

country church he had been visiting, "there was a big sermon-greedy wife, that sat at the end o' the aisle; and she laid hersel' a' abreed to catch what fell frae the poopit. She sat just this way, man (laying himself back in his chair), wi' her apron spread down on her knees, and her head back on her seat, and her bannet and her mouth wide agape—exactly fornent the minister. Man, I dinna believe that the folk ahint her got a single word o' what was gaun—it gaed a' swoofin' down the thrapple o' that greedy wife, like reek pourin' out at a window."

On another occasion he was describing a harvest feast, at which he had been present.

"Ye see, we were a' put into the barn, and set down at twa lang tables; and they brought in the kail in things they ca'd tur-heens. And sae we a' set to our wark wi' nicht and main, and there was sic rattlin' o' spunes upon plates as the like was never heard sin' the warld was begun. Howanawbee, there was ae chiel there—he couldna be content wi' a dish, but he had hae a tur-heen to himsel'; and, man, ye never saw sic a supper o' kail in ye'r born days! Od, they just ower his throat like dougs driving sheep, or cluds gaun ower the mune, or the kirk-port when it's skailin'!"—an accumulation of similes, all of which are so appropriate, that the sentence might be owned with pride by any living author.

SLEEPING IN CHURCH.

The curiousest thing to observe about the lasses, when they are gettin' drowsy during sermon, is their een. First a glazedness comes ower them, and the lids fa' doun, and are lifted up at the rate o' about ten in the minute. Then the puir creatures gie their heads a shake, and, unwillin' to be overcome, try to find out the verse the minister

may be quotin'; but a' in vain, for the hummin' stillness of the kirk subdues them into sleep, and the sound o' the preacher is in their lugs like that o' a waterfa'. Then, a' thegither unconscious o' what they're doin', they fix their glimmerin' een upon your face, as if they were dyin' for love o' you, and keep nid-noddin' upon you for great part o' ane o' the dizzen divisions o' the discourse. You may gie a bit laugh at them wi' the corner o' your ee, or touch their fit wi' yours aneath the table, and they'll never sae much as ken you're in the same seat; and, finally, the saft rounded chin draps doun towards the bonny bosom; the blue-veined violet eyelights close the twilight whose deuy fall it was sae pleasant to behold; the rose-bud lips, slightly apart, reveal teeth pure as lily leaves, and the bonny innocent is as sound asleep as her sister at hame in its rockin' cradle.—*Notes Ambros.*

DAFT RAB HAMILTON.

This poor creature for many years wandered about Ayr and the towns adjacent. He was a perfect idiot; but still there was a sort of shrewdness about him, especially in money matters, peculiar to those labouring under a similar malady. His mother lived in Ayr, but he himself was migratory. To-day he was in Ayr, to-morrow in Kilmarnock, the next in Mauchline, and so on. Of the genuineness of copper coin he was a perfect judge, at a time when that department of the currency was in no sound state. Little urchins in their waggeries tried him with old halfpence and lead penny-pieces; but Rab was wide awake to their tricks. "It's no gude," was the simple but emphatic judgment he pronounced on such occasions. Rab had a dash of the rogue about him too. An individual once gave him a twopenny copper-piece—

After squinting at it over his right shoulder, which was his ordinary mode of viewing anything, he said, "The colour's gude, but it's ower big." With a view to ascertain "whorror it was a gude penny or no," he slipped into a baker's shop, and asked for "a bawbee bap." This he got, and three halfpence in change. He bolted out of the shop, and ran home with the utmost speed, thinking he had cheated the baker out of a penny. The baker happened to be running the same way; Rab thought he was in full pursuit, and immediately roared out as he ran, "I gat nae mair nor a bawbee—I gat nae mair nor a bawbee!"

For a long time, although a perfect adept in copper, Rab was totally ignorant of silver coin. One day, however, he happened to be in a grocer's shop, and saw a girl get six penny-pieces for a sixpence. Hitherto he had been in the habit of refusing silver, and people used to offer it to him in the perfect certainty that he would not accept it. Soon after the above incident, a gentleman having held out a sixpence and a penny-piece, and offered him which he pleased, Rab was not long in deciding which of the two to choose. "To show ye I'm no greedy, I'll tak the wee ane."

The sixpence which he had got *fleshed* him to new energies. He pretended that he wanted to get a Bible, and levied contributions upon the public for so laudable a purpose in sixpences to a considerable amount. It often happened that he applied to the same individual more than once, or even twice, until he had got more than would have bought a score of Bibles. Mr C— of Kilmarnock, upon being a third time applied to, was somewhat sceptical about Rab's appropriation of the money, and asked him "if he had not got the Bible yet?" "Ay," said Rab; "No—ay—I *maybe* may hae gotten the Bible; but losh, man, I *hae lost my Psalm-Book,*"

Rab was a regular attendant at Mr Peebles's church in Ayr; but some freak led him to go one Sunday to hear Dr Auld, one of the Established clergy. Having posted himself close by the pulpit, he stuck his head through the railing which surrounded it. On finding he could not get it out again as easily as he put it in, he kept wriggling and whinnying till half the sermon was over. At last he roared out for help, and cried, "This is a judgment on me for leavin' Mr Peebles." After he had been extricated and quieted, he was asked why he put his head in there at all? "It was," he answered, "just to look on wi' anither woman."

A Highland regiment happening to come into Ayr a great many years ago with a poor ill-starred "Daft Jamie" at its head, Rab, recognising a brother in intellect, went up to him. After viewing each other "with lack-lustre eye," and contorting their faces in such a manner as to remind a beholder of the words of the poet,

"Thus one fool lolls his tongue out at the
other,
And wags his empty noddle at his brother."

Rab accosted Jamie with, "Are ye Mister James?"

"Ay; and I reckon ye are Daft Rab Hamilton?"

"Ou ay; losh, man, 'am dry."

"Weel," said Jamie, "I hae thripence."

The two slunk into the inn, and called for a bottle of porter. The waiter, however, had by mistake brought a bottle of ink, which Rab decanted into a jug and drunk to the bottom, whilst Jamie was looking at the troops from the window.

"The porter wur gude, but uncommon sour, Mister James. Hae, there's the joug."

On perceiving it empty, Jamie threw it at the head of his companion, who now made a dash downstairs, screaming

with terror, "Catch me drinkin' wi' daft folk again!"

It is reported that this unfortunate being was some years ago deprived of life by poison administered by some ruffians, whom the public authorities, in despite of the most indefatigable exertions, could not discover. — *Robert Chambers.*

WASHING DAY AT COURT.

A Paisley baillie, whose cranium doubtless had a larger bump of ideality than of consciousness, was asked, as a joke, on his return from London, whether he had seen the king, and been invited to dine with him. He coolly replied—

"Of course, I saw the king; and while he was very happy to see me, he added, 'that he was very sorry indeed to say that he could not ask me that day to my dinner, as the queen was thrang wi' a washing.'"

"TAKE UP YOUR HAND."

The Edinburgh lawyers of fifty years ago were a race very much addicted to hard drinking. Drinking indeed intruded itself into every scene of their lives; and as much of their business was necessarily performed in taverns, on account of the wretched accommodations of their own houses in the old town, the ink-glass and the claret-stoup were alike dear to them; and they could scarcely attempt to take a supply from the one, but the pen was in danger of being immersed in the other. A gentleman, who will be long remembered for his talent of saying good things, was one night engaged with a judge in a tremendous "bouse," which lasted all night, and till within a single hour of the time when the court was to next morning. The two cronies

had little more than time to dress themselves in their respective houses, when they had to meet again, in their professional capacities of judge and pleader in the Parliament House. Mr C—, it appears, had in the hurry of his toilet thrust the pack of cards he had been using over night into the pocket of his gown; and thus, as he was about to open the pleadings, in pulling out his handkerchief, he also pulled out fifty-two witnesses of his last night's debauch, which fell scattered within the bar.

"Mr C—," said his judicial associate in guilt, with the utmost coolness, "before you begin, I think ye had better tak up your hand."

A GOOD REASON.

Tam Neil was questioned one day by a lady, at whose house he was employed in making some repairs, as to the reason why people of his profession were so extravagant in their charges for coffins. Tam looked very mysterious, and agreed to inform her of *the secret* for the matter of a good glass of "Athole brose;" which moderate stipulation being immediately implemented, he told her, "Weel ma'am," he said, "ye see the way we charge sae muckle for coffins, is because they're ne'er brought back to be mended!"

THE BEST CRAP.

A baby was out with its nurse, who walked it up and down a garden.

"Is't a laddie or a lassie, Jess?" asked the gardener.

"A laddie," said the maid.

"Weel," said he, "I'm glad o' that; there's ower mony lasses in the world already."

"Hech, man," said Jess, "div ye no ken there's aye maist sawn o' the best crap?"

COURTSHIP UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

One night, sitting later than usual, sunk in the profundities of a great folio tome, the Rev. Dr Wightman of Kirkmahoe imagined he heard a sound in the kitchen inconsistent with the quietude and security of a manse, and so taking his candle he proceeded to investigate the cause. His foot being heard in the lobby, the housekeeper began with all earnestness to cover the fire, as if preparing for bed—

“Ye’re late up to-night, Mary.”

“I’m jist rakin’ the fire, sir, and gaun to bed.”

“That’s right, Mary; I like timeous hours.”

On his way back to the study he passed the coal-closet, and turning the key took it with him. Next morning at an early hour there was a rap at his bedroom door, and a request for the key to put a fire on.

“Ye’re too soon up, Mary; go back to your bed yet.”

Half-an-hour later there was another knock, and a similar request in order to prepare the breakfast.

“I don’t want breakfast so soon, Mary; go back to your bed.”

Another half hour, and another knock, with an entreaty for the key, as it was washing day. This was enough. He rose and handed out the key, saying—

“Go and let the man out.”

Mary’s sweetheart had been imprisoned all night in the coal-closet, as the minister shrewdly suspected, and, Pyramis-and-Thisbe-like, they had breathed their love to each other through the key-hole.—*Rev. D. Hogg.*

NATIVES OF THE ISLE OF SKYE.

As to the size of the people, they are of a low stature, the men in general from five feet four inches to five feet eight. There are very few men who

are six feet high; they are, however, active and lively. The common people of Skye are blessed with excellent parts; a liberal share of strong natural sense, and great acuteness of understanding. They are peaceable and gentle in their dispositions, and are very industrious when they work for themselves; but when they work for hire or wages, they are inclined to be lazy and indifferent; they are rather too fond of changes and emigrations; and though they are brave and very loyal, they are averse to the naval and military services, and are extremely disgusted with the idea of being pressed.—*Stat. Account.*

A REBUKE FROM BURNS.

Burns called once on a certain lord in Edinburgh, and was shown into the library. To amuse himself till his lordship was at leisure, the poet took down a volume of Shakspeare, splendidly bound; but on opening it he discovered from the gilding, that it had never been read, and also that the worms were eating it through and through. He therefore took out his pencil and wrote the following lines in it. They, however, were only discovered by accident about twelve years afterwards!

“Through and through the inspired leaves,
Ye maggots, make your windings;
But, oh! respect his lordship’s taste,
And spare his golden bindings.”

A USEFUL CAUTION.

A farmer, the elder of a rural parish in Forfarshire, was suggesting to his lately-appointed and youthful pastor, how he should proceed in his ministerial visitations. “When ye ca’ on John Ramage o’ the Hillfoot, sir, ye may speak aboot onything but ploughin’ an’ sawin’.” John, ye see, sir, is sure to notice your deficiency on thae matters;

and if he should find oot that ye dinna ken aboot ploughin' and sawin', he'll no gie ye credit for understanding onything else."—*Dr Rogers.*

BAPTISM UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

The only amusement in which Ralph Erskine, the father of the Scottish Secession, indulged, was playing on the violin. He was so great a proficient on this instrument, and so often beguiled his leisure hours with it, that the people of Dunfermline believed he composed his sermons to its tones, as a poet writes a song to a particular air. They also tell the following anecdote connected with the subject:—

A poor man, in one of the neighbouring parishes, having a child to baptise, resolved not to employ his own clergyman, with whom he was at issue on certain points of doctrine, but to have the office performed by some minister of whose tenets fame gave a better report. With the child in his arms, therefore, and attended by the full complement of old and young women who usually minister on such occasions, he proceeded to the manse of ———, some miles off (not that of Mr Erskine), where he inquired if the clergyman was at home.

"Na; he's no at hame yeenoo," answered the servant lass; "he's down the burn fishing; but I can soon cry him in."

"Ye needna gie yoursel' the trouble," replied the man, quite shocked at this account of the minister's habits; "nane o' your fishin' ministers shall bapteeze my bairn."

Off he then trudged, followed by his whole train, to the residence of another parochial clergyman, at the distance of some miles. Here, on his inquiring if the minister was at home, the lass answered—

"Deed, he's no at hame the day;

he's been out since sax i' the morning at the shooting. Ye needna wait, neither; for he'll be sae made out when he comes back, that he'll no be able to say bo to a calf, let-a-be kirsen a wean!"

"Wait, lassie!" cried the man, in a tone of indignant scorn; "wad I wait, d'ye think, to haud up my bairn before a minister that gangs oot at six i' the morning to shoot God's creatures? I'll awa' down to gude Mr Erskine at Dunfermline; and he'll be neither out at the fishing nor shooting, I think."

The whole baptismal train then set off for Dunfermline, sure that the Father of the Secession, although not now a placed minister, would at least be engaged in no unclerical sports, to incapacitate him for performing the sacred ordinance in question. On their arriving, however, at the house of the clergyman, which they did not do till late in the evening, the man, on rapping at the door, anticipated that he would not be at home any more than his brethren, as he heard the strains of a fiddle proceeding from the upper chamber.

"The minister will no be at hame," he said, with a sly smile, to the girl who came to the door, "or your lad wadna be playing that gate t'ye on the fiddle."

"The minister *is* at hame," quoth the girl, "mair by token it's himsel' that's playing, honest man; he aye takes a tune at night, before he gangs to bed. Faith, there's nae lad o' mine can play that gate; it wad be something to tell if ony o' them could."

"*That* the minister playing!" cried the man, in a degree of astonishment and horror far transcending what he had expressed on either of the former occasions. "If *he* does this, what may the rest no do? Weel, I fairly gie them up a'thegither. I have travelled this haill day in search o' a godly minister, and never man met wi' mair disappoint-

ment in a day's journey. I'll tell ye what, gudewife," he added, turning to the disconsolate party behind, "we'll just awa' back to our ain minister after a'. He's no a'thegither sound, it's true; but, let him be what he likes in doctrine, deil hae me if ever I kend him fish, shoot, or play on the fiddle a' his days!"

"EATEN OUT O' PLY."

Some animals are said to be *eaten out o' ply*, when they are extremely thin in flesh, although they have been taking a great deal of food. Thus few gourmands are very fat; they eat themselves out of ply; that is to say, overdo themselves with eating. Crows in harvest are very light in body, because they have too much food; and in dead of winter, when it is not so, they are fat: eating much more than enough to satisfy nature is an abominable thing—far rather be a drunkard than a glutton, the latter is the more bestial of the two. To see a person sitting down to dinner, and clearing the table before him, is damnable; let such brutes be tossed out of the window.—*Mactaggart*.

A LESSON FOR SCEPTICS.

David Hume, the philosopher, had fallen from the pathway into a swamp at the back of Edinburgh Castle. He fairly stuck fast, and called to a woman who was passing for assistance. She passed on apparently without attending to his request; at his earnest entreaty, however, she came where he was, and asked him, "Are ye na Hume the atheist?"

"Well, well, no matter," said Hume; "Christian charity commands you to do good to every one."

"Christian charity here, or Christian charity there," replied the woman, "I'll

dae naething for ye until ye turn a Christian yoursel'—ye maun repeat the Lord's Prayer and the Creed, or faith I'll let ye grafel there as I fand ye." The sceptic, really afraid for his life, was compelled to rehearse the required formulæ before the woman would assist him to extricate himself.

"CHACUN A' SON GOUT."

Old Lady Perth and a French gentleman were discussing the respective merits of the cookery of each country. The Frenchman offended the old Scottish peeress by some disparaging remarks on Scottish dishes, and by highly preferring those of France. All she answered was, "Weel, weel, some folk like parritch, and some folk like puddocks."

TAKEN AT HER WORD.

Captain Cushnie, whose characteristic monument in the West Church of Aberdeen records his charitable bequeathment of a fortune found in the lottery, with the heart, possessed also the humour, of a genuine son of Neptune. After the accidental acquisition of his "prize money" he cast anchor on his native shore, where he spent his time and fortune in relieving the necessities of the poor. He was a great walker, and would naturally often steer his course towards the sea-beach. During one of his visits thither, while he was viewing a fleet of fishing-boats in the offing, suddenly the sky became overcast, the wind blew with fitful and increasing violence, until it roused the sea into a storm. The bents were soon covered with the relatives of the fishermen, who were in great jeopardy. Amid the roar of the waves, and the howling of the wind, nought was heard save loud lamentations and extravagant expressions

of despair. One "luckie," on whose lungs frequent practice in crying "caller haddock's" had conferred stentorian strength, was particularly exclamatory, and seemed determined to arrogate a monopoly of woe. Amongst other ravings which she bellowed, she exclaimed—

"O gin I had but a knife, I wud cut my ain throat!" Whereupon the captain, who was standing alongside of her, thinking it a hard case that the honest woman should be prevented, for lack of the needful implement, from carrying into immediate execution so rational a resolve, took from his pocket a large *jociteleg*, which he presented, unclasped, to the forlorn matron. But, instead of availing herself of the proffered aid, she ungratefully exclaimed—

"Ah! you villain! wad ye gie a knife to a mad woman!"—*John Ramsay*.

