son, and noticing his fierce aspect and athletic frame, exclaimed to those around him—

"May I ever be kept from the devil's and that man's grasp."

A CERTAIN CURE FOR DOCKENS.

Worthy original saddler Halliday was once asked by a gentleman, what was the best method of extirpating dockens out of gardens?

"Take a spade," quoth the saddler, "and howk them out: dinna leave a single talon o' a root: wash and lay them on the yard-dyke to dry; then burn them—that's the best plan I ever kend."

In truth, it surely was a most effectual cure.—*Mactaggart.*

A QUESTION SETTLED.

On the opening of a new church in Lanark, a dispute arose between the tailors and shoemakers of the congregation respecting a right to certain sittings. The matter in question was referred to the minister, who ended the strife in the following decision:—

"It's weel kend through a' the toon,
We draw on our hose before our shoon."

DICKIE OF THE DEN.

Veitch of Dawick, in the upper part of Peeblesshire, a man of great strength and bravery, who flourished in the sixteenth century, was, it seems, upon bad terms with a neighbouring proprietor, Tweedie of Drummelzie. By some accident a flock of Dawick's sheep had strayed over into Drummelzie's grounds, at the time when *Dickie of the Den*, a Liddesdale outlaw, was making his rounds in Tweeddale. Seeing this flock of sheep, Dickie drove them off without ceremony. Next morning, Veitch, perceiving his loss, summoned his servants and retainers, laid a bloodhound upon the traces of the robber, by whom they were guided for many miles, till, on the banks of Liddel, he stayed upon a very large haystack. The pursuers were a good deal surprised at the obstinate pause of the bloodhound, till Dawick pulled down some of the hay, and discovered a large excavation, containing the robbers and their spoil. He instantly flew upon Dickie, and was about to poniard him, when the marauder, with the address for which the border thieves were famed, protested that he would never have touched a *cloot* (hoof) of them, had he not taken them for Drummelzie's property. This dexterous appeal to Veitch's passions was the means of saving the life of the freebooter.

FINE SPINNING.

Robert Burns, in reply to the question if the critical literati of Edinburgh had, on the occasion of his visit to that city, aided him at all with their opinions, said—

"The best of these gentlemen are like the wife's daughter in the west—they spin the thread of their criticism so fine, that it is neither fit for warp nor waft."

RUMBLEDETHUMPS.

Take a peck of purtatoes, and put them into a boyne—at them with a beetle—a dab of butter—the beetle again—anither dab—then cabbage—purtato—beetle and dab—saut meanwhile—and a shake o' common black pepper—feenally, cabbage and purtato through ither—pree, and you'll fin' them decent rumbledethumps.—*Noctes Ambros.*

A WINNING GENERAL.

When Sir John Cope fled from Dunbar, the fleetness of his horse carried him foremost, upon which a sarcastic Scotsman complimented him by saying, "Dod, sir, but ye hae won the race: win the battle wha like!"

"ROBERT BURNS, POET."

It is a curious fact that Burns very often wrote on his books thus: "Robert Burns, Poet." Allan Cunningham remembered a favourite collie at Ellisland having the same inscription on his collar.

BECKY MONTEITH.

It is recorded of Becky Monteith, a celebrated beauty, that being asked how she had not made a good marriage, she replied—

"Ye see, I wadna hae the walkers, and the riders gaed by."

THE LION IN THE SCOTTISH SHIELD.

Antiquaries have found considerable difficulty in settling at what precise period the Scottish nation began to assume armorial bearings, although the obscure records of tradition assure us that they were first granted to the Scottish kings by Charlemagne. One thing is sufficiently certain, that none of the predecessors of William, who began to reign in the year 1165, adopted a court armorial, and that it was that sovereign who first assumed the cognisance of a lion on his banners, from which circumstance, as well as from his gallant bearing, he was termed *William the Lion*. We are told that the king of the beasts was anciently the cognisance of the Celtic nations, yet it is conjectured by George Chalmers, that William did not assume the red lion on that account, but rather because it was already the armorial bearing of the earldom of Huntington, and, as such, the cognisance of William's father. The lion is first seen on the shield of Alexander the Third, and appeared on gold coins in the reign of Robert the Third. It is said by Nisbet that the double tressure (or border) was anciently used on the royal shields to perpetuate the various leagues betwixt the French and Scottish monarchs. In the reign of James the Third, when the English faction predominated in the country, Parliament was induced to ordain "that in tyme to cum thair suld be na *double tressour* about the kingis armys, but that he suld ber hale armis of the lyoun, without ony mair." Yet the double tressure seems to have maintained its place in the armorial bearings of Scotland, even to our own times.

FISHWIVES OF FISHERROW.

The fishwives, as they are all of one class, and educated in it from their infancy, are of a very singular character, and particularly distinguished by the laborious lives which they lead. They are the wives and daughters of fishermen who generally marry in their own caste or tribe, as great part of their business, to which they must have been bred, is to gather bait for their husbands and bait their lines. Four days in the week, however, they carry fish in creels (osier baskets) to Edinburgh; and when the boats come in late to the harbour in the forenoon, so as to leave them no more than time to reach Edinburgh before dinner, it is not unusual for them to perform their journey of five miles, by relays, three of them being employed in carrying one basket, and shifting it from one to another every hundred yards, by which means they

have been known to arrive at the Fish-market in less than three-quarters of an hour.*

From the kind of life these women lead, it may naturally be concluded that their manners are peculiar, as they certainly are. Having so great a share in the maintenance of the family, they have no small sway in it, as may be inferred from a saying not unusual among them. When speaking of a young woman, reported to be on the point of marriage—

"Hout!" say they, "how can she keep a man, wha can hardly maintain hersel'?"

As they do the work of men, their manners are masculine, and their strength and activity equal to their work. Their amusements are of the masculine kind. On holidays they frequently play at golf; and on Throne Tuesday there is a standing match at foot-ball, between the married and unmarried women, in which the former are always victors.

Their manner of life, and their business of making their markets, whet their faculties, and make them very dexterous in bargain-making. They have likewise a species of rude eloquence, an extreme facility in expressing their feelings by words or gestures, which is very imposing, and enables them to carry their points even against the most wary; and they are too well acquainted with the world to be abashed when they are detected in any of their arts.†

It is remarkable, that though a considerable degree of licentiousness appears in their freedom of speech, it does not seem to have tainted their morals, in a point where it may chiefly have been expected; there being no class of women, it is believed, who offend less against the seventh commandment, excepting in *words*, than they do. There seems to be no employment that conduces more to health and good spirits than theirs. Some of them have been brought to bed, and have gone to Edinburgh on foot with their baskets within the week. It is perfectly well ascertained that one, who was delivered on Wednesday morning, went to town with her creel on the Saturday forenoon following. There is a charm in the free and active life they lead, which renders them averse to all sedentary employments. They never wear shoes or stockings but on Sundays, which is not to be attributed to their poverty, but to the nature of their employment. Strangers from the south, disgusted at this practice, which more or less prevails among the women of the inferior class in this country, and still more with the custom of trampling linens in washing tubs (which is not yet entirely discontinued, though gradually wearing out), cry out against both as shocking pieces of barbarity. It may be remarked, however, in regard to the former practice, that the Greek and Roman women (even the ladies in the house) wore neither shoes nor stockings.

From such parents, as might be expected, proceeds a race of children healthy, active, and robust.—*Stat. Ac.*

* It is a well attested fact that three of them, not many years ago, went from Dunbar to Edinburgh, which is 27 miles, with each of a load of herrings on her back of 200 lbs. in five hours. They sometimes carry loads of 250 lbs.

† It is not here meant to impeach their honesty, for which they are on a par with all other small traffickers. An eminent merchant of Edinburgh told the writer that he has often dealt with some of them to the amount of £600 in a season, for salt herrings, without one line of writing, and never lost a farthing by them.

THE LAIRD O' WIGGIEWUSSOCK.

Greedy as the grave was he, his gourmand imagination saw an island off his shore a little way, once in seven years. Thus would he describe it:—

"O! it was a bonny big isle; I saw

gran swankies o' nowt on't, feeding on rough claver fields; rare growing corn too, every stalk o't as thick as my wee finger, and ilka head o't wad hae filled my gowpens. Apple trees I saw there, wi' apples hinging swagging on them like warping clues, the haleware o't seemed to be gran' plowable land. I cud hae made siller on't like sclate stanes."

And then he would add—"O! if I had got a spunk o' kennelling on't, it a' wad hae become my ain; the Manxmen's Isle was ance enchanted the same way, but a spark o' fire lighted on't ance frae out a sailor's pipe, broke the charm, whilk has hinnered it to sink mair; but were a' the fires at onytime to gang out, it wad just gae whaur it was again; since they went a' out but ae wee bit gleed in Laxy, and faith the Isle o' Man was begun to shog and quake."—*Mactaggart.*

A FRUGAL TAILOR.

The following obituary notice appears in *The Scots Magazine* of Jan. 1789:—

Lately, at Paisley, a tailor who, during his life, never earned more than fourpence per day and his meat. However, by his rigid economy he has left £250 at interest, and £20 in his house, with a great number of crown and half-crown pieces.

AT LAST!

On a ramble of dissipation the notorious Dr Gilbert Stuart is said to have taken several days to travel on foot between the Cross of Edinburgh and the town of Musselburgh, a distance of only six miles, stopping at every public house by the way, in which good ale could be had. In this expedition he was accompanied by several boon companions, who were fascinated beyond their ordinary excesses by his great powers of wit, but who gradually fell off at various stages of the road. The last of these companions, oppressed by the fumes of the ale which he had too long indulged in, staggered in the middle of the night into the ash-pit of a steam-engine which then stood by the road-side, and fell fast asleep. On awakening he observed the mouth of an immense fiery furnace open, several figures all grim with soot and ashes stirring the fire and throwing on fuel—all which, with the whirring and clashing of the machinery, combined to impress his still-confused imagination with the idea that he was in hell. Horror struck, he exclaimed, "Good God! has it at last come to this!"

A FORTUNATE ERROR.

Sep. 14, 1789. Died at Craigforth, John Callander, Esq. of Craigforth, advocate. This gentleman's ancestors acquired the estate by a droll mistake. Being farrier to King James VI. in Scotland, he made out his account in Scots money, agreeable to practice, which being sent to England, an order was made to pay it in sterling money, which he accordingly received, and with which the family estate, enjoyed to this day, was bought.—*Scots Mag.*

THE WAUKING OF THE FAULD.

The Wauking of the Fauld was a practice common in the pastoral districts of Scotland previous to the past changes in rural economy. It was then necessary to keep a nocturnal watch upon the sheepfolds at a particular season of the year, in order to prevent the lambs from getting back to their dams, from which they had been recently weaned. On these occasions the shepherd, who was the watcher, was always allowed

to have the lass of his choice to bear him company; and as his vigils occurred at the pleasantest time of the year, when night is only a shadowy interval of day, the whole affair is said to have been one of the most agreeable duties connected with pastoral life.—*Robert Chambers.*

A FATAL DISPUTE.

March 11, 1596. There chanced a duel or single combat betwixt James Hepburn of Moreham and one Birnie, a skinner in Edinburgh. They were both slain. The occasion and quarrel was not thought to be great nor yet necessary. Hepburn alleged and maintained that there was seven sacraments; Birnie would have but two, or else he would fight. The other was content with great protestations that he would defend his belief with the sword; and so with great earnestness they yoked, and thus the question was decided.—*Patrick Anderson.*

SHAKSPEARE ECLIPSED.

Home's tragedy of *Douglas* procured for its author expulsion from the kirk, and for ever excluded him from the society of the "unco gude." But it was—and is still—nevertheless very popular with the general public, who received it enthusiastically. On one occasion of its performance, when the feelings of the audience burst forth, as usual, at the conclusion of Norval's speech, a voice from the gallery proclaimed the transport of the "gods" by bawling forth the triumphant query—

"Whaur's yer Wully Shakspeare noo?"

EARLY LITERARY DIFFICULTIES.

April 9, 1583. James Lowson, minister of God's word at Edinburgh, to Mr Davidson, informs him of certain piracies committed by Englishmen under circumstances of great barbarity. Among the rest he laments especially the case of Thomas Woltweller [Vautrollier], a Frenchman, who was bringing books and paper to print in Scotland, having privilege to do so, who is almost "heriet." Prays him to look to these matters, lest wicked men hold the two nations at division, when God offers occasion of concord and union.—*Calendar of State Papers.*

THE "BEACON."

A new weekly journal, called the *Beacon*, was started in Edinburgh in January 1821. It was distinguished for its violent politics and severe personalities, and it soon roused such a feeling that the publisher was compelled to discontinue its publication the same year that it started into existence.

[The *Beacon* was notorious for its reckless personal attacks, and, as a consequence, was seldom out of trouble. The printer was tried for a libel on Lord Archibald Hamilton, on 14th June 1821; in the following month, James Stuart of Dunearn, in retaliation for an attack on him, horsewhipped the printer in the street; and shortly afterwards a verdict, with £500 damages, was obtained against him for another libel. This unfortunate newspaper was nominally edited by a Mr John Nimmo, son of a journeyman printer, who in 1825 occupied a house at the Cowgatehead. Nimmo, on the prosecution of the paper, fled to France. The *Beacon* was resuscitated in Glasgow under the name of the *Sentinel*, in the first number of which those libellous articles against Stuart of Dunearn appeared which, on the 26th March 1822, led to the duel which resulted in the death of Sir Alexander Boswell.]

A CONSCIENTIOUS HOST.

Honest Johnnie Dowie, the famous Edinburgh vintner, whose tavern was the resort of the literati of the city, and whose name has been immortalised by Burns, was not only an exceedingly decent person in the fashion of observing regular hours in closing his house, but he was really a conscientious and worthy man; witness the following little anecdote:—

David Herd was one night prevented by illness from joining in the malt potations of his friends. He called for first one and then another glass of spirits, which he dissolved, *more Scotico*, in warm water and sugar. When the reckoning came to be paid, the antiquary was surprised to find the second glass charged a fraction higher than the first, as if John had been resolved to impose a tax upon excess. On inquiring the reason, however, honest John explained it thus:—

"Whe, sir, ye see, the first glass was out o' the auld barrel, and the second ane was out o' the new; and as the whisky in the new barrel cost me mair than the other, whe, sir, I've just charged a wee mair for't."—*Robert Chambers.*

"573."

Dr R. Simson, the mathematician, had the habit of counting his steps as he walked. "One Saturday, while proceeding towards Anderston, counting his steps as he was wont, the professor was accosted by a person who, we may suppose, was unacquainted with his singular peculiarity. At this moment the worthy geometrician knew that he was just *five hundred and seventy-three* paces from the college towards the snug parlour which was anon to prove the rallying-point of the 'hen-broth' amateurs; and when arrested in his progress, kept repeating the mystic number at stated intervals, as the only species of mnemonics then known.

"'I beg your pardon,' said the personage, accosting the professor; 'one word with you, if you please.'

"'Most happy—573!' was the response.

"'Nay,' rejoined the gentleman, 'merely one question.'

"'Well,' added the professor—'573!'

"'You are really too polite,' interrupted the stranger: 'but from your known acquaintance with the late Dr B——, and for the purpose of deciding a bet, I have taken the liberty of inquiring whether I am right in saying that that individual left five hundred pounds to each of his nieces?'

"'Precisely!' replied the professor—'573!'

"'And there were only four nieces, were there not?' rejoined the querist.

"'Exactly!' said the mathematician; '573!'"—*Dr Strang.*

A THOROUGH SCOT.

August 18, 1790. Died at London, Mr John Stalker, of the Half-moon public-house, Piccadilly. He was a native of Scotland, which he left at an early period. To a life of many oddities, he, dying, exhibited a remarkable instance of the *amor patriæ*, which is the characteristic of his countrymen, being, by express desire, buried in a full suit of the Highland uniform, excepting the *plaid*, which is reserved for his wife's winding-sheet.—*Scots Mag.*

A SIMPLE BEAUTY.

A lovely young lady, at the time when *belles* were scarcer in Glasgow than they are now, was talking with a gentleman from a distance about that city and its gaieties. The conversation

turned upon balls and the attenders of them, when the gentleman laughingly asked the question—

"Have you many beauties in Glasgow, Miss ——?" On which the young lady naively replied—

"Oh yes, sir, there are five of us!"

A POET'S TESTIMONIAL.

Burns procured a pair of pistols as a portion of his exciseman's outfit. They were made by Blair of Birmingham, and, in acknowledging them, the poet wrote to him—

"I have tried them, and will say for them what I would not say of the bulk of mankind—they are an honour to their maker." These pistols were afterwards bequeathed to Dr Maxwell.

NOT SO VERY SURE.

"Do you think, Hamish, that the bullets hit him?" said an English sportsman to his attendant, after having discharged the contents of both barrels of his Manton at a stag.

"Weel, she took it very easy if she got it," said Hamish, with a sly wink at his companion.

"Ay, ay, if she be kilt, she'll send word; but I'm no thinking she'll be sending ony word to-night."

