

are ower mony for me to mell with ; but let me catch ye in Barford's Park, or at the fit of the Vennel, I could gar some of ye sing another sang. Sae ae auld hirpling deevil of a potter be-hooved just to step in my way and offer me a pig, as he said, just to put my Scotch ointment in, and I gave him a push, as but natural, and the tottering deevil couped ower amang his ain pigs, and damaged a score of them. And then the reird raise, and hadna these twa gentlemen helped me out of it, murdered I suld hae been, without re-meid. And as it was, just when they had got haud of my arm to have me out of the fray, I got the lick that donnerit me from a left-handed lighter-man."

Master George looked to the apprentices as if to demand the truth of this story.

"It is just as he says, sir," replied Jenkin ; "only I heard nothing about pigs. The people said he had broke some crockery, and that—I beg pardon, sir—nobody could thrive within the kenning of a Scot."

"You seem well recovered now. Can you walk?"

"Bravely, sir," said Richie ; "it was but a bit dower. I was bred at the West-Port, and my cantle will stand a clour wad bring a stot down."—*Fortunes of Nigel.*

"DULL IN THE UPTAK."

The late Mr John L——, farmer in Evie, Orkney, was a straightforward, honest-hearted, yet withal cantankerous, old gentleman. Many amusing stories are related of him in the district, amongst which the following is perhaps one of the best. The parish minister was, like so many Scottish clerics of the old school, a very indifferent preacher, both as regarded matter

and manner. On one occasion, Mr L——, who had taken offence at something in the conduct of the minister in connection with agricultural affairs, in the course of an altercation with the rev. gentleman, sneeringly referred to the Disruption as having been a fortunate occurrence for certain *dominies*, and pointedly asked the minister, If he had ever been at college?

"Oh yes," replied Mr B—— ; "I was a year more than the usual time."

"Weel," said Mr L——, "if that be the case, I'm thinking ye maun hae made a bad use o' your time, or been dull in the uptak !"

POOR MAN OF MUTTON.

The blade-bone of a shoulder of mutton is called in Scotland a "poor man," as in some parts of England it is termed a "poor knight of Windsor," in contrast, it must be presumed, to the baronial "Sir Loin." It is said that, in the last age, an old Scottish peer, whose conditions (none of the most gentle) were marked by a strange and fierce-looking exaggeration of the Highland countenance, chanced to be indisposed while in London attending parliament. The master of the hotel where he lodged, anxious to show attention to his noble guest, waited on him to enumerate the contents of his well-stocked larder, so as to endeavour to hit on something which might tempt his appetite.

"I think, landlord," said his lordship, rising up from his couch, and throwing back the tartan plaid with which he had screened his grim and ferocious visage, "I think I could eat a morsel of a 'poor man !'"

The landlord fled in terror, having no doubt that his guest was a cannibal, who might be in the habit of eating a slice of a tenant, as light food, when he was under a regimen.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

A BUTESHIRE TOAST.

The meetings of the Farmers' Society of the island of Bute were long noted for the display of good feeling, and that joyous spirit of conviviality which gives such a zest to our social intercourse. To promote this desirable state of things, the toast, the song, and the merry tale, were never found wanting, till the "roof and rafters" of M'Corkindale's well-frequented *howf* have actually dirled with the noise of the excitement. On one occasion, the annual dinner of the society was appointed to take place in a large barn, five miles from Rothesay; and to this sojourn the worthy tillers of the ground made their way. The night was spent in the usual agreeable manner, till towards the close, when a few narrow-minded prejudices began to peep out. Everything of this sort, however, was quickly suppressed by the tact of a sensible old farmer, who, after craving a bumper, thus expressed himself:—

"I'll give you, gentlemen, Our friends in the neighbouring island of Great Britain; and may we never look upon them as strangers, but always remember, that if it had not been for the bit jaw o' water that comes through the *Kyles*, they would a' hae belanged to *Bute as weel as ourselves!*"

AN UNFORTUNATE PRIZE.

At the battle of Falkirk, Major Macdonald, having dismounted an English officer, took possession of his horse, which was a very fine one, and immediately mounted it.

When the English cavalry fled, the horse ran off with the victor, notwithstanding all his efforts to restrain it; nor did it stop until it was at the head of its regiment, of which, apparently, its master had been the commander.

The melancholy, and at the same time ludicrous figure, which poor Mac-

donald cut, when he thus saw himself in the presence of the enemy, the victim of a desire which ultimately cost him his life upon the scaffold, may be easily conceived.

A BAD DELIVERY.

The parish minister of D——, a village in Ayrshire, who was noted for his dryness in the pulpit, called one afternoon on one of his aged hearers, and as usual partook of a cup of tea. Remarking to the guidwife that her teapot ran rather slowly,—

"Deed ay," quoth the guidwife, "its like yersel,' sir, it has an unco-bad delivery!"

A STRAIGHTFORWARD ANSWER.

In the familiar manner which was wont to be not uncommon in country kirks, a minister stopped in the course of his sermon one day, and thus addressed a parishioner who was somewhat deaf—

"Are ye hearing, John?"

"Oh, yes, sir," was John's prompt reply; "I am hearing, but to very little purpose!"

CASSILIS' LADY.

There is a tradition extant, that Lord Cassilis' lady, who eloped with Johnnie Faa, the gipsy laddie, had so delicate and pure a skin, that the red wine could be seen through it while she was drinking. This is embodied in a verse of the ballad:—

"Fu' white, white was her bonny neck,
Twist wi' the satin twine;
But ruddie, ruddie grew her hawse,
While she supp'd the bluid-red
wine."

COLDINGHAM EIGHTY YEARS AGO.

The generality of the people in this parish are sober, frugal, and industrious, plain and decent in their dress and deportment, and very few of them discover any desire for fineries, or expensive amusements. The only extravagance they are guilty of is their breakfasting upon tea, in place of porridge, the constant morning diet of their more athletic ancestors, which debilitates them; and the immoderate use of whisky, which too many of the lower class are guilty of, which destroys them. This is owing to the cheapness of these two superfluous and pernicious articles, which appear to be objects more fit for taxation than coals, candles, leather, and soap, which are as necessary in the poorest families as their meal and milk.—*Stat. Account.*

AN HONEST THIEF.

A Highlander was placed upon his trial for cattle-stealing; and while his indictment was being read, setting forth that he, as a common thief, had lain in wait, &c., the prisoner lost all patience, and, interrupting, cried out, "Common tief! common tief! steal ane cow, twa cow, tat be common tief: lift hundred cow, tat pe shentleman's trovers."

After the Court was again silent, and some little progress had been made in the particulars of the accusation, he again cried out—

"Och hone! tat such fine shentlemans should sit there with their fine gowns on to mak a parshel o' lees on a poor honest man!"

But, in conclusion, he was found guilty, and, on being told what was to be his fate, he roared out most outrageously; and fiercely pointing to the judges, he exclaimed—

"Oh! for a broadsword and a tirk, to rid ta hoose o' touse fowl peastes!"—*Burt.*

THE EDINBURGH TRON.

A tron, or public beam for weighing, stood on the High Street of Edinburgh, near the present Tron Church, which took its name from that humble object. Here, at one time, false notaries and perjurers used to be exhibited. Nichol, the Diarist, speaking of a time which is generally reputed as the most virtuous and religious ever known in Scotland, viz., the year 1649, says—

"Much falsset and cheitting was dailie detecktit at this time by the Lords of the Sessione; for the whilk there was dailie hanging, skurging, nailing of lugs, and binding of peepil to the Trone, and boring of tongues, so that it was ane fatal year for false notaries and witnessess, as dailie experience did witness."

TAKING DOWN THE COMMODORE.

Commodore Elliot, who distinguished himself by capturing Thurot, was one day crossing the Firth of Forth in a Kinghorn pinnace; and, for want of anything better to amuse himself with, he asked permission to steer the vessel.

"Gad, sir!" said the commodore, when he used to relate the anecdote, "I thought myself a good steersman. I had taken the helm of my own vessel when chasing Thurot. It did not appear, however, that my qualifications made a great impression upon the master of this boat; for soon after I heard him say to his son, a great lurching boy, 'Jock, tak the helm oot o' that man's hand—he canna steer a bit.'"

A STRANGE PHENOMENON.

One day two Highland drovers, while travelling to Paisley, were overtaken by one of the steam-carriages then plying in that direction. The

Celts, who had never either seen or heard of carriages being impelled by any other power than horses, stood lost in wonderment for a time.

"Pless me, Dougal, did you ever see the like o' that before—there is ta coach rin awa' frae ta horse? Run, run Dougal, like a good lad, and fricht *her back!*"

A VAIN LORD PROVOST.

Lord Provost Coulter, of Edinburgh, who died during his tenure of office, and whose remains were honoured by a public funeral in 1812, was a plain and illiterate, but very vain man. A person on the street once inquired of him the rent of a certain house opposite.

"How do you think I should know that?" said the provost.

"Oh, sir," was the reply, "I thought, from the manner in which you were walking, that the whole of Edinburgh belonged to you!"

This, instead of offending the civic dignitary, rather pleased him.

On another occasion, when replying to the toast of his health, at a public dinner, he said that "though he had the body of a stocking weaver, he had the soul of a 'Sheepy Afreecawnus!'" meaning, it is presumed, Scipio Africanus.

Once recounting the various civic offices he held, and the different institutions of which he was a governor, the Rev. Dr Hunter very quietly said to him—

"It's a pity but what ye had been an author, my lord; ye could have filled up a muckle title-page."

SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT THE DOOR.

The popular idea, that the protracted struggle between life and death is painfully prolonged by keeping the door of

the apartment shut was received as certain by the superstitious eld of Scotland. But neither was it to be thrown wide open. To leave the door ajar, was the plan adopted by the old crones who understood the mysteries of death-beds and lykewakes. In that case, there was room for the imprisoned spirit to escape; and yet an obstacle, we have been assured, was offered to the entrance of any frightful form which might otherwise intrude itself. The threshold of a habitation was in some sort a sacred limit, and the subject of much superstition. A bride, even to this day, is always *lifted* over it—a rule derived apparently from the Romans.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

PRINCE HENRY.

The first time Prince Henry, son of James VI. (a remarkably brilliant youth), went to the town of Stirling, observing on the road a stalk of corn, it fancifully struck him as similar in shape to the top he used to play with.

"That's a good top," said he.

"Why do you not then play with it?" answered one of his attendants.

"Set you it up for me and I will play with it," retorted the Prince.

This is just the kind of fancy we might expect to find in a lively child, with a shrewdness in the retort above his years.

A BARREN MUIR.

The Duchess of Douglas, whose rough wit was long remembered in Scotland, once spent an evening in company with Baron Mure, a judge of the Court of Session, but one who did not shine in society, and was afterwards asked what she thought of him.

"I think him a very barren muir indeed!" quoth her Grace.

EXECUTION OF COVENANTERS.

A small cross, marked with stones in the pavement of the Grassmarket, Edinburgh, indicates what was, from the reign of Charles II. to the year 1784, the common place of execution. The unfortunate Covenanters were the first victims of the law who suffered in this place. Many a pious heart has here breathed out its last aspirations, before submitting to what it considered as martyrdom for the sake of pure religion. To this the Duke of Rothes alluded, in his own peculiar style of wit, when he said to a recusant prisoner—

“Then e'en let him glorify God in the Grassmarket.”—*Chambers*.

A RANCOROUS BARD.

Jan Lorn Macdonald, the Gaelic bard, whose loyal and satirical effusions are well known in every corner of the Highlands, pursued with the most unrelenting rancour of his verse the celebrated Marquis of Argyle, the enemy of his clan, and the head of the Whig interest. The marquis, like all Highlanders of the period, felt sore at being the object of a bard's ridicule, and, happening to meet Jan Lorn soon after the composition of one of his satires, asked him in Gaelic—

“Wilt thou never cease to *gnaw* me, Jan?”

“Never,” replied Jan with asperity; “never until I can *swallow* you.”

THE AIRT O' THE CLICKY.

When a pilgrim at any time gets bewildered, he poises his staff perpendicular on the way, then leaves it to itself, and on whatever direction it falls, that he pursues; and this little trait of superstition is termed the *Airt o' the clicky*—the direction of the staff. And

townsmen, when they mean to take a trip into the country for pleasure, and are quite careless to what part of it they wend their way, this they decide sometimes in the same way—the fallen stick determines the course to be pursued; and often as much amusement is found this way as if the chart had been pricked out. But there are few buridan asses which will starve between two bundles of hay, not knowing which to turn to; so those generally who seek direction from the staff, mostly cause it to gravitate towards the place they have a secret inclination to go to. As in the auld sang of “Jock Burnie”—

“Ein on en' he pois'd his rung, then
Watch'd the airt jts head did fa',
Whilk was east he lap and sang then,
For there his dear bade — Meg
Macraw.”

—*Mactaggart*.

THE HIGHLAND OATH.

The Highlanders used to think slightly of the Lowland form of oath. At Carlisle assizes, a Highland drover, who had meditated the ruin of another, prosecuted him for horse-stealing, and swore positively to the fact.

This being done, the supposed criminal desired that his prosecutor might be sworn in the Highland manner; and, the oath being tendered him accordingly, he refused to take it, saying—

“There is a hantle o' difference betwixt blowing on a book and damning ane's ain soul!”—*Burt*.

THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH.

Henry Scott, Duke of Buccleuch, who died in 1812, was a man of quiet, plain, and unpretending habits, and used frequently to walk the streets as

an ordinary citizen, and was of easy access to all classes. He long commanded a regiment of fencibles in the Castle. One day he was proceeding up the High Street, towards the Castle, when a country girl, ignorant of his rank, accosted him—

“I say, sodger, my man, can ye tell me where I’ll find my brither Wull?”

His Grace kindly listened to her, and learning that “Wull” was a private in his regiment, took her under his escort. On passing the sentinels at the Castle gate, they presented arms to the Duke. The girl, surprised, asked “What they did that for?” The Duke humorously replied, “It’s a mark of respect either to you or me.”

On reaching the regiment, then under parade, the astonishment of the brother, on seeing his sister approach in company with the Duke, may be conceived. He inquired if she knew who he was.

“No, I dinna ken wha he was; but, at any rate, he was a very bonny, civil spoken lad.”—*Anderson.*

A CLERICAL ERROR.

A minister, taking a walk through his parish one day, came upon a woman seated at her door reading a book which he at once concluded was the New Testament, but which was really *Blind Harry's Wallace*. Under the influence of his delusion, however, he accosted her in a complimentary strain on her supposed pious occupation, expressing his gratification at finding her so well employed, and said it was a book which no one would ever weary reading.

“Atweel, sir,” said she, “I never weary o’t, for I’ve read it through and through I dinna ken how often, and I’m just as fond o’t as ever.”

“Oh, Janet,” said the enraptured minister, “how glad I am to hear you say so; how happy I would be if all my parishioners were of the same mind, and

of what benefit it would be to themselves! For oh, to think, Janet, what He did and suffered for us!”

“Ou, ay, sir,” answered Janet; “an’ aboon a’, sir, to think how he soom’d through Carron water ae cauld frosty morning wi’ his braidsword in his mouth, sir.”

EPIGRAM ON HUGO ARNOT.

Attributed to the Hon. Henry Erskine.

The Scriptures assure us much may be forgiven
To flesh and to blood, by the mercy of heaven;
But I’ve searched all the books, and texts
I find none
That extend such forgiveness to skin
and to bone.

Hugo was so attenuated as to be almost a walking skeleton,—had he lived till the year 1825, he might have proved a formidable rival to the living skeleton of that period. One day he was eating a split dried haddock, commonly called a spelding, when the reputed author of these lines came in.

“You see,” says Hugo, jocularly, “I am not starving.”

“I must own,” observed Henry Erskine, “that you are very like your meat.”—*Court of Session Garland.*

MEG DODS’ CUSTOMERS.

There was a set of ancient brethren of the angle from Edinburgh, who visited Saint Ronan’s frequently in the spring and summer, a class of guests peculiarly acceptable to Meg, who permitted them more latitude in her premises than she was known to allow to any other body.

“They were,” she said, “pawky

auld carles, that kend whilk side their bread was buttered upon. Ye never kend of ony o' them ganging to the spring, as they behoved to ca' the stinking well yonder. Na na, they were up in the morning; had their parritch, wi' maybe a thimbleful o' brandy, and then awa' up into the hills, eat their bit cauld meat on the heather, and came hame at e'en wi' the creel full of caller trouts, and had them to their dinner, and their quiet cogue of ale, and their drap punch, and were set singing their catches and glees, as they ca'd them, till ten o'clock, and then to bed, wi' God bless ye; and what for no?"—*St Roman's Well.*

GALLOWAY CANTRIPS.

Cantrips are witch spells, incantations, or the black art witches use when going on with their witcheries: various snatches of *cantrip rhyme* are yet afloat on the atmosphere of tradition, not unsimilar to what Shakespeare introduces in his tragedy of Macbeth. Surely the mighty bard of nature had been no stranger to *cantrips*—with his

“Toil and trouble, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.”

