the original MS., and was conscious of the imposture, which, in the preface to the second edition, he endeavours partly to vindicate, and partly to conceal."

A DIALECTIC TEST.

"Foo do ye ken Farfar folk fan ye meet them?" said a Brechin man one day to a stranger, who had boasted that he could pick out a county man among a thousand Scotsmen.

"Foo could I do't?" was the answer; fat's to hinder ony body frae daen't? I just ken them in a minute by their foo's and their fat's, and their far's and their fan's."

FARMERS AND FARMERS.

Lord Kames, Pringle of Lees, and a few other "gentlemen farmers," as they were called, were among the first to introduce improvements in agriculture in the eastern counties of Scotland; and their first efforts in this direction provoked the opposition and roused the contempt of the professional tillers of the ground. The system pursued by the more enlightened amateurs, however, gradually made way, and the old-fashioned farmers found themselves in a manner compelled to adopt the new system. One of the innovaters—Mr Dawson, himself a real practical farmer—being asked when his neighbours began to follow his example, replied pertinently—

"Whenever they began to notice that I was getting rich!"

QUALIFICATIONS OF A CHIEF.

Formerly the chieftain of a clan was an officer of the first importance. Before he entered on his patriarchal government, and ere his followers owned him as fit for enterprise, proofs of his valour were required, to satisfy them of his prowess in the field; and, as he likewise was sole umpire in all domestic disputes, it seldom happened that an opportunity was wanting for the display of his judicial talents. The first specimen of manhood expected in a young chieftain was dexterity in hunting; the next was to make an incursion, attended with extreme hazard, on some neighbour with whom he was at open variance, and to carry off by force of arms whatever cattle he and his followers fell in with. In this manner conflicts and feuds were nourished, and kept constantly in existence, among the Scottish Highlanders; but these conflicts ceased almost entirely about the middle of the 17th century; and hereditary jurisdiction was abolished in 1748, by an act of the British legislature, when Highland emancipation was in part accomplished. The solemnities at the inauguration of a chief are no more! The voice of the bard is silent in the hall! The deeds of other times are no longer recounted as incentives to emulate their forefathers! The system is altogether changed, and the manners of civilized Europe rapidly began to prevail in the remotest corners of the Highlands and Western Isles.

A BREWSTER-WIFE.

In Scotland, as on the by-roads in England a few years back, there were few travellers, and little profit for innkeepers; the husband was obliged to follow some other avocation for the support of his family, and leave the concerns of his house entirely to his wife, who was too sensible of the importance of her charge to share it with any body. It was from her alone that the inn took its denomination; and she was emphatically called the *brewster-wife*,

because the character of her charge depended chiefly upon her skill in brewing and the quality of her ale. Sometimes the husband's politeness, and sometimes, no doubt, his forwardness and love of strong ale, led him to do the honours in his own house, but he never meddled with the management of it; for a brewster-wife who would have suffered such interference would have been considered very unfit for her place.

A BACHELOR'S KETTLE.

Alexander Rodger, a Scottish poet of *Whistlebinkie* celebrity, had occasion one night to present an elegant tea-kettle to a gentleman who had earned the compliment from his friends. Poet-like, Rodger conveyed the gift in rhyme, and, as the recipient was a bachelor, he expressed himself as follows :—

DEAR SIR,—As you're a man o' mettle,
And gen'rous wi' your tea and toddy,
Your friends present you wi' this kettle,
To keep us sap your single body.

But as it's time you now should settle,
And lead a doubly sober life,
Get as appendage to your kettle,
That useful ornament—a wife.

And if you'd live in harmony,
Then teach her this important matter—
To use this gift just twice a-day,
And dinna *aye* be in hot-water!

AN ALTERED SIGN.

The landlord of a public-house at Dundee, at the period of the Revolution, removed from the north to the south side of the river, at the same time adopting the sign of King William, instead of "The Grey Calf," under the auspices of which he had formerly sold his ale. To prevent his old friends from mistaking the house, he wrote underneath, "This is the Grey Calf from over the water."

A DOUGLAS AND HIS DUTY.

The gallant Captain Douglas, who commanded the "Royal Oak," when the Dutch sailed up the Mediterranean, had received orders to defend his ship to the last extremity, but none to retire; and therefore when the ship was set on fire, he chose rather to perish in her than quit his station, exclaiming heroically—

"A Douglas was never known to quit his post without orders!"

GENERAL WADE'S ROADS.