A "DISPENSATION."

1641, Sep. 5. That day, Alexander Drysdale. merchant, desirit a seat in the kirk for his dochter to heir God's word, and therefore is licentiate be y^e^ session to cause make a new furme to be set next before y^e^ pulpit (where the brides and bridegrooms y^t^ day y^t^ they are mariet uses to sit) to be possest be the said Alex. his dochter in all tyme coming. —*Dunfermline Kirk Sess. Records.*

A LEGEND OF THE DOW LOCH.

The farmer of Auchen Naight, near the Dow Loch, was not in opulent circumstances. One day, during the pressure of some unusual calamity, he observed, with surprise, a cow browsing quietly by the side of the loch; and, upon nearer inspection, found it to be a beautiful animal of large size, and perfectly white. She allowed herself to be driven home by him without resistance, and soon commended herself greatly to his wife by her quietness and richness of milk. The result of her good qualities, and also her fruitfulness, was that a blessing seemed to have come with her to the house. The farmer became rich in the possession of twenty fine cattle, all descended from the original white cow.

After some years had elapsed, and all his other cattle had been used up, the farmer had to consider how he was to provide a winter's "mart" for his family; that is, a cow to be killed and salted according to the then universal practice of the country. Should it be the mother, or one of her comely daughters? The former was still in fine condition, highly suitable for the purpose; but then the feeling connected with her—should they sacrifice in this manner the source of all their good fortune? A consideration that she might fail in health, and be lost to them, determined them to make her the "mart" for the year. It is said that, on the morning which was to be her last, she showed the usual affection for her mistress, who came to bid her a mournful farewell; but when the butcher approached with his rope and axe, she suddenly tore up the stake, and broke away from the byre, followed by the whole of her progeny. The astonished goodman and his wife were only in time to see the herd, in which their wealth consisted, plunge into the waters of the Dow Loch, from which they never re-emerged.

SHOP!

A tailor who had fallen asleep in church during service, one Sunday afternoon, suddenly awoke at the close of the sermon, and, forgetting where he was, startled the congregation by exclaiming aloud—

"Say what ye like, but a'body kens that it taks twa hanks o' thread to mak a waistcoat."

The tailor no doubt had been dreaming of a customer resisting an overcharge.

A QUESTIONABLE COMPLIMENT.

A wealthy tobacco lord, who in early life had been a soldier, was one day pacing the *Plainstanes* of Glasgow, when he was accosted by a poor woman. Turning to her disdainfully, he said—

"Don't speak to me here, woman; I gie nae charity on the street."

"It wasna charity, Sir Bailie, that I was seeking," said the woman; "I was only wanting to thank you for the great service you did to my laddie."

Somewhat mollified by the expected praise, the scarlet-cloaked aristocrat stopped and said—

"And what did I do for him, good woman?"

"Oh, Sir Bailie," she replied, "when you were fechting at the head o' your company at the battle of Dettigen, and ran away, my son, wha was next you, ran after you, and so saved his life!"

A SANITARY REFORMER.

In 1735, an Edinburgh merchant and magistrate, named Sir Alexander Brand, presented an overture to the Estates for the cleaning of the city. The modesty of the opening sentence will strike the reader:—

"Seeing," it states, "the nobility and gentry of Scotland are, when they are abroad, esteemed by all nations to be the finest and most accomplished people in Europe, yet it's to be regretted that it's always casten up to them by strangers, who admire them for their singular qualifications, that they are born in a nation that has the nastiest cities in the world, especially the metropolitan."

He offered to clean the city daily, and give five hundred a-year for the refuse; but his views do not seem to have been carried into effect.

THE KIND GALLOWS OF CRIEFF.

This celebrated gibbet was, in the memory of the last generation, still standing at the western end of the town of Crieff, in Perthshire. Why it was called the *kind* gallows we are unable to inform the reader with certainty; but it is alleged that the Highlanders used to touch their bonnets as they passed a place, which had been fatal to many of their countrymen, with the ejaculation—

"God bless her nainsel', and the tiel tamn you!"

It may therefore have been called kind, as being a sort of native or kindred place of doom to those who suffered there, as in fulfilment of a natural destiny.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

INTESTINAL WARDROBE.

An ancestor of Sir Walter Scott joined the Pretender, and with his brother was engaged in the unfortunate adventure, which ended in a skirmish and captivity at Preston, 1745. It was the fashion of those times for all persons of the rank of gentlemen to wear scarlet waistcoats. A ball had struck one of the brothers, and carried a part of his dress into his body; and in this condition he was taken prisoner, with a number of his companions, and stript,

as was too often the practice in these remorseless civil wars. Wounded, and nearly naked, having only a shirt on, and an old sack about him, the ancestor of the great poet was sitting, along with his brother and a hundred and fifty unfortunate gentlemen, in a granary at Preston. The wounded man fell sick, as the story goes, and vomited the scarlet, which the ball had forced into the wound.

"Oh, man, Watty!" cried his brother, "if you have got a wardrobe in your wame, I wish you would throw me up a pair of breeks, for I have meikle need of them."

The wound afterwards healed.

INFLUENCE OF THE BAGPIPES.

A piper in Lord M'Leod's regiment, seeing the British army giving way before superior numbers, played the well-known "Cogadh-na-Sith," which filled the Highlanders with such spirit that, immediately rallying, they cut through their enemies. For this fortunate circumstance, Sir Eyre Coote, filled with admiration, and appreciating the value of such music, presented the regiment with fifty pounds to buy a stand of pipes.

At the battle of Quebec, in 1760, the troops were retreating in disorder, and the general complained to a field officer in Fraser's regiment of the bad conduct of his corps.

"Sir," said the officer, with some warmth, "you did very wrong in forbidding the pipers to play."

"Let them blow in God's name, then," said the general; and the order being given, the pipers with alacrity sounded, on which the Gaels formed in the rear, and bravely returned to the charge.

George Clark was piper to the 71st at the battle of Vimiera, where he was wounded in the leg by a ball as he advanced at the head of his regiment. Finding himself disabled he sat down, and putting his pipes in order, called out—

"Weel, lads, I am sorry I can go nae farther wi' you, but deil hae my saul if ye sall want music," and struck up a favourite pibroch with the utmost unconcern for anything but the delight of sending to battle his comrades with the animating sounds.

It is a popular tradition that the enemy anxiously levelled at the pipers, aware of the power of their music; and a story is related of a piper who, at the battle of Waterloo, received a shot in the bag before he had time to make a fair beginning, which so roused his Highland blood, that, dashing his pipes to the ground, he drew his sword and attacked the foe with the fury of a lion, until his career was stopped by death, by a ball too surely aimed.

It is also related of the pipe-major of the 92d, that on the same occasion, he placed himself on an eminence where the shot was flying like hail, and, regardless of his danger, proudly sounded the battle air to animate his companions. And on one occasion during the Peninsular war, the same regiment came suddenly on the French army, and the intimation of their approach was so suddenly given by the pipers bursting out their "gathering," that the enemy fled and the Highlanders pursued.

THOMSON AND THE WOOLIE GHOST.

The poet Thomson had a great horror of the supernatural, and his fear of ghosts and goblins afforded much amusement to his fellow-collegians. His bedfellow, knowing that he was afraid to remain alone in the dark, quietly left him one night while he was asleep. On waking, he rushed out of the room like a frightened child, and calling loudly upon his landlady for assistance. Dr Somerville, who relates this anecdote upon

the authority of Mr Cranston, late minister of Ancrum, who lodged in the same room with the poet at Edinburgh, attributes his weakness on this subject to the following circumstance :—

"The belief in ghosts, witches, fairies, &c., was so exceedingly prevalent at the beginning of this century, that it would have been deemed heretical in any clergyman to have called in question their existence, or even their palpable interposition. One of the last appearances of these tremendous agents happened (I am speaking in the language of the vulgar) at Woolie, in the parish of Southdean, where Mr Thomson was minister. Even since I entered into life, it was necessary to speak guardedly upon the subject of the Woolie Ghost, as I myself have more than once given offence by my silence upon the subject. The sequel of the story I have heard, not at second-hand, but from the lips of a person, and that of rank and education, above the vulgar. Mr Thomson, the father of the poet, in a fatal hour, was prevailed upon to attempt laying the evil spirit. He appointed his diet of catechising at Woolie, the scene of the ghost's exploits, and beheld, when he had just begun to pray, a ball of fire strike him upon the head. Overwhelmed with consternation, he could not utter another word, or make a second attempt to pray. He was carried home to his house, where he languished under the oppression of diabolical malignity, and at length expired. Only think what an impression this story—I do not say fact, I say this story, for of it there can be no doubt—must necessarily have made upon the vigorous imagination of our young poet."

PROFESSOR AYTOUN'S COURTSHIP.

After Professor Aytoun had made proposals of marriage to Miss Emily Jane Wilson, daughter of "Christopher North," he was, as a matter of course, referred to her father. As Aytoun was uncommonly diffident, he said to her, "Emily, my dear, you must speak to him for me. I could not summon courage to speak to the professor on this subject."

"Papa is in the library," said the lady.

"Then you had better go to him," said the suitor, "and I'll wait here for you."

There being apparently no help for it, the lady proceeded to the library, and, taking her father affectionately by the hand, mentioned that Aytoun had asked her in marriage. She added, "Shall I accept his offer, papa; he is so shy and diffident, that he cannot speak to you himself?"

"Then we must deal tenderly with him," said the hearty old man. "I'll write my reply on a slip of paper, and pin it on your back."

"Papa's answer is on the back of my dress," said Miss Wilson, as she re-entered the drawing-room. Turning round, the delighted swain read these words: "With the author's compliments."

A LONG "SEDERUNT."

The taverns to which Edinburgh lawyers of former days resorted were generally very obscure and mean—at least they would now be thought such; and many of them were so peculiarly situated in the profound recesses of the old town as to have no light from the sun, so that candles were continually in use. A small party of lawyers happened one day to drop into one of these dens; and as they sat a good while drinking, they at last forgot the time of day. Taking their impressions from the candles, they supposed that they were enjoying an ordinary evening debauch.

"Sirs," said one of them at last, "it's time to rise: ye ken I'm a married man, and should be early at hame." They all rose and prepared to stagger home through the lamp-lighted streets; when, lo and behold! on their emerging from the tavern, they found themselves suddenly projected into the blaze of a summer afternoon, and, at the same time, under the gaze of a thousand curious eyes, which were directed with surprise to their tipsy and negligent figures. How they got home, under such circumstances, through a crowd of sober and unsympathising spectators, is left to the imagination of the reader. —*R. Chambers.*

TARRAS MOSS.

One of the most famous places of refuge of the border marauders was the Tarras-moss, a frightful and desolate marsh, so deep that two spears tied together could not reach the bottom.

MEG DODS ON ART.

Tyrrel's painting, as Meg called it, went on slowly. He often, indeed, showed her the sketches which he brought from his walks, and used to finish at home; but Meg held them very cheap. What signified, she said, a wheen bits of paper, wi' black and white scarts upon them, that he ca'd bushes, and trees, and craigs? Couldna he paint them wi' green, and blue, and yellow, like the other folk? "Ye will never mak your bread that way, Maister Francie. Ye suld munt up a muckle square of canvas, like Dick Tinto, and paint folk's ainsel's, that they like muckle better to see than ony craig in the haill water; and I wadna muckle objeck even to some of the Wallers coming up and sitting to ye. They waste their time waur, I wis—and, I warrant, ye might mak a guinea a-head of them. Dick made twa, but he was an auld used hand, and folk maun creep before they gang."—*St Ronan's Well.*

NOT THE SAME POWDER.

Dr Moore, professor of Greek in Glasgow, was rather a natty as well as a learned man—that is to say, he was particular in the cut of his dress, and most particular to the curl and powder of his wig. Strutting about one day, as he was wont, apparently pleased with his own appearance, he was noticed by a young spark of an officer, not long in commission, who, thinking to annoy the professor, whispered to his companion in passing, loud enough, however, for the doctor to hear—

"He smells strongly of *powder.*"

Upon which the doctor at once turned round and said—

"Don't be alarmed, my brave young soldier, it is not *gun*powder!"

"FEAL AND DIVOT."

A legal gentleman of Edinburgh showed a friend several poems which he had written, and asked his opinion of them. The referee glanced over the manuscript, but was quickly struck with the extensive and wholesale plagiarisms which he saw had been committed upon the classical writers of Greece and Rome, and pointed out this to his friend.

"Oh," said the poet, "I am something of Fielding's opinion, as expressed in *Tom Jones*, that the ancients are a commonty, where every modern poet is entitled to pasture his Pegasus."

"Ay, man," responded the critic, with a happiness of thought which, unfortunately, none but a Scotch lawyer can appreciate to its full extent, "your title may give you a *servitude of pastur-*

age upon the commonty of the ancients, but, surely, ye never gat ane of *feal and divot*."

A GOOD SCHOOL.

Miss Jenny Graham, authoress of a version of "Bide ye yet," was a maiden lady who lived to a good old age. She was troubled with an asthma, the pain of which she alleviated by singing and composing humorous Scottish songs. She was a fine dancer in youth. On one occasion a young nobleman was so much charmed with her graceful movements, and the music of her feet, that he inquired at what school she was taught.

"In my mother's washing-tub, my lord," was the quick and ready answer.

MACNAB AND THE GAUGERS.

The Laird of Macnab was proceeding from the west, on one occasion, to Dunfermline, with a company of the Breadalbane Fencibles, of which he had the command. In those days the Highlanders were notorious for incurable smuggling propensities, and an excursion to the Lowlands, whatever might be its cause or import, was an opportunity by no means to be neglected. The Breadalbane men accordingly contrived to store a considerable quantity of the genuine "peat reek" into the baggage-carts. All went well with the party for some time. On passing Alloa, however, the excisemen there having got a hint as to what the carts contained, hurried out by a shorter path to intercept them. In the meantime, Macnab, accompanied by a gillie, in the true feudal style, was proceeding slowly at the head of his men, not far in the rear of the baggage. Soon after leaving Alloa, one of the party in charge of the carts came running back and informed their chief that they had all been seized by a posse of excisemen. This intelligence at once roused the blood of Macnab.

"Did the lousy villains *dare* to obstruct the march of the Breadalbane Highlanders?" he exclaimed, inspired with the wrath of a thousand heroes; and away he rushed to the scene of contention. There, sure enough, he found a party of excisemen in possession of the carts.

"Who the devil are you?" demanded the angry chieftain.

"Gentlemen of the excise," was the answer.

"Robbers! thieves, you mean; how dare you lay hands on his Majesty's stores? If you be gaugers, show me your commissions."

Unfortunately for the excisemen, they had not deemed it necessary in their haste to bring such documents with them. In vain they asserted their authority, and declared they were well known in the neighbourhood.

"Ay, just what I took ye for; a parcel of highway robbers and scoundrels. Come, my good fellows" (addressing the soldiers in charge of the baggage, and extending his voice with the lungs of a stentor), "prime! load!"

The excisemen did not wait the completion of the sentence; away they fled at top speed towards Alloa, no doubt glad they had not caused the waste of his Majesty's ammunition.

"Now, my lads," said the laird, "proceed—your whisky's safe."—*Kay*.

A HAPPY SIMILE.

Dr Scot of St Michael's, Dumfries, was once assisting at the communion in Urr, where the other officiating clergymen were great guns from Edinburgh. Though highly distinguished in his own locality, he exerted himself so as not to be eclipsed by the strangers from a distance. He gave one of his best dis-

courses as a table address, the subject of which was the resurrection, which he treated under the three divisions : it is possible—probable—certain. It commanded the most solemn attention and interest. In the tent he preached from the text, "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth," and made a great impression. A little band of old women on their way home in the evening, shortened the road by discussing the merits of the several preachers who had addressed them, when a worthy dame, who had not spoken before, on being applied to for her opinion, gave it honestly thus :—

"Leeze me abune them a' for yon auld, beld, clear-headed man that spoke sae bonnie on the angels, when he said, Raphael sings, and Gabriel tunes his goolden herp, and a' the angels clap their wings wi' joy. O but it was gran'! It just put me in min' o' our geese at Dunjarg, as they turn their nebs to the south an' clap their wings when they see the rain coming after lang drooth." —*Rev. D. Hogg.*

EDINBURGH MARKETS.

