits of the "Wealth of Nations," the "Cotter's Saturday Night" of the ploughboy poet will probably outlive that great political work, and speak to the heart of man in all stages of its development.

It is true the Scotchman is pugnacious—very pugnacious ; he has been nursed in storms, both physically and morally ; his life has been usually, for many ages, a life of hard discipline. Hence feats of daring became the end of existence. The story of the country is a history of stirring events, in which tempestuous passions had free scope. Indeed, the history of Scotland does by no means produce a pleasing impression on the mind ; it is full of romance and adventure, but there is very little in it that looks generous ; it is too much like the story of the conflict of clans, and every clan had an Indian's scent for the blood of its neighbor. Something of the same stern characteristics abide, and give, as has often been remarked, a passion for wrangling, a dogged tenaciousness of opinion, a proneness to use uncomfortable epithets, and an inability to distinguish between the substance and the shadow. The quaint and even mistaken use of language has been illustrated in many particulars, as where the maid describes the exacting and economical ways of her mistress. "She's vicious upo' the wark ; but, eh ! she's vary mysterious o' the victualling." We have referred to the story of an Aberdonian, one Bannerman, of a matter-of-fact disposition, who, when some one remarked, "It's a fine day," dryly responded, "Fa's findin' faut wi' the day ? Ye wad pick a quarrel wi' a steen wa !" The *Quarterly Review* remarks on this that "Punch" translates it, "Do you want to hargue, you beggar ?" but cites the story of an Aberdonian sand-cadger, who, instead of uttering his cry of

"Buy dry san' !" as he drove his cart through the streets, shouted, in a peevish tone, "Ye wunna buy san' the day ; na, ye wunna !"

It has been said that the persistent use of barbarous epithets in legal language illustrates the dogged obstinacy of the Scottish character. Thus, having occasion to look through some ecclesiastical proceedings in the Scottish courts, we found such verbiage as the following plentifully sprinkled : "Should be" *sisted* (Anglice, stopped or summoned) "as parties ;" "any part of the *sederunt ;*" "present when the *deliverance* was pronounced ;" "were *astricted* to obey ;" "they *implemented* the veto law ;" "when the call was *moderated* in," etc., etc.

George Outram, an Advocate of the Scottish Bar, wrote a number of pieces, which have been called Legal Lyrics. Although much talked of, they are but little known. These are intended to satirize many of the prevalent legal but occult observances, as well as the mysterious language, of the Scottish Bar. "The Process of Augmentation," and "Soumin and Roumin," and "The Multiplepoinding," and "The Annuity" are all pieces of rich humor, so also "The Law of Lien."

"If ye've been up ayont Dundee,
Ye maun hae heard about the plea
That's rais'd by Sandy Grant's trustee,
For the mill that belanged to Sandy.
For Sandy lent the man his mill,
An' the mill that was lent was Sandy's mill,
An' the man got the len' o' Sandy's mill,
An' the mill it belanged to Sandy.

"A' sense o' sin an' shame is gone,
They're claiming now a lien on
The mill that belanged to Sandy.
But Sandy lent the man his mill,
An' the mill that was lent was Sandy's mill,
An' the man got the len' o' Sandy's mill,
An' the mill it belanged to Sandy."

We might largely amplify and illustrate here, but we prefer to dwell on some of those features which, as the Scotchman has

yielded to the influences of culture and civilization, especially when he has felt the amenities of other climes and scenes, have made him so genial a companion, and even so faithful a friend. We have referred to that ease with which he glides into society, and that reticence and power of self-respect which sustains him there. How many anecdotes leap to the memory to show this. We have noticed how the Scot abroad rises in estimation and honor. An interesting story is told by Dr. Rogers of the private secretary of the late Duke of Wellington. Perhaps it shows the perception and bias of the duke, that upon the death of his duchess he requested the Marquis of Tweeddale to look out for a prudent Scotsman who might become his *major domo*, or private secretary. Lord Tweeddale, being somewhat reluctant to undertake the task, the duke said to him, "Just select a man of sense, and send him up. I'll take a look at him, and if I don't think he'll suit I'll pay his expenses and send him home." Returning to Yester House, the marquis sent for Mr. Heriot, who rented one of his farms, and asked him whether he would undertake the proposed secretaryship. Mr. Heriot consented to make a trial. Arriving at Apsley House, he was kindly received by the great duke, who explained that, while all private business would terminate at one o'clock, the secretary would afterward be required to entertain visitors. The latter duties seemed formidable, but Mr. Heriot did not seek an explanation. That evening the duke gave a dinner-party. On the guests being ushered into the dining-room, the duke said, "Mr. Heriot, will you take the end of the table?" Embarrassing as was his position, the new *major domo* acquitted himself well, evincing on the various topics of conversation, especially on questions of the day, much correct information. Some members of the company described him as an intelligent Scotsman, which entirely concurred with the duke's own sentiments. He was soon in entire possession of his grace's confidence. Walking in the city one day, Mr. Heriot met an old acquaintance from Scotland. "Hello, Heriot!" said the friend, "what are you doing in London?"

"I'm private secretary to the Duke of Wellington," answered Heriot. "You be nothing of the sort," said the Scotsman, "and I fear you're doing little good since you would impose upon me in this fashion." Returning to Scotland, it occurred to Heriot's acquaintance that he would write to the duke warning him that one Heriot had been passing himself off as his secretary from Apsley House. He received a reply in these words: "Sir: I am directed by the Duke of Wellington to acknowledge receipt of your letter, and I am your obedient servant, J. Heriot, Private Secretary."

We have not dwelt upon any of the more unamiable characteristics of the Scotch nationality. Why should we? Personally, we have only met with here and there a disagreeable Scotchman, although some three of them have wrought upon the writer the greatest mischief he has known in his life. All the Scotchmen with whom we have been intimate have been downright good fellows, and some of them are now among our most hallowed recollections. But "keeking" through, we can see that a Scot is a man of terrible prejudices; he is made of stern stuff. Dr. Johnson ought to have loved him, for, usually, he is "a good hater." Dr. Norman Macleod says, "It must be frankly admitted that there is no man more easily offended, more *thin*-skinned, who cherishes longer the memory of an insult, or keeps up with more freshness a personal, family, or party feud, than the genuine Highlander. Woe to the man who offends his pride or his vanity! 'I may forgive, but I cannot forget,' is a favorite saying. He will stand by a friend to the last, but, let a breach be once made, and it is most difficult ever again to repair it as it once was. The grudge is immortal. There is no man who can fight and shake hands like the genuine Englishman."

We have already dwelt at length on some of the characteristics of Scottish humor, and have shown that Sidney Smith was certainly very far wrong when he said that "a surgical operation was needed in order to put a joke into a Scotchman's head." Yet there is a feature of Scottish character out of

which possibly this mistaken verdict grew. Dr. Rogers truly says that the Scottish farmer, though usually shrewd, is not always so ; but we would add to this that there is a kind of greenness—a grim unconsciousness—which is often the next best thing to genuine humor. Rogers mentions a Kincardineshire husbandman, who was expressing to his minister the high opinion he had of his personal virtues, and he wound up his eulogy by saying, "An' I a'ways and specially liket your sterling independence, sir ; I hae a'ways said, sir, that ye neither feared God nor man !" On the other hand, the shrewdness is sometimes remarkable. A farmer, the elder of a parish in Forfarshire, was suggesting to his recently appointed youthful pastor how he should proceed in his parochial visitations. "Now, there's John," he said. "Speak to him on any subject except ploughing and sowing, for John is sure to remark your deficiency on these, which he perfectly understands ; and if he should detect that you dinna ken about ploughing and sowing, he'll no gie ye credit for understanding onything else."

"It is very sad," said a Scotchman, "it is very sad, indeed, to think on the number of the world's greatest men who have lately been called to their last account. And the fact is," added he, with unction, "I don't feel very well myself."