To perpetuate the memory of Marshal Wade's great exploit, in making the road from Inverness to Inveraray, an obelisk was erected near Fort-William, on which the traveller was reminded of his merits by the following naïve couplet :—

"Had you *seen these roads before they were made*,
You would hold up your hands and bless General Wade!"

A MILITARY CATSPAW.

During the last century, and even later, many church members were publicly rebuked for immoral conduct, and compelled to stand or sit on the "stool of repentance." Sometimes the stool was placed at the door of the kirk, at other times within the building itself. In Kelso parish church there was a small pew—sufficient to accommodate one person—placed opposite the pulpit, so that the minister could address his discourse to the individual under censure. It so happened that in the early part of this century, a lieutenant of the line was attached to accompany a recruiting party to Kelso. While there, he had incurred the censure of the kirk, and was ordered to submit to the rebuke on

the Sunday. Fortunately for him, he thought, his relief, in the shape of a junior officer, came on the Saturday, whom he told that, as he must leave on the following morning, and could not attend church, the beadle would show him (the junior) the seat usually occupied by the military. The stranger was rather astonished when he entered the church to see so many people looking at him as he passed up the aisle; and more so, when the minister seemed to direct his discourse chiefly to him. He put it all down to his dashing appearance and new uniform; but before the conclusion of the service he found out his mistake. Mutual explanations ensued, and upon returning to his quarters, he found that his brother officer had made off. It was a cruel trick.—*Dr Wilson.*

CONCEALMENT OF SIR PATRICK HUME.

Sir Patrick Hume, the first earl of Marchmont, was raised to the peerage by King William III., for having taken a leading part to counteract the arbitrary proceedings of Charles II., and afterwards the more dangerous measures of James II. which threatened the annihilation of the liberties of the country as well as the complete subversion of its religion; for which attempts he was long imprisoned in the former reign, and persecuted with a most unrelenting spirit in the latter, for having joined in the unsuccessful attempt of the Earl of Argyle in 1685.

When a near relation, very dear to Sir Patrick, was imprisoned, he thought it advisable to keep himself concealed. The following account of his concealment is taken from the MS. preserved in the family by his granddaughter:—

"After persecution began afresh, and my grandfather Baillie again in prison, Sir Patrick thought it necessary to keep concealed; and soon found he had too good reason for so doing, parties being continually sent out in search of him, and often to his own house, to the terror of all in it, though not from any fear of his safety, whom they imagined at a great distance from home, for no soul knew where he was but my grandmother and my mother, except one man, a carpenter, called Jamie Winter, who used to work in the house, and lived a mile off, on whose fidelity they thought they could depend, and were not deceived. The frequent examinations and oaths put to servants, in order to make discoveries, were so strict they durst not run the risk of trusting any of them. By the assistance of this man, they got a bed and bedclothes carried in the night to the burying-place, a vault under ground at Polwarth church, a mile from the house, where he was concealed a month; and had only for light an open slit at the one end, through which nobody could see what was below; she (his daughter) went every night by herself at midnight to carry him victuals and drink, and stayed with him as long as she could to get home before day. In all this time my grandfather showed the same constant composure and cheerfulness of mind that he continued to possess to his death, which was at the age of eighty-four; all which good qualities she inherited from him in a high degree; often did they laugh heartily in that doleful habitation, at different accidents that happened. She at that time had a terror for a churchyard, especially in the dark, as it is not uncommon at her age, by idle nursery stories; but when engaged by concern for her father, she stumbled over the graves every night alone, without fear of any kind entering her thoughts, but for soldiers and parties in search of him, which the least noise or motion of a leaf put her in terror for. The minister's house was near the church; the first night she went, his dogs kept such a barking as put her in the utmost fear of a discovery; my grandmother sent for

the minister the next day, and upon pretence of a mad dog got him to hang all his dogs. There was also a difficulty of getting victuals to carry him, without the servants suspecting; the only way it was done was by stealing it off her plate at dinner into her lap. Many a diverting story she has told about this, and other things of a like nature. Her father liked sheep's head, and while the children were eating their broth she had conveyed most of one into her lap; when her brother Sandy—the second Lord Marchmont—had done, he looked up with astonishment, and said, 'Mother, will ye look at Grizzel; while we have been supping our broth, she has eat up the whole sheep's head.' This occasioned so much mirth among them, that her father at night was greatly entertained by it, and desired Sandy might have a share in the next. I need not multiply stories of this kind, of which I know many. His great comfort and constant entertainment, for he had no light to read by, was repeating Buchanan's Psalms, which he had by heart from beginning to end, and retained them to his dying day.