A VIRAGO.

I had never seen such a virago as Lady Bridekirk, not even among the oyster women of Prestonpans. She was like a sergeant of foot in women's clothes; or rather like an overgrown coachman of the Quaker persuasion. On our peremptory refusal to alight, she darted into the house like a hogshead down a slope, and returned instantly with a pint bottle of brandy—a Scots pint, I mean—and a stray beer glass, into which she filled almost a bumper. After a long grace said by Mr Jardine—for it was his turn now, being the third brandy bottle we had seen since we left Lochmaben—she emptied it to our healths, and made the gentlemen follow her example: she said she would spare me as I was so young, but ordered a maid to bring a gingerbread cake from the cupboard, a luncheon of which she put in my pocket. This lady was famous, even in the Annandale border, both at the bowl and

in battle: she could drink a Scots pint of brandy with ease; and when the men grew obstreperous in their cups, she could either put them out of doors, or to bed, as she found most convenient.—*Alex. Carlyle*.

WEDDING CUSTOMS IN GALLOWAY.

Weddings. These ceremonies are not so largely attended as in the days of yore; auld wives tell me, that the *Spirit o' Waddings* is left the country; now sic a thing is *slippet* by in a *prevet* way, and a body never gets the *thrapple watted* over them. *Wadding-braws*, money tossed among mobs by wedding people. *Wadding-braws*, dresses for marriage; the buying of these *braws* is a serious matter, for this is the first time the *young fowk* appear in public. *Wadding sarks*, the bride, previous to marriage, makes the bridegroom a shirt; these shirts are termed *wadding sarks*. A peasant once told me, "That he ance didna intend to take Meg for a wife; but the cutty saw this, flew to my neck, and measured the *sark*, and then I was *obliged* to tak her."

Waddings o' craws, large flocks of rooks, particularly when in "blackened train" they fly at eve to "their repose."

"A fiddler, a fifer, and three castle kaws,
Aye gie the music to a *wadding o' craws*."
—*Maclaggart*.

DISADVANTAGE OF A WRY NECK.

The postman who formerly went between Perth and Dundee happened one day to fall from his horse into a ditch, and was a good deal hurt. A stranger passing by, and observing what had happened, rendered him what assistance he could. Not knowing, however, that the postman was wry-necked, he la-

boured hard to make his neck straight, thinking this part of his body had got a wrong twist by the fall. The poor man, thus tortured by his benefactor, exclaimed—

“Ay, ay, that way,” meaning that his neck had been always in that position; but the other, supposing he wished him to persist in his attempts to rectify what was wrong, redoubled his efforts; and before the matter could be explained, the patient had suffered not a little by the well-meant exertions of the operator.

HEATHER.

In the desert and wild places of Scotland, there groweth an hearbe of itselfe, called hadder, or hather, verie delicate for all kinde of cattell to feede upon, and also for diverse fowles, but bees especially. This hearbe, in June, yeeldeth a purple flower, as sweete as honey, whereof the Picts, in times past, did make a pleasant drinke, and verie wholesome for the body; but since their time, the manner of the making heerof is perished in the subversion of the Picts; neither showed they ever the learning heerof to any but to their owne nation.—*Monipennie.*

NO SURPRISE.

Benjamin Greig, one of the last specimens of tie-wig and powder gentry, and a rich old curmudgeon to boot, one day entered the shop of Mr Walker—better known, however, by the nickname of “Sugar Jock”—and accosting him, said, “Are ye no muckle astonished to hear that Mr L— has left £20,000?” “Weel, Mr Greig,” replied ‘Sugar,’ “I wad hae been mair astonished to hear that he had ta’en it wi’ him.” Greig gave a grunt, and left the shop.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Sheriff Anstruther met Henry Erskine the day after the death of John Wright the advocate. “Well, Harry,” said the sheriff, “poor Johnny Wright is dead.”

“Is he?” said Henry.

“He died very poor,” was the rejoinder; “they say he has left no effects.”

“That is not surprising,” replied Erskine; “as he had no *causes*, he could have no *effects*.”—*Kay.*

JUSTICE FORTHCOMING.

One of the judges of the Justiciary Court, noted for his light treatment of serious punishments, once sentenced a man, convicted of sheep-stealing, to be hanged on the 28th of the then current month. The prisoner, when being conducted out of the dock, turned round to the judge, who was busy arranging his papers previous to leaving the court, and cried out—

“My lord, my lord, I haena got justice here the day!”

The judge, looking up from his occupation with a twinkle of grim fun in his eye, consolingly answered—

“Weel, weel, my man, ye’ll get it on the 28th.”

THE TWO LOGANS.

In the last age there flourished in Ayrshire two gentlemen of the name of Logan, both of whom were remarkable for *bon mots* and eccentric sayings. The elder of the two, Logan of Logan, near Cumnock, was a rude, ready-witted, and rather home-spun character; but the other, Major William Logan, the son of a gentleman near Dalmellington, was a man of polish and address, possessing, for one accomplish-

ment, an amazing gift of violin-playing, and fitted to mingle—as he did—in the first circles of society.

The common people of Cumnock, like the other people of Scotland, were very averse to the establishment of the militia, which took place for the first time in 1798; and on the day when they were called together to meet the deputy-lieutenants, in order to proceed to the business of balloting, a great riot took place, during which the above officers were severely pelted. Logan of Logan was himself one of the lieutenants; but, on his entering the town rather late, and finding himself involved in a crowd which was eagerly engaged in lapidating his brethren, he saw it best to put his commission into his pocket, and side with the dominant party.

"What's the matter?" he cried; "what ails ye at them?"

"O!" cried the crowd, "they're gaun to mak us sodgers against our will."

"Are they really?" cried the politic laird; "filthy fellows! stane them weel, lads—stane them weel!" and, bawling this with all his might, he made his escape from the throng.

Though the folk at Cumnock were thus furious against the militia system, they had no objection to be volunteers, and even expressed some pique that there should be a troop of that kind at Ayr, while their own town had none.

"Patience a wee, my friends," said Logan; "an' the French were ance landed at Ayr, there wad be plenty o' volunteers at Cumnock." He meant that, in that event, the men of Ayr would retreat from the coast into the interior of the country.

One of the two Logans—it is uncertain which—once called for a dram at a tavern, and the landlady, in handing it to him, inquired politely if he would have water along with it?

"I would rather you took the water out of it," said the old gentleman drily

—the house being noted for a practice of reducing spirits.

Major Logan retained the ruling passion to the last, even amidst the agonies of a very painful disorder. A clergyman, visiting him in his latter days, remarked that it would require fortitude to bear up under such distresses. "Ay, it would take *fiititude*," said the expiring wit.

A DROUTHY LOT.

A party met at a farmer's house near Arbroath to celebrate the reconciliation of two neighbouring farmers who had long been at enmity. The host was pressing and hospitable; the party sat late, and consumed a glorious quantity of whisky toddy. The wife was penurious, and grudged the outlay. When at last the party dispersed, the lady, who had not slept in her anxiety, looked over the stairs and eagerly asked the servant girl, "How many bottles o' whisky have they used, Betty?" The lass, who had not to pay for the drink, but had been obliged to go to the well for water to make the toddy, coolly answered—

"I dinna ken, mem; but they've drucken sax gang o' watter!"

A CONSCIENCE-STRICKEN REIVER.

A minister had been preaching to his congregation, not only against stealing, but all manner of fraud, circumvention, and roguery. A little after he had returned to the mause, a servant came and told him that a man was at the door, and wanted to speak to him. Being called into the parlour, he immediately explained the purpose of his visit to the minister, before his son and some other persons who were present.

"Oh, sir," said he, "you made that preachment against me; you have heard

of my cheating that poor woman, Widow Robertson, in buying her only cow. I took advantage of her not knowing the price, and of her being in want of money; I got it at a little more than half value, as you clearly showed this day. What shall I do to make her amends?"

"Give her back the cow," said the worthy pastor, "and allow her time to pay you back the money you gave her."

"Would that, sir, make up for my cheatry, and save me from all the punishment, on this account, that you was preaching about?"

"I daresay it might."

"Then, sir, to make sure work, I will give back the cow, without the price, and keep from such tricks hereafter."

This resolution he actually performed.

A THEORY OF TAXATION.

Miss Helen Carnegy of Craigo, a Montrose *belle* of former days, hated paying taxes, and always pretended to misunderstand their nature. One day, receiving a notice of such payment signed by Provost Thom, she broke out, and said—

"I dinna understand thae taxes; but I just think that whenever the Provost's wife wants a new gown, her man sends me a tax paper!"

PULPIT CRITICISM.

Several *betheralls*, or ministers' "men," were discussing the merits of their various masters.

"Our minister," said one, "does real weel; ay, he gars the stour flee out o' the cushion."

To which another rejoined, with a calm feeling of superiority—

"Stour oot o' the cushion! hout,

our minister, sin' he cam' to us, has dang the guts oot o' twa Bibles!"

Another energetic preacher was lauded in words more forcible than delicate.

"Eh, our minister had a great power o' watter, for he grat and spat, and swat like mischief."

A USELESS JOB.

When Dr Macknight had completed his *Harmony of the Four Gospels*, he went to Edinburgh to arrange about its publication. One of his parishioners, a well-known humorous blacksmith, who, no doubt, thought that the doctor's learned books were rather a waste of time and labour for a country parson, was asked if his minister was at home.

"Na," was the answer; "he's awa' to Edinbro' on a very useless job."

On being asked what this useless work might be which required the minister's presence in the capital, he replied—

"He's gane to mak four men agree wha ne'er cast oot."

THE SEATONS OF CLATTO.

The Seatons, who formerly occupied the lands of Clatto in Fife, were celebrated in tradition for perpetrating the most cruel robberies and murders. One of the Scottish kings, said to be James IV., when riding alone, as was common in those days, was attacked by a son of Seaton's. The king having a hanger concealed under his garment, drew it, and with a blow cut off the right hand that seized his horse's bridle. This hand he took up and rode off. Next day, attended by a proper retinue, he visited the castle of Clatto, wishing to see Seaton and his sons. The old man conducted his family into the king's presence. One son alone was absent;

it was said that he had been hurt by an accident, and was confined in bed. The king insisted on seeing him, and desired to feel his pulse. The young man held out his left hand. The king would feel the other also. After many ineffectual excuses, he was obliged to confess that he had lost his right hand. The king told him that he had a hand in his pocket, which was at his service if it would fit him. Upon this they were all seized and executed.—*Stat. Ac.*

A LEARNED "MAN."

The minister's "man" at Kinross was a great reader, and had borrowed some of his master's botanical books. As the minister stepped one morning into his flower-garden, he found William removing a favourite rhododendron.

"What are you about, William?" asked the minister.

Taking a hearty pinch, the "man" deliberately answered—

"Weel, sir, ye maun understand, that this rottendethrun didna corroborate wi' the rest o' the shrubby; it was in an over-lucrative a sivation; so I've just translaitit it ower here!"

ENGLISH NOTIONS OF THE HIGHLANDERS IN 1745.

The terror of the English was truly inconceivable, and, in many cases, they seemed quite bereft of their senses. One evening, as Mr Cameron of Lochiel entered the lodgings assigned to him, his landlady, an old woman, threw herself at his feet, and, with uplifted hands and tears in her eyes, supplicated him to take her life, but to spare her two little children. He asked her if she was in her senses, and told her to explain herself; when she answered, that everybody said the Highlanders ate children, and made them thair common

food. Mr Cameron having assured her that they would not injure her or her little children, or any other person whatever, she looked at him for some moments, with an air of surprise, and then opened a press, calling out with a loud voice—

"Come out, children, the gentleman will not eat you."

The children immediately left the press, where she had concealed them, and threw themselves at his feet. They affirmed in the newspapers of London, that they had dogs in their army, trained to fight; and that they were indebted for the victory of Prestonpans to these dogs, who darted with fury on the English army. They represented the Highlanders as monsters, with claws instead of hands.

A NATURAL REASON.

When Sir Walter Scott was a boy, one of his female friends was conversing with a gentleman respecting the almost perpetual drizzle which prevails in the west of Scotland—a fact for which both parties declared themselves at a loss to account, when Walter, who was in the room unperceived, popped his head up from below the table, and said—

"It is only Nature weeping for the barrenness of her soil."

SERGEANT DICKSON.

Sergeant Dickson joined the Highland army after being taken prisoner at Prestonpans, on the march of the army into England. He quitted Preston in the evening with his mistress and drummer; and having marched all night, he arrived next morning at Manchester, which is about twenty miles distant, and immediately began to beat up for recruits for "the yellow hair'd laddie." The populace, at first, did not interrupt

him, conceiving the Highland army to be near the town; but as soon as they knew it would not arrive till the evening, they surrounded him in a tumultuous manner with the intention of taking him prisoner, alive or dead. Dickson presented his blunderbus, which was charged with slugs, threatening to blow out the brains of those who first dared to lay hands on himself or the two who accompanied him; and by turning round, continually facing in all directions, and behaving like a lion, he soon enlarged the circle which a crowd of people had formed round them. Having continued for some time to manœuvre in this way, those of the inhabitants of Manchester who were attached to the house of Stuart, took arms and flew to the assistance of Dickson, to rescue him from the fury of the mob; so that he soon had five or six hundred men to aid him, who dispersed the crowd in a very short time. Dickson now triumphed in his turn; and putting himself at the head of his followers, he proudly paraded, undisturbed, the whole day with his drummer, enlisting for his captain all who offered themselves.

On presenting him a list of one hundred and eighty recruits, he was agreeably surprised to find the whole of his expenses did not exceed three guineas. This adventure of Dickson gave rise to many a joke at the expense of the town of Manchester, from the singular circumstance of its having been taken by a sergeant, a drummer, and a girl. This brave sergeant was taken prisoner at Culloden, and afterwards executed at Edinburgh.

A KIRKMICHAEL DRINKING.

In extraordinary cases of distress, we have a custom which deserves to be taken notice of; and that is, when any of the lower people happen to be reduced by sickness, losses, or misfortunes

of any kind, a friend is sent to as many of their neighbours as they think needful, to invite them to what they call a "Drinking." This drinking consists of a little small beer, with a bit of bread and cheese, and sometimes a small glass of brandy or whisky, previously provided by the needy persons or their friends. The guests convene at the time appointed, and, after collecting a shilling a-piece, and sometimes more, they divert themselves for about a couple of hours with music and dancing, and then go home. Such as cannot attend themselves usually send their charitable contribution by any neighbour that chooses to go. These meetings sometimes produce 5, 6, or 7 pounds, to the needy person or family.—*Stat. Account.*

AN ODD SIMILE.

Jamie Templetown, a "Bluegown" of former days, made no secret of his fondness for whisky. He was once asked—

"Jamie, can ye tak a full glass o' whisky?"

"Tout!" he answered, "a glass o' whisky to me is just like a flee in a coal-pit."

THE KING OF THE MUIRS.

King James V., when out hunting near Alloa, was once benighted and thrown out from his attendants. He took shelter in a poor cottage, where he was hospitably received and entertained. The goodman called to his wife to bring the hen that sat nearest the cock (which is always reckoned the best one), and make a supper. The king, delighted with the frank, hearty manner of his landlord, desired that the next time he was at Stirling he would call at the castle for the Gudeman of Ballengeich. The man, whose name was Donaldson,

did as he was desired, and was astonished to find that the king had been his guest. He was on this dignified with the name of "King of the Muirs," and this title has descended from father to son ever since.—*Stat. Account.*

THE MANSWORN RIG.

Two lairds in the parish of Menmuir, Forfarshire, quarrelled about their marches, *i. e.*, the boundaries of their lands; and witnesses were brought to swear to the old divisions. One of these chieftains, provoked to hear his opponent's servant declare on oath, that he then stood on his master's ground, pulled a pistol from his belt, and shot him dead on the spot. It was found that, to save his conscience, the man had earth in his shoes, brought from his laird's lands. The spot has ever since been called "The Mansworn Rig."—*Stat. Account.*

A CURE FOR A COLD.

John Campbell, forester of Harris, makes use of this singular remedy for a cold; he walks into the sea up to the middle, with his clothes on, and immediately after goes to bed in his wet clothes, and then laying the bed-clothes over him, procures a sweat, which removes the distemper; and this, he told me, is the only remedy for all manner of colds.—*Martin.*

SIR JOHN COPE.