I give two of the many specimens I have of these curiosities:—

In the pingle or the pan,
Or the haurnpan o' man,
Boil the heart's blude o' the tade,
Wi' the tallow o' the gled;
Hawcket kail, and hen dirt,
Chow'd cheese, an' chicken wort;
Yellow puddocks champit sma',
Spiders ten, and gellocks twa;
Sclaters twall, frae foggy dykes,
Bumbees twenty, frae their bykes!
Asks frae stinking lochens blue,
Ay, will make a better stue:
Bachelors maun hae a charm,
Hears hae they a' fu' o' harm,

Ay the aulder, ay the caulder,
And the caulder ay the baulder,
Taps snaw white, and tails green,
Snapping maidens o' fifteen,
Mingle, mingle, in the pingle,
Join the cantrip wi' the jingle:
Now we see and now we see,
Plots o' poaching, ane, twa, three.

Such, I suspect, is a *cantrip* respecting bachelors and blackguards; but the mysteries in it are not to be seen through. The other I here give is much of the same nature, only it seems more concerned with the female creation:—

Yirbs for the blinking queen,
Seeth now when it is e'en;
Boutree branches, yellow gowans,
Berry rasps, and berry rowans;
De'il's milk frae thrissles saft,
Clover blades frae aff the craft;
Binwood leaves and blinmen's baws,
Heather bells, and wither'd haws;
Something sweet and something sour,
Time about wi' mild and dour;
Hinnie suckles, bluidy fingers,
Napple roots, and nettle stingers;
Bags o' bees, and gall in bladders,
Gowks spittles, pizion adders;
May dew, and founart's tears,
Nool shearings, nowts neers,
Mix, mix, six and six,
And the Auld Maid's cantrip fix.

Maclaggart.

“LIFTING” THE CORPS.

While Sir Walter Scott was a member of the Edinburgh Light Dragoons, the commander of the corps to which he belonged was rather, as occasionally happens in volunteer regiments, ignorant of his duties, and required to have a card of the movements constantly in his hand. One morning—a very cold one—he forgot to bring his monitor with him, and without it he was useless. He could positively do nothing; the troop stood for twenty minutes quite motion-

less, while he vainly endeavoured to find means of supplying the want of the requisite card from memory. While the men were all becoming as cold as their own stirrup-irons, and were more like a set of mutes at a funeral than a band of redoubtable volunteers, ready to do battle at whatever odds against the enemies of their country, Sir Walter came limping up, and said to a few of the other officers, in his usual grave way—

“I think the corps is rather long in ‘lifting’ this morning.”

The drollery was so fit to the occasion, and to the feelings of the assembled troopers, that the whole burst out in a fit of laughing, which speedily communicated to the whole corps.

A HIGHLAND LOVE-LETTER.

ADDRESS,

“To wee Tonal Mactavish
No far frae Auchentocher,
Doon close by Glamorchan.”

DEAR TONAL,—Yeel be wonderin hoo I hae been speaking sae little to ye for sae lang past o’ time; but Tonal, man, I’ve been thrang, and ye little ken what the weemen folk have to dae. Ye think they dae naething ava, man, but this be a mistake, Tonal, for they’re very bizzy wi’ things that ye ken little apoot. I like the family o’ the Mac-Sorley, whar I’m steyan, and a’ their ways. The young mistress has gotten doon a kist o’ musick, last week, frae Lunnon, and I must confess it’s very ponny. She stands on four virrelt legs, wi’ a wee souple ane in the middle, and has a fine trone. She opens wi’ a key, and ye’ll see a raw o’ white and black ivory teeth in the front o’ her, but hoo she soon I canna mak oot ava. May be she’ll be rowt up like the echt day clock, an’ that’ll mak her strike; but she’s no sae lood as the pipes, and she hasna the swirl nor the skirl o’ the

pipes, but she has a fine trone. She cam doon in a lang box, and I’ll took her for a coffin till I’ll see her culler, for she had nae feet on her till she’ll be brocht into the house; but she has a fine trone. Miss Jean’ll be aye soon sooning at her, but she locks her up when she has dune, and I canna get seeing her inside. I should like uncommonly to luke into her inside, for as she has nae plaw, I canna for the worl mak oot how she can trone; and she has a fine TRONE.

Hoo’s Evan Derhawlsh, and Duicán MacRoidart, and a’ the rest o’ them? Is Peggy MacPherson so marrit yet, nor Flora MacCandlish? Truly the lads are but dreich, tho’ the lasses are fain. Tell my mither, Tonal, that I’m thrang saving money up for her auld days. My maister’s son is awa’ in Edinboro for his learning, and will, nae doot, be coming oot some day a great advocat, for he’s a lad that’s fu’ o’ cleveralitee.

Noo, I think, Tonal, ye hae the maist o’ my news, and I hope ye’ll sune rite, and don’t forget to tell my mither YON. This lees me as it hopes to fin’ you, and wi’ mony compliments to ye a’ in the Heelands, I remain, till time pe no more, yours till teath, and evermore.

COOK AND KETTLE.

Professor Hill, who filled the Greek chair at St Andrews, was remarkable for his social qualities and ready humour. Dining one day with the local presbytery, a joint was found to be imperfectly cooked.

“Come,” said the professor, “do not let us grumble. We can easily hand it to the cook, who will pass it to the kettle, and all will be made right.”

Dr Cook and Mr Kettle were two clergymen present; and the laugh which followed restored the clerical equanimity.

The professor one day found Mr Kettle seated on a large boulder at his manse gate as he chanced to come up.

"Seated so lowly, Mr Kettle?" said he, "when your brother Pan was a heathen god!"—*Dr Rogers.*

A CAULD KIRK.

On one occasion Burns, being storm-stayed at Lamington, went to church, but was so little pleased with the preacher and the place, that he left a record of his opinion on the church-window against them:—

"As cauld a wind as ever blew,
A caulder kirk, and in't but few;
As cauld a minister's e'er spak,
Ye'se a' be het ere I come back."

CHALMERS AT HOME.

As an instance of how, occasionally, the minds of great men can condescend to trifles, the following extract from Dr Chalmers' correspondence is interesting:

"Thursday, July 8, 1824. Dressed for dinner. Have got a new method of folding up my coat, which I shall show you when I get home, and is of great use to a traveller. I am about as fond of it as I was of the new method of washing my bands."

BUCKHAVEN BREEDING.

Buckhaven, a fishing village in Fife, is, like many other fishing villages in Scotland, rather a peculiar place, while the manners of the natives are equally so. The minister of the parish went one day to solemnise a marriage. He made the bridegroom, of course, promise to be a faithful, loving, and indulgent husband—at least, he put the question to that effect, but could not get him to alter his stiff, erect posture. Again and again he repeated the form, but the man

remained as silent and stiff as ever. A neighbour was present who knew more about the forms and footsteps of the thing, and was considered to have advanced a little more in civilisation than the rest. Enraged at the clownishness of the bridegroom, he stepped forward, gave him a vigorous knock on the back, and said to him with corresponding energy,—

"Ye brute, can ye no boo to the minister!"

Dr Chalmers' commentary on this incident was brief, but emphatic—

"The heavings of incipient civilisation, you know."

THE OLD POSTAL SERVICE.

Before the era of naming streets or numbering houses, recourse was had to very grotesque and often complicated addresses. The following are respectively of dates 1702, 3:—

"For

Mr Archbald Dumbarr of Thunder-toune to be left at Capt. Dumbarr's writing Chamber at the Iron revell third storie below the Cross north end of the close at Edinr."

"For

Captain Philip Anstruther off New-grange att his lodgeing a litle above the fountain-well south side of the street Edenbrough."—*Dunbar-Dunbar.*

WASTE OF BREATH.

Hugo Arnot suffered severely from asthma, and one morning when his complaint was more than usually acute, hearing a sturdy fellow bawling sand to sell on the street, he exclaimed, with mingled petulance and humour, "The rascal! he spends as much breath in a minute as would serve me for a month!"

MAGISTERIAL IGNORANCE.

About 1792, when burgh reform was the order of the day, a Provost Kerr of Peebles was despatched from that place to London as a delegate. During his stay there he was introduced to a meeting of the Whig Club. After the cloth was removed, among other toasts, Mr Fox gave, "The Majesty of the People." This the provost, not understanding the English accent, and being full of his own importance, mistook for "The Magistrates of Peebles;" and actually rose and made a pompous speech, in return for the imaginary honour done to him and his colleagues, to the no small amazement and diversion of the whole company.

A SUFFICIENT REASON.

An old clergyman, who had got a strong-lunged helper, observed that one of his hearers was becoming rather irregular in his attendance at church. Of course, the divine felt it his duty to visit the backslider, and he accordingly went to his house; but the gudeman was not in. He inquired of the wife why John was so seldom at church now?

"Oh, indeed, minister," she replied, without the slightest hesitation, "that young man ye've gotten roars sae loud that John canna sleep sae comfortable as he did when ye used to preach yersel' sae peaceably."

A DANGEROUS MAN.

Two young gentlemen, great friends, went together to the theatre in Glasgow, supped at the lodgings of one of them, and passed a whole summer night over their punch. In the morning a kindly wrangle broke out about their separating or not separating, when by some rashness, if not accident, one of them

was stabbed, not violently, but in so vital a part that he died on the spot. The survivor was tried at Edinburgh, and was convicted of culpable homicide. It was one of the sad cases where the legal guilt was greater than the moral; and, very properly, he was sentenced to only a short term of imprisonment. Lord Hermand, who felt that discredit had been brought on the cause of drinking—then so common and fashionable, even in the best society—had no sympathy with the tenderness of his temperate brethren, and was vehement for transportation.

"We are told, my laards," said he, "that there was no malice, and that the prisoner must have been in liquor. In liquor! Why, he was drunk! And yet he murdered the very man who had been drinking with him! They had been carousing the whole night, and yet he stabbed him! after drinking a whole bottle of rum with him! My laards! if he will do this when he's drunk, what will he not do when he's sober?"—*Lord Cockburn.*

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S PIPER.

Of the simplicity and superstition of his honest piper, John Bruce, Sir Walter Scott relates the following instance in a letter to the Duke of Buccleuch:—

"The most extraordinary recipe (for his severe illness in 1810) was that of my Highland piper, who spent a whole Sunday in selecting twelve stones from twelve south-running streams, with the purpose that I should sleep upon them, and be made whole. I caused him to be told that the recipe was infallible, but that it was absolutely necessary for the cure to be successful that the stones should be wrapped up in the petticoat of a widow who had never wished to marry again; upon which the disappointed piper renounced all hope of being able to complete the charm."

EPITAPH ON DAVID FORREST,
A FOWLER.

In Cupar-Fife Churchyard.

Here David Forrest's corpse asleep doth
lye,
His soul with Christ enjoys tranquillity.
A famous fowler on the earth was he,
And for the same shall last his memory.
His years were sixty-five—now he doth
sing
Glore in these heavens, where rowth of
game doth spring.

SEVERE PUNISHMENT.

November 6, 1728. One Margaret Gibson, for the crime of theft, was drummed through the city of Edinburgh in a very disgraceful manner. Over her neck was fixed a board with spring and bells, which rung as she walked. At some inches from her face was fixed a false-face, over which was hung a fox's tail. In short, she was a very odd spectacle.

AN INTELLIGENT CRITIC.

A Highlander on his first visit to Edinburgh was very much taken by seeing a blind man playing a fiddle in the street. On returning to his native village he told his friends, that "he had seen a plind man at the West Port of Embroch, with a prawn hen in his arms; that he kittled her neck, and claw'd her wame, and that she sang ponily, ponily!"

MATRIMONY.

Wha weds for siller weds for care;
Wha weds for beauty weds nae mair;
But he that weds them baith thegither,
Content wi' ane enjoys the ither.

A CAUTIOUS BENEDICT.

In the spring of 1826, during the depression of trade in Glasgow, a friend of Henderson, the portrait painter, and collector of proverbs, who had got married, advised the latter to follow his example.

"Na, na," said Henderson; "saft's your horn, my friend, as the man said when he took haud o' a cuddie's lug instead o' a cow's horn in the dark. Single blessedness is the thing; they wad need a stouter heart than mine is that wad marry in sic a time as noo. I can put on my hat, and thank God that it covers my hail family."

THE WARLOCK WEAVER.

There dwelt a weaver in Moffat toun,
That said the munister would dee sune;
The munister dee'd, and the folk o' the
toun
They brant the weaver wi' the wud o'
his loom,
And ca'd it weel-wared on the warlock
loun.

—*Chambers' Popular Rhymes of
Scotland.*

WALKING IN THE STREET.

I soon made an observe, that the crowd in London are far more considerate than with us in Glasgow—the folk going one way keep methodically after one another; and those coming the other way do the same, by a natural instinct of civilisation, so that no confusion ensues, and none of that dinging, and bumping, and driving, that happens in the Trongate, especially on a Wednesday, enough to make the soberest man wud at the misleart stupidity of the folks, particularly of the farmers and their kintra wives, that have creels with eggs and butter in their arms.—*Galt,*

CATCHING A TARTAR.

December 10, 1728. A gentleman travelling to the south was attacked on Soutra Hill by two fellows, armed with bayonets, who desired him to surrender his purse. The gentleman putting his hand beneath his jockey-coat, presented a pistol, and asked them whether that or his money was fittest for them. They earnestly begged he would spare their lives, for necessity had forced them to it, and they had never robbed any one save one countryman an hour before, of 6s. 8d. The gentleman put them to this dilemma—either to receive his bullets, or cut an ear out of each other's head; the last of which with sorrowful hearts they performed.

A HIGHLANDER'S ANSWER.

A gentleman from the Highlands, attended by his trusty servant Donald, a native of the wild and mountainous district of Lochaber, was travelling through the fertile and delightful plains of Italy. The master asked Donald how he would like to possess an estate there, and what he would do with one if he had it?

"Please your honour," replied Donald, "I would sell him, and buy a farm in Lochaber."

THE ONLY ALTERNATIVE.

One of the bailies of Lanark, while visiting the jail of that town, found the prisoners at the time to consist of a poacher, who chose to reside there in preference to paying a fine, and a wild Irishman in custody for fire-raising, who either was mad or pretended to be so. The first visited was the poacher.

"Weel, Jock," says the magistrate, "I hope ye hae naething to complain o' yer treatment here?"

"Naething but the noise that Irishman makes. I haena slept for the twa last nights; and I maun just tell ye, bailie, that an' ye dinna fin' means to keep him quiet, I'll stay nae langer in!"

WILLIAM MATTHISON'S EPITAPH,
IN PRESTONPANS CHURCHYARD.

William Matthison here lies,
Whose age was forty-one;
February 17, he dies,
Went Isbel Mitchell from;
Who was his married wife,
The fourth part of his life.
The soul it cannot die,
Though the body be turned to clay,
Yet meet again they must,
At the last day.
Trumpet shall sound, archangels cry—
"Come forth, Isbel Mitchell, and
meet Will
Matthison in the sky."

AN AGED BELLMAN.

November 19, 1731. Died William Eadie, bellman of the Canongate, Edinburgh, aged 120. He had buried the inhabitants of the Canongate thrice. He was 90 years a freeman, and married a second wife, a lusty young woman, after he was 100 years old.

REPROOF FROM THE PULPIT.

The Rev. Mr Shirra, of Kirkcaldy, could never endure to see any of his flock attend public worship in clothes that he thought too fine for their station in life. One Sunday forenoon, a young lass, who attended church regularly, and was personally known to him, came in with a new bonnet of greater magnitude, and more richly decorated, than he thought befitted the wearer. He

soon observed it; and, pausing in the middle of his discourse, said, "Look, ony o' ye that's near hand there, whether my wife be sleepin' or no, as I canna get a glint o' her for a' thae fine faldral feathers about Jenny Bean's braw new bonnet."

A PERVERSE PRINTER.

Mr Charles Kerr, formerly king's printer for Scotland, was a man of somewhat original character. Finding that the king's printers of former days had been in the habit of wearing court clothes, he determined, after receiving his appointment, to revive that fashion, and accordingly appeared in the streets of Edinburgh, very much to the surprise of his acquaintance, in a gay suit of scarlet, with the proper appendices of a dress sword, bag, cane, &c. A friend at length ventured to remonstrate with him upon this strange tantrum, representing how much it excited the wonder and ridicule of the public. "Man," said Kerr, over his shoulder, "I like to vex the public."

AN EXPLANATION EXPLAINED.

An English gentleman travelling in the north of Scotland was told, when he came to Edinburgh, that he would not be able to understand the Aberdeenshire dialect, and was advised to take an Edinburgh servant with him as an interpreter, which he did. Upon his arrival at Lady F——'s, an old Scottish countess, he was desired by the hospitable lady, when seated at dinner, to "fa' tee, fa' tee, and eat." Upon turning to his interpreter for an explanation, the latter said, "Hoot, sir, her ladyship means 'Fa' tu and eat.'"

"And pray," asked his master, "what is *fa' tu*?"

"It means just eat awa' as fast's ye're able, sir."

ON THE SCHOOLMASTER OF CURRIE.

Below thir stones, lies Meekie's banes,
Oh! Satan, gin ye tak him,
It's mak him tutor to your weans,
An' clever deils he'll mak them.

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

A Stirlingshire farmer paid a visit to his son, who was settled in business in Liverpool. Finding the old gentleman rather *de trop* in his office, the son one day persuaded him to cross the Mersey to look at the harvesting, then in full operation, on the Cheshire side. On landing he observed a young woman reaping in a field of oats, when the following dialogue ensued:—

Farmer. "Lassie, are yer aits muckle bookit i' the year?"