"As the gloomy habitation my father was in was not to be long endured, but from necessity, they were contriving other places of safety for him; amongst others, particularly one under a bed which drew out, on a ground floor, in a room of which my mother kept the key; she and the same man worked in the night, making a hole in the earth after lifting the boards, which they did by scratching it up with their hands, not to make any noise, till she left not a nail upon her fingers, she helping the man to carry the earth as they dug it, in a sheet on his back, out at the window into the garden; he then made a box at his own house, large enough for her father to lie in, with bed and bedclothes, and bored holes in the boards for air; when all this was finished, for it was long about, she thought herself the most secure happy creature alive. When it had stood the trial for a month of no water coming into it, which was feared from being so low, and every day examined by my mother, and the holes for the air made clear, and kept clean picked, her father ventured home, having that to trust to. After being at home a week or two, the bed daily examined as usual, one day in lifting the boards the bed bounced to the top, the box being full of water: in her life she was never so struck, and had near dropped down, it being at that time their only refuge; her father, with great composure, said to his wife and her, he saw they must tempt Providence no longer, and that it was now fit and necessary for him to go off, and leave them; in which he was confirmed by the carrier telling for news he had brought from Edinburgh, that the day before, Mr Baillie of Jerviswoode had his life taken from him at the Cross, and that everybody was sorry, though they durst not show it; as all intercourse by letters was dangerous, it was the first notice they had of it; and the more shocking that it was not expected. They immediately set about preparing for my grandfather's going away. My mother worked night and day in making some alterations in his clothes for disguise; they were then obliged to trust John Allen, their grieve, who fainted away when he was told his master was in the house, and that he was to set out with him on horseback before day, and pretend to the rest of the servants that he had orders to sell some horses at Morpeth fair. Accordingly, my grandfather getting out at a window in the stables, they set out in the dark; though with good reason it was a sorrowful parting, yet after he was fairly gone they rejoiced, and thought themselves happy that he was in the way of being safe, though they were deprived of him, and little knew what was to be either his fate or their own."

Sir Patrick escaped to France, and travelled through that country as a physician to Bordeaux, from whence he embarked for Holland, where he attached himself to the Prince of Orange.

When his serene highness came over, and happily effected the bloodless revolution, Sir Patrick was one of those who accompanied him, and was by him created Lord Polwarth of Polwarth, and afterwards Earl of Marchmont. He was also made Lord High Chancellor of Scotland by King William—an office in that country, before the Union, of the highest rank.

A SERIOUS CRIME.

"Did ye hear, Mrs Jackson, that James —— had committed suicide on himsel'?" said a Glasgow gossip to a neighbour.

"It's surely no possible! I heard that he had done something," said Mrs Jackson, "but I didna hear what it was. What'll be done to him, do ye think?"

"I havena heard," replied the newsmonger; "but I'm jalousin' if he disna flee the country he'll be banish't for't."

THE KING'S ADVOCATE.

Sir Thomas Hope was king's advocate to Charles I. Three of the sons of Sir Thomas being at the same time Lords of Session, it was thought indecent that he should plead uncovered before them, which was the origin of the privilege the king's advocates ever after enjoyed until the Union, when the office was changed to that of lord-advocate.

"STEALING HENS."

A certain gentleman was "standing" to represent a Scottish burgh in parliament; and as a matter of course he canvassed the electors for their votes, and with so much success that he felt justified in going to the poll. When the nomination at the hustings took place, however, great consternation was caused by a cobbler, who, on the gentleman's being proposed as "a fit and proper person to represent the burgh of —— in parliament," strenuously objected, and gave as a reason that the nominee "was a thief!"

"Sir," shouted the presiding sheriff, "take care what you say—such language, unless you can prove it, is actionable."

"I can prove it, sir, and I'll mainteen't—he stole a hen frae Whinnyburn!"

A roar of laughter followed this remark, and in explanation it came out that the honourable gentleman had indeed committed the alleged crime, in so far as he had eloped with his wife from the estate named. The incident, however, enabled him to gain the seat.

BURNING WITCHES AT ABERDEEN.

During 1596 and 1597, no fewer than twenty-three persons lost their lives for the crime of witchcraft in Aberdeen, of whom one died in prison, another hanged herself, and twenty-one suffered at the stake. An account of the expense of their execution is recorded; and, as a specimen of the price and quantity of the materials used for burning witches, is interesting.

"Christen Mitchell, Bessie Thom, and Isabel Barrow.

