

For splendor doth the Palaces near by
With It contend, which Other shall
outvy.

These Fowred-Buildings which more
precious are

Then both the houses of the Sun by far.
An unward Lake is near unto the Town
Wherein the Sealed-Flocks float up and
down,

When Grampion-Arms their Enemies
defeats,

These Ponds afford them their Tri-
umphal-Treats

This of the Kings-Lake doth enjoy the
name,

As Cæsar that in company did claim
The Lucrine—Lake for Luxurie
served more

But LITHGOW'S yeelds the most
delicious Store.

FIVE SHILLING BANK NOTES.

In 1761 five shilling bank notes were issued in Edinburgh, by Mansfield, Hunter, & Co., bankers, and they became current in the city for business transactions. They were dated 1st June 1761, and of the following tenor:—

“We promise to pay John Crawford, or bearer, on demand, five shillings sterling, for value received.

MANSFIELD, HUNTER, & Co.”

The object in issuing them was to remedy the existing scarcity of specie, but the heritors of the shire of Edinburgh objected to them, and they were soon recalled from circulation.—*Ander-son*.

SABBATH OBSERVANCE ASSOCIATION.

1798. We understand, that some of the dignified clergy, and some gentlemen who wish to see better examples of morality shown by the higher classes of society, are about to form a kind of *Association*, the members of which shall

bind themselves to discourage, as much as possible, Sunday routes, and other similar public assemblies, and to endeavour to inculcate a system of more strict morality among all classes of society.—*Edinburgh Weekly Journal*.

BURGAGE HOLDING.

In the lands belonging to the community of the royal borough of Lauder, a peculiar system of burgage tenure prevailed. Instead of being acquired by servitude or apprenticeship, by mere inheritance, or by purchase or grant from the corporation, the freedom of the borough can only be got in consequence of having the right of property in one of its burgage lots of land, or borough acres; which are subjects of private sale, disposition or inheritance, like any other landed property.

A SCOTTISH PROVOST.

A gentleman being anxious to represent Dumfriesshire in Parliament at the latter end of the last century, addressed a letter to the Provost of Lochmaben soliciting his “vote and interest,” which was delivered by the servant of the former.

The provost, on opening the letter, held it upside down, in order, as he thought, to peruse it properly. The servant ventured to point out the fact.

“What!” said the indignant magistrate, “d’ye think I wad be fit to be the provost o’ Lochmaben gin’ I couldna read a letter ony way I like to look at it?”

JOCK AND TAM GORDON.

These were natural sons of Sir Adam Gordon, who was killed at the battle of Homildon Hill, in 1401, by Elizabeth

Crookshank, daughter of the laird of Aswanley. They were great heroes in their time, and tradition still speaks of them. Many of the families of the name of Gordon are descended from them; whilst the name of the noble family of Gordon are Gordons only by the female side, the legitimate daughter of Sir Adam Gordon having been married to a baron of the name of Seaton, who assumed the name of Gordon. Tam Gordon was at last killed by a monk, and his monument is in the Kirk of Ruthven, in Banffshire.

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

Principal Campbell of Aberdeen keenly enjoyed a joke. One day he addressed his hair-dresser, who held the position of deacon of his trade—

“Do you mind, Mr——, when Julius Cæsar was provost of the Alton?”

“I cannot say, professor,” was the deacon’s reply, “that I remember him myself; but my father used to say that he was weel acquent wi’ him!”

PEASE BRIDGE.

The celebrated *Pease Bridge*, in Berwickshire, is one of the most singular constructions of the sort in Europe. It is erected over a vast chasm, or glen, with steep abrupt sides, in some places 160 feet deep. Over this a magnificent bridge of four arches was built in 1786. Its romantic situation and stupendous height afford subjects of admiration to travellers. It is 300 feet long, only 15 wide, and the height, from the bottom of the glen to the top of the iron railing above the parapet, is 123 feet. One of its piers rises from the bottom of the glen, 97 feet, before the arch springs; and, though of perfectly secure dimensions, seems vastly too slender to support the superincumbent weight, having

more of the light airy proportions of an ornamental column, than of the solidity of a pier, yet is, assuredly, of ample strength. Before the construction of this bridge, the road of communication between Berwickshire and the Lothians passed this glen about a quarter of a mile nearer the sea, by such intolerably steep banks as to be almost impracticable for loaded carriages, and often exceedingly dangerous; by means of it, the communication for military, agricultural, and commercial purposes, has been rendered comparatively easy and commodious; and it is said that the country owes the idea of this bridge, and the great improvement in the line of road connected with it, on both sides, to the talents of a lady—the late Miss Hall, of Dunglass.

A GIANT OX.

1798. A remarkable five-years ox, supposed to be the finest beast ever bred in North Britain, was lately purchased by John Bennett, butcher of the Shropshire regiment of militia, at the sum of £40.

Length,	16 feet.
Girth,	10 do.
From the breast to the shoulder, 4 feet 5½ inch.	
Height,	5 feet 8½ inch.

He was reared by Col. Hamilton of Pencaitland.

ANCIENT DISCOVERY OF MURDER.

It was long believed that the body of a murdered person would bleed on the murderer or any of his children coming near it. This superstitious opinion may have been the means of the discovery of murderers, from the terror with which it inspired the guilty. The following remarkable story is preserved in history:—

“The laird of Auchindrane was ac-

cused of murder, where there were no witnesses, and which the Lord had witnessed from heaven, singularly by his own hand, and proved the deed against him. The corpse of the man being buried in Girvan churchyard, as a man cast away at sea, and cast out there, the laird of Colzean, whose servant he had been, dreaming of him in his sleep, and that he had a particular mark on his body, came and took up the body, and found it to be the same person; and caused all that lived near by to come and touch the corpse, as is usual in such cases. All round the place came, but Auchindrane and his son, whom nobody suspected, till a young child of his, Mary Muir, seeing the people examined, came among them, and when she came near the body it sprang out in bleeding; upon which they were apprehended, and put to the torture."—*Wodrow*.

The trial of Auchindrane happened in 1611; he was convicted and executed.

THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

1798. The sensations occasioned by the glorious news from the Mediterranean on Friday last were joyful in the extreme; the guns were fired from the castle, the battery at Leith, and the ships in the roads. All the volunteer corps fired a *feu-de-joye* in Bruntsfield Links, and the evening concluded with a brilliant illumination. In every town and village throughout the country the victory was celebrated with similar demonstrations of heartfelt joy.

AN ACCOMMODATING SUNDAY.

It is told of a former minister of Brodick, in the Island of Arran, that he once gave the following intimation from his pulpit—

"My friends, there will be no Lord's day here till a fortnight, because next Sabbath's the sacrament owre-bye at Kilmory, and I'm to be there."

THE DRUNKEN BELL.

The ale-houses in the village of Fordyce were formerly very numerous, and the Sunday's drinking very great, originating from the Sunday's market; in so much that the minister was obliged to compound the matter to all, a certain time after public worship, and then to cause ring what was called the *Drunken Bell*; after which he visited the ale-houses, and dismissed any who remained in them. This practice, however, ceased before the time of the writer, or that of his predecessor in the pulpit, though both have been obliged to make a step through the village, after dinner, and break up drinking companies.—*Stat. Account*.

RATHER SALT.

1798. The price of salt has advanced here from 10d. to 2s. per peck; the additional duty is about eightpence halfpenny per peck, so that the vender draws a very considerable profit from the tax—much more considerable surely than he can with reason or justice claim.—*Edin. Weekly Journal*.

GENERAL STIRLING.

General Stirling, who rose from the ranks, established himself, on his retirement from the army, in his native town of Musselburgh. At a public dinner the toast of his health was proposed by one of his old acquaintances.

"I remember the general," said the speaker, "when he was hurling a barrow fu' of turnips."

"If I had possessed your brains," interrupted the general, who disliked such personal allusions to his early life, "I would have been hurling turnips yet."

A GREAT DISTINCTION.

Many pleasant stories are told in St Andrews of the regent Rymer, after he had attained nearly to the age of ninety, among the old people at this day. For example, when some one proposed at the college table to mix some common table-beer and some very strong ale together, Mr Rymer approved the proposal, but began to deliberate whether they should pour the table-beer into the ale, or the ale into the table-beer. It was observed that it was one and the same thing; but the professor said—

"No; for if the small beer should be poured into the ale, it would make the ale worse; but if the ale should be poured into the table-beer, it would make the beer better."

LORD HERMAND AND "GUY MANNERING."

When *Guy Mannering* was first published, Lord Hermand was so much delighted with the picture of the old Scottish lawyers in the novel, that he could talk of nothing else but Pleydell, Dandie Dinmont, and "High Jinks," for many weeks. He usually carried one volume of the book about with him; and one morning on the bench, his love for it so completely got the better of him, that he lugged in the subject, head and shoulders, into the midst of a speech about a dry point of law; nay, getting warmer every moment he spoke of it, he at last plucked the volume from his pocket, and, in spite of the remonstrances of his brethren, insisted upon reading aloud the whole passage

for their edification. He went through the task with his wonted vivacity, gave great effect to every speech, and most appropriate expression to every joke; and when it was done, the court had no difficulty in confessing that they had very seldom been so well entertained. During the whole scene Sir Walter Scott himself was present, seated, indeed, in his official capacity, as clerk of the Court of Session, close under the judge.

NOT AGREED.

The Rev. Mr Robb, Episcopal clergyman at St Andrews, waited, shortly after his ordination, on the Hon. Miss Erskine, a member of his congregation. Miss Erskine was an octogenarian. After a few commonplace remarks, Mr Robb said—

"I perceive, madam, you're a very old lady."

"And I perceive, sir," rejoined the offended gentlewoman, "that you are a very, very young man."

LOCAL CUSTOMS AT GALSTON.

It is usual for even the women to attend funerals in the village, drest in black or red cloaks. Another singular custom prevails here:—

When a young man wishes to pay his addresses to his sweetheart, instead of going to her father's, and professing his passion, he goes to a public-house; and, having let the landlady into the secret of his attachment, the object of his wishes is immediately sent for, who never almost refuses to come. She is entertained with ale and whisky, or brandy; and the marriage is concluded on.

The second day after the marriage, a *creeling*, as it is called, takes place. The young wedded pair, with their friends, assemble in a convenient spot.

A small creel or basket is prepared for the occasion, into which they put some stones: the young men carry it alternately, and allow themselves to be caught by the maidens, who have a kiss when they succeed. After a great deal of innocent mirth and pleasantry, the creel falls at length to the young husband's share, who is obliged to carry it generally for a long time, none of the young women having compassion upon him. At last, his fair mate, kindly relieves him from his burden; and her compliance, in this particular, is considered as a proof of her satisfaction with the choice she has made. The creel goes round again; more merriment succeeds, and all the company dine together, and talk over the feats of the field.—*Stat. Account.*

A STURDY DAME.

1798. There is living in the parish of Urr, a woman of the name of Margaret Nish, at the advanced age of ninety; what is very singular, she can support a burden of seven stones weight upon her back, and will walk with it for several miles, with the most apparent ease and freedom.—*Edinburgh Weekly Journal.*

OLD SOLDIERS IN SKYE.

There are so many old soldiers settled in Skye, receiving pensions for wounds and length of service, that the circulation of so much ready money is no small advantage to their native isle. The collectors of excise, who usually pay these pensions, sometimes find their collection of duties too small to meet the military payments, which have amounted to more than £800 at one half-yearly collection. While so many old soldiers returned home to enjoy their country's reward for their services, it is also cer-

tain that an equal number settled in other parts of the kingdom, after their discharge. Yet, notwithstanding this, Dr Macculloch has the assurance, in the face of all historical fact, to assert that, "Skye, with a population of 16,000, has not a man in the army."

The doctor has the hardihood also to say, that "if recruits should be raised in the islands, they would be found in Islay, not in Skye, or in the Long Island."

Now it is shown by Colonel Stewart that 732 men were enlisted for the 78th Regiment, on one landlord's estate. Such a defiance of truth as Dr Macculloch's libel on the inhabitants of the western isles, it would not be easy to find.—*Dr Browne.*

A HINT WELL APPLIED.

"If I'm no hame frae that pairty at ten o'clock the night," said a husband to his wife, "dinna sit up for me."—"That I winna John," said she, significantly, "but *I'll come for ye.*" John reached home before the parlour clock had chimed ten.

GLASGOW IN 1750.

Hitherto an attentive industry, and a frugality boarding upon parsimony, had been the general characteristic of the inhabitants of Glasgow. The severity of the ancient manners prevailed in full vigour; people were prevented, by authority, from walking on the Lord's day; no lamps were lighted on that evening, because it was presumed that no man would be out of his own house after sunset; the indulgences and innocent amusements of life were either unknown, or were little practised.

An extending commerce and increasing manufactures, joined to frugality and industry, had produced wealth; the estab-

ishment of banks had rendered it easy for people possessed of credit to obtain money; the ideas of the people were enlarged, and schemes of trade and improvement were adopted and put in practice, the undertakers of which, in former times, would have been denominated madmen. A new style was introduced in building, in living, in dress, and in furniture; the conveniences, the elegances of life began to be studied; wheel-carriages began to be set up; public places of entertainment were frequented; an assembly-room and a play-house were built by subscription.

In vain did the clergy declaim against this change of manners; they were either carelessly listened to, or little regarded; luxury advanced with hasty strides every day; and yet from this era we may date all the subsequent improvements which have taken place, not only in Glasgow, but over the whole of the west of Scotland.—*Gibson*.

“CLAUDERO.”

Dec. 1, 1789. Died at Edinburgh, James Wilson, better known by the name of “Claudero.” He was formerly a retainer of the Muses, and for many years the Laureate of the mob; but of late he had adopted an easier and a more profitable employment—that of solemnizing what are called half-merk marriages, by which he got a very decent subsistence.—*Scots Magazine*.

FORGLEN 100 YEARS AGO.

There is a great change in the article of dress. Hats are as common as bonnets now; and the bar plaid is changed for a scarlet one. On Sundays there is no distinguishing the country clown from the town beau; the farmer's good-man from the merchant's clerk; and the lasses have their ribbands and mus-

lins to match them. There is a great odds in their living too; they are more social in the way of visiting; and flesh is more frequently used by all.

How agreeable it is to see people advancing and thriving. There is one drawback, however, upon them. The price of labour, and tradesmen's rates, are rather too much raised against the countryman, and most of all among the farm-servants.—*Stat. Account*.

SUMMARY JUSTICE.

1694. “Mr Robert Park, town clerk [of Glasgow], was sticked in the town clerk's chamber, in the month of October, by Major James Menzies, with a sword, in a fit of passion; and same night the major was shot in Renfield garden by one of three pursuers—viz., John Anderson, late provost; John Gillespie, taylor; and Robert Stevenson, wright. He is said to have been killed by John Gillespie, as he would not be taken.”—*Glasgow Burgh Records*.

A SCOLD.

1648, March 5. “That day it is ordaint y^t Margart Nicolson, spouse to Alexander Dempster, the fiddler, shall stand, and the branks on her mouth, the next Friday, being the mercat day, twa hours before noon, for her common scolding and drunkenness, and y^t to the public example of others.”—*Kirk Session Records*.

CHOOSING A MINISTER.

The people in the parish of Portnoak having always been displeased with the clergyman presented by the patron to the living, he resolved to present whomsoever they should choose to be their minister, “if it should be the devil

himself." This being intimated to the people, upon the death of their minister, they immediately set about calling to preach before them the young men who, in their language, were said to be "Gospel ministers." Five were fixed on, and invited to come and preach before them, by way of trial, who all attended; and the people had unanimously agreed to choose one of the five as their minister, according as they could find him the most orthodox and rigid Calvinist and Predestinarian. As there was an inn in the parish appointed to accommodate, at the joint expense of the parishioners, those who should preach, together with their horses and a friend, a young man, on his way from Edinburgh to Perth, to see his father, got himself appointed to preach to them, as it would save him the expense of himself and his horse at the inn for a night. Suiting himself to the taste of his audience, in the course of his lecture in the forenoon, he took an opportunity to harangue against the papists. This pleased them much. In the afternoon, having dined, and having had something to drink which made his pulse not beat slower than usual, he raised his voice again, not only against papists, but Arminians; and further, began to thump the cushion.

When a clergyman to whom they were much attached used to preach to them, sometimes a mouse that lodged about the back of the pulpit would come out, and run about the sounding-board, or that which hangs over the minister's head. This mouse had not been seen for six months, nor since their favourite minister preached, till now, that the gentleman preaching began to thump the cushion, when the mouse again made its appearance on this occasion. The people all agreed that this was a sign from heaven to choose the person preaching for their minister, which they actually did. A committee, therefore, of the parishioners, was sent

off to the patron, without delay, who threw the presentation to them, saying, "It is signed, and ready; and you put in the blank the devil's name, if you please."