Girl. "Sir!"

Farmer. "I was speering gif yer aits are muckle bookit th' year?"

Girl (in amazement). "I really don't know what you are saying, sir."

Farmer (in equal astonishment). "Gude-save-us, do ye no understaan gude plain English!—are—yer—aits—muckle—bookit?"

The girl decamped to her nearest companion, saying that he was a madman; while he shouted in great wrath, "They were naething else but a set o' pockpuddings."

"YE NEEDNA FASH."

An Englishman volunteered to do something for a Scotchman, but was told by the latter that he "needna fash."

"What does the fellow mean by 'needna fash'?" said the former to a bystander.

"Oh, sir," was the reply, "he just means that ye needna fash ava, sir."

THE SHEPHERD ON SUMPHS.

A sumph is a chiel to whom Natur has denied ony considerable share o' understaunin, without ha'in chose to mak him just a'thegither an indisputable idiot. His pawrents haena the comfort o' bein able, without frequent misgivings, to consider him a natural-born fule, for you see he can be taught the letters o' the alphabet, and even to read wee bits o' short words, no in write but in prent, sae that he may in a limited sense be even something o' a scholar. I've kent sumphs no that ill spellers. But then you see, sir, the mind of the sumphie is seen to be stationary, and generally about twal it begins slawly to retrograwd; sae that at about twenty—and at age, if you please, sir, we shall consider him—he has verra little mair sense than a sookin babby. He kens sun frae moon, cock frae hen, and richt-weel man frae woman; for it is a curious fact that your sumph is as amatory as Solomon himsel', and ye generally find him married and standin at the door o' his house like a schulmaster—the green before his house owerflows wi' weans, a' his ain progeny; and his wife, a comely body, wi' twins on her breist, is aiblins, wi' a pleased face, seen smilin ower his shouther. Sumpsh are aye fattish—wi' round legs like women—generally wi' red and white complexions—though I've kent them black-a-vised, and no ill-lookin, were it no for a want o' something you canna at first sicht weel tell what, till you find by degrees that it's a want o' everything—a want o' expression, a want o' air, a want o' mainner, a want o' smeddum, a want o' vigour, a want o' sense, a want o' feelin—in short, a want o' sowl—a deficit which nae painstakin' in education can ever supply; and then, ohohoo! but they're dour, dour, dour—obstinate than either pigs or cuddies, and waur to drive along the high road o' life. For, by tyin' a

string to the hint leg o' a grumphie, and keepin' jerk-jerkin' him back, you can wile him forrit by fits and starts; and the maist contumacious cuddie you can transplant at last, by pour-pourin' upon his hurdies the oil o' hazel; but neither by priggin nor prayin, by reason nor by rung, when the fit's on him, frae his position may mortal man howp to move a sumph.—*Noctes Ambros.*

MRS BOSWELL AND DR JOHNSON.

Boswell tells with his usual naïvete, that his wife exclaimed to him, on one occasion, when perhaps Dr Johnson had been more than usually rude, with natural asperity, "I have seen many a bear led by a man, but I never before saw a man led by a bear!"

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S CHILDHOOD.

The following curious reminiscence of Sir Walter Scott's youth is taken from a letter of the celebrated Mrs Cockburn, author of the original version of the "Flowers of the Forest," beginning, "I've seen the smiling," &c. :—

I last night supped in Mr Walter Scott's. He has the most extraordinary genius of a boy I ever saw. He was reading a poem to his mother when I went in. I made him read on; it was a description of a shipwreck. His passion rose with the storm; he lifted up his eyes and hands—

"There's the mast gone," says he; "crash it goes; they will all perish!"

After his agitation he turns to me.

"That is too melancholy," says he; "I had better read you somewhat more amusing."

I preferred a little chat, and asked his opinion of Milton and other books he was reading, which he gave me wonderfully indeed. One of his observa-

tions was: "How strange it was that Adam, just new come into the world, should know everything. That must be the poet's fancy," says he.

But when told he was created perfect by God Himself, he instantly yielded.

When he was taken to bed last night he told his aunt he liked that lady.

"What lady?" says she.

"Why, Mrs Cockburn; for I think she's a *virtuoso* like myself."

"Dear Walter," says his aunt, "what is a *virtuoso*?"

"Don't you know? Why, it's one who will know everything."

Now, sir, you will think this a very silly story. Pray what age do you suppose that boy to be? Name it now before I tell you.

"Why, twelve or fourteen."

No such thing; he is not quite six, and he has a lame leg, for which he was a year at Bath, and has acquired the perfect English accent, which he has not lost since he came, and he reads like a Garrick. You will allow this an uncommon exotic.

A DOUBLE LIFE.

A newspaper of the year 1777 gives the following as an extract from a letter from Lanark:—

"Old William Douglas and his wife are lately dead; you know that he and his wife were born on the same day, within the same hour, by the same midwife; christened at the same time, and at the same church; that they were constant companions till nature inspired them with love and friendship; and at the age of nineteen were married, by the consent of their parents, at the church where they were christened. These are not the whole of the circumstances attending this extraordinary pair. They never knew a day's sick-

ness until the day before their deaths; and on the day on which they died were aged exactly one hundred years. They died in one bed, and were buried in one grave, close to the font where they both were christened. Providence did not bless them with any children."

INSCRIPTION ON FORGLEN CASTLE, ABERDEENSHIRE.

Supposed to be upwards of 400 years old.

Original.

Do veil and dovpnt nocht,
Althoch thou be spyt;
He is lytil gyid worth,
That is nocht envyit;
Tak thou no tent
Quhat everie man tels;
Gyve thou vald leive on-
demit
Gang quhairna man dwells.

Modern rendering.

Do well and doubt not,
Although thou be spied;
He is little good worth,
That is not envied;
Take thou no tent
What every man tells;
If thou wouldst live un-
deemed,
Go where no man dwells.

EPITAPH IN MONTROSE CHURCHYARD.

Here lyes the bodeys of George Young and Isbel Guthrie, and all their posterity for fifty years backwards.

November 1757.

A ROMAN GOMMERAL.

At a parochial examination the minister asked an old woman who Pontius Pilate was.

"Adeed, sir, I kenna," she answered; "they tell me he was a Roman gommeral."

"A Roman gommeral," echoed the clergyman; "what do you mean by a gommeral, woman?"

"Adeed, sir, I'm no far-sighted in the meanin' o' words; but aye when I hear a gommeral spoken o', it puts me in mind o' Davie Todd, your ain carlitch elder, just a domineerin', fashious fellow, aye meddling wi' things he's naething ado wi'!"

"AULD ROBIN GRAY."

There was an old Scotch air (not, however, the air to which the song is now sung, for that we owe to an English clergyman) of which Lady Anne Bernard was very fond, and which Soph Johnstone was in the habit of singing to words which were far from choice. It struck Lady Anne that she could supply the air with a tale of virtuous distress in humble life, with which all could sympathise. Robin Gray was the name of a shepherd at Balcarres, who was familiar to the children of the house. He had once arrested them in their flight to an indulgent neighbour's. Lady Anne revenged this arrest by seizing the old man's name and preventing it from passing into forgetfulness. While she was in the act of heaping misfortunes on the heroine Jeanie, her sister Elizabeth, twelve or thirteen years her junior, strayed into the little room, and saw "sister Anne" at her *escritoire*.

"I have been writing a ballad, my dear," the frank elder sister told her little confidante; "and I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea, broken her father's arm, and made her mother fall sick, and given her auld Robin for a lover, but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow in the four lines. Help me to one, I pray."

"Steal the cow, sister Anne," said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately listed, and the song completed.—*Songstresses of Scotland.*

CURIOUS RELIC OF THE PLAGUE IN SCOTLAND.

At Linlithgow, there is preserved a curious relic of the plague—namely, a coffin or box, which was used in conveying all the persons who died of that distemper to their last abode. It pos-

sesses no peculiarity of appearance except that it seems calculated to contain a body of the largest size, and that the bottom is a lid moving on hinges, with a pin, which serves by way of lock. The tradition of the town bears that the bodies of the dead were conveyed to their graves successively in this general coffin, and, when brought over the hole, permitted to drop in, by merely withdrawing the pin. This indecorous mode of interment, so opposite to the ordinary customs of the Scottish people, presents us with a dreadful idea of this disorder, and of the hardening effect which its ravages gradually produced upon the feelings and ordinary sympathies of humanity.—*R. Chambers.*

A SCEPTIC'S BELIEF.

Among the most intimate friends of David Hume was Sir James Stuart Denham, one of the early illustrators of political economy, and a man of humour and pleasantry. He was much addicted to that favourite amusement of last century, then termed *cramming*, and which is now better known as hoaxing. He used to find in Hume one of the best of all possible subjects for his favourite exercise, as the philosopher, it must be understood, was in all common affairs the most credulous of mortals. One day, after having *run* the philosophical sceptic to a considerable length, he could keep up the joke no longer, but burst out with—

"Ah, Davy, Davy, you would believe anything, man, but what's in the Bible!"

"VERY WELL ANSWERED."

Dr Johnson of Newhaven entered the house of one of his parishioners, just as Maggy, "the gudewife," had returned from market; and in her hurry to meet the minister, whom she found in pos-

session of her cottage, she deposited her creel, which contained certain purchases from the butcher, at the door. After a few preliminary observations, the doctor put the question—

“What doth every sin deserve, Margaret?”

“God’s curse—the dowg’s awa’ wi’ the head and harrigals,” she exclaimed, as she bolted after the canine delinquent, who had made free with the contents of her basket.

“Very well answered, Maggie,” said the doctor on her return from the chase; “but rather hurriedly spoken.”—*Kay.*

A NATURAL FACT.

Principal Hill once encountered a fierce onslaught from the Rev. James Burn in the General Assembly. When Mr Burn had concluded his attack, the professor rose, and said with a smile—

“Moderator, we all know that it is most natural that Burns should run down Hills.”

The laugh was effectually raised against his opponent, whose arguments and assertions he then proceeded to demolish at his leisure.

A COURAGEOUS LADY.

Euphemia, or Lady Effie, as she was more generally called, a daughter of the ninth Earl of Eglinton, was married to the celebrated “Union Lockhart,” and proved an able auxiliary to him in many of his secret intrigues on behalf of the exiled Stuarts. When not engaged in attending Parliament he resided chiefly at his country seat of Dryden, while Lady Effie paid frequent visits to Edinburgh disguised in male attire. She used to frequent the coffee-houses and other places of public resort, and, joining freely in conversation with the Whig partisans, she often obtained important

information for her husband. It chanced on one occasion that Mr Forbes, a zealous Whig, but a man of profligate habits, had got hold of some important private papers, implicating Lockhart, and which he had engaged to forward to Government. Lady Euphemia Lockhart dressed her two sons, who were fair and somewhat effeminate looking, though handsome youths, in negligee, fardingale, and masks, with patches, jewels, and all the finery of accomplished courtizans. Thus equipped they sallied out to the Cross, and watching for the Whig gallant, they speedily attracted his notice, and so won on him by their attentions that he was induced to accompany them to a neighbouring tavern, where the pseudo fair ones fairly drank him below the table, and then rifled him of the dangerous papers.—*Wilson.*

THE CLAYMORE,

A great two-handed sword formerly in use among the Highlanders, two inches broad, and double edged; the blade being 3 feet 7 inches long, the handle, 14 inches; with a plain transverse guard of one foot; the whole weighing 6½ lb. These swords were the original weapons of the English, as appears by the figure of a soldier, found among the ruins of London, after the Great Fire in 1666—*R. O. Fenoway.*

A SCHOOLMASTER’S ADDRESS TO KING JAMES VI.

Linlithgo exhibited its loyalty in a very remarkable manner in the year 1617, when King James touched at his mother’s birthplace in the course of a progress through his kingdom of Scotland. James Wiseman, the schoolmaster of the town, was enclosed in a large plaster figure representing a lion,

and placed at the extremity of the town in order to address his majesty as he entered. However ridiculous this exhibition may now appear, it no doubt pleased the grotesque fancy of the King, more especially as the speech was highly laudatory, and composed in that peculiar style of poetry suited to the pedantic taste of the monarch. It was as follows:—

“Thrice Royal Sir, here do I you beseech,
Who art a lion, to here a lion’s speech—
A miracle! for since the day’s of *Æsop*
No lion, till these days, a voice dared raise up
To such a Majesty! Then, king of men,
The king of beasts speaks to thee from his den,
Who, tho’ he now enclosed be in plaster,
When he was free, was *Lithgow’s* wise school-
master!”

—*Charles Mackie.*

HIGH-SOUNDING TERMS.

A peddling shopkeeper that sells a pennyworth of thread is a *merchant*; the person who is sent for that thread has received a *commission*, and, bringing it to the sender, is making *report*. A bill to let you know there is a single room to be let is called a *placard*; the doors are *ports*; an enclosed field of two acres is a *park*; and the wife of a laird of fifteen pounds a year is a *lady*, and treated with *your ladyship*.—*Burt.*

“SAINT” DAVID HUME.

Previous to the naming of the streets in the New Town of Edinburgh, and when David Hume’s house was almost the only one in what is now really St David’s Street, the philosopher’s friend, Dr Webster, one of the ministers of the city, and a professed wit, came past one day, and, in ironical allusion to the known infidelity of its tenant, wrote with chalk upon the front, “*Saint David’s Street.*” Shortly after, Mr Hume’s aged female servant happened

to observe the painters actually lettering the name of the street on the corner, and immediately ran in to inform her master of the joke which had been played off upon him. The philosopher, not at all disturbed, only said, in his usual quiet way—

“Weel, weel, Janet, never mind. I’m no the first man of sense that has been made a saint o’.”

AN AGED YOUTH.

In April 1732, it was intimated from Kirkcaldy, that Margaret White of that place, aged 87, had lately cut eight fresh teeth. Her husband, moreover, was in hopes “she may bring him also a new progeny, as she has recovered, with her new tusks, a blooming and juvenile air.”

AN INGENIOUS ROGUE.

One Thomas M’Gie, who was bred a scholar, but poor, of a good genius and ready wit, of an aspiring temper, and desirous to make an appearance in the world, but wanting a fund convenient for his purpose, was tempted to try his hand upon bank-notes of the Bank of Scotland. At this time (1700) all the five kinds of notes—namely, £100, £50, £20, £10, and £5—were engraven in one and the same character. He by artful razing, altered the word five in the *five-pound* note, and made it *fifty*. But good providence discovered the villany before he had done any great damage, by means of the check-book and a record kept in the office; and the rogue was forced to fly abroad. The check-book and record are so excellently adapted to one another, and the keeping them right and applying thereof is so easy, that no forgery or falsehood of notes can be imposed upon the bank for any sum of moment before

it is discovered. After discovering this cheat of M'Gie, the company caused engrave new copper-plates for all their notes, each of a different character, adding several other checks, so that it is not in the power of man to renew M'Gie's villany.—*Account of Bank of Scotland.*

A MOCK PRINCE.

In June 1745, a native of Fife, David Gillies, assumed the name and character of Charles Stuart, Prince of Wales. He went about privately, and, by conferring honours and places, obtained a good deal of money from weak people. Warrants having been issued for his apprehension, he fled, but was caught at Selkirk. The justices of the county, after consulting the crown lawyers, sentenced the mock prince and his court, consisting of two men and two women, to be banished the shire by tuck of drum, attended by the hangman, as vagrants; and this was duly carried into effect on the 14th of July.

PORT-GLASGOW.

Towards the middle of the seventeenth century, the citizens of Glasgow began to show an active spirit for trade, and being sensible of the want of sufficient depth of water at the Broomielaw, they resolved to have a port nearer the mouth of the Clyde. Accordingly, they proposed to make an extensive harbour at Dumbarton; but were opposed by the magistrates of that burgh, on the ground that the great influx of mariners and others would raise the price of provisions to the inhabitants. The magistrates of Glasgow being disappointed in this project, turned their attention to the other side of the river; and, in the year 1662, purchased thirteen

acres of ground from Sir Robert Maxwell, adjoining the village of Newark, about nineteen miles below the city; and, having laid out the ground for a town, they built harbours, and made the first dry or graving dock that was in Scotland.—*Cleland.*

"WEATHER" OR NO.

"Tak' notice," shouted the Inverary bell-man at the pitch of his voice, "that the poat for Glasgow will sail on Monday morning, God willing and weather permittin', or on Tuesday, whether or no."

AN HISTORICAL EPITAPH.

February 26, 1728, died Marjory Scott, an inhabitant of Dunkeld, who had reached the age of 100. The following epitaph was composed for her by Alexander Penecuik, but never inscribed. It has been preserved, however, as a whimsical statement of historical facts comprehended within the life of an individual:—

Stop, passenger, until my life you read,
The living may get knowledge from the dead.
Five times five years I led a virgin life,
Five times five years I was a virtuous wife;
Ten times five years I lived a widow chaste.
Now tired of this mortal life I rest.
Betwixt my cradle and my grave hath been
Six mighty kings of Scotland and a queen.
Full twice five years the Commonwealth I saw,
Ten times the subjects rise against the law;
And, which is worse than any civil war,
A king arraigned before the subject's bar.
Swarms of sectarians, hot with hellish rage,
Cut off his royal head upon the stage.
Twice did I see old Prelacy pulled down,
And twice the cloak did sink beneath the
gown.
I saw the Stuart race thrust out; nay, more,
I saw our country sold for English ore;
Our numerous nobles, who have famous been,
Sunk to the lowly number of sixteen;
Such desolation in my days have been,
I have an end of all perfection seen!