"9th March, 1596. *Item*, for a boll and a half of coals to burn the said witches, 30 shillings. *Item*, for thirty-five loads of peats, £4. 10s. *Item*, for six barrels of tar, £10. 1s. *Item*, for two iron barrels, eight shillings. *Item*, for a stake, dressing and setting up, 13s. 8d. *Item*, for eight fathoms of rope,

eight shillings. *Item*, for carrying of the coals, peats, and barrels, eight shillings. *Item*, to John Justice (the hangman), for his fee, 20 shillings."

These poor people were accused of being the devil's agents; and it is astonishing that the *reformed* clergy could have believed that his *sable majesty*, to whom they ascribed so much *cunning*, should have employed only ignorant, old, and decrepit women, as his instruments in carrying on his war against mankind.

CARDINAL BEATOUN'S CRUELTY.

In his progress through the kingdom with the governor, he instigated him, says Pitscottie, "to hang at Perth four honest men for eating of a goose on Friday; and drowned a young woman because she refused to pray to Our Lady in her birth."

THE COURACH.

The courach was a small rude boat, formerly much used in the Highlands, and the following is said to be an exact description of it:—"It is in shape oval, near three feet broad, and four long; a small keel runs from the head to the stern; a few ribs are placed across the keel, and a ring of pliable wood around the lip of it. The whole machine is covered with the rough hide of an ox or a horse, the seat is in the middle, it carries but one person; or if a second goes into it, to be wafted over a river, he stands behind the rower, leaning on his shoulders; in floating timber, a rope is fixed to the float, and the rower holds it in one hand, and with the other manages the paddle; he keeps the float in deep water, and brings it to shore when he will; in returning home, he carries the machine on his shoulders or on a horse. In Irish, Courach signifies the coat or trunk of the body; hence this boat had its name, and probably its first model."

WHIST.

In Aberdeenshire, it was a custom, if it be not still, for farmers, to meet at each other's houses during the long winter evenings to play their favourite game of whist. On one occasion, however, the weather had been so boisterous that no party had been made up for a month. The first meeting of two of the partners of the last "party" took place at the kirk-door on a Sabbath morning, when the first salutation was—

"Eh, man, Jock, fat gar'd ye play yon king!"—*Dr Wilson.*

BARISDALE AND BLACK "MEAL."

The celebrated Barisdale carried the art of plunder to the highest pitch of perfection. Besides exerting all the common practices, he imposed that article of commerce called the *black meal* to a degree beyond what was ever known to his predecessors. This was a forced levy, so called from its being commonly paid in meal, which was raised far and wide on the estate of every nobleman and gentleman, in order that their cattle might be secured from the lesser thieves, over whom he secretly presided, and whom he protected. He raised an income of five hundred a year by these taxes, and behaved with genuine honour in restoring, on proper consideration, the stolen cattle of his friends. He observed a strict fidelity towards his own gang, and yet was indefatigable in bringing to justice any rogues that interfered with his own. He was a man of a polished behaviour, fine address, and fine person. He considered himself in a very high light, as a benefactor to the public, and

preserver of general tranquillity; for on the silver plates, the ornaments of his baldrick, he thus addresses his broad-sword—

"Hæ tibi erunt artes, pacis componere mores; Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos."

Barisdale, as described here and elsewhere, is presumed to have furnished the original for the character of M'Iver in *Waverley*. Pennant is wrong in his derivation of black-mail, of which a good account will be found in the Glossaries of Schilter and Wachter. It is compounded of black, from *blacken*, to plunder, and *mal*, a mark; landmark, term, tribute, the payment of which marked a certain term; rent. When a Scotchman says he has paid his mail (*i.e.*, rent), it is as if he said, "he has paid his term," which is commonly Martinmas. The word *mail* has crept into Gaelic from the Saxon.

A THREADBARE SONG.

One of the Lairds of Logan—there were two—was one night at an evening party. In the course of the merry-making which followed, a lady was pressed to sing, but she sought to excuse herself by saying she could only sing one song, and she had sung it so often that it was now threadbare.

"Hoot, Miss," said the laird, "that's nae excuse at a'; if the sang's threadbare, as ye say, it's sae muckle the better—ye'll get the easier through't."

THE WEIGHT OF CAITHNESS.

By the statutes of King David II., who began to reign during the year 1330, the weights and measures of the county of Caithness were the standards of Scotland. The law is thus recorded in the *Regiam Majestatem*:—

"It is statute be King David, that ane comon and equal weight, quhilk is called the weicht of Caithness (pondus Cathaniæ), in buying and selling, sall be keeped and vsed be all men within this realm of Scotland."