In gathering up these sketches, we are reminded of what we have already said of that grim unconsciousness which, sometimes, in its ludicrousness, has the effect of humor. Mr. Boyd gives to us the following queer Highland sermon, which he appears to have either heard himself, or a report of which he seems to have received on highly credible authority :

"Ah, my friends," exclaimed the preacher, "what causes have we for grāatitude, oh yes, for the deepest grāatitude! Look at the place of our habitāation. How grateful should we be that we do not leeve in the far north, oh no ! amid the frost and the snaw, and the cauld and the weet, oh no ! where there's a lang day tae half o' the year, oh yes ! and a lang lang nicht the tither, oh yes ! that we do not depend upon the Aurawry Boreawlis, oh no ! that

we do not gang shivering aboot in skins, oh no ! snoking amang the snaw like mowdiwarts, oh no, no ! And how grāateful should we be that we do not leeve in the far south, beneath the equawter, and the sun aye burnin, burnin, where the sky's het, ah yes ! and the yearth's het, and the water's het, and ye're burnt black as a smiddy, ah yes ! where there's teegers, oh yes ! and lions, oh yes ! and crocodiles, oh yes ! and fearsome beasts growling and girnin at ye among the woods, where the very air is a fever, like the burnin breath o' a fiery drāwgon ; that we do not leeve in these places, oh no, no, no ! no ! But that we leeve in this blessit island of oors, callit Great Britain, oh yes, yes ! and in that pairt of it named Scotland, and in that bit o' auld Scotland that looks up at Ben Nevis, oh yes ! yes ! yes ! where's neither frost nor cauld, nor wund, nor weet, nor hail, nor rain, nor teegars, nor lions, nor burnin suns, nor huricanes, nor—' Here a tremendous blast of wind and rain from Ben Nevis blew in the windows of the kirk, and brought the preacher's eloquence to an abrupt conclusion." But other anecdotes give the preacher the best of the story, like that of the minister of Inverary, who met a cluster of young roughs, and had experienced some incivilities from them. "Good-by, gentlemen," said he, "good-by ; we shall meet again very shortly." "How is that ?" said one of the number. "I am a jail chaplain," replied he.

It is not only in the odd imagination and humorous fancy of the "modern Pythagorean," Dr. McNeil, that we find the monkey or ape playing a very singular part. Many years since, when the good folk of the old granite city of Aberdeen first thought of venturing their commercial transactions upon an extensive scale, with the fervent hope that they might add to their importance to the extent to which Glasgow had risen by its importation of outlandish luxuries, they fitted out a ship for the far Indies. The voyage was long. Week after week and month after month passed by, and the "boatie" did not return. At last, when hope began almost to expire in the souls of the daring adventurers who had stayed at home, the joyful

tidings came that the object of their fond fears and anxieties was safely moored, and all was as it should be. The wonderful "boatie" which had twice crossed the Atlantic was visited by all the responsible men of the city, including, of course, the provost. The captain—Captain Skene, so the story describes him—received them, as the owners of his vessel, with the gruff hospitality of a sailor. The ship was full of wonders such as neither the provost nor the bailies had ever seen before. We need not enumerate such things as were far from ordinary then, although common enough now. Meantime, the provost never felt himself so great a man before. He was now on board of a trader which had visited foreign parts, and of which he was undoubtedly the principal owner. He had been the great means of introducing a new trade into his native city, and he was now in the full fruition of these gratifying reflections. He felt elated with a double portion of dignity, and was laying down the law with a relative portion of his usual solemnity, when he was most indecorously interrupted by a sudden and violent pulling at his pig-tail from behind. He looked round in wrath ; but seeing his assailant was a sickly, weak-looking, dark-complexioned lad, who had skipped off the moment he was observed, and having compassion for his want of breeding, he rebuked him with mildness and dignity, and resumed the thread of his discourse. Scarcely had he done so, however, when the attack was resumed. This was too much to be borne. He forgot in a moment both his age and his place, and exclaimed in peevish fretfulness, "Laddie, but gin you come that gait again, I'll put ye in the heart o' auld Aberdeen" (the jail). "What's the matter wi' ye, provost?" said the captain. "It is only that unchancy laddie o' yours," replied the provost, "has pu'd my tail as an' he wud tug it oot by the roots." "What laddie, provost?" cried the captain. "Why, that yin there, wi' the rough mouth and the sair een."

"Laddie ! bless you, provost, that's only a monkey we hae brocht wi' us." "A monkey ca' ye it?" said the astonished

provost ; " I thought it was a sugar-maker's son frae the West Indies, come hame to our university for his edication."

Not often to be caught napping is the Scotch humorist. " You have a wide view from these mountains," said an Englishman to a shepherd in some remote district in the heights of Aberdeen. " That's true," said the shepherd. " You can see," said the travellers (there were two), " America from here." " Muckle farrer than that," he replied. " An' how can that be ?" " When the mist drives off, ye can see the mune."

Shrewdness—a grim shrewdness—we have noticed as the characteristic of Scotch humor. During the Voluntary controversy, Dr. John Ritchie, of the Pollesrow Church, Edinburgh, was one of the foremost champions on the Voluntary side. At a public meeting held in Dundee, the reverend gentleman was descanting on the misrepresentations to which his opponents had subjected him. " They have," he said, " called me everything but a gentleman, everything but a minister—nay, they have compared me to the devil himself. Now," he proceeded, coming forward to the front of the platform, and exhibiting a well-shaped limb, " I ask you if you see any cloven foot there ?" " Tak aff ye're *shae*" (shoe), shouted a voice from the gallery. What oratory could stand against that rejoinder ? And we believe, although Sheridan has the credit of the joke, it was a Scotchman who, when told by a remarkably ugly fellow that, unless he altered his ways, he would withdraw his countenance from him, replied, " I am very glad to hear it, for an uglier countenance I never saw in a' my life !"

Patrick Lord Robertson, one of the senators of the College of Justice, was a great humorist ; he was on terms of intimacy with Mr. Alexander Douglas, W.S., much respected, but, on account of his untidiness, known as " Dirty Douglas." Lord Robertson invited his friend to accompany him to a ball. " I would go," said Mr. Douglas, " but I don't care about my friends knowing that I attend balls." " Why, Douglas," said

the senator, "put on a well-brushed coat and a clean shirt, and nobody will know you."

When at the Bar, Robertson was frequently intrusted with cases by Mr. Douglas. Handing his learned friend a fee in Scottish notes, Mr. Douglas remarked, "These notes, Robertson, are like myself, getting old." "Yes, they're both old and dirty, Douglas," replied Robertson; which anecdote reminds us that lawyers, next to ministers, enter most into the humors of the Scottish character.

On the other hand, a curious absenteeism has often found singular illustrations in these Scottish *ana*. Henry Erskine used to relate of an eminent scholar, Professor Wilkie, that on one occasion he met one of his former pupils. "I am sorry to hear," said the professor, "my dear boy, you have had fever in your family? was it you or your brother who died of it?" "It was me, sir," was the astonishing reply. "Ah, dear me, I thought so! very sorry for it, very sorry for it;" but of this trait other instances may meet us further on.

It has been well said that the Scotch are a peculiar people, but some of their southern neighbors are not very well aware of their peculiarities. "Hard-headed" is a very general designation of their nationality. Harsh and unamiable, it is supposed that there is only an indurated grain in their temper; but it is even yet more true that they are shy in displaying the softer part of their nature, and that their peculiar humor is often nothing more than pathos, checked, curbed, and turned aside by a sense of shame at being caught giving way to tenderheartedness. But it would indeed be strange if there were not depths of tenderness in the Scottish character, when we remember the wailing sweetness of the most popular of the national airs, the dirge, the hymn, the elegy. Musical and poetical genius often meet together in the national lyrics; passion-inspired pedestrians in Scotland often come upon some lonesome burial-place among the hills; the kirk has been removed elsewhere, but there still beloved dust is deposited. "Enchained in sounds, disappointed, defrauded, or despairing passion,"

says Professor Wilson, "gave birth to the low, flat tune, surcharged throughout with one groan-like sigh, acknowledged even by gayest hearts to be indeed the language of incurable grief." No one who knows anything of Scottish music or Scottish poetry can for a moment doubt that there is a fine depth of tenderness in the Scottish character, although it may be hidden like her lakes among stern dark mountain passes, and fringed with forest glooms.

Which last paragraph, anent Scottish melody and music, reminds us of the *Bagpipes*. Our volume would indeed be incomplete if we did not refer, and at some length, to that peculiarly national instrument.

Different impressions are usually, we believe, produced upon the minds of Englishmen and Scotchmen by the bagpipes. Some Englishmen seem to have been able to appreciate their martial melody. It may be supposed that they should be heard amid Highland circumstances and scenery to receive their proper meed of admiration. Lord Byron says of them :

"How in the noon of night that *pibroch* thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!"

But Saint Fond, in his interesting book—rare, valuable, and now scarcely known—his travels in Scotland (1799), does not convey the idea that he was charmed ; so far from it, the poor man seems to have been very particularly annoyed. It was in Oban ; he had passed a happy day in geological explorations. Saint Fond was a French savant ; he knew nothing of the language or of the manners and customs of the people among whom he was travelling ; however, he testifies, "I was happy ; the labors of the day made me enjoy my supper with particular pleasure ; and sleep soon weighing down my eyelids, I hastened to bed. It was hard, but it was in other respects

good, and fatigue converted it into down ; but there is no perfect happiness in this world. Will it be believed that a music, new to me, but of a kind shocking to my ear, deprived me of the repose I so much wanted ? I had scarcely time to lie down in bed when an unlucky piper used to come and place himself under my window. At first he waited upon me every evening in the passage of the inn, to regale me with an air ; he afterward took his station in the front of the house, where he made his noisy instrument resound until eleven o'clock, and I could fall upon no means to prevail upon him to be silent. He thought his music was agreeable to me, and it was his wish to do me a kind of honor, of which I in vain endeavored to convince him I was unworthy.