Statistical Account.

JOHNNIE ARMSTRONG.

Some very remarkable expressions occurred at the taking by King James V. of the unfortunate Johnnie Armstrong. Though this hero was what an old historian calls "ane lous leivand man," and maintained a band of twenty-eight well-horsed able gentlemen, whose sole duty was plunder, his death was greatly lamented by the people, on account of his being the boldest man on the border, and his never harming any one but "the auld enemies of England." Armstrong came to pay his obeisance to the king at a hunting match, and was so unfortunate as to excite the royal displeasure by the splendour of his apparel and the number of his train.

"What wants yon knave," said the monarch, turning away his face, "that a king should have?"

The borderer, perceiving that the king desired to take his life, attempted to avert his fate by offering to maintain forty men constantly in the royal service, and to be ever ready to bring any subject in England, duke, earl, lord, or baron, within a given day, to his majesty's feet. Seeing, however, that James treated all his offers with contempt, he exclaimed with vehemence—

"I am butane fule to seek grace, at ane graceless face. But had I knawin, sir, that ye would have taken my life this day, I should have leaved upon the borders in despite of King Harie and you baith; for I know King Harie would weigh down my best horse with gold to know that I were condemned this day."

He was immediately led to the scaffold and executed, along with all his "gallant companie."

AN OLD SCOTTISH JUDGE.

Lord Forglen, a judge of the Court of Session, died in Edinburgh, March 30, 1727. When approaching his end

he was visited by his friend James Boswell, advocate. He was quite cheerful, and said—

"Come awa, Mr Boswell, and learn to dee: I'm gaun awa' to see your auld freend Cullen and mine (Lord Cullen had died a year before). He was a guid honest man; but his walk and yours wasna very steady when you used to come in frae Maggie Johnston's upon the Saturday afternoons."

Mrs Johnston kept a little inn near Bruntfield Links, which she contrived to make attractive to men of every grade in life by her home-brewed ale.

Dr Clerk, who attended Lord Forglen at the last, used to tell that, calling on his patient on the day he died, he was admitted by his lordship's clerk, David Reid.

"How does my lord do?" inquired the doctor.

"I houpe he's *weel*," answered David with a solemnity that told what he meant. He then conducted him to a room, and showed him two dozen of wine under a table. Other doctors presently came in, and David, making them all sit down, proceeded to tell them his deceased master's last words, at the same time pushing the bottle about briskly. After the company had taken a glass or two, they rose to depart; but David detained them.

"No, no," said he, "not so. It was the express will o' the dead that I should fill ye a' fou, and I maun fulfil the will o' the dead."

All the time the tears were streaming down his cheeks. "And, indeed," said the doctor when telling the story, "David did fulfil the will o' the dead, for before the end o't there was na ane o' us able to bite his ain thoomb!"

TWO WANDERERS.

Sir Walter Scott used to relate, with rich humour, the following incident

which occurred to him at Antwerp :— The morning after his arrival, he started at an early hour to visit the tomb of Rubens, in the church of St Jacques. He had no guide, but observing a person stalking about like himself, he addressed him in his best French. The stranger, pulling off his hat, very respectfully replied in Highland accent—

“I’m very sorry, sir, but I canna speak ony thing besides English.”

“This is very unlucky indeed, Donald,” said Mr Scott, “but we must help one another; for, to tell you the truth, I’m not good at any other tongue but the English, or rather the Scotch.”

“Oh, sir,” replied the Highlander, “may be you are a countryman, and ken my maister, Captain Cameron of the 79th, and could tell me where he lodges. I’m just cum in, sir, frae a place they ca’ *Machlin*, and hae forgotten the name of the captain’s quarters; it was something like the *laaborer*.”

“I can, I think, help you with this, my friend,” rejoined Sir Walter. “There is an inn just opposite to you (pointing to the *Hotel de Grand Laaborer*), I daresay that will be the captain’s quarters;” and it proved to be so.

THE WATER-CADDIES OF EDINBURGH.

They were a very curious tribe, consisting of both men and women, but the former were perhaps the more numerous. Their business was to carry water into houses; and therefore their days were passed in climbing up lofty stairs, in order to get into flats.

The water was borne in little casks, and was got from the public wells, which were then pretty thickly planted in the principal streets; and as there were far more candidates than spouts, there was a group of impatient and wrangling claimants who, when not eloquent, sat upon their kegs. These encampments of drawers of water had

a striking appearance. The barrels, when filled, were slung upon their backs, suspended by a leather strap, which was held in front by the hand. Their carriage was made easier by leaning forward, which threw the back outward; and hence stooping was the natural attitude of these sons and daughters of the well. They were known by this peculiarity even when off work. Their backs, which would otherwise have never been dry, were protected by thick layers of hard black leather, on which the barrels lay; and the leather had a slight curl up at its lower edge, which, acting as a lip, threw the droppings, by which they could always be tracked, off to the sides. Still, however, what with filling, and trickling, and emptying, it was a moist business. They were all rather old, and seemed little; but this last might be owing to their stooping. The men very generally had old red jackets, probably the remnants of the Highland Watch, or of the City Guard; and the women were always covered with thick duffle greatcoats, and wore black hats like the men. They very seldom required to be called; for every house had its favourite “water-caddie,” who knew the habits and wants of the family, and the capacity of the single cistern, which he kept always replenishing at his own discretion, at the fee (I believe) of a penny for each barrel. Their intercourse with families civilized them a little; so that, in spite of their plashy lives, and public-well discussions, they were rather civil and very cracky creatures. What fretted them most was being obstructed in going up a stair; and their occasionally tottering legs testified that they had no bigotry against qualifying the water with a little whisky. They never plied between Saturday night and Monday morning; that is, their employers had bad hot water all Sunday. These bodies were such favourites that the extinction of

their trade was urged seriously as a reason against water being allowed to get into our houses in its own way!—
Lord Cockburn.

“NAE BRAIRD LIKE MIDDEN
BRAIRD.”

A Lady E— of S—, who had been elevated to that title from a very low origin, took a strange way of showing how she felt her *parvenu* dignity. She used to sit in her chamber, every now and then ringing her bell for her servant, having no use all the time for his attendance. The answer to the servant on his inquiring what was wanted was simply “Nothing;” the servant then retired, and nothing more was said or done till the next ring. Some one venturing to ask her ladyship’s reason for such strange conduct—

“What!” said she, “shall Lady E— not ring her own bell when she pleases, whether she needs ony thing or no!”

A BASHFUL WOGER.

Of Dr Haldane, a professor at St Andrews when he was there, Charles Young, in his *Diary*, tells the following anecdote:—

“Shortly before I left St Andrews, the nephew of his patron, Lord Melville, who had been his inmate and companion for three years, was also about to leave. The loss of the society of one whose great ability had led all who knew him to expect he would one day fill a high place in the councils of his sovereign, grieved him much. When it was reported that he had fitted up his house afresh, at the very time when appearances were of less consequence to him, it was generally supposed, and currently reported, that he was going

to change his state. There is no doubt the rumour was well founded; for, on a given day, at an hour unusually early for a call, the good doctor was seen at the house of a certain lady, for whom he had long been supposed to have a predilection, in a bran-new coat, wiping ‘his weel-pouthered head’ with a clean white handkerchief, and betraying much excitement of manner, till the door was opened. As soon as he was shown ‘ben,’ and saw the fair one, whom he sought, calmly engaged in knitting stockings, and not at all disturbed by his entrance, his courage, like that of Bob Acres in the ‘Rivals,’ began to ooze out at the tips of his fingers, and he sat himself down on the edge of his chair in such a state of pitiable confusion as to elicit the compassion of the lady in question. She could not understand what ailed him, but felt instinctively that the truest good-breeding would be to take no notice of his embarrassment, and lead the conversation herself. Thus, then, she opened fire:—‘Weel, doctor, hae ye got through a’ your papering and painting yet?’ (A clearing of the throat preparatory to speech, but not a word uttered.) ‘I’m told your new carpets are just beautifu.’ (A further clearing of the throat, and a vigorous effort to speak, terminating in a free use of his handkerchief.) ‘They say the pattern o’ the dining-room chairs is something quite out o’ the way. In short, that everything about the hoose is perfect.’

“Here was a providential opening he was not such a goose as to overlook. He ‘screwed his courage to the sticking point,’ advanced his chair, sidled towards her, simpering the while, raised his eyes furtively to her face, and said, with a gentle inflexion of his voice which no ear but a wilfully deaf one could have misinterpreted—

“‘Na! na! Miss J—n. It’s no quite perfect. It canna be quite that so long as there’s ae thing wanting!’

“‘And what can that be?’ said the imperturbable spinster.

“Utterly thrown on his beam-ends by her wilful blindness to his meaning, the poor man beat a hasty retreat, drew back his chair from its dangerous proximity, caught up his hat, and, in tones of blighted hope, gasped forth his declaration in these words—

“‘Eh! dear! eh! Well, am sure! The thing wanting is a—a—a—side-board!’”

A CRACKED CONSCIENCE.

Lindsay, in his *Chronicles*, records a remarkable saying of Gavin Douglas, bishop of Dunkeld, the elegant Scottish poet. In 1515, when party spirit ran high between the Earls of Arran and Angus, the two most powerful noblemen in the kingdom, and who both aimed at the powers of regency, the accomplished bishop went, in behalf of his nephew Angus to the Blackfriars' Kirk at Edinburgh, in order to beseech that prelate to attempt a reconciliation of the hostile factions. Beatoun, who designed to take an active share in the expected contentions, and had armour concealed under his rochet, falsely swore, by his soul, striking his breast at the same time with his hand, that he knew nothing of the matter. His emphatic gesture caused the plaits of his jack to sound, when Douglas observed, with a poignant sneer: “My lord, your conscience is not guid, for I hear it clattering.” This bore a double meaning—the word *clatter* at once implying the idea of unsoundness, and the disclosure of a secret.

“THERE'S LIFE IN THE OLD
DOG YET.”

James Hogg and his father were out on a hill one wintry day during a snow storm, looking after the safety of the sheep, when the old man having in-

advertently gone too near the brow, the snow gave way, and he was precipitated to the bottom. The Ettrick Shepherd, alarmed for the safety of his father, looked down the side of the hill, and not only saw him standing on his feet seemingly unhurt, but heard him crying out at the top of his voice—

“‘Jamie, ma man, ye were aye fond o' a slide a' yer days; let me see ye do that.’”

This old man was a person of peculiar character in one respect. He never would confess or allow, or even in his own mind suppose, that he was or could be defeated in any thing. The above expression was in reality an emanation of this self-esteem: he wished to pass the accident off upon his son as a feat. On another occasion, having slipped his foot on going up a hill, and prostrated himself on his nose, he said to an individual accompanying him—

“‘Eh, I think I had *like* to hae fa'en.’”

Once being ridden away with on an unruly beast, a group of rustics observed him rush past with a face of great concern, and even fear; but when the beast had exhausted its strength, and allowed itself to become once more amenable to the rein, Mr Hogg came back, making a great show of mastery over it, and muttering, so as to be heard by the bystanders—

“‘I think I hae sobered her.’”

TWO WAYS OF TELLING A STORY.

King James the Sixth, on removing to London, was waited upon by the Spanish ambassador, a man of erudition, but who had an eccentric idea in his head, that every country should have a professor of signs, to enable men of all languages to understand each other without the aid of speech. Lamenting one day, before the king, this great desideratum throughout all Europe, the

king, who was an *outré* character, said to him, "Why, I have a professor of signs in the most remote college in my dominions; but it is at Aberdeen, a great way off—perhaps 600 miles from here."

"Were it ten thousand leagues off, I shall see him," said the ambassador, and expressed his determination to set out *instantly*, in order to have an interview with the Scottish professor of signs. The king, perceiving he had committed himself, caused an intimation to be written to the university of Aberdeen, stating the case, and desiring the professors to put him off, or make the best of him they could. The ambassador arrived, and was received with great solemnity. He immediately inquired which of them had the honour to be "Professor of Signs;" but was told that the professor was absent in the Highlands, and would return nobody could say when.

"I will," said he, "wait his return, though it were for twelve months."

The professors, seeing that this would not do, contrived the following stratagem:—There was one Geordie, a butcher, blind of an eye, a droll fellow, with much wit and roguery about him. The butcher was put up to the story, and instructed how to comport himself in his new situation of "Professor of Signs," but he was enjoined on no account to utter a syllable. Geordie willingly undertook the office for a small bribe. The ambassador was then told, to his infinite satisfaction, that the professor of signs would be at home next day. Everything being prepared, Geordie was gowned, wigged, and placed in state, in a room of the college. The Spaniard was then shown into Geordie's room, and left to converse with him as best he could, the whole of the professors waiting the issue with considerable anxiety. Then commenced the scene. The ambassador held up one of his fingers to Geordie; Geordie answered him by

holding up two of his. The ambassador held up three; Geordie clenched his fist and looked stern. The ambassador then took an orange from his pocket, and showed it to Geordie, who, in return, pulled out a piece of barley bread from his pocket, and exhibited it in a similar manner. The ambassador then bowed to him, and retired. The professors anxiously inquired his opinion of their brother.

"He is a perfect miracle," said the ambassador; "I would not give him for the wealth of the Indies!"

"Well!" exclaimed one of the professors, "how has he edified you?"

"Why," said the ambassador, "I first held up one finger, denoting that there is one God; he held up two, signifying that there are Father and Son; I held up three, meaning the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; he clenched his fist to say that these three are one. I then took out an orange, signifying the goodness of God, who gives His creatures not only the necessaries but the luxuries of life; upon which the wonderful man presented a piece of bread, showing that it was the staff of life, and preferable to every luxury."

The professors were glad that matters had turned out so well; and having got quit of the ambassador, they called in Geordie to hear his version.

"Well, Geordie, how have you come on, and what do you think of your man?"

"The scoundrel!" exclaimed the butcher, "what did he do first, think ye? He held up ae finger, as much as to say, you have only ae ee! then I held up twa, meaning that my ane was as good as his twa. Then the fellow held up three of his fingers, to say there were but three een between us; and then I was so mad at him that I steecked my nieve, and was gaun to strike him, and would hae done't too, but for your sakes. He didna stop here, but, forsooth, he took out an orange, as muckle

as to say, your poor beggarly country canna grow that! I showed him a whang of a bere bannock, meaning that I didna care a farthing for him, or his trash neither, as lang's I had this! But, by a' that's gude," concluded Geordie, "I'm angry yet, that I didna break every bane in his body."

Could two sides of a story be more opposed to each other?

A HIGHLAND SERGEANT'S REPRIMAND.

On one occasion, when the 93d Highlanders were in Ireland, a pugilistic encounter took place one morning near the barrack gate, between two of the natives. A number of the soldiers, half-dressed, having run out and thronged round the combatants, an officer ordered a Highland sergeant to call them back. The sergeant, shocked at conduct so inconsistent with his ideas of military subordination, called out to them, "Oh, lads, lads, you'll cause me wonder with a much surprise! You, tat's seen sowsands an' sowsands a' killed an' a' slewed on ta field o' pattle, are you not shamed for yoursels' to run out in your naked podies to see two mans feucht?"

OLD EDINBURGH PORTS.

This city is inclosed with something which seems to have been a Roman wall, on every side except the north, where it is secured by the loch. It has six gates—two to the east, two to the south, one to the west, and another lately built, to the north. One of the gates to the east is called the Netherbow, which was magnificently rebuilt in 1616, and adorned with towers on both sides, and is the chief gate of the city. The other gate to the east is called the Cowgate, from which there is an entry into

the Nether Street, which runs the length of the whole city, and is sometimes called the Cowgate Street. The easternmost of the gates to the south is called the Potterrow Port, from the suburbs called the Potterrow. The westernmost of these is called the Society Port, properly the Brewer's Port. In that place is a great square court with buildings round about it, to the very walls of the city. The West Gate, at the other end of the city lying beneath the Castle, affords an entrance from the suburb of the same name. The North Gate, which was last made, at the lower end of the North Loch, is twofold, the Inner and Outer Port, through which there is an entry into the city from the suburb, called the Muttters Hill. There are two streets extending the length of the whole town. The chief street, which is called the High Street, is one of the broadest streets in Europe; from it run many lanes or wynds, as the Scots call them, on both sides. The Nether or Lower Street has also many wynds running to the south.—*Chamberlayne.*

A NOBLE HALL.

The great hall of Borthwick Castle, which occupies the second storey, is perhaps the most noble specimen of feudal magnificence and hospitality now in existence. It is stated to be "so large, and so high in the roof, that a man on horseback might turn a spear in it."

WILKIE'S CONVERSATIONAL POWERS.

Such was the strong natural sense, and shrewdness of remark, of Sir David Wilkie, that George Colman, on one occasion, observed to a mutual friend, that "that Scotchman's conversation was worth a guinea an hour, for his sly wit and acute observation."

CLERK OF ELGIN.

