

the flesh made present use of by the family. The hams thus cut out are hung up in the *smuiky brace*, until they are quite dry. They are then bound in bunches, like so many hare-skins, and suspended on *nags* and *clicks* in convenient parts of the roof of the kitchen, and used now and then for very singular purposes. As, for instance, when a club of *burn-trout fishermen*, or one of *moorfud* sportsmen, come the way of the house, they are hospitably entertained at table with plenty of *braxy-ham* and other dainties; for the natives of the moors are a kind people, and generally keep what is understood by a *fu' house*. Now I am not sneering at present, but honestly saying, that a *male o' sic food*, washed down by a few glasses o' *peat-weak*, or tumbler of *bragwort*, please a hungry kyte very much, and cause one to fall in love with mountaineers. For *braxy* is by no means bad food, when ham'd; the smell then in a great measure leaves it. Likewise these hams sometimes adorn the saddle-bow of a moorland lover when he starts on horseback *to seek a wife*, and are considered to aid him much in making his *putt-gude* with any girl he takes a fancy for, particularly if she be a *laich fied lass*; though he is often disappointed in this speculation. However, on the whole, there is worse furniture to be found in a house in cold, snowy, wintry weather, than plenty of *braxy-ham*.—*Maclaggart*.

#### THE WANING MOON.

No Highlander would begin any serious undertaking in the waning of the moon, such as marrying, flitting, or going on a far journey from home. When the *roth*, *rath*, or circle of the moon was full, then was the lucky time for beginning every serious or important matter. Hence the Gaelic word *roth* or *rath*, luck or fortune, as such a per-

son is called *rathail* or *mirathail*, i.e., lucky or unlucky; or, in other words, the full moon arose or did not arise on his destiny.

#### A REQUEST FROM THE "PLATE."

Sunday, July 4, 1824. We were just late enough, but I found great order at the door of the chapel-court, where, though there was a crowd, yet none were admitted even to this outer-door but in virtue of tickets. I feel myself in great vigour, and am preaching with far greater comfort and clearness than I at first anticipated. After dinner at Mr M'Vey's, Mr Paul produced a note that had been put by some wag into the plate, along with his collection, which ran as follows:—

"Remember in prayer those who are with us in spirit, but have not money to purchase the privilege of being also with us in person, and who not only are not permitted standing-room in the inner court, but are hindered from treading even the outer courts of the sanctuary."

—*Dr Chalmers*.

#### HOW TO ARRIVE AT A DECISION.

Lord Polkemet used to describe his judicial preparations in a characteristic manner—

"Ye see," he would say, "I first read a' the pleadings, and then, after letting them wamble in my wame wi' the toddy twa or threc days, I gie my ain interlocutor."

#### OLD GLASGOW.

The statue of King William III. was set up at the Cross in 1735. In the same year the tenement where the *Tontine* stands was purchased from John Graham of Dougalston. At this period

the town's herd drove the cows belonging to the burgesses to the north-west common, since known by the name of Bell's and Blythswood's Parks, in the neighbourhood of Port-Dundas. The road where Queen Street is now formed was then called the Cow-Lane; and the ground on which the village of Cowcaddens stands was the place where the cows were milked.—*Cleland*.

#### A HIGHLANDER'S EXPEDIENT.

"My good lad, here is a trifle for you to drink Vich Ian Vohr's health."

The hawk's eye of Callum flashed delight upon a golden guinea, with which these last words were accompanied. He hastened, not without a curse on the intricacies of a Saxon breeches pocket, or *splenchan*, as he called it, to deposit the treasure in his fob; and then, as if he conceived the benevolence called for some requital on his part, he gathered close up to Edward, with an expression of countenance peculiarly knowing, and spoke in an under tone, "If his honour thought ta auld deevil Whig carle was a bit dangerous, she could easily provide for him, and teil ane ta wiser."

"How, and in what manner?"

"Her ain sell," replied Callum, "could wait for him a wee bit frae the toun, and kittle his quarters wi' her skene-occle."

"Skene-occle! what's that?"

Callum unbuttoned his coat, raised his left arm, and, with an emphatic nod, pointed to the hilt of a small dirk, snugly deposited under it, in the lining of his jacket. Waverley thought he had misunderstood his meaning; he gazed in his face, and discovered in Callum's very handsome, though embrowned features, just the degree of roguish malice with which a lad of the same age in England would have brought forward a plan for robbing an orchard.

"Good God, Callum, would you take the man's life?"

"Indeed," answered the young desperado, "and I think he has had just a lang enough lease o't, when he's for betraying honest folk that come to spend siller at his public."

Edward saw nothing was to be gained by argument, and therefore contented himself with enjoining Callum to lay aside all practices against the person of Mr Ebenezer Cruickshanks; in which injunction the page seemed to acquiesce with an air of great indifference.

"Ta Duinhe-wassel might please himself"; ta auld rudas loon had never done Callum nae ill."—*Waverley*.

#### AYRSHIRE FEMALE WORTHIES.

The women of Ayrshire had a gift of being known for good or for evil before "Robbie Burns" bestowed his immortality on the Ayrshire lasses who were his contemporaries. "May Collean," the Scottish sultana Schehezerade, who stopped the immolation of wives perpetrated by a "fause Sir John" of ballad renown, was an Ayrshire lass; so was Jean, Countess of Cassilis, who eloped with the gipsy Davie; an Ayrshire wife, though a Renfrew lass, was Christian Shaw, daughter of the Laird of Barragan, who had the horrible fate, when a girl of thirteen, to be reckoned bewitched by one of the Barragan maid-servants, and to cause the burning for witchcraft of five wretched men and women on the Gallows-green of Paisley. But Christian Shaw did other and better things for Renfrew and Paisley before she fell, with her foibles and infirmities, into the ghostly hands of the minister of Kilmaurs. With the aid of Lady Blantyre, she inaugurated fine spinning and bleaching, and the great thread manufacture of Paisley, towards the close of the seventeenth century. Barbara Gilmour, of Dunlop,

who acquired the art of cheese making in Ireland, whither her family had fled from persecution, and brought it back with her to her native village, was yet another Ayrshire woman; and a fifth was Jean Glover of Kilmarnock, with a desperate strain of gipsy wildness and recklessness in her temperament. She was born in 1758, a year earlier than Robert Burns, and not long after that ride in the coach during which Miss Jean Elliot of Minto composed her "Flowers of the Forest."—*Singstresses of Scotland.*

#### INSURRECTION IN EDINBURGH.

1567. The populace of Edinburgh being by the magistrates prevented from making a play, called *Robin Hood*, which was prohibited by Act of Parliament; they assembled in a tumultuous manner, seized on the city-gates, and committed divers outrages, by insulting the principal inhabitants, and robbing country people of their money. Kyltone, a shoemaker, one of the chief rioters, being apprehended and tried for robbing John Moubray of a considerable sum, was condemned to be hanged; which his accomplices endeavouring to prevent, a dangerous insurrection ensued: for the mob, assembling from all parts, broke open the prison, and not only released Kyltone, but set at liberty all the other prisoners, and destroyed the gibbet whereon the said Kyltone was to have been executed; and, intending to attack the provost and bailies, then sitting in the town-clerk's office, which they receiving advice of, withdrew to the Tolbooth for better security; which the rabble were no sooner apprised of than they hurried thither, armed with guns, staves, and stones, endeavoured to force open the door; but, meeting with unexpected resistance, were compelled to retire a little. However, they continued to shoot at, and throw stones in at the

windows, and threatened all with destruction.

No person appearing in behalf of the distressed magistrates, they were obliged to accept of the best terms they could get; which was by giving an obligation not to prosecute any person on account of this sedition, which being proclaimed at the Market-Cross, the mob dispersed, and the magistrates went quietly home about nine o'clock at night. Divers of the nobility threatening to revenge this intolerable insult on the magistrates, many of the rioters fled the town; and being excommunicated by the Church, were to make reparation to their injured magistrates, and humbly apply to be re-admitted into the Christian fellowship.—*Maitland.*

#### A GRAVE INSTRUCTION.

An old Highland woman, whose son-in-law was much addicted to intemperance, lecturing him one day on his misconduct, concluded with the following *grave* advice—

"Man, Ringan, I would like that you would behave yoursel', and gather as muckle as would buy you a new suit o' black claes, for I would like to hear tell o' you being decent at my burial."

#### SOLDIERS' NECESSARIES.

1327. Froissart thus describes the manner of living of the Scots during their military expeditions:—

"Their knights and esquires are well mounted on great coursers; the common sort and the country people ride little horses. They take no carriages with them, by reason of the unevenness of the ground among the hills of Northumberland, through which their road lies, neither do they make provision of bread or wine; for such is



their abstemiousness, that in war they are wont, for a considerable space of time, contentedly to eat flesh half-dressed, without bread, and to drink river water, without wine: neither have they any use for kettles and caldrons; for, after they have stead the cattle which they take, they have their own mode of dressing them." [This he elsewhere describes to be, by fixing the hide to four stakes, making it in the shape of a caldron, placing fire below, and so boiling the flesh.] "They are sure of finding abundance of cattle in the country through which they mean to go, and therefore they make no farther provision. Every man carries about the saddle of his horse a great flat plate, and he trusses behind him a wallet full of meal, the purpose of which is this: after a Scottish soldier has eaten flesh so long that he begins to loathe it, he throws this plate into the fire, then moistens a little of his meal in water, and, when the plate is once heated, he lays his paste upon it, and makes a little cake which he eats to comfort his stomach. Hence we may see, that it is not strange that the Scots should be able to make longer marches than other men." Here is a minute and long description of the method of *baking bannocks on a girdle*. — *Dalrymple*.

#### "DEISEAL."

Among a great many observances in honour of the sun, the *deiseal* may be mentioned in particular. The Highlanders went *deiseal*, or to the right about, at every meeting of importance. They went to the right, around the grave, with the funeral—to the right three times, around the consecrated well, before drinking; the company at a wedding went to the right, round the house, before entering; when the party sat in a circle, at a wedding or a funeral, the same rule was observed;

when the boat was pushed from the shore, it was turned round to the right; when any one even sneezed, somebody behaved to say *deiseal*; when an infant came into the world, the howdie circled it three times, right about, with a lighted candle, &c. &c.

#### NATURAL SUCCESSION.

The house of Mr Dundas, formerly Lord President of the Court of Session in Scotland, having, after his death, been converted into a smith's shop, a gentleman wrote upon its door the following *impromptu*:—

This house a *lawyer* once enjoy'd,  
A *smith* does now possess;  
How naturally the *iron age*  
Succeeds the *age of brass*!

#### A DISADVANTAGE OF EDUCATION.

Sir William B——, being at a parish meeting, made some proposals, which were objected to by a farmer. Highly enraged, "Sir," said he to the farmer, "do you know, sir, that I have been at two universities, and at two colleges in each university?"

"Weel, sir," said the farmer, "what o' that? I had a calf that sucked twa kye, an' the observation I made was, the mair he sucked the greater *calf* he grew."

#### WIND WISDOM.

When the wind's in the north,  
Hail comes forth;  
When the wind's in the wast,  
Look for a wat blast;  
When the wind's in the soud,  
The weather will be fresh and good;  
When the wind's in the east,  
Cauld and snaw comes neist.

EPITAPH ON A HEN-PECKED  
CLOCK-MAKER.

There is an old monument in the churchyard of Hoddam, Dumfriesshire, which formerly bore the following inscription:—

Here lyes a man, who all his mortal  
life  
Past mending clocks, but could not  
mend hys wyfe.  
The 'larum of his bell was ne'er sae  
shrill  
As was her tongue, aye clacking like a  
mill.  
But now he's gane—oh, whither? nane  
can tell—  
I hope beyond the sound o' Mally's  
bell.

A SMUGGLED SCOTSMAN.

A nobleman at Paris asked Lady R— why it was in general remarked by foreigners that the Scotch who travelled were men of parts and learning, while the English were generally wanting in both. Her ladyship, with her usual vivacity, replied, that only fools went out of England; but for Scotland none but fools would stay in it. A Scottish nobleman, famous for neither parts nor learning, observed, her ladyship was right with regard to the Scotch; “for,” says he, “there are offices established in Scotland, where every Scotsman must apply for a passport before he can leave the country; and, previous to granting these, he is examined with regard to his intellects and education, and, should he not arrive at the standard fixed for each, no passport is granted, but he is sent back for improvement; on a second application, the same form is observed; but, should he apply a third time, and then be found wanting, he is remanded for life. By this,” continued his lordship, “you

will see none but men of sense and learning can legally leave Scotland.”

“Then,” replied Lady R—, “I am sure your lordship was *smuggled*.”

WITCHES' BLUE CLUES.

Witches had their “blue clues”—balls of winded thread—to aid their necromancy. One at the stake going to be burned on the *Barhill*, beside Kirkcudbright, said if they would bring her “her ain *blue clue*, which she had forgot at hame,” that she would lay open her art. The *clue* was produced; she took one end of it, and flang it into the air, and after muttering a few words, vanished in a moment. To win the *blue clue* in the *killpot* on *hallowe'en*, was a serious matter before Burns made the world laugh at it.—*Mactaggart*.

COAL AND CANDLE DUTIES.

Every alternate week-day evening, during the winter months (1847), the bellman of Haddington goes his round through the town, reciting with a musical, plaintive intonation the following antique lines, intended to commemorate the total destruction of the town by fire about two hundred years ago, and thereby prevent, if possible, the recurrence in all time coming of a similar calamity. The fire was the result of accident, having arisen from the thoughtlessness of a servant girl who had one night placed a screen of clothes too near the fire. The lines were prepared at the time, and the bellman was appointed by the magistrates to recite them through the town during the winter months—a practice which has been continued without intermission ever since. The remuneration, which was originally a pair of new shoes, is now given in cash, and entered annually in the treasurer's accounts

thus: "Coal and candle, 10/6." The lines are the following:—

"A' gude men's servants, whae'er ye be,  
Keep coal and can'le for charity,  
Baith in yere kitchen an' yere ha',  
Keep weel yere fire whate'er befa'.  
In bakehouse, brewhouse, barn, and  
byre,  
I warn ye a' keep weel yere fire;  
For often times a little spark  
Brings mony hands to muckle wark.  
Ye nurses that hae bairns to keep,  
See that ye fa' na o'er sound sleep,  
For losing o' yere gude renown,  
An' banishin' o' this burgh town:  
'Tis for yere sakes that I do cry,  
Take warning by your neighbour's  
bye."

#### THE CARLES OF THE CARSE.

The "Carles of the Carse" was an ancient term of reproach for the farmers of the Gowrie district of Perthshire. Pennant records an ill-natured proverb also applied to them, and which he heard when on his journey: "They're like the carles of the Carse—they want water in the summer, fire in the winter, and the grace of God all the year round." A farmer of the Carse used to complain very much of the awkwardness and stupidity of all the men whom he employed, declaring that, if he were only furnished with good clay, he believed he could make better men himself. This ridiculous tirade got wind among the peasantry, and excited no small indignation. One of that class soon after found an opportunity of revenging himself and his neighbours upon the author, by a cut with his own weapon. It so happened that the laird was so unfortunate, one day, as to fall into a quagmire, the material of which was of such a nature as to hold him fast, and put extrication entirely out of his own power. In his dilemma, observing

a ploughman approaching, he called out to him, and desired his assistance, in order that he might get himself relieved from his unpleasant confinement. The rustic, recognising him immediately, paid no attention to his entreaties, but passed carelessly by, only giving him one knowing look, and saying, "I see ye're *making your men*, laird; I'll no disturb ye!"

#### ANDREW FAIRSERVICE'S SABBATH EVENING.

"I was e'en taking a spell o' worthy Mess John Quackleben's Flower of a Sweet Savour sawn on the Middenstead of this World," said Andrew, closing his book at my appearance, and putting his horn spectacles, by way of mark, at the place where he had been reading.

"And the bees, I observe, were dividing your attention, Andrew, with the learned author?"

"They are a contumacious generation," replied the gardener; "they hae sax days in the week to hive on, and yet it's a common observe that they will aye swarm on the Sabbath-day, and keepfolk at hame frae hearing the Word. But there's nae preaching at Graneagain Chapel the e'en—that's aye ae mercy."

"You might have gone to the parish church, as I did, Andrew, and heard an excellent discourse."

"Clauts o' cauld parritch—clauts o' cauld parritch," replied Andrew, with a most supercilious sneer; "gude aneuch for dogs, begging your honour's pardon. Ay! I might nae doubt hae heard the curate linking awa' at it in his white sark yonder, and the musicians playing on whistles, mair like a penny-wedding than a sermon; and to the boot of that, I might hae gaen to even-song, and heard Daddie Docharty mumbling his mass—muckle the better I wad hae been o' that!"—*Rob Roy.*



## THE EVIL EYE.

Among the numberless superstitions enthraling mankind, no one has been more extensively diffused, throughout all countries and in every age, than implicit credulity in an Evil Eye, or the malevolent injuries inflicted by its effects in fascination. It is only a few years since a domestic in the author's family having died of small-pox, then believed to be extirpated from the place, his mother on arriving from the western parts of Scotland, expressed her conviction that he had fallen a victim to an evil eye.

In various quarters ready acquiescence yet attends the importunity of the mendicant, from dreading the consequences of refusal; and should an uncouth demeanour and aspect be conjoined with his vocation, objects of interest are carefully withdrawn from his gaze. Children have been thought the most susceptible of injury.