HOW GLASGOW CATHEDRAL WAS SPARED.

An Act having been passed by the Estates, at the desire of the Assembly, for demolishing whatsoever churches had been left undestroyed, . . . the execution of this Act for the West was committed to the Earls of Arran, Argyle, and Glencairn; and they, at the intercession of the inhabitants of Glasgow, had spared the cathedral. But in this year (1579) Mr Melvil, principal of the college, having, for a great while, solicited the magistrates to have it pulled down, they at last granted him liberty to do so; but when he, by beat of drum, was assembling the workmen for that purpose, the crafts (who justly looked upon the cathedral as one of the greatest ornaments of their town), ran immediately to arms, and informed Mr Melvil, that if any person presumed to pull down a single stone of the church, he should, at that moment, be buried under it; and so much were they incensed at this attempt to destroy this ancient building, that if the magistrates had not come and appeased them, they would have put to death Melvil, with all his adherents.—*Gibson.*

CURIOUS SCENE AT BORTHWICK CASTLE.

In 1547, Borthwick Castle was the scene of a very whimsical incident. It appears, that letters of excommunication had passed against Lord Borthwick, and William Langlands, an "apparitor" of the see of St Andrews, presented these letters to the curate of the church

of Borthwick, requiring him to publish the same at the service of high mass. It seems that the inhabitants of the castle were at this time engaged in the favourite sport of enacting the "Abbot of Unreason," in which a mimic prelate was elected, who turned all sort of authority, and particularly the Church ritual, into ridicule. This frolicsome person, notwithstanding the sanctity of the apparitor's character, entered the church, seized upon the primate's officer, and, dragging him to the mill-dam on the south-side of the castle, compelled him to leap into the water. Not content with this immersion, the Abbot of Unreason declared that Mr William Langlands was not yet properly bathed, and therefore caused his assistants to lay him on his back in the stream, and "duck him in the most satisfactory and perfect manner." The unfortunate apparitor was then conducted back to the church, when, for his refreshment after his bath, the letters of excommunication were torn to pieces and steeped in a bowl of wine; and (the mock abbot being probably of opinion that a tough parchment was but dry eating without something to help it down) Langlands was then compelled to eat the letters and swallow the wine; on which he was dismissed by the Abbot of Unreason with the comfortable assurance that if any more letters should arrive during the continuance of his office, they should "a' gang the same gait."—*Mackie.*

THE CRUEL EARL DOUGLAS.

Maclellan, tutor of Bomby, who having refused to acknowledge the pre-eminence claimed by Douglas over the gentlemen and barons of Galloway, was seized and imprisoned by the earl, in the castle of the Thieve, on the borders of Kirkcudbrightshire. Sir Pa-

trick Gray, commander of King James the Second's guard, was uncle to the tutor of Bomby, and obtained from the king a "sweet letter of supplication," praying the earl to deliver his prisoner into Gray's hand. When Sir Patrick arrived at the castle, he was received with all the honour due to a favourite servant of the king's household; but while he was at dinner, the earl, who suspected his errand, caused his prisoner to be led forth and beheaded. After dinner, Sir Patrick presented the king's letter to the earl, who received it with great affectation of reverence; "and took him by the hand, and led him forth to the green, where the gentleman was lying dead, and showed him the manner, and said, Sir Patrick, you are come a little too late; yonder is your sister's son lying, but he wants the head; take his body, and do with it what you will. Sir Patrick answered again with a sore heart, and said, My lord, if ye have taken from him his head, dispoone upon the body as ye please: and with that called for his horse, and leaped thereon; and when he was on horseback, he said to the earl on this manner, My lord, if I live, you shall be rewarded for your labours, that you have used at this time, according to your demerits.

"At this saying the earl was highly offended, and cried for horse. Sir Patrick, seeing the earl's fury, spurred his horse, but he was chased near Edinburgh ere they left him; and had it not been his lead horse was so tried and good he had been taken."

CHEAT RATHER THAN BE CHEATED.

A Highland drover before going to a fair was accustomed to pray that he might neither cheat nor be cheated; but, if one of the two, rather to cheat than be cheated.

THE MURDER OF ARCHBISHOP
SHARPE.

John Balfour, of Kinloch, commonly called Burley, was one of the fiercest of the proscribed sect. A gentleman by birth, he was, says his biographer, "Zealous and honest hearted, courageous in every enterprise, and a brave soldier, seldom any escaping that came in his hands. Burley himself was less eminent for religious fervour, than for the active and violent share which he had in the most desperate enterprises of his party. His name does not appear among the Covenanters, who were denounced for the affair of Pentland. But, in 1677, Robert Hamilton, afterwards commander of the insurgents at Loudonhill and Bothwell Bridge, with several other Nonconformists, were assembled at this Burley's house, in Fife. They were attacked by a party of soldiers, commanded by Captain Carstairs, whom they beat off, wounding desperately one of his party. For this resistance of authority they were declared rebels. The next exploit in which Burley was engaged was of a bloodier complexion, and more dreadful celebrity. It is well known that James Sharpe, archbishop of St Andrews, was regarded by the rigid Presbyterians, not only as a renegade who had turned back from the spiritual plough, but as the principal author of the rigorous exercises against their sect. He employed as an agent of his oppression one Carmichael, a decayed gentleman. The industry of this man in procuring information, and in enforcing the severe penalties against conventicles, having excited the resentment of the Cameronians, nine of their number, of whom Burley and his brother-in-law Hackston were the leaders, assembled with the purpose of way-laying and murdering Carmichael. But while they searched for him in vain, they received tidings that the archbishop himself was at hand. The party resorted

to prayer; after which they agreed unanimously that the Lord had delivered the wicked Haman into their hands. In the execution of the supposed will of heaven, they agreed to put themselves under the command of a leader; and they requested Hackston, of Rathillet, to accept the office, which he declined, alleging that should he comply with their request the slaughter might be imputed to a quarrel which existed betwixt him and the archbishop. The command was then offered to Burley, who accepted of it without scruple; and they galloped off in pursuit of the archbishop's carriage, which contained himself and daughter. Being well-mounted, they easily overtook and dismounted the prelate's attendants. Burley cried out "Judas be taken!" rode up to the carriage, wounded the postillion, and ham-strung one of the horses. He then fired into the coach a piece charged with several bullets, so near that the archbishop's gown was set on fire. The rest coming up, dismounted and dragged him out of the carriage; when, frightened and wounded, he crawled towards Hackston, who still remained on horseback, and begged for mercy; Hackston contented himself in answering, that he would not himself lay a hand on him. Burley and his men again fired a volley on the kneeling old man, and were in the act of galloping off, when one who remained to girth his horse unfortunately heard the daughter of their victim call to the servant for help, exclaiming, his master was still alive. Burley again dismounted, struck off the prelate's hat with his foot, and split his skull with his broadsword; although one of the party (probably Rathillet) exclaimed, Spare these grey hairs! the rest pierced him with repeated wounds. They plundered the carriage and rode off, leaving the mangled corpse to the daughter, who was wounded herself in her pious endeavour to interpose betwixt her father and his murderers.

The murder is accurately represented in bas-relief, upon a beautiful monument erected to the memory of Archbishop Sharpe, in the metropolitan church of St Andrews. This memorable example of revenge was acted upon Magus Muir, near St Andrews, 3d of May, 1679.

AN OFFICER AND NO SOLDIER.

Jeffrey, when addressing a jury in a certain trial, had occasion to speak freely of a military officer who was a witness in the cause. Having frequently described him as "this soldier," the witness, who was present, could not restrain himself, but started up, calling out—

"Don't call me a soldier, sir; I am an officer!"

"Well, gentlemen of the jury," proceeded Mr Jeffrey, "this officer, who, according to his own statement, is no soldier, was the sole cause of the whole disturbance."

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

A dealer having hired a horse to an attorney, the latter, either through bad usage or some other cause, killed the horse; upon which the dealer insisted upon payment; if it was not convenient to pay cash, he was willing to take a bill. The writer had no objections to grant a bill, but said it must be at a long date. The hirer desired him to fix his own time, when the writer drew a promissory note, making it payable at the day of judgment. An action was raised, when the writer desired the presiding judge to look at the bill. Having done so, the judge replied—

"The bill is perfectly good; and, as this is the day of judgment, I decree that you pay to-morrow."

"CHIEF O' SCOTIA'S FOOD."

The common people live on oatmeal porridge twice a-day. It is the most wholesome and palatable of all their food, being purely vegetable; notwithstanding the reflection in Johnson's *Dictionary*, that "oats are eaten by horses in England, and in Scotland by men." Such food makes men strong like horses, and purges the brain of pedantry. It produces hardy Highlanders, who by their strength and dress are so formidable to their enemies, that they call them "*Les diables des Montagnes*."—*Stat. Account*.

A VERY SCOTTISH JUDGE.

A judge of the Court of Session, well known for speaking his mother-tongue in its broadest accent, as well on the bench as in common discourse, on a particular occasion was addressed by a barrister, equally noted for the elegance and purity of his style, as his lordship was the reverse, who opened the case of his client in the following words:—

"My lord, the pursuer, my client, is an itinerant violin player."

"What's that?" said his lordship; "is that what ye ca' a blin' fiddler?"

"*Vulgarly so called*," said the lawyer.

A DISJOINTED HEARER.

It was formerly a custom among the Scottish clergy to make frequent allusions in their prayers to the Pope, whom they always characterized by the epithet *Antichrist*. At the time, however, of the French Revolution, the "good old hatred" of Popery gave way before a still more dreadful subject of antipathy and horror—the mingled infidelity (and Jacobinism) of the tremendous event; and it then became customary to pray for the altar and the throne. Soon after

this material change in the prayers had taken place, a poor woman one day said to the Rev. Mr M——, of Montrose—

“Sir, I hae something to speir at ye; but ye mauna tak it ill.”

“Na, na, Peggy,” returned Mr M——, “I’ll no tak it ill.”

“Then, dear me, minister,” rejoined the old woman; “is yon Annie Christie that ye prayed sae lang about dead, or is she better? for I ne’er hear ye speak about her noo.”

A CULLODEN QUARREL.

A circumstance which took place at Inverness a few days after the battle of Culloden might have proved very advantageous to the Highlanders, if Prince Charles had joined them at Ruthven. A young Highlander of the name of Forbes, related to Lord Forbes, and a cadet in an English regiment, having abandoned his colours to join the prince, was taken prisoner, and hanged at Inverness, without any distinction, among the other deserters. Whilst the body of Forbes was still suspended from the gibbet, a brutal English officer plunged his sword into his body, and swore that all his countrymen were traitors and rebels like himself. A Scots officer who heard the remark, immediately drew his sword, and demanded satisfaction for the insult done to his country; and whilst they fought, all the officers took part in the quarrel, and swords were drawn in every direction. The soldiers at the same time beat to arms, drew up along the streets—the Scots on one side, and the English on the other, and were about to charge each other with fixed bayonets. The Duke of Cumberland happened to be out of town; information was immediately conveyed to him, and he hastened to the scene of action before the quarrel had made much progress. He addressed himself immediately to the Scots, whom he endeavoured

to mollify by the high compliments he paid them. He told them that whenever he had the honour of commanding them, he had always experienced their fidelity and attachment to his family, as well as their courage and exemplary conduct; and he succeeded at length in appeasing them, and putting an end to the disturbance.

THE MAIDEN FEAST.

It was, till very lately, the custom to give what was called a Maiden Feast, upon the finishing of the harvest; and to prepare for which, the last handful of corn reaped in the field was called the Maiden.

This was generally contrived to fall into the hands of one of the finest girls in the field; was dressed up in ribands, and brought in triumph, with the music of fiddles or bagpipes. A good dinner was given to the whole band, and the evening spent in joviality and dancing, while the fortunate lass who took the Maiden was the Queen of the feast: after which, this handful of corn was dressed out, generally in the form of a cross, and hung up, with the date of the year, in some conspicuous part of the house. This custom is now entirely done away; and in its room, to each shearer is given sixpence and a loaf of bread. However, some farmers, when all their corns are brought in, give their servants a dinner, and a jovial evening, by way of Harvest Home.—*Stat. Ac.*

A QUESTIONABLE FRIEND.

Earl Patrick of Orkney was guilty of much tyranny, but he had one redeeming quality in the eyes of the people. That was, he stood high in their estimation as a good friend to the shore, on account of having made laws against helping ships in distress.

UNSYNFUL LYING.

"My friends," said a moderate minister to his little congregation of rustics, "we're told in the Bible that it is wrong to tell a lee; and I'll no deny, in a general way, but that it is so; but there's ae thing that I'm sure of, an' that is, that there can be nae great ill in tellin' a lee, if it's to haud doon din."

"THE NEW SYSTEM."

At the beginning of the French Revolution, when Dundee, Perth, and other towns planted the "Tree of Liberty," and the doctrine of equality of property was held out to encourage followers and supporters, Mr Dempster, of Dunichen, observed that his grievance paid particular attention to a large field, ploughing and harrowing it twice, and laying down a double allowance of manure. He was preparing a third dressing, when Mr Dempster asked the cause of all this care bestowed upon one field, and not upon others. After some hesitation, the man answered that every man had a right to attend to his own interest. Mr Dempster replied, that however true that might be, it could have no concern with that field. To this the grievance answered, that as he had been a kind and generous master to him, he would explain the whole matter. He then told him that, at a late meeting of delegates of the friends of the people, they had discussed much business; and, among other matters, had made a division of all the lands in the district, when this field and some acres of pasture fell to his share. His master told him he was happy to find him so well provided for, and asked what part of the estate had been allotted to himself.

"Oh, as to you, sir, and the other lairds," replied the man, "it was decided that they should have nothing to

do with the land, and that none of the old lairds were to have any. They and their families have had the lands long enough; their old notions were not fit for the new times, therefore they must all quit and make way for the new system and new order of things; but as you have always been so good to me, I will propose, at the next meeting, that a portion be left to you."

A PIEBALD EPITAPH.

Mr Pryse Gordon relates, in his *Autobiography*, that a sailor having thought proper to enclose the parish churchyard of Deskford, near Cullen, in order to keep it decent, his executor placed a tombstone over him after death, on which was the following epitaph:—

"Hic jacet Joannes Anderson, Aberdoniensis."

Here his Latinity failed him, and he was compelled to have recourse to plain English for the sequel—

"Who built this churchyard dyke at his own expenses."

A BASE TRICK.

Sir John Nisbet, in his capacity of lord-advocate (to which he was appointed in 1664), was very severe on the unfortunate Presbyterians. As an instance his zeal, Wodrow relates that one Robert Gray having, when brought before the council, refused to tell the hiding places of certain proscribed individuals of that party, Sir John Nisbet took a ring from the man's finger, and sent it with a messenger of his own to Mrs Gray, with an intimation that her husband had told all he knew as to the whigs, and that the ring was sent to her as a token that she might do the same. The poor woman, in consequence, revealed the places of concealment, which so affected her husband, that he died a few days thereafter.

JAMES VI.'S LOVE OF FALCONRY.

Falkland was the favourite palace of James VI., who had probably selected this castle as his residence on account of his peculiar attachment to hunting and falconry. The following letter, dated, the 1st of March, 1596, to Lord Philorth, is a strong confirmation of his attachment to the latter sport:—

“Right traist friend, we greit you hartlie well. Hearing that ye have ane gyir falcon q^{lk} is esteemit the best halk in all that countrie, and meetest for us that have sae gude lyking of that pastyme, we have thurfur taiken occasion effectuaslie to requiest and desyre, seeing halks are but gifting geir an na utherwise to be accompted betwixt us, and you being sa well acquainted, that of courtesie ye will bestow on us that your halk, and send her heir to us with this bearer our servant, qwhom we have anis earend directed to bring and carry her tentilie. Q'in as he shall report our hartie and special thankis, sa shall ze find us reddy to requite your courtesie and good will, na less pleasure in any ye like gates as occasion shall put. Thus resteng persnadit of your presenteing us heir anent, we commit you in God's protection.

Sic subscribitur.

JAMES R.”

COUNTRY COURTSHIP IN SCOTLAND.

In no other country is the great and engrossing business of courtship conducted in so romantic a manner as among the rural swains of Scotland. Excepting among the higher classes, who have time entirely at their own disposal, night is the season in which rural “lovers breathe their vows,” and in which their rural sweethearts “hear them.” Let the night be “ne'er sae wild,” and the swain “ne'er sae weary,”

if he has the engagement upon his hands, he will perform it at all hazards; he will climb mountains, leap burns, or wade rivers, not only with indifference, but enthusiasm; and, wrapped in his plaid, he will set at nought the fury of the elements, the wrath of rivals, and the attacks of the midnight robber.

Many instances have been known of young men, who toiled all day at the plough, the harrows, or the scythe, walking fifteen miles to see their sweethearts, after the hour of nine in the evening, and returning in time for their work on the ensuing morn. And this, be it observed, was not done once or twice, but repeatedly,—week after week, for several months. Twenty miles of a journey, upon an errand of such a nature, is regarded as a trifle, by many a young farmer who has a spare horse to carry him.