I know no better account of the progress of a father and a son than what I once heard Clerk give of himself and of his son John, in nearly these words—

“I remember the time when people, seeing John limping in the street, used to ask, What lame lad that was? And the answer would be, That’s the son of Clerk of Eldin. But now, when I myself am passing, I hear them saying, What auld grey-headed man is that? And the answer is, That’s the father of John Clerk.” He was much prouder of the last mark than of the first.—*Lord Cockburn.*

THE EDINBURGH CADDIES.

The *cawdys* of Edinburgh are very useful blackguards, who attend the coffee-houses and public places to go of errands: and though they are wretches, that in rags lie upon the stairs, and in the streets at night, yet they are considerably trusted, and, as I have been told, have seldom or never proved unfaithful.

These boys know everybody in the town who is of any kind of note.

This *corps* has a kind of captain or magistrate presiding over them, whom they call the constable of the *cawdys*, and in case of neglect or other misdemeanour, he punishes the delinquents, mostly by fines of ale and brandy, but sometimes corporally.

They have for the most part an uncommon acuteness, are very ready at proper answers, and execute suddenly and well whatever employment is assigned them.

Whether it be true or not I cannot say, but I have been told by several, that one of the judges formerly abandoned two of his sons for a time to this way of life, as believing it would create in them a sharpness which might be of

use to them in the future course of their lives.—*Burt.*

DONALD CLEIRACH.

One of the last persons in Scotland, whose character and habits approached to those of a professed jester, was Donald Cleirach, a retainer of the family of Athole. He used to run to his own great delight before the Duke of Athole’s carriage, astride an oak cudgel, and mimicking the action of a man on horseback. In this manner he would herald his Grace’s approach from Dunkeld to Blair, a distance of nearly twenty miles; and he has even been known to ride his oaken steed before his noble master all the way to London. Arrived at his journey’s end, he invariably rubbed down his horse, and, in imitation of the postillions, led him with great form into the stable. When old age quickened his breath and stiffened his joints, poor Donald began to complain of his horse. In dismounting after a long ride, he would exclaim, “Hech, hech, sirs! this beast is grown unco lazy! I declare to ye, a body might amaist as weel walk as ride on sic a brute!”

A FAIR JACOBITE AND PRINCE CHARLES.

After the decisive battle of Culloden, the gallant Charles, hunted from place to place, was the victim of extreme personal as well as mental misery, for five months; when, notwithstanding a reward of £30,000 had been offered for his head, he made his escape, while the scaffolds were reeking with the blood of his best friends. The neighbourhood of Stirling is noted for the following scene:—When the prince reached Doune, he was hospitably entertained by the family of Newton. The sisters

of the classic Colonel Edmonston performed the office of servants, dreading discovery by the household. Their relations, the Edmonstons of Cambuswallace, were present on this interesting occasion; and when Charles, about to depart, had graciously held out his hand, and the rest of the ladies respectfully kissed it, Miss Robina Edmonston of Cambuswallace, desirous, it would seem, to have a more special mark of royal favour, solicited that she might have the honour "to pree his Royal Highness' mou." Deeming this a reasonable request, the gallant adventurer took her kindly in his arms, and kissed her from ear to ear; to the envy, doubtless, perhaps not unmixed with mortification, of the coyer beauties, who had contented themselves with a more moderate share of princely grace.—*Charles Mackie.*

THE GLEE MAIDEN.

The Glee-maiden was a necessary attendant of the jongleurs, or jugglers, in former times. Her duty was tumbling and dancing; and therefore the Anglo-Saxon version of Saint Mark's Gospel states that the daughter of Herodias vaulted or tumbled before King Herod. In Scotland, these poor creatures seem, even at a late period, to have been bondswomen to their masters, as appears from the following case, reported in Fountainhall's "Decisions:"—

"Reid, the mountebank, pursues Scott of Harden and his lady for stealing away from him a little girl, called the tumbling lassie, that danced upon his stage; and he claimed damages, and produced a contract, whereby he bought her from her mother, for £30 Scots. But we have no slaves in Scotland, and mothers cannot sell their bairns, and physicians attested, the employment of tumbling would kill

her; and her joints were now grown stiff, and she declined to return; though she was at least a 'prentice, and so could not run away from her master: yet some cited Moses' law, that if a servant shelter himself with thee, against his master's cruelty, thou shalt surely not deliver him up. The lords, *remittente cancellario*, assoilzied Harden, on the 27th January 1687."

A CHANCE FOR THE PRISONERS.

In the year 1677, a second conflagration made great havoc in the city of Glasgow; one hundred and thirty houses were destroyed, and a vast number of families thrown quite destitute. As the fire happened to be near the jail, which at that time was crowded with persons who were confined on account of religious scruples, the citizens, under the pretext of saving lives, broke open the doors, and set the whole prisoners at liberty.—*Cleland.*

A CLEVER LAWYER.

An eminent advocate was called on unexpectedly to plead in a cause in which he had been retained. He had been in company with some friends, and was a little "elevated." He mistook the party for whom he was engaged, and delivered, to the amazement of the agent who had fee'd him, and to the horror of his client, an eloquent speech in favour of the other side. As he was about to sit down, the trembling solicitor in a brief note informed him of his mistake. This would have disconcerted most men, but had quite the opposite effect upon him. Re-adjusting his wig and gown, he resumed his oration with the words:—"Such, my Lords, is the statement of this case which you shall probably hear from my learned brother on the other side. I

shall now, therefore, show your Lordships how utterly untenable are the principles, and how distorted are the facts, upon which this plausible statement has proceeded." And going over the whole ground, he so completely refuted his former pleading that he won his cause.

A GRAVE DOCUMENT.

John Campbell, of Bonnington cottage, near Edinburgh, was "a character." Among his other gifts was a turn for poetry, which he exercised greatly to his own enjoyment. Eighteen years before his death, he composed his funeral letter in verse. A few days before his demise he called for it and ordered it to be printed, and after subscribing several copies with his own hand, he caused them to be sent to those who were to carry him to the grave. The singular document was as follows :—

SIR—

Wi' me

Life's weary battle's ower at last,
The verge o' time I've fairly past,
My ransomed spirit now at rest
Frae worldly harm;
To you my only last request,
In humblest form,

Presents, that ye wad condescend,
As auld acquaintance and a friend,
My funeral party to attend—
My parting scene,
And see my earthly part consigned
To its earth again.

To rest till the redemption come,
Shall raise the body from the tomb,
And lead the blood-washed sinner home
To heavenly place,
To spend eternity to come
In joy and peace.

The period fixed when it's intendit,
That men's concern wi' me be endit,
My son on the neist page has penn'd it,
Baith time and place:
Now hoping that you will attend it,
I wish you peace.

John Campbell,

When John was asked why he had taken such a notion, his characteristic reply was: "I'm like the piper o' Falkland, wha tuned his pipes before he de'ed, to let the folk ken wha he was."

A JACOBITE'S APOLOGY.

Sir John Shaw of Greenock, a Whig, lost a hawk, supposed to have been shot by Bruce of Clackmannan, a Jacobite. In Sir John's absence, Lady Shaw sent Mr Bruce a letter, with an offer of her intercession, on condition that Mr Bruce would sign a very strongly worded apology. His reply was—

"For the honoured hands of Dame Margaret Shaw, of Greenock.—Madame, —I did not shoot the hawk. But sooner than have made such an apology as your ladyship has had the consideration to dictate, I would have shot the hawk, Sir John Shaw, and your ladyship.—I am, madam, your ladyship's devoted servant to command, Clackmannan."—*Sir B. Burke.*

FOES OF THE SHEEPFOLD.

"For three things the sheepfauld is disquieted, and there's four that it canna bear."

"An' what are they, Jock?"

"A witty wench, a woughing dog, a waukit-woo'd wether, an' a pair o' shambling shears."—*Hogg.*

AN ALARM IN THE '45.

Mrs Campbell of the Bourthills, parish of Lochwinnoch, who was 98½ years of age on the 25th December 1831, remembered the commotion and alarm of "the Forty-five." The farmers of the Laichlands drove all their horses and cattle to the Mistilaw, as a place of

safety, at the time Blackstoun was attacked. When the drove passed the Mercathill, near Castle-Sempill, the wife of John Allan of that mailling, mistaking the trampling of the horses for that of the rebels, became much alarmed, crying—

“The Hieland rabiator’s cum—we’re a’ ruint and ravisht!”

The women buried their rings and “siller harts among the peit ause.” The Sempills of Belltrees, who resided then at the Thridpairt, concealed their plate and jewels in the soil of the Barbowie, a farm opposite Thridpairt, on the other side of the water of the Black Cart. Colonel M’Dowall of Castle-Sempill was a Whig; but his wife, formerly Miss Wallace of Woolmet, was a Jacobite, and a keen favourer of Prince Charles. When the Lochwinnoch militia passed Castle-Sempill House, on their way to Glasgow, she “swarfit” or fainted.—*Stat. Account.*

GAS IN EDINBURGH.

At the end of April 1818 the shops and some of the streets of Edinburgh were lighted by gas for the first time, pipes having been laid by the Edinburgh Gas Company through the town. This great mod. rn improvement was hailed with much delight by the public—the brilliancy of the lighting of the streets being so totally different from the old oil lamps. Gradually gas lights were also being introduced into private houses instead of tallow and wax candles, which were previously used for the purposes of illumination.—*Anderson.*

A FALSE PROPHECY.

When the magistrates of Jedburgh were met at their market-cross to proclaim the new sovereigns (William and Mary), and drink their healths, a Jaco-

bite chanced to pass by. A bailie asked him if he would drink the king’s health; to which he answered No, but he was willing to take a glass of the wine. They handed him a little round glassful of wine; and he said—

“As surely as this glass will break, I drink confusion to him, and the restoration of our sovereign and his heir;” then threw away the glass, which alighted on the Tolbooth stair, and rolled down unbroken.

The bailie ran and picked up the glass, took them all to witness how it was quite whole, and then dropping some wax into the bottom, impressed his seal upon it, as an authentication of what he deemed little less than a miracle.

Mr William Veitch happening to relate this incident in Edinburgh, it came to the ears of the king and queen’s commissioner, the Earl of Crawford, who immediately took measures for obtaining the glass from Jedburgh, and sent it to London, “with ane attested account to King William.”

SIR WALTER SCOTT’S “MAIDA.”

Sir Walter Scott and a friend were one day discussing the humours and peculiarities of his canine favourites, of which Sir Walter had a number, who were romping round about. Some object provoked the temper of the dogs, and produced a sharp and petulant barking from the smaller fry; but it was some time before Maida (whose effigy now reposes at his feet on the monument at Edinburgh) was sufficiently roused to romp forward two or three bounds, and join in the chorus with a deep-mouthed bow-wow. It was but a transient outbreak, and he returned instantly, wagging his tail, and looking up dubiously into his master’s face, uncertain whether he would receive censure or applause.

“Ay, ay, old boy,” cried Scott, “you have done wonders; you have shaken the Eildon Hills with your roaring; you may now lay by your artillery for the rest of the day. Maida,” continued he, “is like the great gun at Constantinople; it takes so long to get ready that the smaller guns can fire off a dozen times first; but when it does go off it does great mischief.”

EPITAPH ON JAMES WINTER,

*In the Churchyard of Cortachy,
Forfarshire.*

Here lies James Winter, who died in
Peathaugh,
Who fought most valiantly at Water of
Saugh,
Along with Laduhenny, who did com-
mand the day;
They vanquished the enemy, and made
them run away.

THE SHEPHERD ON GLUTTONY.

“Watch twa men eatin’. As lang’s there’s a power or capacity o’ smilin’ on their cheeks, and in and about their een,—as lang’s they keep lookin’ at you, and round about the table, attendin’ to or joining in the tank, or the speakin’ cawn,—as lang’s they every noo an’ then lay doon their knife and fork, to ca’ for yill, or ask a young lady to tak wine, or tell an anecdote,—as lang’s they keep frequently ca’in’ on the servant lad or lass for a clean plate,—as lang’s they glower on the framed picturs or prents on the wa’, and keep askin’ if the tane’s originals and the tither proofs,—as lang’s they offer to carve the tongue or turkey—depend on’t they’re no in a state o’ gluttony, but are devourin’ their soup, fish, flesh, and fowl, like men and Christians. But as sune’s their chin gets creeshy—their cheeks lank, sallow, and clunk-clunky

—their nostrils wide—their een fixed—their faces close to their trencher—and themsel’s dumbies—then you may see a specimen ‘o’ the immoral and unintellectual abandonment o’ the sowl o’ man to his gustative natur;’ then is the fast, foul, fat feeder a glutton, the maist disgustfuest cretur that sits—and far aneath the level o’ them that feed, on a’ fowers, out o’ trochs on garbage.”—*Noctes Ambros.*

A POWERFUL METAPHOR.

A minister in Orkney used to pray that all good influences might “cleave to the hearts of his congregation, and to their children’s hearts, *like butter to bere bannocks!*”

HUGH CHISHOLM.

Shortly after writing the *History of the Rebellion*, I heard an anecdote of two Jacobites—one of them, Colquhoun Grant, who had been at the battle of Prestonpans, and there having mounted the horse of an English officer, whom he had brought down with his broadsword, chased for miles a body of Cope’s recreant dragoons; the other, Hugh Chisholm, a Highlander, who had been also out in the ’45, and lived in Edinburgh for a considerable period between 1780 and 1790. The anecdote is this:

Hugh Chisholm, who had been associated with the Prince in his wanderings, was supported latterly by a pension, which was got up for him by some gentlemen. Lord Monboddo was much attached to this interesting old man, and once proposed to introduce him to his table at dinner, along with some friends of more exalted rank. On his mentioning the scheme to Mr Colquhoun Grant, one of the proposed party, that gentleman started a number of objections, on the score that poor

Chisholm would be embarrassed and uncomfortable in a scene so unusual to him, while some others would feel offended at having the company of a man of mean rank forced upon them. Monboddo heard all Mr Grant's objections, and then assuming a lofty tone, exclaimed, "Let me remind you, Mr Grant, Hugh Chisholm has been in better company than either yours or mine!" The conscience-struck Jacobite had not another word to say.

Chisholm was accordingly brought to Monboddo's table, where he behaved with all the native politeness of a Highlander, and gave satisfaction to all present. He was very much struck with the appearance of Lord Monboddo's daughter, Miss Burnet,—Burns' Miss Burnet,—who presided over the feast. He seemed, indeed, completely rapt in admiration of this singularly beautiful woman, insomuch that he seldom took his eyes off her the whole night. One of the company had the curiosity to ask what he thought of her, when he burst out with an exclamation in Gaelic, indicative of an uncommon degree of admiration: "She is the most beautiful living creature I ever saw in all my life!"—*R. Chambers.*

INVOCATIONS.

Many of the rhythmical invocations known in Scotland, as well as those in simple prosaic form, have evidently originated from the reputed virtue of verses among the ancients; and all being of an early date, some are intermixed with the formula of the Roman Catholic ritual. Rude examples illustrate the fact: Elspeth Reoch was supernaturally instructed to cure distempers, by resting on her right knee while pulling a certain herb "betuix her mid finger and thombe, and saying of, In Nomine Patris, Filii, et Spiritus Sancti." A charm for curing

cattle, which appears in prosaic form in the record, may be resolved thus.

"I charge thee for arrowschot,
For doorschot, for wombschot,
For eyeschot, for tungschote,
For leverschote, for lungschote,
For hertschote—all the maist:
In the name of the Father, the Sone, and
Haly Gaist.

To wend out of flesch and bane,
In to sek ane stane:
In the name of the Father, the Sone, and
Haly Gaist. Amen."

This is a conjuration, charging the disease in name of the Trinity, to quit an animate, and to enter an inanimate substance.

A cure is alleged to have been operated by one laying his hand on a distempered horse, and uttering—

"Thrie bitters hes the bitt
In the tung, the eye, the hart—that's
worst
Other thrie, thy beit mon be;
In the name of the Father, Sone, and Holie
Ghost."

The discrimination of those does not seem very acute, who, in definition, say, "a charme is a spell or verse consisting of strange words, used as a signe or watchword to the devil, to cause him to do wonders." The preceding and the following are intended alike as pious exercises.

Two persons, husband and wife, confessed that they sometimes used "holy words for healing of shotts and sores," as:—

"Thir sairis are risen thro' God's work,
And must be laid through God's help,
The mother Mary and her dear Son
Lay thir sair [is] that are begun."

A woman was accused of imposing sickness on a man in Newburgh, and of "taking of the same sickness, be repeating thryse of certaine wordis quihilk scho termet prayeris."

The invocation interrupted became abortive. Every process indeed wherein the sorcerer embarked, had to be conducted regularly to a close through all its forms, otherwise its efficacy failed.

Agnes Sampson was convicted of curing "the auld ladie Hillabertoun, be her deivelisch prayers," though she declared to the patient's daughter, that she could not helpe the ladie, in respect that her prayer stopit," for which she expressed her regret. If she stopped once, the patient was bewitched; if twice, it was a fatal prognostication—the distemper would prove mortal.

The minister of Westray's servant applied to Christian Gow to cure his master's horse, who "vsit this charme:—"

"Thrie things hath he forspokin,
Heart, tung, and eye almost;
Thrie things sall the mend agane,
Father, Sone, and Holie Ghost."

—*Dalyell.*

THE EARL OF KELLIE.

The witty and convivial Lord Kellie being, in his early years, much addicted to dissipation, his mother advised him to take example of a gentleman, whose constant food was herbs, and his drink water.