" On the day of our arrival, this man came under the window of the room into which we were shown ; with a bold countenance, and a martial air, he walked backward and forward, stunning us with sounds of the most unharmonious kind. At first we imagined that he was a kind of madman who earned a livelihood by this strange exhibition ; but Patrick Fraser assured us, not only that this honest man was in his senses, but that he had the reputation of being an excellent musician of the Highland school ; that his principal intention in playing on his instrument before us was to exhibit his joy at our arrival in a country so seldom visited by foreigners. Affected by this hospitable motive, I was prodigal in my applauses on his art, and begged of him to accept some shillings, which he at first refused, and seemed only to receive that he might not displease me. He played always the same air, if I may give that name to a kind of composition unintelligible to foreigners, but which brings to the recollection of the Highlanders events which have the greatest interest to them. The piper had observed that my companions were gone, and he persuaded himself that I remained behind to hear his music. Imagining, therefore, that his concerts would be most agreeable to me in the silence of the night, he continued his serenade under my window to eleven or twelve o'clock. Nothing could induce him to desist.

I rose one evening with great impatience ; but not being able to make myself understood by speech, I took him by the hand to lead him to a distance. He returned, however, eagerly to his old place, as one who was determined to dispute a point of politeness, expressing by his gestures that he was not at all fatigued, and that he would play all night to please me ; and he kept his word. Next day I forced him to accept a small present, and made signs to him that I did not wish to hear him any more ; but he was not to be outdone in civility, and that very evening he returned, and made his pipe resound until midnight, playing constantly the same air."

This, however, was not to be the only occasion in which Saint Fond was called upon to express a very decided sentiment upon the grand national music of the bagpipes. While in Edinburgh, he was on terms of close intimacy and friendship with the great Dr. Adam Smith. "One day Adam Smith asked me whether I loved music. I answered that it formed one of my chief delights whenever I was so fortunate as to hear it well executed. 'I am very glad of it,' said he ; 'I shall put you to a proof which will be very interesting for me ; for I shall take you to hear a kind of music of which it is impossible you can have formed any idea, and it will afford me great pleasure to know the impression it makes upon you.'

"Next morning at nine o'clock, Smith came to my lodgings. At ten he conducted me to a spacious concert room, plainly but neatly decorated, in which I found a numerous audience. I saw, however, neither orchestra, musicians, nor instruments. A large space was left void in the middle of the room, and surrounded with benches, which were occupied by gentlemen only ; ladies and gentlemen were dispersed over the room upon other seats. Adam Smith informed me that the gentlemen who sat in the middle were the judges of the musical competition which was about to take place ; they were almost all, he observed, inhabitants of the Isles or Highlands of Scotland, and might therefore be regarded as the natural judges of the contest. They were to decree a prize to him who should best ex-

ecute a favorite piece of Highland music. The same air was therefore to be played by all competitors.

"In about half an hour a folding-door opened at the bottom of the room, and to my great surprise I saw a Highlander advance, playing upon the bagpipe. He was dressed in the ancient Roman habit of his country. He walked up and down the empty space with rapid steps and a martial air, blowing his noisy instrument, the discordant sounds of which were sufficient to rend the ear. The tune was a kind of sonata, divided into three parts. Smith requested me to pay my whole attention to the music, and to explain to him afterward the impression it made upon me.

"But I confess that at first I could not distinguish either air or design in the music. I was only struck with the piper marching continually backward and forward with great rapidity, and still presenting the same warlike countenance. He made incredible efforts with his body and his fingers to bring into play the different reeds of his instrument, which emitted sounds that were to me almost insupportable.

"He received, however, great applause. A second musician succeeded, who was also left alone in the intermediate area, which he traversed with the same rapidity as the former. His countenance was no less dignified and martial than that of his predecessor. He appeared to excel the first competitor; and clapping of hands and cries of 'Bravo!' resounded on every side. During the third part of the air I observed that tears flowed from the eyes of a number of the audience.

"Having listened with much attention to eight pipes in succession, I at last began to discover that the first part of the air was a warlike march; the second seemed to describe a sanguinary action; the musician endeavored by a rapid succession of loud and discordant sounds to represent the clashing of arms, the shrieks of the wounded, and all the horrors of a field of battle. In this part the performer appeared convulsed; his pantomimic gestures resembled those of a man engaged in combat. His arms, his hands, his head, his legs, were all in mo-

tion. He called forth all the various sounds of his instrument at the same moment, and his singular disorder made a great impression upon the company.

"With a rapid transition the piper passed to the third part, which was in a kind of *andante*. His convulsive motions suddenly ceased. His countenance assumed an air of deep sorrow. The sounds of his instrument were plaintive, languid, and melancholy. They were lamentations for the slain—the wailings of their friends who carried them from the field of battle. This was the part which drew tears from the eyes of the beautiful Scotch ladies."

The surprised listener regarded this as a very extraordinary entertainment, and began to reason very closely with himself concerning the different impressions produced upon the audience, and the lively emotion excited, as contrasted with what seemed to him to be discordant sounds. He probably rightly described the cause, when he attributed the impressions produced upon those around him to an association of ideas which connected the discordant sounds of the bagpipe with some historical facts thus brought forcibly to the recollection of the audience. He goes on to say, somewhat ungraciously, that he admired none of the airs; they were all equally disagreeable; "the music and the instrument constantly reminded me of a bear's dance." Afterward he goes on to describe all the competitors forming themselves into a line and marching to Edinburgh Castle, upon which he says, "the union of so many bagpipes produced a most hideous noise."

This is perhaps the severest description we remember to have met with of the celebrated national music. Johnson, who grumbled at everything where it was possible to grumble during his tour in Scotland, makes no such uncomplimentary remarks; he does give us an account of the air which was played while he was sitting at dinner at Sir Alexander Macdonald's in the Isle of Skye. "We were entertained," he says, "with the melody of the bagpipe. Everything in these countries has its history. As the bagpiper was playing, an elderly gentleman in-

formed us that in some remote time the family of the Macdonalds had been injured, or offended, or thought themselves so, by the inhabitants of Cullodon, so they resolved to have justice or vengeance, and they came to Cullodon one Sunday while all the inhabitants were in church ; they shut all the people up in church, then set fire to it ; ' and this tune,' said the old gentleman, ' which your piper is playing, is that which Macdonald's piper played while the people of Cullodon were burning in their church.' "

But the bagpipes are not peculiar to Scotland, as our readers will well remember ; it is common throughout the East, and we have all seen the Piedmontese exile in our streets attempting to win a penny by his skill upon this rough music. It is said that the Italian peasant believes that this is the best beloved music of the Virgin Mary, also that it is the instrument upon which the shepherds expressed their joy when they visited the manger-cradle of our Lord. When the Italian peasant visits Rome on the anniversary of the advent of our Saviour, we are told, he always carries his bagpipes with him, and his favorite tune is that so well known in our congregations, the Sicilian Mariners. And it is said there is a Dutch missal in the library of King's College, Old Aberdeen, in which one of the angels of the first advent is represented as playing himself on the bagpipe ; and in another old picture we have seen an angel playing on the bagpipes, and apparently keeping time with King David on the harp in the music of the heavenly places. In several engagements the bagpipe has roused and rallied troops in disorder. At the battle of Quebec, 1760, the general complained to a field officer in Frazer's regiment of the bad conduct of his corps. " Sir," said the officer with some warmth, " you did very wrong in forbidding the pipers to play ; nothing inspirits the Highlanders so much, even now they would be of some use." " Let them blow up in God's name, then," said the general. It was done, and they all rushed on to a victorious charge.