Poor Johnnie, the object of so much satire and ridicule, was by no means either a coward or a bad soldier, or even a contemptible general upon ordinary occasions. He was a pudding-headed, thick-brained sort of person, who could act well enough in circumstances with

which he was conversant; especially as he was perfectly acquainted with the routine of his profession, and had been often engaged in action, without ever, until the fatal field of Preston, having shown sense enough to run away. On that occasion, however, he was, as sportsmen say, at fault.—*Sir W. Scott.*

AIDS TO MEMORY.

In the Western Islands of Scotland there formerly prevailed a very curious method of fixing the boundaries of land, fields, districts, etc. A crowd of people were collected together, and two or more sagacious and wise men defined the marches, and explained them to those who attended. Two or more young lads were then scourged with thongs of leather that they might the better remember the transaction in after life, and be able to give evidence upon it, should any question or difficulty arise.—*Martin.*

A TEMPEST IN A KAILPOT.

An honest woman was favoured by Providence with an idiot son—for such unfortunate individuals are accounted by the peasantry of Scotland a *blessing*—whose name, according to immemorial use and wont, must of course have been "Jock." To Jock, then, on a Sabbath-day, during her absence at church, she had committed the superintendence of a boiling broth-pot, in which had been companioned a horny sheep-head and a haggis. Jock, who was quite equal to the task on ordinary occasions, was not a little astonished and nonplussed, when, in the progress of ebullition, he discovered that the "head," which by this time had begun to display its teeth as well as its horns, was in the act of making rather an unhandsome attack upon its unresisting pot-fellow. Having no means of stemming the wounds, which, judging

from their discharge, seemed to be considerable, Jock hastened in utter dismay to the kirk, where he knew his mother was to be found, with a view of giving her, at all hazards, information of the state of matters at home. After some fruitless staring, he at length caught his mother's eye, which was at once eagerly employed in winking him into silence. But Jock was too much possessed with the idea of the unequal warfare he had just witnessed, and with the offensive attitude which the head had assumed in particular, to be kept long in check.

"Na, mither, na!" he exclaimed, in a tone of voice loud enough to be heard by the minister and the whole congregation, "ye needna sit nodding and winking, and glunching, and glooming there! Ye had muckle better be at hame, for hornie-face has stickit bobbing-Jess, an' they hae aff their jackets, an' at it, an' at it."

A FIGURATIVE SERMON.

Mr J. Row preached a sermon to commemorate the signing of the Solemn League and Covenant, in St Giles's, Edinburgh, in the year 1638; and as the sermon was both curious in itself, and interesting as an illustration of the Scottish dialect in the seventeenth century, we append an extract which we find in *The Dialect of the Southern Counties of Scotland*, by James A. H. Murray. (1873.)

"The Kirk of Scotland was a bony trotting Naig, but then she trotted sae lard, that never a man durst ryd her, but the Bishops; wha after they had gotten on her back, corce-langed her, and hopshakled her, and when shee becam a bony pacing beast, they tooke great pleasure to ryde on her. But their cadgeing her up and downe from Edenbrugh to London, and it may be from Rome to, gave her sik a hett cott, that we have been these twall months

by gane stirring her up and downe, to keep her frae foundrying. Yea, they made not only ane Horse, but ane Ass of the Kirk of Scotland. Hou sae? ko ye. What meane ye by this? Ile tell you hou; they made Balaam's Ass of her. Ye ken well enough Balaam was ganging ane unluckie gate; and first the Angell mett him in a broad way and then the Ass bogled and startled, but Balaam gote by the Angel, and till her and battand her sufficiently; that was when Episcopacy came in, and then they gave the Kirk of Scotland her paiks. Afterwards Balaam mett the Angel in a narrow gate, and shee startled more than before; but Balaam till her againe, and whaked her soundly; that was when the Fyve Articles of Perth were brought in. The thrid time the Angel mett Balaam in sac strait a gate that the Ass could not win by; and then it pleased the Lord to open blind Balaam's eyes, and that is this happy daye's wark. Now God has opened all our eyes; we were lyk blind Balaam ganging ane unlucky gate, and ryding post to Rome; and what was goten behind him upon the Ass, watt ye? Ile tell you, there was a pockmanty. And what was in it, true ye? but the Book of Cannons and Common Prayer, and the High Commission; but as soon as the Ass sees the Angel, shee falls a flinging . . . and oregangs the pockmanty; and it hings by the string on the one syde, and off gaes blind Balaam, and he hangs by the hough on the other syde, and faine would the cairill [hae] been on the saddle againe and a been content to leave his pockmanty. But beloved, lett not the false swinger gett on againe, for if he get on againe, he will be sure to gett his pockmanty also."

A "PERNICIOUS" STICK.

Peggy Drysdale kept a "wee public" in the Mearns, and prided herself on

the superior quality of the Ferintosh which she vended. One day a visitor complained, and remarked that there was surely something "pernicious in't." Peggy, whose knowledge of the price of a gill was infinitely superior to her acquaintance with the English language, immediately replied, "Then that nasty gauger-loon maun hae left his measurin' stick in the barrel."

INVERNESS IN 1630.

I asked the magistrates of Inverness one day, when the dirt was almost above one's shoes, why they suffered the town to be so excessively dirty, and did not employ people to cleanse the streets? The answer was—

"It will not be long before we shall have a shower."—*Burt.*

EQUALLY DEEP.

A country gentleman, who had been out with Montrose, retiring to his own parish after the war was done, was taken "through hands" by the presbyterian minister of the place, and ordained to sit for a certain time on the cutty-stool, as a penance for his dreadful offence.

"Ye should set my mare there too, man," said the intractable cavalier to the clerical judge when he had pronounced the sentence; "I'll be hanged if she wasna as deep i' the mud as I was i' the mire!"

A LANDLADY'S LATIN.

Hume, Smith, and other *literati* of the last century, used to frequent a tavern in the Potterrow, Edinburgh, where, if their accommodations were not of the first order, they had at least no cause to complain of the scantiness

of their victuals. One day, as the landlady was bringing in a *third* supply of some particularly good dish, she thus addressed them:—

"They ca' ye the *literawti*, I believe; but if they were to ca' ye the *eaterawti*, they would be nearer the mark."

A DOMINIE'S DIFFICULTY.

A schoolmaster was appointed to a parish school. For some unaccountable reason the children ceased to attend, and the classes dwindled away. The minister went to expostulate with one of the parents, and asked what was the meaning of all this.

"Surely," said he, "Mr —— is a very good teacher?"

"Ou ay, sir, he's a guid teacher enough, but ye see he doesna understand the skelpin' system."

The parents were no believers in the power of moral suasion. This same dominie, being required to fill up a schedule which demanded the extent of playground attached to the school, wrote "two mountains and a spacious dell."

LAWRIGHTMEN.

Under and subservient to the bailiffs in Orkney are six or seven of the most honest and intelligent persons within the parish, called Lawrightmen. These, in their respective bounds, have the oversight of the people, in manner of constables, and they inform the bailiffs of such enormities as occasionally happen, which the bailiffs punish according to the importance and circumstances of the fault; and if it be above his limits, or the extent of his power, he sends the delinquent to the seat of justice, which is held by the steward or his deputy. These lawrightmen have a privilege inherent to their office by the custom of the country, which is not usual else-

where; which is, if there be any suspicion of theft, they take some of their neighbours with them, during the silence of the night, and make search for the theft, which is called *Ransaking*, from *Ransaka*, which is to "make inquiry," in the ancient Danish; they search every house they come to, and if the theft be found, they seize him upon whom it is found, and bring him to the seat of justice for punishment.—*Chamberlayne*.

TOADS IN STONES.

Three Fifeshire gentlemen having walkt out a little for their recreation, came, in their returning, to stop at a louping-on-stone at the gate (which is a little stair, with a flat broad stone upon the top of it, made for the ease of women when they take horse), they heard a croaking noise come from under the top stone, which, notwithstanding, they perceived everywhere to be close built, without the least chink; they called for some servants of the house, who loosed it, and turned it off, and underneath immediately did three toads appear crawling; one of them was very large, and two of the ordinary size; it was found that that stair had been built some dozen years before, or thereby. This happened in September 1671.—*Silbald*.

A HIGHLANDER'S INGENUITY.

Several of Montgomerie's Highlanders, as the 77th regiment used to be called, fell into the hands of a number of Indians. Allan Macpherson, one of these soldiers, witnessing the miserable fate of several of his fellow-prisoners, who had been tortured to death by the Indians, and seeing them preparing to commence the same operations upon himself, made signs that he

had something to communicate. An interpreter was brought. Macpherson told them, that, provided his life was spared for a few minutes, he would communicate the secret of an extraordinary medicine, which, if applied to the skin, would cause it to resist the strongest blow of a tomahawk, or sword; and that, if they would allow him to go to the woods with a guard, to collect the plants proper for this medicine, he would prepare it, and allow the experiment to be tried on his own neck by the strongest and most expert warrior among them. This story easily gained upon the superstitious credulity of the Indians, and the request of the Highlander was instantly complied with. Being sent into the woods, he soon returned with such plants as he chose to pick up. Having boiled these herbs, he rubbed his neck with their juice, and laying his head upon a log of wood, desired the strongest man among them to strike at his neck with his tomahawk, when he would find that he could not make the smallest impression. An Indian, levelling a blow with all his might, cut with such force, that the head flew off to the distance of several yards. The Indians were fixed in amazement at their own incredulity, and the address with which the prisoner had escaped the lingering death prepared for him.—*Stewart*.

"WHAT WILL I SAY?"

Rab Hamilton, of whom we have already printed a few anecdotes, once dined in Kilmarnock at a favourite inn, where he was well known, to his stomach's content. Rab not requiring any stimulant to assist digestion, no ardent spirits were offered. (The "natural's" desire for a dram was frequently purposely ignored by his friends). "I am sure," says the waiter, "ye hae gotten a guid dinner the day, Rab."

“Ou ay, atweel have I, nae doubt o’t; but gin the folk at Ayr speir at me when I gae hame (an’ there’s little doubt but they’ll do’t), if I got a dram, what will I say?”

NATIONAL ECONOMY.

The following story has been very often told to illustrate the proverbial “hardness” of the Scotch; for the truth of it we cannot vouch:—Two officers, observing a pretty girl in a milliner’s shop, the one, an Irishman, proposed to go in and buy a watch-ribbon, in order to get a nearer view of her. “Hoot, man,” says his northern friend, “there’s nae need to waste the siller that way; gang in and speer if she can give you twa saxpences for a shilling.”

LONDON EPITOMISED.

A worthy citizen of Auld Reekie having visited London for the first time, was thus addressed by a friend on his return—

“Weel, John, what think ye o’ Lunnon, noo? Isna yon a grand place?”

“A grand place!” echoed the disappointed tourist; “deed, man, Sandy, it’s just like a thousand Cowgates!”

A CHEAP RANSOM.

In the wars in France, in 1356, Archibald Douglas having been made prisoner along with the rest, appeared in more sumptuous armour than the other Scottish prisoners, and therefore he was supposed by the English to be some great lord. Late in the evening, after the battle, when the English were about to strip off his armour, Sir William Ramsay, of Colluthy, happening to be present, fixed his eyes on Archi-

bald Douglas, and affecting to be in a violent passion, cried out—

“You cursed damnable murderer, how comes it, in the name of mischief, *ex parte diaboli*, that you are thus proudly decked in your master’s armour? Come hither and pull off my boots.”

Douglas approached trembling, kneeled, and pulled off one of his boots. Ramsay, taking up the boot, beat Douglas with it. The English bystanders, imagining him out of his senses, interposed, and rescued Douglas. They said, “That the person he had beaten was certainly of great rank, and a lord.”

“What? he a lord,” cried Ramsay, “he is a scullion, and a base knave; and, as I suppose, has killed his master. Go, you villain, to the field, search for the body of my cousin, your master; and when you have found it, come back, that at least I may give him a decent burial.”

Then he ransomed the feigned serving-man for forty shillings, and, having buffeted him smartly, he cried, “Get you gone; fly!” Douglas bore all this patiently, and carried on the deceit. This story, as to some of its circumstances, may not seem altogether probable; yet in the main it has the appearance of truth.

BURNS’S TOAST.

At a public dinner of the Dumfries volunteers, of which Burns was a member, the poet requested permission to propose a toast. This was at once granted, amid rapturous applause, and something very fine was looked for.

“Gentlemen,” said he, “may we never see the French, and may the French never see us.” It was drunk, but with a murmur of disapprobation. The poet felt this, and, on going home, wrote the characteristic and truly na-

tional song, "Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?"

A REASON FOR REJOICING.

Geordie Scott, a Perthshire gravedigger, took an extra dram to himself on the strength of an epidemic which had begun to rage in his parish: "For," said he, "I ha'ena buried a leevin' sowl for sax months, an' it bena a scart o' a bairn."—*Dr Rogers.*

SCOTT'S POETRY.

"Such," said an admirer of Scott's poetry, "is the trumpet-power of the song of that son of genius, that I start from my old elbow-chair, up with the poker, tongs, or shovel, no matter which, and flourish it round my head, cry—

'Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!'

and then, dropping my voice, and returning to my padded bottom, whisper—

'Were the last words of Marmion!'

AN ENGLISH NOTION.

When Gordon of Glenbucket, who was described by those who knew him intimately, as a "good-natured, humane man," marched up his followers to join the rebel army in England, it was gravely questioned by the English, whether they killed their prisoners and sucked their blood, to whet their appetite for war, after the manner of other savages!

A CAIRN.

A heap of stones was thrown over the spot where a person happened to be

killed or buried. Every passenger added a stone to this heap, which was called a *cairn*. Hence the Highlanders have a saying, when one serves another, or exhibits any civility, "I will add a stone to your cairn;" in other words, I will respect your memory.—*Stewart.*

BRICKS AND BREEKS.

Gordon, laird of Craigmyle, was once visited by the eccentric Duchess of Gordon on some of her electioneering plans. She had heard that the worthy laird was making bricks on his property to build a wall. Her grace asked politely—

"Well, Mr Gordon, and how do your bricks get on now?"

The Laird of Craigmyle's thoughts were much occupied with a new pair of leather breeches, which he had just received and put on; looking down on his nether garments, he replied, in pure Aberdeen dialect—

"I am muckle obliged to your grace for asking; they war sum ticht at first, but they are doing weel eneuch noo."

A DIFFICULTY SOLVED.

A clergyman at Thornhill was one day examining the parish school. In the course of examination, the Bible-class was brought forward. After many questions had been asked and answered, greatly to the satisfaction of the minister, he proposed that any boy might ask him a question, as he might then have an idea of what particular information they wanted. A pause ensued. At last a bright-looking boy said—

"Sir, I would like to ask one."

"Well, my little man," asked the minister, "what is the question you are to ask?"

"Sir," said the boy, "what was the

use of Jacob's ladder when the angels had wings?"

The minister felt taken aback, took out his snuff-box, and looked at the boy.

"I think, my little man, that is the very question I should have asked at the class, and I will give sixpence to any boy in the class who will answer it."

After a somewhat long pause, one little fellow, third from the bottom, held out his hand.

"Well," said the minister, "can you answer that question?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what was the use of the ladder when the angels had wings?"

"Because the angels were poukin' (moulting) at the time, and couldna flee."

A POET'S THREAT.

Robert Burns was once present at a penny-wedding, where two or three wild young fellows began to quarrel, and threatened to fight.

"Sit down, and be d—d to ye," said the poet, "or I'll hing ye up like tatty-bogles in sang to-morrow."

"They ceased and sat down," said the person who mentioned this circumstance to Allan Cunningham, "as if their noses had been bleeding."

THE LATE-WAKE.

The *Late-wake* is a ceremony used at funerals. The evening after the death of any person, the relations and friends of the deceased meet at the house, attended by bagpipe or fiddle; the nearest of kin, be it wife, son, or daughter, opens a melancholy ball, dancing and greeting, *i.e.*, crying violently, at the same time; and this continues till daylight; but with such gambols and frolics among the younger part of the company, that the loss which occasioned them

is often more than supplied by the consequence of that night. If the corpse remains unburied for two nights, the same rites are renewed. Thus, Scythian-like, they rejoice at the deliverance of their friends out of this life of misery.—*Pennant*.

THE CHIEF PLEASURE.

There does not, at this blessed moment, breathe on the earth's surface ae human being that doesna prefer eating and drinking to all ither pleasures o' body or sowl. This is the rule: never think about either the ane or the ither but when ye are at the board. Then, eat and drink wi' a' your powers—moral, intellectual, and physical. Say little, but look freendly.—*Noctes Ambros.*

A SKILFUL WEAVER.

In the town of Wick there lives a weaver who weaves a shirt, with buttons and button-holes entire, without any seam, or the least use of the needle: but it is to be feared that he will scarce find any benefit for his ingenuity, as he cannot afford his labour under five pounds a shirt.—*Pennant*.

A WALKING WARNER.

1574. At a meeting of the council of Aberdeen, it was ordained that John Cowper should "pass every day in the morning at four hours, and every night at eight hours, through all the rows of the town, playing upon the Almanj whistle—German flate, with one servant with him playing on the tabroun, whereby the craftsmen, their servants, and all other laborious folks, being warnit and excitat, may pass to their labours and frae their labours in due and convenient time."