"What, madam," said he, "would you have me imitate a man who eats like a beast, and drinks like a fish!"

KING OF THE CATS.

Sir Walter Scott used to tell a story about a gudeman who was returning to his cottage one night, when, in a lonely out-of-the-way place, he met with a funeral procession of cats, all in mourning, bearing one of their race to the grave, in a coffin covered with a black velvet pall. The worthy man, astonished and half-frightened at so strange a pageant, hastened home, and told his wife and children what he had seen, when a great black cat, that sat beside the fire, raised himself up, exclaiming—
"Then am I king of the cats!" and vanished up the chimney.

The funeral seen by the gudeman was one of the cat dynasty. "On that account," Sir Walter would add, "I am inclined to treat my cat with great respect, from the idea that he may be a great prince *incog.*, and may some time or other fall heir to the throne!"

WIT AND BRAVERY.

When the brave Corporal Caithness was asked, after the battle of Water'loo, if he were not afraid, he replied—

"Afraid! why, I was in a' the battles of the Peninsula!"

And having it explained that the question merely related to a fear of losing the day, he said—

"Na, na, I didna fear that; I was only afraid we should be a' killed before we had time to win it."

PRISONER'S ALLOWANCE.

1306. William of Lambyrton, bishop of St Andrews, while a prisoner in England, had a daily allowance for himself of sixpence, of threepence for his serving man, of threehalfpence for his footboy, and of threehalfpence for his chaplain.

Elizabeth, the consort of Robert Bruce, while a prisoner in England, had servants appointed to attend her, and particularly "a footboy for her chamber, sober, and not riotous, to make her bed."—*Dalrymple.*

A SCOTTISH SCOLD.

I was once in the goodwife's kitchen, about breakfast time, when the shepherd and the ploughmen lads and servant lassies were all present; a great noise of laughter ensued, of which perhaps I was partly the cause. The goodwife came in like a fiery dragon, and I think

I yet remember the speech word for word.

"What's a' this guffawing and gabbling about, now when the sun is at the south kip, the kye rowting on the loan, the hay lying in the swathe, the kirn to kirn, an' the peats to big? Glaikit gignets! Do ye think to get through the warld this gate? Tehee-hee-heeing about the lads, an' about courting favours, an' kissing strings, an' your master's wark lying at the wa'! An' yet ye will set up your jaws and insist on the highest wages, and the best o' fare in the country! An' a' for doing what? Curling your locks, forsooth; decking out your bit mortal clay bodies; primming wi' your smirks an' your dimples, and rinning, jinking, an' jowking after the bonny lads!"

Here the lasses, who seemed to delight in their mistress's scolding, began to protest, with one voice, that they cared not for the lads; when she went on—

"There we go! there we go! Ilk ane ready wi' a bit lee in her mouth, an' a' to cloak the waeftu' corruption o' her nature! Ay, lack-a-day! that's our besetting sin—the stain—the fruit-maele o' the original transgression! Poor things! poor things! you bloom, blowze, flirt, and flash on for a day, an' then a' down to poverty, pains, duds, an' debility. Poor things, poor things! There's nae help for it! It is the preemary curse on us, an' we canna get aboon't! We were the first to sin, an' we maun aye be the first to suffer! Our state's but a state o' suffering frae beginning to end; an' really I can hardly blame ye for making the maist o' your youthfu' days. But, bless me, will ye stand haver-havering on there till the day be done, an' no gang to your wark! I never saw the like o' you, for there's nae end o' your speaking!"

"Ay, now, goodwife, ye hae just said a' yoursel'. I'm sure ye hae gotten a' to say for me."

"Weel, I never heard sic impudence! I'll refer to him there, wha is an orra man, if I hae ever gotten in ae word. Gae wa' to your wark wi' ye, ye idle hizzies! An' be sure to come in i' time for your dinner, for I'se warrand ye'll soon be growin' hungry, poor things. Young creatures maun aye be feeding."
—Hogg.

"THE NEW ACQUAINTANCE."

1562. There raged at this time in Edinburgh a disease called the *New Acquaintance*. The queen and most of her courtiers had it; it spared neither lord nor lady, French nor English. "It is a pain in their heads that have it, and a soreness in their stomachs, with a great cough; it remaineth with some longer, with others shorter time, as it findeth apt bodies for the nature of the disease." Most probably this disorder was the same as that now recognised as the influenza.—Robert Chambers.

NIEL BLANE'S INJUNCTIONS.

"Jenny," said Niel Blane, as the girl assisted to disencumber him of his bagpipes, "this is the first day that ye are to take the place of your worthy mother in attending to the public; a douce woman she was, civil to the customers, and had a good name wi' Whig and Tory, baith up the street and down the street. It will be hard for you to fill her place, especially on sic a thrang day as this; but Heaven's will maun be obeyed. Jenny, whatever Milnwood ca's for, be sure he maun hae't, for he's the captain o' the Popinjay, and auld customs maun be supported; if he canna pay the lawing himsel', as I ken he's keepit unco short by the head, I'll find a way to shame it out o' his uncle. The curate is playing at dice wi' Cornet Grahame. Be eident and civil to them

baith; clergy and captains can gie an unco deal o' fash in thae times, where they take an ill-will. The dragoons will be crying for ale, and they wanna want it, and maunna want it; they are unruly chields, but they pay ane some g'ate or other. I gat the humle-cow, that's the best in the byre, frae black Frank Inglis and Sergeant Bothwell, for ten pund Scots; and they drank out the price at ae down-sitting."

"But, father," interrupted Jenny, "they say the twa reiving loons drave the cow frae the gudewife o' Bell's Moor, just because she gaed to hear a field-preaching ae Sabbath afternoon."

"Whisht, ye silly tawpie!" said her father; "we hae naething to do how they come by the bestial they sell; be that atween them and their consciences. Aweel. Take notice, Jenny, of that dour, stour-looking carle that sits by the cheek o' the ingle, and turns his back on a' men. He looks like ane o' the hill-folk, for I saw him start a wee when he saw the red-coats, and I jalouse he wad hae liked to hae ridden by, but his horse (it's a gude gelding) was ower sair travailed; he behoved to stop whether he wad or no. Serve him cannily, Jenny, and wi' little din, and dinna bring the sodgers on him by speering ony questions at him; but let na him hae a room to himsel', they wad say we were hiding him. For yoursel', Jenny, ye'll be civil to a' the folk, and take nae heed o' ony nonsense and daffing the young lads may say t'ye; folk in the hostler line maun put up wi' muckle. Your mither, rest her saul! could pit up wi' as muckle as maist women—but hands aff is fair play; and if onybody be uncivil, ye may gie me a cry. Aweel—when the malt begins to get aboon the meal, they'll begin to speak about government in kirk and state, and then, Jenny, they are like to quarrel. Let them be doing; anger's a drouthy passion, and the mair they dispute, the mair ale they'll drink; but ye

were best serve them wi' a pint o' the sma' browst; it will heat them less, and they'll never ken the difference."

"But, father," said Jenny, "if they come to lounder ilk ither, as they did last time, suldna I cry on you?"

"At no hand, Jenny; the redder gets aye the warst lick in the fray. If the sodgers draw their swords, ye'll cry on the corporal and the guard; if the country folk tak the tangs and poker, ye'll cry on the bailie and town-officers; but in nae event cry on me, for I am wearied wi' doudling the bag o' wind a' day, and I am gaun to eat my dinner quietly in the spence. And, now I think on't, the Laird o' Lickitup (that's him that was the laird) was speering for sma' drink and a saut herring; gie him a pu' by the sleeve, and round into his lug—I would be blithe o' his company to dine wi' me; he was a gude customer ance in a day, and wants naething but means to be a gude ane again. He likes drink as weel as e'er he did. And if ye ken ony pair body o' our acquaintance that's blate for want o' siller, and has far to gang hame, ye needna stick to gie them a waught o' drink and a bannock—we'll ne'er miss't, and it looks creditable in a house like ours. And now, hinny, gang awa', and serve the folk, but first bring me my dinner, and twa chappins o' yill, and the mutchkin stoup o' brandy."—*Old Mortality*.

THEATRICAL EXCITEMENT IN EDINBURGH.

In 1784 Mrs Siddons appeared at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, and so great was the anxiety to witness her performance, that the visitors used to take possession of their seats at two o'clock, and amuse themselves there till she appeared in character in the evening. In 1815 her successor, Miss O'Neill, appeared in Edinburgh, and there was a similar *mania*; porters were actually

engaged to sleep all night on the street at the box-office door of the theatre to secure places in the morning.—*Anderson.*

THE REASON OF HIGH "LANDS."

In Edinburgh every house has a common staircase, and every storey is the habitation of a separate family. The inconvenience of this particular structure need not be mentioned; notwithstanding, the utmost attention in the matter of cleanliness is in general observed. . . . It must be observed that this unfortunate species of architecture arose from the turbulence of the times in which it was in vogue; everybody was desirous of getting as near as possible to the protection of the Castle; the houses were crowded together, and, I may say, piled one upon another, merely on the principle of security.—*Pennant.*

BOGLES.

A general name for all beings which create an *errieness* in man. In Scotland, more bogles are seen and heard of than there are in all the rest of the world! How this comes to pass it may be difficult to define, but so it is. In every country of a similar form, composed chiefly of hill and dale, rocks and wild mountains, we find the natives having their *bogles*; the Welsh and the Swiss are this way, and many others. But what have they in comparison to the Scots? What are their *knockers* and *reckers*, to *warlocks* without end, *worricous*, *kelpies*, *spunkies*, *wraiths*, *witches*, and *carlins*? What! a mere nothing. The Scots are a nation not only famous for religion, war, learning, and independence, but also for superstition, which practically proves this point in moral philosophy—that fear

attends the brave, as modesty does the worthy, and in proportion as the intellect is weak or strong.—*Maclaggart.*

A PROPITIOUS WEDDING.

Edinburgh, September 1720. Upon the 17th instant, the Right Honourable the Earl of Wemyss was married to the only child of Colonel Charteris, a fortune of five hundred thousand pounds sterling, English money, which probably in a short time may be double that sum. But that is nothing at all in comparison of the young lady herself, who is truly, for goodness, wit, beauty, and fine shapes, inferior to no lady of Great Britain; all which the noble earl richly deserves, being a most complete and well-accomplished gentleman, and the lineal representative of a most noble, great, and ancient family in Scotland, of five or six hundred years' standing.

"JAMIE THE FOOTMAN."

While walking through his plantations one day, Lord Panmure was attracted by the sound of some one felling a tree.

"What are you about there?" said he to a young man whom he caught in the act of levelling a "stately monarch of the wood," and who had also a cart and horse ready, at no great distance, to carry away the booty.

"Do ye no see what I'm about?" answered the fellow with the utmost assurance. "Nae doubt ye'll be some o' the understrappers frae the big house!"

Amused at the great coolness of the rustic, his lordship, with some difficulty in maintaining a proper gravity, said, "What if Maule were to come upon you?"

"Hout, man, he wadna say a word—there's no a better hearted gentleman

in a' the country; but as I'm in a hurry, I wish ye wad gi'es a hand, man." To this Panmure good-humouredly agreed; and when the tree had been securely placed upon the cart, the jolly peasant proposed rewarding his assistant with a dram in a neighbouring ale-house. To this, however, his lordship would not agree, but he invited the youth to call next day at the castle, where, by asking for "Jamie the footman," he would be sure to find him, and be treated to a glass out of his own bottle. The countryman called according to promise; but his confusion and astonishment may be well imagined when, instead of meeting "Jamie the footman," he was ushered, with great ceremony, into the presence of Maule "himself," and a company of gentlemen.

"My man," said his lordship, walking up to him, "the next time you go to cut wood, I would advise you first to get Lord Panmure's authority." With this gentle reprimand he dismissed the terrified depredator, though not without giving instructions that he should be well entertained in the hall.—*Kay*.

LUCKY CRUDEN'S POW.

Mrs Janet Cruden, or Lucky Cruden, as she, in common with all good matronly women of a certain grade in society, were usually called, kept a small brewery near the Green Tree Tavern, Leith, about the middle of the last century. Within a *bole*, or small niche, in the inside of one of her barns, stood, and had stood from time immemorial, a human skull. For what purpose it was kept there nobody knew, but strange surmises on the subject had been long afloat in the neighbourhood. Whether Lucky Cruden made any bad use of this relic of mortality was never very clearly ascertained. It is certain, however, that all attempts to destroy

Lucky's Pow, as the skull was called, were vain; for although it had been again and again abstracted from its receptacle in the wall, by meddling and mischievous boys, ay, and to all appearance, dashed into a thousand pieces, yet the very first person who had occasion to go afterwards into the barn never failed to find the identical and well-known "pow" grinning in its old stance, as sound and whole as if nothing had happened. This experiment had been a thousand times tried, and always with the same result.—*Campbell's Leith*.

A FIFESHIRE FASTING GIRL.

There was a virgin in this shire remarkable for her abstinence. I saw her in that state, and was informed by her relations that she took no food but once a fortnight, sometimes once a month—a fig, or a sugar biscuit, and drank only water, or a little milk, and yet was of fresh complexion, but obliged to lie much in a bed through weakness. I saw her lately in good health and vigorous.—*Sibbald*.

LAWLESSNESS IN EDINBURGH.

Upon the seventh of Januar 1591, the king (James VI.) coming down the (High) Street of Edinburgh from the Tolbuith, the Duke of Lennox, accompanied with the Lord Hume, following a little space behind, pulled out their swords, and invaded the Laird of Logie. The king fled into a clossene-head, and incontinent retired to a skinner's booth, where it is said he shook for feare.—*Calderwood*.

The sole consequences of this lawless act of violence was the exclusion of the chief actors from Court for a short time; and only six days thereafter the Earl of Bothwell deliberately took by force out of the Tolbooth the chief witness in a

case then pending before the Court, at the very time that the king was sitting in the same buildings along with the Lords of Session. The unfortunate witness was dragged by his captors to Crichton Castle, and there schooled into a more satisfactory opinion of the case in question, under the terror of the gallows.—*Wilson*.

A JACOBITE EVASION.

During the '45, Oliphant of Gask, who was a staunch Jacobite, but was not "out," adopted an ingenious mode of keeping on terms with the powers that were. Gask had a son named Charles. The boy sat next his father every day at dinner; and, after the cloth was removed, the old gentleman filled a bumper, and turning to his son, cried out, with a tap on the shoulder, "Charles, the king's health!"

AN UNCIVIL WAR.

In 1732 the magistrates of Musselburgh, according to ancient annual custom, had to perform the ceremony of "Riding the Marches" of their burghal property. On this occasion they were attended by their vassals and the burghesses, to the number of 700, all of them mounted and in their best array. The trumpets and hautboys marched in front; then the magistrates and town council, followed by the gentlemen vassals, with the town standard; after them the several incorporations, distinguished by their respective shining new standards, and headed by the masters of the crafts. In this good order they marched out to the Links, making a gay appearance. But, alas! while they were marshalling, an unlucky difference arose between the weavers and the tailors, which should have the precedency. In order to prevent effusion of the blood

of His Majesty's good subjects, they agreed to submit the question to the magistrates. The tailors argued that, as the precedency had previously fallen to them by lot, no opposition could now be offered in that respect. It was alleged, on the other hand, that they, the weavers, were *men*, and as such preferable, at all events, to *tailors*. This signal affront could not be digested. Accordingly, to work they went, without waiting the decision of authority; and while the weaver squadron were filing off to take the post of honour with Captain Scott at their head, Adjutant Fairley, who acted in that capacity to the tailor squadron, directed a blow at the captain's "snout," which brought him to the ground. Thus were the two corps fiercely engaged, and nought was to be seen but heavy blows, hats off, broken heads, bloody noses, and empty saddles; till at last the plea of manhood seemed to go in favour of the needlemen, who took Scott, hero of the weavers, prisoner, disarmed him, and beat his company quite out of the field, though far more numerous. It was with the utmost difficulty that the weavers got their standard carried off, which they lodged in their captain's quarters under the discharge of three huzzas: 'tis true the conquering tailors were then off the field, and at a mile's distance. The weavers alleged, in excuse of their retreat, that the butcher squadron had been ordered up to assist the tailors, and that they did not incline to engage with these men of blood.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

"Weel, John, tell us what ye think o' the English now, after ye hae been sae lang among them?"

"Why, deed, to tell the truth, they're no that ill folks ava, thae Englishers. They're guid fallows at their meat an' drink and awfu' guid-natured. But, O

man, they are badly off for a language ! I never saw ought like it, man ; for it is wi' the greatest defeckwulty ane can ken a word they say. An' for as plain as I speak—an' it is weel kend there's no a man in a' Annandale speaks plainer nor me—deil be on them gin they could ken what I said ! It is really waesome to be amang them ; for, O man, they are badly off for a language !"—*Hogg.*

EPITAPH ON THE TOWN-TREASURER
OF ARBROATH.

Hier lyis Alexander Peter, present town-treasurer of Arbroath, who died the 12 January 1630.

Such a treasurer was not since, nor yet before,

For common work, calsais, brigs, and schoir ;

Of all others he did excell ;

He devised our skoel, and he hung our bell. *In Arbroath Churchyard.*

JOHNNY DOW'S EPITAPH.

Wha lies here ?

I, Johnny Dow.

Hoo, Johnny, is that you ?