The markets for provisions in Edinburgh had no fixed places assigned them till 1477, when James III., by letters patent, granted a charter confirming the places then fixed by the magistrates, and which is historically curious, as indicating the principal localities of Edinburgh at that early period. The hay, straw, grass, and horse-meat markets were to be held in the Cowgate, from Forrester's Wynd down to Peebles Wynd, which latter was pulled down three centuries afterwards, to make way for the South Bridge ; the fish market, from the Friar Wynd to the Nether Bow, in Market Street or High Street ; the salt market, in Niddry's Wynd ; the camp of chapmen, from the Hell-house down to the Tron ; the hat-makers and skinners, opposite to them on the south side of the street ; the wood and timber market, from Dalrymple Yard to the Greyfriar's and westward ; the shoe market, from Forrester's Wynd westward ; the nolt or flesh market, about the Tron ; the poultry market, at the Cross ; the cattle market, at the King's Stables, back of Castle ; the meal and corn market, from the Tolbooth up to Liberton's Wynd ; from there to the Tresep, the cloth and lawn market. Butter, cheese, wool, and all goods, to be weighed at the Upper Bow, and a tron or weigh to be set there—the ancient weigh-house ; cutlers and smith work, beneath the Nether Bow, about St Mary's Wynd ; all saddlery work, at the Greyfriar's, Grassmarket. What a lively graphic picture this scene presents of the ancient city of Edinburgh !

REAL INDEPENDENCE.

A Kincardineshire husbandman, in expressing to his minister a favourable opinion of his personal virtues, concluded his eulogy in these words :—

"An' I especially admire your sterling independence, sir : I have always said, sir, that ye neither feared God nor man !"—*Dr Rogers.*

BURNS AS AN EXCISEMAN.

The poet and a brother exciseman one day suddenly entered a widow woman's shop in Dunscore, and made an extensive seizure of smuggled tobacco.

"Jenny," said the poet, "I expected this would be the upshot ; here, Lewars, take note of the number of rolls as I count them. Now, Jock, did ye ever hear an auld wife numbering her threads before check reels were invented? 'Thou's ane, and thou's no ane, and

thou's ane a' out—listen.'" As he handed out the rolls, he went on with his humorous enumeration, but dropping every other roll into Jenny's lap. Lewars took the note with as much gravity as he could muster, and saw the merciful conduct of his companion as "if he saw it not."

EPITAPH ON A GLASGOW MAGISTRATE.

Here lyes—read it with your hats on—
The bones of Bailie William Watson,
Who was famous for his thinking,
And moderation in his drinking.

AN APPROPRIATE TITLE.

Lord Newton, an eminent judge in the Court of Session, about the beginning of the present century, was an extraordinary bacchanal, even at the time when all were bacchanalian. He was proposing to buy an estate; and he mentioned to a friend and crony, that he should like it to be one with a well-sounding name, as he might perhaps take his title from it.

"Weel, my lord," answered his friend, "there's the yestate o' *Drunkie* in the mercat: buy it, and then ye'll no need to tak it amiss when folk say ye're *drunk aye*."

DUTCH DEGREES.

Dr Alexander Pitcairne, who died in 1713, but who was long remembered in Scotland for his strong Jacobitism, his keen wit, and his eminence as a physician, studied his profession in Holland, where he was for some time the preceptor of Boerhaave. His political principles causing him to be no friend to the republican Dutch, he amused himself with satirising them in verse. Dull, however, as the Dutch are generally esteemed, they once paid him very smartly in his own coin. Pitcairne, it seems, took great offence at the facility with which the University of Leyden conferred degrees upon those applying for them. To ridicule them, he sent for a diploma for his footman, which was granted. He next sent for another for his horse. This, however, was too gross an affront for even a Dutchman to swallow. In a spirit of resentment, an answer was returned to the effect that "search having been made in the books of the University, they could not find one instance of the degree of doctor having ever been conferred upon a horse, although, in the instance of one Dr Pitcairne, it appeared that the degree had once been conferred on an ass."

THE DUKE AND THE JUSTICE.

James Rocheid of Inverleith was an enthusiastic agriculturist, and brought his lands to a high state of perfection. He had also a very dignified manner, coupled with no small idea of his own consequence. Proceeding between Musselburgh and Dalkeith one morning after a heavy fall of rain, he thought proper to ride on the footpath. Meeting a plainly-dressed old gentleman walking, in his usual haughty manner to supposed inferiors, he ordered him out of his way. The unknown person remonstrated, observing, that a gentleman of his appearance ought to know that the footpath was set aside for pedestrians.

"Fellow!" said Rocheid, "do you know who I am?"

"No, sir," was the reply; "I have not that honour."

"Why, sir, I am James Rocheid, Esquire of Inverleith, justice of the peace, and one of the trustees of this road; and who are you, sir, that presumes to question my conduct?"

"Sir," replied the old gentleman,

"you may be a justice of the peace, although you seem more likely to break the peace than keep it—you may be a road trustee, although a worse can hardly be figured—and as to who I am —why, I happen to be George, Duke of Montague."

The confusion of Rocheid may easily be imagined. He attempted an apology; but the duke coolly turned upon his heel, and walked on.

"WHISKY TACKETS."

A *Kircubrie* carter, having brought a cart of coals to a certain very abstemious medical man in the village, he received a very small glass of whisky to aid him in the unloading. He drank it off in a moment, making his wee finger twirl above the quickly emptied glass.

The doctor said to him with emphasis, "Saunders, my man, I doubt that's another nail in your coffin."

"It may be sae, sir," replied Saunders; "I wish it were fu' o' sic tackets." —*Mactaggart.*

THE PEER OF ABERDEEN.

During a jury trial at Jedburgh, in which Messrs Moncrieff, Jeffrey, and Cockburn, three of the first luminaries then at the bar, were engaged as counsel, while the former was addressing the jury, Jeffrey passed a slip of paper to Cockburn with the following case for his opinion :—

"A legacy was lately left by an old lady to the *Peer* of Aberdeen. As the will was written by the dowager herself, and by no means distinguished for correctness of orthography or expression, a dispute has arisen as to the intent of the testator, and the following claimants have appeared for the legacy: 1st, The Earl of Aberdeen; 2d, The Commissioners for erecting the pier at Aberdeen; and 3d, The manager of the charity workhouse, who grounds his right on the fact that the old lady was in the habit, *more majorum*, of pronouncing poor, *peer*. To which of the parties does the money belong?" Cockburn immediately wrote in answer—

"To none of the three; but to the Horticultural Society of Scotland, for the purpose of promoting the culture of a sort of fruit called, or to be called, the Pear of Aberdeen."

A DOUBLE SUCCESS.

A country minister, on the occasion of his marriage, had been presented with a carriage, and his "man" John was commissioned to purchase a horse. Driving out with his wife, the minister said to John, in starting, "You've got us a capital horse."

"Weel, sir," replied John, with a flush of conscious pride on his countenance, "it's just aboot as difficult to choose a good minister's horse as to get a good minister's wife; but we've been geyan lucky wi' baith this time, I think."—*Dr Rogers.*

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND THE VENTRILOQUIST.

When Alexandre, the celebrated French ventriloquist, was in Scotland, he paid a visit to Abbotsford, where he entertained his distinguished host, and the other visitors, with his unrivalled imitations. Next morning, when he was about to depart, Sir Walter Scott felt a good deal embarrassed as to the sort of acknowledgment he should offer; but at length resolving that it would probably be most agreeable to the young foreigner to be paid in professional coin, if in any, he stepped aside for a few minutes, and, on returning, presented him with the following epigram. To

English readers it must be explained, that Sir Walter then held the situation of sheriff of the county of Selkirk.

"Of yore, in Old England, it was not thought good
To carry two visages under one hood;
What should folk say to *you?* who have faces such plenty
That from under one hood you last night show'd us twenty!
Stand forth, arch-deceiver, and tell us in truth,
Are you handsome or ugly, in age or in youth?
Man, woman, or child—a dog or a mouse?
Or are you, at once, each live thing in the house?
Each live thing did I ask?—each dead implement too,
A workshop in your person—saw, chisel, and screw!
Above all, are you one individual? I know
You must be at least Alexandre & Co.
But I think you're a troop—an assemblage—a mob,
And that I, as the sheriff, should take up the job,
And instead of rehearsing your wonders in verse,
Must read you the riot act, and bid you disperse."

A USEFUL MINISTER.

The Rev. John Anderson, minister of Fochabers, had a turn for business, and was accordingly appointed by the Duke of Gordon his local factor and a county magistrate. His pluralities were thus rhymed upon:

The Rev. John Anderson,
Factor to his grace,
Minister of Fochabers,
And justice o' the peace.

MENIE TROTTER'S DREAM.

Miss Menie Trotter, of the Mortonhall family, was a great character in her way, and many queer stories are told of her. On one of her friends asking her, not long before her death, how she was, she said, "Very weel—quite weel. But eh, I had a dismal dream last night! a fearfu' dream!"

"Ay! I'm sorry for that—what was it?"

"Ou! what d'ye think! Of a' places i' the world, I dreamed I was in heeven! And what d'ye think I saw there? Deil ha'et but thoosands upon thoosands, and ten thoosands upon ten thoosands, o' stark naked weans! That wad be a dreadfu' thing! for ye ken I ne'er could bide bairns a' my days!" —*Lord Cockburn.*

SCOTLAND IN THE REIGN OF JAMES IV.

An author of an account of Scotland about the time of James IV. says:—

"Husbandmen are very poor; they are a kind of slaves, and pay in a manner to their lord all the commodities that come of their labour, reserving to themselves at the year's end nothing but to live. Of lawyers there are but few, and these about the Sessions at Edinburgh; for in the shires all matters are settled at the great men's pleasures."

BURYING THE PLAGUE.

In a wild and secluded spot in Teviotdale, a considerable mound of earth is shown, under which, it is said, "the plague was buried." There is a singular and awful distinctness in the tradition connected with this spot. It was originally, say the people, a cottage, which contained the large family of a poor shepherd. At the present time, no trace of a place of habitation is discernible; it is a plain, ordinary-looking hillock, upon the surface of which the sward grows as green, and the field-daisy blooms as sweetly, as if it were not, what it is, the tomb of human misery

and mortal disease. The plague was introduced into this house by a piece of finery which the shepherd's wife purchased from a wandering pedlar, and wore for some time upon her head. She was speedily seized with the dreadful distemper, and took to her bed. Some of the children also beginning to feel affected, the shepherd himself went to the nearest farm-house to seek assistance. The inhabitants of this place, alarmed in the highest degree for their own safety, rose in a body, and instead of attempting to relieve the infected family, spread the intelligence to the neighbours, who, being equally apprehensive with themselves, readily joined them in the dreadful decision that mercy to individuals should be postponed to a regard for the general health. With this resolution, and disregarding the entreaties of the poor shepherd, they went *en masse*, and, closing the door upon the unfortunate family, proceeded to throw up earth around and over the cottage, till it was buried at least five feet beneath the surface. All the time of this operation, about half a day. the inmates, aware of their fate, cried dreadfully; and it was not till a large turf had been laid upon the top of the chimney, and a deep stratum of earth deposited over all, that their wailings were heard finally to subside. The shepherd is described as having for some time gone round and round the place like one demented, uttering fearful cries, and invoking Heaven to save his family, till at last, being driven away by the people, he departed from the awful scene in a state of distraction, and was never more heard of or seen in that district.—*R. Chambers.*

DEATH BED OF GEORGE BUCHANAN.

Buchanan employed the last twelve years of his existence in writing in Latin his History of Scotland. He survived the publication of this, the last and greatest of his works, scarcely a month. Shortly before his death (which occurred on the 20th November 1582, in the 77th year of his age), some of his friends having gone to the printing office to look at his history, found the impression had proceeded as far as the passage relative to the interment of David Rizzio; and being alarmed at the boldness with which the historian had there expressed himself, they returned to Buchanan's house, whom they found in bed, and stated to him their apprehensions that it would give offence to to the king.

"Tell me, man," said Buchanan, "if I have told the truth?"

"Yes, Sir," replied his nephew, "I think so."

"Then," rejoined the dying historian, "I will abide his feud, and all his kin's. Pray to God for me, and let Him direct all!"

"CRAPPIT-HEADS."

A north country minister having died, his executors were examining his papers. On looking over a diary they found the following entry:—"Ate crappit-heads for supper last night, and was the waur o't. See when I'll do the like o' that again!"

"Crappit-heads" is a dish peculiar to the north of Scotland: it consists of cod or haddock heads, stuffed with oatmeal, onions, suet, and liver—a sort of piscatorial haggis.

A NICE DISTINCTION.

A well-known Highland laird used to express himself with great indignation at the charge brought against hard drinking, that it had actually killed people. "Na, na," he would say, "I never knew onybody killed wi' drink-

ing. I hae kend some though that dee'd in the training."

EPITAPH IN THE CHURCHYARD OF ABERNETHY.

The world is a city full of streets,
And death's a market where every one meets;
But if life were a thing money could buy,
The poor could not live, and the rich never die.

CLARET AND PORT.

Home, the author of *Douglas*, was very partial to claret, and could not bear port. He was exceedingly indignant when the government laid a tax upon claret, having previously long connived at its introduction into Scotland under very mitigated duties. He embodied his anger in the following epigram, which, by the way, was a favourite one of Sir Walter Scott's:—

"Firm and erect the Caledonian stood,
Old was his mutton, and his claret good;
'Let him drink port,' an English statesman cried;
He drank the poison, and his spirit died."

HOW TO PREVENT A DUEL.

At a convivial meeting of the Golfing Society at Bruntsfield Links, Edinburgh, on one occasion, a Mr Megget took offence at something which Mr Braidwood, father of the lamented superintendent of the London Fire Brigade, had said. Being highly incensed, he desired the latter to follow him to the Links, and he "would do for him." Without at all disturbing himself, Mr Braidwood pleasantly replied—

"Mr Megget, if you will be so good as go out to the Links, and *wait till I come*, I will be very much obliged to you."

This produced a general burst of laughter, in which his antagonist could not refrain from joining; and it had the effect of restoring him to good humour for the remainder of the evening.

A DREARY PROBATION.

The equivocality of many of the names of places in Scotland gave occasion to a very amusing saying regarding a clergyman. "He was born in the parish of *Dull*, brought up at the school of *Dunse*, and finally settled as minister in the parish of *Drone!*"

JAMIE JINKER'S STRATAGEM.

"Ye maun ken the laird there bought a' thir beasts frae me to munt his troop, and agreed to pay for them according to the necessities and prices of the time. But then he hadna the ready penny, and I hae been advised his bond will not be worth a bodle against the estate, and then I had a' my dealers to settle wi' at Martinmas; and so as he very kindly offered me this commission, and as the auld Fifteen wad never help me to my siller for sending out naigs against the government, why, conscience! sir, I thought my best chance for payment was e'en to *gae out* mysel'; and ye may judge, sir, as I hae dealt a' my life in halters, I think nae mickle o' putting my craig in peril of a St Johnstone's tippet."

"You are not, then, by profession, a soldier?" said Waverley.

"Na, na; thank God!" answered this doughty partisan, "I wasna bred at sae short a tether: I was brought up

to hack and manger. I was bred a horse-couper, sir; and if I might live to see you at Whitson-tryst, or at Stagshawbank, or the winter fair at Hawick, and ye wanted a spanker that would lead the field, I'se be caution I would serve ye easy; for Jamie Jinker was ne'er the lad to impose upon a gentleman."—*Waverley.*

HUME AND HOME.

John Home, of Kilduff, was a very intimate friend of David Hume. They constantly differed, however, on one small matter—David maintained that Home should spell his name *Hume*, and Kilduff as resolutely asserted the contrary. The historian, unable to convince his opponent that he was wrong, determined therefore to have "the *last* word of flyting," and accordingly inserted the following codicil in his will:—

"I leave to my friend, Mr John Home, of Kilduff, ten dozen of my old claret, at his choice; and one single bottle of that other liquor called port. I also leave to him six dozen of port, provided that he attests under his hand, signed John *Hume*, that he has himself alone finished that bottle at two sittings. By this concession, he will at once terminate the only difference that ever arose between us concerning temporal matters."

A MUTUAL SERVICE.

Gilbert Elliot of Craigend, and afterwards of Minto and Headshaw, ancestor to the ennobled family of Minto, was a "writer" in Edinburgh towards the end of the seventeeth century. In that capacity he was of such service to the Rev. William Veitch, a persecuted Presbyterian clergyman, as to save his life. The *éclat* which he acquired by this event brought him into favour and practice. He afterwards became an advocate, and, subsequent to the Revolution, was raised to the bench under the designation of Lord Minto. When Lord Minto visited Dumfries, of which Mr Veitch was minister after the Revolution, he always spent some time with his old friend; and their conversation often turned on the perils of their former life. On these occasions his lordship was accustomed facetiously to say—

"Ah! Willie, Willie, had it no been for me, the pyets had been picking your pow on the Netherbow Port."

To which Veitch replied—

"Ah! Gibbie, Gibbie, an' had it no been for me, ye would hae been writing papers yet for a plack a page."

BRIEF DESPATCHES.

When Sir Colin Campbell obtained possession of Lucknow during the Indian Mutiny, he is reported to have telegraphed the information to headquarters briefly thus—"I am in *luck now!*"

Sir Charles Napier, in the capture of Scinde, announced his success in an equally laconic and witty manner. His entire message consisted of the word "*peccavi*" (I have sinned)!

A LITERAL THEOLOGIAN.