A COSTLY VOTE.

Mr Campbell, the member of Parliament for Glasgow, having given his vote for the malt-tax being extended to Scotland (1725), and this tax being exceedingly disagreeable, it occasioned a riot among the lower class of people, who, assembling tumultuously, destroyed the furniture of Mr Campbell's house, and maltreated some excisemen, who attempted to take an account of the malt.

General Wade, who commanded the forces in Scotland, had sent two companies of soldiers, under the command of Captain Bushell, to prevent any disturbance of this kind. He drew up his men in the street, where they were pelted with stones by the multitude, which he endeavoured to disperse by firing among them without shot; this expedient failing, he ordered his men to load their pieces with ball, and (at a time when the magistrates were advancing towards him in a body, to assist him with their advice and influence) he

commanded the soldiers to fire from different ways, without the sanction of the civil authority. About twenty persons were killed or wounded upon this occasion; the people, seeing so many victims fall, were exasperated beyond any sense of danger; they began to procure arms, and breathed nothing but defiance and revenge. Bushell thought proper to retreat to the castle of Dumbarton, and was pursued above five miles by the enraged multitude.

General Wade, being informed of this transaction, assembled a body of forces, and being accompanied by Duncan Forbes, lord advocate, took possession of the town; the magistrates were apprehended, and conveyed prisoners to Edinburgh, where the lords of justiciary, having taken cognisance of the affair, declared them innocent; so they were immediately discharged.

Bushell was tried for murder, convicted, and condemned; but, instead of undergoing the penalties of the law, he was promoted in the service.

Mr Campbell having petitioned the House of Commons that he might be indemnified for the damage he had sustained from the rioters, a bill was passed in his favour. These damages, with other expenses incurred by the town in this affair, cost the community £9000 sterling.—*Gibson*.

ROBIN HOOD PLAYS.

Among the favourite sports of the commonalty of Scotland in the sixteenth century was the game of Robin Hood, which was conducted under the sanction of high official authority. It appears, from the Act of the Scottish Parliament, which was passed in 1555, for the purpose of suppressing the popular amusements, that in each burgh it was customary for the magistrates to elect a Robin Hood.

“And gif ȝif ory Provost, Baillies,

Council, and Communitie chuse sik ane personage as ROBERT HUDE, LITTLE JOHN, ABBOTIS of UNREASON, or QUEENS of MAY, the chusers of sik sall tane their freidome for the space of five yeires.”

Great popular discontent was excited, especially in Edinburgh, by these attempts to curtail the amusements of the people, and the magistrates were sometimes unable to enforce the provisions of the Act. In the year 1561, according to Arnot, the mob were so enraged at being disappointed in making a *Robin Hood*, that they rose in mutiny, and seized on the city gates; and, so late as the year 1592, we find the General Assembly complaining of the profanation of the Sabbath by making of *Robin Hood plays*.—*Aytoun*.

SCOTT AND JOHNSON.

Sir Walter Scott resembled every man of true greatness of mind, in his deep respect for the illustrious Johnson. This is apparent throughout all his prose works, in which he never misses an opportunity of introducing a quotation from the “great moralist.” Being one day in company when the various merits of Johnson’s imitators were discussed—

“Ay, ay,” said he, “many of them produce his report, but which of them carries his bullet?” This is one of the most beautiful testimonies that one great mind ever bore to the greatness of another; and the metaphor in which it is conveyed is, in addition, singularly appropriate to the forcible character of Johnson’s writings. Sir Walter was often heard to express his admiration of Johnson; and, on one occasion, in the presence of several persons, he took out a volume of his works, and read “The Vanity of Human Wishes” in a tone which showed how deeply he felt the beauties and acquiesced in the truths of that fine moral poem.

THE WEAVER'S TREE.

Mr Hall going to dine with the good old minister of Fordyce, found him in rather bad humour with his wife. The clergyman, who was well informed, and particularly fond of natural history, had tried several experiments, and found that, if a little salt is put about the root of any plant, it does good; but if above a certain proportion, it always does harm. His wife had seen him, summer after summer, in his garden, trying experiments of this kind with cabbages, gooseberry-bushes, trees, &c., and was satisfied of the truth of it. Being fond of planting, and having a large glebe attached to his living, he planted a variety of trees, several of which, when they grew up and began to spread, obscured much a weaver's windows, and prevented him from seeing so early and late as he otherwise would have done, being planted on the side of the fence which divided the glebe from his property. The weaver often complained to the clergyman that one of these trees particularly obscured his light, and over-shaded his house; and also, that several of them considerably injured his garden; begging that he would either cut them down, or, upon being paid their value, lop off some of their branches. The clergyman, as did all the neighbours, saw the injury that these trees did the weaver; however, he was so madly fond of trees, and of these in particular, as he had planted, pruned, and trained them, that he could not be prevailed on to cut them down; and he several times hinted to the weaver, that if he, or any other, injured them, he would have them punished as the law directs. As the roots of these trees came through, below the wall, into the weaver's garden, he frequently cut them; however, this did not prevent the trees from growing. At length the parson's wife, to whom the weaver had often complained, whispered to him—

“As it is the spring, and you are digging your garden, find out some stems of the root of the tree most inconvenient which comes under the wall into your garden, and put a plateful or two of salt about them, on your side of the wall, and the tree will decay; but do not tell the minister or anybody.”

The weaver did so, and also poured plenty of salt-brine, in the night-time, all about the tree; and about May, when the other trees began to bud, the tree before the weaver's window, though the parson could see nothing wrong about it, did not put forth any leaves, nor even when June arrived. As the poor weaver had more than once cursed the tree, even in the parson's hearing, and wished that the devil would take it, since no other would, the people, and even the minister's wife, began to hint that the weaver's curse had lighted upon it. The parson smiled, and said, “It is only a blight—it may do well enough next season.” The weaver's tree, as it was called, continued naked and brown all summer, and was sometimes, on Sunday, more attended to than the parson's preaching. At length, next spring and summer, with a third and fourth, having arrived, and no leaves appearing, the parson cut it down. His wife then told him what she had done; and it was this circumstance, it seems, that made him, though he sometimes smiled, a little angry with her.

THE JEDWOOD AXE.

“Of a truth,” says Froissart, “the Scottish cannot boast great skill with the bow, but rather bear axes, with which, in time of need, they give heavy strokes. The Jedwood axe was a sort of partizan, used by horsemen, as appears from the arms of Jedburgh, which bear a cavalier mounted, and armed with this weapon. It is also called a Jedwood or Jeddart staff.”

BOOK AUCTIONS.

Since our arrival in town, I had read all that could be read for nothing at the booksellers' windows, and at the stalls which were stuck about the College and High School Wynds. I had also become a great frequenter of the evening book auctions. The principal were Carfrae's in Drummond Street, and that of Peter Cairns' in the Agency Office, opposite the University. At present, book auctions are only during the day; then, they took place in the evening, and were a favourite resort. The sales were indicated by a lantern, with panes of white calico at the door, on which was inscribed "Auction of Books." My attendance, punctual on the hanging out of the lantern, was a new and delightful recreation. The facetiæ of the auctioneers, their observations on books and authors, and the competitions in the biddings, were all interesting to a lad fresh from the country. Carfrae's was the more genteel and dignified; Cairns' was the more amusing of these lounges, wherefore it suited best for those who went for fun, and not for buying, on which account it chiefly secured my patronage.

Peter was a dry humorist, somewhat saturnine from business misadventures. Professedly, he was a bookseller in South College Street, and exhibited over his door a huge sham copy of Virgil by way of sign. His chief trade, however, was the auctioning of books and stationery at the Agency Office; a place with a strong smell of new furniture, amidst which it was necessary to pass before arriving at the saloon in the rear where the auctions were habitually held. Warm, well lighted, and comfortably fitted up with seats within a railed enclosure environing the books to be disposed of, this place of evening resort was as good as a reading-room. It was, indeed, rather better, for there

was a constant fund of amusement in Peter's caustic jocularities—as when he begged to remind his audience that this was a place for selling, not for reading books—sarcasms which always provoked a round of ironical applause. His favourite author was Goldsmith, an edition of whose works he had published, which pretty frequently figured in his catalogue. On coming to these works, he always referred to them with profound respect; as, for example: "The next in the catalogue, gentlemen, is the works of Oliver Goldsmith, the greatest writer that ever lived, except Shakspeare; what do you say for it?—I'll put it up at ten shillings." Some one would perhaps audaciously bid twopence, which threw him into a rage, and he would indignantly call out, "Tippence, man; keep that for the *brode*," meaning the plate at the church-door. If the same person dared to repeat the insult with regard to some other work, Peter would say, "Dear me, has that poor man not yet got quit of his tippence?" which turned the laugh, and effectually silenced him all the rest of the evening. Peter's temper was apt to get ruffled when biddings temporarily ceased. He then declared that he might as well try to auction books in the poorhouse. On such occasions, driven to desperation, he would try the audience with a bunch of quills, a dozen black-lead pencils, or a "quare" of Bath-post, vengefully knocking which down at the price bidden for them, he would shout to "Wully," the clerk, to look after the money. Never minding Peter's querulous observations further than to join in the general laugh, I, like a number of other penniless youths, got some good snatches of reading at the auctions in the Agency Office. I there saw and handled books which I had never before heard of, and in this manner obtained a kind of notion of bibliography. My brother, who, like myself, became a

frequenter of the Agency Office, relished Peter highly, and has touched him off in one of his essays.—*W. Chambers.*

ESCAPE FROM A BARBAROUS SENTENCE.

Lord Seaton was taken prisoner and sent to the Tower of London, along with Lords Balmerino and Kilmarnock, and others. After a long trial he was brought up for judgment before the House of Peers, who, on the 19th March 1715-16, pronounced the following sentence:—

“That you return to the Tower from whence you came, and from thence you must be drawn to the place of execution. When you come there you must be hanged by the neck, but not till you are dead, for you must be cut down alive; then your bowels must be taken out and burnt before your face; then your head must be severed from your body, your body divided into four quarters, and these must be at the king's disposal.”

Such was the awful sentence pronounced on Seaton, who, while awaiting the period of its execution, did not appear to have lost his strength and presence of mind, or his mechanical powers; for he set to work and with great nonchalance deliberately sawed through the bars of the window, through which he made his escape.

A JACOBITE BETRAYED.

The estate of Terpersie or Dalpersie, in the united parishes of Tullynessle and Forbes, which, some time after the rebellion of 1745, was added to the Knockespoek property, had previously belonged to a cadet of the house of Gordon, who was engaged in that outbreak on the side of the Pretender, and

after the battle of Culloden, concealed himself for a considerable period among the hills beside his mansion. At last, venturing to sleep for one night in his own house, he was apprehended there by a party of the King's soldiers who had received information of the circumstance. There being some doubt as to his identity, the soldiers carried him before the minister of the parish, but not being satisfied on the point, they next conveyed him to a farm-house, rented by their prisoner, on the opposite side of the hills, where his wife and family then resided, when his children on seeing him approach, came running towards him, exclaiming, “Daddy! Daddy!” and thus were the unconscious instruments of betraying their father to the government.

SEMPLER OF BELTREES AND CROMWELL'S CAPTAIN.

When Cromwell's forces were garrisoned in Glasgow, the city was put under severe martial law, which, among other enactments, ordained “That every person or persons coming into the city must send a particular account of themselves, and whatever they may bring with them, unto the commander of the forces in that place, under the penalty of imprisonment and confiscation, both of the offender's goods and whatever chattels are in the house or houses wherein the offender or offenders may be lodged,” &c.

Francis Semple and his lady (a daughter of Campbell of Ardkinglas) set out on a journey to Glasgow, accompanied by a man-servant, sometime in 1651, or a little after that, to visit his aunt, an old maiden lady, his father's sister, who had a jointure of him, which he paid by half-yearly instalments, When he came to his aunt's house, which was on the High Street, at the bell of

the brae, now known by the name of "The Duke of Montrose's Lodgings," or "Barrell's Ha'," his aunt told him that she must send an account of his arrival to the captain of Cromwell's forces, otherwise the soldiers would come and poind her moveables.

Francis replied, "Never you mind that; let them come, and I'll speak to them."

"Na, na," quoth his aunt, "I maun send an account o' your coming here."

"Gie me a bit of paper," says Francis, "and I'll write it mysel'."

Then taking the pen, he wrote as follows:—

"Lo doon near by the city temple,
There is ane lodged wi' auntie Semple,
Francis Semple of Beltrees,
His consort also, if you please;
There's twa o's horse, and ane o's men,
That's quarter'd down wi' Allan Glen.
Thir lines I send to you, for fear
O' poindin' auld auntie's gear,
Whilk never ane before durst stear,
It stinks for staleness I dare swear.

Glasgow. (Signed) FRANCIS SEMPLE.

Directed "To the commander of the Guard in Glasgow."

When the captain received the letter, he could not understand it on account of its being written in the Scottish dialect. He considered it as an insult put upon him, and like a man beside himself with rage, he exclaimed:

"If I had the scoundrel who has had the audacity to send me such an insulting, infamous, and impudent libel, I would make the villanous rascal suffer for his temerity."

He then ordered a party of his men to go and apprehend a Francis Semple, who was lodged with a woman the name of Semple, near the High Church and carry him to the provost. Mr Semple was accordingly brought before the provost, and his accuser appeared with the insulting, infamous, and impudent libel against him. It was read; but it was impossible for the provost to retain his gravity during

the perusal; nay, the captain himself after hearing an English translation of the epistle, could not resist joining in the laugh. From that moment he and Beltrees became intimate friends, and he often declared that he considered Semple to be one of the cleverest gentlemen in Scotland. On no account would the captain part with Beltrees during his residence in Glasgow. The time, therefore, that Francis intended to have past with the old lady his aunt, was hungrily spent with the captain and the other officers of Cromwell's forces, who kept him in Glasgow two weeks longer than he otherwise would have stayed.

LANDLORD'S PERQUISITES.

Formerly, in the Highlands, besides the ordinary rent paid to his master, if a cow brought forth two calves at a time, which indeed is extraordinary, or an ewe two lambs, which is frequent, the tenant paid to the master one of the cows or lambs; and the master, on his part was obliged, if any of his tenant's wives bore twins, to take one of them, and breed him in his own family. I have known a gentleman who had sixteen of these twins in his family at a time.—*Martin*.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF ELFLAND.

The Queen of Elfland was a kind of feudatory sovereign under the Satanic power, to whom she was obliged to pay "kave" or tithes in kind; and, as her own natural subjects strongly objected to that transference of their allegiance, the quota was usually made up in children who had been stolen away before they received the rite of baptism. This belief was at one time universal throughout Scotland; and charms were commonly used to defend houses against the inroads of the fairies before the

arrival of the priest. Baptism, however, did not always act as a sufficient preventative. It is difficult to understand what limits were assigned to the power of the Queen of Elfland; for, besides Thomas the Rhymer, she was supposed to have carried away no less a personage than James IV. from the field of Flodden, and to have detained him in her enchanted country.

There was also a King of Elfland; but, from all accounts volunteered by, or extorted from, the witches (of which many are preserved in the Justiciary and Presbytery records), he appears to have been a placable, luxurious, and indolent sort of personage; a complete *Roi Fainé* ant, who intrusted the whole business of his realm, including the recruiting department, to the charge of his spouse. We have a slight glimpse of both of their Majesties in the Confession of Isobel Gowdie, in Aulderne, a parish in the shire of Nairn, who was indited for witchcraft in 1662. She said—"I was in Downie-hills, and got meat there from the Queen of Faerie, more than I could eat. The Queen of Faerie is brawly clothed in white linens, and in white and brown clothes, &c.; and the King of Faerie is a braw man, well-favoured, and broad-faced, &c. There was elf-bulls rowting and skoyling up and down there, and affrighted me."—*Aytoun.*

A VERY PROPER BARGAIN.

A physician, who was also a member of the kirk-session, one day admonished the sexton on account of his intemperate habits, and threatened, if he did not mend his ways, that he would consider it his duty to expose him.

"Ah! doctor," said the gravedigger, with a roguish smile, "I've happit down mony o' your fauts, as ye ken; an' the least ye can do, is just to hide mine's *tae.*"

THE "BLACK-WATCH" IN AMERICA.

In 1756, when the 42d Regiment was sent out to America, and landed at New York, they were caressed by all sorts of men, particularly the Indians. On their march to Albany, the Indians flocked from all quarters to see the strangers, whom they believed to be of the same extraction with themselves; and, therefore, they received them as brothers.

THE HAMILTON CREST.