We believe such stories are abundant, but there is one, of a

humorous character, we should like to tell. It occurs in an old number of the *London Magazine*, and it recites the story of a statue—gone, no doubt, now—but which was to be seen very conspicuous, when the story was first told, in a garden on the terrace in Tottenham Court Road. It refers to the period of the last Great Plague of London. The statue was an exquisite piece of sculpture, by the famous artist Cibber, the father of the celebrated Colley Cibber, the comedian ; it was the figure of a man, a bagpiper, sitting and playing on his pipes, with his dog and a keg of liquor by his side. It is the figure of a poor piper who was wont to stand at the bottom of Holborn Hill, by St. Andrew's Church, and picked up a precarious but sufficient living from the odd pence thrown him by those who chose thus to reward the exercise of his musical talents ; but, alas ! there came a day when he made his pipes scream out with extraordinary affluence to welcome a countryman from the Highlands ; the consequence was that he made too free with the keg of whiskey, and beneath the influence of repeated potations he went to sleep on the very steps of St. Andrew's Church. That was not a time for such dangerous indulgence. While lying there, either in or toward nightfall, the dead-cart came by, going its rounds. The carter, seeing him lie there, supposed him to be dead, and did not too nicely inquire into his condition ; he made no scruple to put his fork under the piper's belt, and with some assistance hoisted him into the cart ; and there seemed likely to be an end of the Scotch musician. The piper, however, always had a faithful dog with him, and now the dog protested in the strongest canine fashion against the unceremonious removal. He jumped into the cart, which was nearly full, and, placing himself by his master, continued his loud remonstrances, suffering, however, no one to come near him, but he constituted himself chief mourner, and kept up a most lamentable howling. The way was long and very rough ; the cart jolted in such a manner as we may well conceive, and the dog howled ; and between the two, the jolting and the howling, the piper awoke. It was very dark ; he

knew not where he was, nor what was being done with him; but he felt instinctively for his pipes—they were by his side—and he struck up perhaps the wildest and most fearful of his Scotch dissonances. It had the happy effect of terrifying to the last degree the carters, who wondered whatever creature they had got in their conveyance. A little inquiry, however, put all to rights; lights were got, and it turned out that the noisy corpse was a living piper, who was thus joyfully saved from a premature interment. After this most unpleasant excursion the poor piper himself fell very ill—and no wonder! A gentleman who had been a benefactor, and had inquired after the musical *maestro* of St. Andrew's Steps, supported him during his illness, and, impressed by the incident, it was he who employed Cibber to perpetuate the piper in stone, accompanied by the cause of his danger and his redemption—the keg of liquor and the dog. This was purchased by John, the great Duke of Argyle, and after his death came into the possession of the owner of the garden in Tottenham Court Road. Where is it now? Editors of Notes and Queries, *Where is it now?*

Instrumental music appears, however, to have been regarded as inconsistent with a grave religious profession, and especially with the ministerial character, by many of the stern old Presbyterian fathers, perhaps especially of the New Light and Anti-Burgher persuasions. We remember to have met with a droll story of no less venerable a character than Ralph Erskine, although we have seen it attributed to Ebenezer. The only amusement in which this celebrated man indulged was playing on the violin. He was so great a proficient on this instrument, and so often beguiled his leisure hours with it, that the people of Dunfermline believed he composed his sermons to its tones, as a poet writes a song to a particular air. They tell the following traditionary anecdote connected with the subject: A poor man, in one of the neighboring parishes, having a child to baptize, resolved not to employ his own clergyman, with whom he was at issue on certain points of doctrine, but to have the office performed by some minister of whose tenets fame gave a

better report. With the child in his arms, therefore, and attended by the full complement of young and old women who usually minister on such occasions, he proceeded to the manse of ——, some miles off (not that of Mr. Erskine), where he inquired if the clergyman was at home. "Na; he's no at hame yenoo," answered the servant lass; "he's down the burn, fishing; but I can soon cry him in." "Ye needna gie yoursel the trouble," replied the man, quite shocked at this account of the minister's habits; "nane o' your fishin' ministers shall bapteeze my bairn." Off he then trudged, followed by his whole train, to the residence of another parochial clergyman, at the distance of some miles. Here, on his inquiring if the minister was at home, the lass answered, "Deed, he's no at hame the day; he's been out since sax i' the morning at the shooting. Ye needna wait, neither; for he'll be sae made out (fatigued) when he comes back that he'll no be able to say bo to a calf, let-a-be kirsen a wean!" "*Wait*, lassie!" said the man in a tone of indignant scorn; "wad I wait, d'ye think, to haud up my bairn before a minister that gangs out at six i' the morning to shoot God's creatures? I'll awa down to gude Mr. Erskine at Dunfermline, and he'll be neither out at the fishing nor shooting, I think." The whole baptismal train then set off for Dunfermline, sure that the father of the secession, although not now a placed minister, would at least be engaged in no unclerical sports to incapacitate him from performing the sacred ordinance in question. On their arriving, however, at the house of the clergyman, which they did not do till late in the evening, the man, on rapping at the door, anticipated that he would not be at home any more than his brethren, as he heard the strains of a fiddle proceeding from an upper chamber. "The minister will no be at hame," he said, with a sly smile, to the girl who came to the door, "or your lad (sweetheart) wadna be playing that gate t'ye on the fiddle." "The minister *is* at hame," quoth the girl, "mair by token it's himsel that's playing, honest man; he aye takes a tune at night before gangin to bed. Faith, there's nae lad o' mine can

play that gate ; it wad be something to tell if ony o' them could." "*That* the minister playing !" cried the man, in a degree of astonishment and horror far transcending what he had expressed on either of the former occasions. "If *he* does this, what may the rest not do ! Weel, I fairly gie them up a'thegither. I have travelled this haill day in search o' a godly minister, and never man met wi' mair disappointment in a day's journey. I'll tell ye what, gudewife," he added, turning to the disconsolate party behind, "we'll just awa back to our ain minister after a' ! He's no a'thegither sound, it's true ; but, let him be what he likes in doctrine, deil hae me if ever I kenned him fish, shoot, or play on the fiddle a' his days!"

This anecdote seems to reveal a dour kind of character, but we have not noticed yet a characteristic of which we have many instances—a singular absence of mind, committing itself to unexpected drolleries of expression, something like those we may have noticed above. Strang mentions an anecdote of the eminent Dr. Freer, who, in the zeal and enthusiasm of his profession, was often plunged into this entire obliviousness. Visiting a young woman, for whom he had the day before prescribed a large and severe blister for the breast, sitting down by her side, feeling the pulse with one hand, and holding his gold repeater in the other, he began to put the never-varying primary inquiries : "How are ye to day ? Are ye any better or are ye any worse, or are ye in much the same way ?" To which the young creature replied, "I canna weel say, sir." "*I'm glad of it*," said the doctor, "*I'm glad of it.* Did the blister do ?" exclaimed the physician. "Oh, yes, sir ; it rose very much indeed." "*I'm glad of it, I'm glad of it*," said the doctor. "Oh, yes ; and," continued the patient, evidently suffering very much from her exertion, "it gave me very much pain and great uneasiness." "*I'm glad of it, I'm glad of it*," continued the doctor, and hurried away delighted with the success of his prescription, but leaving the poor patient not a little sur-

prised at the odd way in which he had expressed his sense of its success.

This "I'm glad of it, I'm glad of it!" reminds us of another Scotch worthy, whose similar automatic catch of speech was "*Such as it is.*" It was his favorite jerk of expression upon every occasion; for any book which he admired, "It's very well, *such as it is;*" for any sermon he heard, "Very well, *such as it is.*" It was sometimes his own mode of modest depreciation of his own deserts; it was sometimes also the way in which he expressed his admiration for any topic which happened to be the subject of conversation, "Verra, well, *such as it is.*" But a friend of ours who was not aware of his idiosyncrasy was a little puzzled one evening, when, after dining with him, the good doctor stood by his door, extending to him his hand, and thanking his guest for his company and his conversation, added his usual singular qualification, "*such—as it is.*" It is quite curious how a little instance like this really illustrates a great deal of what must be called the humor of the Scottish character growing out of a singular absenteeism of mind. To the same order we owe the droll, solemn anticipation of the Scotchman who, standing by the family grave, said, "There lie my gran'father and my gran'mother, and my ain father and mither, and there lies my brither Bob, and my puir girl Jeannie, and there lies my wife, and, *if I'm spared,* here I'll lie too."

This absenteeism to which we have before referred finds illustration in many anecdotes. Colonel Fergusson says: "Two men more unlikely to find communion of idea it would be hard to imagine than Mr. Erskine and Lord Balmuto. But his lordship had an intense admiration for his companion's humor and conversation, though not always able at the moment to appreciate their beauties. One of the best known stories of Mr. Erskine refers to an occasion when, after a long and silent walk by the side of his friend, Lord Balmuto burst into a roar of laughter, exclaiming, 'I hae ye noo, Harry! I hae ye noo.' The mean-

ing of one of Mr. Erskine's good things uttered that morning in court had just dawned upon him ; and he did not easily get over his delight, but continued to chuckle and murmur at intervals, ' I hae ye noo,' all the way home."