Robert Kirk, minister of Aberfoyle, speaks of the destruction of that animal whereon the eye glances first in the morning; and he names a man in his parish, "who killed his own cow after commending its fatness, and shot a hare with his eyes." Also, it is gravely recorded, as a woman milked her cow another "lookit in ower the duir, quhairvpoun the calf died presentlie, and the kow fell seik, that schoe wold nether eat nor yield milk." In describing the "Devill's Rudiments," which formed no slight subject of apprehension in his era, King James specifies "such kind of charmes, as commonlie dasfe wives uses for healing forspoken goodes, for preserving them from *evill eyes*, by knitting rountrees or sundriest kind of herbes to the haire and tailles of the goodes."

Supernatural faculties were generally ascribed to the instruction of Satan—as the arch-enemy of mankind, ever ready in finding instruments to wreak his

vengeance on them. Thus he taught Jonet Irving, "if she bure ill-will to onie bodie," to look on them "with opin eyis, and pray evil for thame in his name," "that she sould get her heartis desyre."

Beatrix Leslie met a reproof by Agnes, the wife of William Young, for resorting to charms, thus: "Mony opens their packs and sells no wares; and you sell not wine a penny for this." Three days after, she came "in ane great fury and anger, and pluckt away a pock belonging to her, which the said Agnes had in keeping, without speaking ane word to her, bot *giving her ane terrible look*; and that same very night, the said William Young awakened out of his sleep, in a great affrightment and sweat, crying out, that she with a number of catts wer devouring him."—*Dalyell*.

## DAYS OF BIRTH.

Monday's Bairn is fair of face;  
 Tuesday's Bairn is fu' o' grace;  
 Wednesday's Bairn's the child of woe;  
 Thursday's Bairn has far to go;  
 Friday's Bairn is loving and growing;  
 Saturday's Bairn works hard for his living;  
 But the Bairn that is born on the Sabbath-day,  
 Is lucky, and bonny, and wise, and gay.

## A GREAT DIFFERENCE.

An old Scotchman, on marrying a very young wife, was rallied by his friends on the inequality of their ages.

"She will be near me," he replied, "to close my een."

"Weel," remarked another of the party, "I've had twa wives, and they opened my e'en!"

## A SENSIBLE RADICAL.

"Lads," said Peter Gauze, the Paisley weaver, "although it's well enough for us, and the like o' us, in a crack ower a stoup, to tease and card matters o' kingly policy, yet there's a craft in a' trades; and I'm thinking it's as necessary for a man to serve a prenticeship in the making o' law, as in the weaving o' muslin. For though the king and his Lords and Commons aiblins ken the uses and the ways o' the shuttle and the treddles, just as we do councils and parliaments, they would make a poor hand in the practice; and I doubt we would ravel the yairn, and spoil the pins o' government, were we to meddle wi' them."—*Gall*.

## RESURRECTION RIOTS.

Edinburgh, March 1742. For some time past there was ground to suspect that the unjustifiable practice of stealing corpses out of their graves was become too common here; and on the 9th of March a dead body was found in a house near the shop of Martin Eccles, surgeon (which upon inquiry was found to be one Alexander Baxter's, who had been entered in the West Kirkyard, March 2). Upon this discovery, the populace were enraged, and crowded to the place, threatening destruction to the surgeons. Towards night the mob increased, notwithstanding the precautions used by the magistrates; and having seized the Portsburgh drum, they beat to arms down the Cowgate to the foot of Niddy's Wynd, till the drum was there taken from them by a party of the city-guard. However, that night they broke several surgeon's windows; and next evening forced their way into Mr Eccles' shop, though guarded by a party, and fell a demolishing everything. But the magistrates, attended by the officers of the train'd band, con-

stables, &c., attacked and dispersed the mob; and most of them having run out at the Netherbow, that and the other gates of the city were shut, by which they were in a great measure quelled. Mr Eccles and his apprentices were cited to stand trial before the magistrates, as accessory to the raising of dead bodies. Two of the apprentices absconded, and Mr Eccles and the other three appeared, but no proof came out against them.

The 18th, a mob entered the house of Peter Richardson, gardener at Inveresk, four miles east from Edinburgh, and burnt it, on a suspicion of his having been accessory to the raising of dead bodies in Inveresk churchyard. On the 26th, a street chair, with all its furniture, was, by a sentence of the magistrates, burnt at the cross by the common executioner, having some weeks before been stopt at the Netherbow-port with a stolen body in it. John Drummond, the chair-master, and John Forsyth, the chair-carrier, deposed that they were betrayed into this scrape, and at last compelled to take in the corpse; but notwithstanding they were banished the city.

Notwithstanding the troubles occasioned by the raising of dead bodies, and the above rigorous punishments inflicted by the populace, one John Samuel, gardener in Grange-gateside, was detected, April 6, at night at the Potterrow-port, carrying in the corpse of a child that had been buried the Thursday before in Pentland kirkyard, which the waiters stopt, suspecting it to be prohibited goods. The fellow got off; but the enraged populace ran furiously to his house, and destroyed everything they found in it, except the clothes and bedding of his wife and family, which, out of compassion, they gave them. Samuel absconded, but was next day apprehended, and committed prisoner to the city jail. John Samuel was afterwards tried by the



Justiciary for this crime, and sentenced to be whipt through the City of Edinburgh, and banished Scotland for seven years. The sentence was carried out July 28, but by the care of the magistrates was protected from any insult by the populace.—*Scots Magazine*.

#### ORIGIN OF JAMIESON'S SCOTTISH DICTIONARY.

Dr John Jamieson, the well-known antiquary and compiler of the *Scottish Dictionary*, was pastor of the Anti-burgher congregation of Forfar from 1780 to 1797, when he left for Edinburgh. He laboured at Forfar for the small sum of £50 a-year, and before leaving for the metropolis had made himself popular by the publication of "Sermons on the Heart," "Reply to Dr Priestly," and other works. While at Forfar he had the good fortune to become acquainted with George Dempster of Dunnichen, at whose table he was a frequent guest, and it was there that the happy idea of the *Scottish Dictionary* was first suggested to him. This originated with Grim Thorkelim, the learned professor of antiquities at Copenhagen, before meeting with whom Jamieson had looked upon the Scottish language merely as a species of jargon, or at most a corrupt dialect of the English and Anglo-Saxon. The Professor having spent a few months in Scotland before meeting with Mr Jamieson, had noted some hundreds of purely Gothic words then in common use in the shires of Forfar and Sutherland. These, he believed, were unknown to the Anglo-Saxon, though familiar to the Icelandic tongue; and it was this hint which induced Jamieson to collect the more singular words and expressions of the inhabitants of Angus, and gave rise to his *Scottish Dictionary*—one of the most remarkable monuments of in-

dustry and learning, as well as of utility, of which any country or age can boast.—*Fervise*.

#### THE KAIL-BELL AND TINKLE-SWEETIE.

From time immemorial, one of the town bells has been daily rung, at a certain hour, on every lawful day except Saturday, to remind the good citizens of Edinburgh to repair to dinner, lest they should be apt to forget this necessary part of the work of the day; or perhaps to give a hint to customers, who might be so indiscreet as to prolong their higgling at a very unseasonable time. It was familiarly known as the Kail-bell; and at its summons about a century ago shops were almost all closed from one to two o'clock. "In 1763, it was a common practice to lock the shops at one o'clock, and to open them after dinner at two."—*Stat. Ac.*

"Tinkle-sweetie," or the "aucht hours' bell," was the name given to the bell which rang at eight o'clock in the evening, to call attention to the hour for closing the shops. This bell was so denominated because the sound of it was supposed to be sweet to the ears of the shopmen and apprentices, as it set them at liberty to close in for the night.

#### A VETERAN VICTIM TO DRINK.

July 1788. Died at Selkirk, aged 116, William Riddel. In the early part of his life he dealt deep in the smuggling and drinking of brandy, and was always so fond of good ale that he had been often heard to declare he had never taken a single draught of water. He could never be called a habitual drinker, but frequently fell into intemperate rambles of several days' continuance; and even after he was ninety, he at one

time drank a fortnight before he went to bed. He married his third wife when he was ninety-five, and retained his memory and judgment to the last. For the last two years of his life he subsisted chiefly on ale and spirits mixed with a little bread.—*Scots Mag.*

#### A MINISTER IN A FIX.

Dr "Willie" Anderson of Glasgow was engaged one Sunday to preach in Dundee. Shortly after entering the pulpit the congregation were astonished to observe him making diligent search on the pulpit cushion, on the floor of the pulpit, and inside the Psalm-book and Bible. While the congregation were deliberating on the conduct of the eccentric preacher, they were aroused by his stentorian voice exclaiming in broad Scotch, "Freen's, I hae lost my specs!" when immediately an elderly gentleman accommodated him with the indispensable aid to the performance of his ministerial functions.

#### WILL HAMILTON'S MANNERS.

Will Hamilton, the "daft man o' Ayr," was once hanging about the vicinity of a loch, which was partially frozen. Three young ladies were deliberating as to whether they should venture upon the ice, when one of them suggested that Will should be asked to walk on it first. The proposal was made to him.

"Though I'm daft, I'm no ill-bred," quickly responded Will; "after you, leddies!"

#### A HIELAND PLEA.

"Ye ken naething about our hill country, or Hielands, as we ca' them. They are clean anither set frae the like o' huz; there's nae bailie-courts amang

them—nae magistrates that dinna bear the sword in vain, like the worthy deacon that's awa', and, I may say't, like mysel' and other present magistrates in this city. But it's just the laird's commands, and the loun maun loup; and the never anither law hae they but the length o' their dirks—the broadsword's pursuer, or plaintiff, as you Englishers ca' it, and the target is defender; the stoutest head bears longest out; and there's a Hieland plea for ye."—*Rob Roy.*

#### THE DEFEAT OF MACTAVISH.

Some time ago there was a smuggler in Glentartan, named Mactavish, who rented a small farm, and had "brewed his drink" for years without detection. He was strongly suspected by the revenue officers, and many a time his premises were searched, but without avail. There was not a vestige of distilling apparatus or ingredients to be found on his farm, and yet the officers felt certain that he was working an illicit still. They had tried many residents in the glen for information on the subject, but always without success. They were at their wits' end, and Mactavish crowed over their helplessness with the greatest gusto. But ruin came upon him at last, and in a way that took the whole of Glentartan by surprise. One night a long-headed exciseman, with two comrades, went to a farm-house, knocked the people up, and demanded a horse and cart in the Queen's name, as he had seized (he said) the smuggling bothy of Mactavish, and required assistance to carry off the prize. The demand was complied with, and a man sent along with the conveyance. Getting into the cart with his companions, he ordered the man to drive on as fast as he could, without saying where; and the stupid fellow, never dreaming but that the still had been seized as the officer had told

him, drove on, and landed the exciseman at the very bothy door. Out they leaped, and in a minute they had the door burst in and poor Mactavish a prisoner.

#### A COMPREHENSIVE SIGN-BOARD.

The following signboard stood over the door of a public-house near Morning-side, Edinburgh, thirty years ago:—

"We hae a' kinds o' Whisky, frae Glenlivet  
sae clear,  
That ne'er gaes a headache—to the five-  
bawbee gear;  
We hae Gin, Rum, Shrub, and ither nick-  
nackets,  
For them wham the clear stuff their brain  
sets in rackets.  
We hae fine Yill frae Peebles, an' Porter  
frae Lonnon—  
Ginger beer frae the toon, and Sma', brisk  
an' foaming;  
We hae Teas, Bread an' Cheese, *alias*  
Welsh Rabbits;  
Ham, Eggs, an' Red Herrings for wairsh  
tasted gabbets.  
If at any time aught else should be wanted,  
We'll rather send for't than see freens dis-  
appointed."

#### AN INTELLIGENT GOOSE-HERD.

A story told of Fleeman, in his office of guardian of the geese, exhibits a mixture of the rogue with the wag. He had been sent to Haddo House to fetch some geese thence to Udney Castle. Finding the task of driving them before him a very arduous one, and his patience being completely worn out by the innumerable and perverse digressions they made from the proper road, Jamie procured a straw rope, and twisting this about their necks, walked swiftly on, dragging the geese after him, and never casting a look behind. What was his horror, when he arrived at Udney, to find the geese all dead! As the breed was peculiar, the strictest injunctions had been given to him to be careful in conducting the geese safely home. His

ingenuity, however, soon devised a plan to free him from this dilemma. Dragging the victims into the poultry-yard, he stuffed their throats with food, and then boldly entered the Castle.

"Well, Jamie, have ye brought the geese?"

"Ay, have I."

"And are they safe?"

"Safe! they're gobble, gobble, goblin' as if they had nae seen meat for a twalmonth! Safe! I'se warran' they're safe aneuch, if they hae nae choket themsel's!"

#### TWEED AND TILL.

In the rhyme which compares the respective attributes of the river Tweed, and its Northumbrian tributary the Till, there is something approaching to sublimity.

Tweed said to Till,  
What makes ye rin so still?  
Till said to Tweed,  
Though ye rin wi' speed,  
And I rin slaw,  
Yet where ye droun ae man,  
I droun twa.

The dreadful truth of this rhyme, the striking idea which it gives of the sullen fordless river, so noted for its destructiveness to unwary travellers, and the great force of the impersonation of the two streams, accomplished by a dash of the natural pencil in three or four lines, and involving as complete a contrast of character as if the streams were sentient beings, render this altogether a most extraordinary piece of poetry.—*Robert Chambers.*

#### THE PRESSGANG.

Friday evening, May 7, 1790, about six o'clock, one of the king's messengers arrived at Leith, being only thirty-eight hours on his way from London. He immediately went on board the Cham-



pion frigate in the Roads, and delivered his dispatches to Captain Edwards. At nine o'clock the ship's crew got orders to prepare for an impress. At eleven o'clock eight boats landed at Leith with 100 men, who, dividing into four parties, went to different parts of the harbour, and in a short time swept every ship of her hands. They afterwards went to Newhaven, where they also got a few sailors. It is supposed that about 200 men were impressed. Next morning the magistrates of Edinburgh sent sixteen prisoners from the Tolbooth on board the fleet, and continued to exert themselves to promote the service; but at the same time paid the most scrupulous regard to the liberty of the subject. The impress soon became general over the kingdom.—*Scots Mag.*

## EDINBURGH IN 1782.

The Edinburgh to which Jean Elliot went had already lost much of its old feudal romance, but it was still very different from the Edinburgh of to-day. The North Bridge was just built; the South Bridge was not begun. The district including Crichton Street, where Mrs Cockburn latterly lived, and George's Square, where Sir Walter Scott was born, was still lying in fields and orchards. The Mound was not begun. Two stage-coaches ran to Leith every hour, and one to London once a month. Lord Kames and Dr Robertson represented the resident literati. No such thing as an umbrella had been seen in the streets. Vegetables were brought chiefly from Musselburgh by women who carried them in *creels* on their backs. In a dearth of fruit for dessert at the dinner-tables of the principal men in Edinburgh, an English traveller remarked that dishes of small raw turnips—called "neeps" by the natives—were eaten with avidity. Two o'clock was the universal dinner-hour,

and tradesmen often shut their shops from one till two. Gentlemen were in the habit of visiting ladies in their drawing-rooms to enjoy their society, and drink "dishes" of tea, in the afternoons. There was one dancing assembly-room, where minuets and country dances were danced in a succession of sets before the Lady Directress. The company met at five o'clock; the dancing began at six and ended at eleven by public orders, which were never transgressed. In the old theatre, which was decorated with painted heads of the poets and with Runciman's landscapes, Mr Digges, the lessee, was his own great tragedian and comedian alike, being equally great in Cato and Sir John Brute.—*Songstresses of Scotland.*

## A BRAVE LITTLE FELLOW.

The Rev. Dr Samuel Charters, parish minister of Wilton, in Roxburghshire, when very young was bereft of both parents, and he was taken in charge by his maternal grandmother. Like Timothy of old, he was privileged with pious guardians, and his mind was stored with Bible truths and sacred poetry, which he could readily quote as occasion required. During Prince Charles Edward's movement in 1745, his old grandmother was sadly afflicted with the dread that her hearthstone would be invaded by a rude soldiery, and as the saying goes, "she could neither eat nor sleep." Samuel was then only about four years old, but saw that she was much grieved, and to console her he repeated the first verse of the 20th Psalm:—

"Jehovah hear thee in the day  
When trouble he doth send;  
And let the name of Jacob's God  
Thee from all ill defend."

And then cheerfully added, "Tak yer meat, grannie, and dinna be feared."

## "TAM SAMSON'S ELEGY."

The hero of this poem of Burns' was a country sportsman, who loved curling on the ice in winter, and shooting on the moors in the season. When no longer able to

"Guard or draw a wick or bore,  
Or up the rink like Jehu roar,  
In time of need ;"

or march over hill and hagg in quest of

"Pattricks, teals, moor-pouts, and  
plivers,"

he loved to lie on the lang-settle, and listen to the deeds of others on field and flood ; and when a good tale was told, he would cry, "Hech, man ! three at a shot ; that was famous !"

Some one informed Tam that Burns had written a poem—"a gie queer ane"—concerning him : he sent for the bard, and in something like wrath requested to hear it ; he smiled grimly at the relation of his exploits, and then cried out, "I'm no dead yet, Robin : I'm worth ten dead fowk ; wherefore should ye say that I'm dead ?"

