

surprised him, and that a little time would accomplish the vision. It fell out accordingly, that in a few days after one of the family died, and happened to be laid on that very table. This was told me by the master of the family.—*Martin.*

THE WOLF OF BADENOCH.

In 1374 the title of Earl of Buchan was bestowed on Alexander Stuart, the youngest son of King Robert II. The king had, soon after his accession, granted him a charter, dated at Scone, of the lands of Badenoch, the castle of Lochyndorbe, and the lands and forests annexed, as fully as John Comyn had had them. This earl married Euphemia, daughter of the Earl of Ross, in right of whom he had various lands. This earl proved, in every respect, a hateful character. Notwithstanding the great possessions obtained by his wife, he treated her with great unkindness, and aggravated her distress by the open attentions he paid to other women. She brought her suit against him before the Bishop of Moray, who pronounced sentence, ordering him to live with his wife, and to find security to the amount of £200 not to maltreat her. Irritated at this sentence, he seized on the bishop's lands in Badenoch, which drew down upon him the spiritual vengeance of a sentence of excommunication. The earl on his part armed his followers, and in May 1390 went and burnt the town of Forres, and in June following came to Elgin and burnt the Cathedral of St Giles, which, Buchanan says, "was the most beautiful church in Scotland," and along with it the hospital and eighteen manse of the canons and chaplains. After this sacrilegious action he was cast into prison. On his humble submission, he was absolved by the Bishop of St Andrew's, on condition of his making satisfaction to the Bishop

and Chapter of Moray, and obtaining confirmation of the absolution from the Pope. Whether he was let loose after this, or remained in prison, is not certain, for he died soon after, February 9th, 1394, and was interred in the middle choir of the Cathedral Church of Dunkeld. There were there a monument and statue of stone erected to his memory, which were defaced by the soldiers of Angus's regiment, who were stationed at Dunkeld at the Revolution by King William, and who fortified the church as a check to the pass into the Highlands.

A MITIGATED PUNISHMENT.

John de Strathbogie, Earl of Athole, attempted to escape from Scotland, but a storm cast him upon the coast, when he was taken prisoner and sent to London, where he was executed under circumstances of great barbarity. He was first half strangled, and while yet alive lowered from the gibbet, disembowelled, and his body burned. This was a mitigated punishment; for in respect that his mother was a granddaughter of King John, by his natural son Richard, he was not drawn on a sledge to execution, "that point being forgiven," and he was permitted to make the passage on horseback. King Edward, who was extremely ill, "received great ease" when he heard that his relative was apprehended and executed.

THE RAIN ALMANACK.

John Fake, who lives in Pabble, in the parish of Kilmoor, is constantly troubled with a great sneezing a day or two before rain; and if the sneezing be more than usual, the rain is said to be greater; therefore he is called the Rain Almanack. He has had this faculty these nine years past.—*Martin.*

A FLAW IN THE INDICTMENT.

A man was once tried before Lord Braxfield for stealing some *shirts*; but as it appeared that the articles were *female* apparel, *alias shifts*, the case was found "not proven." On which his lordship said to the advocate-depute—

"What for, man, did ye no ca' them *sarks* in the indictment, for that would hae done for the scoundrel ony way?"

PATRIOTISM OF THE CLERGY.

It is creditable to the Scottish clergy, that in defiance of England and Rome combined together, they stood true to the interests of their native land. The sentence of excommunication, which humbled to the ground King Henry and King John of England, was powerless when hurled against King Robert Bruce, whom his clergy supported in defiance of every threat. The official records of the losses they sustained in their property, for their uniform resistance to the attempts of Edward, are indelible monuments of their honour. Nor were they satisfied with declaiming against the foreign invader: they put on the helmet and the cuirass, and with sword and spear led on their people to battle. Tradition, which has preserved such endearing recollection of the memory of Sir William Wallace, has not forgoun his chaplain, who attended him in all his expeditions, celebrated divine service with him, and went with him into the battle. He was such a character as the Archdeacon of Aberdeen, who attended the brave Earl of Douglas, and single and alone, defended him from injury, after he fell at the battle of Otterburn in 1388, until his friends came up. The tradition of the burning of the English troops in the "Barns of Ayr" by Wallace, ascribes the contrivance to a friar, and states

that Wallace was accustomed to call it "the friar of Ayr's blessing."

CONCERNING TEA.

In 1744 resolutions against smuggling were passed in a number of the Scottish counties, in which the subscribers subjected themselves to penalties for any breach of the same. William Fullarton, of Fullarton, proposed that the following protest against the use of tea should be included, and it was done accordingly:—

"We, being all farmers by profession, think it needless to restrain ourselves formally from indulging in that foreign and consumptive luxury called tea; for, when we consider the slender constitutions of many of higher rank, among whom it is most used, we conclude that it would be but an improper diet to qualify us for the more robust and manly parts of our business; and therefore we shall only give our testimony against it, and leave the enjoyment of it altogether to those who can afford to be weak, indolent, and useless."

CHARTER-STONES.

There is a charter-stone at the village of Old Dailly, in Ayrshire, which has become celebrated by the following event:—

"The village of New Dailly having become larger than the old place of the same name, the inhabitants insisted that the charter-stone should be removed from the old town to the new; but the people of Old Dailly were unwilling to part with their ancient right. Demands and remonstrances were made for many years on each side without effect, till at last man, woman, and child of both villages marched out, and by one desperate engagement put an end to a war, the commence-

ment of which no person then living remembered. Justice and victory, in this instance, being of the same party, the villagers of the old town of Dailly now enjoy the pleasure of keeping the *blue-stane* unmolested."

Ideal privileges are often attached to some of these stones. In Girvan, if a man can set his back against the charter-stone, he is supposed not liable to be arrested for debt; nor can cattle, it is imagined, be pointed as long as they are fastened to the same stone. That stones were often used as symbols to denote the right of possessing land, before the use of written documents became general in Scotland, is exceedingly probable. The charter-stone of Inverness is still kept with great care, set in a frame, and hooped with iron, at the market-place of that town. It is called by the inhabitants of that district *Clack na Couddin*. While the famous marble chair was allowed to remain at Scône, it was considered as the charter-stone of the kingdom of Scotland.

A POOR MOUTHFUL.

At the examination of candidates for the place of schoolmaster in a Scottish parish, one of them was desired to read and translate Horace's *Ode*, beginning—

"*Exegi monumentum ære perennius.*"

He began thus:—" *Exegi monumentum, I have eaten up a mountain.*"

"Stop," cried one of the examiners, "it will be needless for you to say ony mair; after eating sic a dinner, this parish wad be a pair mouthful t'ye. You maun try some wider sphere."

NO APPETITE.

Tickler. I have no appetite, James.

Shepherd. Nae appetee! how suld ye hæe an appetee? A bowl o' molly-

go-tawny soup, wi' bread in proportion—twa codlins (wi' maist part o' a labster in that sass), the first gash o' the jigget-stakes—then, I'm maist sure, pallets, and feenally guse—no to count jeellies and coostard, and bluemange, and many million mites in that Campsie Stilton—better than ony English—a pot o' draught—twa lang shankers o' ale—noos and thans a sip o' the auld port, and just afore grace a caulker o' Glenlivet, that made your een glower and water in your head as if you had been lookin' at Mrs Siddons in the sleep-walking scene in Shakspeare's tragedy of *Macbeth*—gin ye had an appetee after a' that destruction o' animal and vegetable matter, your maw would be like that o' Death himsel', and your stomach insatiabie as the grave.—*Noctes Ambros.*

AN ECLIPSE.

D'ye hear what auld Dominie Napier says about the mirk Monday? He says it's an eclipse; the sun and the moon fechtin' for the upper hand! But, Lord! he's a poor capernoytit creature.

A NEW CHAIR.

Hugo Arnot one day met Mr Hill, then a candidate for, and afterwards Professor of Humanity (Latin) in Edinburgh University, as he was returning from the Grassmarket, when three men had just been executed there. Inquiring where he had been, Mr Hill replied, "that he had been seeing the execution."

"What!" said Hugo; "you! George Hill, candidate for the professor's chair of Humanity?"

"Yes, Mr Arnot," said Hill.

"Then, by —," continued the indignant Hugo, "you should rather be

professor of barbarity; and you are sure of the situation, for it is in the gift of the Lord Justice-Clerk!"

Mr Hill was at the time tutor in the family of the latter.

A MUSCULAR CHRISTIAN.

The Rev. James Lapslie, minister of Campsie, was a man of great muscular power, and of a disposition not easy to be intimidated. Returning home one evening from a party, he was insulted by a band of colliers, one of whom swore that, if it were not for "his coat," he would thrash him. Lapslie, who was in no mood to be trifled with, immediately doffed his sable habiliment, saying, as he threw it on the ground—

"Lie you there, *Divinity!*—here stands Jamie Lapslie!"

The belligerents instantly set to work, and the result was that the collier was severely punished for his impertinence.

THE BRUTAL CUMBERLAND.

At the battle of Culloden, when the Highlanders were forced to retreat, the Frasers marched off with banners flying and pipes playing in the face of the enemy. After the battle, Charles Fraser, younger of Inverallochy, the lieutenant-colonel of the Fraser regiment, was savagely slain by order of the Duke of Cumberland. When riding over the field, the duke observed this brave youth lying wounded. Raising himself upon his elbow, he looked at the duke, when the latter thus addressed one of his officers, who afterwards became a more distinguished commander than himself: "Wolfe, shoot me that Highland scoundrel who thus dares to look on us with so insolent a stare." Wolfe replied, that his commission was at his royal highness' disposal, but that he would never consent to become an

executioner. Other officers refusing to commit this act of butchery, a private soldier at the inhuman command of the duke, shot the hapless youth before his eyes.—*Scottish Nation.*

PAUL JONES AND LORD SELKIRK.

Paul Jones was a native of Kirkcudbright. Having been prosecuted for some offence, he fled from home, and being an active seaman, obtained the command of a privateer in the American service. As he knew well about the parts of his native town, he executed one of his first enterprises at this place. Early one morning he stood in the bay, with colours flying like a British frigate, and sent his boat on shore near Lord Selkirk's house, well manned, with an officer, who had orders to behave as if he commanded a pressgang. The scheme took effect. All the men about the house and grounds immediately disappeared. When all was clear, the officer with his party surrounded the house and inquired for Lord Selkirk. He was not at home; Lady Selkirk was then inquired for, and made her appearance. The officer behaved very civilly, but told her plainly, that his errand was to carry off the family service of plate. She assured him that he had been misinformed, and that Lord Selkirk had no service of plate. With great presence of mind, she then called for the butler's inventory, and convinced him on the spot of his mistake. At the same time she ordered wine. The officer drank her health politely; and laying his hands on what plate he met with, went off without committing any wanton mischief. Soon after the ships left the bay, Jones informed Lord Selkirk by a letter that avowed indeed the intention of carrying his lordship off, but with a design merely to get a cartel established through the means of such a prisoner. As to taking the plate, he

said he totally disapproved of it: his crew forced him to it, being determined to have a little plunder for the risk they had run, both in Kirkcudbright bay and in attempting the night before to burn the shipping at Whitehaven. To this apology Jones added a promise to restore the plate, which, on the peace seven years after the depredation, was punctually performed. It was put into the hands of Lord Selkirk's banker in London; and not the least article was missing. This restitution has the appearance of generosity; but it is probable that Jones might feel for his professional character, which he found would suffer under the infamy of such a pilfering transaction.

A PASSIONATE MAN.

Davie Maben, a cross-grained old herd in Gallowayshire, once quarrelled with his dog. He caught collie by the hind legs, and threw him over the *Raen Nest Heuch* of the Netherlaw, exclaiming at the same time—

“Cæsar, my good doggie, did ye no ken I was a passionate man!”—*Mac-taggart*.

CARD-PLAYING IN THE COUNTRY.

As for young folks—lads and lasses, like—when the gude man and his wife are gane to bed, what's the harm in a gem at cairds? It's a cheerfu', noisy sicht o' comfort and confusion. Sic luckin' into ane anither's haun's! Sic fause shufflin'! Sic unfair dealin'! Sic winkin' tae tell your pairtner that ye hae the king or the ace? And when that winna do, sic kickin' o' shins and treading on taes aneath the table—after the wrang anes! Then down wi' your haun' o' cairds in a clash on the brod, because you've ane ower few, and the onef maun lose his deal. Then what

gigglin' amang the lasses! What amicable, nay, love quarrels, between pairtners! Jokin' and jestin', and tauntin' and toozlin'—the cawnel blawn out, and the soun' o' a thousan' kisses! That's caird-playing in the kintra, Mr North; and whare's the man amang ye that wull daur to say that it's no a pleasant pastime o' a winter's night, when the snaw is comin' doon the lum, or the speat's roarin' amang the mirk moun-tains?—*Noctes Ambros.*

BURNS' CREED.

“My creed,” said Burns, in his *Commonplace Book*, “is pretty nearly expressed in the last clause of Jamie Dean's grace, an honest weaver in Ayrshire: ‘Lord grant that we may lead a gude life! for a gude life makes a gude end—at least it helps weel!’”

SOUND REASONING.

Principal Blackwell, of Aberdeen, was remarkably *stingy*. While the workmen were employed in building his house at Polmuir, he sometimes gave them a *gaudeamus* of particularly small-beer, which was commonly carried in a water-bucket. On such occasions he used to honour the masons with his company, and drink to their health, always remarking—

“Ah! my lads! that's the stuff to put marrow in your bones!”

On one occasion a mason, of a particularly dry turn, observed, “Ay, ay, water-buckets dinna bear ale!”

CLERGY BEFORE THE REFORMATION.

Leslie, bishop of Ross, says of a priest, who had fought well in battle, “It is not to be wondered at that this priest should fight well, for in Britain

there are 40,000 priests who would not be afraid to fight against as many of any nation. Every baron has one, and some five or six, who ride out armed with sword and shield to attend their barons." This historian is dissatisfied with their engaging in war instead of employing themselves in divine service, but allows that they ought to fight in their own defence, and in defence of their country. Of the warlike disposition of the clergy of that age, we have a remarkable instance, at the battle of Pinkie, against the English, in which was a division composed of priests, of whom many fell in the battle. At the battle of Flodden, in 1513, there fell the Archbishop of St Andrews, and the Bishop of the Isles, with the Abbots of Kilwinning and Inch Chaffray. Sir David Lindsay says of them—

"Ane other cause of the punition,
Of thir unhappy prelatiss imprudent,
They made nocht equal distribution,
Of haly kirkis patrimonie and rent,
But temporallie thair haif it all mispent.
Quhillks sulde have bene tripartit into thre,
First to uphauld the kirk in honestie,
The second part to sustain thair estates,
The third part to be given to the puris,
But thair disposit that geir all uther gaites,
On cartis and dyce and harlotrie and huris,
Thair catyvis tuke na compt of thair awin caris,
Thair kirkes revin thair laydy is clenely clad,
And richeley rewlit baith at burd and bed.
Thair bastard bairnis proudly they providit,
The kirk geir largelye thair did on hame spend,
In thair defaltis thair subdites were mysydyit,
And comptit nocht thair God for till offend,
Quhillk gart thame want grace at their latter
end."

Melville says, that when James V. was advised by many to go to York, to meet his uncle, Henry VIII., he was inclined to do so; and seeing some of his prelates, he said, "Wherefore gave my predecessors so many lands and rents to the kirk? Was it to maintain hawks, dogs, and whores, and a number of idle priests?" Yet the clergy had influence to make him alter his intention, chiefly by bringing him fair maidens.

DECREASE AND HUMILIATION.

In 1213, the last year but one of William the Lion, Gothred Mac William, with a powerful body of rapacious mountaineers, spread havoc and devastation far and wide throughout Moray. William Comyn, Earl of Buchan, led his vassals to suppress him, and had in his company the Earl of Atholl, and Sir Thomas de Lundy. Gothred was defeated by De Lundy, and, being taken, was brought before the Earl of Buchan, Lord High Justiciary of Scotland, to be tried for his crimes, and by him condemned to be hanged. The execution of this sentence he is said to have evaded by voluntarily abstaining from food, which speedily terminated his life. Major states that his head was cut off, and justly, that he who wished to be exalted and to be king, by such action might decrease, and be humbled.

SERGEANT MOR.

This noted freebooter had been a sergeant in the French army, and came over to Scotland in 1745. From his large size he was called Sergeant Mor. Having no settled abode, and dreading the consequences of having served in the army of France, and of being afterwards engaged in the Rebellion, he formed a party of outlaws, and took up his residence among the mountains between the counties of Perth, Inverness, and Argyle. While he plundered the cattle of those whom he called his enemies, he protected the property of his friends, and frequently made people on the borders of the Lowlands purchase his forbearance by the payment of Black Mail. Many stories are told of him. On one occasion he met with an officer of the garrison of Fort-William on the mountains of Lochaber. The officer told him that he suspected he had lost his way, and, having a large sum of

money for the garrison, was afraid of meeting the Sergeant Mor; he therefore requested that the stranger would accompany him on his road. The other agreed; and while they walked on, they talked much of the sergeant and his feats, the officer using much freedom with his name, calling him robber and murderer.