Professor Simpson, the very eminent mathematician, furnishes many instances of extraordinary absence of mind. One is recorded by Dr. Strang of the professor on his way to the Anderston Club. One Saturday, while proceeding toward Anderston, counting his steps as he was wont, the professor was accosted by a person who, we may suppose, was unacquainted with his singular peculiarity. At this moment the worthy geometrician knew that he was just five hundred and seventy-three paces from the college toward the snug parlor which was anon to prove the rallying point of the *hen-broth* amateurs ; and when arrested in his progress, kept repeating the mystic number, at stated intervals, as the only species of mnemonics then known. " I beg your pardon," said the personage, accosting the professor : " one word with you, if you please." " Most happy—573 !" was the response. " Nay," rejoined the gentleman, merely *one* question. " Well," added the professor —" 573 !" " You are really too polite," interrupted the stranger ; " but from your known acquaintance with the late Dr. B——, and for the purpose of deciding a bet, I have taken the liberty of inquiring whether I am right in saying that that individual left five hundred pounds to each of his nieces ?" " Precisely !" replied the professor —" 573 !" " And there were only four nieces, were there not ?" rejoined the querist. " Exactly !" said the mathematician—" 573 !" The stranger, at the last repetition of the mystic sound, stared at the professor, as if he were mad, and muttering sarcastically " 573 !" made a hasty obeisance and passed on. The professor, seeing the stranger's mistake, hastily advanced another step, and cried after him, " No, sir, *four* to be sure—574 !" The gentleman was still further convinced of the mathematician's madness, and hurried forward, while the professor paced on leisurely toward the west, and at length, happy in not

being baulked in his calculation, sat down delighted amid the circle of the Anderston Club.

We have already referred to the intense homeliness of the Scottish character. To this how many of the most charming novelists of that country bear testimony by the scenes in their pages ; and the poets, and most eminently young Robert Nicoll, abound in such pleasing delineations ; so also in a number of delightful, although almost unknown, old pieces, songs, and ballads. But we shall quote here a piece of rare, and we venture to say now quite unknown, verse. In all our reading of countless Scottish books, we never remember to have seen it quoted.

To any persons to whom old Scotch is interesting, this characteristic fireside picture must be a delightful reading. The burden of the song, "*Three threeds an' a thrum,*" is the translation given to the sound of the cat's purring, by the Scotch, from the similarity which exists between it and the "*birring*" of a spinning-wheel, to which "*Three threeds an' a thrum*" evidently refers ; the refrain of the piece seems to represent the deep breathing of the cat upon the hearth, and the whirr of the spinning-wheel as keeping chime together ; it is called—

AULD BAWTHREN'S SANG,

A' 'a Scotch Ingleside.

"The gudewife birrs wi' the wheel a' day,
Three threeds an' a thrum,
Three threeds an' a thrum,
A walth o' wark, an' sma' time for play,
Wi' the lint sae white, and worset gray,
Work fu' hard she maun, while sing I may,
Three threeds an' a thrum,
Three threeds an' a thrum.

"The gudewife rises frae out her bed,
Three threeds an' a thrum,
Three threeds an' a thrum,
Wi' her cosey nicht-mutch round her head,
To steer the fire to a blaze sae red ;

Her feet I rub wi' welcome glad,
Three threeds an' a thrum,
Three threeds an' a thrum.

"I daunder round her wi' blythesome birr,
Three threeds an' a thrum,
Three threeds an' a thrum,
An' rub on her legs my sleek warm fur;
Wi' sweeps o' my tail I welcome her,
An' round her rin, wherever she stir,
Three threeds an' a thrum,
Three threeds an' a thrum.

"The men-folks' time for rest is gye sma'—
Three threeds an' a thrum,
Three threeds an' a thrum,
They're out in sunshine an' out in snaw;
Tho' cauld winds whistle, or rain should fa',
I, i' the ingle, dae nought ava',
Three threeds an' a thrum,
Three threeds an' a thrum.

"I *like* the gudeman, but *loe* the wife,
Three threeds an' a thrum,
Three threeds an' a thrum,
Days mony they've seen o' leil and strife;
O' sorrow human hours are rife;
Their hand's been mine a' the days o' my life;
Three threeds an' a thrum,
Three threeds an' a thrum.

"Auld bawthren's gray, she kitten'd me here,
Three threeds an' a thrum,
Three threeds an' a thrum,
An' wha was my sire I ne'er did spier;
Brithers an' sisters smoor'd i' the weir,
Left me alane to my mither dear,
Three threeds an' a thrum,
Three threeds an' a thrum.

"An' syne she loe'd me muckle mair,
Three threeds an' a thrum,
Three threeds an' a thrum,

For want o' her weans, near a' ta'en frae'r,
Her only kitten she couldna spare,
I a healing was to her heart sae sair,
Three threeds an' a thrum,
Three threeds an' a thrum.

"As I grew a cat, wi' look sae douse,
Three threeds an' a thrum,
Three threeds an' a thrum,
She learnt me to catch the pilf'rin' mouse ;
Wi' the thief-like rottons I had nae truce,
But banish'd them frae the maister's house,
Three threeds an' a thrum,
Three threeds an' a thrum.

"Mither got fushonless, auld, an' blin',
Three threeds an' a thrum,
Three threeds an' a thrum,
The bluid in her veins was cauld an' thin ;
Her claws were blunt, an' she couldna rin,
An' t'her forbears was sune gather'd in,
Three threeds an' a thrum,
Three threeds an' a thrum.

"Now I sit hurklin' aye i' the ase,
Three threeds an' a thrum,
Three threeds an' a thrum,
The queen I am o' that cosey place ;
As wi' ilka paw I dicht my face,
I sing an' purr, wi' mickle grace,
Three threeds an' a thrum,
Three threeds an' a thrum."

That old cat was keeping up a terrible thinking, but she gives us a very pleasant insight of a Scottish ingleside of the olden time.

There are some phases of Scottish life and character to which we have made no reference—not much to what may be called a certain "sly and sleikit" way which the canny Scot has possessed from time immemorial—the power to lay flattery on thick when it seems likely to serve a necessity ; but of this

trait the following address of the Town Council of the good town of Dumfries to James I., when on his way to the English throne, is certainly a not less curious than astounding illustration.

"On Monday," it is said by way of prelude, "the ferd of August, 1617, his Majestie, returning to England, past Dumfries, where, at the entrie of the towne, this speech was delivered by Mr. James Halyday (of Pibloche, advocate, son of John Halyday, of Tullyboill, advocate), Commissar there.

"'Your Royall Majestie, in whose sacred person the King of kings hath miraculouslie united so many glorious kingdoms, under whose scepter the whyte and the reid crocies are so proportionablie interlaced, the lion and the leopard draw up one equall yok, and the most honorable ordors of the thistle and garter march togidder, is most heartelie welcome to this your Majestie's ever loyall towne, whose magistrats and people, now beholding your long-desired face, do imitat the lizard. For no diamonts nor carbuncles by lustre can so allure the eyes, as doeth the brightness of your countenance our eyes and hearts. Hence it is that the mynds of your good subjects are filled with such incomprehensible joy. And considering the innumerable comforts which this your Majestie's ancient and unconquered Scotland (*unica vicinis toties pulsata procellis, Externi immunis*) hath received under your happie government, both in Kirk and Politie, what merveill is it to see the flamme of their love kyth in their faces and tongues, two infallible witnesses of their hearts? To recken all it wer impossible, to speake of none it were ungrateful; if I speake out of one, which is Peace, they who, with bleeding hearts and weeping eyes, did daylie taist of the bitter fruietes of discord, inward and outward broyles, shall acknowledge even that onlie Peace to bee all they could have wished, and more than ever they could have hoped for. For what is to be wished that wee doe not enjoy with it? *Omnia pace vigent.* Now Justice hath unsheathed her sword; now basse assentation hath no place, and sycophants ar put to silence; now is not sucked out the marrow of the people by

odious and unjust monopolies ; now is not the husbandman his face worne with the grindstone of extortion, but sitting under his owne aple-trie, he in peace eateth the fruietes of his labors ; Relligion hath her place ; Law is in vigor ; Naboth bruketh his own vin-yard, Achitopell his just reward ; simonie preferreth not Balaam ; no doeth corrupting gold set up a judge in Israel ; but everie place is provided with some one fitting and suitable for the same.

" ' If silent in these things, should wee not be convinced of ingratitude to Almightie God, by whose grace wee have this oure Solomon, by whose providence under God, these good things are procured unto us, and at the fountaine of whose wisdome so many kingdoms and states get daylie refreshment ? Who wold essey to speake worthelie of your worthie, rare, Royall, and heroicall vertues, should have eloquence for his tongue ; and let any speake what hee can, what can hee speake but that which everie man doeth know ? For there is no corner of the earth which hath not heard of your Majestie, that yee are not onlie a mirour but a master of kings ; not only a patterne to their lyfe, but also a patrone of their cause. Doeth not your Royall practise and penning prove all these ? and knoweth hee anything to whom your *Basilikon Down*, and your learned writings against the supporters of the Antichristian Hierarchie, is not knowne ? O, sir, your Majestie oweth much unto your King, that King of kings by whome so much unto you is bestowed. That wee see the face of him whome God hath anoynted so above his fellowes, is the ground of all these joyes which we enjoy this day. In the fulnesse of which joyes this one thing breeds us anguish, that this your Majestie's ever loyall towne (whose ever were, are, and shall be resolved to sacrifice their lyves in their Prince's service, and of which God made choice that it shud be the place where your Majestie's most Royall Ancester, the waliant Bruce, killed the Comyn, extirpated the Baliol blood, and re-established the Royall race of our native Princes), now should bee the last period of youi Majestie's progresse within your most ancient kingdome.