The story told by Boece, Lesly, Buchanan, and others, of the first Hamilton who settled in Scotland, having been obliged to flee from the court of Edward the Second in 1323, for slaying John Despencer, goes on to state that having been closely pursued in his flight, Hamilton and his servant changed clothes with two wood-cutters, and taking the saws of the workmen, they were in the act of cutting an oak-tree when his pursuers passed. Perceiving his servant to notice them, Sir Gilbert cried out to him, "Through," which word, with the oak-tree and saw through it, he took for his crest.

POWERFUL RETRIBUTION.

About the year 1634, a young boy in Orkney, called William Garioch, had some acres of land, and some cattle, &c., left him by his father deceased. He being young, was kept by his uncle, who had a great desire to obtain the land, &c., belonging to his nephew; who, being kept short, stole a setten of barley, which is about twenty-eight pound weight, from his uncle; for which he pursued the youth, who was then eighteen years of age, before the sheriff. The theft being proved, the young man received sentence of death;

but going up the ladder to be hanged, he prayed earnestly that God would inflict some visible judgment on his uncle, who out of covetousness had procured his death. The uncle happened after this to be walking in the churchyard of Kirkwall, and as he stood upon the young man's grave, the bishop's dog ran at him all of a sudden, and tore out his throat; and so he became a monument of God's wrath against such covetous wretches. This account was given to Mr Wallace, minister there, by several that were witnesses of the fact.—*Martin*.

SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT COWS.

The Highlanders have a belief, that when the cows belonging to one person do of a sudden become very irregular, and run up and down the fields, and make a loud noise, without any visible cause, it is a presage of the master's or mistress's death. James Macdonald, of Capstil, having been killed at the battle of Killiecrankie, it was observed that night, that his cows gave blood instead of milk; his family and other neighbours concluded this was a bad omen. The minister of the place, and the mistress of the cows, together with several others, assured me of the truth of this.—*Martin*.

SCOTT AND CRITICISM.

Scott said, that when his first two or three works were published he felt exceedingly anxious to see the reviews, and hear how the world received him; but after that his curiosity or vanity died so much away that he never made the least attempt to see a review, and often never heard or saw a word that was said upon the subject.

He had sent a copy of his first publication to a lady of Jedburgh, the wife

of his friend Mr Robert Shortreed, who accompanied him on his tour among the Liddisdale farmers. On his next seeing her he asked, with the solicitude of a young author, how she liked his *William and Helen*. She plainly answered—"Not very much;" upon which he took up the little volume, and requested permission to read it aloud to her, in order that the composition might receive all possible advantage from his knowledge of the emphasis due to various passages. After he had done, he was somewhat provoked to find that the good lady's opinion was quite unaltered. It is somewhat curious thus to view the champion of a hundred fields in his first stage as a warrior, and anxious, as we may say, about what people thought of his way of tying on his sash.

"FOUL" FEATHERS.

The Laird of Garscadden and a friend happened one day, after a keen day's sport, to visit unexpectedly the residence of a Water-of-Endrick farmer. The sportsmen were very cordially received by the family, and, among other apologies, the landlord regretted that dinner was over, as he had just finished some excellent chickens.

"Mak nae apologies, George," said Garscadden; "I weel believe what you say, for I see the feathers (alluding to some spots of peas brose) still on your breast."

NO HIDING THE HORNS.

"Busk, busk, busk him," said an indignant clergyman, on observing the measure of James VI., "as bounnily as you can; bring him in as fairly as you will; we see him well enough, we see the *horns* of his *mitre*." So it turned out, for Episcopacy was set up by the court.

CASTING DIVOTS.

When Dr Johnson was travelling in the Highlands of Scotland, he came up to a peasant who was employed in paring turf to cover his hut—in other words, *casting divots*.

“Pray, sir,” cried the lexicographer, “can you point out the way to the most contiguous village, for we are dreadfully fatigued, having deviated from our road these two hours?”

“Tired wi’ *divotting* two hours!” replied the rustic, with scornful surprise; “I have been divoting since four o’clock this morning, and must do so as lang as I can see, tired or no.”

A “BROWSTER-WIFE” CAUTIONED.

1647, March 28. That day it is statute and actit that if Christian Law, brewster, shall be convict hereafter in absenting herself fra the Kirk on the Sabbath day, and in selling drink thereon in tyme of preaching or otherwise imoderatlie before or after preaching; and in masking drink any tyme that day; and in intertenying, and holding in her house of any scandalous drunken lowns, that she stand at the Tron on a Saturday, or any mercat day betwixt 10 and 12 hours before noon with a paper on her browe shawing her notorious scandal, to the example of others (referring the execution to the magistrates); and thereafter y^e she shall make her publick repentance on the Sabbath before noon in face of the hail congregation before the pulpit.—*Kirk Session Records*.

SCOTT AS A HORSEMAN.

Sir Walter used to narrate a curious trait of his own personal character. He had once ridden in a chase, alongside of Mr Archibald Park (brother of the celebrated traveller), when that person,

observing his fearless deportment in riding (which in Sir Walter’s young days was very remarkable), said to him—

“Od, ye’ll never halt till ye get a fa’ that’ll send ye hame wi’ yer feet fore most!”

Sir Walter replied, that when he got upon horseback he felt himself quite changed, entering as it were upon another sort of existence, and having no power of restraint over himself. After this, who can wonder at his glowing descriptions of knights and war-horses?

A TRUE PATRIOT.

About the end of August 1786, one Roderick Mackinnon, aged 97 years, was drowned at the fishing, betwixt the islands of Skye and Uist. It is remarkable that in the year 1746, this same man fell overboard, near the place where he ended his days, while he was piloting the pretender; and being with difficulty brought to life, and congratulated by his friends on his escape, he replied in Gaelic—

“What signifies my life? I had rather that I and 10,000 more had died, if my prince had gained his end.”

This same Mackinnon is taken notice of by Voltaire.—*Scots Mag.*

DEATH OF THE EARL OF ARGYLE.

The day of his execution (June 30th. 1685), his lordship dined with grave and becoming cheerfulness; and being used to sleep a little after meat, he retired to the closet, and laid himself down, and for about a quarter of an hour slept as sweetly and pleasantly as ever. Meanwhile an officer of state came and inquired for him. His friends told him that his lordship as usual was taking a nap after dinner, and desired that he

might not be disturbed. When he saw the earl in that posture, he was so impressed, that he hastened to the castle, to a relation in the Castlehill, and throwing himself on a bed, discovered great distress of mind; and, when asked the cause of all his trouble, said—"I have been at Argyle, and saw him sleep as pleasantly as ever a man did, and he is now within an hour of eternity: but as for me," &c.

His lordship, when he came to the scaffold, delivered a very judicious and pious discourse to the spectators; after which, having taken leave of his friends, he at last kneeled down, and embracing the "maiden," said—

"This is the sweetest maiden I ever kissed, it being the mean to finish my sin and misery, and my inlet to glory, for which I long:" then he prayed a little within himself, thrice uttering these words—"Lord Jesus, receive me into thy glory!" and lifting up his hand, which was the signal, the executioner did his work.

Thus died the noble Earl of Argyle, a martyr, not only to the Protestant religion, but also bearing his last testimony against prelacy as well as popery. His too great compliances with the managers, previous to the affairs of the test, lay heavy upon him to the last; but nothing grieved him so much as the unhappy vote he gave against Cargill.

EXECUTION OF MACCAIL.

Under the administration of Archbishop Sharpe and his associates executions became so frequent, that an order arrived from court to prevent the judicial effusion of blood. It was withheld from council by the two archbishops till the execution of Maccail, a young preacher, whom they had tortured in order to extort a confession of his associates. The common instruments of torture were boots of iron, within

which the leg was compressed with wedges. But Maccail endured the torture till his leg was crushed and broken; and expired in ecstasy on the scaffold, exclaiming with a sublime enthusiasm—

"Farewell, thou sun and moon! the world and all its delights, farewell! welcome God, my father! welcome Christ, my redeemer! welcome glory and eternal life! welcome death!"

At these rapturous exclamations, uttered in a voice and manner peculiarly impressive, every eye was suffused with tears.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S CHARITY.

A Methodist congregation at Kelso, when some repairs were about to be made upon their chapel, sent some of their number about through the country to get subscriptions for the undertaking. An old widow brought a subscription paper to Sir Walter Scott. He read only the preamble and the conclusion, which bore—"and your petitioners shall ever pray;" and returned the paper to the woman with a guinea, saying only—

"Well, well, my good lady, here is something for you, as I am very anxious to have the prayers of the righteous."

So *facile* was he in contributing to charitable purposes, that a Burgher congregation, about to set up a meeting-house in opposition to a country minister, who was not giving satisfaction, applied to him for a subscription towards the building. He said—

"Really, I am not very favourable to such things as this, and think I shall not subscribe."

To which the applicant made answer—

"Come, come, now, Sir Walter; ye ken ye subscribe to mony a thing ye care as little for as this, and ye maunna begin and mak step-bairns o' hus!"

"Well, well," said the good-natured author, "here's a guinea for you."

Out of all the numerous applications made to him for charity, he was hardly ever known to refuse one; and indeed, it is acknowledged by all who knew him that he squandered a great deal of money every year in this way.

POOR CONSOLATION.

In the neighbourhood of Perth, a poor man, while hard at work in his garden, was visited by his wife, on her return from town, where she had been enjoying herself with some gossips.

"Weel, William, are ye diggin'?" said the gadding good wife.

"Ou, ay, Meg," responded the thrifty good man.

"I hae been in Perth the day; and ye dinna ken what's befa'n me?"

"Na," said William, resting himself on his spade.

"Weel," rejoined his helpmate, "I hae lost a note. But dinna be angry; rather be thankfu' that we had ane to lose."

SCOTLAND YARD.

The tradition respecting the origin of the name of this place, now the head quarters of the London metropolitan police, and which is situated between Charing Cross and Westminster Bridge, is, that here the ancient kings of Scotland resided, when on a visit to the English court, to do homage for their possessions in England, or to honour the kings of England by their presence at the coronation. An allowance of one hundred shillings, of five pounds troy weight of silver a-day, was given to defray their expenses, from the time they entered England to the time they left it, besides bread, wine, and other necessaries.

DEARTH IN GLASGOW.

1563. "There was a grit dearth approaching to a famine; ye bow o quheit gave sax pundis; ye bow of beir sax merks and ane half; ye bow of meill four merks; ye bow of aits fifty shillings; an ox to draw in the pleuche twenty merks; a wodder thretty shillings; so yat all things appertaining to the sustentatione of man, in tripel and more exceedit yair accustomed pryces."

—Gibson.

FOOT-BALL ON THE BORDERS.

Foot-ball was anciently a very favourite sport all through Scotland, but especially on the Borders. Sir John Carmichael, of Carmichael, warden of the middle marches, was killed in 1600 by a band of the Armstrongs, returning from a foot-ball match. Sir Robert Carey, in his *Memoirs*, mentions a great meeting appointed by the Scottish riders to be held at Kelso, for the purpose of playing at foot-ball, but which terminated in an incursion upon England. At present the foot-ball is often played by the inhabitants of adjacent parishes, or of the opposite banks of a stream. The victory is contested with the utmost fury, and very serious accidents have sometimes taken place in the struggle.

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN OLD SCOTTISH.

Uor fader quhilck beest i Hevin.
 Hallowit weird thyne nam.
 Cum thyne kinrik.
 Be dune thyne wull as is i Hevin, sva
 po yerl.
 Uor dailie breid gif us thilk day.
 And forleit us uor skaths, as we for-
 leit tham quha skath us.
 And leed us na intil temtation.
 Butan fre us fra evil. Amen.
 Pinkerton.

A BOLD "VAIGER."

1657, May 26. "Thomas Trumble, being delated by the visitors for vaiging (wandering) on the Sabbath after sermons, and for his cursing and boasting speeches uttered against them, viz., being askit by them where he was going, answerit, "Fend a bit he wald tell;" and being desirit by them to go home, answerit, "Fend a bit;" and being reproved by them for his cursing, answerit, "Ye and the lyke of ye has the wyte of so much sin." The session appoint to cite y^e said Thomas Trumble."
—*Kirk Session Records.*

SCOTT AS A PUNSTER.

Like his counterpart Shakspeare, Sir Walter Scott was much given to punning. Among a thousand instances of this propensity in the latter, we record one. A friend borrowing a book one day, Sir Walter put it into his hands, with these words—

"Now, I consider it necessary to remind you that this volume should be soon returned, for, trust me, I find that although many of my friends are bad arithmeticians, almost all of them are good *book-keepers.*"

MASONIC FORESIGHT.

Before his death, Mr Hume had written his last will, in which, beside other appointments, he allotted a certain sum for building his tomb, which he ordered to be erected in the Calton Burying-ground, which is situated on a pretty high hill, almost within the city of Edinburgh. Like himself, his tomb is built of massy but unadorned stones, with this simple inscription—

DAVID HUME, ESQ.

After the tomb was finished, one sum-

mer day I was sauntering on the Calton Hill, in company with the late well-known Dr Gilbert Stuart, and Dr John Brown, author of what is called the *Brownonian System of Physic.* Dr Brown, who was a man of rough and coarse manners, observed to a mason who was hewing a pavement stone—

"Friend," said he, "this is a strong and massy building; but how do you think the honest gentleman can get out at the resurrection?"

The mason archly replied: "Sir, I have secured that point; for I have put the key under the door."—*Smellie.*

DR WEBSTER.

There never, perhaps, was a man of higher convivial powers than Dr Webster, formerly (1707-1784) one of the ministers of Edinburgh. He, in the first place, could enjoy a plenteous and substantial dinner. Then, he could drink three, or even four, bottles of wine at a sitting, without injury to his constitution, or even to his senses, for the time. Lastly, his conversation, on all festive occasions, was a treat of the highest kind. In his time, the magistrates of Edinburgh used to hold frequent festivals in the Star and Garter Tavern, Writers' Court (the celebrated "Clirehugh's;") and at all their meetings, they made it their endeavour to have Dr Webster. He was thus led oftener into company than the decency of his cloth could warrant; yet he was, withal, so worthy a man, and so eloquent a preacher, that it would have been a heinous fault indeed which was not forgiven him, both by his flock and by society at large. What rendered this the more remarkable was, that he not only stood high in the ranks of the orthodox or rigid party of the Scottish clergy, but was the pastor of a flock which had long been noted for its high-flying doctrinal belief, as well as for the

strictness of its moral conduct. He was the minister of Tolbooth Kirk; and his congregation was commonly stiled the Tolbooth Whigs, on account of their resemblance to the Covenanters of the seventeenth century. Frequent as were his indulgences, and stern as was his flock, Dr Webster lived and died respected, and almost venerated, by them. There seemed actually to be a conspiracy among the citizens of Edinburgh to wink at the failings of this popular clergyman. Sometimes, when he was observed walking through the streets of the city, at two or three o'clock in the morning, the people would only observe—

“Ah, there's Dr Webster, honest man! He's been ta'en out o' his warm bed, I'se warrant, at this untimous hour o' nicht, to see some puir body. Worthy man!—zealous Christian!—*he* doesna weary in weel-doing, I trow. It maun be sair on the puir man's health this nicht wark; but it will a' tell to his ain guid in the end o' the day.”

On one particular occasion, when, rather later and a little more intoxicated than usual, he was stepping softly along the pavement, a friend who met him could not help remarking—

“Ah! doctor, doctor, what wad the Tolbooth Whigs say if they saw ye just now?”

“Deed,” answered the doctor, with his wonted readiness of reply, “they just wadna believe their ain een;” that is to say, they were so prejudiced in his favour, that they would not trust the evidence even of their own senses to condemn him.

The history of Dr Webster's marriage is romantic. When a young and unknown man, he was employed by a friend to act as go-between, or, as it is termed in Scotland, “black-foot,” in a correspondence which he was carrying on with a young lady of great beauty and accomplishments. Webster had not

acted long in that character till the young lady, who had never entertained any affection for his constituent, fell deeply in love with himself. Her birth and expectations were better than his; and however much he might have been disposed to address her on his own behalf, he never could have thought of such a thing, so long as there was such a difference between their circumstances. The lady saw his difficulty, and resolved to overcome it, although at the expense of her own delicacy. At one of these interviews, when he was exerting all his eloquence in favour of his friend, she plainly told him that he would probably come far better speed if he were to speak for himself. He took the hint, and, in a word, was soon after married to her. He wrote upon the occasion an amorous lyric, which exhibits in warm colours the *eratic* of a humble lover for the favour of a mistress of superior station. There is one particularly impassioned verse, in which, after describing a process of the imagination, by which, in gazing upon her, he comes to think her a creature of more than mortal nature, he says, that at length, unable to contain himself, he clasps her to his bosom, and,

“Kissing her lips, she turns woman again;”

one of the finest amatory ideas ever committed to song.