REASON TO BE THANKFUL.

Almost the only story of Lord Braxfield I ever heard that had some fun in it without immodesty, was when a butler of his gave up his place because his lordship's wife was always scolding him.

"Lord!" he exclaimed, "ye've little to complain o'; ye may be thankfu' ye're no married to her."—*Cockburn.*

CLINKING CHARLIE.

Two Galloway priests, once passing a fellow who was good at flinging everything into rhyme, quoth the one to the other—

"I hold ye a sixpence, Clinking Charlie will be beat with what I say to him."

"Done," says the other: so when the pair passed the poet, the priest held out his finger at him, sounding "boo," when the man of clink instantly returned—

"Mr Scott and Mr Boyd,
O' wit and learning they are void;
For, like Bill Jock among the kye,
They 'boo' at fowk as they gae by."
—*Maclaggart.*

A BOLD PRACTICAL JOKE.

Dr Simson, the celebrated mathematician, was exceedingly absent-minded, and practical jokes were not unfrequently played off upon him. On one occasion one of the college porters, dressed for the purpose, came to him asking charity, and in answer to the professor's questions, gave an account of himself closely resembling his own history. When he found so great a resemblance, he cried out, "What's your name?" and on the answer being given "Robert Simson," he exclaimed, with great animation,

"Why, it must be myself!" and he gave the *poor professor* a handsome gratuity, at the same time bewailing the sad fate of an unfortunate man of genius.

CALLUM BEG EVADES THE QUESTION.

From a window which overlooked the dark and narrow court in which Callum Beg rubbed down the horses after their journey, Waverley heard the following dialogue betwixt the subtle foot-page of Vich Ian Vohr and his landlord:—

"Ye'll be frae the north, young man?" began the latter.

"And ye may say that," answered Callum.

"And ye'll hae ridden a lang way the day, it may weel be?"

"Sae lang, that I could weel tak a dram."

"Gudewife, bring the gill-stoup."

Here some compliments passed fitting the occasion, when my host of the Golden Candlestick, having, as he thought, opened his guest's heart by this hospitable propitiation, resumed his scrutiny.

"Ye'll no hae mickle better whisky than that aboon the Pass?"

"I am nae frae aboon the Pass."

"Ye're a Highlandman by your tongue?"

"Na; I am but just Aberdeen-away."

"And did your master come frae Aberdeen wi' you?"

"Ay—that's when I left it mysel'," answered the cool and impenetrable Callum Beg.

"And what kind of a gentleman is he?"

"I believe he is ane o' King George's state officers; at least he's aye for ganging on to the south; and he has a hantle sillar, and never grudges onything till a poor body, or in the way of a lawing."

"He wants a guide and a horse frae hence to Edinburgh?"

"Ay, and ye maun find it him forth-wit."

"Ahem! It will be chargeable."

"He cares na for that a bodle."

"Aweel, Duncan—did ye say your name was Duncan, or Donald?"

"Na, man—Jamie—Jamie Steenson—I telt ye before."

This last undaunted parry altogether foiled Mr Cruickshanks, who, though not quite satisfied either with the reserve of the master, or the extreme readiness of the man, was contented to lay a tax on the reckoning and horse-hire that might compound for his ungratified curiosity. The circumstance of its being the fast-day was not forgotten in the charge, which, on the whole, did not, however, amount to much more than double what in fairness it should have been.—*Waverley*.

AN UNFORTUNATE SONG.

The Rev. Mr C—, minister of the parish of Borthwick, near Edinburgh, was noted for the admirable manner in which he sang "Bonny Dundee," "Waly, waly, up yon bank," "The auld man's mear's dead," and other old Scottish songs; and was so enthusiastically fond of the recreation, that he used to hang his watch round the candle on Sunday evenings, and anxiously wait till the conjunction of the hands at twelve o'clock permitted him to break forth in one of his favourite ditties. One day, happening to meet with some friends at a tavern in Dalkelth, he was solicited to favour the company with that humorous song, "The auld man's mear's dead." He accordingly sang it with his usual effect and brilliancy; and had just concluded it, when the woman who kept the house thrust her head in at the door, and exclaimed—

"Od, the auld man's mear's dead,

sure aneuch. Your horse, minister, has hanged itsel' at my door."

Such was really the fact. The minister, on going into the house, had tied his horse by a rope to a hook, or ring, near the door; and as he was induced to remain much longer than he intended, the poor animal, either through exhaustion, or a sudden fit of disease, had fallen down and been strangled. He was so much mortified by this unhappy accident, the coincidence of which with the subject of his song was not a little striking, that, all his life after, he could never be prevailed upon to sing again, "The auld man's mear's dead."

MARGARET, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND.

1251. The body of Margaret, Queen of Scotland, was removed from its place of sepulture at Dunfermline, and deposited in a costly shrine. While the monks were employed in this service, they approached the tomb of her husband Malcolm. The body became, on a sudden, so heavy, that they were obliged to set it down. Still, as more hands were employed in raising it, the body became heavier. The spectators stood amazed; and the humble monks imputed this phenomenon to their own unworthiness, when a bystander cried out—

"The queen will not stir till equal honours are performed to her husband."

This having been done, the body of the queen was removed with ease. A more awkward miracle occurs not in legendary history.—*Dalrymple*.

LEITH IN 1769.

Leith, a large town, about two miles north, lies on the Forth, is a flourishing place, and the port of Edinburgh. The town is dirty and ill built, and chiefly inhabited by sailors; but the pier is

very fine, and is a much-frequented walk. The races were at this time on the sands, near low-water mark: considering their vicinity to a great city and populous country, the company was far from numerous; a proof that dissipation has not generally infected the manners of the North Britons.—*Pennant.*

DOCTRINAL DEGENERACY.

“Instead of studying the Bible on the work days, to kittle the clergyman with doubtful points of controversy on the Sabbath, they glean all their theology from Tom Paine and Voltaire.”

“Weel I wot the gentleman speaks truth,” said Mrs Dods. “I fand a bundle of their bawbee blasphemies in my ain kitchen. But I trow I made a clean house of the packman loon that brought them! No content wi’ turning the tawpies’ heads wi’ ballants, and driving them daft wi’ ribands, to cheat them out of their precious souls, and gie them the deevil’s ware, that I suld say sae, in exchange for the siller that suld support their puir father that’s aff wark and bedridden!”

“Father! madam,” said the stranger; “they think no more of their father than Regan or Goneril.”

“In gude troth, ye have skeel of our sect, sir,” replied the dame; “they are gomerils, every one of them. I tell them sae every hour of the day, but catch them profiting by the doctrine.”—*St Roman’s Well.*

SPAING BY THE GIRDLE.

This was a mode of divination, still occasionally practised in Angus, and perhaps in other counties, especially for discovering who has stolen anything that is missing.

The *girdle*, used for toasting cakes, is

heated till it be red hot. Then it is laid on a dark place with something on it. Every one in the company must go by himself, and bring away what is laid on it; with the assurance that the devil will carry off the guilty person, if he or she make the attempt. The fear, which is the usual concomitant of guilt, generally betrays the criminal, by the reluctance manifested to make the trial.—*Jamieson.*

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

The Rev. Mr M'D— was one of those preachers who kept their hearers awake by sheer strength of lung. Preaching one day in a strange church, he espied an old woman applying her handkerchief very frequently to her eyes. Attributing her distress to a change for the better, he kept his eye on her, and at the close of the service thus accosted her:—

“You seemed to be deeply affected, my good woman, while I was preaching to-day?”

“Ay, sir,” said she, “I was very muckle affecket.”

“I am truly glad of that,” quoth the minister; “and I hope the impression may be a lasting one.”

“I doot, sir,” said she “ye’re takin’ me up wrang. I was only thinkin’ on Shoozie.”

“Shoozie!” exclaimed the astonished divine. “What do ye mean by Shoozie?”

“Oh, ye ken, sir,” replied the matron, “that was a cuddy we had. She deed’ twa or three weeks syne; an’ I just thoct, whiles when I heard ye the day, it was her roarin’.”

“PROVIDENCE IS KIND.”

Jock Dunn was a thriftless rascal. He ate and drank the hard-woon earn-

ings of his poor wife Jeanie. But at length Jock, fortunately for his wife, died. On the day of the funeral a "neebor woman" condoled with Jeanie as follows:—"Sae Providence, in His mercy, has seen fit to tak awa' the heid o' yer hoose, Jeanie, lass?" To this the bereaved wife philosophically replied—"O, hoch, ay! but, thank goodness, Providence in His mercy has ta'en awa' the stamack tae."

ADAM'S FALL.

Adam Black, the respected publisher of the *Waverley Novels* and other important works, for many years represented Edinburgh in Parliament. He suddenly became unpopular with his constituency, and the circumstance which lost him his seat gave rise to this joke.

"What can have caused Adam's fall?" asked one constituent.

"The Eve of an election," was the reply.

A PHILOSOPHICAL YOUTH.

A little boy, wandering alone in the direction of some crags, tumbled over, but escaped unhurt, though a good deal frightened. When he came home he narrated the misfortune he had met with, and his sister said to him, "An' did ye greet when ye got up again, Johnny?" To which he replied—

"What wad hae been the use o' greetin' when there was naeboddy there to hear me?"

A GIFTED SMITH.

There is a smith in the parish of Kilmartin, who is reckoned a doctor for curing faintness of the spirits. This he performs in the following manner:—

The patient being laid on the anvil with his face uppermost, the smith takes a big hammer in both hands, and making his face all grimace, he approaches his patient; and then drawing his hammer from the ground, as if designed to hit him with his full strength on his forehead, he ends in a feint, else he would be sure to cure the patient of all diseases; but the smith being accustomed to the performance, has a dexterity of managing his hammer with discretion; though at the same time he must do it so as to strike terror in the patient; and this they say has always the designed effect.

The smith is famous for his pedigree; for it has been observed of a long time, that there has been but one only child born in the family, and that always a son, and when he arrived to man's estate, the father died presently after: the present smith makes up the thirteenth generation of that race of people who are bred to be smiths, and all of them pretend to this cure.—*Martin.*

THE VOICE OF CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

I wad hae kent it, Mr North, on the Tower o' Babel, on the day o' the great hubbub. I think Socrates maun hae had just sic a voice—ye canna weel ca't sweet, for it's ower intellectual for that—ye canna ca't saft, for even in its laigh notes there's a sort o' birr, a sort o' dirl that betokens power—ye canna ca't hairsh, for angry as ye may be at times, it's aye in tune, frae the fineness o' your ear for music—ye canna ca't sherp, for it's aye sae nat'ral—and flett it could never be, gin you were even ghen ower by the doctors. It's maist the only voice I ever heard, that you can say is at ance persuawsive and commanding—you micht fear't, but you maun love't—and there's no a voice in all his majesty's dominions better framed by nature to hold communion with friend or foe.—*Noctes Ambros.*

SUNDAY AS A MARKET DAY.

The holding of markets on Sunday was a custom which originated at a very remote period; and from the long time the practice continued, it had doubtless been found convenient both for exposor and purchaser. Indeed, the same course was carried on even after the Reformation; and it was not until the year 1593 that Parliament thought of legislating upon the point, when an Act was passed "to discharge, remove, and put away all fairis and marcattis haldin on Sondays;" but the people were so much prejudiced in favour of the custom, that nearly a century elapsed before the terms of the Act were even generally complied with.—*Ferriese.*

"PREACHING UP THE TIMES."

In the unhappy days of the religious troubles in Scotland, the popular clergy were much in the habit of *preaching up the times*, as they called it; that is, discussing politics and the business of the state in the pulpit. The neglect of this duty in any brother they styled "sinful silence;" and, on one occasion, they openly reprov'd the famous Leighton, at a public synod, for this strange fault.

"Who preach up the times?" inquired Leighton. It was answered, that all the brethren did it.

"Then," said Leighton, "if all of you preach up the times, you may surely allow one poor brother to preach up Jesus Christ and eternity."

A STURDY JACOBITE.

Aytoun of Inchdairnie, a Fife laird, might have quoted Burns's lines as a fact in his family history.

"My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword."

They afterwards found their way to

foreign countries, seeking with that sword to acquire an honourable livelihood. The old man, though a Jacobite, was a Presbyterian, and regularly attended the parish church. At the next celebration of the communion there, after the affair of the *Fifteen*, the minister, in his preliminary address, included, among those whom he had to debar from the table, all such as had been concerned in "the late wicked Rebellion;" whereupon the laird rose up, clapped his hat on his head, took his wife under his arm, and strode out, muttering—

"Wad I sit and hear my ain flesh and blude spoken o' that gate!"—*Robt. Chambers.*

MILITARY MOVEMENTS.

During the French invasion, a country laird who commanded and drilled a party of volunteers, consisting chiefly of raw lads, used frequently to forget the technical terms of command when he required them, to the no small amusement of his gallant *corps* and the spectators. On one occasion, when the order should have been—

"Rear rank, forward," he could not summon the proper words to his aid. Knowing, however, what was wanted, he got over the difficulty by exclaiming—

"Back raw, stan' forrit!"

At another time when "right about wheel" was required, he attained his object by asking them to "come round like a ligget, lads!"

CONSCIENCE CONVICTED.

Mr Bensley, before he went on the stage, was a captain in a Scotch regiment. One day he met an officer who had served with him. The latter was happy to meet an old messmate, but his

Scotch blood made him *ashamed* to be seen with a *play-actor*. He therefore hurried Bensley into an obscure coffee-house, where he asked him very seriously—

“Hoo could ye disgrace your corps by turning play-actor?” Bensley replied, “that he by no means considered it in that light; that, on the contrary, a respectable player, who behaved with propriety, was looked upon in a most favourable manner, and kept the company of the best society.”

“An’ what, man, do ye get by this business o’ yours?”

“I now,” answered Mr B., “get about a thousand a year.”

“A thoosan’ a year!” exclaimed the astonished Scotchman; “*hae ye ony vacancies in your corps?*”

NOTES FOR PICKPOCKETS.

While Incedon, the actor and vocalist, was performing at the Edinburgh theatre, a gentleman had his pocket picked of a number of pound notes, and the supposed thief was apprehended. For want of evidence, however, the latter was discharged, very much to the dissatisfaction of the victim. He thereupon complained in a private way to one of the judges, who consoled him by saying—

“You are quite right—the fellow ought in justice to be hanged. He went to the play-house to steal, and not to hear the music; and he gied ye a strong proof of the fact, Mr —, when he preferred your notes to those of Mr Incedon’s.”

INVERNESS MARKET IN 1730.

One has under his arm a small roll of linen, another a piece of coarse plaiding: these are considerable dealers. But the merchandise of the greatest part

of them is of a most contemptible value, such as these, *viz.*, two or three cheeses, of about three or four pounds weight apiece; a kid sold for sixpence or eightpence at the most; a small quantity of butter, in something that looks like a bladder, and is sometimes set down upon the dirt in the street; three or four goat-skins; a piece of wood for an axle-tree to one of the little carts, &c. With the produce of what each of them sells, they generally buy something, *viz.*, a horn, or wooden spoon or two, a knife, a wooden platter, and such-like necessaries for their huts, and carry home with them little or no money. You may see one eating a large onion without salt or bread; another gnawing a carrot, &c. These are rarieties not to be had in their own parts of the country.—*Burt.*

WOLVES IN SCOTLAND.

Formerly the wolf had his haunts in our wilds and mountains, and not only proved fatal to the cattle, but, when impelled by hunger, or inflamed with rage, he even, at times, made depredations on the human species. It is said, that, in the year 1680, the last wolf in Britain was killed by Sir Ewan Cameron of Lochiel.—*Stat. Account.*

BURIALS IN EDINBURGH.

Burials at Edinburgh, and generally throughout the kingdom, are performed without any ceremony of words, only the bodies are decently attended to the grave by all that please to go; of which they have notice by the ringing of a hand-bell through the streets by the crier, who says—

“All brethren and sisters, I let you to wot that there is a Brother —, or Sister —, departed at the pleasure of Almighty God.” &c., and then gives

notice when he or she is to be interred. This is all the invitation; and when the dead corpse is silently laid in the grave, the funeral rites are ended, and the company retire every one to their several habitations.—*Chamberlayne*.

KITTIWAKES.

The young are a favourite dish in North Britain, being served up a little before dinner, as a whet for the appetite; but, from the rank smell and taste, seem as if they were more likely to have a contrary effect. I was told of an honest gentleman who was set down for the first time to this kind of whet, as he supposed; but after demolishing half-a-dozen, with much impatience declared, that he had eaten *sax*, and did not find himself a bit *more* hungry than before he began.—*Pennant*.

AN IDIOT'S FAITH.

A poor idiot boy, in a village in Dumfriesshire, was for a long time thought to be quite ignorant of all ideas or knowledge of the Bible or religious principles, although he was a constant frequenter of the church. When he lay upon his death-bed, however, this notion was dispelled. Being asked if he had ever derived any benefit from the church services, he replied, in an earnest voice—

“Three in ane, and Ane in three,
And the middle Ane, He savèd me.”