In the *Correspondence* of the Rev. John Campbell, a friend, Mr Ritchie, writing to him, says:—

"We must watch against unbelief. One day when I was a boy, my mother heard me weeping in my room at prayer. She asked me why I wept. I said, 'The Lord will not give me a new heart.' She answered, 'Dinna fear that; turn to Ezekiel xxxvi. 26.' 'Ay, but,' said I, 'it is no said there that He will give it to Jock Ritchie.'"

FERRYING COWS.

The way of ferrying cows in the narrow ferry called the Kyle, is thus: They tie a with about the cow's lower jaw, and so bind five of them together, after which a man in the end of a boat holds the with that ties the foremost and so rows over, carrying in the space of a few hours, at low-water, 300 or 400 cows.—*Chamberlayne.*

"MUCKLE-MOU'D MEG."

Everybody is familiar with the mode of life practised some two or three hundred years ago on the Scottish borders. When a housewife ran out of butcher-meat, she either presented a pair of spurs under cover at dinner, as a hint that her sons and husband should ride out to obtain a supply; or, if inclined to be a little more provident, informed them, in the afternoon, that the "hough was in the pot," thereby insinuating that her beef-barrel was reduced to its last and worst fragment. It is told that Scott of Harden, the ancestor of a very respectable family which still flourishes on the border, was one day coming home with a large drove of cattle, which he had "lifted," as the phrase went, in some of the dales of Cumberland, when he happened to espy a large haystack in a farm-yard by the wayside, which appeared to him as if it could have foddered his prey for half the winter. Vexed to think that this could not also be "lifted," the chieftain looked at it very earnestly, and said, with bitter and emphatic expression—

"By my saul, if ye had four feet, ye should gang too."

A member of this family was what might have then been called *unfortunate* in one of his enterprises. Having invaded the territories of Sir Gideon Murray of Elibank, ancestor of the noble family of that name and title, he was inveigled by the latter into an ambuscade, and taken, as it were, in the very act. Murray, being an officer of state, thought himself bound to make an example of the offender, and he accordingly gave orders to the unfortunate Harden to prepare for immediate execution. Elated with his victory, he went home and communicated his intention to his wife.

"Are you mad?" said her ladyship; "would you hang the young Laird of Harden, you that has sae mony unmarried daughters? Na, na; it'll be a hantle mair wiselike to mak the young laird marry ane o' them."

The eloquence of the lady prevailed; and, as young Harden was in perilous circumstances, and was expected gladly to accept of any alternative to avoid an ignominious death, it was resolved that he should wed "Muckle-Mou'd Meg," the third daughter of the family, who was distinguished by what, in modern phraseology, is termed an "open countenance;" that is, in less metaphorical language, her mouth extended from ear to ear. The alternative was accordingly proposed to the culprit, but, to the astonishment of all concerned, it was at once rejected.

"Weel, weel, young man," said the Laird of Elibank, "ye's get till the morn's mornin' to think about it;" and so saying, he left the young laird in his dungeon to his own agreeable reflections.

In the morning Harden, after a sleepless night, looked out from the window, or rather hole of his cell, and saw the gallows erected in the yard, and all the apparatus of death prepared. His heart failed him, and he began to think that life, even though spent in the society of "Muckle-Mou'd Meg," was not a thing to be rashly thrown away. He declared his willingness, therefore, to accept of the maiden's hand. There were no marriage laws in those days—no proclamation of banns—no session-clerk's fees. The priest was sent for, and the indis-

soluble knot was tied. Nor did Harden ever repent of his bargain; for Meg, notwithstanding the deformity from which she took her name, was, in fact, one of the best creatures in existence, possessed of a great fund of excellent sense, and withal a handsome *personable* woman. She turned out an admirable wife, and managed the household of Harden with the utmost propriety; and a union which had taken place under such extraordinary circumstances, and with such very unpromising auspices, was in the highest degree cordial and constant.

DRAWING AN INFERENCE.

"John," said a gentleman to the beadle of a country parish, "ye hae been sae lang about the minister's hand that I daresay ye could preach a sermon yersel' now."

"Ah, no, sir," replied John, "I couldna preach a sermon, but maybe I could draw an inference."

"Weel, John," said the querist, humouring the quiet vanity of the beadle, "what inference could ye draw frae this text: 'A wild ass snuffeth up the wind at her pleasure?'"

"Weel, sir, I wad draw this inference—he wad snuff a lang time before he wad fatten upon't."

A DRY PREACHER IN A DRY PLACE.

The celebrated Dr Macknight, although a learned and profound scholar and commentator, was not distinguished as a preacher; an able writer, but a dull speaker. His colleague, Dr Henry, well known as the author of a *History of England*, was, on the other hand, a man of great humour, and could not resist a joke when the temptation came upon him. On one occasion, when coming to the church, Dr Macknight had been caught in a shower, and entered the vestry soaked with rain. Every means were employed to relieve him from his discomfort; but as the time drew nigh for divine service, he became much distressed, and ejaculated over and over—

"Oh, I wish that I was dry; do you think I'm dry? do you think I'm dry eneuch noo?"

His jocose colleague could resist no longer, but, patting him on the shoulder, comforted him with the sly assurance, "Bide a wee, doctor, and ye'se be dry eneuch when ye get into the pu'pit!"

AN OBLIGING DEPOSITOR.

A countryman having read in the newspapers accounts of different bank failures, and having one hundred pounds deposited with a respectable banking company in Aberdeen, he became alarmed for its safety, hastened to town, and, calling at the bank, presented his deposit-receipt, and, on demanding his money, was paid, as is customary, with notes of the bank; he grasped them in his hand, and having counted them carefully, and found the number correct, he flourished them over his head, and exclaimed—"There now, sir, fail fan ye like!"—*Dr Rogers.*

HALIBUT OR TURBOT.

There are living, or were living lately, in one of the coast towns, several poor people who were wont to derive great part of their subsistence from the turbots which the fishermen threw away on the beach, because nobody could be found to purchase them. It was a general officer, noted for his wealth and good cheer, who first taught the people of Fife that they were eatable, and astonished the fish cadgers by offering a shilling a-piece for the largest of them.—*Sibbald.*

A POWERFUL REPROOF.

A poor old deaf man, residing in Fife, was visited one day by the parish minister, who had recently resolved to pay such visits regularly to his parishioners, and therefore made a promise to the wife of this villager that he would call occasionally and pray with him. The minister, however, soon fell through his resolution, and did not visit the deaf man again till two years after, when, happening to go through the street in which he lived, he found the wife at the door, and therefore could not avoid inquiring for her husband.

"Weel, Margaret," said he, "how is Thamas?"

"Nane the better o' you," was the rather curt answer.

"How, how, Margaret?" inquired the minister.

"Ou, ye promised twa years syne to ca' and pray ance a fortnight wi' him, and ye hae never darkened the door sin' syne."

"Well, well, Margaret, don't be so short. I thought it was not so very necessary to call and pray with Thamas, for he's deaf, you know, and cannot hear me."

"But, sir," rejoined the woman, "*the Lord's no deaf.*" And the indolent clergyman shrunk abashed from the cottage.

A FRIENDLY CAUTION.

A wet and witty advocate of Edinburgh one Saturday encountered an equally accomplished friend in the course of a walk to Leith. Remembering that he had a good gigot of mutton roasting for dinner, he invited his friend to accompany him home; and they accordingly dined together *secundum morem solitum*. After dinner was over, wine and cards commenced; and as the two were alike fond of each of these recreations, neither ever thought of reminding the other of the advance of time, till next day, as it happened, about a quarter before eleven o'clock. The friend then rising to depart, the other walked behind him to the outer door, with a candle in each hand, to show him out.

"Tak care, tak care," cried the kind host, most anxiously holding the candles out of the door into the sunny street, along which the people were pouring churchwards; "tak gude care; there's twa staps."

FELLOW-SUFFERING.

During a very inclement season all the members of a certain family in the Lothians, save one, were at the same time troubled with rheumatic complaints. The favoured individual who escaped was continually being asked by the others whether he, like them, was suffering from anything. At last one of them, having interrogated him as to whether he had toothache, earache, or some other complaint, and received the usual stolid answer in the negative, lost all patience and exclaimed, "Od, man, hae something the matter wi' ye, just to be neighbour-like." This is the most agreeable view of suffering, we believe, which was ever taken.

HIGHLAND CATTLE STEALERS.

Taking "spreaths" or herds of cattle from their hereditary enemies, the inhabitants of the low countries, or from adverse clans, did not in the least disturb their conscience. Yet, when it was found necessary for the political regulations of a country they regarded as conquered to make examples of cattle stealers, the ignominy of their punishment soon affixed the stain of infamy to the crime. Yet, even under these cir-

cumstances, a Highlander, whose cattle had been plundered, and who risked his life to recover them, would rather die than inform against the thieves, who, in a bold and desperate manner, came down in small numbers from the heights of Lochaber, and the wilds of Glenroy, to plunder their own friends and countrymen. In the very centre of the Grampians, the mountains midway between the east and west sea rise to their greatest height. There the rivers, which run in different directions, have their sources; and there the climate is so wet and stormy, the mountains so lofty and abrupt, and the glens so narrow and gloomy, and cut through with ravines and swelling waters, that one would wonder human beings, able to remove, should think of residing. There was a set of thieves by profession, however, to whom these dreary and inaccessible fastnesses were a favourite residence. These "minions of the moon" were very little ashamed of their calling, and as little afraid of the laws. The shielings where the cattle of the neighbouring districts grazed in summer, were in the vicinity of Glenroy and Glenspean, their chosen refuge. The smallest mark of hostility to one of the confederacy would be punished by merciless plunder of these defenceless herds. There was, therefore, a kind of tacit convention between this horde of established professional thieves and their immediate neighbours. Therefore they brought their plunder from a greater distance; often from Strathspey and the lower end of Badenoch. It was the fashion to arm one's followers, and pursue those thieves, though they should have taken away only three or four head of cattle; not for the value of that number, but because it was accounted most disgraceful not to fight for one's property. Not satisfied with resisting these plunderers, it was necessary, for supporting a man's reputation, that he should pursue them to their fastnesses, and attack them in their strongholds. This was done on one occasion by a fine spirited Highland gentleman, then in the prime of life. He and his followers ran to their arms to pursue some of the Glenroy thieves, who were driving off a herd of their cattle. They traced them, entered their gloomy den, and saw the thieves drive the cattle into a shieling, where they hoped to conceal or defend them. They entered this building with them, attacked them, and met with a furious resistance.

The gentleman and his followers fought with equal rage, in this darksome den; and he was so hurried away by the heat and eagerness of the conflict, that it was not till he came out that he missed his left hand, which had been cut off by one stroke of a dirk. Yet this brave injured man would much rather have lost his other hand, than to have been the means of bringing these culprits to an ignominious death.

Something was necessary to be done to avoid contumely that might attach to one's family. A gentleman named Mungo, of no small note in Strathspey, had a very remarkable animal stolen from him: it was a white ox—a colour rare in these northern countries. Mungo was not accounted a man of desperate courage; but the white ox being a great favourite, there was, in this case, no common stimulus. Mungo had no numerous *lume na chris*, but he took his servant with him, and went to the shieling of Laymen, at the foot of Corryavich, where he was credibly informed his white favourite might be found. He saw this conspicuous animal quietly grazing unguarded and alone; but, having thought better of the matter, or supposing the creature looked very happy where he was, he quietly returned without him. Being as deficient in true Highland caution as in courage, he very innocently told, when he came home, that he had seen his ox and left it there.

The disgrace attending this failure was beyond the powers of a Lowland heart to conceive. He was, all his life after, called "Mungo of the white ox;" and to this day it is accounted very ill-bred to mention an ox of that colour to any of his descendants. It is but justice to the Lochaber horde to say, that whoever went unarmed among them was treated with great kindness; and that they dealt their beef to all travellers, with the most courteous hospitality.

A PRECENTOR IN A PREDICAMENT.

So lightly were clergy and divine worship esteemed some time after the Reformation, that in the days of Mr Cumming, the last Episcopal minister in the parish of Halkirk, in Caithnessshire, there was no singer of psalms in church but the lettergae, as they called the precentor, and one Tait, gardener in Braal. This Tait sung so loud, and with such a large open month, that a young fellow of the name of Iverach was tempted to throw a small round stone into his mouth, whereby his teeth were broke, and his singing stopped at once, and he himself almost chocked. Iverach immediately took to his heels; the service was converted to laughter; two of Tait's sons chased and overtook him; and the scene was closed with a most desperate fight.—*Stat. Account.*

THE GREYBEARD.

The greybeard is a bottle of the larger class made of earthenware; it is made to hold generally about three gallons, but whiles they have *double-lugs* and hold a much larger quantity. The *whusky pig*, in farm-houses, is a *pig* of this kind. "Hae ye ought i' the *pig* the day?" is a common salutation when friendly neighbours meet at others' houses; and although whisky be not mentioned, it is well understood to be the thing wanted. Answers to salute are various, such as, "I daresay there is a *dreeping;*" "Ay, I heard the gude wife say it could *pinkle pankle*," &c.—*Mactaggart.*

AN IMPORTANT CAPTURE.

During the American revolutionary war, a country laird made his appearance in a certain market town on the border. A few idlers were lounging in front of the shop of the bailie of the burgh, amongst whom the laird espied the village Æsculapius, who was his political oracle, and thus addressed him: "How's a' wi' ye the day, doctor? Ony political news?"

"Nothing very particular," replied the doctor; "only it is said that the Dutch have taken umbrage at ———." Here the doctor got a touch on his shoulder from his shop-boy, who acquainted him that a valuable patient was waiting for him, and he broke off abruptly from his political friend.

"Taken *Umbrage!*" exclaimed the laird; "mercy upon us! hae they ta'en Umbrage? Bailie, ken ye if it's a wa'd town or no?"

"A wa'd town!" answered the bailie, "nae sic thing; it's a sugar island, and ane o' the sweetest o' them; the *article's* up already; but ye shall hae a stane weight hame wi' ye at the auld price."

"Weel minded, bailie, weel minded! —we'll talk about that o'er a half mutchkin. — Hech, sirs! the Dutch ta'en Umbrage, and General Burgoyne tint at Saratogo! Od, the country's in a hopefu' way!"

HIGHLAND BEAUTY.

The men in the Highlands have more regard to the comeliness of their posterity than in those countries where a

large fortune serves to soften the hardest features, and even to make the crooked straight; and indeed their definition of a fine woman seems chiefly to be directed to that purpose; for after speaking of her face they say, "She's a fine, healthy, straight, strong, strapping lassie."—*Burt.*

A VERY PROPER REASON.

Nothing galls the national pride of a true-blue Scot more than the liberties that have been taken with that article of the Union, which expressly declared, that Britain should be the only recognised designation of the United Kingdoms of Scotland and England. The King of England, the English ambassador, the English army, the English fleet, &c., are therefore terms particularly offensive to a Scottish ear. An instance of this feeling occurred at the battle of Trafalgar. Two Scots, messmates and bosom cronies, from the same little clachan, happened to be stationed near each other, when the celebrated intimation was displayed from the admiral's ship.

"For gudesake look up, and read yon, Jock," said the one to the other; "'England expects every man to do his duty'—no a word for puir auld Scotland on sic a day as this!"

Jock cocked his eye at the object for a moment, and, turning to his companion, thus addressed him—"Man, Geordie, is that a' your sense?—Scotland kens weel enough that her bairns will do their duty without being tell't—*that's just a hint to the Englishers to put them in mind to do theirs!*"

CHECK-MATED.

The Reverend Dr M'C——, minister of Douglas, in Clydesdale, was one day dining with a large party, when Henry Erskine and several other eminent lawyers were present. A great dish of cresses being presented after dinner, Dr M'C——, who was extravagantly fond of vegetables, helped himself much more largely than any other person, and, as he ate with his fingers, and with a peculiar voracity of manner, Erskine was struck with the idea that he resembled Nebuchadnezzar in his state of condemnation. Resolved to give him a hit for the apparent grossness of his taste and manner of eating, the wit addressed him with, "Dr M'C——, ye bring me in mind of the great king Nebuchadnezzar;" and the company were beginning to titter at the ludicrous allusion, when the reverend vegetable devourer replied, "Ay! do I mind ye o' Nebuchadnezzar? That'll be because I'm eating *amang the brutes!*"

TAX ON BACHELORS.

A lady lately remarked in company that she thought there should be a tax on the single state. "Yes, madam," rejoined a gallant Colonel who was present, and who was a most notable specimen of the uncompromising bachelor; "as on all other luxuries."

THE STORY OF GABRIEL'S ROAD.

The street, or rather narrow lane, formerly called Gabriel's Road, and in which was situated (previously to its removal to Picardy Place) the celebrated Ambrose's Tavern, made famous by the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* of Christopher North, stood on the site now occupied by the New Register House, at the east end of Princes Street, Edinburgh. It derived its name from a tragic occurrence which took place in the locality some time during the last century.