Would God it could bee circular, as that of our other sunne, that all your Majestie's subjects might enjoy the comfort of your presence be vicissitude! But let God's will and your Majestie's weel be the measure of our desires.

" ' And since we perceive the force of our loadstone failing, so that it hath no more power of retention; seeing your Majestie will southward, wee would wish your course more meridionall, even trans-alpine, that the Romish idol, the whore of Babel, might repent of her too presumptuous sitting in the Kirk of God, in God's owne chaire, above the crownes of kings. Let her feel the furie of your sword, let her knowe the sharpness of your pike, as weel as of your pen; in that expedition shall not be last *mavoritia pectora Scoti.* For, may we not now, by God's assistance, in like courage and magnanimitie, levell with the ground their walls there, as wee did heere of these monstrous heapes of stones and rampires reared by their Emperour Severus and Hadrian? Especiallie now, having the concurrence of that bellicose and resolute natione which God hath made to come under your standard with us, how can wee but have hope to cause all them who will fight against God for Babylon, like as many heards of animals scattered on Mount Aventine and Appennine, will make jacks of old dyks? But, remitting this and all other your Majestie's desigenes to God's gratious dispensation and your worthie disposition, we close up our speach, praying Almightie God that you and your Highnesse's Royall progenie may sit upon the thrones of your dominions with increasse of all heavenlie and earthlie blessings, so long as the sunne and moone shall have place in the firmament of heaven. Amen.' "

There is a feature of Scottish life and character of which many interesting instances may be given; the character we ordinarily call *the fool,* the half-witted one. " Whistle Binkie" was the sobriquet of one of these poor " naturals," a noted character of St. Andrews the Earl of Buchan was very friendly to, and one Sunday said to him, " What for are ye looking so sad the day, Whistle Binkie?" " Weel, my lord, the

Almighty asked me just the same question yester-e'en, saying unto me, 'Whistle Binkie, why art thou cast down?' and I answered and said, 'Because they have thrust me out from the Presbytery of St. Andrews, neither will they suffer me to enter therein.' And the Lord said unto me, 'Be not thou cast down on that account, Whistle Binkie, for I the Lord have been striving to get into the Presbytery of St. Andrews this forty years, and I have not won once yet.'" But, from the many, one of the most interesting was Jamie Fleeman, the Laird of Udney's fool, near Aberdeen. A little story of his life and death is published, and the edition in our hands is the thirty-fourth thousand. Like so many of his singular class, his life was redundant in witty saws which kept, and still keep, not merely the good old town of Aberdeen, but all Aberdeenshire laughing. A minister in the neighborhood, a Mr. Cragie, had been rather free in calling Jamie "a fool." Jamie picked up a horseshoe in the road, and seeing Cragie coming along, took it to him to ask him if he could tell him what it was. "That," said the minister, "that's a horseshoe, you fool!" "Ah," said Fleeman with a sigh, "an sic a blessing as it is to be weel larned; I couldna tell whether it was a horse's shoe or a mare's shoe!" Once, after church, somebody asked him where was the text. "In the tenth chapter of Ephesians," said Jamie. "And what verse?" "Na, na, now you want to know too much," he said; "ye wish to ken a' things; if you find the chapter, ye'll be sure to find the verse." A man met him who thought to play upon his credulity, saying, "Jamie, have ye heard the news?" "No; what news, man?" "Oh, that seven miles of the sea are burned up at Newburgh this morning." "Ah," said Jamie, "now I know why I just now saw a flock of haddocks flying to the woods; they were going to build there!" Poor Jamie! While he was dying, the poor creature heard a conversation by his bedside. One said, "I wonder if he has any sense of another world or a future reckoning!" "Oh, no," was the reply; "he's a fool, he's a fool; what can he know of such things?"

Jamie heard the conversation, opened his eyes, and looked the last speaker in the face, saying, "I never heard that God seeks what He did not give; but I am a Christian, and dinna bury me like a beast." They were his last words; but, in fact, the love of neighbors carried him very affectionately to the grave, and even raised a modest granite stone over his remains, bearing his last prayer, "Dinna bury me like a beast!" We suppose no stranger will be many hours in old Aberdeen even to-day without hearing of this wandering oddity—perhaps the last of Scotland's chartered "fools."

Characters not so innocent, but something of the same order —odd and wandering wits—meet us in the larger cities, like Glasgow and Edinburgh; Dougal Grahame, Bowed Joseph, the last so called because he was the hunchback of Edinburgh. Bowed Joseph and Dougal Grahame were, however, men of great power over the multitudes and mobs, with their snatches of song and wild speeches.

The following interesting anecdote is handed down concerning Bowed Joseph, which proves his strong love of justice, as well as the humanity of his heart. A poor man in the Pleasance, from certain untoward circumstances, found it impossible to pay his rent at Martinmas; and his hard-hearted landlord, refusing a portion of the same, with a forlorn promise of the remainder being soon paid, sold off the whole effects of the tenant, and threw him, with a family of six children, in a most miserable condition, upon the wide world. The unfortunate man, in a fit of despair, immediately put an end to his existence, by which the family were only rendered still more destitute. Bowed Joseph, however, did not long remain ignorant of the case. As soon as the affair became generally known throughout the city, he shouldered on his drum, and after half an hour's beating through the streets, found himself followed by a mob of ten thousand people. With this enormous army he marched to an open space of ground, now almost covered by Eldin Street, named in former times Thompson's Park, where, mounted on the shoulders of six of his lieutenant-gen-

erals, he harangued them in the true "Cambyses vein," concerning the flagrant and fatal proceeding, for the redress of which they were assembled. He concluded by directing his men to seek the premises of the cruel landlord; and as his house lay directly opposite the spot in the Pleasance, there was no time lost in executing his orders. The mob entered, and seized upon every article of furniture that could be found; and in ten minutes the whole was packed in the park. Joseph set fire to them with his own hands, though the magistrates stood by with a guard of soldiers, and entreated him to desist. The eight-day clock is said to have struck twelve just as it was consigned to the flames. When such was the strength and organization of an Edinburgh mob, so late as the year 1780, we need scarcely be surprised at the instance on which the tale of "The Heart of Mid-Lothian" is founded, happening, as it did, at a much earlier period, and when the people were prompted to their terrible purpose by sternest feelings of personal revenge.

In the exercise of his perilous, self-constituted office, it does not appear that Bowed Joseph ever drew down the vengeance of the more lawfully constituted authorities of the land. He was, on the contrary, in some degree countenanced by the magistrates of the city, who frequently sent for him to the council chamber, in cases of emergency, to consult him on the best means to be adopted for appeasing and dispersing the mob. On an occasion of this moment, he was accustomed to look very large and consequential. "With one hand carelessly applied to his side, and the other banged resolutely down upon the table, and with as much majesty as four feet, and a head of as many weeks old could assume, and with as much turbulence in his fiery little eye as if he was himself a mob, he would stand before them pleading the cause of his compeers, or directing the trembling council to the most expedient method of assuaging their fury. The dismissal of a mob, on these occasions, was usually accomplished at the expense of a few hogsheads of ale, broached on Carlton Hill, and by the subsequent

order of their bowed general, expressed in the simple words, 'Disperse, my lads!'"

Having for many years exercised an unlimited dominion over the affections of the rabble, "Bowed Joseph" met his death at last in a manner most unworthy of his character and great reputation. He fell from the top of a Leith coach in a state of intoxication, and broke his neck, which caused instantaneous death. He had been at the Leith race, and was on his return to Edinburgh, when the accident took place; and his skeleton has the honor of being preserved in the anatomical class-room of the college of Edinburgh. Though fifty years have elapsed since his decease, Bowed Joseph is not yet forgotten in the town where he governed; for many an old man in Pauls Worth and Leith Wynd will call his grandchildren about him of a king's birth eve, and tell them of the immortal achievement of the bowed ancestor of General Joseph Smith.