2d, "The law of God commands, thou sal not have in thy bagg twa manner of weichts, ane mair and ane less; neither sall thou have in thine house diverse measures, ane great and ane other small, bot thou sal have ane richt and just weicht."—Duet. cap. 25, 13th and 14th verses.

3d, "Gif ony man, agains the commands of God's law, use any unequal weicht, he sall pay to the King's Justice *aught kye* for his fault and transgression."

The circumstance that the weight of Caithness should be the general standard is not at all to be wondered at, for the town of Thurso, in Caithness, was formerly the great mart for trade between Scotland and Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and the powers of the Baltic, and in consequence thereof the weights established in that town might, with great propriety, become the standards of the kingdom.

HOW TO ACQUIRE THE ENGLISH ACCENT.

An Ayrshire servant lass, who spoke the broadest of west country doric, accompanied her master's family to London for a season. On returning to her native village she was "clipping English" in a manner which astonished her friends. On being asked how she, of all others, learned the English accent so quickly, she replied in her original *patois*—

"Ou, it's easy eneuch; a' ye've got to dae is just to leave out the H's and the R's, and gie the words a bit chow in the middle."

GLASGOW CATHEDRAL.

When the religious fanatics, in the year 1567, were about to pull down Glasgow Cathedral, a gardener who stood by said—

"Ye gowks, can you no make it a house for serving God in your own way —it would cost you muckle to build ane like it?"

The hint struck some of the leaders of the mob as a sensible one. They saw the force of it, and prevailed upon them to restrain their fury; and the Cathedral of St Mungo was, in a sense, the only one left uninjured in Scotland.

A BRAVE SERGEANT.

In a Scotch regiment at the battle of Waterloo, the standard-bearer was killed, and he clasped the colours so fast in death, that a serjeant, in trying to no purpose to rescue them, on the near approach of the enemy made a violent effort, and throwing the dead corpse, colours, and all over his shoulders, carried them off together. The French seeing this were charmed with the heroism of this action, and hailed it with loud shouts of applause.

TESTING WITCHES.

When a person was accused of witchcraft, pins were thrust into his body, and if the searchers happened upon a place where, from hardness of the flesh or any other cause, acute pain was not inflicted, this was an *insensible* mark, and held an infallible proof of the person being in league with Satan. If the ministers and judges themselves had been properly pricked all over the body, after being kept from sleep four days, they would have been glad to remain still and motionless, if the pin had come into a place where it excited no pain. Yet by such test was guilt or innocence decided on, and multitudes lost their lives.

HUMANITY OF ROBERT BRUCE.

When Robert Bruce was retreating from a superior force during his expedition into Ireland, one of the women accompanying his troop was taken in labour. The matter being told to Bruce, he ordered his little army to halt and face the enemy, and caused a tent to be pitched, into which the woman retired, with other women to assist her; and he waited until she was delivered, and able to be carried on with the troops. Such acts of humanity, which were of frequent occurrence, strongly attached his followers to so good a king.

A BELLMAN'S BULL.

Willie Lang, town-crier of Strathaven, was on one occasion deputed to announce a sale of farm stock. After having gone carefully over the list of articles to be sold, he closed the paper, and delivered the last and most important item from memory, in this wise, "And furthermore saxteen kye, an' ane o' them a bull!"

THE LASS O' PATIE'S MILL.

The parish of Keith Hall, in Aberdeenshire, disputes with that of Galston, in Ayrshire, the honour of giving birth to this song. In the Statistical Account of Keith Hall, "The Lass's" father is said to have been proprietor of *Patie's Mill*, in that parish. One Sangster, Laird of Bodhom, in New Machar parish, made an attempt to carry her off, but was interrupted by a dog, and

very roughly handled by her father, who was called Black John Anderson.

Burns, on the other hand, in one of his letters to Thomson, gives the following as the genuine history of the song. He says he had it from Sir William Cunningham, of Robertland, who had it of John, Earl of Loudoun—

"Allan Ramsay was residing at Loudoun Castle with the then earl, father to Earl John, and one forenoon riding or walking out together, his lordship and Allan passed a sweet romantic spot on Irvine Water, still called 'Patie's Mill,' where a bonnie lass was 'tedding hay bareheaded on the green.' My lord observed to Allan that it would be a fine theme for a song. Ramsay took the hint, and, lingering behind, he composed the first sketch of it, which he produced at dinner."

ANN MACRAE.