A preacher and licentiate of the church, named Gabriel, held a position

as domestic tutor in a gentleman's family in Edinburgh, where he had for pupils two fine boys, one eight and the other about ten years of age. The tutor, it seems, entertained a regard for the servant of his mistress, and one of his pupils saw him kiss her one day as he was passing through an ante-room. The little fellow carried this interesting piece of intelligence to his brother, and both of them mentioned it, as a good joke, to their mother, the same evening. Whether the lady had dropped some hint of what she had heard to her maid, or whether she had done so to the preacher himself, is not known; but so it was, that he found he had been discovered, and by what means also. The idea of having been detected in such a trivial trespass was enough to poison for ever the spirit of this juvenile presbyterian; his whole soul became filled with the blackest demons of rage, and he resolved to sacrifice to his indignation the instruments of what he conceived to be a deadly disgrace. It was Sunday, and after going to church, as usual, with his pupils, he led them out to walk in the country (for the ground on which the new town of Edinburgh now stands was then considered as the country by the citizens). After passing calmly, to all appearance, through several green fields which have now become streets and squares, he came to a place more lonely than the rest, and there, drawing a large clasp-knife from his pocket, he at once stabbed the elder of the boys to the heart. The younger one gazed on him for a moment, and then fled with shrieks of terror, but the murderer pursued with the bloody knife in his hand, and slew him also, as soon as he was overtaken. The whole of this shocking scene was observed distinctly from the old town by a number of people who saw every motion of the murderer, and heard the cries of the infants, although the deep ravine (formerly the North Loch, and now the Railway Station) between them and the place of blood was far more than sufficient to prevent any possibility of rescue. The tutor sat down upon the spot, immediately after having concluded his butchery, as if in a stupor of despair and madness, and was only roused to his recollection by the touch of the hands that seized him. It so happened that the magistrates of the city were assembled together in their council-room, waiting till it should be time to walk to church in procession, when the crowd drew near with their captive. The horror of the multitude was communicated to them, along with their intelligence, and they ordered the wretch to be brought at once into their presence. It was an old law of Scotland, that when a murderer was caught in the very act of guilt, or, as it was called, *red-handed*, he could be immediately executed without any formality or delay. Never, surely, it was concluded, could a more fitting occasion be found for carrying this old law into effect. Gabriel was hanged within an hour after the deed was done, the knife, still reeking with the blood of his victims, being suspended from his neck, and the screams of the innocents still ringing in his ears.

"CLERK UPON STAIR."

On returning from a dinner of the Bannatyne Club at which Sir Walter Scott had presided, and where wit and wine had contended for the mastery, John Clerk (Lord Eldin) had the misfortune to tumble down stairs, and, *mirabile dictu*, broke his nose—an accident which compelled him to confine himself to the house for a day or two. He re-appeared, however, with a large patch on his olfactory member, which gave a most ludicrous expression to his face. On some one inquiring how this had happened, he said it was the effect of his studies.

"Studies!" ejaculated the inquirer, with a sly smile.

"Yes," growled the judge; "ye've heard, nae doubt, about *Coke upon Littleton*, but I suppose you never heard before of *Clerk upon Stair?*"

A GEOLOGIST REBUKED.

A geologist, more celebrated for his scientific attainments than for religious orthodoxy, was chipping rocks one Sunday at Dura Den. An old woman came up to him and asked angrily what he was doing.

"Don't you see, woman," said the geologist, "that I am breaking and examining these stones."

"I think ye're doing mair than that," said the woman; "ye're breaking the Sabbath-day."—*Dr Rogers.*

AN HONEST LAWYER.

In his professional character, Hugo Arnot had a most punctilious sense of honour. He would not accept of a case unless perfectly convinced of its justice. On one occasion being offered a cause, regarding the merits of which he entertained a bad opinion, he asked the person desirous of employing him—

"Pray, Sir, what do you suppose me to be?"

"Why," replied the would-be client, "I understand you to be a lawyer."

"I thought," said Arnot, sternly, "you took me for a scoundrel!" and indignantly dismised the litigant.

ON SAFE GROUND.

A sheep-stealer, being once conveyed from Forfar to Brechin, on a very wet and stormy day, felt quite relieved when at last he got into the jail, and, shaking himself, said with fervour, strangely in antithesis to his situation, "Thank God, we're now within biggit land!"

A VALUABLE TESTIMONIAL.

There was some humour to be found even in the Scottish kirk a hundred years ago. This is a minister's testimonial to one of his parishioners:

"To all his Majesty's loving subjects who can feel for a fellow-sinner in distress, I beg to certify that the bearer, W. J——, is the son of my old bellman, a man well known in this neighbourhood for his honest poverty and excessive sloth, and the son has inherited a full share of the father's poverty and a double portion of his indolence. I cannot say that the bearer has many active virtues to boast of; but he is not altogether unmindful of scriptural injunctions, having striven, and with no small success, to 'replenish the earth, though he has done but little to subdue the same It was his misfortune to lose his cow lately, from too little care and too much bere chaff; and that walking skeleton, which he calls his 'horse,' having ceased to 'hear the oppressor's voice, or dread the tyrant's *load*,' the poor man has now no means of repairing his loss but the skin of the defunct and the generosity of a benevolent public, whom he expects to be stimulated to greater liberality by this testimonial from—theirs, with respect, &c., WILL. LESLIE."

NO DOUBT!

An English gentleman visiting Speyside remarked to a shopkeeper that it must have been very awkward for the people of the north to be cut off for nearly a week by the snowstorm from all communication with London and other large towns.

"Vera true, sir," was the reply; "but ye maun mind that it was just as awkward for London an' the ither touns as it was for us."

A PAIR OF SNUFFERS.

Dr Johnson, when on one of his visits to the Hebrides, had two English gentlemen accompanying him on his tour. They went into a public-house on the roadside to have some refreshment, and, it being after nightfall, they were ushered into a miserable room, with a little piece of candle stuck into the mouth of a bottle; for in that part of the country nothing could be found in these public-houses but oatmeal and whisky. There being no snuffers, they burned their fingers by applying them for that use. Two days after or so, the doctor and suite, returning the same way, was determined to give the hostess a public insult for the scorching of his fingers. One of the gentlemen sent a note apprising her of the doctor's intentions. Accordingly she procured two old men, and besmeared their noses all over with snuff. The doctor, after being seated, immediately inquired for a pair of snuffers. The landlady ushered in the *worthy pair of snuffers*, saying, "There are a pair o' the auldest snuffers in the toun." The doctor was forcibly struck with the retort—"Noo, Dr Johnson," said the Meg Dods of her period, proud of the success of her stratagem, "you can tell the English bodies when you gae hame what excellent snuffers we hae in Scotland."

WELL CAUGHT.

"Ah, ye're at the schule now, are ye?" was the interrogatory of a countryman to a little nephew, who had a short time before commenced his education. "An' d'ye like the schule, my man?"

"Yes," whispered the boy, looking extremely bashful, and wiping his mouth with the cuff of his jacket.

"That's right! ye'll be a braw scholar, I'se warrand; how far are ye up noo?"

"Second dux."

"Second dux, say ye? od man, ye deserve something for that—(thrusting two whole penny pieces into the hand of the delighted urchin)—an' hoo mony's in ye'r class?"

"Me an' a lassie," was the triumphant reply of the pawky youth, and the discomfiture of the querist followed as a matter of course.

ESCAPE OF PRINCE CHARLES.

One night after the battle of Culloden Prince Charles slept at Moy, a castle belonging to the chief of the clan Mackintosh, about two leagues from Inverness. Lord Loudon, lieutenant-general in the service of King George, and colonel of a regiment of Highlanders, being at Inverness with about two thousand regular troops, the prince intended to wait the arrival of the other column before approaching nearer to that town. In the meantime Lord Loudon formed the project of seizing by surprise the person of the prince, who could have no suspicion of any attempt of the kind, conceiving himself in perfect security in the castle of Moy; and his lordship would have succeeded in this design but for the intervention of that invisible Being who frequently chooses to manifest His power in overturning the best contrived schemes of feeble mortals. His lordship, at three o'clock in the afternoon, posted guards and a chain of sentinels all round Inverness, both within and without the town, with positive orders not to suffer any person to leave it on any pretext whatever, or whatever the rank of the person might be. He ordered, at the same time, fifteen hundred men to hold

themselves in readiness to march at a moment's warning; and having assembled this body of troops without noise and without alarming the inhabitants, he put himself at their head, and instantly set off, planning his march so as to arrive at the castle of Moy about eleven o'clock at night.

While some English officers were drinking in the house of Mrs Bailey, an innkeeper at Inverness, and passing the time till the hour of their departure, her daughter, a girl of thirteen or fourteen years of age, who happened to wait on them, paid great attention to their conversation; and from certain expressions dropped from them she discovered their designs. As soon as this generous girl was certain as to their intentions, she immediately left the house, escaped from the town, notwithstanding the vigilance of the sentinels, and immediately took the road to Moy, running as fast as she was able, without shoes or stockings, which to accelerate her progress she had taken off, in order to inform the prince the danger that menaced him. She reached Moy quite out of breath, before Lord Loudon; and the prince with difficulty escaped in his *robe de chambre*, nightcap, and slippers, to the neighbouring mountains, where he passed the night in concealment. This dear girl, to whom the prince owed his life, was in great danger of losing her own from excessive fatigue on this occasion; but the care and attentions she experienced restored her to life, and her health was at length re-established. The prince, having no suspicion of such a daring attempt, had very few people with him at the castle of Moy. As soon as the girl had spread the alarm, the blacksmith of the village of Moy presented himself to the prince, and assured his royal highness that he had no occasion to leave the castle, as he would answer for it with his head; that Lord Loudon and his troops would be obliged to return faster than they came. The prince had not sufficient confidence in his assurances to neglect seeking his safety by flight to the neighbouring mountains. However, the blacksmith, for his own satisfaction, put his project in execution. He instantly assembled a dozen of his companions, and advanced with them about a quarter of a league from the castle, on the road to Inverness. There he laid an ambuscade, placing six of his companions on each side of the highway, to wait the arrival of the detachment of Lord Loudon, enjoining them not to fire till he should tell them, and then not to fire together, but one after the other. When the head of the advancing party was opposite the twelve men, about eleven o'clock in the evening, the blacksmith called out with a loud voice—

"Here come the villains who intend carrying off our prince; fire, my lads; do not spare them: give no quarter!"

In an instant muskets were discharged from each side of the road, and the detachment seeing their project had taken wind, began to fly in the greatest disorder, imagining that the whole army of the Scots was laying in wait for them. Such was their terror and consternation that they did not stop till they reached Inverness. In this manner did a common blacksmith, with twelve of his companions, put Lord Loudon and fifteen hundred regular troopers to flight. The fifer of his lordship, who happened to be at the head of the detachment, was killed by the first discharge, and the remainder did not wait for the second.

SALMON FISHING IN PERTHSHIRE.

There is, at a little distance from Rattray, a cascade or fall of water, about ten feet high, over a rugged rock, which forms a pool below, where salmon are caught. It goes by the name of the Keith Fish-

ing. The mode of fishing is curious: they make what they call a *drimuck*, resembling thin wrought mortar, which they throw into the pool to disturb the clearness of the water. The fishers stand upon the point of the rock, with long poles and nets upon the end of them, with which they rake the pool and take up the fish.—*Stat. Account.*

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The meanest servants, who are not at board wages, will not make a meal upon salmon if they can get anything else to eat. I have been told it here (Inverness) as a very good jest, that a Highland gentleman who went to London by sea, soon after his landing passed by a tavern where the larder appeared to the street, and operated so strongly upon his appetite that he went in; that there were, among other things, a rump of beef, and some salmon; of the beef he ordered a steak for himself; "but," says he, "let Duncan have some salmon." To be short, the cook who attended him humoured the jest, and the master's eating was eightpence, and Duncan's came to almost as many shillings.—*Burt.*

A TOWN-CLERK OF OLD.

In the year 1694, Provost Anderson of Glasgow kept the town's books for £15 per annum, a tolerable proof of the extent of the corporation business, and the value of money at that period.—*Cleland.*

SCOTTISH TROOPS IN 1642.

I observed that these parties had always some foot with them, and yet if the horse galloped, or pushed on ever so forward, the foot was as forward as they, which was an extraordinary advantage. Gustavus Adolphus, that king of soldiers, was the first that ever I observed, who found the advantage of mixing small bodies of musquetters among his horse, and had he had such nimble strong fellows as these, he could have proved them above all the rest of his men. These were those they call Highlanders: they would run on foot with their arms, and all their accoutrements, and keep very good order too, and yet keep pace with the horses, let them go at what rate they would. When I saw the foot thus interlined among the horse, together with the way of ordering their flying parties, it presently occurred to my mind, that here was some of our old Scots come home out of Germany, that had the ordering of matters: and if so, I knew that we were not a match for them. I confess the soldiers made a very uncouth figure, especially the Highlanders, the oddness and barbarity of their arms seemed to have in it something remarkable. They were generally tall swinging fellows; their swords were extravagantly, and I think insignificantly broad, and they carried great wooden targets, large enough to cover the upper parts of their bodies. Their dress was as antique as the rest; a cap on their heads, called by them a bonnet, long hanging sleeves behind, and their doublet, breeches, and stockings of a stuff they call plaid, striped across red and yellow, with short cloaks of the same. There were three or four thousand of these in the Scots army, armed only with swords and targets; and in their belts some of them had a pistol, but no muskets at that time amongst them.—*Defoe.*

BREWSTER'S EPIGRAM.

When Sir David Brewster was bordering on eighty years of age, he was solicited by Miss Phœbe L., a young

lady from Fife, to inscribe some lines in her album. In vain did the philosopher protest that verse-making was not his *forte*. The lady would admit of no excuse—lines she would have; so, to release himself from her importunities, Sir David took a pen and wrote thus:—

"Phœbe,
Ye be
Hebe,
D. B."

MAN *v.* LAWYER.

John Clerk (Lord Eldin) was about as plain looking a man as could well be imagined. His inattention to dress was proverbial. In walking he had a considerable halt, one of his legs being shorter than the other. Proceeding down the High Street one day, from the Court of Session, he overheard a young lady saying to her companion rather loudly—

"There goes Johnnie Clerk, the lame lawyer."

Upon which he turned round, and, with his usual face of expression, said—

"No, madam; I may be a lame man, but I'm not a lame lawyer!"

A HIGHLAND AIDE-DE-CAMP.

At the battle of Killiecrankie, Lochiel was attended by the son of his foster-brother. This faithful adherent followed him like his shadow, ready to assist him with his sword, or cover him from the shot of the enemy. Soon after the battle began, the chief missed his friend from his side, and turning round to look what had become of him, saw him lying on his back, with his breast pierced by an arrow. He had hardly breath before he expired to tell Lochiel, that, seeing an enemy, a Highlander in General Mackay's army aiming an arrow at him from the rear, he sprung behind him, and thus sheltered him from instant death. *This is a species of duty not often practised by our aide-de-camps of the present day!—Stewart.*

A PLAGUE SPOT.

Near Nether Menzion, on the banks of the river Fruid, is the grave of Marion Chisholm, who is said to have come hither from Edinburgh, while the plague was raging there, and to have communicated the pestilential infection to the inhabitants of three different farms in the parish, by means of a bundle of clothes which she brought with her. In consequence, a number of persons died, and were buried in the ruins of their houses, which their neighbours pulled down upon their dead bodies.—*Stat. Account.*

PREACHER GEORDIE'S PRAYERS.

"Preacher Geordie," an itinerant minister and a great character in his way, famous all over Scotland seventy or eighty years ago, on one occasion ascended to the pulpit of a country church with his fiddle under his arm. He then very devoutly set about aiding the precentor, by means of the stringed instrument, in raising the tune. Observing some little tittering among the congregation—for the vigilance of his suspicion was extreme—he took occasion in his prayer, where, as he often said, he found himself least *straitened* to express himself in these or the like terms:—

"Good Lord, Thy people—Thine own peculiar chosen people of old—were wont to praise Thee with tabor, and with harp, and with sackbut, and with psaltery; and Thy douce and loyal servants were seen dancing and skipping, and snapping their fingers to Thy

praise, and weel were they rewarded for it. But now-a-days, nothing will serve us but sighing and graining, and squeaking and howling out dismal psalm-tunes, wi' feet nailed to the yird, an' faces an ell lang, an' muckle disloyalty in our hearts after a'. Gif Thy blessing reach us, it maun surely be mair by Thy favour than our ain gude guiding, I trow."

Geordie's prayer for the magistracy of Lochmaben was formerly far-famed.

"Lord," said he, "we pray Thee to remember the magistrates of Lochmaben, such as they are!"—*Blackwood.*

EXPLODING A FALLACY.