As may be easily supposed, Mrs Webster was not by any means disposed, like the rest of the world, to regard her husband's convivial propensities with indulgence. On the contrary, she endeavoured, by all possible means, to prevent him from remaining abroad too late at night; never permitting him to get home on any of these occasions without questioning him very closely as to the where, the where-withal, and the wherefore, he had been thus besotting himself. It is well known, that if wives *will* ask impertinent questions of that kind, husbands

will tell lies, to avoid the wrath which they know must fall upon them in case of their divulging the truth. It was a frequent custom of the doctor to answer, that he had "just been down calling for Dr Erskine [a brother clergyman], and the doctor had insisted upon him staying to supper."

Dr Erskine, who was a clergyman of great worth, but withal not averse to a joke, happened eventually to learn that his friend Webster was in the habit of making him his stalking-horse in this manner; and he resolved to expose the defaulter, in a good-humoured way, to his much-deceived wife. One night, therefore, when Dr Webster was actually in his house, in an accidental way, he made an excuse to retire, and, leaving Webster to sup with Mrs Erskine, went up to the Castle-hill to call for Mrs Webster. Dropping in, as if nothing unusual was in the wind, he consented to remain with Mrs Webster to supper; and thus the two clergymen mutually supped with each other's wife, and in each other's house, neither of the said wives being aware of the fact, and Webster equally ignorant of the plot laid against his character for veracity. Long before Webster's usual hour for retiring, Dr Erskine took leave of Mrs Webster, and returned to his own house, where he found the reverend object of the hoax as yet only as it were pushing off from the shore of sobriety. When his time was come, Webster went home, and being interrogated as usual—

"Why," answered he, now at least speaking the truth, "I've just been down at Dr Erskine's."

Let the reader conceive the torrent of indignant reproof, which, after having been restrained on a thousand occasions when it was deserved, at length burst forth upon the head of the unfortunate, and for once innocent, doctor. The violence and copiousness of the torrent was such, that for some time the intellects of its devoted object were fairly

swept away and buried beneath the inundation. When it had at length subsided, and left some points of dry land above the flood, the doctor discovered the hoax which had been played off upon him; and the whole affair was explained satisfactorily to both parties next day by Dr Erskine's confession. But Mrs Webster declared, that, from that time forth, for the security of both parties from such deceptions, she conceived it would be as well, when Dr Webster happened to be supping with Dr Erskine, that he should bring home with him a written affidavit, under the hand of the said Dr Erskine, testifying the fact.

SCOTT'S SUPERSTITION.

Sir Walter Scott, who hardly ever spoke slightly of superstitious beliefs, related the following circumstance:—

When Abbotsford was built the furniture was procured from London and some of the upholsterer's men were sent to put it up, and arrange it in the house. The night after all was put to rights, Sir Walter, and indeed the whole household, heard noises among the furniture in a distant part of the house, as if the workmen had been still engaged in arranging it. A few days after, intelligence was received the upholsterer had died in London.

MENDING TO IMPROVE.

The master of the Grammar School of Aberdeen was once questioned about the progress of one of his pupils, who was rather a dullard than a genius. The dominie replied—

"Oh! he'll improve as he me ds!" which, after all, was merely a paraphrase of daft Davie Gellatly's remark, "He'll mend when he grows better—like sour ale in simmer."

A COMPLIMENT TO AN EARL.

"That's a fine pig ye have there, Janet!" said the Earl of Haddington to a servant of Dr Wallace of Whitekirk, as he was surveying the minister's farm-stock.

"Ou ay, my lord," said Janet, "it's an uncommonly gude beast; an' we ca't Tam, after yer lordship."

SCARCITY OF WOOD.

Wood was scarce in Scotland as early as the time of James II., for in 1457 there was passed an act of parliament, ordering every freeholder to make a park with deer, and to enclose and plant with trees at least one acre; and to make their tenants sow broom, and plant wood at convenient places, under such penalties as the baron or lord of the district might inflict. The repetition of similar enactments in subsequent reigns shows that this act was not much observed, and it was not very likely it should. Penalties and acts of legislature cannot effect what must be done, if done at all, by the zeal for ornament and improvement in the people.

THE TAILOR FLEECE.

A tailor was summoned before the Sheriff Court, charged with having unjustifiably dismissed a servant girl from his service. The defendant pled that the girl was so enormously voracious that he could not keep her in food.

"Will four and sixpence a-week keep her?" inquired the judge.

"No near," replied the defendant.

"Will six shillings do?" questioned the sheriff.

"No, that wadna keep her."

"Now, take care," said the judge, "and answer cautiously. Will seven shillings do?"

"It will tak eight," said the persisting defender.

"Then," said the sheriff, "I decern that you pay eight shillings a-week to the girl till the expiry of her engagement."

The justice of the decree was unquestionable.—*Rogers.*

WANTING A NURSE.

An old bachelor of threescore and ten came one day to Bishop Alexander, of Dunkeld, and said he wished to be married to a girl of the neighbourhood, whom he named. The bishop, a non-juring Scotch Episcopalian of the middle of the last century, and himself an old bachelor, inquired into the motives of this strange proceeding, and soon drew from the old man the awkward apology, that he married to have a nurse. Too knowing to believe such a statement, the good bishop quietly replied—

"See, John, then, that ye mak her ane."

SHUT UP!

A cockney tourist met a young woman going towards Glasgow; and, as is not unusual in Scotland, she carried her boots in her hand, and was trudging along barefoot.

"My girl," said he, "is it customary for all the people in these parts to go barefoot?"

"Pairtly they do," said the girl, "an' pairtly they mind their ain business."

EDOM O' GORDON.

Edom o' Gordon (celebrated in the ballad-poetry of Scotland), as deputy for his brother, the Marquis of Huntly, acted a conspicuous part in the civil

wars which followed the dethronement of Queen Mary. In 1571 he was engaged in several encounters with the Clan Forbes, in one of which Arthur Forbes, commonly called Black Arthur, brother of the chief of the family, was slain. Gordon then, according to Crawford, who narrates the story in his *Memoirs*, "Sent one Captain Ker, with a party of foot, to summon the Castle of Towie in the Queen's name. The owner, Alexander Gordon, was not then at home, and his lady, confiding too much in her sex, not only refused to surrender, but gave Ker very injurious language; upon which, unreasonably transported with fury, he ordered his men to fire the castle, and barbarously burnt the unfortunate gentleman with her whole family, amounting to thirty-seven persons. Nor was he so much as cashiered for this inhuman action, which made Gordon share both in the scandal and the guilt."—*Aytoun*.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S MAXIM.

Lady Scott one day speaking of a person who had been very fortunate in life, seemed to impute a good deal of his success to luck.

"Ah, Mamma!" said Sir Walter (he often addressed his wife familiarly by the term *Mamma*), "you may say as you like; but take my word for it, 'tis skill leads to fortune."

AN UNLUCKY PREACHER.

The Rev. Mr D—— was not very popular with his congregation, but the reason perhaps arose as much from misfortune as fault, as he was a genial humorous gentleman otherwise. He used to tell, with glee, some stories which redounded even to his own discredit. One Sunday, after divine service, as he was returning homewards,

he was accosted by an old woman, who said—

"Oh, sir, weel div I like whan ye preach."

"D'ye, my wife," replied the astonished preacher; "I wat ye're nae like mony ane. And what for do you like whan I preach?"

"Weel, sir," quoth the complimentary wife, "whan ye preach, ye see, I can aye get a guid seat!"

The same gentleman was distantly related to the Earl of A——. Being on a visit at H—— House, soon after obtaining a situation as a teacher in an institution in Aberdeen, he mentioned the circumstance to the Earl, at the same time hinting that he hoped his lordship might perhaps be able to assist him to get a kirk. His noble relative observed, that he "should be satisfied with his appointment in the meantime; and that his present situation, although humble, was always bread to him."

"True," rejoined Mr D——, "but, my lord, it is written, 'Man cannot live by bread alone.'"

"Well, well," said his lordship, humouring the joke, "we must see and try to get some *kitchen* for you."

"THE LAIGHER SAIL."

An honest fisherman in the parish of Nigg happened to be cursed with a termagant of a wife; and frequent and violent quarrels were often the result of her "tantrums." Finding that his wife and he could not "row in the same boat;" that he could not manage her either by hook or by crook; and after in vain attempting to manage her, both by kindness and firmness, he at length resolved to lay his unfortunate case before the minister. He described his wife as being a perfect *pictarnty*; and that her conduct had cost him "mony a saut tear and bonny penny." The minister, after remarking that he be-

lieved his tale, recommended patience and forbearance, observing that his wife was the weaker vessel, and should be treated accordingly.

"Weel, sir, that may be a' true enough," replied the man, "but gin she be the weaker vesshel, she sud carry the laigher sail."

SCOTT'S SIGNBOARD.

When *Marmion* came out it made a considerable noise, and many people went to see Flodden Field. An honest fellow thought it would be a good speculation to set up a public-house upon the spot, for the accommodation of the visitors: and he sent to Sir Walter himself, asking him to write a few lines for a sign he was going to erect, thinking, as his letter said, that anything from the author of the poem itself must necessarily have a good effect. Scott sent him back word, that he was at present a good deal occupied; but begged to suggest, as a next best, a quotation from the book which had occasioned his undertaking, which, remarked Scott, would do very well with a slight alteration—taking out the letter *r*—

"Weary stranger, rest and p[r]ay."

GLASGOW IN MISFORTUNE.

1648. The town of Glasgow about this time was almost destroyed by misfortunes; to the calamities attending civil war and division, were added those of pestilence and famine; the plague had raged for some time in the city and neighbourhood, the crops of corn had failed, the meal was sold at one shilling and ninepence sterling per peck; and to complete their misery, violent fire breaking out in June 1652, had destroyed the greater part of the Saltmarket, Trongate, and High Street. The fronts of the houses were then

mostly of wood, so that they became an easy prey to the violence of the flames; to prevent this in future, the fronts were built of freestone, which abounds in the neighbourhood.—*Gibson*.

LAIRDS versus PRIESTS.

In the *Book of Discipline* laid before parliament in 1561, it is stated: "With the grief of our hearts we hear that some gentlemen are now as cruel over their tenants as ever were the papists, requiring of them the teinds of whatsoever they afore paid to the kirk, so that the papistical tyranny shall only be changed into the tyranny of the lord and laird."

HOW TO ASSIST THE SALE OF UNSALEABLE BOOKS.

Dr Walter Anderson, who wrote many heavy books, and who was compelled to sell his landed property to pay for the printing until his means were entirely exhausted, attempted to terminate his literary career in an extraordinary manner. He published a pamphlet on the French Revolution, which, as usual, did not sell. With a view of drawing public attention to it, he wrote an addition to it, of much greater dimensions than the pamphlet itself. On going to Edinburgh to get it printed, he called upon Principal Robertson, to announce the brilliant idea which had occurred to him.

"Really, doctor," said the principal, after listening to him, "this is the very maddest of all your schemes. What! a small pamphlet is found heavy, and you propose to lighten it by making it ten times heavier! Never was such madness heard of!"

"Why, why, principal," replied the doctor, "did you never see a kite raised by boys?"

"I have," said Robertson.

"Then you must have observed that, when they try to raise the kite by itself, there is no getting it up; but when they tie a long string of papers and a big turf to its tail, up it goes like a laverock!"

The learned principal admitted the truth of the illustration in its application to kites, but succeeded in convincing the doctor that the same principle did not apply to books; and the publication of the proposed pamphlet was reluctantly abandoned by the infatuated author.

HUME CASTLE.

The Castle of Hume, which stands in the parish of the same name, was for ages a noted defence to its neighbourhood during the contentions and wars upon the Borders. The Earls of Home resided in it. Our southern neighbours often besieged it. It was surrendered to the Duke of Somerset in the year 1547, and retaken in 1549. It is said that Oliver Cromwell, when at Haddington, sent a summons to the governor, ordering him to surrender the castle, but that the then governor returned for answer that—

"He, Willie Wastle, stood firm in his castle, and that all the dogs of the town should not drive Willie Wastle down;" and that this is the origin of that play with which the children here often exercise themselves.—*Stat. Ac.*

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

Dr John Erskine of New Greyfriar's Church, Edinburgh, was remarkable for his simplicity of manners, kindly and benevolent disposition, and unaffected humility. The following anecdote is told as an evidence of his good nature:—

For several Sundays he had returned

from church without his pocket handkerchief, and could not account for the loss. His wife, suspecting an elderly poor woman, who constantly occupied a seat on the pulpit stair, *sewed* a handkerchief into her husband's pocket on the following Sunday. On proceeding in his usual manner towards the pulpit, sure enough, on passing the suspected person, he felt a gentle tug from behind. The doctor turned quietly round, and clapping the delinquent kindly on the back, merely remarked, "No the day, honest woman, no the day!"

A DURABLE CAKE.

Lady (then Mrs) Scott had a rich piece of cake, which she presented upon a salver to a glass of wine, and which, not being cut into *nibbleable* pieces, had been long permitted to remain entire, and had been presented and represented times without number to successive visitors, till her husband at length became quite tired of seeing the same piece so often, and one day remarked, when a guest was present—

"Really, Charlotte, this piece of cake of yours is beginning to *make me an auld man!*"

A CLAN BATTLE.

A sanguinary encounter once took place between the Maclaurins of Auchleskin and the Buchanans of Leny, arising out of the following circumstance:—

At the fair of St Kessaig, held at Kilmahog, in the parish of Callander, one of the Buchanans struck a Maclaurin of weak intellect, on the cheek, with a salmon which he was carrying, and knocked off his bonnet. The latter said he would not dare to repeat the blow at next St George's fair at Balquhider. To that fair the Buchanans

went in a strong body, and, on their appearance, the half-witted Maclaurin, who had received the insult, for the first time told what had occurred at Kilmahog. The fiery cross was immediately sent through the clan, and every man able to bear arms hastened to the muster. In their impatience the Maclaurins began the battle, before all their force had collected, and were driven from the field; but one of them, seeing his son cut down, turned furiously upon the Buchanans, shouting the war-cry of his tribe (*Craig Tuire*, "The rock of the boar"), and his clansmen rallying, became fixed with the *miri-cath*, or madness of battle, and rushed after him, fighting desperately. The Buchanans were slain in great numbers, and driven over a small cascade of the Balvaig stream, which still retains the name of *Linan-an-Seicachan*, "The cascade of the dead bodies." Two only escaped from the field, one of whom was slain at Gartna-fuaran, and the other fell at the point which, from him, was ever afterwards known as *Sron Lainie*. Tradition variously fixes this clan battle in the reign of one of the Alexanders—that is, between 1106 and 1286, and in the 16th century.—*The Scottish Nation*.

DREADFUL DEATH OF LORD SOULIS.

The tradition of the country has loaded the memory of one of the Soullis family with many crimes. He is accused of having treacherously decoyed into his castle of Hermitage the chief of the powerful clan of the Armstrongs, under the pretence of hospitality, and of having therein consigned him to the axe. He is also stated to have been a magician, and to have bartered his eternal weal for temporal grandeur. The neighbouring borderers having teased the king with complaints against this op-

pressor, he at length used the hasty expression, "Boil him and sup his broo."* In consequence of this expression, which the petitioners understood literally, they did, it is said, actually boil Soullis upon a spot called the Nine-stone Rig, where nine upright stones (obviously an old Druidical circle) are pointed out as having been the supports of the caldron.

"On a circle of stones they placed the pot,
On a circle of stones but barely nine;
They heated it red and fiery hot,
Till the burnished brass did glimmer and shine.

"They rolled him up in a sheet of lead,
A sheet of lead for a funeral pall;
They plunged him into the caldron red,
And melted him—lead, bones, and all.

"At the Skelf-hill the caldron still
The men of Liddesdale can show;
And on the spot where they boiled the pot
The spreath and the deer-hair ne'er shall grow."

Whether they were as strict in performing the other part of this sentence, viz., *supping his broo*, we have not been able to ascertain.—*Charles Mackie*.

ATTEMPT TO ENLIST HUGH MILLER.

About the middle of the year 1828, Hugh Miller was standing one day at the corner of a street in Inverness, when a Highland recruiting sergeant, struck with the fine physique of the geologist, accosted him, and asked him if he did not belong to the Aird?

"No, not to the Aird, to Cromarty," replied Miller.

"Ah, to Cromarty—a very fine place! But would you not better bid adieu to Cromarty, and come along with me? We have a capital grenadier company; and in our regiment a stout steady man is always sure to get on."

Mr Miller thanked the well-intentioned sergeant for his kindness, but declined the invitation.

AN ECCENTRIC DIVINE.