There died lately (1873) in Inverness an old woman named Ann Macrae, better known by her local cognomen of "Anna Mhonidh." She was a native of Kintail, but had resided in Inverness for many years, and had reached the age of eighty. She was altogether a remarkable character, and could trace her pedigree many centuries back, and claimed kindred to all the Macs, from Macormic, king of Ireland, downwards. To the last she retained the old primitive habits of at least three centuries ago, despising all modern changes in dress or food, and looking on tea and loaf-bread as quite unfit to support life. She was very fond of animal food, her favourite being the flesh of the red-deer and goat. Ann was extremely cleanly in her habits and dress, and extravagant only in the use of water. She would not sleep in a strange bed, nor partake of food from a stranger or acquaintance, unless she was perfectly satisfied as to their habits. Ann was preparing for her end since she passed her seventieth year, and had everything ready years before, with the exception of the coffin, which, she said, would have also been prepared, but she could find no carpenter to make it for her. By her own industry she was able to put together about £100, which she divided and deposited in three different banks, alleging, as she expressed it, that if a monetary panic arose, and one or two of the banks *broke*, the third was likely to outstand the crash, and something would be left her. She desired to be buried with her ancestors, and that abundance of meat and drink should be distributed at her funeral, wishing that the day might be as long remembered in Kintail as the funeral of any of the Kintail chiefs of old. Her remains were conveyed to Strome Ferry, and were thence taken to the churchyard of Kintail and interred among her own kindred.—*Inverness Courier.*

DRAFF-POCKS.

The Rev. Mr Robertson, of Kilmarnock, was frequently annoyed by one of those busybodies who are unfortunately to be found in all congregations, and who never cease poking their noses into matters which do not concern them. One day, however, this pest—Andrew Oliphant by name—"o'erstepped the modesty of nature" so palpably, that Mr Robertson resolved to rebuke him publicly. Accordingly, on the Sunday following, he selected for his sermon the subject of besetting sins, and in the course of his remarks said—

"Every ane, my friends, has their draff-pock. Some has their draff-pock hinging afore them; others, again, has their draff-pock hinging ahint them; but I ken a man that sits in my ain kirk that has draff-pocks hinging a' round him. An' wha do ye think that is? Ye maun a' ken wha I mean—nae ither than Andro Oliphant!"

TAMMY TWENTY.

"Wha lies here?
Wha lies here?"
"Wee Tammy Twenty, ye needna spier."
"Eh! Tammie, is that you?"
"Atweel is't—but I'm deed noo!"

THE FIRST COACH IN THE HIGHLANDS.

After General Wade had caused the military roads to be made through the Highlands, he travelled over them in his coach, and the poor natives seeing the postillions and coachman handsomely dressed, paid their homage to them, wholly disregarding the general and his friends as of no consequence, from their being shut up in the coach.

DRUM *v.* BAGPIPE.

The captain of a Highland company stationed at Stirling had to settle a dispute that happened in his corps about precedency. He had received orders to add a drum to his regiment, as a more military instrument; but the pipe was to be retained, because the Highlanders could hardly be brought to march without it. A contest between the drummer and the piper arose about the post of honour, and at length the contention grew exceedingly hot, and the attention of the captain was called to it. He called them both before him, and in the end decided the matter in favour of the drum; whereupon the piper remonstrated very warmly.

"G— G—, sir," said he; "and shall a little rascal that beats upon a shaved sheepskin tak the right hand of me, that am a piper and a musician?"

INNES OF INNES.

Alexander Innes of that ilk was of a proud and violent disposition, which involved him in several lawsuits with kinsmen of his own, one of whom was Innes of Pethnock.

In 1576 he met this gentleman at the Cross of Edinburgh, when some high words passed between them, and the Laird of Innes killed him on the spot with a blow from his dagger. Instead of trying to escape, however, he remained walking up and down at the Cross for some time, until the Earl of Morton, then regent, sent a guard to arrest him. He was imprisoned in the castle, and for the crime was soon after tried, condemned, and executed.

CULLODEN HOSPITALITY.

A hogshead of wine was constantly on tap near the hall-door of Culloden House, for the use of all comers; and it appears in the account-books of President Forbes, that for nine months' housekeeping in his family the wine alone cost a sum which, at the present price of that article, would amount to upwards of £2000 sterling.

A SHIRT WOVEN IN THE LOOM.

As an instance of ingenuity in the art of weaving, a shirt wrought in the loom, completely finished, and ready for wearing, made a century ago by an ingenious artist of the name of Inglis, is still preserved in the chest of the corporation of the weavers of Dunfermline. It is without a seam, and, excepting the neck button, was completed without the assistance of a needle.

THE UNHAPPY OGILVIES.