In this age of change, the changes which have been brought about in Scotland are among the most startling and astonishing. It would seem that from the time of the suppression of the Rebellion, in 1746, Scotland has gone on rapidly but steadily improving. Trade and commerce have not been so much improved as created. In Loudon, in Ayrshire, we read that, in 1731, there were two carts and wagons in the parish; in 1792 there were two hundred and fifty; we do not know how many there may be now. The minister of a Lowland parish in Angus gives a very amusing account and comparison of the state of the country at two periods of time—1760 and 1790—both periods witnessed by himself: "In 1760 land was rented at six shillings an acre; at 1790 land is rented at thirty shillings. In 1760 no English cloth was worn but by the minister and a Quaker; in 1790 there are few who do not wear English cloth —several, the best superfine. In 1760 men's stockings in general were what was called plaiding hose, made of white woollen cloth. The women wore coarse plaids. Not a cloak nor bonnet was worn by any woman in the whole parish. In 1790 cotton and thread stockings were worn by both sexes, masters

and servants ; some have silk ones. The women who wear plaids have them fine and faced with silk ; silk plaids, cloaks, and bonnets are very numerous. In 1760 there were only two hats in the parish (he does not think it necessary to explain that they were his own and his friend the Quaker's) ; in 1790 few bonnets (meaning men's caps, known as ' Kilmarnock bonnets ') are worn ; the bonnet-maker trade in the next parish is given up. In 1760 there was only one eight-day clock in the parish, six watches, and one tea-kettle ; in 1790 there are thirty clocks, above a hundred watches, and at least one hundred and sixty tea-kettles, there being scarce a family but hath one, and many that hath two. In 1760 the people in this parish never visited each other but at Christmas. The entertainment was broth and beef. The visitors sent to an alehouse for five or six pints of ale (Scotch pints, reader, each equal to four English), and were merry over it, without any ceremony. In 1790 people visited each other often. A few neighbors are invited to one house to dinner. Six or seven dishes are set on the table, elegantly dressed. After dinner a large bowl of rum punch is drunk ; then tea ; again another bowl ; after that, supper ; and what they call the ' grace drink.' "

Travellers accustomed in these latter years to skirt for their enjoyment the banks of Loch Lomond, and to recreate themselves among the beautiful grounds of the Hotel of Tarbet, and the ample accommodations on the opposite side, Inversnayde, will perhaps find no little amusement at the unfortunate adventures of Saint Fond, whom we have already quoted, in these neighborhoods : " But we had scarcely proceeded a mile on the banks of the lake, when night came on, and deprived us of the prospect ; we saw only a few islands, which appeared very picturesque. It was ten o'clock when we arrived at Luss. This place being marked on the map, I expected that it was a village, or at least a hamlet. It was, however, only one house, and such a miserable habitation that I believed I was entering into a fishing hut ; but our astonishment was great indeed, upon observing that signs were made us not to speak, which

seemed to signify that there was a person sleeping, whose repose we ought not to disturb. We believed that there was some person very much indisposed in the house, for this was what the expressive gestures of the mistress and three servants seemed to announce. We therefore did not venture to open our mouths, but what we wanted seemed to be understood; we were, however, conducted, or rather driven, into a kind of stable, where we received an audience; indeed, it was not a long one. 'The justiciary lords,' said the hostess, 'do me the honor to lodge here when they are on this circuit. There is one of them here at present. He is asleep, and nobody must disturb him. His horses are in the stable; so you see there is no room for yours, and it is needless for you to stay.' 'But, mistress,' said one of our drivers—for we durst not venture to speak—'look at our poor horses, and consider this terrible rain.' 'How can I help it?' replied she. We went off, and she shut the door after us, and double-locked it; but first called out to us, 'Make no noise; his lordship must not be disturbed. Everybody should pay respect to the law. God bless you! farewell!'

"We could not avoid laughing at this laconic kind of eloquence, which admitted of no reply, and this singular mode of showing respect for a judge. We were, however, obliged to proceed on our journey, feeling much more for our poor drivers and the horses than we did for ourselves. Unluckily we had still to travel fifteen miles in a dark and stormy night, along the banks of the lake, before we could meet any habitation. Never in my life did I make so disagreeable a journey, nor one which appeared so long. Our horses, though good, were fatigued, and with difficulty carried us forward. Our drivers wished all the judges in Scotland a hundred times to the devil, and lavished a hundred curses on the landlady of Luss. We endeavored to console them in the best manner we could, by promising them a recompense, which indeed they justly earned; for they were wet to the skin with a cold rain. At last we got to the end of our tedious and painful journey, arriv-

ing at half-past three in the morning at a place called Tarbet, which was also a single house."

The troubles of our ancient French geologist, however, were not even as yet at an end ; the people of the house rose readily from their beds, and the horses found good stabling ; there was no judge within, whose judicial slumbers compelled revering silence ; but there were what was, if possible, worse—a batch of jurymen on their way to Inverary who had taken possession of all the beds. So after something to eat, and some tea, our travellers, or some of them, had to pass the remainder of the night in their carriages, while the landlady drew the mattresses from her own bed and provided for the rest on the floor. This presents Tarbet in a very different aspect to that by which it is known now to travellers on Loch Lomond ; although the beds there, according to our very recent experience, are hard enough still.

The following semi-burlesque description of an old Scottish roadside inn is, in fact, more amusing than consistent with truth—though some resemblances are not altogether incorrect at this distance of time among the bleak and thinly populated mountains. Arrived at mine host's, early or late, "if you are wet, the fire will be lighted by the time you are dry ; at least, if the peat is not wet too. The smoke of wet peat is wholesome ; and if you are not used to it, the inmates are, which is the very same thing. There is neither poker nor tongs —you can stir the fire with your umbrella ; nor bellows—you can blow it, unless you are asthmatic, with your mouth ; or what is better still, Peggy will fan it with her petticoat. 'Peggy, is the supper coming ?' In time come mutton, called chops (Qy. collops), then mustard, by and by a knife and fork ; successively a plate, candle, and salt. When the mutton is cold, the pepper arrives, and then the bread, and lastly the whiskey. The water is reserved for the second course. By this time the fire is dying, and Peggy waits till it is dead, and the whole process of the peats and petticoats is to be gone over again. 'Peggy, is the bed ready ?' By the time you have

fallen asleep once or twice, it is ready. When you enter, it is damp; but how should it be dry in such a climate? The blankets feel so heavy that you expect to get warm in time. Not at all; they have the property of weight without warmth; though there is a fulling mill at Kilmahog. You awake at two o'clock, very cold, and find that they have slipped over on the floor. You try to square them again; but such is their weight they fall on the other side; and, at last, by dint of kicking and pulling, they become immediately entangled, sheets and all; and sleep flies, whatever King Harry may think, to take refuge on other beds and other blankets.

"It is in vain you try again to court the drowsy god, and you get up at five. Water being so contemptibly common, it is probable that there is none present; or if there is, it has a delicious flavor of stale whiskey; so that you may almost imagine the Highland hills to run grog. There is no soap in Mrs. Maclarty's house. It is prudent also to learn to shave without a looking-glass; because, if there be one present, it is so furrowed, and stripped, and striated, either crossways, perpendicularly, or diagonally, that, in consequence of what Sir Isaac Newton might call its fit of irregular reflection and transmission, you cut your nose if it distorts you one way, and your ears if it protracts you in the opposite direction.

"The towel being either wet or dirty, or both, you wipe yourself with the moreen curtains, unless you prefer the sheets. When you return to your sitting-room, the table is covered with glasses and mugs, and circles of dried whiskey and porter. The fireplace is full of white ashes. You labor to open a window, if it will open, that you may get a little of the morning air, and there being no sash-line, it falls on your fingers, as it did on Susannah's. Should you break a pane, it is of no consequence, as it will never be mended again. The clothes which you sent to be washed are brought up wet, and those which you sent to be dried, smoked."

Well, all this is altered now, although we have introduced this burlesque description here for the purpose of saying that

the present writer could recite experiences, scarcely less odd or disagreeable, of some of his wanderings, and especially above Perth, some thirty-five years since.

And, indeed, how pleasant it would be to double the size of this volume from the quantity of material, unrevealed, lying all around us. As it is, here we must close, trusting that in our pages we have not too much offended the prejudices of any Scot, however we may have inadequately expressed our admiration for a country and a people, however small, among the most interesting on the long scroll of human history.

"A country," to adopt the words of an eloquent preacher, "where Providence seems to have repaid in moral advantages all that has been withheld in the indulgence of nature. Men," continues he, "are ripened in these northern climes, and every country becomes tributary to that which by skill and industry knows how to draw from the stores of all. Strangers to luxury, undaunted by danger, unsubdued by danger, undismayed by hardships, your countrymen are found wherever arts, agriculture, and commerce extend, contributing to the improvement and sharing in the prosperity of every civilized people under heaven. What country in the world scatters from a scanty population so numerous a train of hardy, intrepid adventurers, who follow wherever gain or glory mark the way, braving all the extremities of climate and every vicissitude of fortune? Nay, as if the accessible parts of the globe afforded too limited a sphere for enterprise, they embrace with eagerness every project for extending their boundaries. To the insatiable ardor and indefatigable perseverance of one of your countrymen, the Nile first disclosed its mysterious source; and who has yet forgotten, or remembers without the applauding, or sympathetic sigh of deep regret, those who but lately went out from us, never to return—those who, in the ardor of unconquerable hope, promised not to return from Africe's burning and unfrequented wild till they should have traced for us the pathless windings of the howling 'desert through which the Niger rolls its mighty, and, at length, explored stream?' And even now,

when hope seems to catch enthusiasm from danger, and many thoughts have been suspended on a perilous enterprise—when the torrid zone darts its burning rays, and the northern blasts burst their icy fetters, unlock the bars of imprisoned seas, and break up the masses of its tremendous winter, the accumulation of centuries—who have been or are so ready as Scotchmen to dare the terrors of the equatorial summer, or the deadly blast of the nipping Arctic winter, and impel their adventurous prows among the scorching and pestilential tropical heats, and betwixt the floating fields and frost-reared precipices that guard the secrets of the Pole ?''