"Stop there," interrupted his companion, "he does indeed take the cattle of the Whigs and you Sassanachs, but neither he nor his cearnahs ever shed innocent blood; except once," added he, "that I was unfortunate at Braemar, when a man was killed, but I immediately ordered the *creach* to be abandoned, and left to the owners, retreating as fast as we could after such a misfortune."

"You," asked the officer, "what had you to do with the affair?"

"I am John du Cameron—I am the Sergeant Mor; there is the road to Involerchy—you cannot now mistake it. You and your money are safe. Tell your governor to send a more wary messenger for his gold. Tell him, also, that although an outlaw, and forced to live on the public, I am a soldier as well as himself, and would despise taking his gold from a defenceless man who confided in me."

The officer lost no time in reaching the garrison, and never forgot the adventure, which he frequently related.

"A BROKEN WEEK."

A minister was explaining to his congregation the great benefits arising from the Sabbath. He told them it was a means of frequently renewing their covenant, &c.; and, likewise, it was a worldly good, as a day of rest for themselves, their servants, and cattle. Then he recounted to them the different days observed in other religions, as the seventh day by the Jews, &c.

"But," said he, "behold the particular wisdom of our institution, in ordaining it to be kept on the first; for if it were any other day, it would make a broken week!"—*Burt.*

JACOBITE TOASTS.

The shifts and stratagems were numerous by which lairds and others of a Jacobite tendency had to conceal their opinions from the officers of the crown. Oliphant of Gask, for instance, had the favourite toast, "The King" and "The Restoration," both of them excusable as referring to legitimate objects, yet pronounced in such a significant manner as to leave no doubt that he meant "James," not "George," and referred to a potential, not a past restoration.

One day, when an officer of the army was dining with him, he felt somehow rather nervous about giving the latter toast; so after the "King" had been given and accepted by the two, in their respective senses, he propounded, "The King *aguin*, sir; ye can have nae objections to that."

ST ORAN.

St Oran was a friend and follower of St Columba, and was buried in Icolmkill. His pretensions to be a saint were rather dubious. According to the legend, he consented to be buried alive, in order to propitiate certain demons of the soil, who obstructed the attempts of Columba to build a chapel. Columba caused the body of his friend to be dug up, after three days had elapsed; when Oran, to the horror and scandal of the assistan's, declared that there was neither a God, a judgment, nor a future state! He had no time to make further discoveries, for Columba caused the earth once more to be shovelled over him with the utmost despatch. The chapel, however, and the cemetery were

called *Reilig Ourin*; and, in memory of his rigid celibacy, no female was permitted to pay her devotions, or be buried, in that place.

“SIR WHAT-THOU-WILT.”

King James the Sixth, about to knight a Scottish gentleman, asked his name, who made answer, his name was Edward Rudry Hudrinblas Tripplin Hipplas.

“How, how?” quoth the king.

Replies the gentleman as before, “Edward Rudry Hudrinblas Tripplin Hipplas.”

The king, not able to retain in memory such a long, and withal so confusedly heaped-up name,—

“Prithee,” said he, “rise up, and call thyself Sir what thou wilt,” and so dismissed him.—*R. Chambers.*

TRIAL BY SINGLE COMBAT.

It may easily be supposed that trial by single combat, so peculiar to the feudal system, was common on the borders. The following indenture will show at how late a period it was there resorted to, as a proof of guilt or innocence:—

“It is agreed between Thomas Musgrave and Lancelot Carleton, for the true trial of such controversies as are betwixt them, to have it openly tried, by way of combat, before God and the face of the world, to try it in Canonbyholme, before England and Scotland, upon Thursday in Easter-week, being the 8th day of April next ensuing, A. D. 1602, betwixt nine of the clock and one of the same day, to fight on foot, to be armed with jack, steel cap, plaite sleeves, plaite breeches, plaite socks, two basfaerd swords, the blades to be one yard and half a quarter of length,

two Scotch daggers or dorks at their girdles, and either of them to provide armour and weapons for themselves, according to this indenture. Two gentlemen to be appointed on the field to view both the parties, to see that they both be equal in arms and weapons, according to this indenture, and being so viewed by the gentlemen, the gentlemen to ride to the rest of the company, and to leave them but two boys, viewed by the gentlemen, to be under sixteen years of age, to hold their horses. In testimony of this our agreement, we have both set our hands to this indenture, of intent all matters shall be made so plain, as there shall be no question to stick upon that day. Which indenture, as a witness, shall be delivered to two gentlemen. And for that it is convenient the world should be privy to every particular of the grounds of the quarrel, we have agreed to set it down in this indenture betwixt us, that, knowing the quarrel, their eyes may be witness of the trial.”

A SCOTCHMAN OUTWITTED.

Some years since, before the sale of game was legalised, and a present of it was thought worth the expense of carriage, an Englishman who had rented a moor within twenty miles of Aberdeen, wishing to send a ten-brace box of grouse to his friends in the south, directed his gilly to procure a person to take the box to the capital of the north, from whence the London steamer sailed. Not one, however, of the miserably poor tenants in the neighbourhood could be found who would take the box for a less sum than eight shillings. This demand was thought so unreasonable, that the Englishman complained to a Scotch friend who was shooting along with him. The Scotchman replied, that “the natives always make a point of imposing as much as possible upon

strangers; but," said he, "if you will leave it to me, I will manage it for you; for with all their inclination to knavery, they are the simplest people under the sun."

A few days afterwards, going out shooting, they saw a man loading his cart with peats, when the Scotchman, approaching him, said, after the usual salutation—

"What are you going to do with the peats?"

"I'm going to Aberdeen to sell them," was the reply.

"What do you get for them?"

"One shilling and eightpence, sir."

"Indeed! Well, I will buy them, if you will be sure to deliver them for me at Aberdeen."

"That I will, and thank you, too, sir."

All agreed, the Scotchman resumed his walk for about twenty yards, when he suddenly turned round and said—

"By-the-by, I have a small box I want taken to the same place. You can place it on the top of the peats?"

"That I will, and welcome, sir."

"Well, if you will call at the lodge in the evening, I will give you the direction for the peats, and you can have the box at the same time."

He did so, and actually carried the box and gave a load of peats for one shilling and eightpence, although neither the same man nor any one of his neighbours would forward the box *alone* for less than eight shillings.

AN INJURED PUBLICAN'S REVENGE.

"I well remember," says a well-known Scot, "in my boyhood, the picturesque vale of Luss filled with guests all the summer. Indeed, no strangers of distinction would have missed the opportunity of inspecting the rare botanical collection contained in the manse garden, or of becoming acquainted with its

scholarly and scientific possessor. The hospitalities of the manse were, however, a perpetual source of irritation to the drunken innkeeper, who fancied himself robbed of his annual harvest; and one night, when the manse was very full and the inn very empty, he slyly took down his signpost and stuck it over the minister's parlour window. Dr S.'s first intimation that he had set up in the public line was the fiery visage of Boniface glaring in upon the breakfast table, with the ominous words—

"Since ye've ta'en awa' a' the company, ye may just tak the sign tae."

A PROMISING SON.

James Boswell, the biographer of Dr Johnson, was distinguished in private life by his humour and power of repartee. He has been described as a man in whose face it was impossible at any time to look without being inclined to laugh. The following is one of his good things:—

As he was pleading one day at the Scotch bar before his father, Lord Auchinleck, who was at that time what is called Ordinary on the Bills (judge of cases in the first stage), the testy old senator, offended at something his son said, peevishly exclaimed—

"Jamie, ye're an ass, man."

"Not exactly, my lord," answered the junior; "only a colt, the foal of an ass."

A GREAT THOROUGHFARE.

A stranger, passing along a road in the south of Scotland, was surprised at the perfect solitude in which he found himself, there being actually no one to be seen upon the whole road as far as he had gone, nor could he see any one for miles before him. Coming up to a poor man who was breaking stones by

the wayside, and glad of any companionship in such a desert, he asked him, by way of drawing on conversation, if this road was well frequented.

"Ou, ay," said the man, "it's no that ill; a cadger gaed by yesterday, and there's yoursel' the day."

A YOUNG JOKER.

A celebrated divine in the west country tells the following story:—

While one day taking his usual walk, he happened to come across a little boy busily engaged in forming a miniature building of clay. The doctor, always fond of conversation with children, at once began his interrogatories as follow:—

"Well, my little man, what's this you're doing?"

"Makin' a hoose, sir."

"What kind o' a hoose?"

"A kirk, sir."

"Where's the door?"

"There it's," replied the boy, pointing with his finger.

"Where's the pulpit?"

"There," said the boy.

The doctor, now thinking he would fix the sharp-eyed boy, again asked—

"Ay, but where is the minister?"

The youngster, with a knowing look to his querist, and with a scratch of his head, again replied—

"O, I havna eneuch o' dirt to mak him."

"IN THE BRAID GATE."

A member of that proverbially loquacious craft, who are particularly hostile to the distinguishing mark of the disciples of Joanna Southcote, which they denounce as a barbarism, was one night "working with sinuosities" along the Broadgate of Aberdeen, with the contents of several bottles in his pate,

making sundry hair-breadth 'scapes of a broken nose, ever and anon encountering a brush with a Charley, a dry-shave from a quizzical crony, a cut from every strapping wench he chanced to accost—and he accosted nearly every one he met—when he was addressed by a douce woman of his acquaintance—

"Ah! Geordie, Geordie, ye're i' the braid gate."

Unwilling to be thus bearded, Geordie, with a contemptuous curl of the lip, replied, "I ken that; but for as braid as it is, I need it a'!"

LYLIARD'S EDGE.

The spot on which the noted battle of Ancrum Moor was fought was called Lyliard's Edge, from an Amazonian woman of that name, who is reported by tradition to have distinguished herself in the same manner as Squire Witherington. The old people point out her monument, now broken and defaced. The inscription is said to have been legible not long ago, and to have run thus—

Fair maiden Lyliard lies under this stane,
Little was her stature, but great was her fame;
Upon the English louns she laid mony thumps,
And, when her legs were cutted off, she fought
upon her stumps.

ANTISEPTIC EFFECTS OF PEATMOSS.

A piece of cloth, dug from under a moss ten feet deep, on the lands of Flute, in the parish of Glassford, in Lanarkshire, was found to be fresh and well preserved. This piece of cloth was brought from the bottom of a peat forest, on the point of a spade; but the incurious labourer was neither at the pains to preserve it, nor so much as to examine it if any more clothes were to be found at the same spot. In the moss of Locher, near Dumfries, were found a

canoe and a Roman jug. In the same moss, a leather bag, containing silver coins of the Saxon heptarchy, were found. A pot and decanter, both of Roman copper, were dug from under a moss in the parish of Kirkmichael, Dumfriesshire. A Roman camp kettle, nearly as thin as parchment, was found in the clay, under a moss eight feet deep, on the estate of Auchtertyre. A Roman medal, of fine gold, with an inscription upon it, was found under a moss, near the sources of the Annan, on the side of the great road formed by Agricola. Bruce, in his expedition against Comyn, Earl of Buchan, cut down some forests near Inverury. The trees are to be seen under the mosses, which have risen over them to a great height. Trees are frequently found in the mosses of Kippen, and a Roman road, formed entirely of wood, was discovered in them some years ago. A similar road was found in the moss of Logan.

In digging the great canal between Edinburgh and Glasgow, near Falkirk, horses and men in full armour were found. They were supposed to have been Covenanters who had sunk retreating from a defeat by Montrose.

A TEXT "WELL" APPLIED.

Meeting a friend one morning returning from St Bernard's mineral well, at the Water of Leith, Edinburgh, Erskine greeted him with, "Good morning! I see you never weary in *well-doing*."

THE PECHS.

Every child in Scotland has heard of the Pechs, a race of small red-haired men, who are said to have lived long ago, and built all the huge castles and bridges in the country.

The Picts, whom antiquaries suppose

to have been the same as what are called the Pechs, are understood to have been the people who lived in the country north of the Forth, about a thousand years ago. They had a king of their own for many ages; but at length a race of Irish adventurers, who came in upon Scotland by the west, got the better of their monarch, or else succeeded to his crown by marriage, so that there was never any more heard of them as a separate nation. This event is said to have taken place in the year 843.

Tacitus describes these Picts as a tall and fair race; but tradition now speaks differently of the Picts. Both in the border counties, and in those which the Picts once occupied, they are represented by the common people, and in all nursery stories, as a squat and robust race of men, with red hair, and arms of such length that they could tie the lachets of their shoes without stooping. The Scottish peasant ascribes all old public works of which he does not know the origin to the Pechs, and their plan of working, according to his creed, was to stand in a row between the quarry and the building, handing forward stones to one another. When a person has either red hair, long arms, or a very sturdy body, it is common to say to him tauntingly—

"Ye maun be come of the Pechs."

Yet there is also a very prevalent understanding that they are now entirely extirpated, at least as a nation; and there are some popular tales which even speak of the death of the last individual of the race.

The inhabitants of Lammermoor, a lonely mountain region between East Lothian and Berwickshire, have a tradition that the last battle fought by the Pechs against the Scots, by whom they were oppressed, took place near a hill called Manslaughter Law. So dreadfully were they cut up, that only two persons of the Pictish nation survived the fight—a father and a son. These

were brought before the Scottish king, and promised life on condition that they would disclose the secret, peculiar to their nation, of the art of distilling ale from heather. But this was a secret upon which the Pechs prided themselves very much, so that they never would divulge it except to their own kindred. Both refused to purchase their lives on this condition, and they were about to be put to a painful and torturing death, when the father seemed to relent, and proposed to yield up the secret, provided that the Scots would first kill his son. The victors, though horrified at the unnatural selfishness of the old man, complied with his request, and then asked its reward.

"Now," said the ancient Pech, "you may kill me too, for you shall never know my secret. Your threats might have influenced my son, but they are lost on me."

The King of Scots could not help admiring this firmness of principle, even in so small a matter as small ale, and he condemned the veteran savage to life. It is further related by the tradition of Teviotdale, that his existence, as a punishment from heaven for his crime, was prolonged far beyond the ordinary term of mortal life. When some ages had passed, and the last of the Pechs was blind and bed-ridden, he overheard some young men vaunting of their feats of strength. He desired to feel the wrist of one of them, in order to compare the strength of modern men with those of the early times, which were now only talked of as a fable. They reached him a bar of iron instead of a wrist, that they might enjoy the expressions of indignation which they thought he would be sure to utter. But he seized the huge bar, and, snapping it through like a reed, only remarked very coolly—

"It's a bit gey grissle, but naething to the shackle-banes o' my young days."

The feelings of the young men may

be imagined. Into such forms as these do historical facts become transmuted after a long series of ages; and such is the popular remembrance of a nation which once occupied the greater part of this country, but the very existence of which is now a matter of historical uncertainty.

CHURCH-GOING.

Church-going seems to be in great measure a habit, and while one parish is distinguished for attendance upon religious ordinances, another not far distant is noted for its remissness in the observance of that duty. A ploughman who had been a couple of years in the parish of Ochiltree, but who seldom had "darkened a church door," removed into the neighbouring parish of Coylton, and, some months afterwards meeting with his old master, was thus accosted—

"How are ye, John? I'm glad to hear ye attend the church now."

"Ou ay, sir, a' folk gang to the kirk here. Ye're thocht naething o' if ye dinna gang to the kirk."—*Rev. D. Hogg.*

A POLITICAL SHAVE!

Before a former Mr Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville, had obtained the patronage of Scotland, he was by no means popular in the country. On the contrary, he was, oftener than once, in danger of his life from mobs in Edinburgh. Paying a visit to the capital on one occasion, after having been concerned in some odious public measure, he sent for a barber, in the morning, to shave him at his hotel. The tonsor, who happened to be a wag, on entering the room, saluted Mr Dundas, and welcomed him to Edinburgh. Then having decorated him with an apron, he began to lather his face; during which operation he cast upon him sundry scowling

and penetrating glances, the meaning of which the stranger could not well comprehend. At length, flourishing his razor, he said, in a sharp and stern voice—

“We are much *obliged* to you, Mr Dundas, for the part you lately took in London.”

“What!” replied the secretary; “you are a politician, I find? I sent for a *barber*.”

“Oh, yes,” returned the knight of the pewter-basin, “I’ll shave you directly;” which he did, until one half of the beard was cleanly mowed; when, coming to his throat, he drew the back of the razor across it, saying, “Take that, ye traitor!” and off he ran, downstairs, into the street.