Doctor William Wilkie, Professor of Natural Philosophy at St Andrews, and author of a poem—*The Epigoniad*—now known only by name, died October 10, 1772, aged 51 years. He was very eccentric, and several instances are narrated of his peculiarities. He suffered so much from ague, that, to keep up a perspiration, he used to lie in bed with no less than two dozen pairs of blankets upon him; and, to avoid all chance of the cold damp, he never slept in clean sheets, either at home or in a friend's house. His walking dress usually consisted of several flannel jackets, waistcoats, and topcoat; and over all a greatcoat and gown, which gave him a very grotesque appearance. Although of parsimonious habits, he had a benevolent disposition, and in his latter years was in the habit of giving away £20 annually in charity. He was at times so very absent, that he would even forget when in the pulpit to take off his hat. Once he forgot to pronounce the blessing after public service, and at another time he dispensed the Sacrament without consecrating the elements. Added to these peculiarities, he indulged in the use of tobacco to an immoderate extent.

LORD JOHN MURRAY.

When the soldiers who were disabled at Ticonderogo, were to appear before the board at Chelsea, in 1758, Lord John Murray, putting on the Highland uniform, went at their head, and explained their cases in such an able manner, that they all received pensions. He gave them five guineas to drink the health of the king, and two guineas to each maimed man. He also obtained for all a free passage to Perth, and offered a house and garden to such as chose to settle on his estate.

JOCKY O' SCLAITSTANES.

The seventh Earl of Mar was lord-treasurer to James VI., and was called familiarly by the king, who had been his classfellow, "Jocky o' Sclaitstanes." When a widower, the earl fell in love with Lady Mary Stewart, the daughter of the Duke of Lennox, and a cousin of the king. As his lordship was twice her age, and had already a son and heir, she at first positively refused his hand. The king, however, befriended him, and in his homely way said—

"I say, Jock, ye sanna die for ony lass in a' the land;" and it is said that he prevailed on the lady to marry him, by promising to make a peer of her eldest son.

A STRANGE OCCURENCE.

About 1750, in a fine summer morning, between five and six o'clock, the bed of the river Don, for the space of three miles below the church of Dyce, was found entirely empty; and was passed and repassed by several persons who gathered the fish that lay sprawling in the bottom. No person observed the commencement of this uncommon phenomenon. About half an hour after its discovery, the water came down the channel again in a full body. This was occasioned probably by a chasm formed by some internal commotion of the earth, which was sensibly felt by some persons.—*Stat. Account.*

THOMAS LORD ERSKINE.

This eminent lawyer, who was brother of the Hon. Henry Erskine, and became Lord Chancellor of England, was very eccentric, egotistical, and vain. In his private capacity he was fond of pet birds, monkeys, and dogs; and believed in ghosts, apparitions, and second sight!

"Tom Erskine," says Sir Walter Scott in his *Diary*, "was positively mad. I have heard him tell a cock and a bull story of having seen the ghost of his father's servant, John Burnet, with as much gravity as if he believed every word he was saying."

Once, on being consulted by the Duke of Queensberry, as to whether he could sue a tradesman for a breach of contract about the painting of his house, he wrote his opinion of the case in these words:—

"I am of opinion that this action will not *lie*, unless the witnesses *do*."

AN OUTSPOKEN SERVANT.

"Come, Mary," said the Rev. Mr Story of Roseneath to an old servant who had lived long in the family (and who on that account was allowed the liberty of speaking her mind pretty freely, a right which she not unfrequently exercised), one day when he had brought home a friend unexpectedly to dinner, "get dinner for Mr —, you have something in the house; it can't take long to get ready."

"It'll just tak till it's dune," said Mary, severely eyeing the stranger.

On another occasion, another arrival created a similar necessity for a supplementary dinner. "Weel, weel!" said Mary, "if *he's* to get his dinner, something else maun stand."

A CENSURED PIPER.

At the battle of Assay, the musicians were ordered to attend the wounded, and carry them to the surgeons in the rear. One of the pipers of the 78th, believing himself included in this order, laid aside his instrument and assisted the wounded. For this he was afterwards reproached by his comrades. Flutes and drums they thought could

be well spared, but for the piper, that should always be in the heat of the battle, to go to the rear with the "whistlers," was a thing altogether unheard of. The unfortunate piper was quite humbled.

However, he soon had an opportunity of playing off his disgrace; for, in the advance at Argaum, he played up with such animation, and influenced the men to such a degree, that they could hardly be restrained from rushing on to the charge too soon, and breaking the line. Colonel Adams, who commanded the 78th, was indeed obliged to silence the musician, who now wholly regained his lost fame.

LORD ELDIN AS A NAVAL STRATEGIST.

This gentleman had the honour to confer the highest benefactions on his country by his work on "*Naval Tactics*," in which he disclosed the plans pursued, for many years, by the French navy, by which they had eluded the force and bravery of the British. It was Mr Clerk who pointed out the way to victory by breaking the line of the enemy, and cutting off part of his force, which was in consequence necessarily exposed to destruction. This bold manœuvre was first adopted by Admiral Rodney, and gained him the decisive victory over the French fleet in the West Indies. The gallant admiral acknowledged his obligation to Mr Clerk's work. Other British admirals, by adopting the same means, obtained the same decided advantages.

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

In 1783 the Hon. Henry Erskine succeeded Mr Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville, as lord advocate. On the morning of the appointment, he met Dundas in the Parliament House, when, observing that the latter had already

resumed the ordinary stuff-gown of the simple advocate, Erskine said—

“By the way I must leave off talking, and go and order my silk gown.”

“It’s hardly worth while, Harry,” said Mr Dundas, drily, “for the short time you will want it; you had better borrow mine.” Erskine at once replied—

“From the readiness with which you make the offer, Mr Dundas, I have no doubt that your gown is one made to *fit any party*; but, however short my time in office may be, it shall ne’er be said of Henry Erskine that he put on the *abandoned habits* of his predecessor.”

“BLOODY MACKENZIE.”

Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh, was appointed king’s advocate in 1677. To force submission to the government, he put the laws in execution with the utmost strictness and severity. On the trial of Argyle in 1681, he exerted all his energies to obtain a conviction; and in 1685, when that nobleman was apprehended, after his unfortunate expedition to the Highlands, Mackenzie objected to a new trial, and he was put to death on his former iniquitous sentence. The state prosecutions, conducted by him, in some of which he notoriously stretched the laws to answer the purposes of the government, were so numerous, that he obtained the unenviable title of “The blood-thirsty Advocate” and “Bloody Mackenzie.” —*The Scottish Nation.*

ANDREW MELVILLE.

The name and influence of Andrew Melville, as a Scottish reformer, is second only to that of John Knox. The following brief account of his celebrated interview with the Regent Morton faithfully exhibits the courage and unflinching

intrepidity with which he bearded his theological and political opponents. The meeting took place in October 1577 between him and the regent, when the latter, irritated at the proceedings of the General Assembly, exclaimed—

“There will never be quietness in this country till half-a-dozen of you be hanged or banished!”

“Hark, sir,” said Melville; “threaten your courtiers after that manner! It is the same to me whether I rot in the air or in the ground. The earth is the Lord’s. *Patria est ubicunque est bene.* I have been ready to give up my life where it would not have been half so well wared, at the pleasure of my God. I have lived out of your country ten years, as well as in it. Let God be glorified: it will not be in your power to hang or exile His truth!”

Notwithstanding the boldness of this language, Morton did not venture to resent it.

“DEVILISH DRAGONS.”

The belief in witchcraft was popular during the reign of James VI. Having fitted a sumptuous ship for the purpose of bringing his “queen, our gracious lady, it was detained and stopped by the conspiracies of witches and such devilish dragons;” and, upon the accusation that they had attempted to raise tempests to intercept him, several unfortunate persons were tried and executed in the winter of 1591.

THE COST OF BURNING WITCHES.

In the *Stat. Account* there is a curious account of the trial of two witches, William Coke and Alison Dick, in Kirkcaldy, in 1636. The evidence on which they were condemned is absolutely ridiculous; they were, however, burnt for witchcraft. The following is an

account of the expenses to which the town and kirk-session were put on this occasion:—

<i>Imprimis.</i> To Mr James Miller, when he sent to Prestowe for a man to try them,	£2 7 0
<i>Item.</i> To the man of Culross (the executioner) when he went away the first time,	0 12 0
<i>Item.</i> In purchasing the commission,	9 3 0
<i>Item.</i> For coals for the witches,	1 4 0
<i>Item.</i> For one to go to Finmouth for the laird to sit upon the assize as judge,	0 6 0
<i>Item.</i> For harden to be jumps to them,	3 10 0
<i>Item.</i> For making of them,	0 8 0

Summa for the kirk's part (Scots),

£17 10 0

The town's part of the expenses debursed extraordinarily upon William Coke and Alison Dick:—

<i>Imprimis.</i> For ten loads of coals to burn them, five merks,	£3 6 8
<i>Item.</i> For a tar barrel,	0 14 0
<i>Item.</i> For towes,	0 6 0
<i>Item.</i> To him that brought the executioner,	2 18 0
<i>Item.</i> To the executioner for his pains,	8 14 0
<i>Item.</i> For his expenses here,	0 16 4
<i>Item.</i> For one to go to Finmouth for the laird,	0 6 0

Summa town part (Scots), £17 1 0

THE ADVANTAGES OF OBEDIENCE.

A clergyman, travelling through the village of Kettle in Fife, was called into an inn to officiate at a marriage, instead of the parish minister, who, from some accident, was unable to attend, and had caused the company to wait for a considerable time. While the reverend gentleman was pronounc-

ing the admonition, and just as he had told the bridegroom to love and honour his wife, the said bridegroom interjected the words, "and obey," which he thought had been omitted from oversight, though that is part of the rule laid down solely to the wife. The minister, surprised to find a husband willing to be hen-pecked by anticipation, did not take advantage of the proposed amendment; on which the bridegroom again reminded him of the omission,— "Ay, and obey, sir,—love, honour, and obey, ye ken!" and he seemed seriously discomposed at finding that his hint was not taken.

Some years after, the same clergyman was riding once more through the same village, when the man he had married came out and stopped him, addressing him in the following remarkable words:—

"D'ye mind, sir, yon day when ye married me, and when I wad insist upon vowing to *obey* my wife? Weel, ye may now see that I was in the right. Whether ye wad or no, I *hae* obeyed my wife; and behold, I am now the only man that has a *two-storey house* in the hale toun!"

POLITICAL PRISONERS.

Lord Braxfield, who presided at the memorable political trials of Muir, Palmer, Skirving, Margarot, &c., in 1793-4, conducted himself with great firmness and intrepidity, but was considered to have treated the prisoners with unnecessary harshness. He failed, however, in all his attempts to intimidate them.

"It is altogether unavailing," said Skirving to him, "for your lordship to menace me; for I have long learned to fear not the face of man."

Braxfield, who spoke the broadest Scottish dialect, said to Margarot—

"Hae ye ony counsel, man?"

"No," was the answer.

"Do you want to hae ony appointit?"

"No," replied Margarot, "I only want an interpreter to enable me to understand what your lordship says."

HOMER IN GAELIC.

Mr Ewen M'Lauchlan translated the first four books of Homer's *Iliad* into Gaelic verse. This translation he read in the neighbourhood of Fort-William, to groups of men and women of the very lowest class—shepherds and mechanics, who had never learnt the power of letters, and who were as ignorant of who Homer was as they were of the language he wrote in. They listened to him with such enthusiasm, as showed that the beauties of the composition had their full effect, and made such remarks as would have put to shame the comments of better instructed critics.

A GOOD OLD HORSE.

There was, about 1790, in a village to the south of Haddington, a very small black Galloway (of the Shetland breed), not exceeding eleven hands high, which was foaled in the year 1743, and in '45 was ridden at the battle of Prestonpans. This animal, though forty-seven years of age, looked remarkably fresh, and could trot above nine miles an hour, for several hours together; had good teeth, ate corn and hay well, and had not, to all appearance, undergone the least alteration for twenty years.

AN ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR.

Professor Hamilton of Aberdeen was notorious for his absence of mind. Emerging hastily one day from the gateway of King's College, he stumbled

against a cow, which was being driven past. In the confusion of the moment, the professor politely raised his hat, exclaiming—

"I beg your pardon, madam!"

Walking, a few days afterwards, in Union Street, he happened really to stumble against a lady who was walking in the opposite direction. In sudden recollection of his former adventure, he called out, in a voice by no means fraught with the former politeness—

"Is that you again, you brute!"

THE PRINCIPAL TAILOR.

An English nobleman arrived at an inn in Glasgow, and desired the waiter to send for the principal tailor. After a short time his lordship was waited upon by a venerable, respectable gentleman, whose appearance did not comport with the description of personage whose services he required. However, he proceeded to business, and explained his wishes. The gentleman was at first amazed, but soon cleared up the mistake by informing his lordship he was the Rev. Principal Taylor of the University, and that he understood he had been sent for. The blunder led to the commencement of an agreeable acquaintance.

AN OBJECTOR OPEN TO REASON.

When it was proposed by the Secession congregation at Haddington to give a call to Mr, afterwards the celebrated John Brown, one of the adherents of the church expressed a decided opposition. Subsequent to his ordination, Mr Brown waited on the solitary dissident, who had been expressing a determination to "lift his lines."

"Why do you think of leaving us?" mildly inquired Mr Brown.

"Because," said the sturdy opposi-

tionist, "I don't think you are a good preacher."

"That is quite my own opinion," quietly replied the minister; "but the great majority of the congregation think the reverse, and it would not do for you and me to set up our opinions against theirs. I have given in to them, you see, and I would suggest you should just do the same."

"Weel, weel," said the grumbler, quite reconciled by Mr Brown's frank confession, "I think I'll just follow your example, sir." All differences were thus easily and happily settled.

A SERVICEABLE PSALM.

It is on record that one of the chaplains of the Marquess of Montrose, on being condemned to die, as an expiation for the crime of attending his master in some of his exploits, and being upon the ladder was ordered, as was usual, to give out a psalm to be sung. Expecting a reprieve he named the 119th, which the officers attending the execution were compelled to comply with. It was fortunate for him that he selected the longest psalm, for before they had sung it three parts through the reprieve came, and his life was spared. Any other psalm would have hanged him.

SEAFORTH'S HIGHLANDERS: 78TH REGIMENT.

There were in this battalion nearly 300 men from Lord Seaforth's estate in the Lewis. Several years elapsed before any of these men were charged with a crime deserving punishment. In 1799, a man was tried and punished. This so shocked his comrades, that he was put out of society as a degraded man, who brought shame on his kindred. The unfortunate outcast felt his own degradation so much, that he became

unhappy and desperate; and Colonel Mackenzie, to save him from destruction, applied for leave, and got him sent to England, where his disgrace was unknown. This humane conduct had its proper effect, and the man recovered his character, and did well.

WADSETTS.

By the canon law of Scotland all kind of usury is prohibited; but as the forbidding it is very inconvenient to a country, on account of trade and husbandry, as well as to particular persons, and besides a law most easily evaded, there was a method contrived by the people, whereby to sell their estates, with a conditional right of redemption. This is called a *proper wadsett*, where the mortgagee takes into possession so much land as will secure the principal and interest of the money lent, and sometimes more, for which he is never to give an account, though there should be a surplus, but only to return the lands to the former proprietor when the principal sum is paid off.

SIGNS AND WONDERS.

Times of civil commotion are the times of wonders and prodigies to the ignorant and superstitious. Of this Spalding gives some curious specimens: "The 2d of February, at midnight, there arose an extraordinary high wind here in Aberdeen, with the fire, slaughter, and rain. The rivers Dee and Ythan, through high flood, overflowed their wonted limits, both in this month and in January. Dee surpassed in spate the Keyhead, and Ythan grew so great that it drowned out the fires in some men's houses, dwelling in Ellon and Newburgh, far beyond the wonted course; many thinking this to be prodigious tokens. Besides, in Mar, about

that part called Bankafair, the country people heard nightly tucking of drums, beginning about the sky set, and going to and continuing until about eight hours at evening. The noise was fearful, for they would hear marches perfectly tucked, as if there had been an army in order. This was not well thought of by honest, peaceable men, as it afterwards proved, to the overthrow of the house of Drum."

"In 1643 the same sounds were heard, and armies were seen in the air, and the clergy participated in this miraculous revelation. Mr Andrew Leisk, minister at Ellon, told me, that his wife and family, sitting at supper in his own house, heard tucking of drums vively, sometimes appearing near hand, and sometimes far off; and upon the 7th of February, it was written here to Aberdeen, that Kenton battle, of Banbury, wherein his majesty has been victorious, has been, in vision, fought seven sundry times. Since syne, arms and men, upon the 12th of February, about eight hours in the morning, were seen upon the Brymnar Hill, near Crabeston."

A FATAL FROLIC.

In April 1760, two boys, sons of a butcher, were playing together near Stratton-mill, about three miles from Edinburgh, when the elder said to the younger, that he would show him the way his father killed sheep; and immediately seized a knife, and thrust it into his throat. The mother, who was rocking another child in a cradle, hearing the boy shriek, ran to his assistance; upon which, the other boy, conscious of his guilt, ran away, stumbled into the mill-dam, and was carried down, and was crushed by the wheel. To complete the catastrophe, the poor mother, on her return, found the cradle overturned, and the infant smothered among the bedclothes.