There is an ancient tradition among the natives of Taransay, in the Western Islands, that a man must not be buried in St Tarran's, nor a woman in St Keith's, because otherwise the corpse would be found above ground the day after it is interred. I told them this was a most ridiculous fancy, which they might soon perceive by experience, if they would but put it to a trial. Roderick Campbell, who resides here, being of my opinion, resolved to embrace the first opportunity that offered, in order to undeceive the credulous vulgar; and accordingly a poor man in this island, who died a year after, was buried in St Tarran's Chapel, contrary to the ancient custom and tradition of this place, but his corpse is still in the grave, from whence it is not like to rise until the general resurrection. This instance has delivered the credulous natives from this unreasonable fancy.—*Martin.*

A REAL DISSENTER.

One day a gentleman entered an hotel in Glasgow, and finding that the person who appeared to act as waiter could not give him certain information which he wanted, put the question, "You do not seem to belong to the establishment?" "Deed no, sir," said the man, "I belang to the Free Kirk."

A HAPPY PARODY.

Lieutenant Charles Gray, of the marine corps, and author of a volume of *Poems, chiefly in the Scottish language*, was once obliged by the boatmen at Deal to pay an exorbitantly high fee for carrying him on shore from his vessel. Recollecting that this was the scene of Gay's well-known ballad, he immediately penned the following epigram:—

"When Black-eyed Susan came on board—
If from the beach the Deal-men barged her—
I wish it had been on record,
How much those smuggling fellows charged her."

A LINING "MEMENTO MORI."

When Queen Victoria visited Dundee, some years ago, the town council provided a piece of crimson cloth for her majesty to pass from the steamer to the royal carriage. At a subsequent meeting a discussion arose as to what should be done with the cloth, when a learned councillor proposed to preserve it "as a *memento mori* of the royal visit!"

THE ANTIQUITY OF WHISKY.

There is good evidence for supposing that no less a person than Osiris, the great god of Egypt, was the *first distiller of whisky* on record; for the Egyptians had, from time immemorial, a distillation or brewage from barley, called by the Greeks barley-wine, not inferior, they say, in flavour, and superior in strength, to wine. Allusion is made to

this liquor in several passages of ancient writers. The poor people of Egypt drank it instead of wine, and were wont to intoxicate themselves with it, just as our poorer people do with whisky. It seems also to have been no stranger to the Hebrews; for reference is certainly made to it in the Old Testament, under the name of "strong drink," stronger than wine, and resorted to by determined drinkers for the sake of inebriation. Among the Celtæ in Spain and France, it seems to have been common as a substitute for wine; Polybius speaks of a certain Celtic king of part of Iberia, or Spain, who affected great court pomp, and had in the middle of his hall golden and silver bowls full of this barley-wine, of which his guests and courtiers sipped or quaffed at their pleasure — a custom which, it is said, for many a century prevailed among his Celtic descendants, the reguli chiefs of our Scottish Highlands. The antiquity of this distillation is proved by the Egyptian tradition which ascribed its invention to Osiris. It may not improbably be supposed that the Egyptians communicated the invention to the Babylonians and Hebrews, who transmitted it northwards to the Thracians and Celtæ of Spain and Gaul, who, in their migrations northwestwards, carried it along with them into Ireland and our Scottish Highlands. Aristotle entertained an extraordinary notion of this potation. Those intoxicated with it, he says, fall *on the back part of their heads;* whereas those drunk with wine fall *on their faces!*— *Chambers's Journal.*

THE DOINGS AT "THE WELL."

My Leddy Penelope Penfeather had fa'an ill, it's like as nae other body had ever fell ill, and sae she was to be cured some gate naebody was ever cured, which was naething mair than was reasonable; and my leddy, ye ken, has wit at wull, and has a' the wise folk out from Edinburgh at her house at Windywa's yonder, which it is her leddyship's will and pleasure to call Air-castle; and they have a' their different turns, and some can clink verses, wi' their tale, as weel as Rob Burns or Allan Ramsay; and some rin up hill and down dale, knapping the chucky stanes to pieces wi' hammers, like sae mony roadmakers run daft—they say it is to see how the world was made!—and some that play on all manner of ten-stringed instruments: and a wheen sketching souls, that ye may see perched like craws on every craig in the country, e'en working at your ain trade, Maister Francie; forby men that had been in foreign parts, or said they had been there, whilk is a' ane, ye ken, and maybe twa or three draggle-tailed misses, that wear my Leddy Penelope's follies when she has done wi' them, as her queans of maids wear her second-hand claithes. So, after her leddyship's happy recovery, as they ca'd it, down cam the hail tribe of wild geese, and settled by the well, to dine thereout on the bare ground, like a wheen tinklers; and they had sangs, and tunes, and healths, nae doubt, in praise o' the fountain, as they ca'd the Well, and of Leddy Penelope Penfeather; and, lastly, they behoved a' to take a solemn bumper of the spring, which, as I am tauld, made unco havoc among them or they wan hame; and this they ca'd Picknick, and a plague to them! And sae the jig was begun after her leddyship's pipe, and mony a mad measure has been danced sin' syne; for down cam masons and murgeon-makers, and preachers and player-folk, and Episcopalians and Methodists, and fools and fiddlers, and Papists and pie-bakers, and doctors and drugsters; by the shop-folk, that sell trash and trumpery at three prices; and so up got the bonny new Well, and down fell

the honest auld town of St Ronan's, where blythe decent folk had been heartsome eneugh for mony a day before ony o' them were born, or ony sic vapouring fancies kittled in their cracked brains.—*St Ronan's Well.*

AN ENGLISH NOTION OF HIGHLANDERS.

In Merchant's *History of the Rebellion*, published in London in 1746, we find him thus expressing his astonishment at the conduct of the Highlanders at Derby: "To see these savages, from the officer to the commonest man, at their several meals, first stand up and pull off their bonnets, and then lift up their eyes in a most solemn and devout manner, and mutter something in their own gibberish, by way, I suppose, of saying grace, *as if they had been so many Christians!*"

A "CLED SCORE."

A few years ago (1790), in the parish of Parton, Kirkcudbright, a man died above ninety, who, about eight months before his death, got a complete set of new teeth, which he employed till near his last breath to excellent purpose. He was four times married, had children by all his wives, and at the baptism of his last child, which happened not a year before his death, with an air of complacency he expressed his thankfulness to his Maker for having "at last sent him the *cled score*," *i.e.*, twenty-one.—*Stat. Account.*

A LIVING WONDER.

Captain Basil Hall was dining at the house of a friend in Scotland; the party was large, and an errand boy from the kitchen had been arrayed in a sort of livery, and promoted for the nonce to assist in waiting at table. The party was rather a dull one, as often happens when a number of guests are brought together promiscuously, and the captain was striving hard to break the ice by relating some of his most wonderful adventures by sea and land. At length he told them one story which seemed to himself almost to exceed the bounds of credibility, for he stopped short, and said, "Now, did ever any of you hear anything equal to that?" At that moment his eye happened to fall on the errand-boy, who, believing the question addressed specially to himself, without the least hesitation, replied, "Hoot, ay, sir, there's a lass in our kitchen that has a sister that has three thooms!"

"FAL-LAL WARK."

Old Jean M—— was as fine a specimen of the faithful attached Scottish domestic servant as you could wish to see. She was a strict Cameronian, and would quote Scripture with Manse Headrig any day.

The marriage of a lady connected with the family taking place, Jean desired to be present, and accordingly was admitted to witness the ceremony, which was celebrated according to the rites of the English Church. After it was over, she met one of the gentlemen in the hall, and indicating with a nod the room where the party was assembled, she thus expressed her opinion of the Episcopal wedding, "Awfu' fal-lal wark thon!"

FELLOW BLACK-COATS.

In the town of Beith, in Ayrshire, there was an original character who followed the vocation of a chimney sweeper. One day he had occasion to clean the chimneys of the manse; and, after the job was completed, he was called upon by the minister to state his

charge. In doing so, however, he overstepped the amount charged by the "sweep" who had formerly cleaned them. The minister said to him—

"John, man, yer aboon —— wi' your price."

His darkness, however, patted the shoulder of his customer, and quietly said—

"I'm sure, sir, ye should ken us black-coated gentry are aye gey ill to pay."

A LESSON IN SPELLING.

John Clerk was arguing a Scotch appeal case before the House of Lords. His client claimed the use of a mill-stream by prescriptive right. Mr Clerk spoke broad Scotch, and argued that "the *watter* had run that way for forty years. Indeed, naebody kenned how long, and why should his client now be deprived of the *watter*," &c. The chancellor, much amused at the pronunciation of the Scottish advocate, asked him, in rather a bantering tone, "Mr Clerk, do you spell water in Scotland with two t's?"

Clerk was a little nettled at this hit at his national accent, and answered, "Na, my lord, we dinna spell *water* with twa t's; but we spell *mainners* wi' twa n's."

OPERATIC DUTIES.

Mr Taylor, at one time manager of the Opera House in London, was an Aberdeen man, and on one occasion his father paid him a visit. On his return home he was eagerly questioned about the great metropolis, and the profession which his son was following. To the latter query he answered, "He just keeps a curn o' queanies and a wheen widdyfous, and gars them fussle, and loup, and mak murgeons to please the great fowk." The English of this is, as near as possible, "He keeps a number of young girls and gallows birds, compels them to make whistling noises, jump about, and make fools of themselves before the audience."

SCOTTISH LAIRDS AND GERMAN PRINCES.

Mine reverend original Nathan M'Kie was once obliged to leave his rural abode, the manse of Baulmagie, and go to London on some important business; his friends in the mighty metropolis were glad to see him, and introduced the worthy eccentric everywhere as a piece of great curiosity. A young German lady, hearing of Nathan in some of her gay circles, wished very much to be some evening where he was, to see the rare Scotch clergyman, the which wish she was soon gratified with. After chatting with the strange man, in rather a saucy way, she asked at him if he knew "what kind of an animal a Scottish laird was?" adding, at the same time, that she had "read Buffon, Linnæus, and other naturalists, without finding any satisfaction." Nathan turned his queer phiz towards her, and quoth—(giving himself a *hursle* or twa at the same time)—"Wi' faith, madam, I'm nae great naturalist mysel' either, but I believe the Scottish laird is an animal unco like your petty German prince at hame, in being baith d—d poor, and just as proud."—*Mactaggart.*

THE NUN OF HADDINGTON.

On Christmas eve, 1358, there happened an inundation in Lothian, great beyond example. The rivers, swollen by excessive rains, rose above their banks, and swept away many bridges and houses. Tall oaks, and other large trees, that grew on the banks, were

undermined by the waters, and carried off to the sea. The sheaves of corn laid out to dry in the fields were utterly lost. The suburb of Haddington, called the Nungate, was levelled to the ground. When the water approached the nunnery at Haddington, a certain nun snatched up the statue of the Virgin, and threatened to throw it into the river unless Mary protected her abbey from the inundation. At that moment the river retired, and gradually subsided within its ancient limits. "This nun," says Fordun, "was a simpleton, but devout, although not according to knowledge." If, however, she perceived any abatement of the inundation before she uttered her threats, she was not a simpleton.—*Dalrymple.*

A SOUND CRITIC.

A religious old lady, when asked her opinion of the organ of a church, the first time she had ever seen or heard one, replied: "It is a very bonny kist fu' o' whistles; but, oh, sirs, it's an awfu' way of spending the Sabbath-day!"

THE LAIRD OF BALMAWHAPPLE'S ELEGY.

Balmawhapple, mounted on a horse as headstrong and stiffnecked as himself, pursued the flight of the dragoons above four miles from the field of battle, when some dozen of the fugitives took heart of grace, turned round, and, cleaving his skull with their broadswords, satisfied the world that the unfortunate gentleman had actually brains, the end of his life thus giving proof of a fact greatly doubted during its progress. His death was lamented by few. Most of those who knew him agreed in the pithy observation of Ensign Maccombich, that there "was mair *tint* (lost) at Sheriff-muir." His friend, Lieutenant Jinker, bent his eloquence only to exculpate his favourite mare from any share in contributing to the catastrophe. "He had tauld the laird a thousand times," he said, "that it was a burning shame to put a martingale upon the poor thing, when he would needs ride her wi' a curb of half-a-yard lang; and that he couldna but bring himsel' (not to say her) to some mischief, by flinging her down, or otherwise; whereas, if he had had a wee bit rinnin-ring on the snaffle, she wad ha' rein'd as cannily as a cadger's pownie."

Such was the elegy of the Laird of Balmawhapple.—*Waverley.*

A BETHERAL'S OPINION.

In the town of Falkirk there lived a very notorious infidel, who gloried in profanity. On one occasion he was denouncing the absurdity of the doctrine of original sin. The betheral thought himself officially bound to put in his word, although the other was his superior. "Mr H., it seems to me that you needna fash yoursel' about original sin, for to my certain knowledge you have as much akwal sin as will do your business."

A PREMATURE GOOD WISH.

On one occasion an old beggar wife, on receiving a gratuity from the Rev. John Skinner, the author of "Tullochgorum," and other well-known Scottish songs, said to him, by way of thanks: "Oh, sir, I houp that you and a' your family will be in heaven the nicht."

"Well, well, my woman," said he, "I am very much obliged to you; only you need not have been just so particular as to the time; there's no need of being in such a great hurry."

"A FEARFUL ECLIPSE."

February 25, 1597. Betwixt nine and ten forenoon, began a fearful eclipse which continued about two hours. The whole face of the sun seemed to be covered and darkened about half a quarter of an hour, in such measure that none could see to read a book. The stars appeared in the firmament. Sea, land, and air were still, and stricken dead as it were. The ravens and fowls flocking together, mourned exceedingly in their kind. Great multitudes of paddocks (frogs) ran together, making an uncouth and hideous noise; men and women were astonished, as if the day of judgment had been coming. Some women swooned. The streets of Edinburgh were full of cries. Some men ran off the streets to the kirk to pray.—*Calderwood.*

THE FIRST SCOTTISH STEAMBOAT.

On October 14, 1788, a boat was put in motion by a steam-engine, upon Mr Millar of Dalswinton's piece of water at that place. That gentleman's improvements in naval affairs are well known to the public. For some time past his attention has been turned to the application of the steam-engine to the purposes of navigation. He has now accomplished, and evidently shown to the world, the practicability of this, by executing it upon a small scale. A vessel, twenty-five feet long and seven broad, was, on the above date, driven with two wheels by a small engine. It answered Mr Millar's expectations fully, and afforded great pleasure to the spectators. The success of this experiment is no small accession to the public. Its utility in canals, and all inland navigation, points it out to be of the greatest advantage, not only to this island, but to many other nations in the world. The engine used is Mr Symington's patent engine.—*Scots Mag.*

LIKE DRAWS TO LIKE.

An idiot boy, or "natural," who resided with his parents in Glasgow, used to disappear at intervals, and was generally found to turn up at Greenock. Being asked one day what peculiar attraction that town had to make him so fond of it, Jamie replied, with all the earnestness of a daft laddie—

"It's a fine fell place Greenock, and a' the folk in't are just like mysel'!"

AN ANTITHESIS.

There was something very pungent in the incidental remark of a good man, in the course of his sermon, who had in a country place taken to preaching out of doors in the summer afternoons. He used to collect the people as they were taking air by the side of a stream outside the village. On one occasion he had unfortunately taken his place on a bank, and fixed himself on an *ant's nest.* The active habits of those little creatures soon made the position of the intruder upon their domain very uncomfortable, and afraid that his audience might observe something of this discomfort in his manner, apologised by the remark—

"Brethren, though I hope I have the word of God in my mouth, I think the deil himself has gotten into my breeks."

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

There was an ancient of the name of Saunders in a village in the west, whose wit was held in repute as very sharp and *snell.* The laird, who was also a wag, met him one day driving a pig to market—

"Weel, Saunders," quoth he, "ye're driving yer kizzen to the market."

"Na, na, laird, he's jist an auld acquantance like yersel'."

A CANNY NOOK.

I knew an old woman who spoke Scotch, idiomatic and pure. Hearing that a young "probationer" whom she knew had fallen ill in my father's house—

"Weel, weel," said she, "the lad was in a canny nook when the tout cam."—*Dr Clason.*

A SILENT WOMAN.