THE FIRST FOOT.

Great attention is paid to the *first foot*, that is, the person who happens to meet them (the marriage company); and if such person does not voluntarily offer to go back with them, he is gener-

ally compelled to do so. A man on horseback is reckoned very lucky, and a barefooted woman almost as bad as a witch. Should a hare cross the road before the bride, it is ominous; but a toad crawling over the path she has to tread is a good omen; a magpie on flight, crossing the way from right to left, or, as some say, contrary to the sun, is the harbinger of bad luck, but if *vice versa*, is reckoned harmless; horned cattle are inauspicious to the bridegroom, and a *yeld* or barren cow to the bride.—*Edin. Mag.*

AN EVIL SPEAKER.

October 30th, 1567. Bessie Tailiefeir, in the Canongate, Edinburgh, having slandered Bailie Thomas Hunter, by saying “he had in his house ane false stoup,” which was found not to be true, she was sentenced to be brankit and set on the Cross for an hour.

AN EARTHQUAKE.

July 4, 1570. At 10 hours at night, there was ane earthquake in the city of Glasgow, and lastit but ane short space; but it causit the inhabitants of the said city to be in great terror and fear.

THE SHEPHERD ON PIGEON-SHOOTING.

Nane o' your pigeon-killers for me, waitin' in cool blood till the bonnie birdies—that should ne'er be shot at a', except when they're on the corn-stooks—slee out o' a trap wi' a flutter and a whirr, and then prouder men are they nor the Duke o' Wellington, when they knock down, wi' pinions ower purple, the bright birds o' Venus, tumbling, as if hawk-struck, within boun's, or carrying aneath the down o' their bonnie bosoms some cruel draps, that, ere

nightfall, will gar them moan out their lives among the cover o' suburban groves.
—*Noctes Ambros.*

ESCAPE OF BRUCE AT DALRY.

King Robert Bruce, with his handful of followers, not amounting probably to three hundred men, encountered Lorn with about a thousand Argyleshire men in Glen-Douchart, at the head of Breadalbane. The place of action is still called Dalry, or the King's Field.

The field of battle was unfavourable to Bruce's adherents, who were chiefly men at arms. Many of the horses were slain by the long pole-axes, the use of which the Argyleshire Scottish had learned from the Norwegians. At length Bruce commanded a retreat up a narrow and difficult pass, he himself bringing up the rear, and repeatedly turning and driving back the more venturous assailants. Two brothers, the strongest among Lorn's followers, named Mackyn-Drosser, resolved to rid their chief of this formidable foe. A third person associated himself with them for this purpose. They watched their opportunity until Bruce's party had entered a pass between a lake and a precipice, where the king, who was the last of the party, had scarce room to manage his steed. Here his three foes sprung upon him at once. One seized his bridle, but received a wound which hewed off his arm; a second grasped Bruce by the stirrup and leg, and endeavoured to dismount him; but the king, putting spurs to his horse, threw him down, still holding by the stirrup. The third, taking advantage of an acclivity, sprung up behind him upon his horse. Bruce, however, whose personal strength exceeded that of most men, extricated himself from his grasp, threw him to the ground, and cleft his skull with his sword. By similar exertion he drew

the stirrup from the hold of the man who had caught him, and killed him also with his sword, as he lay among the horse's feet. Barbour adds the following circumstance, highly characteristic of the sentiments of chivalry. Mac-Naughton, a baron of Cowal, pointed out to the Lord of Lorn the deeds of valour which Bruce performed in this memorable retreat, with the highest expressions of admiration.

"It seems to give thee pleasure," said Lorn, "that he makes such havoc among our friends."

"Not so, by my faith," replied Mac-Naughton; "but be he friend or foe who achieves high deeds of chivalry, men should bear faithful witness to his valour; and never have I heard of one, who, by his knightly feats, has extricated himself from such dangers as have this day surrounded Bruce."

"AN EXTRAORDINARY PERSON."

The following curious specimen of sepulchral literature is said to be copied from an old tombstone in a Scottish churchyard:—

Here lies the body of Alexander Macpherson.
He was a very extraordinary person;
He was two yards high in his stocking-feet,
And kept his accoutrements very clean and neat;
He was slew
At the battle of Waterloo;
He was shot by a bullet,
Plump through the gullet;
It went in at his throat,
And came out at the back of his coat.

A POOR ISLAND.

The minister of the island of Sanda was accustomed to pray, during stormy weather, that as there were likely to be many shipwrecks, "God would think on them, and send some to the poor island of Sanda!"

SIR GEORGE CLERK'S TENURE.

The barony of Pennycuik, the property of Sir George Clerk, Bart., is held by a singular tenure, the proprietor being bound to sit upon a large rocky fragment, called the Buckstane, and wind three blasts of a horn, when the king shall come to hunt on the Boroughmuir, near Edinburgh. Hence the family have adopted, as their crest, a demi-forester proper, winding a horn, with the motto, *Free for a blast.*

CONDITIONAL FORGIVENESS.

A Scotchman, who was supposed to be at the point of death, sent for a neighbour with whom he was at variance, in order that he might depart at peace with all mankind. The reconciliation was effected, and the visitor was about to depart, when the dying man called out—

“Noo, Sandie, man, if I dinna dee, after a', mind, it's just to be atween us twa as it was afore.”

THE FAMILY OF KEITH.

In the reign of Malcolm II. (1004-34), Scotland was still harassed by her foes, and the valour of the people of Moray, and of the neighbouring counties, was severely but gloriously tried. The decisive battle of Mortlach compelled the invaders to abandon the possessions they had occupied; and they afterwards invaded Angus, and were cut to pieces. In these battles a young warrior is said to have distinguished himself, and to have laid the foundation of the greatness of the family of Keith, which, under the title of Earl Marischal, long bore sway in Buchan. The story is, that his valour contributed to put the Danes to the rout, when he pursued them, and slew their king, named Camus.

Another officer coming up, disputed the glory of the action, until Malcolm arrived. The king ruled that the matter should be decided by single combat, and Keith proved victorious,—his opponent confessing, before his death, the injustice of his own conduct. Malcolm, dipping his fingers in the blood, marked the shield of the conqueror with three bloody strokes, which became the armorial bearing of the family. The motto given to them was *Veritas vincit*, “Truth overcomes.”

A REASONABLE INFERENCE.

There was a parochial school, in a remote muirland district of a southern Scotch county, at which the attendance had, from various causes, at one time dwindled down to a single self-reliant boy; and one forenoon, in a lull of school work, the little fellow looked up with a reflective air, and said—

“Maister, I think the schule 'll no be in the morn.”

“What puts that in your head, sir?” haughtily inquired the master; to which the callant immediately replied—

“Because I'll no be here!”

EPITAPH ON CAPTAIN HILL, IN THE KIRKYARD OF CLEISH.

At anchor now in death's dark road,
Rides honest Captain Hill,
Who served his king and feared his God,
With upright heart and will.
In social life sincere and just,
To vice of no kind given;
So that his better part, we trust,
Hath made the Port of Heaven.

CHEATING A LAWYER!

Francis Garden (Lord Gardenstone) once played a practical joke upon Mr

Crosbie, an advocate. Walking into Edinburgh, from Morningside, where he resided, he overtook and accosted a countryman who was proceeding to the Parliament House, and whose case was to be heard that day, Mr Crosbie being the advocate of the latter. His lordship, who was always fond of a joke, directed the man to obtain a dozen of farthings before going into the Court, and to wrap up each one separately in paper, so as to represent guineas, and to present them, as occasion offered, to his counsel as fees.

Crosbie's heart happening not to be particularly interested in the case, occasionally allowed his eloquence to flag, to the eminent danger of having his client non-suited. This, however, could not be permitted, and the selfish client crept behind him, and ever and anon slipped a coin into his hand, which had the effect of recalling the pleader to a sense of his duty. The repeated application of this silent encouragement so far stimulated the advocate in his exertions, that he warmed up to the interests of his client and gained his case, only, however, to find himself the possessor of so many farthings, instead of guineas.

A POWERFUL SPEAKER.

Many years ago there was a minister in Perthshire who possessed a voice of such power, that when he pronounced the word "Cappadocia," the entire female portion of his congregation began to sob. This, however, was not what the minister exactly wanted; so he sounded forth "Mesopotamia," with the true Caledonian circumflex twang, and in such a manner as caused his listeners to feel ashamed of themselves for their timidity in hearing the last word; and the result was a powerful and indisputable hulla-balloo of affliction, which, whatever good it otherwise

did, certainly allowed the speaker a reasonable breathing-time.

A GHOST IN ERROR.

The belief in spectres is very strong, of which I had a remarkable proof. A poor visionary in Bredalbane, who had been working in his cabbage-garden, imagined that he was suddenly raised into the air, and conveyed over the fence into a corn-field, where he found himself surrounded by a crowd of men and women, many of whom he knew to be dead. On his uttering the name of God, they all vanished except a female sprite, who obliged him to promise an assignation at the very same hour of the same day, next week. Being left, he found his hair tied in double knots, and that he had almost lost the use of speech. However, he kept his appointment with the spectre, whom he soon saw come floating through the air towards him; but she pretended to be in a hurry, bade him go his way, and no harm should befall him. Such was the dreamer's account of the matter. But it is incredible what mischief this story did in the neighbourhood. The friends and relatives of the deceased, whom the old dotard had named, were in the utmost distress at finding them in such bad company in the other world; and the almost extinct belief of ghosts and apparitions seemed, for a time, to be revived.—*Pennant.*

AN INEXPLICABLE TAIL.

An old Scotch lady being on a visit to London, was taking a stroll up Holborn Hill, to see the wonders of the metropolis. Observing above a currier's shop-door a cow's tail fixed in the wall by way of a sign, she stood for a considerable time anxiously meditating upon it. The shopman had his attention attracted by her strange demeanour, and

at last went out and politely asked her what it was that attracted her attention so much, upon which she answered—

“Od, I’ve stooden an’ lookit near an oor at that coo’s tail, an’ I canna see, i’ the name o’ wonder, hoo the coo cud gang in at sic a sma’ hole, an’ no be able to pu’ in her tail after her.”

“NOT AT HOME.”

Sir James L—, a near neighbour at Aytoun of Inchdairnie, had been concerned in making Charles I. a prisoner. After the Restoration, this gentleman was not allowed to go beyond a certain distance of his own house. He went one day to visit Inchdairnie, who, seeing him approach, ran to the stair, and called out to the servant to say he was not at home. The visitor insisted on entering the house; for he had heard the voice of Aytoun. On this the latter called out—

“Tell that fellow I am never at home to the murderer of my lawful sovereign.”

PREACHING AND PRESENTING.

“Wha’s to preach the night?” said a person to the *betherall* of “Haddo’s Hole” in the High Street of Edinburgh.

“I divna ken wha’s to preach,” was the self-complacent reply; “but my son’s to present.”

FOZIE TAM.

Every callant in the class could gie him his licks; and I recollect ance a lassie geein’ him a bloody nose. He durstna gang into the dookin’ aboon his doup, for fear o’ drownin’, and even then wi’ seggs; and as for speelin’ trees, he never ventured aboon the rotten branches o’ a Scotch fir. He was

fear’d for ghosts, and wadna sleep in a room by himsel’; and ance on a Halloween, he swarfed at the apparition of a lowin’ turnip. But noo, he’s a warrior, and fought at Waterloo. Yes; Fozie Tam wears a medal, for he overthrew Napoleon. . . . Oh, sirs! when I see what creturs like him can do, I could greet that I’m no a sodger.
—*Noctes Ambros.*

HOW TO GET OVER A DIFFICULTY.

Three clergymen, bearing the same name, ministered in the same town. They belonged to different denominations, but it was difficult readily to distinguish in conversation which one was meant. The boys of the town, however, were at no loss: to them, one was “Dirty Davie,” a second “Dainty Davie,” and a third “Dandy Davie.”

A similar case happened in another place. Three tenants on one estate bore the Christian name of Peter. They soon became known to their neighbours by certain characteristic cognomens, *viz.*, “Whisky Peter,” “Ale Peter,” and “Water Peter.”

“GRAND ACCOMMODATION.”

There is something very amusing in what may be called the “fitness of things.” An honest Highlander, a genuine lover of “sneeshin,” observed standing at the door of the Blair-Athole hotel, a magnificent man clad in full tartans, and noticed with much admiration the wide dimensions of his nostrils in a finely turned-up nose. He accosted him, and, as his most complimentary act, offered him his mull to take a pinch. The stranger drew himself up, and rather haughtily said—

“I never take snuff.”

“O,” said the other, “that’s a peety, for ye hae grand accommodation!”

ORKNEY WITCHES.

Some sixty years since an old weird woman lived in Stromness, who sold winds to mariners at a remarkably low figure. For the small charge of sixpence, "awfu' Bessie Miller" would sell a wind to a skipper from any point of the compass he chose to have it. In Orkney there are, it is said, old women still living who earn an "honest penny" by controlling nature; there is not a pain—from the first that a child can cause to the last a mortal endures in getting rid of mortality—but these crones profess to relieve. We learn too, on competent authority, that old Orkney women still retain an unaccountable aversion to turbot, and avoid naming it when crossing sounds and bays in boats.

A DEVICE OF SATAN.

A woman of Stornoway, in Lewis, had a maid who saw visions, and often fell into a swoon; her mistress was very much concerned about her, but could not find out any means to prevent her seeing those things. At last she resolved to pour some of the water used in baptism on her maid's face, believing this would prevent her seeing any more sights of this kind. Accordingly, she carried her maid with her next Lord's day, and both of them sat near the basin in which the water stood; and after baptism, before the minister had concluded the last prayer, she put her hand in the basin, took up as much water as she could, and threw it on the maid's face; at which strange action the minister and the congregation were equally surprised. After prayer the minister inquired of the woman the meaning of such an unbecoming and distracted action; she told him it was to prevent her maid seeing visions: and it fell out accordingly, for from that

time she never once more saw a vision of any kind.

I submit the matter of fact to the censure of the learned; but, for my own part, I think it to have been one of Satan's devices to make credulous people have an esteem for holy water.—*Martin*.

MEG DODS' GOOD NAME.

"A Commissary Court business," said the writer, going off again on a false scent. "I shall trim their jackets for them, Mrs Dods, if you can but bring tight evidence of the facts—I will soon bring them to fine and palinode—I will make them repent meddling with your good name."

"My gude name! What the sorrow is the matter wi' my name, Mr Bind-loose?" said the irritable client. "I think ye hae been at the wee cappie this morning, for as early as it is—my gude name!—if onybody touched wi' my gude name, I wad neither fash council nor commissary—I would be down amang them, like a jer-falcon amang a wheen wild geese, and the best amang them that dared to say anything of Meg Dods but what was honest and civil, I wad sune see if her cockernonnie was made of her ain hair or other folk's. My gude name, indeed!"—*St Ronan's Well*.

A CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

William Hunter, a collier in Tilli-coutry, was cured in the year 1758 of an inveterate rheumatism or gout, by drinking freely of new ale, full of barm or yeast. The poor man had been confined to his bed for a year and a half, having almost entirely lost the use of his limbs. On the evening of Handsel Monday, some of his neighbours came to make merry with him. Though he could not rise, yet he always took his

share of the ale, as it passed round the company, and, in the end, became much intoxicated. The consequence was, that he had the use of his limbs the next morning, and was able to walk about. He lived more than twenty years after this, and never had the smallest return of his old complaint.—*Stat. Account.*

RULING THE WAVES.

The steward of St Kilda, who lives at Pabbay, is accustomed in time of a storm to tie a bundle of puddings, made of the fat of sea-fowl, to the end of his cable, and lets it fall into the sea behind the rudder; this, he says, hinders the waves from breaking, and calms the sea; but the scent of the grease attracts the whales, which puts the vessel in danger.—*Martin.*

TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

A collier lad who had married a milliner, hinted to his wife, when his trousers wanted repairing, his wish to have the aid of her needle, but she heeded him not. Day after day, however, went by, and the rent grew worse, till at last he determined, by a novel device, to shame his spouse, if he could, into the performance of her duty. Rising one morning, as was his custom, at peep of day to go to his work, he proceeded to array himself in his holiday attire: Sable doeskin trousers, vest, and coat, were donned with the utmost gravity; nor were polished boots or the glossy *chapeau à Paris* wanting to complete the uniformity of his vestiture. Having finished dressing, he deposited his "bait" in one coat pocket, his oil flask in another, hung his lamp from the brim of his hat, took his tea-can in his hand, and strode towards the door with

a stolidity of manner and truly histrionic air. During all his manœuvres his wife was lying in bed watching his every movement. He was aware of it, but neither spoke. When his hand was on the latch, however, she called out—

"Jock, ye hae forgotten something."

"What is't?" said he, involuntarily.

"Yer silk umbrell'."

Alas! alas! for John's determination. His wife's coolness, and the idea of a silk umbrella in a coal-pit, were too much for him, and the result was a hearty laugh, a conjugal conference, and mended trousers!

A VETERAN M'LEOD.