Ay, man, but I'm dead now.

A COOL CREDITOR.

Doctor Charters had given five pounds as a loan to a Hawick carter, who evidently had not the slightest intention of repaying the money. Several years afterwards the two met face to face on the Auld Brig, and the doctor craved his long-lent sum from the creditor. Imagine his surprise, however, when the mean fellow answered him thus :—

"I hae mony debtors, and I mak three classes o' them, doctor. In the first place, I hae them that canna want it ; secondly, I hae them that neither

can nor will want it ; and thirdly, I hae them that baith can and will want it."

"Then I suppose," said the doctor, "that I am included in the third class."

"Deed are ye, sir," was the ready answer of the carter, as he proceeded on his way, to the utter "dumbfounderment" of his creditor.

SIR ROBERT BURNS, KNIGHT !

Henry Bruce, the last laird of Clackmannan, who died in 1772, was descended, it is said, in a direct line from King Robert. His widow, the old lady of Clackmannan, was equally remarkable for wit, good humour, economy, and devotion to the house of Stuart. She had the sword of King Robert in her possession, with which she assumed the privilege of conferring knighthood. When Burns visited this old Jacobite lady, she *knighted* the poet with the king's sword, observing, while she performed the ceremony, that "she had a better richt to do so than *some other folk!*" When asked if she was of Bruce's family, she would answer with much dignity, "*King Robert was of my family.*" She bequeathed King Robert's sword, with a helmet, said to have been worn by him at Bannockburn, to the Earl of Elgin, and these interesting relics are now at Broomhall.

A CANDID CRITIC.

While preaching one of his astronomical discourses in Glasgow, Dr Chalmers observed among his audience a plain, honest, godly woman, who lived in a close off the Gallowgate, and with whom he was well acquainted. The doctor felt an irresistible desire to know what Janet thought of the sermon, as he was quite sure it was above her reach, and he knew that he would not require to ask her opinion, for, being a

frank, outspoken "body," she would not fail to give it of her own accord. A day or two after he threw himself in her way, when he soon got what he was in quest of. "Weel, sir," she said, "I was hearing ye in the Laigh Kirk the ither day; I canna say that I liket ye sae weel as in our ain bit placey here (a mission-house where weekly meetings were held). I canna say that I understood ye a' thegither; but eh, sir, there was something unco suitable and satisfyin' in the psalms."

JOCK O' THE SYDE.

This hero was one of the Armstrongs of Liddesdale, and a noted mosstrooper, in the reign of Mary Queen of Scots. Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington, in a poetical complaint which he wrote "against the thevis of Liddisdale," thus speaks of this famous border reaver:

"He is well kened, Johne of the Syde;
A greater thief did never ryde;
He never tyres
For to break byres;
Over moors and myres
Ower gude ane guyd."

The site of his residence, the Syde, is pointed out on a heathy upland, about two miles to the west of New Castle-town, in Liddisdale.

A WIDE CROP.

Mr Nicholson of Carnock, a genuine Scottish laird of the old school, like many greater men, was frequently known to confer a favour from no better or higher feeling than that excited by a witty, humorous, or eccentric reply. This weak side of his was well known, and signally improved upon by sundry wily applicants. Be it understood, that the aforesaid worthy piqued himself on being a capital player on the bagpipe.

One of his tenants, who was much in arrears for rent, had a most unseasonable visit from the laird, demanding immediate payment. Saunders, however, knew well that his landlord was generally as hard as a millstone, but did not despair of coming round him.

"Aweel, your honour," says he, "I canna pay you the noo, for I haena the siller."

"Why, Saunders," quo' the laird, "I must also that it is in ordinar accounted a very sufficient reason for ane's no paying his just and lawful debts; but it's weel kent through the hail countra side that you have had a grand crap this year, and plenty o' siller you maun hae—that's past ae hair o' doot."

"The gude Lord forgie your honour," says Saunders, "what ca' ye a gran' crap? I'm sure you heard tell of my field o' beans, that I lookit for sae muckle siller frae, for nae other purpose, gude kens, but to put into your honour's pouch, an' hoo did they turn out? Och! sirs, sirs, my heart's like to break when I think o't!"

"Deil tak ye!" quo' the laird, "I aye thocht thae very beans were the best pairt o' your crap."

"The best pairt!" most dolefully ejaculated Saunders: "why, laird, gif ilka bean-stalk had been a *piper*, he wadna hae heard his neist neighbour play!" It is almost needless to add, that Saunders got his own time to pay.

THE NUN OF DRYBURGH.

Soon after the failure of the last attempt of the House of Stuart to recover the throne of Britain, an unfortunate female wanderer took up her residence in a dark vault among the ruins of Dryburgh Abbey, which, during the day, she never quitted. When night fell, she issued from this miserable habitation, and went to the house of Mr Haliburton of Newmains, or to that of

Mr Erskine of Shielfield, two gentlemen of the neighbourhood. From their charity she obtained such necessaries as she could be prevailed on to accept. At twelve each night she lighted her candle, and returned to her vault, assuring her friendly neighbours that during her absence her habitation was arranged by a spirit, to whom she gave the uncouth name of *Fat Lips*; describing him as a little man, wearing heavy iron shoes, with which he trampled the clay floor of the vault to dispel the damps. This circumstance caused her to be regarded by the well-informed with compassion, as deranged in her understanding, and by the vulgar with some degree of terror. The cause of her adopting this extraordinary mode of life she would never explain. It was, however, believed to have been occasioned by a vow, that, during the absence of a man to whom she was attached, she would never look upon the sun. Her lover never returned. He fell during the civil war of 1745-6, and she never more would behold the light of day.

The vault, or rather dungeon, in which this unfortunate woman lived and died, passes still by the name of the supernatural being with which its gloom was tenanted by her disturbed imagination, and few of the neighbouring peasants dare enter it.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

“DEBARRING.”

In “fencing” the tables, what was called the Debarring was always lengthened and minute, while the invitation was short and general. The debarring was so called from the several classes of sinners addressed being solemnly debarred or prohibited from partaking of the ordinance. So minute and comprehensive was the enumeration of these classes that one would have thought the tables were prepared in vain, as none

could be entitled to come forward with impunity. Profane swearing was very particularly insisted on in all its forms, and especially in that of minced oaths, which were very common. One clergyman in the vicinity of Dumfries is reported to have said, when engaged in this part of the service—

“I debar from these tables all those who use any kind of minced oaths, such as heth, teth, feth, fegs, losh, gosh, or lovenenty.”

No doubt the great object of such particularity was to preserve the purity of the ordinance, and prevent the commission of aggravated sin, though there was a seeming inconsistency in what followed, the earnestness in inviting and urging communicants to come forward and partake of the memorials of redeeming love. Indeed, an instance is on record, when, after the debarring, not a single individual would come forward, till the minister, seeing his mistake, entreated them by saying that he did not altogether mean what he had said.—*Rev. D. Hogg.*

ST KILDA.

The remotest of all the north-west islands of Scotland is St Kilda, or Hirt. It is faced all round with a steep rock, except a bay at south-east, which is not a harbour fit for a vessel, so that there is no landing but in a calm, and that by climbing. The soil is not unfruitful, especially of barley, which is the largest in the western isles. There are about twenty-seven families in the island, who live chiefly upon fish and fowl, and the eggs of their sea-fowl, of which they have incredible quantities. The inhabitants, who are Protestants, are very sincere kind people, separated from the world, of which they know little and see less; truly religious, and every way what we may imagine the inhabitants of the old world to have been before

the arts of luxury got footing amongst mankind. They pay a small homage to the MacLeods, a cadet of which family comes sometimes to receive his tribute, which is paid in down, wool, butter, cheese, cows, horses, fowl, oil, and barley. Money they have none, nor do they know the use of it.—*Chamberlayne*.

A BADLY-USED MAN.

An old man died at Carluke about eighty years ago (1792), who had for upwards of twenty years believed himself to be tormented by a magician.

"This magician," as he described it, "by means of a mathematical head resembling his, opened his skull every night, and dropt into his brain red-hot needles, which produced the most painful and excruciating torments." Though naturally active and laborious, this fancy at last disabled him from work. In every other respect he was perfectly reasonable, and appeared to have the free exercise of his faculties.—*Stat. Ac.*

AIDING JUSTICE.

A "flesher" in the village of Earlston was frequently in trouble on account of his poaching propensities. Once more found guilty of his usual offence, the presiding justices had some difficulty in deciding upon the amount of penalty to be inflicted. "Ye needna pinch yourselves, gentlemen," said the prisoner, addressing them, "for deil a penny ye'll get."

JACOBITE FIDELITY.

All who are acquainted with the events of the unhappy insurrection of 1745 must have heard of a young gentleman of the name of Mackenzie, who had so remark-

able a resemblance to Prince Charles Stuart, as to give rise to the mistake to which he cheerfully sacrificed his life. He was pursued with eagerness by a party of soldiers who were anxious to obtain the reward of £30,000 which had been offered for the head of the prince, dead or alive. Mackenzie was overtaken and shot, but he continued the heroic deception to the last by exclaiming, as he fell, "Villains, you have killed your prince!" It was not till the head was produced at the next garrison, for the purpose of claiming the reward, that the mistake was discovered. Such an act of heroic devotion would perhaps appear extravagant, even in poetry or romance.—*Stewart*.

A COMPROMISE.

"He gave me half-a-crown yince, and forbade me to play it awa' at pitch and toss."

"And you disobeyed him, of course?"

"Na, I didna dis-obeyed him, I played it awa' at neevie-neevie-nick-nack."—*Guy Mannering*.

TIME TO GO.

A Highland laird, whose peculiarities still live in the recollection of his countrymen, used to regulate his residence in Edinburgh in the following manner:—Every day he visited the Water-gate, as it is called, of the Canongate, over which was extended a wooden arch. Specie then being of the general currency, he threw his purse over the gate, and as long as it was heavy enough to be thrown over, he continued his round of pleasure in the metropolis; when it was too light, he thought it time to retire to the Highlands. Query—How often would he have repeated this experiment at Temple Bar?—*Sir Walter Scott*

THE HEROIC LADY SEATON.

In 1322, when King Edward came before Berwick, Sir Alexander Seaton was left in charge of its defence. Edward, summoning the governor to surrender, threatened that, if he delayed to obey, his two sons, whom he had amongst his hostages, should be hanged before his eyes; and for this purpose a gallows was erected, and the young men were led forth under the town wall. The tenderness of the father began to shake his stern resolves, when his lady came up to her lord and thus addressed him: "We are young enough to have more children; but if we surrender, we can never recover the loss of our honour." This from his heroic wife was enough; he resolutely refused to surrender, and actually stood to see his two sons hanged beneath the walls. It is worthy of record that his noble lady was as good as her word—she afterwards became the mother of two brave sons.

A MAGNANIMOUS COBBLER.

At a certain county election of a member of Parliament in the Highlands, the popular candidate waited on a shoemaker to solicit his vote.

"Get out of my house, sir," said the shoemaker; and the gentleman was forced to retire accordingly. The cobbler, however, followed him, and called him back, saying, "You turned me off from your estate, sir, and I was determined to turn you out of my house; but for all that, I'll give you my vote."

NEIL BLANE'S POLICY.

"Thir kittle times will drive the wisest o' us daft," said Niel Blane, the prudent host of the Howff; "but I see aye keep a calm sough, Jenny, what meal is in the gernel?"

"Four bows o' aitmeal, twa bows o' bear, and twa bows o' pease," was Jenny's reply.

"Awcel, hinny," continued Niel Blane, sighing deeply, "let Bauldy drive the pease and bearmeal to the camp at Drumclog—he's a Whig, and was the auld gudewife's ploughman—the mashlum bannocks will suit their muirland stamachs weel. He maun say it's the last unce o' meal in the house, or, if he scruples to tell a lie (as it's no likely he will when it's for the gude o' the house), he may wait till Duncan Glen, the auld drucken trooper, drives up the aitmeal to Tillietudlem, wi' my dutif' service to my leddy and the major, and I haena as muckle left as will mak my parritch; and if Duncan manage right, I'll gie him a tass o' whisky that shall mak the blue low come out at his mouth."

"And what are we to eat ourselves, then, father," asked Jenny, "when we hae sent awa' the hail meal in the ark and the gernel?"

"We maun gar wheat-flour serve us for a blink," said Niel, in a tone of resignation; "it's no that ill food, though far frae being sae hearty or kindly to a Scotchman's stamach as the curney aitmeal is; the Englishers live amaist upon't; but, to be sure, the pock-puddings ken nae better."—*Old Mortality*.

HOW TO STOP A DISCUSSION.

Dr Barclay was one day dining with a large party composed chiefly of medical men. As the wine went round, the conversation accidentally took a professional turn, and, from the excitation of the moment, or some other cause, two of the youngest gentlemen present were the most forward in delivering their opinions. Our unfledged M.D.'s gradually got heated in their remarks, and finally settled into a debate, in which

they made up in loudness what they lacked in learning. At length one of them said something so emphatic—we mean as to manner—that a pointer dog started from his lair beneath the table, and *bow-wow*ed so fiercely that he fairly took the lead in the discussion. Dr Barclay eyed the hairy dialectician, and thinking it high time to close the debate, gave the animal a hearty push with his foot, and exclaimed, in good broad Scotch, “Lie still, ye brute; I’m sure ye ken just as little about it as ony o’ them.”

This remark effectually brought the argument to a close.

HENRY ERSKINE’S FIRST WIFE.

One of the peculiarities of the Hon. Henry Erskine’s first wife consisted in not retiring to rest at the usual hours. She would frequently employ half the night in examining the wardrobe of the family, to see that nothing was missing, and that everything was in its proper place. Among other proofs of her oddities, it is related that, one morning, about two or three o’clock, having been unsuccessful in a search, she awoke Mr Erskine, by putting to him this important interrogatory—“Harry, lovie, where’s your white waistcoat?”

“BITTS.”

Those jointed pieces of iron which are put in horses’ mouths, of course, but used allegorically in the country for a *dram* of whisky on certain occasions. When a man is wet and trembling with cold, give him a *caulker*, and you take the *bitts* out of his mouth.

“Will ye no tak the bitts out o’ my mouth the day?” is a common phrase by those who long to have drink from their *neighbours* when they meet on market-days in *clachans*, and after much

hargle-bargeling is gone through, a *gill* is decided on; so the party slide slowly and diffident into the *yill-house*.—*Mac-taggart*.

A USEFUL PEER.

Lord K—, dining at Provost S—’s, and being the only peer present, one of the company gave a toast, “The Duke of Buccleuch.” So the peerage went round till it came to Lord K—, who said he would give them a pier, which, although not often toasted, was of more use than all the nobles in the peerage. His lordship then gave “The pier of Leith.”

HUME’S CORRESPONDENCE.

Mrs Baron Mure was a great correspondent of David Hume’s, and carefully preserved all his letters. On hearing of the death of the philosopher, she felicitated herself upon possessing so many of his epistolary compositions, as she expected that every fragment of his writings would now be eagerly appreciated, and that her letters, of course, would make a most respectable appearance in some printed form or other, whether in a collection of his correspondence, or embodied in his biography. She said to her friends one day—

“I have most carefully preserved the letters of my illustrious friend, putting them always into a drawer by themselves as I got them; and they must now form, I assure you, a very large bundle;” and she was requested to produce them. On opening the drawer, however, she recollected that, some time before, she had tied up the letters in a bundle, and placed them in a lumber-room. Thither they all trooped off, with the kitchen-maid as a convoy, and, after some difficulty, the exact location of the letters was ascertained.

"What has become, Jenny," said Mrs Mure, "of the bundle tied up with a red tape, that I put into that corner? You must surely remember it. Where do you think it is?"

"*You!* ma'am," cried Jenny, as if a sudden burst of light had come in upon her. "Was't you?"

"Ay, it was *you!* as you call it," responded the blue-stocking. "Where is *you?*"

"Lord bless me, ma'am!" cried Jenny, in a perfect terror, "I've been singein' hens wi' them this half year!"

Such was the ignominious fate of one large branch of the correspondence of this eminent philosopher.

EVERY MAN TO HIS TRADE.

An Auchmithie fisherman, being catechised by the minister one day, exhibited an ignorance of spiritual knowledge which greatly shocked the good man. This elicited a severe reprimand, and accusations of carelessness, as the minister was convinced that the man's ignorance did not arise from want of capacity. The fisherman heard him patiently, and when he had finished, said, "Noo, sir, ye've speer'd mony questions at me, will ye let me speer ane at you?"

"Oh, certainly, John," was the reply.

"Weel, sir, how mony hooks will it tak to bait a fifteen score haddock line?"

"Really, John, I cannot answer you," said the minister; "it is quite out of my way."

"Weel, sir," said John, "ye shouldna be sae hard on puir folk—you to your trade, me to mine."

EPITAPH ON NEIL GOW.

Gow an' time are even now;
Gow beat time, now time beats Gow.

A SERIOUS QUESTION.

At the sale of an antiquarian gentleman's effects in Roxburghshire, which Sir Walter Scott happened to attend, there was one little article—a Roman patera—which occasioned a good deal of competition, and was eventually knocked down to the author of *Waverley* at a high price. Sir Walter was excessively amused, during the time of the bidding, to observe how much it excited the astonishment of an old woman, who had evidently come there to buy culinary utensils on a more economical principle. "Lord bless me, if the parritch pan," she at length burst out; "if the *parritch pan* gangs at that, what will the *hail pat* gang for?"