Burns took the hint, retired to the window for a minute's space or so, and coming back, recited the *Per Contra*, "Go fame, an' canter like a filly."—*Allan Cunningham.*

## THE MOTE AND THE BEAM.

"John," said a clergyman to one of his flock, "you should become a teetotaller—you have been drinking again to-day."

"Do you never take a wee drop yourself, sir ?" inquired John.

"Ah, but, John, you must look at your circumstances and mine."

"Verra true," quoth John ; "but, sir, can you tell me how the streets of Jerusalem were keptit sae clean ?"

"No, John, I cannot tell you that."

"Weel, sir, it was just because every one keptit the dirt frae aff his own door !" replied John, with an air of triumph.

John was not questioned again on the same matter by the minister.

## MICHAEL SCOTT NO WIZARD.

It is well known that many traditions are still prevalent in Scotland concerning the extraordinary powers of the wizard ; and if we consider the thick cloud of ignorance which overspread the country at the period of his return from the continent, and the very small materials which are required by superstition as a groundwork for her dark and mysterious stories, we shall not wonder at the result. The Arabic books which he brought along with him ; the apparatus of his laboratory ; his mathematical and astronomical instruments ; the oriental costume generally worn by the astrologers of the times, and the appearance of the white-haired and venerable sage, as he sat on the roof of his tower of Balwearie, observing the face of the heavens, were all amply sufficient to impress the minds of the vulgar with awe and terror.—*Tytler.*

## FRENCH ON A NEW PRINCIPLE.

A French teacher in Edinburgh, one evening gave a *petit souper* to a few of his friends. Among those present was a simple-hearted, honest Scottish matron, whose claims to be of the party arose, we believe, from the fact of her having several members of her family under the scholastic charge of monsieur. During supper, she heard a great deal of French talked, which afflicted her with great surprise.

"It was sic a daft-like language," she thought, "when ane heard it yatered awa' at that gate. And, dear sake,

Mr F——," she added, taking up a slice of bread, and turning to the host, "just let me ask what ye ca' this in that queer language o' yours?"

"*Pain*, madame," answered the polite Frenchman.

"Peng!" she cried; "sic a like word! Dear me, Mr F——, wad it no be far wiserlike, and mair to the purpose, just to ca' *breed* at ance?"

## AN ENDLESS WIT.

"Really, Mr Johnston," said a lady in the west of Scotland to a noted humorist, "there's nae end to your wit."

"Gude forbid, madame," he replied, "that I should ever be at my wits' end."

## QUIZZING A COCKNEY.

James Lindsay, "The Viscount," a Glasgow merchant and wag of former days, visited London in company with two friends, and put up at the City Coffee-house, where one of the waiters was such a pure and unsophisticated Cockney, that they resolved to play a practical joke upon him.

"John," said Mr Lindsay to him, "bring three tumblers of toddy."

"Toddy, sir; yes, sir," answered John; "would you like it hef-and-hef, sir?"

"Na, na, that wad be ower strong; just mak it sax waters, John."

"Saxe waters, sir; yes, sir;" and away went John to execute his commission, but certainly without the slightest idea of what he was going for.

In a short time he returned with a look of regret on his face, and said, "I am very sorry, sir, that the Saxe waters are all done, sir, and we have no other German waters at present, sir."

The friends had enough to do to pre-

serve their gravity, as Mr Lindsay said to the waiter, "That's a pity, John; weel, we maun do without it, and try a substitute; bring me the whisky, John, and the boiling water."

"Boiling water, sir; yes, sir," said John, and off he set.

On returning with the "necessaries of life," Mr Lindsay took them and said to the waiter, "Now, John, I'll gie ye a lesson: when ony body asks ye for toddy and sax waters, just you gie them a big glass o' brandy or whisky, and half a dizen glasses o' boiling water, wi' a wee tate o' sugar in't, and they'll no ken the difference: indeed, John," he added, with a sly wink to his companions, "I'm no sure but they'll like it just as weel, and, at ony rate, it's far better for them than a' your German waters."

John, apparently thoroughly impressed with the value of the information he had received, thanked Mr Lindsay, and was retiring, when Mr Lindsay said, "Oh, John, before ye gang awa', can ye send me a wee tate o' oo' to stap in the neb o' my shoon; they're unco shauchlin, and aiblins may gar me cowp i' the glaur, when I gang agate."

John was completely dumfounded at this order, but, true to his professional instinct, soon recovered himself, and replied, "Yes, sir," as he hurried from the room. In a minute or two he returned with a glass of *cold* water, which he presented with some trepidation to the gentleman who had given him the incomprehensible order, and bolted from the room before a word could be spoken, leaving Mr Lindsay and his two friends laughing till they nearly tumbled off their chairs.

So much was John impressed with the superior wisdom and surprising knowledge of his guests, that next morning he confidently asked Mr Lindsay if "there were any waiters in Scotland, and whether London or Scotland was the larger city!"



## AN UNLUCKY MILLBANNOCK.

The *millbannock* is allowed to be the chief of all bannocks. A miller in Wig-townshire once made an enormous one of a *boll of meal*, as a present to his laird, the Earl of Galloway, in hopes that the earl would give him a *down-come* of the rent; but instead of doing so, he raised it on him fifty pounds per annum, saying, "That if he could afford to make sic *millbannocks* to his friends, he could be in no way distressed." Poor *Dusty* then had no other shift than to return to his old shop, with his finger in his mouth, and curse confound the *plot o' the millbannock*.—*Mactaggart*.

## A REAL CONVERSION.

"My freen's," said old Daddy Flockhart, the well-known and eccentric street preacher in Edinburgh, one night, while relating the circumstances of his conversion to his sparse congregation, "My heart was as black as a sweep's face; but noo it's whiter than a washer-wife's thoom!"

## "KIRK WAD LET ME BE."

I am a puir silly auld man,  
And hirplin' ower a tree;  
Yet fain, fain kiss wad I,  
Gin the kirk wad let me be.

Gin a' my duds were aff,  
And guid haill claes put on,  
O, I could kiss a young lass  
As weel as ony man.

These verses are said to have been composed, under very peculiar circumstances, by a non-conforming clergyman of the time of Charles II. While under hiding for religion's sake, he had the misfortune to be seized by a party of the troops which were then employed

to scour the south and west of Scotland in search of the broken Covenanters. They were not exactly sure of his person, for he appeared to their eyes more like a beggar than anything else; but, from some suspicious circumstances, they were disposed, at least, to detain him until they should ascertain his real character. The unhappy man then condescended to an artifice, for the purpose of extricating himself. He forthwith assumed a fantastic levity of manners--fell a capering and dancing; and finally sung the above stanzas, which he composed on the spur of the moment. Such was the gloss he thus gave to his character, and so much were the soldiers delighted with his song, that swearing he was "a d--d honest fellow," who could not possibly belong to the "hellish crew" they were in search of, they permitted him to depart.—*Robert Chambers*.

## A HEAVENLY BODY.

Boswell expatiating to his father, Lord Auchinleck, on the learning and other qualities of Dr Johnson, concluded by saying, "He is the grand luminary of our hemisphere—quite a constellation, sir."

"Ursa Major, I suppose," dryly responded the judge.

## BEANCHIY BARD.

Formerly, among persons of distinction in the Western Highlands, it was reckoned an affront upon any company to broach a piece of wine, ale, or *aqua vita*, and not to see it all drank out at one meeting. If any man chanced to go out from the company, though but for a few minutes, he was obliged, upon his return, and before he took his seat, to make an apology for his absence in rhyme; which, if he could not per-

form, he was liable to pay such a share of the reckoning as the company thought fit to impose; which custom prevails in many places still, and is called *beauchy bard*, which, in their language, signifies the poet's congratulating the company.—*Martin*.

#### A USELESS BAROMETER.

An honest Highlander, paying a visit one day to a friend, was hailed as follows:—

"Come along, my good fellow—glad to see you've made out this visit at last, and that you have come at a time when we are to have good weather. The barometer has been rising for a week."

"The barometer!" exclaimed the Celt; "and do you keep a barometer?"

"O, yes," answered his friend.

"Well, I've kept a barometer too, for many a long day, but, for my part, I do not think it has any effect on the weather at all, at all."

#### TIMELY CAUTION.

An old Scotch lady had an evening party, where a young man was present who was about to leave for an appointment in China. As he was exceedingly extravagant in his conversation about himself, the old lady said, when he was leaving, "Tak gude care o' yoursel', my man, when ye are awa'; for mind ye, they eat puppies in Cheena!"

#### HONOUR AND PROFIT.

A nobleman, in whose character vanity and parsimony were the most remarkable features, was, for a long time before he died, in the habit of retailing the produce of his dairy and his orchard to the children and poor people of his neighbourhood. One day observing a

very pretty little girl tripping through his grounds with a milk jug, he stooped to kiss her; after which he said, in a pompous tone—

"Now, my dear, you may tell your grandchildren, and tell them in their turn to tell their grandchildren, that you had once the honour of receiving a kiss from the Right Honourable the Earl of B——."

The girl looked up in his face, and, with a strange mixture of simplicity and archness, remarked—

"But will I tell them that ye took the penny for the milk tae?"

#### SLANDER.

"Donald," said a Scottish dame, looking up to her son, "what's slander?"

"A slander, mither?" quoth Donald, twisting the corner of his plaid. "Aweel, I hardly ken, unless it be an ower true tale that ae gude woman tells o' anither."

#### AYRSHIRE COURTSHIP.

A respectable farmer in the parish of Cumnock being a widower, went courting a young lady, the daughter of a neighbouring farmer in the parish of Auchinleck. The farmer, who was no great orator, but was young, had a good person, and was in affluent circumstances, addressed his fair one rather bluntly, and proposed marriage without much ceremony. The lady replied, in the same frank and open way—

"Deed, Jamie, I'll tak ye, but ye maun gie me my dues o' courtin' for a' that." The wedding took place accordingly.

#### LEGENDS AND "STOREYS."

"Do you know any legends or old stories connected with this venerable

building, my good man?" said a pedantic tourist to a labouring man in a Scottish village, one day.

"I dinna ken o' ony legends aboot it, sir; there was an auld storey up by on yon gavel end, but it fell down some time sin', that's a' I ken," was the reply.

#### HUMOURS OF CATECHISING.

The Rev. David Hogg, in his recently published *Life and Times of the Rev. Dr John Wightman*, of Kirkmahoe, gives the following graphic account of the now obsolete custom of ministerial catechising:—

These meetings were sometimes occasions of considerable theological discussion and ready repartee, when the catechiser became the catechised, and was put to his wit's end to maintain his position. As the visitations were always expected at a certain season of the year, some of the more dexterous in the district prepared themselves for the sole purpose of puzzling the minister, and not at all to have some difficulty in divinity or Christian ethics satisfactorily explained. Indeed, in some instances such an explanation would have been a great disappointment, as defeating anticipated victory. Then the questions were so framed and put that a sermon or a treatise would have scarcely sufficed to give a full explanation, and yet a categorical answer was always required.

Mr Dickson, minister of Wamphray, was one day catechising at the house of an old man called Peter French, and naturally beginning with the host, he asked Peter, "What is the chief end of man?"

To which Peter promptly replied, "'Deed, sir, I'll no presume. That's your duty; ye're paid for telling us." Peter thereby saved his credit, and at

the same time gave all due respect to his minister.

At one of these catechisings, which took place in the church, the name of Walter Hunter was called, as in this case the parties were separately examined. Walter was at the end of the church among the school-boys—the school being taught there—and he answered in a loud voice, "Here, sir."

"O yes," said the minister, "loud i' the loan was ne'er a guid milk cow."

Walter, after some keen interrogatories respecting doctrinal points and moral conduct, which he answered in a manner highly satisfactory, was dismissed to give place to another; but before rising he remarked, loud enough for all to hear, "I hae seen a cow that could gie a lilt, and a guid lilt too."

A woman answered all the questions put to her by what Dickens calls the staple of American conversation, namely, "Yes, sir."

In order to see how far she would go with this response, she was asked, "Could you see the wind, Margaret?"

"Yes, sir," was the ready reply.

Of course her fellow-servants, after going home, twitted her about her examination and seeing the wind, which she still affirmed; but after much banter she appealed to ocular demonstration, saying, "Weel, then, if ye open twa barn doors, will ye no see the wun' blawin' through?"

These diets of catechising were sometimes taken on consecutive days, in which case the minister did not return to the manse at night, but stayed in some parishioner's house that he might more conveniently attend the next day's meeting. In this way almost a whole week was spent, before he returned home to prepare for the duties of the forthcoming Sabbath.

The minister of Colvend went out one winter on a catechising tour, and took a boy with him to open gates and attend to his horse. At the close of the



week, when the little man was about to be discharged, he said to the minister, "Sir, I hae heard you asking mony questions at the houses we hae been at, and I wad like to ask you a question before I gang. What do ye think o' the Fall, sir?"

"It is a mysterious subject, my man; but what do ye think of it yourself?"

"I dinna ken, sir, but it was a terrible thing that the worl' should hae been lost for the sake o' an apple. I can gae into Dalbeattie an' get as mony's I can eat, an' my pouches filled, for tippence. But do you no think, sir, it was awfu' wee buikit o' the deevil to attack the woman instead o' the man? I hae never thought onything o' him sin' ever I kent it."

#### A PRACTICAL COMMENTATOR.

A shrewd old Scotsman was reading the *Song of Solomon* one Sunday. On coming to the passage, "Snow is beautiful in its season," he exclaimed in a tone of remonstrance, "Ay, Solomon, my man, nae doubt it was beautiful to you sitting with rich wines and the bonnie lasses o' Jerusalem aside you; but had ye been a poor stane-mason, ye would hae said nae such thing!"

#### LABOUR AND LEISURE.

"Bairns," said a Scottish cottar to his children, who were working like "teegurs" in the garden, "when you're tired digging, you may pu' kale-runts."

#### THE GROANING MALT AND THE KEN-NO.

The *groaning malt* was the ale brewed for the purpose of being drunk after the lady or goodwife's safe delivery. The *ken-no* has a more ancient source, and

perhaps the custom may be derived from the secret rites of the *Bona Dea*. A large and rich cheese was made by the women of the family, with great affectation of secrecy, for the refreshment of the gossips who were to attend at the *canny* minute. This was the *ken-no*, so called because its existence was secret (that is, presumed to be so) from all the males of the family, but especially from the husband and master. He was, accordingly, expected to conduct himself as if he knew of no such preparation, to act as if desirous to press the female guests to refreshments, and to seem surprised at their obstinate refusal. But the instant his back was turned, the *ken-no* was produced, and after all had eaten their fill, with a proper accompaniment of the *groaning malt*, the remainder was divided among the gossips, each carrying a large portion home with the same affectation of great secrecy.—*Sir Walter Scott*.

#### BURNS AND HIS CRITICS.

When Burns was first invited to dine at Dunlop House, a westland dame, who acted as housekeeper, appeared to doubt the propriety of her mistress entertaining a mere ploughman who made rhymes, as if he were a gentleman of old descent. By way of convincing Mrs M'Guistan (for that was her name) of the bard's right to such distinction, Mrs Dunlop gave her *The Cottar's Saturday Night* to read. This was soon done, and she returned the volume with a strong shaking of the head, saying, "Nae doubt gentlemen and ladies think mickle o' this, but for me it's nathing but what I saw i' my father's house every day, and I dinna see hoo he could hae tauld it ony other way." The M'Guistans are a numerous clan. Few of the peasantry personally acquainted with Burns were willing to allow that his merit exceeded their own.

"Indeed, sir," said one of these worthies, named Hugh Cowan, to an inquiring admirer, "Robbie Burns, save in clinking words, was just an ordinary man. I taught him the use o' the cudgel, and should ken what he had in him, I think."

#### A SENSIBLE OFFICER.

During the riots in 1798, when the whole country was full of disorder, two hundred rustics, armed with dilapidated muskets, pitchforks, and other "orra things," marched against the house of Sir Robert Grierson, at Lag, near Dumfries. A detachment of volunteers from the latter place hastened to the rescue. The rioters, however, showed no desire to retire, until one of the volunteers, in a parley, showed them four-and-twenty rounds of ball cartridge, and made one of them feel the balls with his fingers. On this one of the rebel leaders exclaimed to his followers, "G——, lads, this is gaun to be a serious business," and quietly advised his men to disperse, which they had sense enough to do.

#### "BOOK-A-BOSOMS."

There is a tradition that friars were wont to go from Melrose or Jedburgh to baptise and marry in the parish of Ewes; and from being in the habit of carrying the mass-book in their bosoms, they were called by the inhabitants "Book-a-Bosoms."

#### DOGS IN ABERDEEN.

The hail house dogs, messens, and whelps within Aberdeen were killed upon the streets, so that neither hound, messen, or other dog was left alive that they could see. The reason was this: when the first army came here,

ilk captain and soldier had a blue rib-band about his craig, in despite and derision whereof; when they removed from Aberdeen, some women of Aberdeen, as was alleged, knit blue ribbands about their messens' craigs, whereat their soldiers took offence, and killed all their dogs for this very cause.—*Spalding.*

#### WAITING HIS TURN.

A minister was one day visiting a member of his congregation who lived in the sheep-farming district of Roxburghshire. Before the fireplace lay three collie dogs, apparently asleep; but at the sound of a whistle two rose up and walked out, the third not disturbing itself.