There is a woman alive in Carluke at present (1793), who has for more than thirty years been occasionally possessed with a dumb spirit. When this spirit of dumbness, indeed, leaves her, she makes ample amends for her long silence. But she is generally seized with it again in a year or two. She then appears to have forgot the use of speech; and for years her teeth are so fixed together that it is with the utmost difficulty she can receive the necessaries of life.—*Stat. Account.*

BOWED DAVIE RITCHIE,

As the prototype of Sir Walter Scott's "Black Dwarf" was called, died in 1811, and lies buried in Manor churchyard. All of him is not there, however. Many years ago the bones of his legs were exhibited in the farmhouse of Woodhouse, in the neighbourhood. These bones possess a history, besides having from their curvature acquired for their owner his descriptive *sobriquet*. A rumour had gone abroad in the resurrectionizing times that Davie's body had been disinterred soon after his death, and taken to Glasgow to be dissected; when his sister died, 1821, the occasion of her burial was naturally considered a suitable opportunity for testing the truth of the rumour, which was then discovered to have had no foundation. The leg bones, being objects of curiosity, were detained above ground, and at length found their way in reality to Glasgow, where the proprietor of Woodhouse was then resident, but they were afterwards returned to that place. In *Horæ Subsecivæ*, by Dr John Brown, there is a curious account of the Black Dwarf's bones, with a figure of the *femur* and *tibia* of the left limb. Dr Brown says: "They were given to me many years ago by the late Andrew Ballantyne, Esq. of Woodhouse, and their genuineness is unquestionable." A friend who furnished him with some particulars of Davie's life, stated that "his legs beat all power of description; they were bent in every direction, so that Mungo Park, then a surgeon at Peebles, who was called to operate upon him, said he could compare them to nothing but a pair of cork-screws." His arms were of uncommon strength. This forlorn and misanthropic creature was introduced, in 1797, by Dr Ferguson to Walter Scott, then a barrister of six-and-twenty years of age, and on a visit to Hallyards. Robert Chambers, in one of his earliest writings, a little volume of *Illustrations of the Waverley Novels*, narrated some particulars he had learned of this interview, which took place in Davie's cottage. Scott's appearance produced a decided impression upon the recluse. "After grinning upon him for a moment with a smile less bitter than his wont, the dwarf passed to the door, double-locked it, and then, coming up to the stranger, seized him by the wrist with one of his iron hands, and said, 'Man, hae ye ony poo'er?' By this he meant magical power, to which he had himself some vague pretensions. Scott disavowed the possession of any gifts of that kind. But Davie's diagnosis had led him to a different conclusion. 'He has poo'er,' said the dwarf, in a voice which made the flesh of his hearers thrill. Scott was observed to be pale and agitated when he emerged from the hut,

the poor inhabitant of which as little wotted of the real magic of his visitor as that he himself would be immortalized by its potency."

NOT TO BE WONDERED AT.

A peace officer was brought before Provost Webster of Forfar, and convicted of having appropriated to his own use a sum of money, which, in the discharge of his official duty, he had recovered for behoof of a creditor. The worthy magistrate, in the course of administering a reproof to the delinquent, remarked, "that it was singular they could not get honest men to transact the business of the court;" to which the noways abashed offender made this brief but characteristic reply: "There need be nae wonder aboot it, sir; nae honest man wad do't."

BELTANE.

On the 1st of May the herdsmen of every village hold their *Beltein*, a rural sacrifice. They cut a square trench on the ground, leaving a turf in the middle; on that they make a fire of wood, on which they dress a large caudle of eggs, butter, oatmeal, and milk; and bring, besides the ingredients of the caudle, plenty of beer and whisky; for each of the company must contribute something. The rites begin with spilling some of the caudle on the ground, by way of libation: on that every one takes a cake of oatmeal, upon which are raised nine square knobs, each dedicated to some particular being, the supposed preserver of their flocks and herds, or to some particular animal, the real destroyer of them. Each person then turns his face to the fire, breaks off a knob, and flinging it over his shoulders, says, "This I give to thee, preserve thou my horses; this to thee, preserve thou my sheep," and so on. After that they use the same ceremony to the noxious animals: "This I give to thee, O Fox! spare thou my lambs; this to thee, O hooded Crow! this to thee, O Eagle!"

When the ceremony is over, they dine on the caudle; and after the feast is finished, what is left is hid by two persons deputed for that purpose; but on the next Sunday they re-assemble, and finish the reliques of the first entertainment.—*Pennant.*

A GOOD CAUTIONER.

Patrick Forbes, bishop of Aberdeen, had lent an unlucky acquaintance a sum of money, but instead of repaying it, he asked for an additional accommodation, and promised security. The bishop on that condition consented to the new loan, "but where is your security?" said he; when the poor fellow replied: "God Almighty is my bondsman in providence: He is the only security I have to offer." So singular a reply of a despairing man smote the feelings of the bishop, and he answered—

"It is the first time certainly that such a security was ever offered to me; and since it is so, take the money, and may Almighty God, your bondsman, see that it does you good."

AN UNSOPHISTICATED SERVANT.

A notable lady had long been annoyed and fretted by her town servants, and being no longer able to bear their manifold tricks and malpractices, she intimated to her friends her purpose of getting an unsophisticated girl from the country, whom she could train to her mind. She was fortunate enough in securing a young woman from a remote corner of the land, thoroughly recommended for activity, honesty, and good-nature. How the process of train-

ing went on, may be judged from the following specimen. The girl having seen something very wonderful going on in the street, in a tone of *unsophisticated* familiarity called to her mistress—

"Eh! woman, come here and see this."

"Woman! do you presume to call me, your mistress, a woman?"

"*Ay*—if ye are no a woman, what are ye? Are ye a *speerit?*"—*Dr Clason.*

LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

Peter Drummond, beadle and minister's man at St Monance, was one of the most amusing and eccentric characters of his class. The minister, Mr Gillies, had reproved Peter for giving a short day's work, as he "left of at sunset, while his neighbours were known to thrash their grain with candlelight."

"Weel, sir," said Peter, "gin ye want the corn flailed by cannle-licht, I'll dae your wull."

Next day, at noon, Mr Gillies was passing the barn, and hearing the sound of Peter's flail, he stepped in. A candle was burning on the top of a grain measure.

"Why this folly and waste, Peter?" said the minister, pointing to the candle.

"Dinna ye mind, sir," said Peter, "that ye wanted the corn thrashed by cannle-licht!"

The minister replied, angrily, "Peter, you shall have no more candles."

Some days after, Mr Gillies had to set out on horseback to visit a sick parishioner. He requested Peter to saddle the horse. It was evening, and Peter, after remaining some time in the stable, led out the *cow* saddled and bridled.

"I wish I haena made a mistake, sir," said Peter; "but since I've got nae cannle, it's no muckle wonder that I hae put the saddle on the wrang beast."

Fairly overcome by Peter's drollery, Mr Gillies withdrew his restriction from the candles.—*Dr Rogers.*

A FOREGONE CONCLUSION.

At a criminal trial, just as the counsel for the prisoner was about to open his address, Lord Braxfield, who was president, muttered loud enough to be heard by a considerable part of the court—

"Ye may spare your pains; we're determined to hang the scoundrel at ony rate!"

A BETTER CROWN.

Archibald, first marquis of Argyle, on being condemned for high treason, lifted up his eyes and said:

"I had the honour to set the crown upon the king's head, and now he hastens me to a better crown than his own." He was beheaded with the Maiden at the Cross of Edinburgh, May 27, 1661.

THE KNIGHT AND THE CATARAN.

Sir David Lindsay, first Earl of Crawford, who proved the victor in the celebrated tournament with John Lord Welles at London-bridge in 1390, about two years after, nearly lost his life in an affray with some of the clan Donachie, who, with Duncan Stewart, natural son of the Wolf of Badenoch, were ravaging Glenisla, the north-west of Angus; and were encountered at Glenbrerith, about eleven miles north of Gaskclune, by the Lindsays and Ogilvies. Armed at all points, and on horseback, Sir David made great slaughter among the catarans, but having pierced one of them with his lance, and pinned him to the ground, the latter writhed his body upward on the

spear, and collecting all his force, with a last dying effort, fetched a sweeping blow with his broadsword, which cut through the knight's stirrup-leather and steel boot—

"Three ply or four above the foot,"

to the very bone,—

"That man na straik gave but that ane,
For there he deit; yet nevertheless
That guid Lord there wounded wes,
And had deit there that day,
Had not his men had him away,
Agane his will, out of that press."
—*Wyntoun's Cronykil.*

A CAUTIOUS UPBRAIDER.

The Earl of R. was so weak in his mind, or rather so unmanageable, that his relations had to confine him in the Canongate jail, there being then no other asylum for the reception of lunatics at Edinburgh. Some English officers, belonging to the Duke of Cumberland's army, happening to visit the prison, and being informed that it had no less distinguished a tenant than an earl, asked his lordship, in much surprise, how he got into such a place as this.

"Deed, gentlemen," replied the lunatic, whose mind, like that of other idiots, occasionally gave forth strange flashes of wit, as the darkest nights are illuminated by the brightest lightning, "I got in here, in somewhat the same manner that you got into the army—less by my ain deserts than by the interest of my friends."

His lordship, being brother-in-law to Lord Lovat, was suspected of Jacobitism, and, after the Highland army had gone to England, was examined on that account by some of the state officers. On its being imputed to him that he had wished well to the rebels while they remained in Edinburgh,—

"*Me!*" he cried, "*me* wish them weel! a pack o' nasty, lousy, low-lived scoundrels—as I tell'd them they were—that would never do ony gude in this world, but gang to the next on a widdy."

"How!" cried the examinators; "did you really tell them so, my lord?"

"That I did, indeed," said the earl; to which, however, he added *sotto voce*, "only I loot them be twa mile awa' first."

A CORNET CAUGHT.

An English regiment stationed at Peterhead, not long after the Rebellion of 1745, received such polite attentions from the inhabitants, that the colonel determined, by way of expressing his gratitude, to invite the principal inhabitants to dinner. Among those selected for invitation was Bishop Dunbar; but some one, on being told so by the colonel, remarked that that person was only a Scotch bishop, and perhaps unworthy of the honour he designed to confer upon him.

"Oh, never mind that," cried the Englishman; "my father was a bishop, and I respect the title, by whatever countryman it may be borne."

Not satisfied with this, he called upon the bishop in person, and requested, in very respectful terms, the honour of his company. The bishop, who was a man of a very modest and retired mode of life, desired to be excused, on the plea of his age and infirmities, and also represented to the colonel, that, as his principles forbade him to join in certain public toasts, it would perhaps be just as agreeable to all parties that he should not attend. The colonel would by no means listen to any excuses, and at last succeeded in obtaining the old man's consent, though not before he had promised that no toast should be given at all calculated to offend the feelings of the guest. At dinner everything proceeded well; but on "The King" being given, after the withdrawal of the cloth, and the bishop drinking it with the pre-

liminary addition of the word "rightful." a coronet swore a violent oath, and exclaimed—

"That is not King George, sir."

"I take you all to witness," said the old clergyman, placidly, but with triumph beaming in his eye, "this young gentleman says King George is not our rightful sovereign!"

This good thing was hailed by a burst of laughter at the cornet's expense.

ABERDEEN CATHEDRAL.

The high altar of the cathedral at Aberdeen, a piece of the finest workmanship of the kind in Europe, was hewn to pieces in 1649, by order of the parish minister. The carpenter employed for this infamous purpose, struck with the noble workmanship, refused to lay a tool on it, till the more than Gothic priest took the hatchet from his hand, and struck the first blow. So violent was the zeal of that reforming period against all monuments of idolatry, that perhaps the sun and moon, very ancient objects of false worship, *owed their safety to their distance.—Douglas.*

WILL BROWN OF MUIRKIRK.

There formerly lived at Muirkirk, in Ayrshire, a natural fool called Will Brown, of whom many droll anecdotes are related. Whether Will possessed a vein of real wit, or only said good things by chance, is uncertain; but assuredly some of his sarcasms, if pronounced by a sane man, would have been esteemed in the highest degree.

Will, for instance, was one day present at the edge of a frozen lake near his native town, where some gentlemen, fond of the sport of curling, had assembled, but were in some doubt as to the validity of the ice. Thinking that Will would make an excellent cat's-paw, they asked if he would be the first to go on, and they would immediately follow.

"Oh no," said the natural, "I hae mair manners than to gang afore gentlemen."

On another occasion, some gentlemen of the neighbourhood of Muirkirk were deliberating with a number of engineers as to the proper place for sinking a coal pit. In the midst of their anxious deliberations, Will thrust in his advice.

"Gentlemen," said he, "what d'ye say to Airsmoss?"—a deep morass not far off—"if ye dinna get coal there, ye're sure o' peat at ony rate."

It is recorded of Will, that, calling once at a farm-house in a moorland part of the country, the goodwife fed him with a piece of bread and butter, to conduct to the next town a blind man, who had, in a similar manner, been led to her house that forenoon. Will went away with the mendicant and the piece; and as long as any part of the latter remained uneaten, the former had no reason to complain. When the piece was done, however, all sense of the duty which he had undertaken was done too; and he said to his travelling companion, "Blind man, d'ye see yon peat-stack? haud straight for it, and ye'll find a house." And the blind man, like Lord Ullin, "was left lamenting," Will immediately striking off towards his own home.

ALE-HOUSES.

Dram-drinking is common; alehouses numerous. They are the resort of the vagrant, the idle, and the profligate; they gradually become a snare to the sober and industrious, and are producing the worst effects upon the health, the morals, and domestic comfort of the people. This growing evil might, in

some measure, be stopped, by limiting the number of alehouses, and imposing some restraints as to the hours during which they should be kept open. The justices have power to do so. The steady exertion of these powers is what is wanting.—*Stat. Account.*

THE CITY WATCH.

1625. In Edinburgh the nightly guard of thirty men being laid down, the city watch by night was put upon the ancient footing, whereby the citizens by turns were to watch every twenty-fifth night.—*Maitland.*

A ROGUE OUTWITTED.

1329. Thefts had become so frequent in Scotland, that husbandmen were obliged to house their ploughshares every night. Randolph, regent in the minority of David II., ordered that all ploughshares should be left in the fields, and, if stolen, that the country should refund their value. A certain husbandman hid his ploughshare, and, pretending that it had been stolen, obtained its value from the sheriff of the county. The cheat happened to be discovered, and the husbandman was hanged for theft.—*Dalrymple.*

A TRANSMOGRIFICATION.

A worthy tradesman of the gravely pleasant town of Peebles, having been elected as a magistrate at the morning meeting of the local town council, took a walk up the Tweed, by way of Neidpath Castle, in the cool of the evening, to cogitate upon his newly-acquired greatness. Overcome with his own importance, he stumbled upon a cow which was being milked. The cow made a move, and the milker, in wrath, cried out, "Man, can ye no keep off my cow?"

"Woman," exclaimed the burgess, "I'm no a man, I'm a bailie!"

A PUNNING PREACHER.

The Rev. Hamilton Paul, an Ayrshire minister, better known as the writer of a memoir of Burns, was a reviver of Dean Swift's walk of wit in the choice of texts. When he left the town of Ayr, where he was understood to have been a great favourite with the fair sex, he preached his valedictory sermon from this passage, "And they all fell upon Paul's neck and kissed him." And at another time, when he was called on to preach before a military company, who were clothed in green uniforms, he preached from the words, "And I beheld men like trees, walking."

A GOOD EATER.

A lady in the north having watched the proceedings of a guest, who ate long and largely, she ordered the servant to take away his plate, as he had at last laid down his knife and fork. To her surprise, however, he resumed his work, and she apologised to him, say, "I thought, Mr ——, you had done."

"Oh, so I had, mem," said he; "but I just fand a doo in the redd o' my plate!"

CORN AND CHAFF.

Here is a characteristic saying which, I fear, will rather shock the feelings o our Free Kirk brethren, but I trust they will pardon the sentiment expressed for the sake of the pithy expression at the time of the Disruption. One old worthy was told, like many another, by the local agents of the outgoing

party, that if she remained in the church she would be left with only the chaff of the summer thrashing wheat—all the goodly grain would be gone.

"I'weel then," said she, "I'm feared ye maun be some o' the licht corn o' Egypt; for I never heerd tell o' corn that flee't awa' and cauff that bided ahint in a' my time."

CATCHING A TARTAR.

Lord President Campbell, after the fashion of those times, was somewhat addicted to browbeating young counsel; and as bearding a Judge is not a likely way to rise in favour, his Lordship generally got it all his own way. Upon one occasion, however, he caught a tartar. His Lordship had what are termed little pigs' eyes, and his voice was thin and weak. Corbet had been pleading before the Inner House, and, as usual, the President commenced his attack, when his intended victim thus addressed him: "My Lord, it is not for me to enter into any altercation with your Lordship, for no one knows better than I do the great difference between us. You occupy the highest place on the Bench, and I the lowest at the Bar; and then, my Lord, I have not your Lordship's voice of thunder,—I have not your Lordship's rolling eye of command."—*Court of Session Garland.*

A HATTER IN LAURENCEKIRK.

About eighteen or nineteen years ago (1790), a hatter went from Edinburgh to settle in the town of Laurencekirk. Having arrived upon a Saturday, he attended public worship on Sunday; but seeing only three hats in the whole church besides his own, he was so discouraged that he dropped his scheme, and left the place on Monday. But were he now here he would hardly see a single bonnet in the whole congregation.—*Stat. Account.*

CHAMPED POTATOES.

Mashed potatoes in milk and butter—one of the very best of dishes. I defy the most skilful French cook that ever lived to make a dish of a more delicious nature; and no confectioner's shop in the kingdom has anything to compare with them: they are truly glorious *belly timmer.*—*Mactaggart.*

AN OMINOUS HINT.

A Fifeshire youth, recovering from sickness, solicited help from an aged landowner of miserly habits. Meeting with a rough refusal, he said—

"Ye're no very young, an' ye canna carry ony o' ye're gowd awa' wi' ye; and even though ye could, it wad a' be melted in five minutes."