November 1787. Lately died, near Stornoway in the Lewis, Lewis M'Leod, aged 116 years. He was born in the year 1671; fought at Killiecrankie, Sheriff-Muir, and Culloden, under the banners of the Stuarts. He sent, in the year 1755, six sons to fight for King George, in the regiment then raised by Colonel Montgomery (now Lord Eglington), only one of whom is now alive, a Chelsea pensioner. He was the oldest spectator of Prince William Henry at Stornoway. He retained his senses and memory to the last.—*Scots Mag.*

"THE DEIL HAD BUSINESS IN HIS HAND."

Not many years ago there lived in the south of Scotland a somewhat eccentric clergyman, who had been preaching most vigorously on the impropriety of profane swearing, and denouncing the rather common habit of using one of Satan's names in ordinary conversation. On the Monday he set out to visit a few of his people. Just as he was entering a neighbouring village, he overtook an old woman, who was carrying home a young pig which she meant to rear.

The old woman's strength and patience both became exhausted, and waxing very wroth, she exclaimed—

“The deevil choke ye, beast !”

The minister was passing at the moment, but he simply looked, heaved a sigh, and went on his way. On reaching the further end of the village, however, he found another old woman assiduously attempting to induce a flock of ducklings to enter in at a stable door. The old dame was completely baffled ; and as she stood wiping her face with her apron, the minister heard her give vent to her spleen in these words :—

“Deevil tak ye, beasts, will ye no gang in ?”

He evidently thought this was a great deal too much, and stepping forward, he thus accosted her—

“Ay, ay, just thole a wee, my woman ; the deevil's busy at the ither end o' the toon chokin' a sow ; but he'll be your way in a while, I'se warrant ye—just thole a wee.”

AN EYE FOR THE BEAUTIFUL.

On the day after the inauguration of the monument to Mungo Park in Selkirk, a souter's wife was heard giving vent to her ideas of the ceremony in the following strain :—

“Deed was I ; I was at the 'nauguration, and sic a crood o' folk I never saw in Selcraig afore. I was 'maist crushed to death. But what was a' the wark about ? When they lifted up the claiith, the fiient a thing could I see to raise sic a stir about. Næething but a stane man !”

WHAT ANDREW FAIRSERVICE'S MASTER OVERHEARD.

“Ay, ay, Mr Hammorgaw, it's e'en as I tell ye. He's no a' thegither sae

void o' sense neither ; he has a gloaming sight o' what's reasonable—that is anes and awa'—a glisk and nae mair ; but he's crack-brained and cockle-headed about his niperty-tipperty poetry nonsense—He'll glow'r at an auld-wairld barkit aik-snaag as if it were a queez-maddam in full bearing ; and a naked craig, wi' a burn jawing ower't, is unto him as a garden garnisht with flowering knots and choice pot-herbs. Then he would rather claver wi' a daft quean they ca' Diana Vernon (weel I wot they might ca' her Diana of the Ephesians, for she's little better than a heathen—better? she's waur—a Roman, a mere Roman)—he'll claver wi' her, or ony ither idle slut, rather than hear what might do him gude a' the days of his life, frae you or me, Mr Hammorgaw, or ony ither sober or sponisible person. Reason, sir, is what he canna endure—he's a' for your vanities and volubilities ; and he ance tell'd me (puir blinded creature !) that the Psalms of David were excellent poetry ! as if the holy Psalmist thought o' rattling rhymes in a bletcher, like his ain silly clinkum-clankum things that he ca's verse. Gude help him !—twa lines o' Davie Lindsay wad ding a' he ever clerkit.”—*Rob Roy*.

THE WHITE WAND.

It hath been an ancient custom in these (western) isles, and still continues, when any number of men retire into a house, either to discourse of serious business, or to pass some time in drinking. Upon these occasions, the door of the house stands open, and a rod is put across the same, which is understood to be a sign to all persons without distinction not to approach ; and if any should be so rude as to take up this rod, and come in uncalled, he is sure to be no welcome guest ; for this is accounted such an affront to the company, that

they are bound in honour to resent it ; and the person offending may come to have his head broken, if he do not meet with a harsher reception.—*Martin*.

PERTH.

The flourishing state of Perth is owing to two accidents: the first, that of numbers of Cromwell's wounded officers and soldiers choosing to reside here after he left the kingdom, who introduced a spirit of industry among the people. The other cause was the long continuance of the Earl of Mar's army here in 1715, which occasioned vast sums of money being spent in the place. But this town, as well as all Scotland, dates its prosperity from the year 1745; the government of this part of Great Britain having never been settled till a little after that time. The Rebellion was a disorder violent in its operation, but salutary in its effects.—*Pennant*.

BUILDING NOMENCLATURE.

In Edinburgh they call a floor a house; the whole building is called a land; an alley is a *wynde*; a little court, or a turn-again alley, is a *closs*; a round staircase, a *turnpike*; and a square one goes by the name of a *skate stair*.—*Burt*.

THE "SIN" OF DANCING.

In the days when dancing was held to be a great sin, and to be dealt with by the session, Jessie, a comely, good, and blithe young woman, and a great favourite of the minister, had been guilty of dancing at a friend's wedding. She was summoned before the session to be "dealt wth"—the grim old elders and deacons sternly concentrat-

ing their eyes upon her as she stood trembling in her striped short-gown and her pretty feet. The doctor, who was one of divinity, and a deep thinker, greatly pitying her and himself, said, "Jessie, my woman, were ye dancin'?" "Yes," sobbed Jessie. "Ye maun e'en promise never to dance again, Jessie."

"I wull, sir; I wull promise" (with a curtsy).

"Noo, what were ye thinkin' o', Jessie, when ye were dancin'? tell us truly," said an old elder, who had been a poacher in youth.

"Nae ill, sir," sobbed out the dear little woman. "Then, Jessie, my woman, aye dance!" cried the delighted doctor.—*Dr John Brown*.

UTILITY OF SCOTCH PROVERBS.

After tea there were songs, with perhaps a round of Scottish proverbs—a class of sayings which, from their agreeable tartness, found scope for exercise in ordinary transactions, and were more especially useful in snubbing children, and keeping them in remembrance of their duty. The Peebles people were not behind their neighbours in the art of applying these maxims. As, for example, if a fastidious youth presumed to complain that his porridge was not altogether to his mind, he would have for reply: "Lay your wame to your winnin'"—that is, "Suit your stomach to your earnings"—a staple observation in all such cases;—or, if one of unsettled habits got into a scrape, such as "slumping" in the ice, and coming home half-drowned, instead of being commiserated, he would be coolly reminded that "An unhappy fish gets an unhappy bait;"—or, if one hinted that he was hungry, and would not be the worse of something to eat, he would, if the application was inopportune, be favoured with the advice in dietetics;

"You'll be the better o' findin' the grunds o' your stamick;"—or, if he, on the other hand, asked for a drink of water shortly after dinner, he would be told that "Mickle meat taks mickle weet;" by which wholesome rebuke he was instructed in the excellent virtue of moderation in eating;—or, if one, when put to some kind of difficult task, said he wanted assistance, he would get the proverb pitched at him: "Help yourself, and your friends will like you the better;"—or, when a family of children quarrelled among themselves, and appealed to their mother for an edict of pacification, she would console them with the remark: "You'll all agree better when ye gang in at different kirk doors." A capital thing were these proverbs and sayings for stamping out what were called notions of "uppishness" in children, or hopes of having everything their own way.—*W. Chambers.*

ANDREW FAIRSERVICE RIGHTS HIMSELF.

"How is this, sir?" said I sternly; "that is Mr Thorncliff's mare!"

"I'll no say but she may aiblins hae been his honour's Squire Thorncliff's in her day—but she's mine now."

"You have stolen her, you rascal."

"Na, na, sir—nae man can wyte me wi' theft. The thing stands this gate, ye see. Squire Thorncliff borrowed ten pounds o' me to gang to York races—deil a bodle wad he pay me back again, and spake o' raddling my banes, as he ca'd it, when I asked him but for my ain again;—now, I think it will riddle him, or he gets his horse over the Border again—unless he pays me plack and bawbee, he sall never see a hair o' her tail. I ken a canny chield at Loughmaben, a bit writer-lad, that will put me in the way to sort him. Steal the mear! na, na, far be the sin o' theft

frae Andrew Fairservice—I have just arrested her *jurisdictiones fandandy causy*. They are bonny writer words—amaist like the language of huz gardeners and other learned men—it's a pity they're sae dear;—thae three words were a' that Andrew got for a lang law-plea, and four ankers o' as gude brandy as was e'er coupit ower craig. Hech, sirs! but law's a dear thing."—*Rob Roy.*

REASON FOR CHOOSING A PROFESSION.

An old Scotch laird, who was rather puzzled selecting a profession for his son, at last arrived at a conclusion, and thus delivered his thoughts upon the subject:—"When I gang through the New Toon o' Edinbro', I see this ane *Vriter*, and that ane *Vriter*—amaist every house has a *Vriter* leeving in't. Fient hae me but I think I'll hae to mak our Jock a *Vriter* too; no that I think the callant likely ever to make ony thing by't, but it may aiblins keep the lave aff him."

REASONS ENOUGH.

A farmer who lived half way between Selkirk and Galashiels found it more convenient to attend the church in the county town than his parish church, and absented himself from the latter for a considerable time.

Having returned, however, one Sunday, the minister accosted him with the observation—

"Weel, John, and so you've come to us again? A better sermon over by at Selcraig, I suppose?"

"Deed no, sir," replied John; "as for the sermons, there's no sae muckle difference; but we get far better ale and far bigger measure; and forbye that, it's far cheaper in Selcraig than here!"

A PRUDENT PATRIOT.

At the commencement of the Rebellion of 1745, a man being asked by his friend what side he intended to espouse in the troubles that were about to ensue, answered, "Faith, I shall take the side that the gallows is to be on."

THE PRIORY OF INCHCOLM.

Two miles distant from Aberdour, upon the north side of the firth, lies Inchcolm. The abbey hath been a stately building; the steeple is entire, and there are several vaults standing; the chapter is a round figure, built of square stones, with seats of stone round it: a part of the church and some cells of the monks were standing not long ago. The abbey was founded by King Alexander I. for monks of the order of St Augustine, about the year 1123, upon this occasion: The king, while he was passing this firth at the Queensferry, was, by a violent wind, driven into this island, after great hazard of being cast away. At that time there lived in this isle an hermit, in a chapel dedicated to St Columb, who had no sustenance but the milk of one cow, and what he could purchase with shell-fish and other small sea-fish; by him the king and those who were in company with him were maintained for three days that the storm kept them there; upon which he made a vow to build something of note there, and afterwards built the abbey for the canons, and endowed it. The wealth of this place in the time of Edward III. proved so strong a temptation to his fleet, then lying in the Forth, as to suppress all the horror of sacrilege and respect to the sanctity of the inhabitants. The English landed, and spared not even the furniture more immediately consecrated to divine worship. But due vengeance overtook them; for in a storm which instantly followed, many of them

perished; those who escaped, struck with the justice of the judgment, vowed to make ample recompense to the injured saint. The tempest ceased, and they made the promised atonement.

SUPERSTITIONS.

Some superstitions still lurk even in this cultivated country. The farmers carefully preserve their cattle against witchcraft, by placing boughs of the mountain ash and honey suckle in their cow-houses on the 2d of May. They hope to preserve the milk of their cows, and their wives from miscarriage, by tying red threads about them; they bleed the supposed witch to preserve themselves from her charms; they visit the well of Spey for many distempers, and the well of Drachaldy for as many, offering small pieces of money and bits of rags. The young people determine the figure and size of their husbands by drawing cabbages blindfold on All-Hallow's even; and, like the English, fling nuts into the fire; and in February draw valentines, and from them collect their future fortune in the nuptial state. —*Pennant.*

MISFORTUNES OF THE STUARTS.

A train of misfortunes attended the name and family of Stuart. The first James fell by the hands of assassins at Perth; the second was killed at the siege of Roxburgh Castle; the third was murdered by his rebellious subjects; the fourth lost his life in the battle of Flodden Field; and the fifth died of a broken heart, after the defeat at Solway. Through almost every scene of his daughter Mary's life the dark shades of adversity ran. Her son, James VI., was more fortunate; but, as if fate had not yet wearied persecuting his race, its fury was resumed on his

successor Charles, whose son also experienced a long series of misfortunes; and his brother, James II., suffered the punishment of his infatuated bigotry, and transmitted to his offspring perpetual exile and exclusion from royalty.

ANCIENT SCOTTISH CASTLES.

In the construction of castles in Scotland, the following plan was usually adopted:—Beyond the ditch of the castle was the barbican, or watch tower. The ditch was made broad and deep, and when it could be kept filled with water, the castle was more secure. From the barbican to the outer gate was either a standing, or, still better, a draw bridge, which was let down or raised up by a portcullis. The entrance of the outer wall was by a strong embattled gate, with a tower on each side; the warden resided over the gate, and a guard was in each tower. The outer wall was embattled with a parapet, with chinks, called oilets, from which arrows might be discharged. Flights of steps, at convenient distances, enabled the soldiers of the garrison to ascend on the wall. Within the yard were the houses for the soldiers and artificers, the wells to supply water, and a chapel for divine worship. In the centre of the yard was the dungeon or keep, the residence of the governor or chief. It was usually surrounded with a ditch, with a draw-bridge, and had embattled gates. The staircases were narrow, for the facility of defence, when reduced to the last peril. The wall was of vast thickness, and within it were places for beds. At a considerable height from the ground was the state room of the governor or chief. Other apartments were higher up. The floors of the different stories were vaulted and fire-proof. The top of the keep was flat, and from it there was a view of the surrounding country, as well as of all the works of the castle

immediately below. The parapet wall, at the top, was embattled. Many of the habitations of the baronial proprietors were, however, merely a solitary tower of very thick strong walls and narrow windows. The cattle were secured in the lower storey, or in a small yard adjoining the castle, and protected by its vicinity.

THE DISMAL DAY.

A Highlander never begins anything of consequence on the day of the week on which the 3d of May falls; which he styles *La sheachanna na bleanagh*, or the dismal day.—*Pennant*.

DEATH OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

“I met the general on the evening of the 16th instant (Jan. 1809), as some soldiers were bringing him into Corunna, supported in a blanket with sashes. He knew me immediately, though it was almost dark; squeezed me by the hand, and said, ‘Do not leave me.’ He spoke to the surgeons, on their examining his wound, but was in such pain he could say but little. After some time, he seemed very anxious to speak to me, and, at intervals, expressed himself as follows. The first question he asked was, ‘Are the French beaten?’ which inquiry he repeated to all those he knew, as they entered the room. On being assured by all that the French were beaten, he exclaimed, ‘I hope the people of England will be satisfied; I hope my country will do me justice; you will see my friends as soon as you possibly can; tell them everything; say to my mother (here his voice failed him) Hope—Hope—I have much to say, but cannot get it out. Is Colonel Graham, and are all my aides-de-camp well? I have made my will, and have remembered my servants; Colborne has my will and

all my papers.' Major Colborne, his principal aide-de-camp, then came into the room. He spoke most kindly to him; and then said to me, 'Remember you go to —, and tell him it is my request, and that I expect he will befriend Major Colborne; he has been long with me, and I know him most worthy of it.' He then asked Major Colborne if the French were beaten, and on being told they were repulsed on every point, he said it was a great satisfaction, in his last moments, to know he had beat the French. 'Is General Paget in the room?' On my telling him he was not, he said, 'Remember me to him: I feel myself so strong, I fear I shall be long dying; I am in great pain.' He then thanked the doctors for their attention. Captains Percy and Stanhope came into the room; he spoke kindly to both, and asked Percy if all his aides-de-camp were well. He pressed my hand close to his body, and, in a few minutes, died without a struggle. He told me, while the surgeons were examining his wound, 'You know I have always wished to die this way.' As far as I can recollect, this is everything he said, except asking to be placed in an easier posture."

The foregoing account of the death of Sir John Moore is said to have been written by "an eye-witness."

THE COLDINGHAM NUNS.

The convent of Coldingham, one of the oldest in Scotland, is immortalised by the heroism of its nuns. In them chastity was not only a vow of the lips, but a principle of the heart as well. When the country was invaded by the Danes in 870, they cut off their noses and lips, to make themselves objects of horror rather than of desire.

They, indeed, escaped violation by their resolution; but so much were the savages provoked at the disappointment they met with, in finding ghastly figures

instead of the beauties they expected, that they set fire to the monastery, and consumed the wretched nuns, together with their abbess, Ebba.

BOILING THE BELL.

A gentleman of wealth presented a new bell to the town of Port-Glasgow. The sapient magistrates of the burgh, however, did not like the appearance of it, thinking it had been sent home in an unfinished state, and accordingly ordered it to be painted. This was done, and the effects of the operation were soon apparent: it rang with a deadened, nay, nearly a dead tone; and in order to cure its dumbness, they were obliged to order it to be boiled, roasted, and scraped, before it recovered its natural powers, which had been artificially obstructed by their presumed superior knowledge of the properties of bell-metal.