"I'm surprised at this one lying still, John," said the minister; "why does he not get up like the others?"

"It's no surprising at a', sir," said the shepherd; "ye see he's been oot in the morning already, and it's no his turn i' the noo."—*Dr Rogers.*

#### TWO OLD SCOTTISH LADIES.

Lady Dundas of Arniston was one of the old school of Scottish ladies—a delightful set, strong-headed, warm-hearted, and high-spirited. . . . Their prominent qualities of sense, humour, affection, and spirit were embodied in curious outsides; for they dressed, and spoke, and did exactly as they chose; their language, like their habits, was entirely Scotch, but without any other vulgarity than what perfect naturalness is sometimes taken for.

She was in her son's house in George Square, Edinburgh, when it was attacked by the mob in 1793 or 1794, and though no windows could be smashed at that time by the populace without the inmates thinking of the

bloody streets of Paris, she was perfectly firm, most contemptuous of the assailants, and with a heroic confidence in her son's doing his duty. She once wished us to go somewhere for her on an evening; and on one of us objecting that if we did, our lessons for next day could not be got ready—"Hoot man!" said she, "what o' that! as they used to say in my day—it's only het hips, and awa' again."

The mother of the first Sir David Dundas, a clergyman's wife, was another lady of the old Scottish school. I heard one of her grand-daughters stumbling, in the course of reading the newspapers to her, on a paragraph which stated that a lady's reputation had suffered from some indiscreet talk on the part of the Prince of Wales. Up she of fourscore got, and said with an indignant shake of her shrivelled fist and a keen voice, "The dawmed villain! does he kiss and tell!"—*Lord Cockburn.*

#### LOCH FYNE FROZEN OVER.

A letter from Inverary, dated December 17, 1786, says, that Loch Fyne was then frozen over, all the way from its head to Otter, which is about thirty English miles, and bears the weight of men all over. This is the more surprising, as it is a branch of the sea, and is in breadth one, two, and three miles, at different places. Loch Fyne was never remembered to have been frozen over before, except once about thirty years ago, when the ice was also so strong as to permit people on foot to pass over it.—*Scots Mag.*

#### THE "GUEST."

"The Guest" is a name given by the superstitious vulgar in the south of Scotland to any object which they consider

as the prognostic or omen of the approach of a stranger.

"When they sneeze, on first stepping out of bed in the morning, they are from thence certified that strangers will be there in the course of the day, in number corresponding to the times which they sneeze; and if a feather, a straw, or any such thing be observed hanging at a dog's nose or beard, they call that a *guest*, and are sure of the approach of a stranger. If it hang long at the dog's nose, the visitant is to stay long; but if it fall instantly away, the person is only to stay a short time. They judge also from the length of this *guest* what will be the size of the real one, and, from its shape, whether it will be a man or a woman; and they watch carefully on what part of the floor it drops, as it is on that very spot the stranger will sit."—*Hogg.*

#### GLASGOW SIGN-BOARDS.

We copy the following inscriptions from sign-boards which were formerly exhibited in Glasgow, from the late Dr Strang's *Glasgow and its Clubs*:—

"Messages run down this close."

"Barney Keir, he does live here,  
He'll sweep your vents, and not  
too dear;  
And should they chance to go  
on fire,  
He'll put them out at your de-  
sire."

"New laid eggs every morning by  
me, Janet Stobie."

"Stop and read, to prevent mistakes,  
Joseph Howel's beef-steaks;  
Good meat and drink make men to  
grow,  
And you will find them here below."  
Joseph's "house" was in a sunk flat.



## A POET'S PHILOSOPHY.

Away with disquietudes! Let us pray  
with the honest weaver of Killbarchan,  
"Lord, send us a gude conceit o' our-  
sel!" Or in the words of the auld  
sang—

"Who does me disdain, I can scorn  
them again,  
And I'll never mind any such  
foes." —Burns.

## THE ASSEMBLY OF BIRDS.

The *Caledonian Mercury* of October 1733 gives a droll account of an association which existed in Edinburgh, and which had for its object the prevention of an over-severe excise system for Scotland.

"There came on, at the Parrot's Nest in this city, the annual election of office-bearers in the ancient and venerable *Assembly of Birds*, when the *Gamecock* was elected preses; the *Blackbird*, treasurer; the *Gled*, principal clerk; the *Crow*, his depute; and the *Duck*, officer; all birds duly qualified to our happy establishment, and no less enemies to the excise scheme. After which an elegant entertainment was served up. All the royal and loyal healths were plentifully drunk in the richest wines; *the glorious 205, all the Benny Birds, &c.* On this joyful occasion nothing was heard but harmonious music, each bird striving to excel in chanting and warbling their respective melodious notes." "The glorious 205" were those members of the House of Commons who had recently thrown out a bill for increasing the tax on tobacco.

## A SERIOUS "GALRAVICH."

The story of the "galravich," as drinking bouts used to be termed in

Scotland, at which the Laird of Garscadden took his last draught, has been often told, but it will bear repetition. The scene occurred in the wee clachan of Law, where a considerable number of Kilpatrick lairds had congregated for the ostensible purpose of talking over some parish business. And well they talked, and better drank, when one of them, about the dawn of the morning, fixing his eye on Garscadden, remarked that he was "looking unco gash." Upon which the laird of Kilmardinnie coolly replied—

"Deil mean him, since he has been wi' his Maker these twa hours! I saw him step awa', but I didna like to disturb guid company!"

The following epitaph on this celebrated Bacchanalian plainly indicates that he was held in no great estimation among his neighbours:—

"Beneath this stane lies auld Garscad,  
Wha loved a neibour very bad;  
Now how he fends and how he fares,  
The deil ane kens, and deil ane cares."

## DRUMLY BUT NOT DEEP.

A lady in Edinburgh once objected to a preacher on the ground that she could not understand him. Another lady, who admired him, insinuated that probably he was too "deep" for her to follow.

But her ready answer was, "Na, na, he's no deep, he's just *drumly*."

## THE SHEPHERD ON SHAVING.

Ye see, I hae mony and mony a time thoct that he wha first introduced shaving amang us was ane of the greatest foes o' the human race. Just think, man, o' the awfu' wark it's on a cauld Sabbath morning, when the week's bristles are as sturdy as the

teeth of a horse kame, and the burn watter winna boil, and the kirk-bells ringing, and the wife's a' riggit out, and the gig at the door, and the rawzor haggit like a saw. Trumbull o' Selkirk makes gude rawzors, but the weans are unco fond of playing wi' mine, pair things. Od keep us! it gars me grew, but to think o' the first rasp; and after a' the sark-neck's blacken'd wi' your bluid, and your face is a bonny sicht to put before a congregation, battered ower wi' brown paper, or tufts o' beaver off your hat. Oh! I'm clean for the lang beard.—*Noctes Ambros.*

#### A POET AND HIS SUBJECT.

The poem of *Tranent Muir* was written by Mr Skirving, a farmer near Haddington. In the ninth stanza, reference, the reverse of complimentary, is made to Lieutenant Smith. This officer coming to Haddington shortly after the publication of the song, sent a challenge to the author.

"Gang awa' back, my man," said the honest farmer, "and tell Mr Smith that I hae na leisure to come to Haddington; but tell him to come here, and I'll tak a look o' him, and if I think I'm fit to fecht him, I will fecht him; and if no, I'll do as he did—*I'll rin awa'.*"

Stanza ninth, to which the worthy lieutenant took exception, and certainly not without cause, was as follows:—

"And Major Bowie, that worthy soul,  
Was brought down to the ground, man;  
His horse being shot, it was his lot  
For to get mony a wound, man:  
*Lieutenant Smith, of Irish birth,*  
Frae whom he call'd for aid, man,  
Being full o' dread, lap o'er his head,  
And wadna be gainsaid, man!"

#### A LESSON TO A SHOPKEEPER.

"But," said Miss Menie M'Neil, the milliner, "I hae vera misfortunately

got but one suit of that trimming, and I'm amaisht under a promise to gie the first offer to mair than ane."

"Ready money's ready money, Miss Menie," replied Mrs Goroghan, "and ye'll just lay by the trimming for me. First come first served—folk in a public way shouldna be respecters o' persons, but pleasure a' their customers to the best o' their ability. I won'er what right has onybody in the town o' Greenock to set up for being better than another—arena we a' working for our bread? I'm sure, Miss Menie, I see no more genteelity in a pestle and mortar than a tar barrel, and little difference between an ellwand and an ellshin—it's no the cloak that maks the friar; and in a town like ours, where we live by our ettling, trade maks us a' sib to ane anither; so that, whate'er fools may think to the contrary, it's very true what I hae heard said, that the change-wife's gill-stoup is full cousin to the spirit-dealer's gallon-pot, the lawful offspring o' the foreign merchant's rum-puncheon. But the making o' stepbairns is an auld faut in Greenock."—*Gall.*

#### A VERY CLEVER CHIELD.

"Man," said the celebrated Lord Braxfield to a prisoner at the bar, who had been pleading his own cause with remarkable acuteness and eloquence, "ye're a verra clever chield; but ye wad be nane the waur o' a hanging."

#### JOHN DHU.

John, or Shon, Dhu was a famous member of the Edinburgh Town Guard. Although he had been an undaunted soldier, and was a terror to the mobocracy of the city, he was altogether a man of kindly feelings, and by no means overstepped the limits of his duty, unless

very much provoked. His conduct towards juvenile delinquents was not of a very severe description. After detaining them in the guardhouse for a short time, and having administered a little wholesome terror, by way of caution, "should they ever do the like any more," *Shon* would open the half door of the guard-room, and push them out with a gentle *skelp* on the breech, saying, "There noo, pe off; an' I'll say you'll didna rin awa',"—meaning that he would make an excuse for them.—*Kay*.

#### NIGHTINGALES *versus* "WHAUPS."

A native of Muirkirk being in England was asked out one delightful summer evening to hear the singing of the nightingale, his friend informing him that it was rarely if ever heard in Scotland. After he had listened with attention for some time, he was asked if he was not delighted with the music.

"It's very gude," he answered; "but for my part, I wadna gie the wheeple o' a whaup for a' the nightingales that ever sang."

#### A LESSON TO COCKNEYS.

A gentleman who was dining with the Duchess of Gordon was boasting that he was a thorough master of the Scottish language. Her grace, however, completely nonplussed him by saying, "Rax me a spaul o' that bubbly-jock."

#### A GRACEFUL COMPLIMENT.

On the death of Lord Kennet, in 1786, Sir William Nairne was raised to the bench under the title of Lord Dunsinnan—a circumstance which called forth a *bon-mot* from the Duchess of Gordon. Her grace, happening to meet

his lordship shortly after his elevation, inquired what title he had assumed. "Dunsinnan" was of course the reply.

"I am astonished at that, my lord," said the duchess, "for I never knew that you had begun sinning."

#### FISHING WITH GEESE.

In former times the sport of fishing with geese was practised, which has long since been discontinued. It was performed after this manner: A boat, containing a party, male and female, lord and lady fair, followed a goose, to a leg of which was tied a baited hook; the goose, thus accoutred, was sent into the deep water on an excursion voyage. By-and-by this knight-errant falls in with an adventure: a marauding pike, snatching hold of the bait, puts his gooseship's mettle to the test; he is sometimes pulled under water, such is the sudden dart which the pike makes at his prey; a combat ensues, in which a display is made on the part of both the contending heroes. The sympathetic hopes and fears of the eager spectators are alternately called into continuous exercise; until at length the long necked, noisy, webfooted champion, vanquishing his wide-mouthed scale-armed foe, drags him exhausted and dying at his heels.—*Charles Mackie*.

#### PERHAPS THE PROPER REASON.

A minister in the country was preaching his farewell sermon, and took for his text Acts xx. 22, "I go bound in the spirit of Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me."

"Ah!" said one of the elders, who was not much concerned at the ministerial change, loudly enough, "Weel kens he that the stipend is fifty pun better whaur he's gaun than it is here."



## A FRIEND AT A PINCH.

One day the Rev. Mr Glass was preaching in the parish church of Crail about the Early Christians at Rome, and how Nero used to punish them. "The persecutor," he went on to say, "would tear the very flesh from their very bones with red-hot—red-hot—red—." The worthy man came to a dead stop, and could not remember what particular instrument Nero employed.

"Pinchers, sir, red-het pinchers," suggested James Kingo, conveyer of trades, who sat in the Weaver's Loft.

"Thank you, James," said the preacher, quite relieved, "quite richt, James, quite richt; red-het pinchers."

## FARNELL?

Nelly Johnson, a "Farfar" lass of about twenty summers, had occasion to make her first journey from home by rail. On arriving at a certain station on the route, the porters called out "Farnell" with that peculiar drawl which distinguishes railway officials in Scotland. Nell, thinking that she was wanted, and anxious that there should be no fault on her side, quickly popped her head out of the carriage window, and answered briskly, "Here I'm just, fa' wants me?"

## HORNIE HOLES.

This is a boys' game in which four play, a principal and assistant on each side. A stands with his assistant at one hole, and throws what is called a "cat" (a piece of stick, or a sheep's horn), with the design of making it alight into another hole at some distance, at which B stands, with his assistant, to drive it aside with a rod resembling a walking-stick. The following unintelligible rhyme is repeated by a player on the

one side, while they on the other are gathering in the "cats," and is attested by old people as of great antiquity:—

"Jock, Speak, and Sandy,  
Wi' a' their lousie train,  
Round about by Edinborra,  
Will never meet again.  
Gae head 'im, gae hang 'im,  
Gae lay him in the sea;  
A' the birds o' the air  
Will bear 'im companie.

With a nig-nag, widdy—(or worry) bag,  
And an e'ndown trail, trail,  
Quo he."—*Jamieson.*

## TAM NEIL AND HIS FIDDLE-CASE.

Tam Neil, than whom no man was more famous, was a precentor and undertaker in Edinburgh fifty or sixty years ago, and many queer stories are told of him.

On one occasion he was employed to make a coffin for a youth who had died at Easter Duddingston, and in the evening he and his apprentice went to take the article home. The coffin was inclosed in a bag, that it might be the more easily carried. On arriving at the village of Duddingston, it being a cold moonlight night in November, Tam felt an irresistible desire to fortify himself with a glass. He and his apprentice accordingly entered the first public-house, and having drank "a gill of the best," the landlady was called in, and Tam began to explore his unfathomable pockets for the odd sixpence upon which he had speculated, but not a bodle was there. Tam looked astonished, apologised for the awkward circumstance, and promised to "look in" as he came past. But "na!" The prudent hostess "didna get her drink for naething, and couldna let it gang that gait." Tam promised, flattered, and threatened, but all would not do. "Weel, weel," said he, "since ye're

sae doubtfu' o' my honesty, as I'm gaun to play at a bit dance out by at Easter Duddingston the night, I'll e'en leave the case o' my bass fiddle till I come back." This seemed to satisfy the landlady; and Tam, with the aid of his lad, unbagged the coffin! Inspired with that feeling of awe, if not of terror, which that of mortality, under such circumstances, was calculated to produce, the landlady exclaimed, with unfeigned perturbation, "Awa', ye gallows-looking blackguard; gin that be the case o' your bass fiddle, neither you nor it shall stay in my house." Her request, as may be well imagined, was very readily complied with.—*Kay.*

#### DICKSON OF KILBUCKO.

This gallant soldier commanded the 42d Regiment (the famous "Black Watch") in Egypt; and, on account of his generous treatment of the men and his great good humour, he had very great influence over them. He had generally a very red nose, and when he presented himself to George III., the king, who knew him well, or he would not have taken such a liberty, asked him how much he had paid for the painting of his nasal organ?

"I' faith," replied the blunt old soldier, "I cannot tell your majesty at present, because it is not yet finished."

#### ORIGIN OF THE NAME DALYELL.

Acts of heroism have sometimes been accompanied by very brief and very emphatic expressions. The Scottish surname Dalyell is said to have originated in one of such. King Kenneth the Second, upon one occasion, having expressed a regret that the body of a near and favourite kinsman was igno-

miniously exposed upon a gibbet by his enemies, and having made offer of a great reward to any one who would rescue it and bring it to him, none of his barons could be found possessed of sufficient hardihood to undertake so hazardous an enterprise, till at length an obscure man started forward, exclaiming, "Dal yell," that is, in the old Scots language, I dare. This hero performed the exploit to the king's complete satisfaction, and afterwards was honoured with a permission to bear in his armorial coat the figure of a man hanging on a gibbet, together with the words *I dare* for a motto; both of which the Dal'yells still assume.

#### BETTER BAD THAN NONE AT ALL.

A young married woman was relating to a staid old maid, who had got on the wrong side of fifty, an account of some domestic troubles which had occurred to her, chiefly through the irregularities of her husband.

"Weel, Maggie, my woman," said the uncompromising virgin, "you have just yoursel' to blame: I told you not to marry him; I was sure he would not make a good man."

At this cold comfort the young matron's temper got up, and she replied sharply, "He's no a very guid man, to be sure, Miss Jenny; but he's a hantle sicht better than nane at a'!"

#### A CLUSTER OF CLERICAL ANECDOTES, BY THE REV. DR SMART.

A few years ago, the late Rev. Dr Smart, a venerable and respected United Presbyterian minister in Leith, delivered a lecture on "Clerical Anecdotes" in Edinburgh. The lecture was racy and interesting in the extreme; and the illustrative anecdotes introduced were in a great measure original and well told.