THANKFUL FOR SMALL MERCIES.

A member of the Glasgow Gaelic Club was so proud of his Celtic origin, that he was continually boasting of it. On one occasion he exclaimed in the hearing of Samuel Hunter, the famous editor of the *Herald*—

"I thank God that there is not a single drop of Lowland blood in my veins!"

Hunter slyly rejoined: "My friend, I am glad to ken that ye are certainly thankfu' for sma' mercies."

GAUN TO A HOUSE.

About forty or fifty years ago (1824), *visiting* in the country was a very serious matter; that is to say, there was no such

thing as *kintra neebours* going to see how others were at their houses, unless there was some urgent business in hand between the parties, and even if there were, the visitor would seldom go into the house, but execute his mission, or what not, on the green, in the open air; for if he had, he would not have come out again, if a young man, without having himself *eind* with one of the daughters of that establishment, which, being done, marriage had to ensue. The natives waited for the *pair* to be *cried* every Sabbath-day that came, in the *kirk*, and if no proclamation took place, the fellow was badgered and bantered about the girl wherever he went; at *shootings*, *kirns*, *preticeloosings*, &c. The poor lassie would never be matched to another, so his soul would give way to the foolish scandal and *country clash* afloat, and he would enter the matrimonial state to get clear of them; thus, gaun to a house, as it was called, proved to be a sad matter often, if the lads and the lasses had not previously engaged other at kirk-styles, or some such famous courting *howffs* or haunts.—*Mactaggart.*

A DRILL-SERGEANT ON SOLDIERS.

Gould, a famous drill-sergeant of the old Edinburgh Volunteers, on one occasion called out to his regiment, "Steady, gentlemen, steady; a soldier is a mere machine! He must not move—he must not speak; and, as for thinking, no! no!—no man under the rank of a field-officer is allowed to think!"

THE LUCKENBOOTHS.

The *Luckenbooth* row, which contains the *Tolbooth*, or city prison, and the weighing-house, which brings in a revenue of £500 per annum, stands in the middle of the High Street (Edinburgh), and, with the guard-house, contributes to spoil as fine a street as most in Europe, being in some parts eighty feet wide and finely built.—*Pennant.*

NEW WARK AND AULD WARK.

The old Presbyterian general, David Leslie, as is well known, chose at the Restoration to repent of all the deeds of his youth, and express himself a sound and zealous royalist. Charles II., it is also well known, made him a peer, under the title of Lord Newark. A loyalist of older standing, and who had perhaps experienced some sound blows from Leslie's troopers in his younger days, is said to have remonstrated with the king upon a proceeding which showed so much disrespect for his old friends.

"By my soul," said this bold cavalier, "instead o' raising him to the peerage for his new wark, there wud hae been mair justice if your majesty had raised him to the gallows for his auld wark."

A GREEDY GRAVEDIGGER.

John Somerville, the bellman and sexton of Manor, in Peeblesshire, a singularly greedy old man, used to haunt people, who were likely soon to require his services, like a shark following a fever-ship at sea. Whenever he heard of any person in the parish being seized with anything like mortal illness, he would draw towards the house, inquire with great apparent concern for the sufferer, and repeat his visits every day, till the event of either death or recovery. If admitted to see the sick, or informed of the particulars of the disorder, no physician could draw more accurate conclusions as to what the result would be. He tracked disease in all its steps with as much fidelity as the vulture or the carrion-crow follows an

army, and with the same purpose. A death was a good thing to him, both *in prospectu* and *in esse*. He lived upon it before as well as after its occurrence. John, it must be understood, was very fond of broth and fat meat, and kept a register in his mind of every person's day for having the pot on in the parish. Now, this predilection of his was prodigiously gratified by these visitations to the houses of the sick; for the people always gave him a share of the food which they might have in preparation, as a sort of part-payment beforehand for his services. He had a trick, independently of these professional visits, of dropping into people's houses about the dinner-hour, and was endowed with what may be called a natural propensity for pot-lucking; but though the hospitality of his hosts could not have permitted him, under any circumstances, to fare poorly, it was quite remarkable that when his official services were likely to be necessary, he was always better treated than at other times.

On a family having removed from the neighbouring parish of Stobo to that of Manor, John was rejoiced to hear that among the new settlers there was one who, in all probability, would soon, as he phrased it, "come his road." A single customer procured in this unexpected way was to John as good as other ninety-nine who could not have gone past him. Yet the joy of his mind was not altogether unalloyed. Busy fancy suggested to him the possibility of the family retaining an affection for the burying-ground of their former parish, which might, perhaps, prove the means of depriving him of his victim after all. To settle the important point, he one day made bold to step up to Caverhill, where the family in question resided. He asked for Mrs S——, of whom he had some previous acquaintance, and was shown into a room. Mrs S. was too unwell to see him, but Miss S., her daughter, came in her place. John introduced himself with a thousand bows and scrapes, and began a long string of well-learned condolences upon the subject of Mr Walter's illness. "How did she think he was? Was there any chance of his *winnin' through?* What hopes did the doctor gie them?" &c. &c. After half an hour of tiresome commonplace, and when the young man's illness had been amply discussed, and considerable hopes of his recovery expressed by his sister, John terminated the conversation with the decisive question—

"But, dear me, Miss S., where do you bury? Have ye ground in Stobo, or do you intend to take up wi' Manor?"

Miss S., confounded at the atrocious impudence of the wretch, permitted him to depart without gratifying his curiosity.

BURNS AND THE LAWYER.

A writer who happened to be present in a company along with Robert Burns, when the conversation turned on "Tam o' Shanter," and stung, perhaps, with that sarcastic touch on the legal fraternity—

> Three lawyers' tongues turn'd inside out,
> With lies seam'd like a beggar's clout,

remarked, that he thought the witches' orgies obscure.

"Obscure, sir!" said Burns; "ye know not the language of that great master of your own art, the devil! If you get a witch for a client, you will not be able to manage her defence."

LUNCHEONS.

Luncheons are the disturbers o' a earthly happiness. In my hauns it becomes an untimeous dinner; for after a hantle o' cauld meat, muirfowl pies, or even butter and bread, what reasonable cretur can be ready afore gloamin' for

a het denner? So, whene'er I'm betrayed into a luncheon, I mak it a luncheon wi' a vengeance; and then order in the kettle, and finish aff wi' a jug or twa, just the same as gin it had been a regular denner wi' a table-cloth. Bewaur the tray.—*Noctes Ambros.*

A CONJUGAL REBUKE.

Doctor Kidd of Aberdeen once gave his wife money to purchase a chest of drawers, but the lady being "glamoured" with the sight of a new bonnet, invested part of the cash for it, returning home minus the drawers. On the following Sabbath she came to church late, with her new bonnet on, whereupon, on her approaching her seat, the minister audibly remarked from the pulpit: "Here comes Mrs Kidd with a chest of drawers on her head!"

A HAPPY TITLE.

Mr Matthew Ross, a former Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, though a lawyer of reputation, was rather of diminutive stature. About the time General Kerr's estate of Littledean was advertised for sale, John Clerk made up to Mr Ross, and told him that this property would be a very desirable purchase for him, "as you know, in that case, you would be Little Dean of that ilk."

A PROCEEDING IN EQUITY.

Dr Stewart, the founder of Stewart's Hospital, Edinburgh, had no near relations. It happened, however, in the latter part of his life, that he became acquainted with a mason of his own name, who proved to be a distant kinsman. This man, who was in humble circumstances, had a family of twelve children, all of whom had arrived at maturity. To each of eleven of these, the twelfth being probably omitted by oversight, the doctor bequeathed a legacy of £100. The mason having got notice of the particulars of this will, was naturally anxious that his children should partake equally of the doctor's bounty. He took an early opportunity, therefore, of calling his whole family together, and having informed them that Dr Stewart had left £100 to each of them except one, whom he did not name, recommended them to sign an agreement that the £1100 should be equally divided among the twelve. To this proposal all parties cheerfully consented, as no one could tell on whom the loss would fall, if any one should refuse to concur in such a measure. Thus the whole twelve were very nearly as well provided for as if each had been left £100.

THE LOUPING AGUE.

Twenty or thirty years ago (1797), what is commonly called the *louping ague* greatly prevailed in Forfarshire. This disease, in its symptoms, has a considerable resemblance to *St Vitus's dance.* Those affected with it, when in a paroxysm, often leap or spring in a very surprising manner, whence the disease has derived its vulgar name. They frequently leap from the floor to what, in cottages, are called the *baulks*, or those beams by which the rafters are joined together. Sometimes they spring from one to another with the agility of a cat, or whirl round one of them with a motion resembling the fly of a jack. At other times they run, with astonishing velocity, to some particular place out of doors, which they have fixed on in their minds before, and perhaps mentioned to those in company with them, and then drop down quite exhausted. It is said that the clattering

of tongs, or any noise of a similar kind, will bring on the fit. This melancholy disorder still makes its appearance; but it is far from being so common as formerly. Some consider it as entirely a nervous affection; others as the effect of worms. In various instances, the latter opinion has been confirmed by facts.—*Stat. Account.*

COACHES IN EDINBURGH.

The first introduction of coaches into Edinburgh seems to have been in 1610, when Henry Anderson, a native of Pomerania, offered to bring from the continent coaches and waggons, with horses to draw them, and servants to attend. A patent was granted to him, conferring the exclusive privilege for fifteen years of keeping coaches to run between Edinburgh and Leith, he agreeing not to take more than twopence sterling for each passenger.—*Anderson.*

SCOTLAND LONG AGO.

A German Diet; or, the Balance of Europe, by James Howell, Esq., London, 1653. In a work bearing the above title, with a perusal of which we have been favoured by a friendly correspondent, we find the following passage, in which the author "speaks his mind" about Scotland in a manner more free than complimentary :—

"Now for *Scotland*. Good Lord, what a pittifull poor country is it! It were no petty kinde of punishment to be banisht thither, for it is a country onely for those to dwell in that want a country, and have no part of the earth besides to dwell upon. In some parts the soyl is such, that it turns trees to stones, and wheat to oats; apples to crabbs, and melons to pumpions. In some places as you pass along, you shall see neither bird in the aire, nor beast on the earth, nor worm creeping on the ground, nor scarce any vegetall, but a black gorsie soyl, a raw rheumatique air, or some craggy and squalid wild disconsolate hills: And touching Woods, Groves, or Trees, as *Stephen* might have 'scaped stoning in *Holland* for want of stones, so if *Judas* had betrayed Christ in *Scotland*, he might (as one sayd) have repented before he could have found out a tree to have hang'd himself upon."

THE BATTLE OF CAMPERDOWN.

The battle of Camperdown was fought between the British and Dutch fleets, on October 11, 1797. The former was commanded by Admiral Duncan, a citizen of Edinburgh, who resided in George Square. He captured nine sail of the line, and took the Dutch admiral, De Winter, prisoner. The city of Edinburgh was splendidly illuminated in honour of this victory, on the 16th of the same month; and a few days afterwards, Duncan was created a British peer. The word "Camperdown" became the fashionable name in Edinburgh. Everything was styled "Camperdown;" and it became so general that common salt was actually cried through the streets—

"Wha'll buy Camperdown salt?"

AN INNOCENT VICTIM.

A coach horse belonging to President Dalrymple, whose share in this odious transaction is well known, happening to *hang itself*, as the stable phrase goes, in the stall, an old testy coachman, of the name of John, was deputed from the stable to acquaint his lordship with the fact. The president, unable to comprehend how the animal should have accomplished its own death, and per-

haps suspicious of negligence on the part of its attendants, questioned the man a good deal as to the manner of the accident; the great burden of his inquiries being—

"But how, John, should the horse have hanged himself?"

Quite out of patience with so many frivolous questions, John at length exclaimed, "It certainly *is* a strange thing, my lord, that the puir beast should hae hanged himsel': I'm sure he had naething to do wi' either the Revolution or the massacre o' Glencoe!"

A FORMIDABLE WEAPON.

Snap, a sharp noise. A veteran soldier once told me that he would not be afraid to take a whole corps of gentlemen yeomanry cavalry prisoners with a *snap*-candlestick!—*Mactaggart.*

A PRACTICAL EYE.

A commercial traveller from Glasgow having occasion to visit Germany in the course of his wanderings, wrote home to his "house" to the following effect:—"Elberfelt is a most beautiful valley, and has evidently been intended by Providence for Turkey-red dyeing establishments."

A QUEEN IN THE TOLBOOTH.

It may be seen from the popular song, entitled "The wee, wee German Lairdie," with how much contempt the Jacobites beheld the first prince of the Brunswick dynasty. Unfortunately, his majesty's domestic circumstances supplied them with an incident which gave ample scope to their satire. This was the alleged infidelity of his consort, who, on account of a supposed intrigue with a German count, was said, at the period of King George's accession, to be suffering imprisonment in one of his foreign castles. The frequent allusions to this affair in their songs go far to induce a supposition that they almost revenged, by its means, the absurd but annoying state fiction which asserted their own king to be a supposititious child. They have been heard to relate, with peculiar satisfaction, a remark which an Aberdeen magistrate is said to have made upon King George's consort. At the first occurrence of the king's birthday after his accession, the public functionaries of this ancient city being assembled to drink his health, one of them, who, it appeared, was ignorant of the domestic history of the royal family, rose up and asked, in his peculiar dialect—

"Fat was to hinder them to drink the queen's health tee?"

"Hout, awa' man," replied the provost, pulling him back into his seat; "*she's i' the Towbeeth!*"—*R. Chambers.*

THE ROCKING STONE.

In the countrie of Stratherne, upon the Water of Farge, by Balward, there is a stone, called the Rocking Stone, of a reasonable bignesse, that if a man will push it with the least motion of his finger, it will moove verie lightly, but if hee addresse his whole force, hee profits nothing, which mooves many people to bee wonderfull merrie, when they consider such contrariety.—*Monipennie.*

A CONSCIENTIOUS WIDOW.

A widow of a few weeks' standing was one day seen by a man crossing the churchyard with a watering-pot and a bundle.

"Ah, Mistress MacTavish," said the man, "what's yer bus'ness wi' siclike gear as that ye are carryin'?"

"Aweel, Mr MacLachlan," replied

the widow, "I'm just gaun to my gudeman's grave. I've got some hayseeds that I'm gaun to sow upon't; an' the water i' the pan is just to gie them a spring, like!"

"The seeds winna want waterin'," rejoined Mr MacLachlan; "they'll spring fine o' themsel's."

"That may be," said the widow, "but ye dinna ken that my gudeman, as he lay deein', just got me to promise that I'd never marry again till the grass had grown abune his grave; an' as I had a good offer made me but yestreen, ye see, I dinna like to brak my promise, or to be keepit a lane widow, as ye see me!" The man was rather taken aback by this remark, but he speedily recovered himself, and added with a hearty laugh—

"Water him weel, widow; water him weel," said he; "Mac was aye a drouthy ane!"

BEEF TEA.

A venerable Scotch divine, who in his day and generation was remarkable for his primitive and abstinent mode of life, fell sick, and was visited by a kind-hearted lady from a neighbouring parish. On her proposing to make some beef tea, he inquired what it was, and being informed, he promised to get some prepared. The soup was accordingly made in the most approved manner, and the lady went home, directing him to take a certain quantity every day until her return. This occurred a few days afterward, when the lady was surprised to see the beef tea almost undiminished, and to hear it denounced by the worthy clergyman as the worst thing he had ever tasted. She determined to try it herself, and having heated a small quantity, pronounced it excellent.

"Ay, ay," quoth the divine, "the tea may drink well enough that way, but try it wi' the sugar and cream as I did!"

A FLOOD EXTRAORDINARY.

An inhabitant of an upper flat in the highest part of the town of Glasgow was in company one evening, where a good deal of conversation passed on the subject of the Clyde overflowing its banks, and inundating the lower part of the houses of the Bridgegate (a street near the river). Next morning when he awoke, it being quite dark, and the former night's discussion still engrossing his thoughts, the first step he made out of bed was into a tub of water, which had accidentally been placed at the side of the bed. He could not help exclaiming—

"If the water is at this height up here, Heaven hae mercy upon the folks i' the Briggate."

PLOUGHMAN VANITY.

What a consequence ploughmen assume sometimes when they meet at forges, giving directions to Vulcan how they want their *airns set*—how the *coulter* must hang to the *sock*—how the *beam* and *head* agree—if land be *scanty* or *plenty*, and what not—to plough as *e'en as a die*—and put a *skin* on the *furr* as *sleek as a salmon.*—*Mactaggart.*

AN ELOQUENT AYRSHIRE MAN.

There once lived—it is believed about Maybole—a peasant named Will Dick, who, though only a thatcher of cottages, possessed a flow of language and a turn for fanciful caricature altogether surprising. He had a full, sonorous way of speaking, as if he had been taking large bites of something, and this peculiarity lent an additional characteristic charm to his sayings, but which, it is to be feared, cannot be conveyed along with them in print.

"Man," said Will, in describing a