In 1766, Alexander Ogilvie was committed to prison for bigamy. His father, who had been concerned in the

rebellion, broke his neck in attempting to escape from Edinburgh Castle; the eldest brother was taken prisoner at Carlisle, and suffered with the other rebels. Thomas Ogilvie was poisoned by his wife and his brother, Lieutenant Patrick Ogilvie. They were both impeached of incest and murder, and condemned to die. The sentence was executed on the lieutenant, but the wife escaped in disguise from jail.

KING JAMES VI. AND THE SATIRIST.

The king's love of anything that resembled wit or humour seems to have been excessive. The following anecdote exhibits his character in a more favourable point of view:—

"Some years since," says Howell, "there was a very abusive satire, in verse, brought to our king; and as the passages were reading before him, he often said, that if there were no more men in England the rogue would hang for it. At last, being come to the conclusion, which was (after all his railing)

"'Now God preserve the king, the queen, the peers,
And grant the author long may wear his ears.'

"This pleased his majesty so well, that he broke into laughter, and said—

"'By my saul, so thou shalt for me: thou art a bitter, but thou art a witty, knave.'"

A POT-VALIANT TAILOR.

About the time of the threatened invasion of Britain by Napoleon, there lived in Auchterarder a tailor who always took his dram at regular intervals, but occasionally in rather unknown quantities. On one of these occasions he was marching along a country road, dreaming of warlike deeds and great actions which he fancied he was doing, when, to suit the action to the thought, he cut a wand and commenced to switch off the heads of all the nettles, &c., which he met on his way. As he went on thus, he came to a place in the road thicker with his imaginary foes than any he had hitherto passed. In he went, cutting right and left, when up jumped, all at once, a moor-fowl. The tailor thought it was a Frenchman, and as he fell with fright he exclaimed, hiding his "diminished head,"—

"Oh, Frenchman, dinna meddle wi' me—I'm no a sodger—I'm only a puir daidlin' drucken tailor!"

A HIGHLAND KINDNESS.

A worthy Stirling bookseller had an old maiden sister who acted as shop assistant, and also kept house for him. A portrait painter from Glasgow in search of work came to the town, and was the bearer of a letter of introduction to the bibliopole, who in turn introduced him to his sister. The lady, although up in years, had as much womanly vanity left as to desire to have her portrait taken, urging as a reason that it might also assist the artist in procuring the artist other portraits to paint.

"It'll no cost muckle, Samuel," said she; "and the customers will see't in the shop, and it may do the poor painter a deal of good."

"Na, na, Kirsty," replied her brother, "it would be but a Highland kindness to ask him to paint your portrait. Dinna mak ony body suffer by ye, as thae scranky-shanked mizzle-shinned Donalds do. Do ye no see, Kirsty, woman, that if the poor painter was to paint your portrait, he would use up a' his yellow?"

THE BEST CHRONOMETER.

The Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty having advertised a pre-

mium of £300 for the best chronometer, which should be kept at Greenwich for trial for one year: thirty-six were sent thither, by the principal chronometer-makers in London, and were kept in 1823. It was announced that if any chronometer varied six seconds it could not obtain the prize. At the end of the year the prize was adjudged to Mr James Murray, of Cornhill, whose instrument on no one month varied more than one second and eleven hundredth parts of a second. This distinguished artist, who had the honour of producing the best instrument ever known, was a native of Moffat, in Dumfriesshire. The second prize was given to Mr Cathro, a native of Dundee. Thus both the prizes were gained by Scotchmen. Such perfection was never before attained, and justly excited the astonishment of all astronomers, and of the Board of Admiralty.

HOT POTTED-HEAD.

A sergeant of the gallant Gordon, or 92d Highlanders, and a number of friends in Edinburgh, were one evening returning home from a masonic meeting rather late. A desire to partake of supper seized the party, and they adjourned to a tavern for the purpose. It so happened that humble but excellent "potted-head" was the only article left, and a supply was ordered in. After the heated atmosphere of the "Lodge," however, and the steaming toddy he had partaken of, the sergeant found the dish rather cold. He requested the landlord to heat it for him; but this the Boniface very properly declined to do, telling him that in all his experience as a landlord, he had never heard of such a thing as *hot* potted-head. Like a true soldier, however, Sergeant N—— was not to be baulked in his purpose, and he resolutely drew his long sword, and impaled the cold firm "head" on the point of it for the purpose of doing for himself what the landlord would not do for him. The picture of the gallant sergeant, in full uniform, with Victoria cross, Crimean and Indian medals on his breast, sitting in front of an enormous fire, toasting potted-head on the point of his sword, and the look of blank astonishment with which he viewed the result of his labour among the ashes, cannot be described; but it will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it!