We select the following from the reports which appeared in the newspapers:—

*An "Old Light" Cow.*

It was my father's lot, as well as that of my paternal grandfather, to be out in the years of the "Old Light" controversy; and he used to regard the perils of the Apocrypha and other modern controversies as perfectly insignificant compared with these wars, not of the "Roses," but of the "Lights." While these were at their worst, however, he could not divest himself of the cares of paterfamilias, and while his bairns were needing milk for their porridge a cow was a desideratum. An elder of his was requested to make the purchase, which was to be made under the necessary stipulation that the cow should be as cheap as possible, and with the judicious precaution that it should be of good moral character. In due time the animal, as ordered, was sent home; but, alas, at the first "craving of extracts" the cow very nearly killed the milkmaid. In disappointment and dismay the obliging elder was sent for, when Charles Pollock—for that was the good man's name—assured that there must be some mistake, boldly saluted Blacky. Without an effort she deposed the elder. Rising from his discomfiture, he exclaimed, "Mr Smart, Mr Smart, that maun hae been an 'Auld Light' man's cow."

*A Good Charter.*

At a circuit court my maternal grandfather, Robert Campbell, was asked by the judge to state to him the number of parishioners from whom his congregation was drawn, the number of his communicants, and his daily audience, and he named such numbers as 1200 and 2000. The judge next asked the sti-

pend. The minister would have liked to evade this question, but he had to answer it, and he said, "I have £60 a year." The judge expressed himself indignant and surprised, and said, "Pray, Mr Campbell, what security have you even for that £60?" Now Greek met Greek, and each did valiantly. The minister said, "I have the consciences and the hearts of my people, my lord." The judge's answer was, "And a better charter the Court of Session could not give you, if you can keep it."

*Public Servants.*

In the days of which I am speaking, the royal burgh of Stirling had among its officials a hangman who perambulated the boundaries each New Year time for his "handsel." Among other dwellings, he came in one circuit to the house of my grandfather, when the following colloquy took place. The executioner of the law had that day o'erstepped the bounds of temperance, and was loose in speech and bold in heart even in the presence of the minister. They were town bairns, each from Glasgow; and Jack Ketch, to magnify his office, and also in the hope of increasing his *douceur*, said, "We're just twa Glasgow lads, you and me, and we're baith in public stations."

When censured for his drunkenness, he asked if the minister liked whisky himself; and on being told that he did use it, but rather than abuse it he would drink dub water, he answered, "Surely, sir, ye're nae judge, for there's a fell difference between whisky and dub water."

*A Practical Exposition.*

A Presbyterian minister once lectured on the passage containing the parable of the lost piece of money. According to



his views, the lost piece of money was the backsliding professor, the candle was a court of the Church, and the besom was its discipline. According to the mode of handling the besom, he ran over the several forms of Church government—Presbyterian, Episcopal, and Congregational—when he declared for Presbyterian, and dismissed the Congregational theory, saying, “As for this way o’t, if a’ use the besom it can only kick up a stour.”

#### *Degrees and Degrees.*

I have heard of a father of the Church who, on having submitted to him some public document for signature, found all, or almost all, his predecessors on the page subscribed as “D.D., LL.D., S.T.P.,” &c., wrote to his name “A.B.C., &c.,” for which piece of waggery he is reported to have moved a competent authority to have conferred on him a University title which he lived long to adorn and enjoy.

Another minister, speaking of his own title, or that of another—for I have heard the story each way—is reported to have said that “the title was very acceptable and fitting; and all the more so as granted in strict accordance with his Calvinistic principle of grace and not of works.”

Dr Shaw, of Ayrshire, had an American degree, and Dr Smart, of Stirling, had one conferred on him from Glasgow. When they first met after receiving their degrees, my father said, “Will, I would not have lifted an American degree at my feet.” William Shaw responded, giving a most successful rebuff to his brother, who was pluming himself on his British title, “Ah, man, see ye no the difference between us. Your fame has only travelled between Stirling and Glasgow, some twenty miles, while my fame has been ower the Atlantic and back again.” The best

defence I have ever heard of American degrees.

#### *How to seek a Wife.*

A matron addressed an aged brother, who was a bachelor, pitying his forlorn condition, and showing him how much better it would have been had he wedded in early life. Conscious of his error, the bachelor only pleaded, “I canna say it was a’thegether my ain fau’t, for I hae socht a wife on my knees for forty years.” With good sense and in faultless theology he was told, “That’s a’ richt sae far, but ye should hae taken your feet till’t tae.”

#### *A “Manly Spirit.”*

Some bachelors like to tell the story of a certain good man who, worsted in domestic warfare, took shelter under the bed, and trusting to the protection and shelter thereof, looked to his spouse and said, “Ye may kill me, but ye shall never quench my manly spirit!”

#### *Before and after Marriage.*

It is said of one brother that he preached on the Sabbath previous to his marriage from the text, “He went on his way rejoicing,” and that he changed his tune, and preached the Sabbath after his marriage from the words, “Oh, wretched man that I am!” An odd coincidence; and the next Presbytery day the unfortunate preacher was assailed by the combined waggery of his brethren. He implored silence, saying—

“I wish that all men were not almost, but altogether such as I am;” when an arch brother renewed and prolonged the hilarities of the day by crying out, “Finish your quotation: ‘except these bonds.’”

*A Strict Sabbatarian.*

One ministerial brother, convicted or suspected of plagiarism, was thus accosted: "I hear you have become a strict Sabbatarian."

He answered, thinking that the saying might be complimentary, "Have I not always been so?" When the joint in his harness was found, the challenger replied, "Oh, but you have got now beyond us all, for I hear you neither think your own thoughts, nor speak your own words, on that holy day."

*An Unwilling Elder.*

Mr Shirra, of Kirkcaldy, on one occasion went to a member of his church who had been elected an elder, but who declined the honour, as he had done on several occasions previously. Mr Shirra said he would serve his edict, and call him in the church for ordination. The edict was duly served on the day appointed, and the recusant called byname. The elder rose and said with earnestness and solemnity, that he was not suited for such an office.

Mr Shirra stopped his mouth, saying, "Come awa' down; do ye no ken that the Master had ance need of an ass?"

I know not which prevailed, but if he was victor there was more of rough vigour than of grace in his triumph.

**A SLEEPY BEADLE.**

A minister, at the conclusion of his sermon one Sunday afternoon, observing that the beadle, the precentor, and several others of the congregation were fast asleep, addressed the beadle's wife in the following words:—

"Jean Gourlay, woman, wauken yer man, and tell him to wauken the precentor."

**A BOLD SPEAKING SOLDIER.**

On a certain occasion, when Dickson of Kilbucho was in command of the 42d regiment, a soldier was to be flogged for drunkenness. When the regiment was paraded to witness the punishment, the culprit took "heart of grace," and, addressing his colonel, said—

"Eh, Kilbucho, you are surely no gaun to flog a poor drunken devil like yoursel'."

The result of the question was that he was not flogged.

**TO AND FOR OURSELVES!**

It is the chief glory of Scotsmen that, next to God and their parents, they love their country and their countrymen. It is their chief merit that they study, from their youth till their grey hairs, all that honours their ancestry and kindred; hence every Scotsman is a hero for the glory of Scotland, wise for the glory of Scotland, and virtuous for the glory of Scotland. And it is a distinguishing endowment of Scotsmen, that as they are familiar with their national history, so the virtues and noble deeds of past ages are ever present to their minds, and every Scot, by the influence of example, strives to become an ornament to his race!—*Buchan.*

**A SCOTTISH LAIRD.**

Lord Gardenstone (Francis Garden) was a man of energy, and promoted improvements with skill and practical sagacity. His favourite scheme was to establish a flourishing town upon his property, and he spared no pains or expense in promoting the importance of his village of Laurencekirk. He built an excellent inn, to render it a stage for posting, and encouraged manufacturers

of all kinds to settle in the place. For the inn he provided a large volume to receive the contributions of travellers who frequented it. He required the landlady to present this volume to the guests, and ask them to write in it during the evening whatever occurred to their memory or their imagination. In the mornings it was a favourite amusement of Lord Gardenstone to look it over. Professor Stuart of Aberdeen wrote lines as follows:—

“ Frae sma’ beginnings Rome of auld  
Became a great imperial city,  
’Twas peopled first, as we are tauld,  
By bankrupts, vagabonds, banditti.  
Quoth Thamas: then the day may come,  
When Laurencekirk shall equal Rome!”

Gardenstone was annoyed, the volume disappeared, and was never seen afterwards. His lordship had two favourite tastes: he indulged in the love of pigs and snuff. He took a young pig as a pet, and it became quite tame, and followed him about like a dog. At first the animal shared his bed; but when, grown up to advanced swinehood, it became unfit for such companionship, he still allowed it to sleep in his room, on a comfortable couch formed of his own clothes. He died in 1793.

#### A DISRUPTION JOKE.

There was a good deal of tent preaching, particularly in the north, for a few years after the Disruption of the Scottish Church in 1843. On one of these occasions, in the parish of Edzell, a gale of wind rose during the service, which shook the frame-work so much that the congregation were greatly alarmed. The gale increased during the night, but the tent stood till about six o’clock on Monday morning, when a heavy blast levelled it with the ground. Two men in the village—old David Dundas,

who had joined the Free Church, and William Cooper, who continued in the Establishment—were at their doors, and witnessed the catastrophe. William, the Establishment man, said—“David, I hae aye been tellin’ ye that ye’re a’ wrang; ye see the deevil has blawn doun your kirk, but hasna touched oors.”

“He’s no needin’ to do’t,” pawkily answered David; “he got quiet possession o’t at the Disruption.”

#### HARD-HITTING.

Dr Kidstone was a favourite preacher with the old women of Aberdeen, although he often gave them some very hard rubs.

“Weel, Jenny,” asked a man of one of his hearers, as she was returning from the church one Sunday afternoon, “hoo did the professor preach the day?”

“Preach!” replied Jenny, “he didna preach ava’, he joost threw stanes at us, and never missed wi’ ane. My certie, it *was* preachin’!”

#### A COOL GUARD.

When the line of railway between Arbroath and Dundee was first opened, there was as polite a guard as ever blew a whistle. One night the evening train, from some cause or other, required to stop at one of the wet docks before entering the station at Dundee, when an English passenger, thinking that the carriages had reached their destination, stepped out, and fell into the dock below, but, being an excellent swimmer, he kept himself afloat. The guard, hearing the plunge, hastened to the spot, and, holding up his lantern, looked about for a short time to ascertain whether the person was visible. At length he got the beams of his lantern



to fall upon the struggling stranger, whereupon he rather coolly cried—

“Aha, I see ye noo, sir; I see ye noo! Dinna be fear’t, but jist hover about a blink, an’ we’ll sune tak ye oot.”

#### AN “ASTONISHING” COW.

A rather remarkable case came once before the Sheriff of Perthshire. A farmer near Auchterarder had sold a cow to a person near Perth, and the buyer summoned the farmer in order to recover damages, seeing that he had given false information about the cow.

“I asked him,” said the plaintiff, “if she was a good milker.”

“And what was his reply?” asked the sheriff.

He said, “She’ll astonish you! I took her home, but she has not a single drop of milk.”

“Well,” said the sheriff, “I rather think she has astonished you.” He had to retain possession of his “astonishing” cow.

#### ABDUCTING A LADY.

An adventure in which a brother of Lord Gray was engaged in 1593, affords an apt illustration of the rude manners of the times. He had carried off a gentlewoman, the daughter and heiress of one John Carnegie, but by order of the council, she was delivered up to her father. Notwithstanding this, he again carried her off from a house in Edinburgh, where she and her father were residing, and, says Calderwood, “she was hauled down a crosse to the North Loch, and convoyed over in a boat, where there were about ten or twelve men on the other side to receive her. They sett her upon a man’s saddle, and convoyed her away, her haire hanging about her face. The Lord Hume kept

the High Street with armed men till the fact was accomplished.”

#### EDINBURGH CADDIES.

These are a society of men who constantly attend the Cross in the High Street, and whose office it is to do anything that anybody can want, and discharge any kind of business. On this account it is necessary for them to make themselves acquainted with the residence and negotiation of all the inhabitants; and they are of great utility, as without them it would be very difficult to find anybody, on account of the great height of the houses, and the number of families in every building. This society is under particular regulations, and it requires some interest to become a member of it. It is numerous, and contains persons for every use and employment, who faithfully execute all commands at a very reasonable price. Whether you stand in need of a *valet de place*, a thief-catcher, or a bully, your best resource is to the fraternity of caddies.—*Topham.*

#### A BORDER CHARACTER.

William Dobson, of Galashiels, who died so recently as 1873, was a “character.” He was a man of shrewd intellect, somewhat dogmatic in his style of speech; and in conversation his replies to opposition were often more vigorous than refined. One day he was strolling in Gala Parks, when the laird disapproving of his presence in the particular locality, called out to him—

“Hallo, there!” but Dobson walked on quietly and made no response. The laird made up to him, and asked him what right he had to be there.

“Od, man, I hae walkit here lang afore ye was born, and was never found

faut wi', and I'm no gaun to be stoppit noo."

On the laird alluding to his passing on after being called to, Dobson gave as his reason for doing so, that he had a short time before given him the proper zalute at Hollybush without acknowledgment, and that he "would be d—d afore he would do it again."

It is said that the laird, after a short conversation, gave him full permission to continue his walks in Gala Parks.

He once encountered the Duke of Buccleuch on Bowhill grounds, and from the way in which his grace was dressed, Dobson took him to be the forester, and consulted him as to the possibility of access to Bowhill House. The duke seeing the mistake, kept up his incognita, and giving his assurance that there was no difficulty in gaining access to the house, was favoured with some pungent and personal criticism on the strictness and alleged insolence of some of his "gatekeeping limmers." The mistake was not discovered till after Dobson visited the house on the strength of an invitation given to him on the occasion.

#### WADDS AND THE WEARS.

One of the most celebrated amusements of the *ingle-ring*. One in the ring speaks as follows:—

"I hae been awa' at the wadds and the wears,  
These seven lang years;  
And's come hame a puir broken ploughman;  
What will ye gie me to help me to my trade?"

He may either say he's a "puir broken ploughman," or any other trade; but since he has chosen that trade, some of the articles belonging to it must always be given or offered, in order to recruit him. But the article he most

wants he privately tells one of the party, who is not allowed, of course, to offer him anything, as he knows the thing, which will throw the *offerer* in a *wadd*, and must be avoided as much as possible—for to be in a *wadd* is a very serious matter, as shall afterwards be explained. Now, the one on the left hand of the poor ploughman makes the first offer, by way of answer to what above was said: "I'll gie ye a *coulter* to help ye to your trade."

The ploughman answers, "I don't thank ye for your *coulter*, I hae ane already." Then another offers him another article belonging to the ploughman's business, such as the *mool-bred*, but this also is refused; another, perhaps, gives the *sock*, another the *stills*, another the *spattle*, another the *naigs*, another the *naig-graith*, and so on; until one gives the *soam*, which was the article he most wanted, and was the thing secretly told to one, and is the thing that throws the giver in a *wadd*, out of which he is relieved in the following manner:—

The ploughman says to the one in the *wadd*, "Whether will ye hae three questions and twa commands, or three commands and twa questions, to answer or gang on wi', sae that ye may win out o' the *wadd*?" For the one so fixed has always the choice which of these alternatives to take. Suppose he takes the first, two commands and three questions, then a specimen of these may run so:—

"I command ye to kiss the *crook*," says the ploughman, which must be completely obeyed by the one in the *wadd*—his naked lips must salute the *scooty* implement.

"Secondly," saith the ploughman, "I command ye to stand up in that neuk, and say—

'Here stan' I, as stiff's a stake,  
Wha'll kiss me for pity's sake?'  
Which must also be done; in a corner of the house must he stand and re-

peat that couplet, till some tender-hearted lass relieves him. Now for the questions which are most deeply laid, or so *touching* to him, that he finds much difficulty to answer them.

"Firstly, then, Suppose ye were sittin' aside *Maggie Lowden* and *Fennie Logan*, your twa great sweethearts, what ane o'm wad ye ding ower, and what ane wad ye turn to and clap and cuddle?" He makes answer by choosing *Maggie Lowden*, perhaps, to the great mirth of the party.

"Secondly, then, Suppose ye were standin' oot i' the cauld, on the *tap o' Cairnhallie*, whether wad ye cry on *Peggie Kirtle* or *Nell o' Kilmungie* to come wi' your plaid?"

He answers again in a similar manner.

"Lastly, then, Suppose ye were in a boat wi' *Tibbie Tait*, *Mary Kairnie*, *Sallie Snadrap*, and *Kate o' Minnieive*, and it was to cowp wi' ye, what ane o'm wad ye *sink*? what ane wad ye *soom*? wha wad ye bring to lan'? and wha wad ye marry?" Then he answers again, to the fun of the company, perhaps in this way, "I wad sink *Mary Kairnie*, soom *Tibbie Tait*, bring *Sallie Snadrap* aneath my oxter to lan', and marry sweet *Kate o' Minnieive*."

And so ends that bout at the *wadds and the wears*, to give place to *Hey Willie Wine* and *How Willie Wine*, or the *Dambrod* and *Legendary Stories*.—*Mactaggart*.