Whether Mr Dundas felt any uneasiness at the barber’s manner, we know not; but the latter expression—the action being so well suited to the word—induced him instantly to apply the apron to his throat, and to make a loud gurgling noise, which being heard by some of the people of the house, they immediately ran to his assistance. They soon discovered, by the pantomimic gestures of the half-shaved man, what had occurred, and it was not long before the room was full of members of the faculty, of all degrees—apothecaries, surgeons, and physicians. It was a considerable time before the patient could be prevailed on to remove the apron, and expose his throat; but at length, when he did so, with much caution, it was found to be in a perfectly whole state, there not being even a scar visible! Though Mr Dundas had much reason to be delighted at having escaped unhurt, he was not a little mortified at the laugh which this adventure occasioned; and his chagrin was greatly increased when he found that he had to pay for the attendance of the medical gentlemen; which having done, and having shaved the other side of his face himself—for he would trust no more

barbers—he quitted Edinburgh, and did not return for many years.

A FRIENDLY PROSECUTOR.

The Laird of Waterton, in Aberdeenshire, after the abolition of power of regality, apprehended a sheep-stealer, and sent him to the jail of Aberdeen to be tried at the assizes. Visiting the prisoner the night before the trial, he asked him what he meant to do. To which the prisoner replied, he intended to confess, and pray for mercy.

“Confess!” said Waterton; “what, man, will ye confess, and be hanged? Na, na, deny it to my face.” He did so, and was acquitted.

THE NATURAL SEQUENCE.

James Ritchie, who flourished as piper to the corporation of Peebles till the beginning of the present century, and who was remarkable as having been first cousin to that extraordinary creature David Ritchie, the original *Black Dwarf*, was a wit in his way. His wife had one day to communicate to him the distressing intelligence that a flood in the Tweed had carried away their family cow, which was the fruit of his laborious puffings and earnings.

“Weel,” said he, after a good deal of condolence, “deil ma care, after a’; it can’ wi’ the *wind*, let it gang wi’ the *water*.”

“DOUBLING THE CAPE.”

Henry Erskine and a few friends dining one day with Bailie Creech, the guests were entertained with a single bottle of Cape wine, though Creech boasted of some very fine Madeira which he said was in his cellar. Various attempts were made to induce the

host to produce the vaunted Madeira, but without success. At length Erskine said, with an air of apparent disappointment—

“Well, well, since we can't get to Madeira, we must just double the Cape!”

THE PROPER HAND.

A gentleman connected with the custom-house at Anstruther, whose name was David Rae, joined Prince Charles in the '45, was taken prisoner, tried, condemned, and hanged at Carlisle. The Rev. Mr Nairn, minister of the parish, very humanely called on the widow, and, for the pious purposes of consolation, stated that the hand of God was evident in the dispensation.

“Na, na,” said the honest woman; “there was nae hand in it but the deil's and the Duke o' Cumberland's.”

TRADE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

Stock fish from Aberdeen appear to have been in repute, and exported to considerable amount. In 1348, we find passports granted to Adam de Fren-draught, Robert de Botha, and John de Tailour, merchants of Aberdeen, who had come to England with hides, lambs' skins, and other merchandise, and they had leave to buy and carry to Scotland cloth, linen, and worsted cloth, and other merchandise.

PILGRIMAGES.

In the *Rotuli Scotiae* we find three descriptions of persons in the fourteenth century obtaining passports to go to England, and one was the merchants, whose object was gain; another was literary men, such as the celebrated Barbour, whose object was the acquisition of knowledge; and a third, a more

numerous class, was that of devout pilgrims, who travelled, from religious motives, to Canterbury, or St James's, in Spain. In the *Regiam Majestatem*, pilgrimage to Rome, Jerusalem, or St James's, is ordered to be admitted as a sufficient plea for omission of attendance before the supreme court.

SIR ANDREW WOOD.

The faithful and brave Sir Andrew Wood, who flourished in the reigns of James III. and IV. of Scotland, was a native of Largo in Fife. Under James III. he possessed the barony of Largo in tack. But James IV. invested him in the property of it, on account of two signal victories he had obtained at sea over the English, about the beginning of his reign. It appears that Sir Andrew, like Commodore Truncheon, brought on shore his nautical ideas and manners. From his house, down almost as far as the church, he formed a canal, upon which he used to sail in his barge to the church every Sunday in great state.—*Stat. Account.*

ORIGIN OF THE NAME ARMSTRONG.

The name of Armstrong is that of a famous border family, which, with its various branches, chiefly inhabited Liddesdale. According to tradition, the original name was Fairbairn, and belonged to the armour-bearer of an ancient king of Scotland, who having his horse killed under him in battle, was straightway remounted by Fairbairn on his own horse. For this timely assistance the king amply rewarded him with lands on the borders, and in allusion to the manner in which so important a service was performed,—Fairbairn having taken the king by the thigh, and set him at once on the saddle,—his royal

master gave him the name of Armstrong, and assigned him for crest "an armed hand and arm, in the hand a leg and foot in armour, coupéd at the thigh, all proper."

THE SAME WHIP.

The Laird of M'Nab was a regular attendant at Leith races, at which he generally made his appearance in a very showy-looking gig. On one of these occasions his horse suddenly dropped down dead. At the races on the following year, a wag, who had witnessed the misfortune of the previous year, rode up to the laird, and said—

"M'Nab, is that the same horse that you had last year?"

"No," said the laird, "but it's the same whup;" which article he flourished in such a manner that the querist considered it advisable to take the hint, and beat a speedy retreat.

A DEFINITION.

A gentleman visiting Mr Wood's school in Edinburgh had a book put into his hand for the purpose of examining a class. The word *inheritance* occurring in the verse, the querist interrogated the youngster as follows:—

"What is inheritance?"

"Patrimony."

"What is a patrimony?"

"Something left by a father."

"What would you call it, if left by a mother?"

"*Matrimony.*"

LADY BOTHWELL-HAUGH.

This lady and her child perished in consequence of having been turned out of her castle, in unseasonable weather, by one of the party attached to the Earl

of Murray. Popular report tenants the ruins of the old castle with the restless ghost of this unfortunate lady, who always appears in white, with her baby in her arms. This spectre is so tenacious of its rights, that a part of the stories of the ancient edifice having been employed in repairing the present Woodhouselee, she has deemed it a part of her privilege to occasionally haunt this castle (Bothwell Castle) also.

THE MINISTERS OF GLENORCHY.

The last episcopal clergyman of the parish of Glenorchy, Mr David Lindsay, was ordered to surrender his charge to a Presbyterian minister, who had been appointed by the Duke of Argyle. When the nominee of the duke reached the parish, to take possession of his living, not an individual would speak to him, and every door was closed against him, except that of Mr Lindsay, who received him kindly. On Sunday the new preacher went to church, accompanied by his predecessor. The whole population of the district were assembled, but not one would enter the church. No person spoke, nor was there the least noise or violence, until the new minister attempted to enter the church, when he was surrounded by twelve men, fully armed, who told him he must accompany them; and, disregarding all Mr Lindsay's prayers and entreaties, they ordered the piper to play the "March of Death," and walked away with their prisoner to the confines of the parish. Here they made him swear on the Bible, that he would never return, or attempt to disturb Mr Lindsay; which oath he honestly kept.

The Synod of Argyle were highly incensed at this violation of their authority, but seeing that the people were fully determined to resist, no farther attempt was made. Mr Lindsay lived thirty years afterwards, and died Epis-

copal minister of Glenorchy, loved and revered by his flock.

PLEASURE AND PAIN.

The Hon. Thomas Erskine was one evening taken suddenly ill at Lady Payne's: on her expressing a hope that his indisposition might not be serious, he answered her in the following impromptu:—

“’Tis true I am ill, but I need not complain,
For he never knew *pleasure* who never knew
Payne.”

DAFT LAIRD ROBERTSON.

A crazed but harmless old man, who lived many years ago in Edinburgh, and was generally known by the name of daft Laird Robertson, one day meeting with Sandy Wood, the celebrated surgeon and most worthy denizen of the same city, accosted him thus—

“*Cousin*, I rejoice to see you looking so well this morning.”

“I am very happy to see you, laird,” answered Mr Wood; “but did not know that I had the honour of being a relation.”

“You’re *wud*” (*Scotice* for crazy, or “daft”), replied the laird, “and a’body kens *I’m no wise*.”

A COURAGEOUS MARTYR.

Walter Mills was the last martyr whom the Catholics in Scotland were able to bring to the stake. He died with great fortitude. During his examination he answered his accusers with an acuteness and point which approached to wit. Oliphant, a priest, asked him—

“Say you there are not seven sacraments?”

Mills. “Give me the Lord’s Supper

and baptism, and part the rest among you.”

Oliphant. “What think you of matrimony?”

Mills. “It is a blessed bond. You abhor it, and take other men’s wives and daughters.”

Oliphant. “What of the administration of the sacrament?”

Mills. “I will tell you.—A lord inviteth many to dinner; he ringeth his bell, and they come into his hall. He then turneth his back upon the guests he has called, and eateth and drinketh all himself, giving them no part; and so do you.”

A LIBERAL EPISCOPALIAN.

An Episcopal’ian lady at Alloa had a Presbyterian husband, on whose death she applied to her own clergyman to have the burial service read over him. He refused to do so; which being reported to the Rev. John Skinner, the author of “*Tullochgorum*,” he remarked—

“Hoot, sic a stiff ass! If it had been me, I wad hae said, ‘Aye the mae the merrier.’”

HOW TO GET QUIT OF AN IMPORTUNATE LOVER.

Hugo Arnot was once waited upon by a lady not remarkable either for youth, beauty, or good temper, for advice as to her best method of getting rid of the importunities of an admirer whom she did not approve of. After telling her story, the following colloquy took place:—

“Ye maun ken, sir,” said the lady, “that I am a namesake o’ your ain. I am the chief o’ the Arnots.”

“Are you, by jing?” replied Mr Arnot.

“Yes, sir, I am; and ye maun just

advise me what I ought to do with this impertinent fellow!"

"O, marry him by all means! It's the only way to get rid of his impertinence."

"I would see him hanged first!" replied the lady, with emphatic indignation.

"Nay, madam," rejoined Mr Arnot; "marry him directly, as I said before, and, by the lord Harry, he'll soon hang himself afterwards!"

QUALIFICATION FOR A KING'S COUNSEL.

The Hon. Henry Erskine, in consequence of holding an appointment from the Prince of Wales, generally presided at the anniversary meeting of his Royal Highness's household in Edinburgh, on the 12th of August. On one of these occasions, while a gentleman was singing, the Prince's tobacconist accompanied the song with his fingers upon the wainscoting of the room in a very accurate manner. When the music ceased, the chairman said, "He thought the Prince's tobacconist would make a capital king's counsel."

On being asked "why?" Henry replied—

"Because I never heard a man make so much of a *panel*."

THE SUBLIME AND THE RIDICULOUS.

A ludicrous incident occurred at the unveiling of a temple to the memory of Thomson, author of *The Seasons*, in the Earl of Buchan's grounds at Dryburgh. A large company were invited, and a sumptuous entertainment was provided by his lordship, whose ambition it was to be regarded as the great patron of literary men. All the company being collected, his lordship, standing on the steps of the temple (the front

of which was covered by a green curtain to conceal an elegant bust of the poet), commenced reciting a poem, composed by himself, in praise of the genius of Thomson. A wag, meantime, had gone behind the curtain, and crowned the bust with a brown *Jordan*, sticking, at the same time, a pipe in its mouth. On a signal from his lordship, the curtain was drawn up, and in ecstasies he pointed in the direction of the bust—"Lo—the Man!" This was too much for his enlightened auditory, who were convulsed with laughter. The cause of the unusual merriment was soon revealed, to the utter discomfiture of his lordship, whose vanity did not for many a day recover from the rude shock it so unexpectedly received on the very threshold of a great triumph.

A CLERICAL JACOBITE.

The Episcopalian clergyman of Stonehaven, at the time of the "Forty-Five" (an old man of the name of Troup), was so enthusiastic a Jacobite, that when a person named Bannerman came marching through the town to join the Chevalier, he, though it was Sunday morning, took a pair of bagpipes, and escorted them for some distance, playing "Over the water to Charlie." For this act of rebellion, he was *deprived* by government, and obliged to perform all the functions of his sacred office in the strictest secrecy. It is a fact remembered by tradition, that when he had to baptize a child, it was always smuggled into his house in a fish-wife's creel. In his old age he became exceedingly peevish, and could scarcely be prevailed upon to exercise any of his functions even for his best friends. "Gae wa' wi' ye!" he said to a christening procession which one day came to him, "I wadna be at the fash, though ye were to sa' the bairn Charlie."

THE DEATH OF ROBERT BRUCE.

During the truce between England and Scotland, it happened that King Robert of Scotland, who had been a very valiant knight, waxed old and was attacked with so severe an illness (the leprosy) that he saw his end approaching; he therefore summoned together all the chiefs and barons in whom he most confided, and after having told them he should never get the better of this sickness, he commanded them, upon their honour and loyalty, to keep and preserve faithfully and entire the kingdom for his son David, to obey him, and crown him king when he was of a proper age, and to marry him to a lady suitable to his station.

He, after that, called to him the gallant Lord James Douglas, and said to him, in the presence of the others—

“My dear friend Douglas, you know that I have had much to do, and have suffered many troubles during the time I have lived to support the rights of my crown; at the time I was most occupied, I made a vow, the non-accomplishment of which gives me much uneasiness; I vowed that if I could finish my wars in such a manner that I might have quiet to govern peaceably, I would go and make war against the enemies of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the adversaries of the Christian faith; to this point my heart has always leaned; but our Lord was not willing, and gave me so much to do in my life-time, and this expedition has lasted so long, followed by this heavy sickness, that since my body cannot accomplish what my heart wishes, I will send my heart instead of my body to fulfil my vow. As I do not know any one knight so gallant or enterprising, or better formed to complete my intentions than yourself, I beg and entreat of you, dear and special friend, as earnestly as I can, that you would have the goodness to undertake this expedition for the love of me, and to acquit my soul to

our Lord and Saviour; for I have that opinion of your nobleness and loyalty, that if you undertake it, it cannot fail of success, and I shall die more contented; but it must be executed as follows:—

“I will that as soon as I shall be dead you take my heart from my body, and have it well embalmed; you will also take as much money from my treasury as will appear to you sufficient to perform your journey, as well as for all those whom you may choose to take with you in your train; you will then deposit your charge at the holy sepulchre of our Lord, where he was buried, since my body cannot go there. You will not be sparing of expense, and provide yourself with such company and such things as may be suitable to your rank, and wherever you pass you will let it be known that you bear the heart of King Robert of Scotland, which you are carrying beyond seas, by his command, since his body cannot go thither!”

All present began bemoaning bitterly; and when Lord James could speak, he said—

“Gallant and noble king, I return you a hundred thousand thanks for the high honour you do me, and for the valuable and dear treasure with which you entrust me, and I will most willingly do all that you command me, with the utmost loyalty in my power; never doubt it, however I may feel myself unworthy of such a high distinction.”

The king replied, “Gallant knight, I thank you; you promise it me then?”

“Certainly, sir, most willingly,” answered the knight. He then gave his promise upon the honour of his knight-hood.

The king said, “Thanks be to God, for I shall now die in peace, since I know that the most valiant and accomplished knight of my kingdom will perform that duty for me, which I am unable to do for myself.”

Soon afterwards, the valiant Robert

Bruce, king of Scotland, departed this life, on the 7th of November 1327. His heart was embalmed, and his body buried in the monastery at Dunfermline.

Sir James Douglas, two knights of the name of Logan, and other brave men, set out on this expedition, and died nobly in fighting the enemies of the Christian faith in Spain. King Robert's heart after this was brought back, and deposited at Melrose.

PRUDENT DRINKERS.

An English officer being promoted to the command of a Scots regiment, became desirous of insuring his life, and appeared at the board of an insurance office for that purpose. A question being put to him, whether he was temperate or free in his manner of living, he replied—

"Gentlemen, you may be perfectly easy on that score, now that I belong to a Scotch regiment: our officers never get drunk at their own expense."

AN INGENIOUS CANDIDATE.

About the middle of the 17th century, the office of schoolmaster at Dirleton becoming vacant, several of the *literati* made suit to the patron for the living. A laird then, like our ministers of state now, was accessible only through his principal servant, who was called his *gentleman*. The laird of Dirleton had a "gentleman," called Hugh —, who presided over his levee service, and turned the admission of tenants and dependants into the presence-chamber considerably to his pocket account. One of the candidates, not very purse-proud, but close-fisted enough, often addressed Hugh for a word of the laird, but was always either very coldly received by Hugh, or industriously shifted, as he would never even so much as

attempt to mumble at *speaking to the purpose*. Effectually disgusted at last with Hugh's indifference, the candidate watched an opportunity when the laird was riding through the village, and, accosting his honour becomingly, told his errand. As the benefice was to be collated on the candidate who should best acquit himself at the competition, Dirleton, being on horseback, and in a hurry, bid him explain the following rule of Syntax in *Despauter's Grammar* :—

"En ecce hem, semper primum quartumve requirunt;
Heu petit et quantum, velut O; hei væque;
dativum;
Proh primum, quantum quintumque, tenere notatur."