"LIGHT TO SET A HOOD."

This was, the Borderers jocularly intimated, the burning of a house. When the Maxwells, in 1685, burned the castle of Lochwood, they said, they did so to give the Lady Johnstone "light to set her hood."

Nor was the phrase inapplicable; for, in a letter, the Earl of Northumberland wrote to the king and council, that he dressed himself at midnight at Warkworth, by the blaze of the neighbouring villages, burned by the Scottish marauders.

A DULL LORD.

The Hon. Henry Erskine was daily in the habit, after the rising of the Court, of taking a walk in the meadows; and he was frequently accompanied by Lord Balmuto, who was not particularly sharp in his perception of the ludicrous. He could rarely discover at first the point of the many jokes which Erskine so plentifully gave utterance to; and, after walking a mile or two, and long after the wit had forgot what he had said, Balmuto would suddenly stop and cry out—"I have you now, Harry,—I have you now!" and burst into an immoderate fit of laughter!

PITT'S POLICY TO SCOTLAND.

In the course of ten years after the insurrection of 1745, the wise policy of Pitt had suggested a remedy for the spirit of disaffection among the Highlanders, which his sagacity had enabled him to trace to its proper source. It did not escape his penetration, that much of their attachment to the descendants of their ancient kings was to be ascribed to the romantic and chivalrous dispositions of the people, which kindled and kept warm the sentiment of mistaken loyalty,

by constant reference to the misfortunes and sufferings of those who were its objects. He therefore determined to abandon the illiberal policy, which had served only to alienate the affections of a valuable portion of the people, and to repose that confidence in the gratitude and fidelity of the Highlanders, which future events so fully justified. In his celebrated speech, in the commencement of the differences with America, in 1766, he thus expresses himself :—

“I sought for merit wherever it was to be found; it is my boast that I was the first minister who looked for it, and found it, in the mountains of the north. I called it forth, and drew into your service a hardy and intrepid race of men, who, when left by your jealousy, became a prey to the artifice of your enemies, and had gone nigh to have overturned the state, in the war before the last. These men in the last war, were brought to combat on your side; they served with fidelity, as they fought with valour, and conquered for you in every part of the world.”

An anonymous author, a friend of Pitt's, noticing how this call to arms was answered, observed of those men, who a few years before, and while they saw any hope, were devoted to, and too long had followed, the fate of the race of Stuart, that “now battalions on battalions were raised in the remotest parts of the Highlands. Frasers, Macdonalds, Camerons, Macleans, Macphersons, and others of disaffected names and clans, were enrolled; their chiefs or connections obtained commissions, the lower class, always ready to follow, with eagerness endeavoured who should be first enlisted.”

A PRACTICAL MEANS OF CONVERSION.

The Rev. William Guthrie, author of *The Christian's Great Interest*, had a parishioner who neglected church

on Sunday, and went fowling instead. On the minister's asking him what he gained by such misspending of the Lord's day, the man replied that he gained half-a-crown. Mr Guthrie told him that if he went to church next Sunday he would give him the same sum, to which the fowler consented. After sermon on the Sunday, the minister said to him, that if he returned on the following Sabbath he would give him half-a-crown again, which was also agreed upon. After that time the man became a regular attendant at the church, and was afterwards a useful member of the practically-minded minister's kirk-session.

A HIGHLAND CHIEF.

A passenger by the stage-coach from Glasgow to Greenock had some altercation with a person, whom he chose to designate, in contempt, a Highland chief.

“And what may he be?” said a Scotchman who sat beside him.

“He is,” rejoined the other, with an air of superior knowledge, “a poor, proud, arrogant, ignorant, quarrelsome fellow.”

“Then,” replied the questioner, “de'il fa' me gif ye're no ane o' them yersel'.”

SIR JOHN COPE.

General Cope is said to have enjoyed, with evident satisfaction, the news of the defeat of General Hawley; he had, according to the English custom, offered bets to the amount of ten thousand guineas, in the different coffee-houses in London, that the first general sent to command an army against the Scots would be beaten, as he had been at Prestonpans; and by the defeat of General Hawley he gained a considerable sum of money, and recovered his honour to a certain degree.

HOW TO PAINT A BATTLE.

Not long before the close of his life, while Sir Walter Scott was sitting to Watson Gordon, he was shown a little picture by that distinguished artist, representing a battle.

"This is not the thing at all," said he, in reference to the clearness and multitude of the figures; "when you want to paint a battle, you should in the first place get up a gude stour; then just put in an arm and a sword here and there, and leave all the rest to the spectator." In this sublime counsel may be said to lie the germ of all his power in the description of battles.

A FOSTER-BROTHER'S REVENGE.

In 1497, Kenneth Oig Mackenzie and Farquhar Macintosh escaped from Edinburgh Castle; but on their way to the Highlands, they were treacherously seized by the Laird of Buchanan, at the Torwood. Mackenzie resisted and was slain; and his head was presented to James V. by Buchanan. His death was avenged by his foster-brother at Flodden. In the retreat of the Scots army he heard some one near him say, "Alas! laird, thou hast fallen."

On inquiry he found that it was the Laird of Buchanan, who had sunk from wounds and exhaustion; and rushing forward, the foster-brother shouted—

"If he hath not fallen, he shall fall," and slew him on the spot.

THE NAME OF ERSKINE.

The different modes of spelling the name of Erskine formerly used, Ereskin, Areskin, and occasionally Aresekin, seems to have puzzled Voltaire, for, in his "*Letters to the English Nation*," he writes it Hareskins.

A common Scottish pronunciation

is Askin; and this one day gave rise to an admirable repartee from Henry Erskine. During the time that he was Dean of Faculty, a silly advocate, not liking a question put to him by the dean, answered testily—

"Harry, I never meet you but I find you *Askin*."

"And I," immediately replied the witty dean, "never meet you but I find an *Anuser*" (Latin for goose).

PRECEPT AND EXAMPLE.

About the year 1500 Lord Drummond wrote a paper of "Counsel and Advice," for the benefit of those who should come after him, in which occurs a wise maxim, namely, "In all our doings discretion is to be observed, otherwise nothing can be done aright;" yet, upon one memorable occasion, he forgot this prudent rule, as well as the family motto—"gang warily;" as in July 1515, he was committed a close prisoner to Blackness Castle, by order of the Regent Duke of Albany, for having struck the Lion-herald on the breast when he brought a message to the queen-dowager from the lords of Albany's party. The queen, however, on his behalf, stated that the herald had behaved with insolence, and he was released in November.

DUNCAN OF THE KILN.

When Cluny Macpherson lay concealed from his pursuers, after the battle of Culloden, and his castle was burnt down, his wife fitted up an old malt-kiln as a temporary residence, and therein was delivered of a son. This child became in after life a colonel in the army, and distinguished himself greatly in the American war. He was by the Highlanders afterwards called "Duncan of the Kiln."

A STURDY HIGHLAND SHEPHERD.

A shepherd in the "rough bounds" of the Highlands, scrambling over the rocks on the side of a high mountain, fell and broke his leg. No one knew that he was in that part of the hill, and the place was so lonely, that he had no hope of ever seeing a human face again. It was in vain to call for help, where there was none to hear. He tried to persuade his dog to go home and alarm his wife and children; but the poor animal, who saw his distress, without thoroughly comprehending his meaning, only went a few yards from him, sat down on the rock, looked at him, looked homeward, and howled. As the day advanced, love of life, and the thought of his wife and children, roused him to exertion. With his broad tape garters, and stripes of his plaid, he lashed the broken limb to his fowling-piece, and leaning on the but-end as a crutch, made his way down the precipitous side of the mountain, crossed the river, reached the cottage (two miles farther), recovered, and was as well as ever!

THE LAIRD OF KILRAVOK.

Hugh Rose, tenth laird of Kiltravock, known traditionally as the "Black Baron," is described as a very discreet and peaceable person. He contrived to stand well with all parties during the stormy period that followed the Reformation in Scotland. Each party reposed confidence in him, and employed him in the administration of his own district. A debate having arisen between him and two neighbours, he subscribed himself, "Huchon Rose of Kiltravock, an honest man, ill guided between them both." King James VI., being in Kiltravock, in his progress to the north in 1589, inquired how he could live among such ill, turbulent neighbours, when he replied, they were

the best neighbours he could have; for they made him thrice a day go upon his knees, when, perhaps, otherwise he would not have gone once. The king is traditionally said to have addressed him as father, and ordered him to be covered in his presence.

ANTICIPATING EVENTS.

1798. The death of Buonaparte, the massacre of his principal officers, and a considerable part of his army, and the recapture of Alexandria, are the important events to which we have this week to direct the attention of our readers.—*Edinburgh Weekly Journal.*

GORDON OF EARLSTON.

William Gordon of Earlston, born in 1614, began early to distinguish himself by his firm attachment to the Presbyterian cause. He made it a condition, in granting leases of his lands, that the party obtaining them should observe family worship; and he went to church every Sunday at the head of his tenantry. Feeling deeply the execution of Charles I., he supported the right of Charles II. to the Scottish throne. He was also in favour of the Restoration, 1660. In 1663 he was ordered by the commissioners to assist in settling an Episcopalian minister in the parish of Dalry, of which he was patron; but refusing to comply, he was summoned before the council. To this citation he paid no attention, and in consequence was, on November 24, the same year, charged with keeping conventicles and private meetings in his house, and ordered to appear before them, to answer for contempt. Disregarding this second summons also, sentence of banishment was issued against him. He was commanded to depart the kingdom within a month—not to return under pain of death, and

bound to live peaceably during that time under the penalty of £10,000. This severe sentence he likewise disobeyed, and was thereafter visited with a most rigorous persecution by the Government. In 1667 he was turned out of his house, which was taken possession of by a military force; and, for some years afterwards, he was compelled, like many others, to lead a wandering life, exposed to many hardships and privations. After the battle of Bothwell Bridge, as he was hastening forward to join the Covenanters, not having heard of their defeat, he was encountered near the fatal field by a party of English dragoons, when, refusing to surrender, he was killed on the spot.

His eldest son, Alexander Gordon, who succeeded to his estates, was also engaged at Bothwell Bridge, and narrowly escaped being taken. In riding through the town of Hamilton, pursued by the military, he met one of his tenants, who caused him to dismount, dress himself in woman's clothes, and rock his child's cradle, which he did so successfully that the military, who searched the house, did not discover the stratagem.—*The Scottish Nation*.

STURDY BEGGARS.

In this parish (Kinnettles) we have bands of sturdy beggars, male and female, or, as they are usually called, tinkers, whose insolence, idleness, and dishonesty are an affront to the police of our country. These persons are ready for prey of all kinds. Everything that can supply them with provisions, or bring them money, is their spoil, if it can be obtained with any appearance of safety. They file off in small parties, and have their places of rendezvous, where they choose to billet themselves at least for one day; nor do they fail generally to make good their quarters, as the farmer is afraid to resist to an-

swer their demands, or to complain of the oppression under which he labours.—*Stat. Account*.

A COURAGEOUS BAILIE.

Gavin Hamilton was an eminent publisher in Edinburgh; and as he was a man of fine taste and high literary and scientific attainments, he occupied a prominent place in Edinburgh society. At the time of the Porteous Mob in 1736, he was junior bailie of the city; and while on duty on that eventful night, he received a message from a married sister, in the neighbourhood, intimating that she had something particular to communicate. Supposing it to be of public importance, he made his way through the crowd, and went to her house. On his arrival, his sister locked the door, and said she would not let him out again, to which he sternly replied—

“Madam, I must be on duty tonight; and if you will not let me out at the door, I will jump the window.”

Seeing him so determined, she unlocked the door, and he resumed his station at the prison gate, where he narrowly escaped being killed by a blow from a Lochaber axe. In 1740 he was again in the magistracy, and risked his life in quelling a meal mob in the village of the Water of Leith, where the public granaries of the city of Edinburgh were situated.

GOOD REASON FOR FLIGHT.

A party of writers from Edinburgh once met in the house of a farmer in Eskdalemuir, some to fish, some to shoot, and a large number neither to do the one nor the other, but just to enjoy the delightful vacation of mind which a fortnight in the country so invariably brings to a man who has toiled all win-

ter. Day after day, the time passed merrily on, the heat of the weather being admirably counteracted by a half-hogshead of strong ale, which stood in the passage to clear for bottling, and into which the worthy farmer had early inserted a spigot for the general convenience. In a few days this precious fountain ran so low, that, before any liquor would come, it was always necessary to tilt the barrel perfectly; and, finally, it ran dry. On the very morning after that, the farmer came into the room where the gentlemen were, and, with a wild raised look, he said—

"Gentlemen, get your hats—haste ye—and let us gang and tak a lang walk; for my mother and the lasses are a' scrubbing a whole floor fu' o' bottles; and, as I cam by, I heard her speakin' about getting the yill bottled the day."

SCOTT AND ERSKINE.

Sir Walter Scott said of the Hon. Henry Erskine, "He was the best-natured man I ever knew, thoroughly a gentleman, and with but one fault—he could not say *no*, and thus sometimes misled those who trusted him."

"KNOCKESPOCK'S LADY."

About the middle of the seventeenth century, Gordon of Knockespock took for his second wife Jean, daughter of Leith of Harthill, a lady noted no less for her beauty than for her attachment to her husband. When he was laid on a bed of sickness, she attended him with the most affectionate care, till one night, overcome with fatigue, she fell asleep at his bedside, and awakened to find the mansion of Knockespock in flames. All the servants had fled, and no assistance was at hand. Loosing not a moment, she carried her sick hus-

band from the burning house; and laying him in a sheltered place, returned through the flames, at the greatest danger to her own life, for plaids and other coverings to wrap him from the cold. This affecting incident forms the subject of the ballad called "Knockespock's Lady," and also of a poem by Thom of Inverury.

STEAM *versus* MAN.

A party of Paisley weavers, whose wives were "down the water" for the season, were anxious to get across from Gourock to Dunoon one Sunday morning. Deeming it a profanation, however, to engage an oared-boat for that purpose, they employed a friend to negotiate with the captain of the Rothesay steamer, "to cast out a bit o' his tow, and tak' them wi' him, as he was gaun that way at ony rate."

"But what's the moral difference, pray," asked the negotiator, "between being rowed over with oars, and towed by a steamer?"

"Difference! there's a hantle difference between rowing by the power o' man, wha maun answer for what he does, and twa water-wheels pu'ing us; in ither words, gin ye wad hae us to be mair particular, a steam-engine's no a moral being; it's no an accountable agent!"

THE MAIDEN'S LEAP.

The youngest daughter of the first Earl of Gowrie was courted by a young gentleman, who was held by her parents to be of inferior rank, and whose addresses were, therefore, not encouraged by the family. When a visitor to Ruthven Castle, he was lodged in a tower opposite to the one occupied by the object of his affections. One night when the lovers were together in his

apartment, a prying domestic informed the countess of the fact. She hastened to surprise them, but the young lady, hearing her footsteps, ran to the top of the tower, and took the desperate leap of nine feet to her own tower, over a chasm of sixty feet. Alighting in safety on the battlements, she crept into her own bed, where her astonished mother found her, and was at once convinced of the injustice of the suspicions entertained against her. Next night, however, the young lady eloped with her lover, and was married. The space between the two towers was ever afterwards known as "The Maiden's Leap."

"GOING FOR WOOL," ETC.

Some Highlanders, belonging to Lochiel, having driven several head of cattle from Sir Patrick Strachan's lands into their own, Sir Patrick applied to the commander of Fort-William for some men to fetch them back; accordingly, fifteen men were granted for that purpose, but fourteen of them were shot dead by the Highlanders.

"HORSE AND HATTOCK."

One of the lairds of Duffus was one day walking in the fields near his own house in Morayshire, when he was suddenly carried away, and was found next day in the cellar of the King of France at Paris, with a silver cup in his hand. On being brought into the king's presence, and questioned as to who he was and whence he came, he told his name, his country, and his place of residence; and said that on the preceding day, being in the fields, he heard the noise of a whirlwind, and of voices crying—"horse and haddock!" (the flitting words of the fairies); whereupon he cried "horse and haddock!" also, and was immediately caught up and transported

through the air, by the fairies, to that place, where, after he had drunk heartily, he fell asleep, and before he awoke, the rest of the company were gone, and left him in the place in which he was found. It is said that the king gave him the cup which he had in his hand, and dismissed him. The narrator of this story says such a tradition exists in the family, but he "thought it was fabulous!"

CLAVERHOUSE'S DISCIPLINE.

The discipline of Grahame of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, was dreadfully severe; the only punishment he inflicted was death. "All other punishments," he said, "disgraced a gentleman, and all who were with him were of that rank; and death was a relief from the consciousness of crime."