#### A SPIRITUAL FACTORY.

A stranger, on passing a certain church in Glasgow, which, to say the least of it, had as unclerical an appearance as could well be imagined, asked a boy standing near whose *factory* it was.

"Mr Kinnear's," was the answer.

"And what does he make, my man?" was the next question.

"He makes sinners into saints, sir."

A further conversation revealed the facts that Mr Kinnear was a popular and very able preacher, and that the *factory* was his church!

#### CROFT AND OUTFIELD.

The distinction between croft and outfield prevailed very generally in the old and imperfect husbandry of Scotland. The *croft*, consisting of a few acres nearest the farm-house, was perpetually in crop, and received the whole manure of the farm. The *outfield* was the open pasture-land, which was occasionally ploughed in patches for oats till they were exhausted, and then left to rest.—*Stat. Account*.

#### A FOE TO THE EVIL ONE.

One day, during a snowstorm, the Rev. George More was riding from Aberdeen to a village in the vicinity of that town. He was enveloped in a Spanish cloak, and had a shawl tied round his neck and shoulders. These loose garments, covered with snow, and waving in the blast, startled the horse of a "bagman," who chanced to ride past. The alarmed steed plunged, and very nearly threw its rider, who exclaimed—

"Why, sir, you would frighten the very devil!"

"I'm glad to hear that," said Mr More, "for it's just my trade."

#### "WHAT'S INTIL'T?"

During one of the earlier visits of the Royal Family to Balmoral, Prince Albert, dressed in a simple manner, was crossing one of the Scottish lakes in a steamer, and was curious to note everything relating to the management of the vessel, and among many other



things, the cooking. Approaching the "galley" where a brawny Highlander was attending to the culinary matters, he was attracted by the savoury odours of a pot of "hodge-podge," which the Highlander was preparing.

"What is that?" asked the prince, who was not known to the cook.

"Hodge-podge, sir," was the reply.

"How is it made?" was the next question.

"Why, there's mutton intil't, and turnips intil't, and carrots intil't, and —"

"Yes, yes," said the prince, "but what is *intil't*?"

"Why, there's mutton intil't, and turnips intil't, and carrots intil't, and —"

"Yes, I see; but what is *intil't*?"

The man looked at him, and seeing that the prince was serious, he replied—"There's mutton intil't, and turnips intil't, and —."

"Yes, certainly, I know," urged the inquirer; "but what is *intil't—intil't*?"

"Man," yelled the Highlander, brandishing his big ladle, "am I no tellin' ye what's intil't. There's mutton intil't, and —."

Here the interview was brought to a close by one of the prince's suite, who fortunately was passing, explaining to his Royal Highness that "*intil't*" simply meant "*into it*," and nothing more!

#### PRACTICAL PATRIOTS.

Among other extraordinary effects of the radical distemper which raged in the west of Scotland about 1820, was a solemn resolution, on the part of a patriotic band of weavers' wives, in or near Paisley, to abjure tea and all other exciseable articles. In conformity with this, and actuated by the fine frenzy of the time, they seized their teapots, and marching with them in procession to

the bridge, sacrificed them to the goddess of reform, by dashing them, with uplifted arms and intrepid energy, into the river; and afterwards ratified their solemn vows with copious libations of smuggled whisky.—*Galt*.

#### A SCOTTISH BANQUET.

The dishes were exclusively Scottish. There was the balmy Scots kail, and the hodge-podge, at the two ends of the table to begin with; and both of these was backed by a luxurious healthy-looking haggis, somewhat rolled up like a hedgehog. Then there were two pairs of singed sheep heads smiling on one another at the sides, all of them surrounded by well-scraped trotters, laid at right angles, in the same way that a carpenter lays up his wood to dry; and each of these dishes was backed by jolly black and white puddings, lying in the folds of each other, beautiful, fresh, and smooth, and resembling tiers of Circassian and Ethiopian young maidens in loving embraces. After these came immense rows of wild ducks, teals, and geese of various descriptions, with many other mountain birds that must be exceedingly rare; for though I have been bred in Scotland all my life, I never heard any of their names before. Among them were some called whaups, or tilliwhillies, witherty weeps, and bristlecocks.—*Blackwood*.

#### AN EVENTFUL WEEK.

From the *Caledonian Mercury* of January 21, 1736, we extract the following:—

"A very uncommon chain of events happened here (Lanark) t' other week. Elizabeth Fairy was proclaimed in order to marriage on Sunday, was accordingly married on Monday, bore a child on Tuesday, her husband went and stole

a horse on Wednesday, for which he was banished on Thursday; the heir of this marriage died on Friday, and was decently interred on Saturday—all in one week."

#### ABERDEEN BUTTER.

An English gentleman supping in a Glasgow coffee-room, ordered the waiter to remove the butter on the table and bring him better. The servant replied that his master had no better, for that was Aberdeen butter; and the Englishman was proceeding to growl in very audible terms at Scottish butter in general, and Aberdeen butter in particular, when a gentleman at a neighbouring table, who afterwards turned out to be the Laird of Culrossie, in Aberdeenshire, addressed him, saying—

"That's nae true; Aberdeen butter is as gude as e'er gaed down your ha'se!"

The consequence may be imagined; a challenge was promptly given and as readily accepted, and the parties met. In the combat, which was with the small sword, Culrossie was worsted; but, after thanking his adversary for his life, he added, "I'll say yet, that better butter than Aberdeen butter ne'er gaed down a Southron's thrapple."—*Book of Bon Accord.*

#### ROB GIBB'S CONTRACT.

James V. had an excellent fool in Rob Gibb, who was a fellow of much humour and drollery, and by all accounts a wise fool. James, before his death, turned sullen, melancholy, and discontented with the world. In order to amuse the king, and in some measure contribute to relieve him from the numerous solicitations which he saw added to his distress, Rob offered that, if the king would allow him to personate

his majesty on the day appointed for answering the claimants, he would satisfy them all. This being agreed to, Rob took the chair of state in the audience-room, and they being summoned to attend him, he very graciously received and heard all their claims and pretensions. He then addressed them in a very grave and sensible speech; expatiated on the virtue of patriotism, and declared how much his majesty was gratified with their services; but in place of that remuneration which they expected, he offered himself as an example for their imitation. "I have served," says he, "the king the best part of my life without fee or reward, *out of stark love and kindness*, a principle I seriously recommend to you all to carry home with you and adopt." This conclusion, so uncommon and unexpected, uttered with the gravity of a bishop by one in a fool's coat, put them all in good humour, and Rob gained his end. From this proceeds the toast of *Rob Gibb, and stark love and kindness*. The king, who was much pleased and amused with the adventure, soon after made Rob a present of the lands of Easter Carriber, now the property of the late President Blair's family, in whose possession is Rob's original charter.—*Sir Alex. Seton.*

#### SOLAN GEESE CATCHING AT ST KILDA.

The solan goose, after the hard toil of the day at fishing without intermission, rising high in the air to get a full sight of the fish that he marks out for his prey before he pounces upon it, and each time devouring it before he rises above the surface, becomes so fatigued at night that he sleeps quite sound in company with some hundreds, who mark out some particular spot in the face of the rocks, to which they repair at night, and think themselves secure

under the protection of a sentinel, who stands awake to watch their lives, and give the alarm, by *bir, bir*, in time of danger, to awaken those under his guard.

The St Kildians watch with great care in what part of the island these birds are most likely to light at night; and this they know by marking out on which side of the island the play of fish are, among which the geese are at work the whole day; because in that quarter they are ready to betake themselves to sleep at night. And when they are fairly alighted, the fowlers repair to the place with their panniers, and ropes of thirty fathoms in length, to let them down with profound silence in their neighbourhood—to try their fortunes among the unwary throng.

The fowler, thus let down by one or more men, who hold the rope lest he should fall over the impending rocks into the sea, with a white towel about his breast, calmly slides over the face of the rocks till he has a full view of the sentinel; then he gently moves along on his hands and feet, creeping very silently to the spot where the sentinel stands on guard. If he cries *bir, bir*—the sign of an alarm—he stands back; but if he cries *grog, grog*, that of confidence, he advances without fear of giving an alarm, because the goose takes the fowler for one of the straggling geese coming into the camp, and suffers him to advance. Then the fowler very gently tickles one of his legs, which he lifts and places on the palm of his hand; he then as gently tickles the other, which in like manner is lifted and placed on the hand. He then no less artfully insensibly moves the sentinel near the first sleeping goose, which he pushes with his fingers; on which he awakes, and finding the sentinel standing above him, he immediately falls a fighting him for his supposed insolence. This alarms the whole camp, and, instead of flying off, they all begin to fight through the

whole company; while, in the meantime, the common enemy, unsuspected, begins in good earnest to twist their necks, and never gives up till the whole are left dead on the spot.—*Buchanan*.

#### FOREIGN GREENS.

When tea was first introduced into Scotland, the worthy Lady Pumphras-ton, a dame of no small quality, had sent to her, as an exquisite delicacy, a pound of *green* tea. Her ladyship, anxious to give the welcome present every justice, had it dressed as a condiment to a rump of salted meat, but she afterwards complained that it was of no use, and that no amount of boiling would render these foreign *greens* tender!

#### THE KING OF THE HERRINGS.

The fishers and others told me, that there is a big herring, almost double the size of any of its kind, which leads all that are in a bay, and the shoal follows it wherever it goes. This leader is by the fishers called the King of Herring, and when they chance to catch it alive, they drop it carefully into the sea, for they judge it petty treason to destroy a fish of that name.—*Martin*.

#### RALPH ERSKINE FLOORED.

The Rev. Ralph Erskine, on one occasion, paid a visit to his brother Ebenezer, at Abernethy.

“Oh, man!” said the latter, “but ye come in a gude time. I have a diet of examination to-day, an’ ye maun tak it, as I hae matters o’ life an’ death to settle at Perth.”

“With all my heart,” quoth Ralph.  
“Noo, my billy,” said Ebenezer, “ye’ll find a’ my folk easy to examine



but ane, an' him, I reckon, ye had better no meddle wi'. He has our auld fashious way o' answerin' ae question by putting anither, an' maybe he'll affront ye."

"Affront me!" quoth the indignant theologian; "do ye think he can foil me wi' my ain natural tools?"

"Aweel," said his brother, "Ise gie ye fair warnin', ye had better no ca' him up." The recusant was one Walter Simpson, the parish blacksmith. The gifted divine, indignant to the last degree at the bare idea of such a clown chopping divinity with him, determined to gravel him at once with a grand leading unanswerable question. Accordingly, after putting a variety of simple preliminary interrogatories to the minor clod-hoppers, he all at once, with a loud voice, called "Walter Simpson."

"Here, sir," says Walter; "are ye wantin' me?"

"Tell me," said the minister, "how lang Adam remained in a state of innocence?"

"Just till he got a wife, sir," answered Walter; "but after that ye tell me how lang he stood after that?"

This question puzzled the divine, and Walter was ordered to sit down.

#### THEN AND NOW.

In these days of monster daily newspapers, circulated over all parts of the country before most people sit down to breakfast, it is difficult to realize the state of things disclosed by the following brief announcement in the tenth number of an Edinburgh magazine, published in 1782:—

"March 12, 1782. The publication of No. XI. is postponed for *two weeks*, on account of reprinting the first number."

The expectations of the printer proved, however, to be rather sanguine, as *six*

*weeks* actually elapsed before the new number of his magazine appeared.

#### HOGG AND SCOTT.

Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, was one of the first who detected the authorship of the *Waverley Novels* long before the secret was divulged, and had the volumes as they appeared bound, and lettered on the back, "Scott's Novels."

Sir Walter discovered this one day, when visiting Hogg at Altrive, and in a dry, humorous tone of voice remarked, "Jamie, your bookseller must be a stupid fellow to spell *Scots* with two *t's*."

Hogg at once rejoined, "Ah, Watty, I'm ower auld a cat to draw that strae before."

#### LITERATURE IN GLASGOW A CENTURY AGO.

In 1735 Glasgow, notwithstanding its university, was declared to be "too narrow for two booksellers at a time." Forty years afterwards, an adventurous tradesman set up the calling of a book-auctioneer. At this time the town possessed a population of 34,000 persons, of whom sixteen were engaged either in the sale of books, or of stationery of one kind or other. These sixteen joined in a petition against "the perilous novelty of book-auctions." . . . . For a public town library Glasgow had to wait till 1791.—*Edwards*.

#### "A SLEE HAND."

When Dr Thompson was minister of Markinch, he happened to preach from the text, "Look not upon the wine when it is red in the cup," from which he made a most eloquent and impressive discourse against drunkenness, stating

its fatal effects on the head, heart, and purse. Several of his observations were levelled at two cronies, with whom he was well acquainted, and who too frequently poured out libations to the rosy god. At the dismissal of the congregation the two friends met, the doctor being close behind them. "Did you hear what the minister said about us, Johnnie?" quoth the one.

"Did I hear't? Wha didna hear't? I ne'er winked an e'e the hail sermon."

"Aweel, an' what thought ye o't?"

"Deed, Davie, I think he's been a lad in his day himsel', or he wouldna ken sae weel about it! Ah, he's been a slee hand, the minister!"

#### LOCKING THE DOOR DURING DINNER.

The custom of keeping the door of a house or chateau locked during the time of dinner, probably arose from the family being anciently assembled in the hall at that meal, and liable to surprise. But it was in many instances continued as a point of high etiquette, of which the following is an example:—

A considerable landed proprietor in Dumfriesshire, being a bachelor, without near relations, and determined to make his will, resolved previously to visit his two nearest kinsmen, and decide which should be his heir, according to the degree of kindness with which he should be received. Like a good clansman, he first visited his own chief, a baronet in rank, descendant and representative of one of the oldest families in Scotland. Unhappily the dinner-bell had rung, and the door of the castle had been locked before his arrival. The visitor in vain announced his name and requested admittance; but his chief adhered to the ancient etiquette, and would on no account suffer the doors to be unbarred. Irritated at this cold reception, the old laird rode on to Sanguhar Castle, then the residence of the

Duke of Queensberry, who no sooner heard his name, than, knowing well he had a will to make, the drawbridge dropped, and the gates flew open, the table was covered anew, his grace's bachelor and intestate kinsman was received with the utmost attention and respect; and it is scarcely necessary to add, that upon his death, some years after, the visitor's considerable landed property went to augment the domains of the ducal house of Queensberry. This happened about the end of the seventeenth century.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

#### JOHN KNOX AS A PRISONER.

While on board a French galley, every means was used, in vain, to induce John Knox and other heretical prisoners to renounce their religion. One day a painted image of the Virgin Mary was brought on board, and presented to the Reformer to kiss. He desired the bearer not to trouble him, for such idols were accursed, and he would not touch it. The officers roughly replied that he should put it to his face, and thrust it into his hands. Upon this he laid hold of the image, and threw it into the river, saying, "Let your lady save hersel'; she is licht enough, let her swim!"

#### GOOD EITHER WAY.

Before the supplemental grant was made by Government in augmentation of ministers' stipends, the allowance given to widows from the widows' fund was nearly equal to the stipend. A minister of Cranshaws, a parish among the Lammermuirs, having wooed a lass in humble circumstances, the father of the lady, when consulted on the subject, said, "Tak' him, Jenny, he's as gude deid as livin'."

## SCORING ABOVE THE BREATH.

It is scarcely thirty years since a miller was tried for his life, for scoring a woman whom he supposed to be a witch. He had long suspected her as the cause of all the misfortunes attending him; and, enticing her into the kiln one Sabbath evening, he seized her forcibly, and cut the shape of the cross on her forehead. This they call "scoring aboon the breath," which overthrows their power of doing them any further mischief.—*Hogg*.

"I'M NO DEED YET!"

Some years ago a block of houses fell down in the High Street of Edinburgh, and thirty-six people were killed. When the workmen had nearly despaired of rescuing a boy who was supposed to be beneath an immense quantity of bricks and timber, his voice suddenly urged them on to fresh exertions: "Leave awa', chaps, I'm no deed yet!" he cried, quite cheerily. In rebuilding the houses the lad has been immortalised. When the houses were rebuilt, the principal doorway was adorned with his bust, and his own brave words were inscribed under it.