The candidate immediately commented:—"En, an like your honour; ecce hem, see what sad hempies are laird's men; *semper primum quartumve requirunt*, we maun always creesh their loofs before we can get a word of their masters; *heu*, what think you of your man Hugh? *petit et quantum*, he seeks even a fifth part of the salary; *velut O*, like a cypher, as he is; *hei væque dativum*, deil tak him that gies it; *proh*, 'tis a shame for your honour to keep him in your service; *notatur*, for he's a great rascal; *tenere primum, quantum quintumque*, and is worth a thousand merks."

Struck with the punster's ready humour in turning the grammatical rule so happily to his own circumstances, Dirleton ordered Hugh to deliver the keys of the school to him instantly, and to cause write out his call, maugre all postponing *interjections* whatsoever.

THE MAD MINISTER OF MOFFAT.

Dr Walker, professor of natural history at Edinburgh, a man of great science, and also of great worth, was not a little finical in dress. His hair-

dressing was, till he got a wig, the work of two or three hours every day. Once when he was travelling from Moffat, where he was then minister, to pay a visit to Sir James Clerk of Penicuik, he stopped at a country barber's on the way, in order to have his hair dressed. The barber, who, although he had often heard of his customer, but was unacquainted with his person, did all that he could to obey the numerous directions which he received; with astonishing patience did he, for three hours, curl, uncurl, friz, and labour at the doctor's hair. At length, however, he lost his temper, and could not avoid exclaiming, "In all my life, I never heard of a man so ill to please as you, *except the mad minister of Moffat!*"

THE SCOTS AT WATERLOO.

Blucher, in a despatch relating to the battle of Waterloo, wrote, "That the Old Guard were baffled by the intrepidity of the Scottish regiments." It was flattering to hear this account of the conduct of the Highlanders confirmed by the prevailing belief both in Paris and throughout France; the French soldiers themselves saying that it was the Scottish troopers who chiefly occasioned the loss of the battle, by defeating the Old Guard. The impression they made in Paris itself fully justifies the belief on that subject. Tartan became a prevailing fashion with the ladies, and the full garb was employed as an attraction by wax-work exhibitors. It was likewise introduced on the stage with great applause.

A SCOTTISH INVENTOR.

David Gregory was born in 1627 or 1628, and, although he possessed all the genius of the other branches of his family, was educated by his father for

trade, and served an apprenticeship to a mercantile house in Holland. Having a stronger passion, however, for knowledge than for money, he abandoned trade in 1655, and returning to his own country, he succeeded, upon the death of an elder brother, to the estate of Kinardie, situated about forty miles north of Aberdeen, where he lived many years, and where thirty-two children were born to him by two wives. Of these, three sons made a considerable figure in the republic of letters, being all professors of mathematics at the same time in three of the British universities—viz., David at Oxford, James at Edinburgh, and Charles at St Andrews.

While he lived at Kinardie, Mr Gregory was a jest among the neighbouring gentlemen, for his ignorance of what was doing about his own farm, but an oracle in matters of learning and philosophy, and particularly in medicine, which he had studied for his amusement, and began to practice among his poor neighbours. He acquired such a reputation in that science, that he was employed by the nobility and gentlemen of that county, but took no fees. His hours of study were singular. Being much occupied through the day with those who applied to him as a physician, he went early to bed, rose about two or three in the morning, and, after applying to his studies for some hours, went to bed again, and slept an hour or two before breakfast. He was the first man in that country who had a barometer; and having paid great attention to the changes in it, and the corresponding changes in the weather, he was once in danger of being tried by the presbytery for witchcraft or conjuration. A deputation of that body waited upon him to inquire into the ground of certain reports that had come to their ears; but, affording them ample satisfaction, a prosecution was prevented.

About the beginning of the last cen-

ture, he removed with his family to Aberdeen, and in the time of Queen Anne's wars employed his thoughts upon an improvement in artillery, in order to make the shot of great guns more destructive to the enemy, and executed a model of the engine he had contrived. Dr Reid, in his "Additions to the Lives of the Gregorys," published in *Hutton's Dictionary*, states that he conversed with a clockmaker at Aberdeen who had been employed in making this model; but having made many different pieces by direction, without knowing their intention, or how they were to be put together, he could give no account of the whole. After making some experiments with this model, which satisfied him, Mr Gregory was so sanguine in the hope of being useful to the allies in the war against France, that he set about preparing a field equipage, with a view to make a campaign in Flanders, and in the meantime sent his model to the Savilian professor, that he might have his and Sir Isaac Newton's opinion of it. His son showed it to Newton, without letting him know that his own father was the inventor of it. Sir Isaac was much displeas'd with it, saying, that if it had tended as much to the preservation of mankind, as to their destruction, the inventor would have deserved a great reward; but as it was contrived solely for destruction, and would soon be known by the enemy, he rather deserved to be punished; and urged the professor very strongly to destroy it, and, if possible, to suppress the invention. It is probable the professor followed this advice, as he died soon after, and the model was never found.

When the Rebellion broke out, in 1715, Gregory went a second time to Holland, and returned, when it was over, to Aberdeen, where he died about 1720, aged ninety-three, leaving behind him a history of his own time and country, which was never published.

SEVERE PUNISHMENT.

A Fifeshire bailie had two boys brought before him, charged with trespassing within the enclosures of Craufurd priory. The prosecutor was the factor of the eccentric Lady Mary Lindsay Craufurd. The bailie having heard the case against the delinquents, which he did not consider so serious an offence as the factor did, and having also ascertained that one of the youths was a drummer from Edinburgh Castle, and that the other belonged to a guard-ship at Leith, gave each a shilling, and told them to go home—one to the castle, and the other to the ship. "And now," said the magistrate, addressing the factor, "you can tell Lady Mary that I have sent one of the prisoners aboard a man-o'-war, and the other one to be a sodger. Surely that will be punishment to please her."

A DISPUTATION IN PRESENCE OF ROYALTY.

When King James VI. visited his native and ancient kingdom, in the year 1617, he had an earnest desire to honour the College of Edinburgh with his presence, and to hear a "public disputation in philosophy." But the multitude of business distracting him all the time at Holyrood House, it pleased his majesty to appoint the masters of the college to attend him at Stirling, the 29th day of July; when, in the royal chapel, his majesty, with the flower of the nobility, and many of the most learned men of both nations, were present, a little before five o'clock, and continued, with much cheerfulness, above three hours.

Mr Henry Charteris, then principal of the college, being naturally averse from public shows, moved that Mr John Adamson, then minister of Liberton, should preside at the disputation,

Mr James Fairly was chosen to draw and defend the theses; Mr Patric Sands, Mr Andrew Young, Mr Francis Reid, and Mr William King, the other four regents, were appointed to impugn. They divided the theses, each of them choosing three; but they insisted only on such purposes as were conceived to be most acceptable to the king's majesty and the auditory. The special purposes agitated were: 1st, That the sheriffs and other inferior magistrates ought not to be hereditary, oppugned by Mr Sands with many pretty arguments. The king was so well pleased with the answers, that, after he himself had pressed some arguments to the contrary, and the defender had directed his answers to Mr Sands, his majesty, turning to the Marquis of Hamilton, who was standing behind his chair, and, at that time, was heritable sheriff of Clydesdale, "James," said he, "you see your cause lost." Mr Young, who disputed next, insisted upon the nature of local motion, pressing many pretty things, by clear testimonies of Aristotle's text. To which, when the defender made his answers, and cleared the purpose, the king said to some English doctors, which were near to him, "These men understand Aristotle's mind better than he did himself while he lived."

Mr Reid disputed thirds, anent the original of fountains. The king being much taken with this last argument, notwithstanding the time allotted (being three-quarters of an hour) was spent, caused him to prosecute the purpose, his majesty himself sometimes speaking for the impugner, and sometimes for the defender, as they were more or less constipate, in good Latin, and with much knowledge of the secrets of philosophy. Mr King, who disputed last, had his dissertation *De Spontaneo et Invito*, in the which, and in all the rest, the king let no argument escape without taking notice thereof, and speaking to

the purpose, with much understanding and good language.

After the disputation, his majesty went to his supper, and, after a very little time, commanded the masters to be brought before him. In their presence he discoursed very learnedly of all the purposes which had been agitated. Then he fell to speak of the actors. Methinks (said he) these gentlemen by their names have been predestinat for these acts they have had in hand this day. Adam was first father of us all; and therefore, very fitly, you, Adamson, had the first part to act. You, the defender, are rightly called Fairly; your thesis had some fairlys in it, and you sustained them very fairly, with many fair-lyes given to the oppugners. And why should not you, Mr Sands, be the first to enter the sands? Now I clearly see all sands are not barren, for you have shown a fertile wit this day. Mr Young, you are old in Aristotle. Mr Reid, your face need not be red with blushing for your actings. As to you, Mr King, you have disputed in a royal manner, and to a kingly purpose, concerning the supremacy of reason over anger and all other passions. I am so well satisfied with your exercises this day, that I will be godfather to your college, and have it called the college of King James. And although I see many look upon it with an evil eye, yet I will have them to know, that, having given it this name, I have espoused its quarrel.

One who stood by told his majesty, that there was one of the company of whom he had taken no notice—Mr Henry Charteris, principal of the college (who sat upon the president's right hand), a man of exquisite and universal learning, although he had no knack of speaking in public before so august an assembly. Then (answered the king), well does his name agree with his nature; for charters contain much matter, but say nothing.

Those who stood by the king's chair much commended his majesty's sagacious allusions to the actors' names; and his majesty pressed that the same should be turned into poesie, wherein his majesty both delighted much, and had an excellent faculty; which was accordingly done.

One of the English doctors wondering at his majesty's gift in the Latin tongue, all the world (said he) knows that my master, George Buchanan, was a great master in that faculty. I follow his pronunciation both of the Latin and Greek, and am sorry my people of England do not do the like; for certainly their pronunciation spoileth all the grace of these learned languages. But, ye see, my learned men in Scotland express the true and native pronunciation of both.

His majesty continued his discourses upon the purposes ventilated that day till ten o'clock at night, with much ability, and to the admiration of the understanding hearers. After which, he declared, that as he had given the college a name, he would also, at a convenient time, give it a "royal god-bairn gift," for enlarging the patrimony thereof.

"NANE O' YOUR FUN."

A minister was once catechising his young parishioners before the congregation, when he put the usual question to a stout girl, whose father kept a public-house—

"What is your name?" No reply. The question having been repeated, the girl replied, "Nane o' your fun, Mr _____ ye ken my name weel enough. D'ye no say, when ye come to our house on a night, 'Bet, bring me some ale!'"

The congregation, forgetting the sacredness of the place and the surrounding circumstances, assumed a

broad grin, and the parson looked rather foolish.

THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN SLEEP.

An old alehouse-keeper of the parish of Lunan, in Forfarshire (who greatly resembled the browster-wife in *The Bride of Lamermoor*, of whom Johnnie Mortheuch said that she was "deaf to everything but the clink o' the siller"), fell asleep one Sunday during the sermon, and, notwithstanding several strong admonitory hints from the elbow of a neighbour, would not awake. The minister, an eccentric, old-fashioned clergyman, observed the efforts of that neighbour, and, leaning over the pulpit, said—

"Let her alone, Elspeth; I'll waken her mysel' mair easily than ye'll do.—Phew! phew! (*Here he whistled.*) A bottle o' yil and a dram, Janet!"

"Coming, sir," instantly replied Janet, as she started up, only, however, to be covered with confusion.

FISHING FOR WIGS.

While Lord Coalstoun lived in a house in the Advocates' Close, Edinburgh, a strange accident one morning befell him. It was at that time the custom for advocates and judges to dress themselves in gowns, and wigs, and cravats, at their own houses, and walk to the Parliament House in fit state to appear at the bar. They usually breakfasted early, and, when dressed, were in the habit of leaning over their parlour windows for a few minutes, before St Giles's bell started the sounding peal of a quarter to nine, enjoying the agreeable morning air, and perhaps discussing the news of the day. It so happened one morning, while Lord Coalstoun was preparing to enjoy his matutinal treat, two girls,

who lived in the second flat above, were amusing themselves with a kitten, which, in thoughtless sport, they had swung over the window, by a cord tied round its middle, and hoisted for some time up and down, till the creature was getting rather desperate with its exertions. His lordship had just popped his head out of the window directly below that from which the kitten swung, little suspecting, "good easy man," what a danger impended, like the sword of Damocles, over his head; when down came the exasperated animal at full career, directly upon his senatorial wig. No sooner did the girls perceive what sort of landing-place their kitten had found, than in terror or surprise they began to draw it up; but this measure was now too late, for along with the animal, up also came the judge's wig, fixed full in its determined talons. His lordship's surprise, on finding his wig lifted off his head, was ten thousand times redoubled, when, on looking up, he perceived it dangling in its way upwards, without any means visible to him by which its motion might be accounted for. The astonishment, the dread, the awe almost of the senator below—the half mirth, half terror, of the girls above—together with the fierce and retentive energy of puss between—altogether formed a scene to which language cannot do justice, but which George Cruikshank might perhaps embody with considerable effect. It was a joke soon explained and pardoned; but assuredly the perpetrators of it did afterwards get many a lengthened injunction from their parents never again to fish over the window with such a bait for honest men's wigs.—*Robert Chambers.*

A PASSIONATE PREACHER.

The Rev. James Reid of Kinglassie had an unfortunate temper, and in mo-

ments of irritation was apt to violate the apostle's injunction, that a clergyman should be "no striker." He had fixed a quarrel on the gravedigger; and one day when that functionary was pursuing his avocation, he was rash enough to strike him with his staff. The gravedigger merely remarked—

"Tak tent, sir, tak tent, for an' ye do that again, I may forget that ye're the minister."

NO REASON TO BE SURPRISED.

A young advocate, when pleading before the Court of Session, took the liberty of saying, in his great zeal for his client, that he was *surprised* at the conduct of their lordships. The court was indignant at the expression, as being disrespectful. Lord Pitfour observed, that such an expression must have proceeded entirely from the inexperience of the advocate, for, if he had known them as long as he had done, he would not have been surprised at anything which they might do.

A LAIRD NOT A GENTLEMAN.

The following remarkable defence was made and sustained in an action before the Court of Session, decided 9th November 1709:—

John Purdie, fined by the justices of the peace of Midcalder, in £100 Scots, for fornication with Christian Thomson, his servant, conformably to the last Act 38, Parl. 1661, he being the eldest son of an heritor (a landowner), and so a *gentleman*, in the construction of law; when charged for payment by Thomas Sandilands, collector of those fines, he suspended upon this ground, that the fine was exorbitant in so far that he was but a small heritor; and that the Act of Parliament imposeth the £100 upon *gentlemen transgressors*; and as all

heritors are not gentlemen, *so he denied that he had the least pretence to the title of a gentleman.* And farther, he had married the woman he offended with, which lessened the scandal, and was a ground to mitigate the fine. The lords sustained the reason of this suspension, to restrict the fine to £10 Scots; because *suspender had not the face or air of a gentleman.*

A COMPLIMENT TO A HIGHLAND REGIMENT.

When the 78th Highlanders were about to leave Brussels, after having been stationed there for some time, the following complimentary declaration was publicly made by the mayor of the city:—

“As Mayor of Brussels, I have pleasure in declaring that the Scotch Highlanders, who were garrisoned in this city during the years 1814 and 1815, called forth the attachment and esteem of all, by the mildness and suavity of their manners, and excellent conduct, inasmuch that a representation was made to me by the inhabitants, requesting me to endeavour to detain the seventy-eighth regiment of Scotsmen in the town, and to prevent their being replaced by other troops.”

TREATMENT OF INFANTS.

The cold bath was held so much in esteem by the ancient Highlanders, that as soon as an infant was born he was plunged into a running stream, and carefully wrapped in a blanket; and soon after it was made to swallow a small quantity of fresh butter, in order to accelerate the removal of the meconium. When an infant was christened, in order to counteract the power of evil spirits, witches, and warlocks, it was placed in a basket, with bread and cheese,

wrapped up in a linen cloth, and the basket and contents were handed across the fire, or suspended on the pot-crook that hung on the beam over the fire-place.

JUDGES OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

A story is told of one of the Judges of the old school, which, if correct, indicates that, not quite a century since, there still did exist some of the old leaven. It is said that a law-suit had for some time depended between the magistrates of a certain circuit town and a neighbouring proprietor, which had been brought to a termination unfavourable to the wishes of the former by the admirable management of one of the Judges. This eminent person, who happened to be a Justice Judge, had occasion officially to visit the town in question, where he was received with becoming gratitude and attention by the gratified magistrates. At a feast—whether given by the Judge or his clients we forget—the magistrates gravely thanked the learned Lord for his kind exertions, and trusted he would continue his patronage. My Lord smiled and bowed, and looked particularly amiable. Presuming on his good-nature and complacent demeanour, one of the number ventured to hint, that his lordship's services might again be required, as they, emboldened by their former success, had commenced another new suit, and he was humbly requested to carry them through with that one also.