The scientific spirit thus eulogized, characterizes the Lowlander especially. The military spirit is common to him and the Highlander ; if, indeed, it do not distinguish the latter in a full higher degree. The blended race of the Saxon and the Gael unites all the manly virtues. They are, truly, in the words of one of their own poets,

> " A nation fam'd for song and beauty's charms ;
> Zealous, yet modest ; innocent, though free ;
> Patient of toil ; serene amid alarms ;
> Inflexible in faith ; invincible in arms.''

And here we close this slight collection of Scottish characteristics, for which the writer claims little more credit than for the inky string which ties them together ; the collection might have been much larger, the allusions much more various. It is notable that people generally regarded as among the most hard-headed should be so redundant in pathos. We have referred already to the sweetness of Scottish song, its strength and manliness ; we find every variety in Stenhouse's " Illustrations of the Lyric Poetry and Music of Scotland ;'' many of them are among the most prized and most frequently sung in our own English homes. How fine is the spirit of that song by Alexander Bothwell, Esq., M.P., of Auchinleck, " The Od Chieftain's Farewell to His Sons :''

"Good-night, and joy be wi' ye a';
Your harmless mirth has cheer'd my heart;
May life's fell blasts out-o'er ye blaw!
In sorrow may ye never part!
My spirit lives, but strength is gone,
The mountain fires now blaze in vain:
Remember, sons, the deeds I've done,
And in your deeds I'll live again!

"When on yon muir our gallant clan
Frae boasting foes their banners tore,
Who show'd himself a better man,
Or fiercer waved the red claymore?
But when in peace—then mark me there,
When thro' the glen the wanderer came,
I gave him of our hardy fare,
I gave him here a welcome hame.

"The auld will speak, the young maun hear,
Be canty, but be good and leal;
Your ain ills ay hae heart to bear,
Anither's ay hae heart to feel;
So, ere I set, I'll see you shine,
I'll see you triumph ere I fa';
My parting breath shall boast you mine,
Good-night, and joy be wi' ye a.'"

How long, amid the changes which are passing, not only over the face, but through the very heart of society, the Scottish character may retain its individuality and hold, who shall say? The Scotchman travels over the face of the earth, but he does not cease to remember the hills, the muirlands, and lochs of his country. Some months since, when in Boston, in Massachusetts, the writer was requested by a Scottish corporation to give an oration on Burns, and he was surprised to find himself addressing a multitude in Highland costume, with bonnet and plaid, the claymore, the spuggen and targe; and it did not seem so much to be a kind of child's play as an affectionate desire to seize the opportunity for putting on the garb of nationality. But Scottish traditions, and legends, and

poetry, they do not seem to be passing out of date. Judging by the number of editions, cheap or costly, of his works, Sir Walter is now read as much or more than ever in England, in Australia, in Canada, and in the United States. The life of Scottish legend has been eloquently expressed by a recent writer, in language the eloquence of which, as we cannot improve, we may, perhaps, without being regarded as guilty of literary theft, be permitted to quote, and so give a Scotchman the last word in closing the volume.

"Happily the era of Blood and Iron in the Borders has long since passed away; but the age of Poetry and Romance passes never. The cattle on the crag stands tenantless and alone; the knight has ridden forth to return no more, and the bower of his lady is deserted and still. The wave of the Reformation, in its sweep across these valleys, has carried with it into undisturbed oblivion the lordly abbot and all his brotherhood of friars. The hammer has been lifted up upon the carved work, and the frail yet splendid fragments left to us of their homes and temples are the sole memorials of a departed hierarchy whose word cut sharper and deeper than the baron's sword. The cowled priest and the plumed warrior have alike disappeared; the book and bell lie mouldering with the spear and the shield. Only the minstrel and the minstrel's art remain to repeople the waste places of the past, and to restore to us the memory of the men that are no more. The fugitive rhymes and fragmentary ballads of a bygone age have been collected and pieced together by skilful and loving hands; and the same spirit of varied inspiration which gave us *Kinmont Willie* and *The Widow's Lament*, has flung the magic folds of its mantle round such singers as Scott and Hogg and Leyden, and the world has hung entranced upon the music of their song. The wand of these magicians has been waved across the tombs and sleeping-places of departed generations, and the dead in grave shake off their slumbers, and walk with us again in the light of day. The dark knight of Liddesdale is no longer a thing of dust and ashes, but still rides scowling forth with lance in rest,

the curse of the dead Dalhousie lying heavy on his soul. The wondrous wizard, Michael Scott, stirs uneasily beneath the marble in Melrose Abbey, for a stronger hand than his has come and snatched away his Book of Might. The Flower of Yarrow once more looks forth from Dryhope Tower, and the Maid of Neidpath still waits for her lover on the castle walls. Johnny Armstrong has survived his execution on the Carlin Rig, and the outlaw Murray may still be heard marshalling his lawless following in Ettrick Forest. St. Mary's Loch lies hushed and still, and St. Mary's bells have long done ringing; but the brier and the rose still 'meet and plait' above the hallowed graves of the hapless lovers. The bride of the dead Cockburn still sits beneath Henderland towers, sewing his shroud and 'making her mane,' her heart forevermore enchained in his yellow hair. Lord William and Lady Margaret may yet be seen fleeing for life by the Blackhouse heights, and 'lichtin doon by the wan water,' with the heart's blood of the lover still reddens as it flows. The apple hangs as of yore from the rock in Yarrow, and the dead maiden veils with her golden locks the pallid face of her slaughtered knight. The hardy moss-troopers again ride forth beneath 'the lee light of the moon,' waking the midnight echoes with their ghostly laughter. Lord Soulis glares from his castle wall in Hermitage; and the murdered peddler, all 'mishackered and ghastly,' is yet moaning and groaning under Thirlestane Mill. The Baron of Smailholm, as of old, rises by day and girds his armor on, spurring forth with sword on thigh and revenge at his heart; and ere evening close the bloody work is done, and—

'The Dryburgh bells ring,
And the white monks they sing,
For Sir Richard of Coldinghame.'

"It is such mingled memories as these, standing out dim and mysterious on the tablets of tradition, that combine with the natural beauties of the district in weaving that exquisite

network of fancies which takes the imagination captive. The silver Tweed flows, a charmed river through a charmed land. Every league of its course is marked by its own peculiar associations, and every tributary stream sends down its added quota of poetry and romance. The Talla, dashing over its rugged linns, brings memories of the slaughtered Covenanters to whom Dundee's dragoons gave bloody burial in the quaking depths of Talla Moss. The Manor Water, circling through scenes of sylvan beauty, tells of St. Gordian and early apostleship among the wild yet beautiful hills that guard its source, and of the later mysteries which the Author of Waverley has woven round the Black Dwarf's name and habitation there. Lower down, the Quair 'runs sweet among the flowers,' its plaintive murmurs recalling the tears of Lucy, as—

> 'Doon the lang glen she gaed slow wi' her flittin',
> And fare ye weel, Lucy, was every bird's sang.'

"Dashing from the broad brown slopes of Windlestrae Law comes the Leithen Water, brimful of the recollections with which a master-hand has restored the faded glories of St. Ronan's Well. Laden with the burden of many a fairy tale sung by the Shepherd who now slumbers at its source, the Ettrick sweeps down between its shingly shores, bringing with it the waters of the mournful Yarrow, and all the melancholy of its 'dowie holms.' Fronting the towers and turrets of Abbotsford, the Gala comes rushing from its far recesses in the hills, as if eager to make its exit from the Valley of Woe. From lonely hills that overlook Glendearg, the silver-voiced Ellwyn brattles along, filling with its limpid music the Nameless Dean, and many another nook of bosky beauty. Sweet by wooded height and pastoral holm glides down the crystal Leader, bringing eerie memories of haunted Ercildoune, and fragrance of yellow broom from Cowdenknowes. Past Dryburgh Abbey, where rests the Mighty Minstrel in his dreamless sleep, and we have the mingled waters of the Jed and the Teviot, reminding

us of Branksome and Ferniehirst, of Minto Crags and Hazeldean, and of many a doughty deed of arms fought in the rough old days when Buccleuch was lord of the cairn and the scaur. The Tweed is, in truth, a lovely river in a lovely land ; and few who have wandered by its silver tide, and mused in the deep shadow of its woods and glens, can fail to feel in after years the beauty and the rapture which these recollections awaken." *

* "The Haigs of Bemerside : A Family History." By James Russell. 1881.

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