## A "BANDITTI" OF THIEVES.

On Saturday, Nov. 4, 1786, Mr Simpson, cashier of the Aberdeen Bank, passed through Carlisle, having under his convoy a banditti of eight vagrants, men, women, and children, belonging to a gang of travelling tinkers, whose wives and children generally beg about the country. They were pursued into England for the purpose of recovering a part of £1600 of bank-notes, which were lost in a pair of bags about two months ago, in Fifeshire, and which were found by a beggar man; but this

gang coming up, claimed and took possession of the greatest part of the property. The man who found them is now in Glasgow jail, and gave information against this party, who were taken in Preston, and money, notes, and goods to the amount of near £900 recovered. In their progress south they changed their rags for finery; purchased a caravan, and employed a hair-dresser at Penrith, where they purchased £160 worth of millinery goods; and before they left that place they were quite metamorphosed, by their dressing in a superior style. During their stay at Penrith, and in the course of their journey, they behaved with the most foolish generosity, and often refused taking change. When taken, they were making merry over a bowl of punch.—*Scots Mag.*

## THE SOOTY-SCONE.

In the Mearns and Aberdeenshire, among the many superstitious ceremonies that are performed on Fastern's-E'en, by the younger people of both sexes, that of the "sooty-scone" holds a distinguished place. It is the usual custom on that evening to make "skair" scones, which are composed of milk, meal, or flour, and eggs beaten up, and sweetened with sugar, mixed to a thin consistence. When a sufficient quantity of skair-scones is prepared—and they are made more for a treat than for any magical virtue they are considered to possess—as much of the mixture is left as will make a large thick scone, into which a quantity of soot is put, together with a wedding-ring, and in this scone lies all the magic. The person who prepares the sooty-scone must keep a strict silence while it is baking, for if she speak all its virtues are lost; and when it is done it is divided into as many portions as there are unmarried guests, each of whom, blind-folded,



draws a piece. The person who draws the moiety containing the ring is assured of being the first married of the company; and to know who their "intended" will be, the piece of cake is "dreamt upon;" that is, it is placed under the pillow in the left foot stocking, and whatever person is dreamt of, he or she is viewed as the future husband or wife of the dreamer. This power of looking into futurity, however, is not confined to the person who obtained the ring, but, by the mystical virtues of the sooty-scone, is alike equal to all who partook of it; the ring only conferring the privilege of being the *first* married in the company.—*Jamieson.*

#### PROFESSIONAL ARMOUR.

When the Edinburgh volunteers, during the '45, were ordered to join Sir John Cope at Dunbar, some of the bravest hearts among them were cast down by consternation. One man, a writing-master by occupation, a stout Whig, and a very worthy citizen to boot, esconced his bosom beneath a professional cuirass, consisting of two quires of long foolscap writing-paper; and doubtful that even this defence might be unable to protect his valiant heart from the claymores of the chevalier, amongst which its impulses might lead him, he wrote on the outside sheet, in his best style, with appropriate flourish, "This is the body of J—— M——; pray give it Christian burial!"—*Sir W. Scott.*

#### A CURE FOR DEAFNESS.

An ancient woman, in Bernera, one of the Hebridean Islands, lost her hearing, and having no physician to give her advice, she would needs try an experiment upon herself, which was thus:—She took a quill with which she ordinarily snuffed her tobacco, and filling it with

the powder of tobacco, poured it into her ear, which had the desired effect, for she could hear perfectly well next day. Another neighbour, about the same age, having lost her hearing some time after, recovered it by the same experiment, as I was told by the natives.—*Martin.*

#### NO GREAT DIFFERENCE.

As a Scottish minister and an English lawyer were riding together, said the minister to his friend—

"Sir, do you ever mak mistakes in pleading?"

"I do," says the lawyer."

"An' what do ye do wi' mistakes?" was the next question.

"Why, sir, if large ones, I mend them; if small ones, I let them go."

"And pray, sir, do you ever make mistakes in preaching?"

"Ay, sir, I have dune sae."

"And what do you do with your mistakes?"

"Oh, I dispense with them in the same manner as ye do yoursel'. I rectify the lairge an' let go the sma' anes. No lang since, as I was preachin', I meant to observe that the devil was the father o' a' liars, but made a mistake, an' said 'the father o' a' lawyers.' But the mistake was so sma' that I let it go."

#### A HIGHLAND BOND.

Formerly, in the Highlands, leagues or bonds of friendship were ratified by drinking a drop of each other's blood, which was commonly drawn out of the little fingers. This was religiously observed as a sacred pledge; and if any person after such an alliance happened to violate the same, he was from that time reputed unworthy of all honest men's conversation.—*Martin.*

## DO NOTHING RASHLY.

An old elder of my father's, who was a perfect Nathaniel, and lived more in the next world than in this, once had his house set on fire. He slipped gently into his neighbour's cottage, and found him reading aloud by the blaze of the light coal, leaned over the chair, and waited till his neighbour had closed the book, when he said, "By the by, I'm thinkin' my hoose is on fire!" and out he and they all ran to see the auld biggin' fall in with a glorious blaze!—*Dr John Brown.*

## A FORGIVING ENEMY.

On the occasion of the visit of George IV. to Edinburgh, Patrick Grant, a Braemar Highlander, was one of the individuals who came to Edinburgh to give him welcome and kiss his hand. He had (seventy-six years previously to this) fought in favour of Prince Charles, the Pretender, at the battles of Falkirk and Culloden; and was also present at the melancholy embarkation of the defeated prince for France. Patrick, when before George IV., remarked with courtier-like tact that he was perhaps the last of the enemies of his majesty's family now alive! The king was much pleased with the veteran, and settled a pension upon him, which, as might be expected, he did not live long to enjoy, for he died in 1824, at the age of 111. At his funeral three pipers marshalled him to his grave, playing a tune which had been a great favourite amongst the adherents of the Stuarts in 1745.

## A CAULD SERMON.

A band of "stravaging" youths from Hawick dandered into the Cameronian meeting-house in the village of Denholm, of which the Rev. James Duncan

was the minister, one Sunday morning during service. They did not remain until the close, but went abruptly out, disturbing the congregation, besides annoying the minister. Mr Duncan, however, not wishing to let their troublesome behaviour pass without special notice, thus addressed them:

"Are your feet cold already?"

"No," replied the last of the erratic band; "it's no our feet that's cauld, it's the sermon that's cauld."

## A MODEL REBEL.

It is told of Bowed Joseph (a noted Edinburgh "character" in the middle of last century), that when leader of a numerous mob, occasioned by the scarcity and dearness of oatmeal after a bad harvest, their indignation was chiefly levelled against the dealers in that necessary article of subsistence, then called meal-mongers, under the vulgar notion that they held back the meal from market, and artificially enhanced its price by a fancied crime, still remaining on our statute-book, called *forestalling*. The mob proceeded to assail the houses of these dealers, and to seize and distribute their stores of meal among themselves; but Joseph, their ruler, affixed what he presumed to be a just and moderate price, which he took care should be paid into his own hands for every particle of meal carried away, and which he honestly delivered over to the proprietors, who would otherwise have lost all.—*Kerr.*

## PROFESSOR DUNCAN.

The Rev. John Duncan, the Hebrew scholar, was very absent-minded, and many curious stories are told of this awkward failing. On one occasion he had arranged to preach in a certain church a few miles from Aberdeen.

He set out on a pony in good time ; but when near the end of his journey, he felt a desire to take a pinch of snuff. The wind, however, blowing in his face, he turned the head of the pony round, the better to enjoy the luxury. Pocketing his snuff-box, he started the pony without again turning it in the proper direction, and did not discover his error until he found himself in Union Street, Aberdeen, at the very time he ought to have entered the pulpit seven miles off.

On another occasion he was invited to dinner at the house of a friend, and was shown into a bedroom to wash his hands. After a long delay, as he did not appear, his friend went to the room and, behold ! there lay the professor snugly in bed, and fast asleep !

#### THE ABBEY OF HOLYROOD.

On the place where the Canongate is at present situated, anciently stood the town of Herbergare, at the eastern end whereof King David I., in the year 1128, founded the Abbey of Holyrood House, as 'tis said on the following occasion, viz. :—

In the early times of Popery, nothing of moment was undertaken without a miracle. One of the first magnitude ushered in the founding of this abbey and church ; for King David I., its founder, being a hunting in the forest of Drumsden, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh Castle, on Rood-day or exaltation of the Cross, was attacked by a large hart, who overbore both him and his horse ; but luckily for David, while he was endeavouring with his hands to defend himself from the furious assaults of the buck, a cross from heaven slipt into his hand, which so frightened the stag that he forthwith turned tail and ran away in the greatest confusion, to the great joy of the king and his followers, who congratulated him on his happy delivery. The texture of this

heavenly cross, no wonder, was such, that none could tell whether it was wood or metal.

This attack of the hart's having put an end to the chase, David repaired to his castle of Edinburgh, where, in the night following, he was in a dream advised to erect an Abbey or House for canons regular, on the spot where the celestial cross was put into his hand. In obedience to this visionary command, the king erected a house for the said canons, and dedicating it to the honour of the aforesaid cross, deposited the same therein, where it is said to have remained till the reign of King David II., whom it unluckily could not protect as it did his predecessor, his name's sake, for both he and it were taken by the English at the battle of Durham, in which city it is said to have been held in great veneration for ages after.—*Maitland.*

#### THE DEAF CRAIG.

In Kyle is a rock of the height of 12 foote, and as much in breadth, called the Deaf Craig, for although a man should cry never so loud to his fellow, from one side to the other, hee is not heard, although hee would make the noyse of a gunne.—*Montpenniz.*

#### A STUDIOUS DIVINE.

The story is told of Dr Lawson, of Selkirk, that when his kitchen chimney was on fire, the servant girl took alarm, and ran into the library, shrieking to the doctor—

“Oh, sir, the hoose is on fire !”

“Go to your mistress,” he answered ; “you know I have no charge of household matters.”

On another occasion he was journeying on foot to assist at the communion in Liddesdale. He went off the road,



and got bewildered among the hills. Meeting a herd-boy he asked him the way to Newcastle-town. The herd kindly walked with him a mile or two, and, having set him right, returned. When the herd was at dinner in the kitchen, a tap was heard at the door. "Come in," said the boy.

"Can you tell me the road to Newcastle-town, and I will be obliged to you, for I doubt I have wandered?" inquired a stranger.

The boy looked up and saw that it was Dr Lawson. "Sir," said he, "I think ye're baith daft an' donner't. I put ye on the Newcastle-town road this mornin' already, an' what brings ye back this way again?"

The doctor recognised his guide, and simply said, "I daursay I'm donner't enough, but I have reason to thank God that I have lost nane o' my senses yet." The herd thereafter arose, and kindly re-conducted him to the right path.

#### FINNAN HADDIES.

Fergusson, nearly a century ago, in his poem of "The Leith Races," says:—

"The Buchan bodies through the beach,  
Their bunch of Findrams cry;  
And skirl out bauld in Norland speech,  
Gude speldans, *sa* will buy?"

"Findon," or "Finnan haddies," are split, smoked, and partially dried haddocks. Fergusson, in using the words *Findrams*, which is not found in our glossaries, has been thought to be in error, but his accuracy has been verified, singularly enough, by a worthy octogenarian Newhaven fisherman, bearing the characteristic name of Flucker, who remarked "that it was a word commonly used in his youth, and, above all," he added, "when Leith races were held on the sands, he was like to be deaved wi' the lang-tongued hizzies skirling out, "*All a Findram Speldrains*,"

and they jist ca'd it that to get a better grip o't wi' their tongues."

#### THE PORTEOUS MOB.

After the execution of one Andrew Wilson, a robber, in the Grassmarket of Edinburgh, on the 14th of April, anno 1736, the town-guard which attended the said execution was insulted and pelted with stones by the mob. John Porteous, the captain, was irritated to such a degree, that he commanded his men to fire amongst the populace, whereby divers persons were killed, and many dangerously wounded. For which he was prosecuted at the expense of the city, and condemned to die for the same: but a reprieve being obtained to respite his execution, the mob (in the night preceding the seventh day of September, whereon Porteous was to have been executed pursuant to his sentence) assembled in a very riotous manner, seized and disarmed the city-guard, possessed themselves of the town gates, and destroying the Tolbooth or prison door by fire, brought forth the said Porteous, the criminal, and hung him on a dyer's post or frame in the Grassmarket, on the said seventh day of September, according to his sentence.

For which the magistrates, for not preventing the same, were called to an account by the Parliament, and a bill passed in the House of Lords to take away the town's-guard, and the gate of the Netherbow Port; and by laying the city open, prevent all such wicked, illegal, and dangerous practices in time coming. But great interest being made in the House of Commons to alter the said bill, it was by Parliament enacted, that Edinburgh, for the neglect of its magistrates, be fined in the sum of two thousand pounds sterling, to be given to Isobel Gordon, relict of the said Porteous: who, in consideration of the

numerous favours received by her from the Common Council, since the unfortunate death of her late husband, accepted of the sum of fifteen hundred pounds sterling, in full, for the aforesaid sum of two thousand pounds sterling. To which being added the sum of fourteen hundred and forty-six pounds, two shillings, and sevenpence half-penny, sterling money, disbursed by the city magistrates in their journey to, stay at, and return from London; which, together with lawyer's fees, and other necessary expenses at Edinburgh, this unhappy affair must have cost the Edinburghers a very considerable sum of money.—*Maitland.*

#### DEATH OF MONTROSE.

His six victories, great as they were, do him less honour than his magnanimity at the hour of his death: he ascended the gibbet with a dignity and fortitude that caused the ignominy of his punishment to vanish: he fell with a gallant contempt of the cruellest insults; with that intrepid piety that blunted the malice of his enemies, and left them filled with the confusion natural to little minds, disappointed in the strained contrivances of mean revenge.—*Pennant.*

#### "SHERIDAN'S PAUSES."

A Scottish minister had visited London in the early part of the present century, and seen, among other tricks of pulpit oratory, "Sheridan's pauses" exhibited. During his first sermon, after his return home, he took occasion, at the termination of a very impassioned and highly-wrought sentence or paragraph, to stop suddenly, and pause in "mute unbreathing silence." The preacher, who had taken advantage of his immemorial privilege to sleep out the

sermon, imagining, from the cessation of sound, that the discourse was actually brought to a close, started up, with some degree of agitation, and in an audible, though somewhat tremulous voice, read out his usual, "Remember in prayer."

"Hout man!" exclaimed the good-natured orator over his head, placing, at the same time, his hand upon his shoulder; "hout, Jamie, man, what's the matter wi' ye the day? D'ye no ken I hae nae done yet?—that's only ane o' Sheridan's pauses, man!"

#### "CHANGING THE DRINK."

The Laird of Burniwhistle and his gudewife had been enjoying themselves at a neighbouring farmer's harvest-home. After getting themselves thoroughly "sloekened," their horse was got ready; and, the gudewife mounting behind her husband, they set off for home. Arriving there, the laird dismounted, and called to the servants who were waiting—

"Tak aff the gudewife; kep down your mistress, man, and lay a sheaf o' corn afore the auld mare before ye gang to your bed."

On investigation, however, it was found that the Lady of Burniwhistle was amissing. She had, in fact, slipt off from behind her husband, unperceived by him; and, as their homeward road lay for a considerable way within seamark, there was nothing for it but "ride and run," amongst the numerous dependants of Burniwhistle. The gudewife was happily found at last, lying precisely where she had fallen, upon the soft beach, but up to the very mouth in salt water.

"Na," were the words of her soliloquy, as each succeeding wave urged its way more and more forcibly into her mouth, "Na, sirs, saw onybody ever the lik' o' that, to gang an' change the



drink upon us at this time o' the night. Na, no anither drap, I tell ye, gudeman, though the house was fu'. Snuff that candle there!"—a cloud had passed betwixt her vision and the full moon,—  
 "Snuff that candle there; can ye no snuff it, callant, and no stan' gaping there like a gilly-gawpus, as ye are!"

In due course the lady was properly conveyed home and put to bed; and in the morning she resumed work in the household, not a whit the worse of her "change of drink."

#### BURNS ON THE DEATH OF FALCONER.

Falconer (says Burns, in a letter to Mrs Dunlop), the unfortunate author of the *Shipwreck*, which you so much admire, is no more. After weathering the dreadful catastrophe which he so feelingly describes in his poem, and after weathering many hard gales of fortune, he went to the bottom with the *Aurora* frigate! I forget what part of Scotland had the honour of giving him birth,\* but he was the son of obscurity and misfortune. He was one of those daring adventurous spirits which Scotland beyond any other country is remarkable for producing. Little does the fond mother think, as she hangs delighted over the sweet little leech at her bosom, where the poor fellow may hereafter wander, and what may be his fate. I remember a stanza in an old Scottish ballad, which, notwithstanding its rude simplicity, speaks feelingly to the heart:—

\* In the parish records of the city of Edinburgh is the following entry:—"11th February 1732. William Falconer, wig-maker, and Agnes Shand, had a son born named William." The poet's father, says Mitford, "exercised the equally unprofitable trades of barber and wig-maker in the Netherbow, and subsequently of grocer: he got no more by weighing plums than by shaving polls; he was also a fellow of infinite wit, and consequently remained 'an honest poor man' as long as he lived."

"Little did my mother think  
 That day she cradled me,  
 What land I was to travel in,  
 Or what death I should dee!"

#### GALLOWAY GIPSIES.

"Ah! lads," said the gipsy chief, with a tone of sorrowful reflection, and conscious that he had fallen on evil days and among little men, "the times are sadly changed; and man, once stately and stark, is now stunted and feckless. Where is the fallow now like black Jamie Macall, the game cock of Glenmannah, who threw a fat wether over the West Bow Port of Edinburgh, on a wager of a plack with a porter?"

"And sad and sair he rued it," said Kate Marshall; "the deed was done in anger, and the poor beast bleated as it flew ower the wa', thirty feet high and three, and Jamie said he heard the bleat of the waefu' brute in his lug as he lay on his death-bed!"