“Na, na, I canna do that,” said my Lord.

“Why?” exclaimed all the astonished magistrates, amazed probably at what they conceived to be a most uncalled for scruple of conscience.

“Because,” rejoined the Judge, “ye're ower late: I've already gien my promise to the opposite party.”—*Court of Session Garland.*

LOCHER MOSS ROAD.

Over Locher Moss is a road remarkable for its origin. A stranger, many years ago, sold some goods to certain merchants of Dumfries on credit. He disappeared, and the money was never claimed by him or his heirs. The merchants very honestly put out the sum to interest, and after a lapse of more than forty years, the town of Dumfries obtained a grant of it, and applied it to this useful purpose.

A LOCAL RHYME.

As a specimen of the whimsical enumerations of localities which the peasantry formerly composed as a relaxation in the winter-nights, we present one which we think will tickle the ear of the reader. It embodies not only the principal localities, but also many of the families which flourished at a particular period, in the neighbourhood of Whitburn and Bathgate:—

“The lang Flints o’ Whitburn,
And Tennants i’ the Iach,
John M’Call o’ Bathgate
Sits upon his bench.
Tarryauban, Tarrybane,
Tarbane-hills and Scaut-yawds,
Easter Whitburn’s assy pets,
And Wester Whitburn’s bra lads.
The Deuck i’ the Head,
The Drake o’ the Reeve,
The Laird o’ Craigmalloch and Birnie-ton-ha’,
Hen-nest and Hare-nest,
Cock-hill and Cripple-rest,
Belstane and the Belstane-byres,
Bickle-ton-ha’ and the Gutter-myres.”

SIR JOHN CARR ON SCOTTISH
EDUCATION.

The system of education gives to the manner of a low Scotsman an air of sedateness, acuteness, and consideration, which I have never witnessed in the same class in any other country. A low Irishman frequently shapes his an-

swer by a quick, and often erroneous anticipation, before the question propounded is half finished. A Scotsman hears you without interruption, and, after a pause of reflection, conveys a firm, modest, and generally a luminous answer. So strong is the thirst for knowledge among the lower orders in Scotland, that small farmers and petty tradesmen are known to form themselves into literary societies; and it is related, upon authority, that the workmen in the lead-mines of the Earl of Hopetoun, at Leadhills, have a common library, containing several thousand volumes. These people work only six hours a day, and therefore have time to gratify this extraordinary passion for literature.*

As Sir John Carr had visited every part of the empire, and most of the countries on the continent of Europe, he was able, from his experience, to form a judgment of the comparative condition of the lower orders in Scotland.

THE COMPANION OF WALLACE.

Sir John the Graham was the faithful companion of Sir William Wallace, and joined the illustrious patriot in his heroic attempt to achieve the independence of his native country. He was slain fighting gallantly, at the battle of Falkirk, 1298. He was buried in the churchyard of Falkirk, and his monument there, which has been several times renewed, bears in the centre the

* This Library or “Society for the purchase of Books,” as it is properly called, is still in existence. It was instituted in 1741, and the Editor of the present work has the pleasure of holding a diploma of honorary membership, bearing date August 1863. From personal knowledge he can vouch for the excellence of the books forming the library, and the judgment with which they have been selected. That the books are “read,” in the best sense of the word, is well known to all who are acquainted with the miners of Leadhills.

arms of the ancient family of Graham; at the upper part, round an architectural device, is the legend "Vivit post funera virtus," and at the lower part this inscription:

Mente manueque potens, et Vallæ
 filius Achates,
 Conditus hic Gramus, bello inter-
 fertus ab Anglis.

22 July, 1298.

The following English translation proceeds lengthwise, two lines being along each of the side margins:—

Here lys

Sir John the Græme, baith wight and
 wise,
 Ane of the chiefs reskewit Scotland
 thrise;
 Ane better knight not to the world was
 lent,
 Nor was gyde Grame of trvth and
 hardiment.

MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

A descendant of the Marquis of Montrose being taunted by a Campbell for the long time his ancestor's head was allowed to remain upon the Tolbooth at Edinburgh, "The marquis," said he, "was too good a soldier to quit his post till he was relieved," alluding to the Marquis of Argyle's head having been placed in its stead, after the Restoration.

NOT A MATTER OF REGRET.

A medical practitioner, not quite so celebrated as Galen, undertook to cure a person of deafness, with which he was sadly afflicted. One lotion after another had been prescribed, but still the patient was shut out from hearing the voice of his fellow-man.

"I've just come ance mair to ye,

doctor," said his wife, "to see if ye canna gie John something better, for the last bottle ye gied him did him nae gude ava'."

"Dear me," said the doctor, "I'm surprised at that; but it doesna matter muckle: there's naething gaun worth hearing the now."

"MOTHER WIT" OF A WRONG SORT.

The son of Hackstoun of Rathillet was a Jacobite, and turned out in the "Fifteen." A future representative married into the family of Hay of Naughton, which was unfortunately tainted with a strain of madness. The offspring of this marriage was a son, named Helenus, who, along with the talent inherent in his father's family, had, moreover, a great portion of the insanity of his other parent. Old Hackstoun used to say to this youth, on observing any symptom of extravagance—

"Helenus, Helenus, ma man, I doot ye've owre muckle mither wit."

AN EARLY HEARER.

When Dr Chalmers was preaching in London, the excitement to hear him was very great, especially among his own countrymen. There was one Scotsman who was quite unmoved. His brother James never went once to listen to him. He could not escape, however, hearing much about him, for the stir created by him penetrated even his daily haunt, the Jerusalem Coffee-house.

"Well," said one of his merchant friends to him one day, ignorant of the relationship, "have you heard this wonderful countryman and namesake of yours?"

"Yes," said James, somewhat drily, "I have heard him."

"And what did you think of him?"

“Very little, indeed,” was the reply. “Dear me!” said the astonished inquirer; “*when* did you hear him?” “About half-an-hour after he was born.”

KILSPINDIE IN 1790.

Servants' wages in this country have risen to a most alarming height. The men from £7 to £15, 15s. a-year, with two pecks of meal a-week, and 9d. a-week for milk or beer; women from £2 to £3, with their victuals. The men-servants, with all their enormous fees, are disobliging, perverse, and obstinate, refusing to work more than six hours in the forenoon, and four in the afternoon. They have no idea of submitting to any little economical employment at a winter fireside. Bid them mend a corn-sack, and they will fly in your face.—*Stat. Account.*

AN ACCOMMODATING ECLIPSE.

William Mason, whilom secretary to the Grand Lodge of Scotland, was a person of quaint humour, and relished a joke. He was one day on the Castle Hill of Edinburgh, where a crowd had assembled to witness an eclipse of the sun, when a country man accosted him, requesting to be informed whether the eclipse would take place that day.

“No,” said the secretary, probably recollecting the similar joke of Dean Swift; “it has been put off till to-morrow!”

The clown went away, evidently perfectly satisfied with the information.

A GREATER GRIEF.

“Well, Sandy,” said a neighbour to a little boy in the kingdom of Fife, whose mother had been seriously in-

disposed, “how is your mother to-day?”

“Deed I dinna ken very weel how she is,” replied Sandy, scratching his head; “but the cow's ta'en ill, and that's waur than my mother.”

AN EDIFYING SERVICE.

Mr Johnston, minister of the parish of Lyne and Megget, was a man of a singular character. The two parishes, which are twenty miles distant, were very thinly inhabited, both containing only 160 souls. In winter, the minister used to assemble the few that could attend, being so widely scattered, in his own kitchen, and set down before them a bottle or two of whisky, saying—

“Ye'll no be the waur o' a wee drap o' that, as this is an unco cauld day, an' ye hae a gey bit till gang: joost tak an' administer every ane o' ye to yer ain necessity.” They accordingly handed the bottle round, every one taking as much as he thought his necessity required, as the minister thought a glass wholly unnecessary. It is needless to say the congregation were greatly edified by this preliminary service.

HOW TO SET THE FASHIONS.

Gibson, in his *History of Glasgow*, published in 1777, seriously suggested the following method of regulating the fashion, &c., the introduction of foreign goods being then regarded as greatly injurious to native industry:—

“Let the people who fix the fashions be such whose quality and fortune elevate them above the rest of mankind, and let this fashion be changed three times in every year, in the following manner:— Let there be a public breakfast, in Edinburgh, upon the 14th of February annually; let the different manufac-

turers produce before this assembly the respective kinds and pattern of the goods which they can manufacture, and let it be determined, by the company present, what species of goods are to be in fashion for the whole dress of both men and women, to commence on the 4th of June, and to continue to the 11th of November. Let there be another breakfast held upon the 5th of June, in which it shall be determined what kind of goods shall be in fashion from the 11th of November to the 13th of February. Let there be another breakfast upon the 12th of November, which shall direct the goods to be in fashion from the 13th of February to the 4th of June. Let the woman of the highest quality present always preside in these assemblies; let her appoint some gentleman to take the sense of the company, and let their determination be published in the Edinburgh newspapers. Let the ladies treat every gentleman who does not give obedience to the mandates of these assemblies as an unfashionable creature, and as one inimical to the welfare of his country. Let the gentlemen look upon every lady who does not appear dressed in the manufactures of her country as an extravagant woman, unfit to attend to the concerns of a family. An institution of this kind would, in a very short time, have a surprising and salutary effect, and would certainly tend to the good of our country."

SOFT MATERIALS, INDEED!

Dr James Nairne, shortly after he was ordained minister of Pittenweem, in 1776, found many of the old parishioners not very well acquainted with their Bibles, and for the purpose of preparing them for the communion, he used to catechise them in the church on the Sabbath evenings. He divided the parish into sections, and placed each

under the care of an elder of the church, who attended the meetings with that part of the congregation under his charge. One Sunday evening, the section at the west shore was to be examined, which was under the superintendence of James Robbie, a sailor, who lived near the house on the Rock, one well known to all parties connected with Pittenweem. James was married to Janet Cooper, an old servant of the former minister, who was well read in her Bible, and used to explain texts of Scripture to her neighbours. On one occasion, Margaret —, finding herself rather deficient in her catechism, went to the learned Mrs Janet Robbie for advice, who instructed her as far as she thought would be required; but lest the minister should ask any other questions, advised Margaret to sit near her, to watch the answers she gave, and say the same. Unfortunately for Margaret, she did not hear distinctly, which in the end was the cause of a very awkward mistake. Dr Nairne commenced with Janet Robbie: "Who made you?" *Answer*—"God." "What are you made of?" *Answer*—"Dust and clay." "That's right, Janet," said Dr Nairne. Then came Margaret's turn. "Now, Margaret, who made you?" *Answer*—"God." "Very good, very good, Margaret; and what are you made of?" "Curds and whey," was the quick reply. "Oh, Margaret, Margaret," said Dr Nairne, gravely shaking his head, "these are very *soft materials* indeed!"

"I WOULD, IF I COULD."

In a curious collection of jests printed in the year 1640, and to which the name of Archy Armstrong is prefixed as a decoy, there occurs an anecdote which shows that James the Sixth was not uniformly accessible to the flattery of his courtiers. Two gentle-

men, noted for agility, trying to out-jump each other in his presence, he said to the individual who jumped farthest—

“And is this your best? Why, man, when I was a young man, I would have outleaped this myself.”

An old practised courtier, who stood by, thought this a good opportunity of ingratiating himself with his master, and struck in with—

“That you would, Sir; I have seen your Majesty leap much farther myself.”

“O’ my soul,” quoth the king, as his usual phrase was, “thou liest; I *would*, indeed, have leapt much farther, but I never *could* leap so far by two or three feet.”

A POOR BUT HAPPY OLD COUPLE.

A simple but touching story is related of an aged couple who lived in Castle Street, Montrose, about fifty years ago. They were extremely poor, and dependent on parish relief; but they were happy in each other’s society. Some jealous neighbours, furtively listening at their door, heard them occasionally saying,—“Here’s to ye, my woman, Janet;” and the wife, responding, “An’ here’s to you, my ain gudeman.” So they could not rest until they informed old Mr Mollison, the minister, that the bodies were given to drinking, and it was not proper to encourage such persons and allow more deserving people to want. The reverend gentleman expressed himself very much shocked with the intelligence, and enquiring what hour would be the most likely to catch them at their drinking and mutual health-pledging, he was told that he would be sure to hear them between four and five o’clock in the afternoon. Next day, accordingly, Mr Mollison called on his informers, who conducted him to the door of the

aged couple; and after listening a short space, he heard the “Here’s to ye, my woman, Janet,” &c. He knocked, and Janet opening the door, he entered, and she placed a seat for him. He found them at tea, and seeing no signs of liquor, he at once frankly stated the cause of his visit. They explained that they were happy in being spared to each other, and as jovial over their tea in saying “Here’s to ye,” as any could be over their drink. Mr Mollison, on leaving the humble residence of this simple pair, called on their jealous neighbours, and opened their eyes to the true state of affairs, and next Sunday preached on the subject as an example, and as a warning against jealousy and envy.

A SLY REBUKE.

The Rev. W. Adam, late of Peebles, called one day at the house of a shepherd, a member of his congregation, when three of his dogs came out with a bow-wow as if they would tear him to pieces. The shepherd having come to the door, Mr Adam said to him, “Henry, your dogs I think do not seem to know your minister.” “Ou,” said Henry, “I daursay no; for they see him sae seldom.”

A RIDE TO FRANCE WITH WITCHES.

There are many legends connected with the Monteath family, the most remarkable of which is of one of the ancient earls, who, while entertaining some friends at his castle, fell short of viands, and his butler was dispatched overnight to the town of Stirling, with a cask, for a fresh supply of wine. Next morning, the earl, passing through the servants’ hall, was surprised to find his butler fast asleep with the barrel beside him, and, as he imagined, without hav-

ing departed on his mission. His lordship proceeded to chastise him for his negligence, when the bewildered butler, rubbing his eyes, told his master that he had been for the wine, and, "if he mistook not," he had brought the best that could be had. He then told the astonished earl that upon his way, when nigh the shore of the lake, he espied two *honest women* mounted each on a bulrush (a weed which still grows in profusion along the northern shore)—"the women saying one to another, 'Hae wi' you, Marion Bowie,' 'Hae wi' you, Elspa Hardie,' 'Hae wi' you,' says I; and mounting, like them, on a bulrush, we instantly found ourselves in the King of France's palace. As for me, I was near the sideboard, where was store of wines; and being invisible to the king's people, I took the opportunity of filling my cask; and I brought with me (my hand being in) the cup out of which his Majesty was wont to drink. I returned on my trusty nag as quickly as I went; and herē I am, my business done, and at your lordship's service."

At dinner, the guests were astonished at the superlative quality of the wine set before them, and were highly interested at the recital from the earl's lips of the way in which it had been procured; which narrative was forthwith confirmed by his lordship ordering the butler to produce an elegant silver cup engraved with the *fleur-de-lis* of the house of Bourbon. At what period this splendid piece of plate ceased to be an heirloom of the family of Monteath, the legend sayeth not.—*Mackie.*

"SPEAK OF THE——" &c.

A man of colour having one evening lost his way, in the lonely neighbourhood of Monnoman Muir, was making what haste he could to a cottage a little

distant from the road to inquire the direction. Being observed in his approach by one of the inmates, a girl about nine years of age, whose mind had no doubt been stored, as is too common, with many a ridiculous nursery tale, she became quite alarmed on seeing a human face of another colour than her own, and running into the house, in order to gain its "benmost bore," overturned, in her haste, a buffet stool, which was set with bread and milk for the supper table. Her father immediately flew into a rage, and seizing her by the arm, very improperly swore by the D——l that he would beat her for such conduct. "O, father, father," said the terrified girl, "speak laigh, for he's just at the door!"

MACFARLANE'S LANTERN.

The clan of MacFarlane, occupying the fastnesses of the western side of Loch Lomond, were great depredators on the low country; and as their excursions were made usually by night, the moon was proverbially called their lantern. Their celebrated pibroch of *Hoggil nam Bo*, which is the name of their gathering tune, intimates similar practices—the sense being—

We are bound to drive the bullocks,
All by hollows, hirsts, and hillocks,
Through the sleet and through the rain.

When the moon is beaming low
On frozen lake and hill of snow,
Bold and heartily we go;
And all for little gain.

—*Scott,*

PRACTICAL RETRIBUTION.

Donald M'Gregor, a notorious sheep-lifter in the North Highlands, being at last overtaken by the grim tyrant of the human race, was visited by the minister

of the parish, whose appearance, however, was by no means agreeable to him. The good man warmly exhorted the dying cateran to reflect upon the long and black catalogue of his sins, before it was too late, otherwise he would have a tremendous account to give at the great day of retribution, when all the crimes he had committed in this world would appear before him in dreadful array, as evidence of his guilt.

"Och I sir," cries the dying man, "and will a' the sheeps, and the cows, and ilka thing Donald has helped hersel' to be there too?"