THE FOUNTAIN HEAD.

In the days of the Stuarts, the Duke of Gordon, a good soldier and a steady Catholic, resided chiefly abroad, leaving his Scottish lands to the care of two stewards of his own clan, distinguished among the peasantry by the names of Muckle Sandie Gordon and Wee Sandie Gordon. It happened that one Ramsay rented a small farm on the estate; and though the land was stony, and rank with broom and thistles, it was his own birth-place, and that of his ancestors: so he was desirous of ending his days on the same ground as his forefathers had done; but the factors refused to renew the lease, and the old farmer was about to emigrate, when Gordon himself came unexpectedly from abroad. The tenant asked for, and obtained, an audience. He told his story in a way so characteristic and graphic, that the noble

landlord was highly pleased: he renewed the lease with his own hand, and invited him to dinner. The good wine added to the farmer's joy: he told pleasant stories; said many dry and humorous things; and his grace was so much entertained, that he took Ramsay the tenant—a stiff Presbyterian—through his house. From the picture-gallery they went into the chapel, ornamented with silver images of the saints and apostles. The old man looked on them with wonder, and said:

“Who may these gentlemen be, and what may your grace do wi' them?”

“These,” said his grace, “are the saints to whom we address our prayers, when we wish God to be merciful and kind; they are our patron saints and heavenly intercessors.”

“I'll tell ye what,” said the old man, with the light of a wicked laugh in his eye, “fiend ha'e me, if I would trust them. When I wanted my lease again, I went to Muckle Sandie Gordon and Wee Sandie Gordon, and all I got was cannie words, till I made bold and spak to your grace. Sae drop Saint Andrew, my lord, and address his betters.”

The duke soon after became a Protestant; and tradition attributes his conversion to the story of Muckle Sandie Gordon and Wee Sandie Gordon,—a story that for a century and a half has been popular in Scotland.

ST JOHN'S BELLS.

There is a set of musical bells in the steeple of St John's Church at Perth, which play one of a series of lively Scottish airs every time the clock strikes. It so happened one Sunday, at twelve o'clock, just as the minister in the pulpit below happened to use, with peculiar emphasis, the striking Scripture metaphor,—“Plough up the fallow ground of your hearts,”—that the music bells,

much after the manner of an orchestra on the discharge of a toast at a public dinner, struck up the appropriate air, “Corn-rigs are bonny,” to the infinite edification and no less amusement of the congregation.

DOUGLAS CASTLE.

The “good Lord James of Douglas,” during the commotions in the time of Robert Bruce, often took from the English his own castle of Douglas; but being unable to garrison it, contented himself with destroying the fortifications, and retiring into the mountains. As a reward to his patriotism, it is said to have been prophesied, that how often soever Douglas Castle should be destroyed, it should always again arise more magnificent from its ruins. Upon one of these occasions he used fearful cruelty, causing all the provisions which the English had laid up in his castle to be heaped together, bursting the wine and beer casks among the wheat and flour, slaughtering the cattle upon the same spot, and upon the top of the whole cutting the throats of the English prisoners. This “pleasantry” of the “good Lord James” is commemorated under the name of the *Douglas Larder*. A more pleasing tale of chivalry is recorded by Godscroft: “By this means, and such other exploits, he so affrighted the enemy, that it was counted a matter of great jeopardie to keep this castle, which began to be called the *adventurous castle of Douglas*; whereupon Sir John Walton, being in suit of an English lady, she wrote to him, that when he had kept the adventurous castle of Douglas seven years, then he might think himself worthy to be a suitor to her. Upon this occasion Walton took upon him the keeping of it, and succeeded to Thruswall, but he ran the same fortune with the rest that were before him. For Sir James, having

first dressed an ambuscado near unto the place, he made fourteen of his men take so many sacks, and fill them with grass, as though it had been corn, which they carried in the way to Lanark, the chief market-town in that county: so hoping to draw forth the captain by that bait, and either to take him or the castle, or both. Neither was this expectation frustrated, for the captain did bite, and came forth to have taken this victual (as he supposed). But ere he could reach these carriers, Sir James, with his company, had gotten between the castle and him; and these disguised carriers, seeing the captain following after them, did quickly cast off their sacks, mounted themselves on horseback, and met the captain with a sharp encounter, being so much the more amazed, as it was unlooked for: wherefore, when he saw these carriers metamorphosed into warriors, and ready to assault him, fearing that which was, that there was some train laid for them, he turned about to have retired to his castle, but there he also met with his enemies, between which two companies he and his whole followers were slain, so that none escaped: the captain afterwards being searched, they found his mistress's letters upon him—at least it was so reported."

WHAT IS A HAGGIS?

"Pray, sir," said a man of the south, "why do you boil a haggis in a sheep's bag; and, above all, what is it made of?"

"Sir," answered a man of the north, "we boil it in a sheep's bag, because such was the primitive way; it was invented, sir, before linen was thought of: and as for what it is made of, I dare not trust myself with telling. I can never name all the savoury items without tears; and surely you would not wish me to expose myself in a public company?"

MONS MEG.

This remarkable specimen of ancient artillery, which resembles the mortars to be seen in Germany, was made at Mons in Flanders. It is small at the breech, and large at the mouth, and is composed of a number of thick iron bars, which appear to have been welded, and then bound together by strong hoops, the whole being of immense strength. It is in length thirteen feet, and is two feet three inches and a half in diameter at the muzzle, the bore of which is twenty inches wide, tapering inwards; the gun weighs four thousand stone.

Grose, in his *Antiquities*, states that this gun was burst at the siege of Roxburgh, on the 3rd of August, 1460; but we are inclined to doubt the truth of this. On the 10th of July, 1489, Mons Meg was carried by King James IV. to the siege of Dumbarton. Mons, however, from her enormous size and weight, seems to have proved so very unmanageable, that, after having been brought back from Dumbarton, she enjoyed eight years of repose. When James, in 1497, sat down before Norham, this gun was with infinite labour and expense conveyed to the siege. In the same year there is an account, in the treasurer's books, for a new cradle to and repairing the Mons. This appears to have been her original name; the addition of Meg is first used by Drummond of Hawthornden, in his *History of the Jameses*.

In 1651 the Mons was transported to Dunnottar. Tradition asserts that a shot from this cannon dismasted an English vessel in attempting to enter the harbour of Stonehaven. On the marriage of Mary of Scotland, the gun was discharged; and in 1682, when the Duke of York, afterwards King James VII. of Scotland and II. of England, visited Edinburgh, the great cannon called Mons Meg, having been discharged, burst, which was considered a

bad omen. In April, 1754, this gun, so long unserviceable, was taken from the the Castle of Edinburgh, drawn down the Canongate, and thence by the Easter Road to Leith, whence she was shipped on board the "Happy Janet" for the Tower of London, from which, after having been neglected for about 75 years, she was, in 1829, once more returned to her original station, where it is probable she will remain a memorial of ancient warfare when centuries to come have passed away.—*Charles Mackie.*

ROSLIN CASTLE AND CHAPEL.

Tradition relates that the design for this celebrated chapel was drawn at Rome; and, in order that it might be properly executed, the founder caused dwellings to be built near it for the workmen, the ancient village being half a mile distant. He gave them houses and lands in proportion to their abilities, with such salaries as attracted the best workmen in Scotland and the neighbouring kingdoms. The chapel is surrounded with a handsome stone wall, having an entrance on the north side. The entry into the chapel is by two doors, one on the north, the other on the south side. The height of the chapel within, from the floor to the top of the arched roof, is forty feet eight inches; breadth, thirty-four feet eight inches; length, sixty-eight feet.

At the south-east corner there is a descent by a flight of twenty steps, into a crypt or chapel, partly subterraneous, which is supposed to have served as a sacristy and vestry; the east end of the building is above ground, occasioned by the sudden declivity of the hill. The height is fifteen feet; breadth, fourteen feet; length, thirty-six feet; it is lighted by a single window.

The whole chapel is profusely decorated with sculpture, both within and without. On the outsides are a number

of niches for statues; but whether any were ever placed there is doubtful. The inside is divided into a middle and two side aisles, by seven columns on each side, supporting pointed arches; and over them, in the middle aisle, which is higher than those on each side, is a row of windows. The roof, the capitals, keystones, and architraves, are all covered with sculptures, representing flowers, foliage, events in sacred history, texts of scripture, and grotesque figures, executed with astonishing neatness. The 'prentice's pillar, by some called the prince's pillar, supposed in compliment to the princely founder, or, more probably, from its superiority to the others, has, on its base, a number of dragons and other monsters, whose interwoven tails are quite clear of, or detached from, its surface. The dragons are chained by the heads, and twisted into one another. This beautiful pillar has round it, from base to capital, waving in a spiral way, four wreathes of the most curious sculpture of flower-work and foliage; the workmanship of each being different, and the centre of each wreath distant from that of the neighbouring one, eighteen inches. These wreathings are so fine, that they can be compared to nothing else but Brussels lace. The ornaments upon the capital of this pillar are, the story of Abraham offering up Isaac, a man blowing on a Highland bagpipe, with another man lying by him. There is a legend related concerning the building of this pillar. It is: That the master mason having occasion to go to Rome for further information, on account of difficulties he had experienced, his apprentice, in his absence, carried on the work and finished this pillar. The master, on his return, stung with envy, slew him by a blow of his hammer. But this is all fiction. Similar stories are told of other buildings; one, in particular, of the rose window at Rouen, said to have been carved by an apprentice, whose master, out of jeal-

ousy, slew him. The legend adds, that being condemned to suffer for his crime, no workman could be found capable of completing his work; wherefore he was pardoned by the Pope, and having finished the building, became a monk of a severe order.

“HABBOCRAWS.”

“Habbocraws” is a shout used in the south of Scotland, by the boys, to frighten the crows from the cornfields; the shouter generally throwing up his cap or bonnet at the same time.

A “craw scare” fell asleep in church one Sunday, probably under the influence of a dull sermon. When the precentor and congregation commenced the psalm, he woke up suddenly, and, believing himself to be among the rooks, he “wampished” his arms over his head, and shouted “Habbocraws” at the pitch of his voice—the gravity of every one being completely upset by the occurrence.

A BRIEF CRITICISM.

“I hope you are pleased with my preaching this afternoon, John,” said a vain young probationer to the beadle who was disrobing him in the vestry after the sermon.

“It was a’ *sout*’, sir,” said John, with a sly expression.

Only a Scotsman can properly appreciate the twofold interpretation which this brief criticism admits of.

FAMILIARITY IN THE PULPIT.

A minister of Crosdmichael, in Fife, frequently talked from the pulpit to his hearers with amusing, and, indeed, irreverent familiarity. Expounding a passage in Exodus one day, he proceeded

thus:—“And the Lord said unto Moses”—Sneek that door! I’m thinking if ye had to sit beside the door yer-sel, ye wadna be sae ready leaving it open. It was just beside that door that Yedam Tamson, the bellman, got his death o’ cauld; and I’m sure, honest man, he didna let it stay muckle open. ‘And the Lord said unto Moses’—I see a man aneath the laft wi’ his hat on. I’m sure, man, ye’re clear o’ the soogh o’ the door there. Keep aff your bannet, Thamas, and if your bare pow be cauld, ye maun just get a grey worsted wig, like mysel’. They’re no sae dear—plenty o’ them at Bob Gillespie’s for tenpence a piece.” The rev. gentleman then proceeded with his discourse.

A LAZY POET.

Thomson, the poet of the “Seasons,” who was of a most indolent disposition, was found once in a garden, eating fruit off a tree with his hands in his pockets, &c. A friend one day entered his room, and, finding him still in bed, although the day was far spent, asked him, in the name of wonder, why he did not get up?

“Man, I hae nae motive,” replied the poet.

SANDY HAY, THE WARLOCK.

Sandy Hay, of Peterhead, a most ingenious tradesman, was convicted of the heinous crime of witchcraft. Hay appears to have been a fellow of considerable humour, in which he could not help indulging, even when led to the stake. Being asked by a clergyman who attended him, what made him laugh one day so much in the church, he made answer—

“That he saw Old Nick sitting on the corner of the highest gallery, and

noting down on parchment the names of all present who were sleeping during divine service; but that the drowsy part of the audience increased so fast upon him, that he found his parchment too small to contain all their names; on which he endeavoured to stretch it with his teeth; but, losing his hold, he knocked his head with an awful thump against the wall behind him."

This ludicrous story, so far from exciting the risibility of the ghostly confessor, only confirmed the guilt, and accelerated the fate, of the unfortunate Hay.

FIRTH OF FORTH HERRING FISHERY.

In 1793, the new herring fishery began in the Firth of Forth. It is not very creditable to the attention and vigilance of the fishermen of Fife, that this vast fund of national wealth was not resorted to earlier. When the herrings left the shores near the mouth of the firth, it was supposed they had taken their departure altogether from our coasts, and no attempts were made to discover them in the shallow waters farther up. The discovery of them is said to have been made accidentally by a poor man, named Thomas Brown, who lived near Donnibristle. For many years, he had been wont to fish, with hook and line, for haddocks or "podlies" along the shore. During the winter season, he took many herrings in this way, and is reported to have observed such numbers, close to the beach, as to take them up in pails or buckets. With base avarice, he concealed the favours of Providence; but his new fishery became gradually known to his neighbours, who profited by his example, and soon began to sell in the neighbouring country the supplies gleaned from the shores. When it was reported that a shoal of herrings was found so far up the firth, the fishermen

gave no credit to the tale, because such a circumstance had not been known before. At last, in 1793, some fishermen of Queensferry set their herring nets, and their astonishing success roused the torpid spirit of their brethren, who, from the gradual failure of all kinds of fishing along the coast, had become timid and spiritless. An instance of their want of energy and faith on this subject has been mentioned by an intelligent seaman. About twenty years before the fishing commenced, the mainsail of his vessel had accidentally fallen overboard in the bay of Inverkeithing; when it was hauled on board, it was found to contain a great number of herrings in its folds. He reported this circumstance to many fishermen, but could not prevail on one of them to make a trial for herrings, so strong was their prejudice against their being found at a distance from their wonted haunts. The success of the Queensferry boats excited general attention, and this fishery has been followed with perseverance and good fortune, not only by the fishermen of Fife, but of a great part of the east coast of Scotland, and of the Firth of Clyde, and of Ireland, who come through the canal in the end of autumn, and remain till the close of the fishing season. At first the herrings sold about half-a-crown or three shillings per cran, which is the fill of a barrel placed on the beach. They rose afterwards to ten shillings, about which price they continued some years. In 1800 and 1801, they were as high as twenty-five shillings. There appears to be no difference, as some people supposed, betwixt these herrings, and those formerly caught in the lower part of the firth. When the herrings first arrive, they are somewhat emaciated; and for about a month they improve in size and fatness, and in a month or six weeks more they begin to spawn. The fishing commences in October, and lasts till February or March.

CATTLE-LIFTING MORALITY.

As they glided along the silver mirror, Evan opened the conversation with a panegyric upon Alice, who, he said, was both *canny* and *fendy*; and was, to the boot of all that, the best dancer of a strathspey in the whole strath. Edward assented to her praises so far as he understood them, yet could not help regretting that she was condemned to such a perilous and dismal life. "Oich! for that," said Evan, "there is nothing in Perthshire that she need want, if she ask her father to fetch it, unless it be too hot or too heavy."

"But to be the daughter of a cattle-stealer—a common thief?"

"Common thief!—No such thing: Donald Bean Lean never *lifted* less than a drove in his life."

"Do you call him an uncommon thief, then?"

"No—he that steals a cow from a poor widow, or a stirk from a cottar, is a thief; he that lifts a drove from a Sassenach laird, is a gentleman-rover. And, besides, to take a tree from the forest, a salmon from the river, a deer from the hill, or a cow from a Lowland strath, is what no Highlander need ever think shame upon."

"But what can this end in, were he taken in such an appropriation?"

"To be sure he would *die for the law*, as many a pretty man has done before him."

"Die for the law!"

"Ay; that is, with the law, or by the law; be strapped up on the *kind* gallows of Crieff, where his father died, and his good sire died, and where I hope he'll live to die himself, if he's not shot, or slashed, in a creagh."

"You *hope* such a death for your friend, Evan!"

"And that do I e'en; would you have me wish him to die on a bundle of wet straw in yon den of his, like a mangy tyke?"

"But what becomes of Alicè, then?"

"Troth, if such an accident were to happen, as her father would not need her help ony langer, I ken nought to hinder me to marry her mysel'."—*Waverley*.

BRUCE AND THE SPIDER.

Bruce, like other heroes, observed omens, and one is recorded by tradition. After he had retreated to one of the miserable places of shelter, in which he could venture to take some repose after his disasters, he lay stretched upon a handful of straw, and abandoned himself to his melancholy meditations. He had now been defeated four times, and was upon the point of resolving to abandon all hopes of further opposition to his fate, and go to the Holy Land. It chanced his eye, while he was thus pondering, was attracted by the exertions of a spider, who, in order to fix his web, endeavoured to swing himself from one beam to another above his head. Involuntary he became interested in the pertinacity with which the insect renewed his exertions, after failing six times; and it occurred to him that he would decide his own course according to the success or failure of the spider. At the seventh effort the insect gained his object; and Bruce, in like manner, persevered and carried his own. Hence it has been held unlucky or ungrateful, or both, in one of the name of Bruce to kill a spider.