"Then there was Jock Johnstone," said the chieftain, heedless of his granddaughter's interruption, "Rab's Jock of the Donkeydubs of Lochmaben, kenne'd far and near by the name o' Double-ribbed Jock, who fought his way among iron stanchells, with nae better weapon in his hands than the jail-door—it had ance been a harrow—whilk he reft frae the bands, and cleared his way through the seven corporations of King Bruce's borough. He was a rough, unsousie chield, and lost his life through the fault o' strong hemp, when he was but twenty year auld and twa. But where was there a man like our ain Tam Marshall, kent in his ain sangs by the name o' Galloway Tam, wha had sic a canning hand that he stole the purse of Sergeant Macraw from his very belt, as he paid him for a new snuff-mull, and a' for a wager o' twalpennies. And, by my faith, he had a hand as strong



as it was cunning, for he fought the het-blooded Highlander wi' a crabtree stick against cauld steel for a round sound hour, and then gae him back his purse to mend his sair banes."

"Ah, grandfather," said Kate Marshall, "my uncle was the pride o' ancient Galloway. Compared wi' him, what are those handless and heartless coofs that carry on the gipsy trade noo—reavers o' auld wive's haddins, and robbers o' hen-roosts. And yet they sackless sinners sigh for the hand o' strong Tam Marshall's niece; of a' the miseries and dools that women are doomed to dree, that of bearing bairns to a gomeril is the saddest and the sairest."

"And what serves a' this sighing about auld times," said the descendant of the Macgrabs of Galloway; "the days are gane when a stark chap, wi' a drawn sword, brought pleasure and gear. The hempen might o' civil law lies stretched ower the land, and deil soopit it is else but a desperate foumart-trap—a cursed gird-an-girns to grip all kinds of spulziers—*slight* maun to do, for *might* canna do, sae said Tam Marshall, wight as he was, and sae say I." —*Allan Cunningham.*

#### MALEDICTIONS.

In Scotland menaces and imprecations were deemed alike conclusive; whence the death of sheep and cattle was ascribed to one having "prayit evil;" thus giving the utmost latitude to accusation. A woman was called the author of some one's death, who, refused lodging at Christmas, said, "It would be weill if the gudeman of that hous sould make ane other yule blanket." He died in fifteen days.

Elspeth Cursetter, refused access to the house of a man in Birsay, "sat down befor the dure, and said, 'Ill might they all thryve and ill might they speid:' and

within 14 days thairefter, his best horse fell in that same place quhair scho sat, and brack all his bones, and his thie bone gaid throw his bowells to the vther syd of him."

Jonka Dyneis, offended with one named Olave, "fell out in most vyle cursingis and blasphemous exclamatiounis, saying, That within few dayis his bones sould be raiking about the bankis; and sa, within ane short space thairefter he perished be sey, be hir witchcraft and devillrie."

Malice prepense in prescience of evil, was alleged as an aggravation of guilt. A culprit having hurt the face of a woman with a snowball, she threatened him—"you sall rew that, for I will sic the hanged and make ane shamful end: conform to the which threatening," he, "within the space of 9 yeires therafter, wes hanged at Dalkeith; and as he was goeing throw the street to the place of executione, yow cryed out, 'Is it not treuth that I spoke of him; their wes nevir any that wronged me, but I got a seing mends of them,'—whairby your sorcerie and witchcraft appeired, ather in procuring, or at leist forseing and foirtelling" his death.

Christian Porteous "coming over the style, her kitt negligently fell off her heid" on another, who exclaimed, "God let her never gett a good marriage, and let her hands doe the never a better turne therafter." The offender was blown over in consequence of these malevolent anticipations, lost the power of her hand, then of her whole body, and died distracted. —*Dalyell.*

#### MEMORIALS OF FLODDEN.

The men of the town of Selkirk who answered the call to Flodden were a hundred in number. The martial eye of King James was so delighted with

these stalwart burghers that, previous to the battle, he knighted the town clerk, who led his fellow-townsmen. The burghers of Selkirk are still in possession of a banner—a veritable English banner of green silk, with armorial bearings—which was taken from a doughty English captain by a Selkirk man named Fletcher, and brought home, although not in triumph, by its captor. Surviving the fatal battle, as well as the scouring of the country by the English afterwards, this Fletcher presented his trophy to his own corporation of weavers, and in their keeping it has remained, flourishing periodically in the Selkirk ceremony of “the Riding of the Common.”

A sadder memorial of Flodden is said to exist in the arms of the county town of this portion of the Forest. The representation of a woman and child, to be seen there, is supposed to refer to a legend that the corpse of a woman, wife to one of the hundred, was found, with a living child at her breast, lying by the Ladywood Edge, when the remnant of the expedition returned, stricken and sorrowful, from the lost battle.—*Songstresses of Scotland.*

#### A TERRIBLE BLOW.

A young Scottish knight named Sir Piers de Curry was slain at the battle of Largs. According to the Norse Chronicle, his helmet and coat of mail were plated with gold, and the former was set with precious stones. In the true spirit of chivalry, he galloped frequently along the Norwegian line, endeavouring to provoke some one to single combat. Andrew Nicolson, one of Haco's chiefs who conducted the retreat, answered his defiance, and after a brief encounter, killed him with a blow which severed his thigh from his body, the sword cutting through his

armour, and penetrating to the saddle. The Norwegians stripped him of his rich armour; but while doing so they were attacked furiously by the Scots, and many fell on both sides.

#### FISHING FOR COMPLIMENTS.

Dr Ranken, of Glasgow, wrote a very ponderous *History of France*. Wishing to learn how it was appreciated by the public, he went to Stirling's Library *incognito*, and inquired “if Dr Ranken's *History of France* was in?” Mr Peat, the caustic librarian, curtly replied, “In! it never was out!”

#### SCIENTIFIC FARMING.

Lord Kames, so eminent as a judge and as an author, was also an amateur agriculturist of considerable reputation. Among other contemplated improvements, he entertained a notion of the practicability of concentrating the essence of manure, so as not only to render the substance more productive, but the mode of application less laborious. Conversing one day with a tenant, and seeing the immense quantity of manure he was laying on a field, Lord Kames observed that he could make the full of his *smuff-box* go as far in producing a crop. “Gif ye do that, my lord,” said the doubting farmer of the old school, “I'll engage to carry hame the crap in my pouch!”—*Kay.*

#### BALNAMOON'S WIG.

It was the custom of old Balnamoon, a noted Jacobite, when out drinking at a friend's house, only to go home when he was able to sit upon his horse. If, when the horse was brought out and he was unable to mount it, he remained all night where he was; but if he still pre-



served sufficient strength to enable him to get up, or even to hold by the mane, he trotted off. On such occasions he was always attended by a faithful old servant, who rode behind him, and observed that he did not drop himself by the way.

One night, as the pair were going home in this way, Balnamoon tumbled off into a bog, from which it required unusual efforts on the part of John to extricate him. When he was fished out, a new difficulty arose—he had lost his wig. John immediately began an elaborate search through the quagmire for Balnamoon's wig, and at last he was fortunate enough to find it. He placed it at random on his master's head, and, as it afterwards appeared, with the back part foreinost. He was then proceeding to mount his own horse, in order to pursue the way home, when Balnamoon faintly exclaimed through the dripping curls which hung round his face—

“O John, man, this is surely no my wig, for it does na fit me ava!”

“Deil care, Bonnymoon,” cried John; ‘ye maun just be content wi’ what ye’ve got. *There’s nae wale o’ wigs here.*”

#### ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

Alexander Selkirk, who was rendered famous by Mons. de Foe, under the name of Robinson Crusoe, was born in Largo, 1676. His history, divested of fable, is as follows:—

Having gone to sea in his youth, and in the year 1703, being sailing master of the ship “Cinque Ports,” Captain Stradling, bound for the South Seas, he was put on shore on the island of Juan Fernandez, as a punishment for mutiny. In that solitude he remained four years and four months, from which he was at last relieved and brought to England by Captain Woods Rogers. He had with him in the island his clothes and bedding, with a firelock, some powder,

bullets and tobacco, a hatchet, knife, kettle, his mathematical instruments, and Bible. He built two huts of Pimento trees, and covered them with long grass, and in a short time lined them with skins of goats which he killed with his musket, so long as his powder lasted (which at first was but a pound); when that was spent he caught them by speed of foot. Having learned to produce fire by rubbing two pieces of wood together, he dressed his victuals in one of his huts and slept in the other, which was at some distance from his kitchen. A multitude of rats often disturbed his repose by gnawing his feet and other parts of his body, which induced him to feed a number of cats for his protection. In a short time these became so tame that they would lie about him in hundreds, and soon delivered him from the rats, his enemies. Upon his return, he declared to his friends that nothing gave him so much uneasiness as the thoughts, that when he died his body would be devoured by those very cats he had with so much care tamed and fed. To divert his mind from such melancholy thoughts, he would sometimes dance and sing among his kids and goats, at other times retire to his devotion. His clothes and shoes were soon worn, by running through the woods. In the want of shoes he found little inconvenience, as the soles of his feet became so hard that he could run everywhere without difficulty. As for clothes, he made for himself a coat and cap of goats' skins, sewed with little thongs of the same, cut into proper form with his knife. His only needle was a nail. When his knife was worn to the back, he made others as well as he could of some iron hoops that had been left on shore, by beating them thin and grinding them on stones. By his long seclusion from intercourse with men, he had so far forgot the use of speech, that the people on board Captain Rogers's ship could scarce understand him, for he seemed to



speak his words by halves. The chest and musket which Selkirk had with him on the island are now (1790) in the possession of his grandnephew, John Selkirk, weaver in Largo.—*Stat. Acc.*

## AN OLD TOPER.

On Deeside there flourished a certain Saunders Paul, an innkeeper at Banchory. He was said to have drank whisky, glass for glass, to the claret of Mr Maule and the Laird of Skene, for a whole evening; and in those days (a hundred years ago) there was a traditional story of his despatching, at one sitting, in company with a character celebrated for conviviality—one of the men employed to float rafts of timber down the Dee—three dozen bottles of porter. Of this Mr Paul it is recorded, that on being asked if he considered porter as a wholesome beverage, he replied, "Oh yes, if you don't take above a dozen." His friend and *porter* companion was drowned in the Dee, and when told that the body had been found down the stream below Crathes, he coolly remarked, "I'm surprised at that, for I never kenn'd him pass the inn-door before without coming in for a dram,"

## DR ADAM SMITH.

This distinguished philosopher was remarkable for absence of mind, simplicity of character, and for speaking to himself. It is related of him, that having one Sunday morning walked out of his garden at Kirkcaldy, dressed in little beyond his dressing-gown, he gradually fell into a reverie, from which he did not awaken till he found himself in the streets of Dunfermline, at least twelve miles off. He had in reality trudged along the king's highway all that distance, in the *pursuit* of a certain train of ideas; and he was only even-

tually stopped in his progress by the bells of Dunfermline, which happened at the time to be ringing the people to church. His appearance on a crowded street, on a Scotch Sunday morning, without clothes, is left to the imagination of the reader.

It is also told, as an example of the second peculiarity, that on the evenings of those very days which he had devoted to the composition of the *Wealth of Nations*, he would sometimes walk backwards and forwards through his parlour, waiting for an opportunity when he might abstract a lump of sugar from the tea-table, unobserved by his house-keeper, who exercised a great and high-handed control over him.

It used to be related of him, that one day as he was muttering very violently to himself in passing along the streets of Edinburgh, he passed close to a couple of fishwomen, who were sitting at their stalls. At once putting him down for a madman at large, one remarked to the other, in a pathetic tone, "Hech! and he's weel put on too;" *id est*, well dressed; the idea of his being a gentleman having of course much increased her sympathy.—*R. Chambers.*

## A PRACTICAL COMMENT.

The Rev. Mr Shirra, of Kirkcaldy, was one day reading the 116th psalm, in which occurs the words, "I said in my haste, all men are liars." He quietly observed, "Indeed, Dauvid, my man, an' ye had been i' this parish, ye might hae said it at your leisure."

## WATTY DUNLOP.

On one occasion two irreverent young fellows determined, as they said, to "taigle" "Watty Dunlop," a pithy and facetious minister of the south of Scotland. Coming up to him in the High

Street of Dumfries, they accosted him with much solemnity.

"Maister Dunlop, do ye hear the news?"

"What news?"

"Oh, the deil's dead."

"Is he!" said Mr Dunlop; "then I maun pray for twa fatherless bairns."

#### A USEFUL HELP.

On one occasion one of the Sutherland Fencibles requested Macdonald—better known as Big Sam, from his great size, amazing strength, and good humour—to hand him down a loaf from a shelf which he could not easily get at himself. Sam good-naturedly turned round, and, catching the individual by the "cuff" of the neck, held him up at arm's length, saying, "There, man, take it down for yourself!"

#### AN APPROPRIATE MOTTO.

Mr Gillespie, the founder of the excellent hospital, at Wright's Houses, Edinburgh, which bears his name, was a tobacco and snuff manufacturer, and accumulated his large fortune by that business. He kept a carriage, and one day meeting Henry Erskine, he asked him for a motto to place upon it. Erskine at once facetiously suggested this couplet:

"Wha wad hae thoct it,  
That noses had bocht it."

#### A NATIVE PARISH.

In the *Statistical Account* of the parish of Drainy, Morayshire, published in 1792, we find the following statement:—

It is perhaps a singular circumstance that in this parish there is no lawyer, writer, attorney, physician, surgeon, apothecary, negro, Jew, gipsy, English-

man, Irishman, foreigner of any description, nor family of any sect or denomination except the Established Church. The population in 1791 was 1040.

#### "THE GRAY BROTHER."

A tradition exists in Midlothian relative to a house on the barony of Gilmerton, near Lasswade, which has given occasion to the beautiful ballad entitled "The Gray Brother," by Sir Walter Scott, and which is said to be of the following purport:—The building alluded to, now called Gilmerton Grange, was originally named Burndale, from the following tragic adventure. The barony of Gilmerton belonged of old to a gentleman named Heron, who had one beautiful daughter. This young lady was seduced by the Abbot of Newbattle, a richly-endowed abbey on the banks of the South Esk, now a seat of the Marquis of Lothian. Heron came to the knowledge of this circumstance, and learned also that the lovers carried on their intercourse by the connivance of the lady's nurse, who lived at the house of Gilmerton Grange. He formed a resolution of bloody vengeance, undeterred by the supposed sanctity of the clerical character, or by the stronger claims of natural affection. Choosing, therefore, a dark and windy night, when the objects of his vengeance were engaged in a stolen interview, he set fire to a stack of dried thorns and other combustibles, which he had caused to be piled against the house, and reduced to a pile of glowing ashes the dwelling, with all its unfortunate inmates.

#### A PROFITABLE PUNISHMENT.

Jamie Reid, the famous piper of Dalkeith, had a son called Jamie, of so forward and frolicsome a disposition, that he was continually falling into one



scrape or another, which sorely grieved his father, who tried both entreaty and punishment to reclaim him, but in vain. At length he adopted a singular expedient. Having a turn for mechanics, among other tools for aiding him in his pursuits, he had a vice, into which, whenever the boy would commit a trespass, he would fix him by the tail of his coat, so that he could not move; and then, placing the drone of his pipes to his ear, would blow until poor Jim became quite subdued and senseless. A neighbour once remonstrated with him on the cruelty of such a punishment, and observed it would be better if he were to apply a rod to his son's back.

"A rod to his back!" answered Jamie; "haith, ye little ken him. Ye may break a' the hazels in the duke's wood ower him, an' he'll no be ae bit better. Na! na! I hae tried a' that; but ye see this mak's the callant as quiet as a pussie; and, besides, dings the music into his head, an' I hae great hopes he will ae day mak' a grand piper, for by this way he has amaist learned a' the tunes already!"

#### A HIGHLAND SERVANT.

John, the second Lord Reay, son of the unfortunate royalist Donald, the first lord, and chief of the clan Mackay, was long kept in confinement in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, but at length, as is related by tradition, effected his escape in a manner worthy of record. His lady, the daughter of Mackay of Scaury, was uncommonly beautiful and handsome; and having been introduced to the Protector Cromwell, she fell on her knees before him, and in the most impressive manner begged that her husband might be liberated. He was so struck with her beauty and deportment, that he said he would do all that lay in his power to gratify her. Lord Reay, he added, was a state prisoner, and he

could not of himself order his liberation; but if she could manage so as to get him out of prison, he would grant him a protection or pass to secure him from farther trouble, and which he delivered to her accordingly. A great difficulty still remained, how to get his lordship beyond the prison wall. His lady, and his faithful servant John Mackay, it seems, always had free access to him. There were two grenadiers placed before the entry to the prison, as guards—a duty performed in later times by the town-guard. John said, if Lady Reay could get his lordship brought that length, he would, at the hazard of his life, prevent the sentinels from obstructing him in his escape. The lady got her part effected; and as Lord Reay was ready to advance towards the sentinels, John suddenly laid hold of them both, and with the greatest ease laid them prostrate, the one above the other, and then disarmed them. As his master was now under cover of the protection, John surrendered himself, and was immediately put in prison, and laid in irons. He was afterwards brought to trial, at which Cromwell himself assisted. He said that the servant had no doubt forfeited his life; but his conduct, which went to obtain his master's liberty, and perhaps to save his life, was heroic; and if this man was put to death for an act of this nature, which proceeded wholly from his fidelity to his master, and was attended with nothing hurtful in itself, it would discourage their own and other servants from entertaining that degree of attachment to their masters, which a pardon granted to this prisoner would insure. His opinion, therefore, was, that for the sake of justice, the prisoner should be condemned to die; but that, in the circumstances of the case, the punishment should be remitted, which was agreed to unanimously. After the sentence was intimated to Mackay, Cromwell took a full view of his per-