SCOTCH FISHING TOWNS.

The little fishing towns were generally disagreeable to pass, from the strong smell of the haddocks and whittings that were hung up to dry on lines along the sides of the houses from one end of the village to the other; and such numbers of half-naked children, but fresh-coloured, strong, and healthy, I think are not to be met with in the inland towns. Some will have their numbers and strength to be the effects of shell-fish.—*Burk*.

THE SCOTTISH THISTLE.

This ancient emblem of Scots pugnacity, with its motto—

"Nemo me impune lacessit,"

is represented on various species of royal bearings, coins, and coats of armour, so that there is some difficulty in determining which is the genuine original thistle. The origin of the badge itself is thus handed down by tradition:—When the Danes invade^d

Scotland, it was deemed unwarlike to attack an enemy in the darkness of night, instead of a pitched battle by day; but on one occasion the invaders resolved to avail themselves of this stratagem; and in order to prevent their tramp from being heard, they marched barefooted. They had thus neared the Scottish force unobserved, when a Dane unluckily stepped with his naked foot upon a superb prickly thistle, and instinctively uttered a cry of pain, which discovered the assault to the Scots, who ran to their arms, and defeated the foe with a terrible slaughter. The thistle was immediately adopted as the insignia of Scotland.

SALMON IN SCOTLAND.

Salmond is more plentiful in Scotland than in any other region of the world: in harvest time they come from the seas up in small rivers, where the waters are most shallow, and there is male and female, rubbing their bellies or wombs, one against the other, they shed their spawn, which forthwith they cover with sand and gravell, and so depart away: from henceforth they are gaunt and slender, and in appearance so lean, appearing nought else but skin and bone, and therefore out of use and season to be eaten. Some say, if they touch any their full fellows during the time of their leannes, the same side which they touched will likewise become leane. The foresaid spawn and melt being hidden in the sand (as you have heard), in the next spring doth yeeld great number of little fry, so fresh and tender for a long time, that till they come to be so great as a man's finger (if you catch any of them), they melt away as it were gelly or a blob of water; from henceforth they go to the sea, where within twenty dayss, they grow to a reasonable greatness, and then returning to the place of their

generation, they show a notable spectacle to be considered. There are many linnies or pooles, which being in some places among the rocks very shallow, above and deepe beneath, with the fall of the water, and thereto the salmond not able to pierce through the channell, either for swiftnesse of the course, or depth of the discent, hee goeth so neere unto the side of the rocke or dam as hee may, and there adventuring a leape over and up into the linne, if he leape well at the first, hee obtaineth his desire; if not, he assayeth eftsoune the second or third time, till hee returne to his countrie. A great fish able to swim against the stream; such as assay often to leape, and cannot get over, doe bruse themselves, and become meazled; others that happen to fall upon dry land (a thing often scene), are taken by the people (watching their time); some in cawdrons of hot water, with fire under them, sit upon shallow or dry places, in hopes to catch the fattest, by reason of their waight, that do leape short. The taste of these is esteemed most delicate, and their price commonly great. In Scotland it is straightly inhibited to take any salmond from the eight of September untill the fiftenth of November. Finally, there is no man that knoweth readily whereon this fish liveth; for never was anything yet found in their bellies other than a thicke slimy humour.
—*Monipennie.*

A WISE FOOL.

"Jock, how auld will ye be?" said a sage wife to daft Jock Amos, one day, when talking of their ages.

"O, I dinna ken," said Jock, "it would tak a wiser head than mine to tell you that."

"It's an unco queer thing you dinna ken hoo auld you are," returned the woman.

"I ken weel aneuch how auld I am,"

answered Jock ; "but I dinna ken how auld I'll be."—*Hogg*.

A TROUBLESOME CORPSE.

It was formerly thought in Scotland, that if a corpse were left for a moment alone, it would rise up from its stiffened lair, and denote, by its convulsed visage, its resentment of that act of negligence. A story is told in the south of Scotland of a poor woman whose husband died in a moorland place which was seldom visited, and who was therefore compelled to watch the corpse herself, with the dreary hope of being relieved in a day or two. She went often to the door, like sister Anne, to see if anyone was coming, and at last, happening to leave it ajar, which affects the corpse the same as leaving it, she was horror-struck, on turning back into the house, to observe her husband sitting up in his bed, glaring hideously, and gnashing his teeth with rage. The poor woman sat down, and cried bitterly, unable to remove her eye from that of the corpse, which seemed to possess a horrible fascination. At length, to put an end to her distress, a priest, passing along the moor, happened to come in, and, by putting his finger into his mouth, and repeating the Lord's Prayer backwards, caused the corpse to fall back upon the bed, and behave itself as a dead man ought to do.—*Robt. Chambers*.

POETRY AND PROSE.

Early in this century an enthusiastic Englishman, having been so much delighted with a performance of the tragedy which he had witnessed in London, took a pilgrimage to Edinburgh, for the express purpose of seeing the Rev. John Home, author of *Douglas*. He made his way to Mr

Home's house, but learned at the door, to his great dismay, that the object of his idolatry had gone on a visit to the Highlands.

"But ye may see Mrs Home, maybe," said the serving man, in pity at his evident distress.

He caught at the idea, sent in his card, and was admitted to the presence of a very plain, old invalid lady, who sat wrapped up in flannel, and was very deaf. The visitor conversed with her as well as her deficient hearing permitted, and felt a good deal disenchanted. They came upon the Peace of Amiens, then recently completed.

"It will do a great deal of good, madam, to the country," said the Cockney.

"I daursay it will," replied the poet's wife.

"Oh, yes, madam; we shall now have foreign goods much cheaper, because commerce will not be interrupted."

"Div ye think it'll mak ony difference in the price o' *nitmugs*?" said Mrs Home, referring to the only foreign article in which she felt an interest.

The Englishman could hear no more, but hurriedly left the house, and is supposed to have departed at once for the south, quite cured of his extravagant feelings towards the creator of Young Norval.

A PROPHET'S ERROR.

One day as Dr Charters ascended the steps of the post-office at Hawick, he was accosted by a Mr Armstrong, who asked him if he had heard the latest news?

"No," said the doctor, "what is't?"

"Weel, doctor," said Mr Armstrong, "the world is just on its last stagger. Mr — has published a pamphlet on prophecy, and he says the end o' a' thing will be very soon."

"Ah!" said the minister, "does he

condescend upon the date of the occurrence?"

"Day and date clearly laid down," was the reply.

"Ah!" said the doctor again, quietly but weightily, "he shouldna hae done that; that's a great mistake; the prophets of auld were *wise* men: they took a lang day for their predictions."

A STRANGE DWELLING-PLACE.

At the village of Gilmerton, four miles to the south of Edinburgh, the soft, workable character of the sandstone of the carboniferous formation, there cropping to the surface, tempted a blacksmith named George Paterson to an enterprise of so extraordinary a nature, as to invest his name with distinction in both prose and rhyme. In the little garden at the end of his house he excavated for himself a dwelling in the rock, composed of several apartments. Besides a smithy, with a fire-place or forge, there were a dining-room fourteen and a half feet long, seven broad, and six feet high, furnished with a bench all round, a table, and a bed-recess; a drinking parlour, rather larger; a kitchen and bed-place for the maid; a liquor-cellar upwards of seven feet long; and a washing-house. In each apartment there was a skylight window, and the whole were properly drained. The work occupied Paterson five years of hard labour. Alexander Pennecuik, the burges-bard of Edinburgh, furnished an inscription, which was carved on a stone at the entrance:—

Here is a House and Shop Hewn in
this Rock with my own Hands.

GEORGE PATERSON.

Upon the earth thrives villainy and wo,
But happiness and I do dwell below;
My hands hewed out this rock into a
cell,

Wherein from din of life I safely dwell:

On Jacob's pillow nightly lies my head,
My house when living, and my grave
when dead:

Inscribe upon it when I'm dead and
gone—

"I lived and died within my mother's
womb."

It is said that Paterson actually lived and worked in this subterranean abode for eleven years. Holiday-parties came from Edinburgh to see him and his singular dwelling; even judges, it is alleged, did not disdain to sit in George's stone-parlour, and enjoy the contents of his liquor-cellar. The ground was held *in feu*, and the yearly duty and public burdens were forgiven him, on account of the extraordinary labour he had performed in making himself a home.

A COURAGEOUS MAIDEN.

June 1592. There came from Aberdeen (to Edinburgh) a young woman, called Helen Guthry, daughter to John Guthry, saddler, to admonish the king of his duty. She was so disquieted with the sins reigning in the country—swearing, filthy speaking, profanation of the Sabbath, &c., that she could find no rest till she came to the king. She presented a letter to him when he was going to see his hounds. After he had read a little of it, he fell a laughing that he could scarce stand on his feet, and swore so horribly that the woman could not spare to reprove him. He asked if she was a prophetess. She answered she was a poor, simple servant of God, that prayed to make him a servant of God also; that was desirous vice should be punished, and specially murder, which was chiefly craved at his hands; that she could find no rest till she put him in mind of his duty. After the king and courtiers had stormed a while, she was sent to the queen, whom she found more courteous and humane. So

great and many were the enormities in the country, through impunity and want of justice, that the minds of simple and poor young women were disquieted, as ye may see; but the king and court had deaf ears to the crying sins.—*Calderwood.*

A USEFUL WITCH.

1597. Isobell Straquhan could not only produce love, but remove hatred. Walter Ronaldson had used to strike his wife, who took consultation with Straquhan, and she did take pieces of paper, and sew them thick with thread of divers colours, and did put them in the barn amongst the corn, and from henceforth the said Walter did never strike his wife, neither yet once found fault with her, whatsoever she did. He was subdued "entirely to her love."

THE DIET OF THE SCOTS.

The diet of the Scots is agreeable to their estates and qualities. No people eat better, or have greater varieties of flesh, fish, wild and tame fowl, than the Scots nobility and gentry in their own country, where they can furnish their tables with ten dishes cheaper than the English can provide three of the same kinds; and of their wines, the French themselves did not before the Union drink better, and at very easy rates. The tradesmen, farmers, and common people are not excessive devourers of flesh, as men of the same rank are in England. Milk-meats and oatmeal, several ways prepared, and kale and roots dressed in several manners, is the constant diet of the poor people (for roast-meat is seldom had but on gaudy-days); and with this kind of food they enjoy a better state of health than their more southern neighbours, who fare higher.—*Chamberlayne.*

HIGHLAND CUSTOMS AT DEATH.

On the death of a Highlander, the corpse being stretched on a board, and covered with a coarse linen wrapper, the friends lay on the breast of the deceased a wooden platter, containing a small quantity of salt and earth, separate and unmixed—the earth, an emblem of the corruptible body; the salt, an emblem of the immortal spirit. All fire is extinguished where a corpse is kept; and it is reckoned so ominous for a dog or cat to pass over it, that the poor animal is killed without mercy.—*Pennant.*

MAUSE HEADRIGG'S PREACHING.

"I wad uplift my voice as a powerful preacher."

"Hout, tout, mither," cried Cuddie, interfering and dragging her off forcibly, "dinna deave the gentleman wi' your testimony! ye hae preached enough for sax days. Ye preached us out o' our canny free-house and gude kale-yard, and out o' this new city o' refuge afore our hinder end was weel halted in it; and ye hae preached Mr Harry awa' to the prison; and ye hae preached twenty punds out o' the laird's pocket that he likes as ill to quit wi'; and sae ye may haud sae for ae wee while, without preaching me up a ladder and down a tow. Sae, come awa', come awa'; the family hae had enough o' your testimony to mind it for ae while."—*Old Mortality.*

REASONS FOR NATIONAL SMUGGLING.

An Englishman once expressed great surprise in a company of literati at Edinburgh, that the Scots should be so much addicted to smuggling as they formerly were, seeing that they are a remarkably sober and moral people.

He thought it must be much against their conscience.

"Oh, not at all, sir," said a noted punster who was present; "what is conscience but a '*small still voice*'?"

"Farther," added Professor Wilson, "it is the '*worm* that never dies.'"

ORNITHOLOGY.

"Pray, Lord Robertson," said a lady to that eminent lawyer at a party, "can you tell me what sort of a bird the bulbul is?"

"I suppose, ma'an," replied the humorous judge, "it is the male of the coo coo."—*Dr Rogers.*

A "NATURAL'S" INFERENCE.

Daft Willie Law was the descendant of an ancient family, nearly related to the famous John Law of Laurieston, the celebrated financier of France. Willie, on that account, was often spoken to and taken notice of by gentlemen of distinction. Posting one day through Kirkcaldy with more than ordinary speed, he was met by Mr Oswald of Dunnikier, who asked him where he was going in such a hurry.

"Gaun!" says Willie, with apparent surprise, "I'm gaun to my cousin Lord Elgin's burial."

"Your cousin Lord Elgin's burial, you fool; Lord Elgin's not dead," replied Mr Oswald.

"Ah! diel ma care," quoth Willie, "there's sax doctors out o' Embro' at 'im, and they'll hae him dead afore I win forrit;" and off he posted at an increased rate.

READY-MADE MOURNING.

Burns was one night at the King's Arms Inn, Dumfries, along with a few

cronies, when the conversation happened to turn on the death of a townsman, whose funeral was to take place on the following day. "By-the-by," said one of the company, addressing himself to Burns, "I wish you would lend me your black coat for the occasion, my own being rather out of repair."

"Having myself to attend the same funeral," answered Burns, "I am sorry that I cannot lend you my *sables*; but I can recommend a most excellent substitute: *throw your character over your shoulders*—that will be the *blackest coat* you ever wore in your lifetime!"

THE ISLAND OF ARRAN.

The whole island riseth in high and wild mountains, manured only upon the sea-side, where the ground is lowest. The sea runnes in and makes a well large creeke into it; the entries whereof are closed by the Island Molas, a verie sure haven for shippes; and in the waters, which are always calme, is great abundance of fish, that sundry times the countrie people taking more than may sustaine them for a day, they cast them in againe in the sea, as if it were in a stanke.—*Montipennie.*

THE BEGINNING OF THE REFORMATION.

1637. King Charles I. being resolved to put in execution his darling scheme of having all his people of the same religion, ordered a liturgy, or service-book, with one of canons, to be prepared for the use of the Scottish Church, which being accordingly performed, his majesty, without further ceremony, issued a proclamation for the due observance of them throughout Scotland. This being impolitically done, without the priority of the secret council, or general approbation of the clergy, they were re-

garded as foreign impositions, devised by Archbishop Laud, and forced upon the nation by the sole authority of the king; which occasioned great heart-burnings and mighty commotions amongst the people.

However, the new service-book was ordered to be read on Easter-day at Edinburgh; but the people, it seems, not being prepared for its reception, the time was prolonged to the first of July. And the twenty-third being the day appointed for its reading in St Giles's Church, in the morning of that day the usual prayers were read by Patrick Henderson, the common reader; which were no sooner ended than Henderson, by way of farewell, said to his auditory. "Adieu, good people; for I think this is the last time of my reading prayers in this place," which occasioned a great murmuring in the congregation.

Now, the time for the forenoon service being come, there assembled on this extraordinary occasion the Lord Chancellor, Lords of the Privy Council, Lords of Session, Bishops, Magistrates of Edinburgh, and a vast multitude of people of all sorts. No sooner had James Hannay, dean of Edinburgh, appeared in his surplice, and began to read the service, than a number of women, with clapping of hands, execrations, and hideous exclamations, raised a great confusion in the church, which Dr Lindsay, Bishop of Edinburgh, willing to appease, stepped into the pulpit, and reminded the people of the sanctity of the place. But this, instead of calming, enraged them to such a degree, that Janet Geddes, a furious woman, ushered in the dreadful and destructive civil war by throwing a stool at the bishop's head. And had it not been for the magistrates of Edinburgh, who turned out the frantic multitude, they would probably have murdered him; but such was the noise without, by knocking at the doors, throwing stones

in at the windows, and incessant cries of "Pape, Pape, Antichrist, pull him down!" that the said magistrates were obliged to go out to appease their fury. But the populace, watching his return homewards, renewed the assault, that, had he not been rescued by a superior force, they would undoubtedly have despatched him. Thus began those horrid troubles, which ended in the destruction of the king, subversion of the Church and State, and loss of the rights and liberties of the people.—*Mailland.*

A KING'S ADVOCATE.

Sir George Mackenzie was king's advocate during the reign of Charles II., and a distinguished man of letters. He lived in an old mansion called the Shank, near Arniston, about ten miles south of Edinburgh. The Marquis of Tweeddale one morning visited him there, for his advice on some legal point; and, being in a great hurry, was introduced into the lawyer's bedroom. Sir George gave his opinion from his bed, and when the Marquis at length approached to give his fee, to his surprise and amusement the hand thrust out to receive it was that of a lady. The fact was, that Sir George's wife kept the purse.

BRAXY-HAMS.

Braxy-hams are the hams of those sheep which die of the *braxy*. When the *herd* finds any of his flock dead of that distemper, if they can stand *three shakes*—that is to say, if they be not so putrified or rotten but that they can stand to be thrice shaken by the neck without falling to pieces—then he bears them home to his master's house on the *braxy shelly*. What of the carcasses can then be ham'd are done, and the rest of