"Undoubtedly," replied the parson.

"Then let ilka shentleman tak her ain again, and Donald will be an honest man again."

A FAMOUS MASON.

From the following inscription on the Abbey of Melrose, consecrated in 1146, it would appear that one John Murdo superintended most of the ecclesiastical edifices of Scotland:—

John Murdo sum tym callit was I,
And born in Parysse certainly,
And had in keepyng all mason werk
Of Sanctandroys, the hie kyrk
Of Glasgu, Melros, and Paslay,
Of Nyddysdale, and of Galway.
Pray to God, and Mari baith,
And sweet St John, keep this holy
kyrk fray skait.

AN EXTEMPORE SERMON.

A half-witted itinerant preacher, well known in the county of Ayr, was stopped one evening, on the road to Stewarton, by a band of shearers, who insisted on his giving them a sermon, there and then. After many attempts on his part to get off, and threats on theirs, if he did not comply, he was at last compelled to consent; and, from the back of his

shaggy-haired sheltie, he delivered to his barefooted audience the following extemporaneous effusion, taking for his text these words:—"Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither" (Job, i. 21). "In discoursing from these words," said the preacher, "I shall observe the three following things:—

1st, Man's ingress into the world.
2dly, His progress through the world;
and,
3dly, His egress out of the world.

First, Man's ingress into the world is naked and bare;

Secondly, His progress through the world is trouble and care;

Thirdly, His egress out of the world is nobody knows where.

To conclude, If we do well here, we shall do well there:

And I could tell you no more were I to preach a whole year."

A PROPER USE OF MONEY.

"Can ye lend me five pounds?" said a Paisley "body" to an acquaintance.

"Me lend ye five pounds!" exclaimed the other; "man, if I had five pounds I would neither be here nor ony where else."

"Ay, man, whaur then would you be?" said the other.

"Weel, Willie, I would just be down at Gourrock wi' the wife and weans eatin' caller salmon."

THE ECHO AT PITLAIL.

One summer evening, a young fellow sat down on the small hill at the side of the Loch of Pitlail, in the parish of Lundie, to divert himself and some friends, by playing on the shepherds'

pipe, an instrument upon which he was reckoned a good performer. But he had hardly played a single tune, when, hearing his music distinctly repeated three times over, he got up in great terror, averring that the devil was certainly in the place; that he had never before engaged with Satan, and he was determined he never would again; whereupon he broke his pipe in pieces, and could never afterwards be prevailed upon to play any more.—*Stat. Account.*

ARMS OF THE CITY OF GLASGOW.

The Salmon, which is a fish of the sea,
The Oak, which springs from the earth
a lofty tree,

The Bird on it which in the air doth flee,
Of Glasgow doth presage all things to thee,

In which the sea, or air, or fertile earth,
Do either give their nourishment or
birth;

The Bell, that doth to public worship call,
Says Heaven will give most lasting
things of all;

The Ring the token of the marriage is
Of things in Heaven and earth both
thee to bless.

A TOWN AND COUNTRY PREACHING.

“Rumble John,” who has been rendered famous by the pen of Burns, was one Sunday invited to preach in one of the churches in the Carse of Stirling, where, as there had been a long course of dry weather, the farmers were beginning to wish for a gentle shower for the sake of their crops, then on the eve of being ripe. Aware of this, Mr Russel introduced a petition, according to custom, into his last prayer, for a change of weather. He prayed, it is said, “that the windows of heaven might be opened, and a flood fall to fatten the ground, and fulfil the hopes of the husbandman.”

This was asking too much; for, in reality, nothing was wanting but a series of very gentle showers. As if to show how bad a farmer he was, a thunder-plump immediately came on, of so severe a character, that, before the congregation was dismissed, there was not an upright bean-stalk in the whole of the Carse. The farmers, on seeing their crops so much injured, and that apparently by the ignorance of the clergyman, shook their heads to one another as they afterwards gathered for their crack in the kirkyard; and one old man was heard to remark to his wife, as he trudged indignantly out—

“That lad may be very gude for the town, as they say he is, but it’s clear to me that he disna’ understand’ the kintra.”

ONE THING AT A TIME.

“Boy, why don’t you take off your bonnet when I pass?” said a self-important laird to the son of a small cottager, who was proceeding along the road with a couple of fowls in each hand.

“An’ ye’ll haud the hens, sir,” said the boy, “I’ll tak aff my bannet.”

CATCHING HIM UP.

The following smart repartee was made by one of the amazons of the “creel” on her way to Fisherrow:—

She was carrying on her back a wicker cradle, which attracted the notice of a gentleman walking behind her, who remarked good-humouredly—

“Ah, ha! Peggy, you seem burdened with the fruits of matrimony.”

On which, with the ready-wit of the fishwife sisterhood, she instantly exclaimed—

“Hech, sirs! but ye’re wrang, sir; do ye no see it’s only the fruit basket?”

A BEGGAR'S PREDICTION.

Sir James Scott of Balwearie is among the few Fife gentlemen who are characterized by John Knox as being "enemies to God and traitors to their country." The traditions of the place represent him as a persecutor, and the downfall of the family is looked upon as a punishment from heaven for his treatment of the Reformers. He is also blamed for avarice, although he certainly made little by it, if he possessed that vice, and harshness to the poor. An instance of this latter is still handed down.

He was looking over a window, it is said, of his castle of Strathmiglo, situated to the east of the village, while his servants were throwing a great quantity of oatmeal into the moat which surrounded the castle, owing to its being old and unfit for use. An old beggar man came to the outer end of the draw-bridge, and requested to be allowed to fill his wallets with the meal, but the haughty baron of Balwearie refused this humble request, on which the poor man pronounced a woe upon him, declaring he should beg before his death. It cannot be said that the curse, if ever perpetrated, was literally fulfilled, but certainly Sir James saw the ruin of his family; and the tradition still is that, such was his poverty at his death, a subscription was raised among the neighbouring proprietors to pay the expenses of his funeral.

THE LAIRD O' BROOMCLEUCH.

The Laird o' Broomcleuch was a bachelor, and for many years was troubled with a swelling in the breast, so that the old gentleman could scarcely bestir himself anywhere; so his friends gathered about him like *corby-craws*, and one took away this part of his property, and another that, until the laird's

house became almost entirely empty; or, as he said himself, "they herried me."

One day when he was sitting alone in his mansion, reflecting about its emptiness, a monkey which he kept, and which his relations did not think worthy to carry away, came frisking about him, leaped on to his shoulder, and plucked off his *pirnie*, or night-cap, making off with the booty as fast as it could *shang*. The laird at this fell into a tremendous fit of laughter, which so much agitated the swollen breast, that it burst in the interior with an awful gush, the which bilious matter he vomited up, and in a short time was able to move about among his friends, and thank them for the kindness and attention they had shown him during his illness, by desiring them, in not a very pleasant tone, to return him every article which they had forcibly purloined; afterwards he made a will, in which, I believe, there was no mention made of those who so kindly attended his sick-bed. Such is always the fate of the over-greedy—

For if they gie and grasp at a',
The devil ha'et they'll get ava'.

—*Mactaggart.*

A PRACTICAL INFERENCE.

The lady o' Birsieknowe was a long, lank, high-boned, coarse-made woman. She lived in the days when catechising the members of the family was an important and never-failing part of the Sabbath evening's duties. On the Sabbath evening of our story, the Laird o' Birsieknowe had been catechising on the tenth commandment—"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house; thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife," &c.; and after dismissing the servants, the laird and his pluffy-faced son were sitting at the "chimla-lug," while the

guidwife was going about some necessary household duties. The laird, while rubbing his shins and musing, suddenly broke out with the inquiry—

“What could the reason be that the house was put before the wife in the command’t?”

The question set the young hopeful musing, but he immediately rejoined—

“I dinna ken, faith, but there’s plenty o’ folk wad covet Birsieknowe that wadna covet ma mither.”

A GREEN GOOSE.

An honest Highlander walking along Holborn, heard a voice cry, “Rogue, Scot! Rogue, Scot!” His northern blood fired at the insult—he drew his broadsword, and looked around him on every side, to discover the object of his indignation; at last he found that it came from a parrot, perched on a balcony within his reach; but the generous Scot, disdaining to stain his trusty blade with such ignoble blood, put up his sword again, with a sour smile, saying—

“Gin ye were a man, as ye’re a green goose, I would split your weem.”

A MAN OF ONE JOKE.

Dr Pitcairne one Sunday stumbled into a kirk, where the minister, completely overpowered by the affecting nature of his subject, was half crying.

“What the deevil makes the man greet?” said Pitcairne to a fellow that stood near him.

“By my faith, sir,” answered the man, “ye wad maybe greet too, if ye were in his place, and had as little to say.”

The facetious doctor, quite delighted with the man’s wit, said to him—

“Come awa’ out o’ this, you’re ower clever a man to be here;” and he took

him to a tavern, for the purpose of cultivating his acquaintance; but it is generally said, that he never got another good thing out of him: the man had expended the whole power of his mind on one saying—he was a man of one joke.

MUSIC BEFORE DINNER.

A Highland bag-piper on his travels opened his wallet by a woodside, and sat down to dinner. No sooner had he said grace, but three wolves came about him; to one he threw bread, to another meat, till his provender was all gone; at length he took up his bagpipes, and began to play, at which the wolves ran away.

“The deil faw me,” said the now dinnerless piper, “an’ I had kend you lo’ed music sae weel, you should have ha’en it before dinner.”

FIRST BALLOON ASCENT IN SCOTLAND.

On Wednesday, the 5th day of October 1785, Sig. Vincentius Lunardi, a Florentine, having ascended at Edinburgh, in an air balloon, at 3 o’clock afternoon, descended a mile to the eastward of Ceres, at 20 minutes past 4 p.m. This was the first aerial voyage made in Scotland; and the daring adventurer, in performing it, passed over about 20 miles of sea, and about 12 of land.—*Stat. Account.*

“BAUKS IN BEAR LAND.”

I may mention a thing connected with wedlock, which is not very well known in the middle parts of Galloway, but common away by the border. When a young woman gets a husband before her sister, who is older, this sister, at

her wedding, must dance without shoes on her feet. In a lovely little original poem, termed *Mallie's Wedding Day*, by an Annandale lady, the following verses hit this affair :—

"Oh how can I be blythe and gay,
When this is Mallie's wadding day;
For I should first hae been away!
O! she has beat me clean.
Alas! poor me, what will I do,
This day maun dance without a shoe;
Maun thole the scorn o' a' fowk too!
And lie my lane at e'en!"

—*Mactaggart.*

TRAVELLING ON FOOTE.

A law-suit between Foote and Ross, respecting the Edinburgh Theatre, let by the latter to the former, came by appeal before the House of Lords. The matter was terminated in favour of Mr Ross, and Foote was saddled with the costs. When Foote had paid the bill to Mr Ross's solicitor, who came from Scotland, he said to him—

"Now, when do you return to Scotland?"

"To-morrow."

"And how do you travel? I suppose, like the rest of your countrymen, you will do it in the most economical manner."

"Yes," replied he, "I shall travel on *Foote!*"

A HUMANE DENTIST.

A poor old woman called on a Glencuce weaver, who also acts as a "dentist." After the tooth was extracted, the old woman regretted she could not reward the Doctor with the usual fee, stating as a reason that the poor's board allowed her only a shilling a-week. "Indeed," said the dentist, "if that's a' ye get, ye might just sit doon again and let me tak oot every tooth in your head."

A PHILOSOPHIC LANDLORD.

As a landlord, Mr James Gillespie of Spylaw, the founder of Gillespie's Hospital, was peculiarly indulgent. On his property were numerous occupiers of small cottages and portions of ground. From these he collected his rents just as they found it convenient to pay, and he scrupled not to accept the most trifling instalment. Andrew Fraser, his apprentice, was frequently dispatched in the capacity of collector of arrears. On his return, Gillespie would inquire—

"Weel, laddie, hae ye gotten onything?" Andrew frequently intimated that he had received the enormous return of one shilling!

"Weel, weel," the old man would say, "it's aye better than naething; but it's weel seen they're the lairds and no me!"

THE MATERIALITY OF THE SOLE.

When an eccentric gentleman was on a visit to a friend, the ladies proposed playing at a game which they called "hot cockles." When it came to his turn to kneel down before the sofa, blindfolded, one of the ladies gave him a smart blow with her shoe or slipper. He sighed, and ejaculated—

"A striking proof this of the materiality of the sole."

THE LUCKY BAKERS OF PARTICK.

While the Earl of Murray, regent of the kingdom, was employed in holding a justice-court at Glasgow in 1568, the unfortunate Queen Mary made her escape from Lochleven, where she had been confined; and, repairing to Hamilton, she was there joined by the Earls of Argyle, Cassillis, Eglinton, and Rothes, and a great many others, who resolved, with their forces, to march to

Glasgow to destroy the regent. Murray, whose courage never forsook him, though abandoned by the Lord Boyd and a number of others, was determined to meet them in the field; and having received a supply of men, headed by the Earl of Glencairn and Lord Semple, and being joined by the Earls of Morton, Mar, and Monteith, with the Lords Home and Lindsay, he, with these and the citizens of Glasgow, encamped upon the burrow-field, in order to wait the approach of the enemy; but receiving information that the queen's party were on their march to Dumbarton Castle, by the south side of the river Clyde, he crossed the bridge with his troops, and stood in order of battle at the village of Langside. The opposite lords were soon up with him, and engaged. The victory was gained by the regent, though his army was inferior in numbers to the enemy. Upon his return to Glasgow, immediately after the battle, he made a present to the corporation of bakers of the ground upon which their mills at Partick are built, as a recompense for their diligence in preparing bread for the use of his army.—*Gibson.*

KILLEARN FOLK-LORE.

Superstition yet continues to operate so strongly on some people, that they put a small quantity of salt into the first milk of a cow after calving that is given any person to drink. This is done with a view to prevent *skait*, if it should happen that the person is not *canny*. A certain quantity of cow dung is forced in the mouth of a calf immediately after it is calved, or at least, before it receives any meat; owing to this, the vulgar believe that witches and fairies can have no power ever after to injure the calf. But these, and such like superstitious customs, are every day more and more losing their influence.—*Stat. Account.*

A FALLEN ANGEL.

Dr Pitcairn having entered a room where a number of young ladies were assembled, one of them offered him the half of her chair, as there was a scarcity of that article of furniture in the place. She was handsome; and he enclosed her waist with his left arm, to keep her from sliding off the armless chair.

“What would you say,” whispered the fair one, “if I were to fall on the floor?”

“My dear, I would look upon you with compassion, and say, ‘There’s a fallen angel,’” was his gallant reply.

THE COCK FAIR O’ DRUMADDIE.

The name of a fair which never existed, but yet is frequently talked about. When a farmer, for instance, has unsaleable goods in his possession, he is bid take them to this fair; when persons a-bargain-making cannot agree, they tell others that they will at this fair; and when a young woman cannot get a husband, she is told that her only chance is at this place; so imagination has some use for the *Cock Fair o’ Drumaddie*.—*Mactaggart.*

SPEAKING OUT IN CHURCHES.

An amusing instance of *speaking out* in church occurred many years ago, in the parish of ——. The minister, in preaching upon the story of Jonah, uttered a piece of declamatory rhetoric, to something like the following effect—

“And what sort of a fish was it, my brethren,” he said with emphasis, “that God had appointed thus to execute His holy will? Was it a shark, my brethren? No; it could not be a shark; for God could never have ventured the person of his beloved prophet amongst the deadly

teeth of that ravenous fish. What fish was it, then, my brethren? Was it a salmon, think ye? Ah, no; that were too narrow a lodging. There's no ae salmon i' the deepest pule o' a' Tweed could swallow a man. Besides, ye ken, it's mair natural for men to swallow salmon, than for salmon to swallow men. What, then, was it? Was it a sea-lion, or a sea-horse, or a sea-dog, or the great rhinoceros? Oh, no! These are not Scriptor beasts ava. Ye're as far aff't as ever. Which of the monsters of the great deep was it, can ye tell me?"

Here an old spectacled dame, who had an eleemosynary seat on the pulpit stair, thinking that the minister was in a real perplexity about the name of the fish, interrupted him with—

"Hoot, sir, it was a whale, ye ken."

"Hoot upon ye, you graceless woman that you are!" cried the orator, so enraged as almost to fly out of the pulpit at her; "hoo daur ye try to take the word out of the mouth of God's minister that way!"

A SCOTTISH ANAK.

Mr William Beaucless, or Bookless, schoolmaster in the parish of Hutton, Berwickshire, died at Hutton on the 10th of January 1798. He measured, from the crown of his head to his heel, seven feet eight inches. His coffin was exactly eight feet within the boards, and his head and toes pressed downwards, touched both extremities of it. His breadth was in proportion to his length; but he was not athletic, nor, upon the whole, healthy. He died under thirty years of age, and a bachelor. Till within these few last years, he appeared ashamed of his height, and contrived to stoop, that the disparity, in that respect, between him and his neighbours might be as little perceived as possible; but latterly he acquired

rather more confidence. He was, however, on no occasion ostentatious of his person; and seldom did his delicacy admit of its being made the subject of joke or merriment.