SUITABLE FOOD.

Shortly after Dr Johnson's return to London from his tour in the Hebrides, a Scottish lady, who had invited him to dinner, presented on the table a tureen of *hotch-potch*. Having asked the Doctor if it was good, he replied, in his usual *gruff manner*—

"Madam, it is good for hogs."

"Then, pray, sir," said the hostess, promptly, "let me help you to a little more."

LORD LYNDSEY.

Lord Lyndsay of the Byres was one of the most ferocious and relentless nobles of the Regent Murray; and, on account of his disposition, was one of the deputation of Lords sent to compel Mary Queen of Scots, while a prisoner in Lochleven Castle, to sign the deed of the renunciation of her kingdom. He discharged his commission with the most savage rigour; and it is said, that when the weeping captive, in the act of signing, averted her eyes from the fatal document, he pinched her arm with the grasp of his iron glove!

A HIGHLAND HINT.

An excise officer being settled in a Highland district where illicit distillation was supposed to be carried on, commenced the duties of his office with great keenness, and seemingly indefatigable perseverance. One day, as he was ranging among the scraggy knowes that skirted the sides of a deep wild glen, an unexpected little curling cloud of smoke, which seemed to slip out as if by accident from under the fringed bow of a large bush of heather, caught his eye, and, acting like magic on his enraptured senses, directed him, with hurried steps, to the secret spot, where, pushing aside the heath, and, plunging into the artful concealment, the reckless gauger surprised poor Donald in the very midst of his "browst," pots, pans, and all. A momentary silence ensued, as if either party, from the suddenness of their acquaintanceship, had felt uncertain whether it became his individual part to act on the offensive or defensive.

The pause, however, was short, when the sturdy man of "mountain dew" seemed all at once to recollect himself, and, stealing first a look at the door, and then fixing a stern eye on the intruder, whispered—

"Tid ony body see her comin' in?"

The knight of the dipping rod, misconstruing this into a symptom of fear, felt greatly relieved, and rallying a little, stoutly answered, "No; not one!"

"Than," said the distiller, "ta deil a ane sall ever see her gang out again," at the same time beginning to suit the action to the word. 'Twas enough; his visitor had no wish to be troublesome by his presence; so, taking the hint, he off as fast as his feet could carry him.

MEET REPENTANCE.

A young man met a friend, and told him that he was just making preparations by painting (pronounced in Scotland, *penting*) his house, &c., for bringing home a second wife, whom he was on the point of marrying. The intended bridegroom having lived rather loosely since the death of his first wife, was shocked to hear his friend reply—

"Weel, weel, Harry, ye may pent away; but had ye no better also *repent*?"

A SKIPPER IN A FIX.

There was once a vessel belonging to Kirkcaldy port; it was called "The Cat-luggit Sow of Kirkcaldy." The master's name was Willie Willison, and the mate's Jamie Jamieson. Captain Willison, getting drunk one day at a foreign port, was rowed out to his vessel in a state of mental obnubilation. Just upon being towed up, he awoke, and, seeing his vessel without recognising it, called out, "What ship, a-hoy?"

"The Cat-luggit Sow of Kirkealdy,"
replied a voice from the gangway.

"The master's name?"

"Willie Willison."

"The mate's?"

"Jamie Jamieson."

"Lord keep my puir wits!" cried the amazed skipper; "twa Jamie Jamiesons, and twa Willie Willisons, and twa Cat-luggit Sows, a' frae the lang town of Kirkealdy. and me to ken naething about it—gude guide us!"

MARTIAL LAW IN SCOTLAND.

After the battle of Culloden, the Duke of Cumberland carried "Fire and Sword" through the whole country, driving off the cattle, the only means by which the people subsisted, and leaving those who did not perish by the sword to die of famine. Many poor people, who never offended—females, decrepid old men, and helpless infants, became the victims of this savage ferocity. Mothers, with babes at their breast, were often found on the hill, literally starved to death! As a specimen of these atrocities, we give the following letter from a clergyman in the north, published in the *Scots Magazine* for June, 1746:—

"As the most of this parish is burnt to ashes, and all the cattle belonging to the rebels carried off by his Majesty's forces, there is no such thing as money or pennyworth to be got in this desolate place. My family is now much increased, by the wives and infants of those in the Rebellion in my parish crowding for a mouthful of bread to keep them from starving, which no good Christian can refuse."

Parties of soldiers, while the supreme court of justice was sitting—and there was no obstacle in the due execution of the laws, even within a few miles from Edinburgh, without warrant from a civil court—seized the goods and

effects, not of persons convicted as rebels, but of whomsoever they pleased to style rebels, exposed them to public auction, and arbitrarily disposed of the proceeds, to the ruin of the individuals themselves, and the defrauding their lawful creditors. If a tradesman happened to displease an officer, he would order him to be flogged. Thus one Maiben, a wig-maker in Stirling, happening to have some words with an officer in the way of business, Lieut.-Col. Howard ordered him to be flogged; and this sentence was carried into execution, in defiance of the formal protest of the magistrates of Stirling, and their demand to have him given up to them. After this course of violence and plunder had been carried the most daring lengths, a number of actions were brought in the Court of Session against officers of the army, by men who had been thus stript of their property; and on the 18th of December, 1746, Captain Hamilton, of St George's Dragoons, one of the most noted of these military robbers under the sanction of the royal duke, was condemned to make restitution—a sentence which decided the fate of other actions against him and his brother officers, and put a stop to further depredations. It required no small degree of fortitude to do justice in those times; and we need not wonder that Lord President Forbes, to whom the merit of this sentence is due, was complimented on account of it, by Sir Andrew Mitchell, as the saviour of his country. "I am persuaded," he says, in a letter in the *Culloden Papers*, "that Providence intends that you should once more save your country; and as an earnest of it, I consider your decree in the case of Captain Hamilton."

AH, INDEED!

A young preacher was employed by a relative to assist him in the discharge of the laborious and important duties of

a pastor. On a visiting occasion he fell in with a decent matron attached to the relief body, and, as usual, he urged his claim upon her attendance at the parish kirk. The scruples of the old lady were not, however, so easily got over, and at last she pointedly told him, that she "didna like read sermons."

"What would become of you, Janet," said the preacher, "if you were in England, where you would hear even read prayers?"

"Hech, sir!" said the modern Jenny Geddes, "I wonder what Jonah wad hae done if he had ha'en to read his prayers?"

PLATOON FIRING.

The brigade of Scots in the service of Gustavus, King of Sweden, contributed greatly to gain the decisive battle of Leipzig, by using platoon firing, which had never been known before, to the "great amazement" of the Imperialists.

A GRATEFUL GRAVE-DIGGER.

Rob Herrick was "burgher" grave-digger at Falkirk for nearly fifty years. One day he was digging a grave for a man who was greatly respected. To a gentleman who passed at the time, he summed up a eulogy on the departed by saying, "he was a fine chiel; I'm howkin' his grave wi' a new spade."

HINT TO EMIGRANTS.

An acquaintance of a Dundee bailie made a grievous complaint to him one day of the hard times, and the impossibility of scraping together a livelihood in this wretched country. The bailie's own experience ran directly counter to these dolorous croakings, for his industry had realised a handsome com-

petency; but he knew too much of the world to attempt proving to the complainer that his ill success might be partly his own fault. He contented himself with remarking, that it was surely possible for a tradesman to draw together a tolerable business.

"Not in this country," his friend repeated.

"Weel, then," said the bailie, "what say ye to emigration? I have heard that some push their way geyan weel in Australia or the Cape."

"Yes," replied his desponding townsman, "that might be the case aince in a day; but, if there is business there, there are mair folk now than can get a share o't."

"Weel, it's maybe true ye say," rejoined the bailie, whose policy it was never to contradict any man directly; "but ye might gang farther—ye might gang up into the interior."

"There's naething," said the inveterate grumbler—"there's naething there but kangaroos."

The worthy magistrate was something nettled at this pertinacious hopelessness, and, concluding that kangaroos were a tribe of native savages, among whom a careful pedlar might make good bargains, he replied hastily—

"Weel, aweel, and isna a kangaroo's siller as good as ony other man's?"

DR JOHNSON AND FLORA MACDONALD.

I was highly pleased to see Dr Johnson safely arrive at Kingsburgh, and received by the hospitable Mr Macdonald, who, with a most respectful attention, supported him into the house. Kingsburgh was completely the figure of a gallant Highlander, exhibiting "the graceful mien, and manly looks," which the popular Scotch song has justly attributed to that character. He had his tartan plaid thrown about him, a large blue bonnet, with a knot of black riband

like a cockade, a brown short coat, of a kind of duffil, a tartan waistcoat, with gold button holes, a bluish philibeg, and tartan hose. He had jet-black hair, tied behind, and was a large stately man, with a steady sensible countenance. There was a comfortable parlour with a good fire, and a dram went round. By-and-by supper was served, at which there appeared the lady of the house, his wife, formerly the celebrated Miss Flora Macdonald. She is a little woman, of a genteel appearance, and uncommonly mild and well bred. To see Dr Samuel Johnson, the great champion of the English Tories, salute Miss Flora Macdonald in the Isle of Skye, was a striking sight; for, though somewhat congenial in their notions, it was very improbable they should meet here.—*Boswell.*

THE BULL'S HEAD.

While the boar's head, the memorial of feasts of ancient times, was exhibited at the royal entertainments as a testimony of peace and joy, and of welcome to the guests, the bull's head, according to Pittscottie, was employed as a signal of destruction. The following is a narrative of a case of this nature :—

“The Earl of Douglas came forward to Edinburgh, and entered into the castle, where, by outward countenance, he was received with great joy and gladness, and banqueted royally, with all delicacies that could be gotten; and ever that he should take no suspicion of any deceit to follow thereupon. Then, at the last, many of the Earl's friends being scaled off the town, and opportunity serving, with consent and advice of the governor, who came then, of set purpose, to Edinburgh, when the dinner was finished, and all the delicate courses taken away, the chancellor (Sir William Crichton) presented a bull's head before the Earl of

Douglas, which was a sign and token of condemnation to the death; but the Earl and his brother beholding this manifold treason, with sad mind and dry countenance, start up from the board, and made to leap at some place where they might anyway get out; but then, from hand, a company of armed men rushed out round about them, who, breaking all hospitality, led them to the Castlehill, with Sir Malcolm Fleming of Cumbernauld, and other gentlemen their assisters and familiars, and shook their heads from them.”

If we can believe this account, the presenting of a bull's head as a signal of death must have been a known custom; for it was immediately understood by the Douglasses, who before had the utmost confidence in Crichton's hospitality.

FICTION AND FACT.

Two students were walking on the Calton Hill at Edinburgh. One of them being suddenly inspired with the magnificence of the view before him, proposed to begin a poem on the spot, celebrating the beauties of the opposite coast of Fife.

“I have,” said he to his companion, “one line, but I want another to match it—

‘Again we see upon the northern shore’—

“That's easily matched,” said the other—

‘Kinghorn still standing where it stood before!’”

THE MOTHER OF KING ROBERT BRUCE.

Martha, Countess of Carrick in her own right, the wife of Robert Bruce, Lord of Annandale, bare him a son, afterwards Robert I., 11th July 1274. The circumstances of her marriage were

singular: Happening to meet Robert Bruce in her domain, she became enamoured of him, and with some violence led him to her castle of Turnberry. A few days after she married him, without the knowledge of the relations of either party, and without the requisite consent of the king. The king instantly seized her castle and whole estates. She afterwards atoned by a fine for her feudal delinquency. Little did Alexander foresee, that, from this union, the restorer of the Scottish monarchy was to arise. This matter was probably concerted between them, and the affair so managed as to appear the act of the lady, that the penalty might be the less.

CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

A small farmer in the shire of Aberdeen had a wife that had been long unwell and confined to bed; but the fellow was of so niggardly a disposition that he grudged the poor woman so much as a light. She, in a pet, one night exclaimed—

“Oh! isna this an unco thing, that a poor body'll no get light to see to dee.”

On which the affectionate husband rose up, lighted a candle, and placing it at the bed-foot, said harshly to his wife—

“There, now, quick and dee now, before the candle gangs oot.”

THE SHEPHERD'S MODE OF CURE.

I dinna despise the doctors. In ordinar complaints I help mysel' out o' the box o' drogs; and I'm never mair nor three days in gettin' richt again; the first day for the beginning o' the complaint—dull and dowie, sair g'ien to gauntin', and the streekin' out o' ane's airms, rather touchy in the temper, and no easily satisfied wi' onything

ane can get to eat; the second day, in bed wi' a nightcap on, or a worsted stockin' about the chafts, shiverin' ilka half hour aneath the blankets, as if cauld water were poorin' down your back; a stamach that seunners at the very thoct o' meat, and a sair, sair head amaist as if a wee deevil were sittin' in't knappin' stanes wi' an iron hammer; the third day about denner time hungrier than a pack o' hounds, yokin' to the haggis afore the grace, and in imagination mair able to devour the hail jigget, as weel's the giblet pie and the pancakes.

North. And the fourth day, James?

Out wi' the grew gin it be afore the month o' March, as soople and thin in the flanks as themsel's—wi' as gleg an ee—and lugs pricked up ready for the start o' pussie frae among the windlestraes. Haloo—haloo—haloo!—*Noctes Ambros.*

HIGHLANDERS AFTER WATERLOO.

The following conversation is given by Sir Walter Scott, as having taken place between him and some Scotch soldiers, whom he found bivouacked to the pavement at Peronne, on their march to Paris, after the battle of Waterloo:—

I told him, that as a countryman, accidentally passing, I could not resist the desire of inquiring how he and his companions came to have such uncomfortable beds; and I asked him, if it was not usual to receive billets on the inhabitants for quarters?

Na, sir,” was his composed reply; “we seldom trouble them for billets; they ca' this bivouacking, you see.”

“It does not seem very pleasant, whatever they may call it. How do the people of the country treat you?”

“Ow! gailies: particularly we that are Scotch: we ha' but to show our petticoat, as the English ca' it, an' we're aye weel respected.”

"Were you in the battle of Waterloo?"

"Ay, 'deed was I, and in Quatre-bras beside. I got a bit skelp wi' a shell at Waterloo."

"And were all your companions, who sleep there, also wounded?"

"Ay were they; some mair, some less. Here's ane o' 'em wakening, you see, wi' our speaking."

The Scotchmen, having but small seduction to return to their beds, became quite inclined to talk, particularly when they heard from what part of the land o' cakes I came from.

"The duke," they said, "wasna to be blamed as a general at a'; nor would the men ha'e ony cause to complain if he would but gie them a little mair liberty."

"Liberty! What sort of liberty do you mean?"

"Ow,—just liberty—freedom, you see!"

"What, do you mean leave of absence—furloughs?"

"Na, na! De'il a bit: God, this hasna been a time for furloughs. I mean, the liberty that ither sogers get; the Prussians and them."

As I still professed ignorance of their meaning, one of them gave me, in a sudden burst, a very pithy explanation of the sort of liberty which the duke was blamed for withholding. The other qualified it a little, by saying—

"Ay, ay, he means, that when we've got the upper han', we shu'd employ it. There's no use in being mealy-mou'd, if the ithers are to tak what they like. The d—d Prussians ken better what they're about."

"Well, but you find that the Prussians are everywhere detested, and you have just now told me that you Highlanders are everywhere respected."

"Ou ay, we're praised enuch. Ilka body praises us, but very few gie us onything."

More readily interpreting this hint

than the last, I proved myself, my exception to the general rule, by putting into their hands a franc or two to drink.

The one who received the money looked at it very deliberately, and then, raising his head, said—

"Weel, sir, we certainly didna expect this; did we, Jock?"

I inquired if the Duke of Wellington took severe means of enforcing on his army that regard for the lives and property of the inhabitants, in maintaining which he evidently placed the pride of his ambition, not less than in beating his armed adversaries?

"Na, sir; no here," was the reply; "for the men ken him weel enough now. But in Spain we often had ugly jobs. He hung fifteen men on ae day there—after he had been ordering aboot it, God knows how lang; and d—n me if he didna ance gar the provost-marshal flog mair than a dizen of the women, for the women thought themselves safe, and so were waur than the men. They got sax and thirty lashes a piece on the bare doup, and it was lang before it was forgotten on them. Ane o' them was Meg Donaldson, the best woman in our regiment; for, whate'er she might tak, she didna keep it a' to hersel'." The noise of the horses brought to be harnessed to the diligence made me take a hasty leave of these Scottish soldiers.

AN EVIL OMEN.

Four men of the village of Flodgery, in Skye, being at supper, one of them did suddenly let fall his knife on the table, and looked with an angry countenance; the company observing it, inquired the reason, but he returned them no answer until they had supped, and then he told them that when he let fall his knife, he saw a corpse with the shroud about it laid on the table, which