It is related of him, that having seen a young officer under him fly in his first action, he pretended that he had sent him to the rear with a message. The youth fled a second time, when he brought him to the front of the army, and, saying "that a gentleman's son ought not to fall by the hands of a common executioner," shot him dead with his own pistol in presence of his troops.

"THE POETESS OF THE ISLES."

Mary Macleod was born in Harris in 1569. This woman, a nurse in the family of her chief, was totally illiterate, yet she is considered the most original of all the Gaelic poets. She is said to have nursed five lairds of the Macleods, and two of the house of Applecross. Her first song was composed to please the children under her charge, and most of her poems are in praise of the Macleods. The chief, however, once banished her to the Island of Mull for giv-

ing publicity to one of her songs. In her exile she composed a poem in his praise, on which the Macleod sent a boat for her; but she was only allowed to return to Skye on condition that she made no more songs. Soon after, she composed a song on the illness of a son of the chief, which nearly caused her to be sent into exile again; but she saved herself by saying that "it was not a song, it was only a *croon*." The "Poetess of the Isles," as Mary Macleod was called, died at the advanced age of 105 years, and is buried in Harris.—*Anderson*.

THE HON. HENRY ERSKINE.

The generous character of the Hon. Henry Erskine, as an advocate, in endeavouring to secure justice to even the very poorest and humblest clients, was well known. A poor man, in a remote district, when strongly advised by his solicitor not to enter into a lawsuit with a wealthy neighbour, on account of the expense in which it would lead him, is said at once to have replied—

"Ye dinna ken what ye say, maister; there's no a puir man in a Scotland need want a friend, or fear an enemy, as lang as Harry Erskine lives!"

A STRIKING CONVERSION.

Maclean of Coll was the sole proprietor of the Isle of Rum. The number was 443, all of whom were Protestants. It is said that when the ancestor of Maclean took possession of the isle, all the inhabitants were Catholics. The new proprietor, a zealous Protestant, seeing that the Catholic worship was established in one of his domains, entered the church one Sunday during mass, and having driven out all the inhabitants who were assembled there, he shut the door, put

the key into his pocket, and threatened with his golden-headed cane all those who dared to return to hear mass: from that moment all the inhabitants of Rum embraced the Protestant religion. The other Hebrideans, when alluding to this new mode of conversion, continued ever after to call them the Protestants of the Golden-headed Cane.

CAMERON OF LOCHIEL.

The celebrated Sir Ewan of Lochiel, chief of the Camerons, was called, from his sable complexion, Ewan Dhu. He was the last man in Scotland who maintained the royal cause during the civil war, and his constant incursions rendered him a very unpleasant neighbour to the republican garrison at Inverlochry, now Fort-William. The governor of the fort detached a party of three hundred men to lay waste Lochiel's possessions, and cut down his trees; but, in a sudden and desperate attack, made upon them by the chieftain, with very inferior numbers, they were almost all cut to pieces. The skirmish is detailed in a curious memoir of Sir Ewan's life, printed in the appendix of Pennant's *Scottish Tour*.

"In this engagement Lochiel himself had several wonderful escapes. In the retreat of the English, one of the strongest and bravest of the officers retired behind a bush, when he observed Lochiel pursuing; and seeing him unaccompanied by any one, he leaped out, and thought him his prey. They met one another with equal fury. The combat was long and doubtful. The English gentleman had by far the advantage in strength and size; but Lochiel, exceeding him in nimbleness and agility, in the end stript the sword out of his hand. They closed, and wrestled, till both fell to the ground, in each other's arms. The English officer got above Lochiel, and pressed

him hard, but stretching forth his neck, in attempting to disengage himself, Lochiel, who by this time had his hands at liberty, with his left hand seized him by the collar, and jumping at his extended throat, he bit it with his teeth quite through, and kept such a hold of his grasp that he brought away a piece in his mouth: 'This,' he said, 'was *the sweetest bite he ever had in his lifetime.*'"

THE "PERFIDIOUS KEITHS."

A long feud had existed between the Keiths and the Clan Gun, to reconcile which a meeting was appointed at the Chapel of St Tayr in Caithness, of twelve horseman on each side. Gun, with some of his sons and principal kinsmen, to the number of twelve, arrived at the appointed time, and, entering the chapel, prostrated themselves before the altar in prayer. On his side Keith came also with his party, but he perfidiously brought with him *two* men on each horse, making twenty-four. On dismounting, the Keiths rushed into the chapel, and attacked the kneeling Guns unawares. The latter defended themselves with great intrepidity; but the chief and seven of his party (some accounts say the whole) were slain.

HOSTELRIES IN 1424.

Hospitality was not confined to the great and opulent, but was practised rather more than it is at present by persons in the middle and lower ranks of life. But this was owing to necessity, arising from the scarcity of inns, which obliged travellers and strangers to apply to private persons for lodging and entertainment; and those who received them hospitably acquired a right to a similar reception. This was evidently the case in Scotland, in the first part of this period. In the reign of James I., A.D.

1424, the following act of parliament was passed:—

"It is ordanit, that in all burrow townis, and throughfairis quhair common passages ar, that thair be ordanit hostillaries and resettis, havand stables and chalmers; and that men find with thame bread and aill, and all uther fude, alsweil for horse as men, for resonable price."

But travellers had been so long accustomed to lodge in private houses, that these public inns were quite neglected; and those who kept them presented a petition to parliament, complaining—

"That the liegis travelland in the realme, quhen they come to burrow townis and throughfairis, herbreis thame not in hostillaries, bot with their acquaintance and freindis." This produced an act prohibiting travellers to lodge in private houses where there were hostelries, under the penalty of 40s., and subjecting those who lodged them to the same penalty.

BISHOP KENNEDY.

The wealth and munificence of this bishop were displayed in public works, three of which are particularly celebrated:—

I. As the little trade of Scotland was then chiefly carried on by the great, the bishop, for his own convenience, or perhaps to rouse the commercial enterprise of his countrymen, built a great ship, which he called the St Salvator; but it was denominated by the people the Bishop's Barge. This vessel remained the property of the See of St Andrews, and was employed in bringing the rich merchandise of foreign countries for the use of the clergy. In one of these voyages, she was wrecked near Bamborough, and plundered by the English of her valuable cargo, in the reign of James III, for which Ed-

ward IV. paid a partial compensation of 500 merks.

2. He built a tomb for himself of the finest Gothic construction, in the church of St Salvator, at St Andrews. Though much of this beautiful structure is now decayed, there remains enough of it, of the most exquisite workmanship, to mark the taste of the founder.

3. He founded and endowed St Salvator's College in 1458, besides a proper provision for the members out of the episcopal revenues, and the buildings, in a good style, particularly the chapel; he bestowed on the college a wonderful variety of splendid vessels, dresses, and ornaments, which the annalists of the times enumerate with much satisfaction, and of which some maces and cups still remain, as specimens of the taste and wealth of the bishop.

COMPASS HILL, IN CANNA.

The Compass Hill is celebrated by all the seamen of the country for its action on the needle of the compass. We begged Mr Macdonald to conduct us to it, and our sailors brought the compass from the vessel. After passing from terrace to terrace, and from rock to rock, as far as the top of Compass Hill, we tried our compass. In the first moment, and when we laid it on the ground, the needle turned towards the north; but on following along the ridge of the hill, we reached a spot where the compass began to deviate, and the needle soon lost all magnetic power; we saw it sensitively point to the south, north, east, or west. Further, it indicated only the south-west; farther still, the south; and, at last, we saw it again take its accustomed position towards the north. This phenomenon is owing to the quantity of magnetic iron which the basalt of this hill contains, in such a quantity that a morsel detached from the basalt is, at

times, sufficient to move the needle: it is also owing to a vein of magnetic iron in the interior of the rock. This phenomenon, besides, is far from being so remarkable as I was led to believe, from the accounts of the country people, and those of ancient authors. It was also pretended that the effect of this hill was felt at a distance, and that mariners, navigating in the arm of the sea between Skye and Canna, saw the needle of their compass turning itself against the latter island."—*Saussure*.

AGRICULTURE IN 1298.

At the siege of the Castle of Dirleton (Tantallon), in East Lothian, about the beginning of July 1298, the English soldiers were reduced to great scarcity of provisions. They subsisted on the peas and beans they picked up in the fields. This circumstance presents us with a favourable view of the state of agriculture in East Lothian as far back as the 13th century.

A GOOD FACTOR.

During fifty-five years, Campbell of Achallader had the charge of Lord Breadalbane's estates, and during that long period there was no instance of tenants going to law. Their disputes were referred to the amicable decision of the noble proprietor and his deputy; and as the confidence of the people in the honour and probity of both was unlimited, no man ever dreamt of an appeal from their decision. Admitting even that their judgment might occasionally be erroneous, the advantages of these prompt and final decisions, to a very numerous tenantry, with many causes of difference arising from the mixed and minute possessions, were incalculable.

GENERAL DALZIEL.

This officer, employed by Charles II. against the Covenanters, had his natural ferocity increased by service in Russia. He was a man of savage manners. A prisoner having railed at him, while under examination before the privy council, calling him a "Muscovia beast, who used to roast men," the general, in a passion, struck him on the face, to the effusion of blood. He had sworn never to shave his beard after the death of Charles I. This venerable appendage reached his girdle; and, as he wore always an old-fashioned buff coat, his appearance in London never failed to attract the notice of the children and of the mob. King Charles II. used to swear at him for bringing such a rabble of boys together, to be squeezed to death while they gaped at his long beard and antique habit, and exhorted him to shave and dress like a Christian, to keep the poor bairns, as Dalziel expressed it, out of danger. In compliance with this request, he one day appeared at court fashionably dressed, excepting the beard; but when the king had laughed sufficiently at the metamorphosis, he resumed his old dress, to the great joy of the boys, his usual attendants.

INSUBORDINATION OF SEAFORTH'S
HIGHLANDERS.

In the year 1778 Seaforth's Highlanders were marched to Leith, where they were quartered for a short interval, though long enough to produce complaints about the infringement of their engagements, and some pay and bounty, which they said were due to them. Their disaffection was greatly increased by the activity of emissaries from Edinburgh. The regiment refused to embark, and marching out of Leith with pipes playing, and two plaids fixed on

poles instead of colours, took a position on Arthur's Seat, of which they kept possession for several days, during which time the inhabitants of Edinburgh amply supplied them with provisions and ammunition. After much negotiation, a proper understanding respecting the causes of their complaint was brought about, and they marched down the hill in the same manner in which they had gone up, with pipes playing, and with the Earls of Seaforth and Dunmore and General Skene at their head. They entered Leith, and went on board the transports with the greatest readiness and cheerfulness. In this case none of the men were brought to trial, or even put into confinement for these acts of open resistance.

ST PALLADIUS.

This saint is sometimes called the first bishop of Scotland. He is said to have been sent by Pope Celestine to give the Scots farther instruction in religion. A chapel, with its usual attendant a fair, called Paddy Chapel, and Paddy Fair, were consecrated to him. Paddy Fair was held on the first Tuesday after the 11th of July, six miles south of Stonehaven. His remains were preserved, in a silver shrine, at Fordun; and pilgrimages were made to his tomb up to the time of the reformation.

PERSECUTING SPIRIT OF CLERGYMEN.

"One cannot but observe (says honest Lachlan Shaw, minister of Elgin, and author of the *History of Moray*) that the clergy of both denominations are too ambitious of power, and ready to abuse it into severity and persecution. In time of Presbytery, after the year 1638, ministers who would not subscribe the Covenant, who conversed with the Marquis of Huntley, or the Marquis

of Montrose, or who took a protection from them, were suspended, deprived, or deposed; and gentlemen who took part with Huntley or Montrose were tossed from one judicatory to another, made to undergo a mock penance, in sack-cloth, and to swear to the Covenant. Under prelacy, on the other hand, after the restoration, the Presbyterians, and all who opposed court measures, had no enemies more virulent than the clergy. They informed against them, made the court raise a cruel persecution, and make insidious and sanguinary laws for fining, imprisoning, intercommuning, hanging, &c. It is never better with religion than when the clergy are entrusted with little power, and have no share in the civil administration."

SHETLAND SHEEP.

The small breed of sheep peculiar to the north of Scotland, and which is supposed to have come originally from Norway, being still found in Iceland, and in the Islands of Orkney and Shetland, was very hardy, easily fed, their mutton exquisite, and the fleeces soft, as every one knows who has worn Shetland hose. The Shetlanders formerly *tore off* the wool, instead of shearing it. As this is done after the roots of the wool have been forced out of the skin by the young fleece, the process is not so cruel as it appears to be; but it was considered bad economy, because much of what first becomes loose is cast in the natural way and lost. The proper course of clipping was therefore generally adopted.

ENGLISH AND GAELIC IN NAIRN.

It is remarkable that, within the boundaries of this little town of Nairn, the English and Gaelic languages should

have long maintained a struggle for the superiority, and that the inhabitants of the one end of the town should not be able to understand the language of the people in the other. The English and Gaelic inhabitants formed, therefore, two distinct parties; and such new inhabitants as came to settle at Nairn fell into the society of one or other of the two. Not many years back, the clergyman of the parish, for the general accommodation of the people and public, to afford them all an opportunity of public worship, was obliged to conduct divine service, and to preach in the morning in English, and in the afternoon in Gaelic. Dr Johnson, in his *Tour to the Hebrides*, remarks that it was at Nairn he first heard the Gaelic language spoken.

There is a traditionary story of King James VI., that when he was in conversation with some of the nobility of England, after his accession to the throne of that kingdom, he told them, that his ancient kingdom was more extensive than they supposed, for there was in it a town so large that the inhabitants at the one end did not understand the language of the inhabitants at the other. In this statement the king alluded to Nairn.

His Majesty is said also to have added, that there was another town united by twice seventy bridges, and to have pointed to Dingwall, in Ross.

KEEPING A GOOD HOUSE.

The following dialogue took place betwixt a clergyman and a man who called on him for a certificate of good character:—

"They tell me, John, you dinna keep a good house?"

"Na, sir," said John, "it's no sae weel keepit as yours, but it's no to be expectit; we haena sae muckle to keep it wi'."

VACATION WORK.

When one of Lord Monboddo's friends proposed to solicit for him the office of a judge in the Scottish Criminal Court, he replied—

“No, no; I have more pleasure in looking after my little farm, in the vacation of the Court of Session, than I should have in running about the country hanging folk.”

SCENE AT THE COURT OF JAMES I.

A noble of high rank, and nearly related to king James the First of Scotland, having quarrelled with another baron in presence of the monarch and his court, so far forgot himself that he struck his adversary on the face. The king instantly had him seized, and ordered him to stretch out his hand upon the council table; he then unsheathed the short cutlass which he carried at his girdle, gave it to the baron who received the blow, and commanded him to strike off the hand which had insulted his honour, and was forfeited to the laws, threatening him with death if he refused. There was little doubt, from what we know of the character of this prince for justice and rectitude of conduct, that he was in earnest; but a thrill of horror ran through the court, his prelates and council reminded him of the duty of forgiveness, and the queen, who was present, fell at his feet, implored pardon for the guilty, and at last obtained a remission of the sentence. The offender, however, was banished from the court.

CASTLE COL.

Very near the house of Maclean stands the Castle of Col, which was the mansion of the laird, till the house was built. It is built upon a rock, as Boswell remarked, that it might not be

ruined. It is very strong, and having been not long uninhabited, is yet in repair. On the wall, not long ago, was a stone with an inscription, importing, that if any man of the clan of Maclonish shall appear before this castle, though he came at midnight, with a man's head in his hand, he shall there find safety and protection against all but the king. This is an old Highland treaty, made upon a very memorable occasion; Maclean, the son of John Gerves, who recovered Col, and conquered Barra, had obtained, it is said, from James II. a grant of the lands of Lochiel, which had been forfeited by some offence against the state. Forfeited estates, in those days, were not quietly resigned. Maclean, therefore, went with an armed force to seize his new possessions, and for some reason took his wife with him. The Camerons rose in defence of their chief, and a battle was fought at the head of Lochness, near the place where Fort Augustus now stands, in which Lochiel obtained the victory, and Maclean, with his followers, were defeated and destroyed. The lady fell into the hands of the conquerors, and being found pregnant, was placed in the custody of Maclonish, one of a tribe or family branched from Cameron, with orders, if she was delivered of a boy, to destroy him, but if of a girl, to spare her. Maclonish's wife, who was with child likewise, had a girl, about the same time at which Lady Maclean brought a boy; and Maclonish, with more generosity to his captive than fidelity to his trust, contrived that the children should be changed. Maclean, being thus preserved from death, in time recovered his original patrimony, and, in gratitude to his friend, made his castle a place of refuge to any of the clan that should think himself in danger; and, as a proof of reciprocal confidence, Maclean took upon himself and his posterity the care of educating the heir of Maclonish.