The profession of a schoolmaster was the summit of his ambition, and in that profession he had uncommon success. He was a good scholar, a beloved teacher, and a much-respected member of society.

Overtures of accumulating a rapid fortune in the itinerant way of Burns, the Irish giant, and others (to whom he was not inferior in bulk, and whom he greatly surpassed in information), were rejected with disdain. He preferred the more honourable, though less lucrative, line of gaining his bread by honest industry. He had great attention paid him by the more opulent of the parishioners. On Saturdays and Sundays he was generally to be found at their tables; and their horses (it is scarcely necessary to say the strongest of them) had the burden of his conveyance to and from his house.—*Edinburgh Weekly Journal.*

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBURN.

James, Earl of Douglas, in the year 1388, led an army into England, and worsted, in single combat, beneath the walls of Newcastle, Henry Percy, the redoubted Hotspur. On this occasion the adversaries were parted; but Douglas retained possession of Percy's spear and pennon, which he brandished aloft in triumph, shouting that he would carry it to Scotland, and plant it in his castle of Dalkeith. Percy, with a deep oath, swore that he would regain it or die. Accordingly, when the Scots, on their return home, were encamped at Otterburn, about twenty miles from the frontier, they were assailed by the English army, which had followed hard upon the rear. The forces on either

side appear to have been nearly equal; and the fight which ensued was one of the most desperate on record. It ended in the discomfiture of the English, Hotspur being taken prisoner; but the victory was dearly purchased by the death of the brave Earl of Douglas, who fell when the combat was at its height. His last words were an order to continue the battle, and to conceal his death from his followers, so that an old prophecy, to the effect that a *dead Douglas should win a field*, might be accomplished.—*Aytoun*.

A DYING BETTER.

A *bon-viviant* of fashion, brought to his death-bed by an immoderate use of wine, after having been seriously taken leave of by Dr Pitcairne, and ingenuously told that he could not, in all human probability, survive many hours, and would die before eight o'clock next morning, exerted the small remains of his strength to call the doctor back; which having accomplished with difficulty, his loudest effort not exceeding a whisper, he said, with the true spirit of a gambler, "Doctor, I'll bet you a bottle I live till nine!"

"SUPHY" JOHNSTON.

Sophia, or, as she was always called, Suphy Johnston of the Hilton family, was an original character. When her last day was visibly approaching, the doctor prescribed abstinence from animal food, and recommended "spoon meat," unless she wished to die.

"Dee, doctor!" exclaimed Suphy; "odd, I'm thinking they've forgotten an auld wife like me up yonder!"

However, when the doctor came next day, he found her at the "spoon meat"—supping a haggis. He saw, and she felt, that she was remembered.

KING'S WELL.

There is a well, known as the King's Well, in the parish of Fenwick, Ayrshire. Tradition says it got its name from the things that happened there, when his majesty, James V., was on his way to attend the marriage of one of his own relations at Sorn Castle, some miles further south. The king said, from the difficulties which he met with in passing through such bad roads, "that if he were to play a trick on the devil, he would send him to a bridal at Sorn.—*Stat. Account*.

A FATAL CAROUSE.

Some years before this (1676), says Law in his *Memorials; or the Memorable Things that fell out within this Island of Brittain from 1638 to 1684*, there were three gentlemen drinking and carousing, and as the abominable custome of the tymes is, they were drinking healths to make their drink goe away with, and having drunk so many healths, not knowing whose health next to drink, one of them drinks the devill's health, and the rest pledges him. Their cursed names are the Earle of Kellie, the Lord Kerr, and David Sandilans, Abercumbie's brother, with other two. Sandilans that same night going down the stairs, fell and brake his neck; Kellie and Kerr, within a few days both of them sickened of a great fever and died; the fourth also dyed shortly; and the fifth being under some remorse, lived some time.

ATTEMPT TO SURPRISE EDINBURGH CASTLE, 1715.

The following interesting account of a daring but unsuccessful attempt to seize the Castle of Edinburgh, during the rebellion of 1715, is taken from the

Scots Magazine. It is there said to be extracted from a letter, dated September 10, 1715, supposed to have been written by the father of George Drummond, who was afterwards lord provost of the city.

We are not altogether free of treachery in this country, though I believe our troops are not so much poisoned as I am afraid they are in England; but the villany of three fellows, a corporall and two centinells, in the castle, brought that garrison within half a quarter of an hour of being the Pretender's. The bank, and every thing else that's valuable in Edinburgh, must have followed. The story is this:—

They had formed a design to scale the wall att the Sally Port, by a ladder, with a grappling hook affixed to it, which was to be pulled up and fixed by a centinell within. The attempt was to have been made on Thursday night, by eighty men, between eleven and twelve at night, and was prevented thus:—At nine att night, one of the concerned discovered it to the Justice Clerk, who immediately advised Colonel Stuart thereof, and ordered Aikman and me, with a party of the Town Guard, to patrol round the rock in the outside all night. Lieutenant Lindsay commanded the guard in the Castle; he immediately put the whole garrison under arms, doubled the centrys, and patrouled in the inside round the walls all night. At eleven, the conspirators, to the number of forty, met at the foot of the rock, and, without knowing that any part of their design was discovered, got up to the foot of the wall; so far they succeeded, that the false corporall being upon the guard, had got one of the centinells who had taken money posted centry next to the place designed, att which there was no centry posted; the other he had kept off duty to enable him to do his work, and att this time all three were unsuspected. Lindsay,

a few minutes before, had visited the posts, and ordered the false centry to walk betwixt his usual station and the place designed, with orders, if he saw or heard anything, to challenge and fire. What he said had influence on the fellow, for he was not got up to the parade, when the centry—coming up to the place, found his comrad lying over the wall putting up the ladder; and looking over, saw the conspirators, but could not exactly distinguish their number; whereupon he obeyed Lindsay's orders, and they immediately run down the hill, and all separated, throwing away their arms.

It was near twelve before Aikman and I, with our party, got out. We got the ladder, which is artfully made—seven or eight of their firelocks, which are new, and the best I ever saw—several bayonets, broadswords, and a pistol. We likewise seized att the West Port one of the conspirators, called Captain M'Clain, with his firelock in his hand, who yesternight confessed his being concerned—and one Leslie up att the Sally Port att two in the morning, who, I believe, is concerned, but confessed nothing—with two writer lads att the West Port, who gave but a lame account of themselves, but had no arms.

The false centry confessed the whole story yesterday; the corporall made a cunning disingenuous confession likewise, but, I believe, will be more plain today; the fellow who was drawing up the ladder denies everything, but the tying him neck and heel, and keeping him in the dungeon, which is his present state, may possibly soften him in time. From the soldier's confession it appears that ensign Arthur, who was two years an ensign in the Castle, and afterwards in the foot guards, whom I always took for an honest man, was the man who debauched the corporall and two centinells. He, and his brother, the doctor, were att the foot of the wall, but all, save M'Clain, are fled.

As the folks we have gotten are but the tools, we do not yet know the springs of this attempt.

SIR WALTER SCOTT ON BURNS.

The most truthful and graphic account of the personal appearance of Robert Burns is, perhaps, that given by Sir Walter Scott, who, when about 17 years of age, once saw the poet in a bookseller's shop in Edinburgh—

“His person was strong and robust; his manners rustic, not clownish; a sort of dignified plainness and simplicity, which received part of its effect, perhaps, from one's knowledge of his extraordinary talents. His features are represented in Mr Nasmyth's picture; but to me it conveys the idea that they are diminished, as if seen in perspective. I think his countenance was more massive than it looks in any of the portraits. I would have taken the poet, had I not known what he was, for a very sagacious country farmer of the old Scottish school—*i. e.*, none of your modern agriculturists, who keep labourers for their drudgery, but the *douce gude man* who held his own plough. There was a strong expression of sense and shrewdness in all his lineaments; the eye alone, I think, indicated the poetical character and temperament. It was large, and of a dark cast, and glowed (I say, literally *glowed*) when he spoke with feeling or interest. I never saw such another eye in a human head, though I have seen the most distinguished men in my time. His conversation expressed perfect self-confidence, without the least presumption.

“Among the men who were the most learned of their time and country, he expressed himself with perfect firmness, but without the least intrusive forwardness; and when he differed in opinion, he did not hesitate to express it firmly, yet at the same time with modesty. I do

not remember any part of his conversation distinctly enough to be quoted, nor did I ever see him again, except in the street, where he did not recognise me, as I could not expect he should. He was much caressed in Edinburgh, but (considering what literary emoluments have been since his day) ‘he efforts made for his relief were extremely trivial. I remember, on this occasion I mention, I thought Burns' acquaintance with English poetry was rather limited; and also, that having twenty times the ability of Allan Ramsay and of Ferguson, he talked of them with too much humility as his models; there was doubtless national predilection in his estimate.’”

UNCOMPROMISING THIEVES.

A Fife clergyman, of very gentle disposition, one Sunday came upon a pair of Bo'ness colliers, who had come over the Firth of Forth, and made a piratical descent upon one of his bean-fields. Disposed to take pacific measures with the offenders, the worthy man began to represent to them, in the first place, the sin of thus violating the sanctity of the Sabbath; in the second, the wickedness of destroying so much of his property while in an unripe state, and when it could be of so little service to themselves.

“Stay,” he entreated, “till the beans are ripe, and, if you will not steal any before that time, I shall willingly give you a whole peck as a reward for your patience and honesty.”

“A peck!” cried one of the wretches, in a tone of mingled astonishment and scorn; “a peck! Lord, man, we wadna tak a bow!”

ONE FISH OUT OF WATER.

The Earl of Kellie was relating an account of a sermon which he had heard

in Italy; and in which the preacher described the alleged miracle of St Anthony preaching to the fishes; and in which his hearers were so much entranced by his eloquence that they actually held their heads up out of the water.

"I can believe the miracle," said Henry Erskine, "if your Lordship was at church."

"I was certainly there," replied the earl.

"Then," said Erskine, "there was at least one fish out of the water."

A CLERICAL TURNCOAT.

The Rev. Gavin Young, minister of the parish of Ruthwell, in Dumfriesshire, whose epitaph we have already given, and whose reputation as a Scottish Vicar of Bray is well known, said one day to a confidential elder, after he had changed what he called his "principles" for the fifth or sixth time—

"Weel, John, an' what do the folk in the priest-side say about me?"

"A' deed, sir," quoth John, "they just say ye're a turncoat."

"Ay, ay, John, it's a' very true what they say; but ye ken we maunna quarrel wi' our gude brose because there's a mote in them, it maun we no!"

The old minister had the honesty to express what many a courtier only dares to think.

GEMMELS AND THE RECRUITING SERGEANT.

Andrew Gemmels, the prototype of Scott's *Edie Ochiltree*, the bluegown, happened to be present at a fair or market at St Boswell's, where a sergeant with a party of soldiers were also present on recruiting service.

It was during the American war, and men were much wanted; and it was

then the practice for recruiting sergeants, after parading for a short time, with all the warlike pageantry of drums, trumpets,

"Glancing blades, and gay cockades,"

to declaim, in heroic strains, of the delights of a soldier's life—of glory, patriotism, and plunder—the prospect of promotion for the bold and young, and his majesty's munificent pension for the old and the wounded, &c., &c. The sergeant (whose name was Dodds, and who afterwards raised himself to an honourable rank and an independent fortune) was a man of much natural talent, and had just made one of his most brilliant speeches on this occasion; a crowd of ardent and active rustics were standing round, gaping with admiration at the imposing array; and kindling at the heroic eloquence of the manly soldier, whom many of them had known a few years before as a rude tailor's boy—the sergeant himself, already leading in idea a score of new recruits, had just concluded, in a strain of more than usual elevation, his oration in praise of the military profession, when Gemmels, who, in tattered guise, was standing close behind, reared aloft his *meat-pocks* on the end of his *kent* or pike-staff, and exclaimed with a tone and aspect of profound derision—

"Echold the end o't!"

The contrast was irresistible—the *beau-ideal* of Sergeant Dodds, and the ragged reality of Andrew Gemmels, were sufficiently striking; and the former, with his red-coated followers, beat a retreat in some confusion, amid the loud and universal laughter of the surrounding multitude.—*Webster*.

TOUCHING FOR KING'S EVIL.

A man in Iona, of the name of Innis, formerly touched for the king's evil. He was a seventh son; and it was

firmly believed in the country that he had this gift of curing. He touched or rubbed over the sore with his hand, two Thursdays and two Sundays successively, in the name of the Trinity. He said, "It is God that cures." He asked nothing for his trouble; but believed that, if he did, there would be no cure. He was often sent for out of the country, and though he asked nothing, yet the patients, or their friends, made him presents. He was perfectly illiterate, and said he did not know how the cure was effected, but that God was pleased to work it in consequence of his touch.—*Stat. Account.*

ADVERTISEMENTS FROM AN OLD
NEWSPAPER.

Caledonian Mercury, March 6, 1661.

That all whom it concerns Take notice, that in the antient town of *Cowper in Fife*, there is now no such disease as was the late infection among the horses, neither was it ever so ill as was reported, so that all these noble gentlemen, who were formerly delighted with these laborious recreations of hauking, hunting, and horse-coursing, may, without danger, entrust their horses in our town, and foresight themselves in our excellent fields, which for these sports the world hath not the better.

If there be any ingenious spirits that would improve their fortunes by the trade of coal and salt, let them come to *George Thomson's* over against *Black-fryer-Wynd*, on the *North-side* of the street, where the gentleman shall be found to treat with them touching a bargain of a flourishing coal, in the parish of *Tranent*, and five salt-men in *Prestonpans*: these things rightly considered will undoubtedly prove advantageous to the undertakers.

On the eleventh of *June*, six brewster-wives, great with childe, are to run from the *Thicket-Burn* to the top of *Arthur Seat*, for a groaning cheese of one hundred pound weight, and a budgell of *Dunkel* aquavita, and a rumpkine of *Brumsmeek* mum for the second, set down by a *Dutch* midwife. The next day after, sixteen fish-wives are to trot with (creels?) from *Musburgh* to the *Cannon-cross*, for twelve pair of lamb's harrigals.

A fair at *Salkirk* the fourth of *July*, and all the people are to have the liberty of the common fourty-eight hours before the fair, and as much after; and all goods at half-customs. This is a most excellent market for horses of all sorts, both for hunting, coursing, and the great saddle; and for excellent milk-cows and fat oxen, and great flocks of sheep, the world can afford no better.

The race of *Haddington* is to be run on the 22d of *May* next, the prize is a most magnificent cup; this same antient town, famous for its hospitality, has many times sadly smarted by the armies of enemies, yet this glorious revolution hath salved up all their miseries, as very well was made appear by the noble entertainment given to the *Lord Commissioner* at the *Lord Provost* [of *Edinburgh*?], *William Seaton*, his Lodging, when his grace made his entry to this kingdom.

The horse race at *Lanark* institute by *King William* above 600 years since, but obstructed these 23 years by the iniquity of the times, is now restored by *Sir John Wilkie* of *Fouldon*, as being loathe so antient a foundation should perish, and for that effect he hath given gratis a piece of plate of the accustomed value, with a silver bell and saddle to the second and third horse; it is to be run the third *Tuesday* of *May*.

A REAL MEG DODS.

A late female innkeeper at Peebles, Miss Ritchie by name, answered in every respect to the character of Meg Dods, in the novel of *St Ronan's Well*. In the year 1810, a number of French officers, who had been prisoners in the *depôt* at Penicuik, were sent to Peebles, to lodge there on parole. At their first arrival, some of them went to dine at Miss Ritchie's; and she placed before them a tureen of excellent Scotch broth. Being keenly "set" after their walk, they relished her fare very much, and said to one another, "*C'est bon, c'est bon;*" accompanying the remark with shrugs and grimaces expressive of satisfaction. This, Miss Ritchie overheard, and, mistaking the expression—

"I daur ye," said she, "ye hallan-shaker looking scoondrels, to say there's *banes* i' my kail! Gang back whaur ye can frae, and see if ye'll get ony better there!" And it was not without some difficulty that the good lady was appeased, so as to permit them to sit any longer in her house.

OBEDIENT WIVES.

The folk of Greenock, and other places along the coast, are fond of telling stories reflecting on the inland ignorance of the Paisley bodies.

One of these is to the following effect:—Two "corks" (as small master's in Paisley are called), newly sprung into affluence, were prevailed upon by their wives to allow them to pay a visit to Gourrock (which is the paradise of Paisley bodies); but only on condition that they were to employ their time well, and enjoy the "saut-water."

Having accompanied their spouses to that village, and seen them properly accommodated, the two gentlemen returned to business, and did not appear again for a week, when observing a sur-

prising apparent decrease in the volume of the ocean, owing to the recess of the tide, one remarked to the other, "Gosh, Janie, hasna they twa jauds dune weel!"

EDINBURGH IN 1704.

The following extract appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, February 1818, where it is said to be "taken from an MS. which was in the possession of the late Mr Johnes of Haford, the well-known translator of Froissart, Joinville," &c. Nothing is known with regard to the author, but it appears probable that he was a native of London.

12 April 1704. • I came thro' Musleburgh, a small poor town, tho' somewhat bigger than Tranent; but has all the marks possible of poverty, as indeed had most of the towns I had been in since in Scotland. And from hence I came to Leyth, a good Scotch town, and a seaport; and thro' it runs a river that comes from out of the country, and emptyes itself here into the sea, and makes a harbour for shipping. The buildings here are old, but mostly tall, and in the fronts of the houses are a sort of boarded balconys.

A mile from this town is Edenburgh; and at the north side of the road at the way from hence thither, is a raised walke, very even at the top, for people on foote to walke on. Now help me, Art, to describe this mighty city and vniversity, the metropolis of this ancient kingdom of Scotland, that tooke me vp a full halfe day to see thoroughly. This town extends itself east and west in length, and consists chiefly of one wide street of tall building, with some piazzas of the sides. Its seituation is on a steep hill between two larger hills, and so the fronts of the houses towards the streetes are not so high as the backward parts are, they being left further down the sides of the hill, according to the precipice of the hill on which part they

stand. And some of these houses are seven and eight storys high towards the streete; and more backward, and in the Parliament Close, it seems there were houses fourteen storys high before they were burnt down by a late fire; * but I suppose it was of the back parts they were so high, for the hill there is very steep.

On the east end of this town stands the Queen's House, called the Abbey, or Holy Road House, a regular handsome square building of free stone; 'tis built about a square court, which is in the middle of it, with piazzas about it; but it is but small for such a queen: the rooms of it are good for what there are of them, and the Duke of Hamilton inhabits there now.

Of the west end of this town is a large castle on a steep stone rock, they say the strongest in the world, unless that at Namur outdoes it, but they have no water in it other than which falls from the clouds, by reason of its situation. At the entrance into it is placed a vast large gun they call Muns Megg. Here is likewise in this castle a brass gunn they call the Green Dragon, which they say shoots the best of any gun in Europe, with a great many other fine pieces both of brass and iron. Here is also a good armory, and the castle seems very strong, and is well fortified, especially of the south side.

Of the upper end of the great streete, towards this castle, is the Parliament House, where the Lords and Comons sitt together in the form of an halfe moon below stairs; and above stairs sitt the Commissioners for hearing causes; and in another room the Lords of the Treasury meet about their business.

Of the back side of this building (the Parliament House) is a small open

square they call the Change, and of the fore part of it a larger, called the Parliament Close; and further behind it is a large library, called the Advocates Library. Of the fore part (another side) of the Parliament House is a church they call the High Church, which was a cathedrall, but is now divided into four parts, and serves four several parishes. On the tower of this church is fine arch'd work with four supporters, which represents a crown every way, and I think is before that on St Nicholas Church at Newcastle.

This town consists of eight parishes, and the High Church serving for four parish churches, there are but four more, which are of no great note; and so there are, in all this city, but five churches.

On the hill of the south side of the town is a pretty bagnio and an hall, belonging to the Society of Chirurgions. This hall is newly built, and the rooms of it are hung round with pictures of some of the great men of the country, and of most of the surgeons belonging to it, and here is somewhat of a collection of anatomys, &c.

On the same hill is the college belonging to the vnersity of this city, which is a large but ordinary building, and has in it a good library. The scholars do not inhabit this college, but are lodged about the town.

On this same hill, more westward, and over against the castle, is a fine stone building, founded by one Harrett, for the education of poor boys. I had good French wine at this town, and payd 20d. a quart for Burdeaux wine, and 10d. for Burgundy and Champaign.

This town is very populous, and has abundance of poor people in it, so that the streetes are crowded with beggars; but I don't take it to be so large as York or Newcastle, tho' indeed neither of them have so wide a streete, or are of so tall buildings as the great streete here. The people here are very proud, and they call the ordinary tradesmen

* The fire which consumed the buildings on the east and south sides of the Parliament Close, happened about four years before the author's visit, on 3d February 1700.

merchants; there is no large rivers up to this town, but of the north side of it, at some distance, is a small one. At the best houses here they dress their victuals after the French method, tho' perhaps not so cleanly, and a soup is comonly the first dish, and their reckonings are dear enough. The maid-servants attend without shoes or stockings.

ALLAN RAMSAY'S "QUIT RENT."

Allan Ramsay, when a young obscure man, and a wigmaker, was often greatly straitened for want of money, and one year was wholly unable to pay his Martinmas rent. Just before the time when the rent ought to have been paid, and when Hallow Fair was held in the town, the poet was walking one forenoon, in a very disconsolate manner, up the Castle Hill, when whom should he meet but the very man that of all others he least wished to meet,—his landlord, a jolly farmer, who had come to town partly to attend the fair, and partly to collect his rents. Ramsay would willingly have given him the slip, and put off the conference till another day; but the farmer accosted him ere he was aware, and kindly asking after his welfare, desired his company in a neighbouring tavern. Here the dreadful subject of "the rent" came immediately on the carpet, and Ramsay, with shame and grief, confessed his inability to satisfy his creditor. To his great relief, however, the farmer expressed perfect indifference upon the matter; for, having observed Ramsay's genius, he was unwilling to distress him for so paltry a matter, and which he could so easily afford to remit. He even went the length of saying, that if Ramsay could give him a rhyming answer to four questions which he should ask, in as many minutes, he would quit him of his rent altogether, as a reward for so

much quickness of mind. Allan professed his willingness to try what he could, and, a watch being laid upon the table, the good farmer propounded his questions, which were,—“What does God love? What does the devil love? What does the world love? What do I love?” The poet, within the specified time, gave the proper answers as follows:—

“God loves man, when he refrains from sin;
The devil loves man, when he persists therein;
The world loves man, when riches on him flow;
And you'd love me, could I pay what I owe.”

JOHN BROWN THE CARRIER.

One of the most remarkable monuments in the parish of Muirkirk is that which marks the spot where John Brown perished. It is erected at a sheep farmhouse, called Priest-hill or Priest-shiel, near the confines of the parish of Lesmahagow. His monument is placed on the spot where he suffered, not far from the threshold of his door. The inscription is legible, and bears that he was shot through the head by a party commanded by Grahame of Claverhouse, while upon his knees, and in the act of prayer. Tradition adds, that Claverhouse, or one of his party, lifted up his dead body, and carried it to his wife, asking her, “What she thought of her husband now?”

“Mair,” said she, “than eve I did; but the Lord will avenge this another day.”

Such are the blessed effects of enforcing or attempting to enforce *uniformity* in religion.—*Stat. Ac.*

AN OBSERVANT YOUTH.

Sir James Hall of Dunglass was a person of great intellectual vigour and considerable originality; but it was a doubt in the family while he was a boy

whether he was to turn out a fool or a genius. The family being at London for the season, he was taken to the top of St Paul's, where one of his attendants on the hopeful side was certain he would disclose himself by some grand burst of wonder. It was long of coming; but at last he screamed with delight—"Ee, Maggie! there's a cuddie down yonder; d'ye no see't?"

EPIGRAMS OF ANDREW JOHNSTOUN
(1685).

Edinburgh.

That EDINBURGH may view the
Heav'ns at will
It's built upon a lofty rysing Hill,
The Fields and Rivers with its Hand-
maids be
It thence views, and the Tributary—
Sea.
Here where the Sun displays its morning-
light
The Palace doth present it self to
sight.
That Princely-Dwelling under Arthures-
seat
Adorn'd by most Ingenious Art of
late.
Toward the West the raised Castle
stands,
Which with its Thunders giveth loud
Commands.
A Church appears in the middle of the
Town
Which is this Cities and the Earths-
Renown,
A Structure rear'd by Ancient Pietie,
Within its Walls all things most stately
be ;
Its gilded top which is of Marble-fine
Shap'd as an interwoven Crown doth
shine.
The Hall of Judgment by the Temple
stands
A Building of most curious Artists
hands.

Each Citizen hath such an House that
It
Might Peeres of highest quality besit.
The threats of Foes do not make them
affrayed
Nor need they be of their assaults dis-
mayed.
Tiber doth Rome, the Sea doth Venice
fight
But EDINBURGH defyes the Waters
might
Trust me no City worthier is to be,
With presence grac'd of Royal-Dignitie
And for a KINGLY-CITY none
can wish
A Seat that's more convenient than
this.

Leith.

LEITH, by that Water which is nam'd
by thee
To thee a thousand Favours granted
be ;
Thy bosome is a safe and happy Port,
To which a thousand Veshells do resort :
Thou art a Pilot Town, thy Ships are
such
As are ambitious to out-sail the Dutch.
The utmost parts of Earth thy Sailes
descry
Through Eastern and through Western
Seas they fly.
Thou knows the paths by which the
glorious Sun
Fullfills His Course, and where the
moon doth run.
And where the sparkling Stars them-
selves do roll,
And counts the shyning Signs of either
Pole.
When in the Ocean thou displays thy
sail,
Both Wind and Waves to thy Com-
mands do vail.
Thou Worthy Town who hast the
Sailing-Art
From Typhis learn'd, or didst to
Him impart.

Stirling.

Who is by Verses able to set forth
Or to declare the lovely STIRLING'S
worth?

Our KINGS oft in this place of safety,
Secure into their little Cratches (Cradles)
Its air is pure by Heav'ns near influence,
From Foes assaults no Town hath more
defence,

A Castle on two Rocks stands here so fair,
That with Tarpeian-Joves it may com-
pare—

The Arched-Bridge here meets
FORTH'S glyding-Streams
And to its Vault obeysance from't doth
claim

As in the Phrygian-Coasts Meander runs,
And winds itself about in various turns :
The River here doth force its Passage so
Flowes and returns is tossed to and fro.
The Traveller whose sound of daily
change,

And through the Earth with tedious
steps doth range ;

When hither he doth happen to retire,
This Town and Countreys Wealth he
doth admire,

These strange things do deserve the
sweetest layes

But Warlick-Vertue merits further
Praise

The Roman pride how oft hath STIR-
LING queld,

Their Conquering Swords IT more
then once repell'd

The Flood wherewith this Cities-
fields are wet

Did bounds to their-O're running
Empire set.

(1) Aberdeen.

Whoe're thou art, that Rome doth
magnifie,

And her extol as people fondly do ;
Entitling her the Earth's delight and
Queen,

Compare with her the city ABERDEEN :

A City which doth Neighbour with the
Sea,

To which the Ocean's waves do con-
stant lie

Flow up as Handmaids ; yet ere they
approach

They stoop as fearing too far to encroach.
From lofty hills both Cities view with
pyd,

The little Brooks which through the
Valleys glyd :

Both from their stately and their thun-
dering Tower,

Defye with threatnings all unfriendly
power,

Rome of her Fabii and unconquered
Hosts

Of Scipios, and of great Ceesars boasts.
This CITY of her Menzieses great worth,

Of Cullens and of Lawsons here brought
forth,

And Collisons, all men of great esteem :
Of these she boasts, these doth her
Glory deem,

If Bigness may 'mongst praises reckoned
be,

Rome is indeed of greater bulk than She ;
But in all gifts and Ornaments of mind,
Rome may her Equals in this City find.

(2) Aberdeen.

NEW-ABERDEEN enriched by Dees
clear stream

All praise from Ancient Cities justly
claims ;

Its bless'd with Churches famous in all
lands,

And Temples framed by no mortall
hands.

Muses else famous as once Rome did
grace,

Have hallowed a House into this place.
A Colledge may be seen not far from
thence

Where Learning fixed hath its residence,
The Mercat Place where men resort for
gain,

Is stretched out into a spacious Plain :

There you the stately Judgement-House
 may view,
 Whose Battlements are of a Starry-Hew;
 There Palaces of Peers you may espy,
 Whose Lofty Tops approach into the
 Sky,
 And Towns-Mens-Houses there you
 may behold,
 Which garnish'd are, and shining like
 the Gold.
 What need I furthur the three Hills to
 name
 Which as three Bulwarks fortifie the
 Same.
 Like these on which that City doeth
 stand,
 Which once as Head did all the Earth
 command.
 The Wool-man-hill which all the rest
 out-eyes
 In pleasantness, this City beautifies :
 There is the Well of Spa, that health-
 ful font
 Whose Tr'ne-hew'd-Water Colloureth
 the Mount.
 Not far from thence a Garden's to be
 seen,
 Which into Jameson did appertain :
 Wherein a little pleasant House doth
 stand,
 Painted (as I guess) with its Master's
 hand.
 Dee doth afford of Salmon wondrous
 store
 The Neighbour-Sea brings up into the
 Shore.
 The Riches whereof Egypt makes her
 boast,
 And Indian-Treasures come into this
 Coast.
 A Bridge doth reach along the River
 Dee,
 Wherein seven double stately Arches be :
 Who built this sumptuous work if ye
 would know
 The Myter which is carv'd thereon doth
 show.
 But let the vulgar sort these things
 commend—
 The Citizens to praise I do intend.

If all these things with them compar'd be
 They do deserve no praise no memorie :
 That Martiall-Mind which oft appeared
 hath,
 That golden Vertue and unstained Faith
 Which lodges in them all these joyusly
 doe
 Concur to raise their Name and Fame
 on high .
 They are a courteous people and a kind,
 Men of aspiring Spirits and Noble Mind:
 Riches which doth the baser sort enslave,
 They have them ; but they them as ser-
 vants have.
 If Worth have place, of Cities this may be
 Entitled Queen, and claim Sov'reignitie.
 All other Cities Mortalls bear ; but
 This
 Of Demigods and Hero's Parent is,

Dundee.

An Ancient Town, to which Tay's entrie
 do
 Willing obedience, and subjection shew.
 The homes of conquer'd and slain Danes
 are found
 Here scattered, ill buried in the ground.
 When Genoa the views it doth despise
 Its marbles, nor doth barbarous Egypt
 prize
 Her Pyramids, and Gargara doth deem
 Its Harvests, to deserve but small esteem.
 The Tyburne Land thinks not her Ve-
 shells fair,
 When as she them doth with thy Ships
 compare.
 Venice her self in poverty thinks lost
 And Cindus of her fishes dare not boast.
 The Spartan youth to equall him doth
 fail
 Romes Senators unto thy Consuls vail.
 He as an Artless fool should branded be
 Who from Tay's-Gulph did beg a name
 to thee
 Since thou by more than Human-Art
 are throu
 DON-DEI the Gift of GOD thou shalt
 be nam'd.

Pearth.

Berth first, now PEARTH thou Town
of Ancient Fame
Art called by a great APOSTLE'S
Name;
In Praise thou do'st deserve to have thy
share
For Cleanliness, and for thy Whole-
some Air:
And for that River by which thou dost
stand,
Whose Streams make fertil all the
neighbouring Land:
These ruins of thy Bridge we yet do
see
Its well cut Stones thy Wealth do
testifie:
The swelling Floods their force upon it
spent,
The showers made them impatient of
restrent
Their violence (so HEAVEN Wild)
did break down
That sumptuous BRIDGE, the Glory
of thy Town;
The Grampian Poets to Commend,
there's found
A' Isle there, which the Wattrie Streams
Surround,
A little Isle, but by the Highland
LORDS
A Battell fought therein to't Fame
affords.
Here the brave Youth the Noble Horses
train
With which the Wing'd ones could no
race maintain
This Isle MARS Field may be en-
titled
By Light SCOTS Chariots oft en-
obelled,
Near by thee, there are Woods where
one may Kill
The Staigs and Roes ensnare, with nets
at will;
And from the Carse (not far off is) which
bears
Most fragrant Apples and most luscious
Pears:

Whilst thus thou do'st a happy mixture
make,
A pain with pleasure nothing thou dost
take
And so the Crown of Praise and
Dignitie
As thy just due doth appertain to
thee.

Drumfrise.

Apollo from Amphrysus Banks did see
The goodly pastures at Drumfries which
be
And when he view'd them he did freely
tell
That all Admetus Hills they did excell—
The fatted Flocks which here in Mea-
dows feed
Are numerous as Grass which Earth
doth breed:
To Stranger-Nations they are sent
abroad
And often do the English tables load.
The Cornes yet more abound upon the
Field,
The River beareth Ships and Fish do
yield,
And store this Town from bounteous
Sea doth find:
Whose Waves are smoothed here by
Western-Wind.
Diana's Temple and all else which grace
The Greek's Land, to the Temple here
gives place,
Here Cuming who betrayed his Native
Land
His Blood and Life lost by the BRUCES
hand.
DRUMFRIES Atlas should much
honor'd be
For Here did SCOTLAND gain
Its Libertie.

Lithgow.

LITHGOW'S a Noble Town, first look
upon
Its Costly Temple built of polisht stone.