THE FORBESES AND THE GORDONS.

Sir Adam Gordon, of Auchindoun, in a feud with the Forbeses, burnt down the old castle of Corgarff, in Strathdon, in 1551, when twenty-seven persons, among whom were the wife and children of Alexander Forbes, perished in the flames. Subsequently a meeting for reconciliation took place between a select number of the heads of the two houses in the hall of the old castle of Drumminor. The differences were made up, and the parties sat down to dinner, when, mistaking a gesture of their chief, the Forbeses slew a number of the unsuspecting Gordons. The chiefs looked at each other in silent consternation. At length Forbes said—

"This is a sad tragedy we little expected; but what is done cannot be undone, and the blood that now flows on the floor of Drumminor will just help to slocken the auld fire of Corgarff."

POOR PICKING.

A Stirlingshire dissenting minister was lecturing one Sunday forenoon on the siege of Samaria. After reading the passage about the price given for the head of an ass, he remarked in a homely manner—

"An', my friends, for a' they paid for't, they wad hae but a puir picking at it, after a'."

IMPROVED CULTIVATION IN SCOTLAND.

The cultivation of turnips, as a food for cattle, was first introduced into Moray from the county of Norfolk, by the Earl of Findlater, about the year 1760.

The impression of famine, although now completely effaced, remained, even at that period, so deeply stamped on the minds of the people, that an attempt to raise anything but grain, upon a soil prepared with manure, was at first considered as a proper subject for derision, and viewed with the most marked disapprobation; and, had his lordship's influence, great as it was, been restricted to admonition only, it would have been of no avail whatever. Lord Findlater, however, took several extensive farms upon the coast of Banffshire into his own hands, upon which he introduced all the improvements of the best systems then known; everything appertaining to which, from a common hoe upwards, was then a surprising novelty in the country. The gentlemen of the neighbourhood, who visited his lordship and several of the farmers were, of course, led to see and consider the example thus set before them, and they were soon convinced of the advantages which would accrue to them from the adoption of a system, of which they saw before their eyes so striking a practical illustration. Besides the cultivation of turnips, that of grass, both for green food and hay, together with fallows, straight regular ditches, and the best constructed implements of every kind, were first exhibited in this country by Lord Findlater.

Enlarging the farms to a suitable extent, and granting regular leases for nineteen, and even thirty-eight years, both induced and enabled the tenants on his lordship's estate to follow his example in almost every branch of improvement, which from thence spread gradually over the coasts both of Banff and Moray. They in general found their way also, though later, yet many years ago, in the highest parts of the country where the extent of any farm admitted the adoption of such improvements.

KING-AT-ARMS.

The office of heralds in feudal times being held of the utmost importance, the inauguration of the kings-at-arms, who presided over their colleges, was proportionally solemn. In fact, it was the mimicry of a royal coronation, except that the unction was made with wine instead of oil. In Scotland, a namesake and kinsman of Sir David Lindsay, inaugurated in 1592, "was crowned by King James with the ancient crown of Scotland, which was used before the Scottish kings assumed a close crown," and on occasion of the same solemnity dined at the king's table wearing the crown. It is probable that the coronation of his predecessor was not less solemn. So sacred was the herald's office, that in 1515 Lord Drummond was by parliament declared guilty of treason, and his lands forfeited, because he had struck with his fist the lion king-at-arms, when he reproved him for his follies. Nor was he restored but at the lion's earnest solicitation.

TUNING *v.* PITCHFORKS.

When tuningforks, *vulgariter* pitchforks, came into fashion among precentors, a certain "lettergae" in Fife commissioned the Edinburgh carrier to procure one for him on his first visit to the town, which was on the Saturday; and he was enjoined, no matter at what

hour he returned, to send it home that night. The honest carrier knew only one kind of pitchfork, and he accordingly bought an excellent specimen at least ten feet long. An accident, however, prevented him reaching the village until very late, and he delayed the delivery of the article till next morning. On Sunday, therefore, when the bells were ringing, and the precentor was standing in the churchyard amid a group of friends discussing the news of the week, the carrier marched boldly up with the pitchfork over his shoulder, which he handed to him, saying—

"I was ower lang in getting hame last night, John, but I hae brought your pitchfork. I can tell ye though, that I ne'er thocht muckle o' your singing before, and, for the life o' me, I canna see how a pitchfork like this will mak ye sing ony better!"

BOROUGHMOOR OF EDINBURGH.

The borough, or common moor of Edinburgh, was of very great extent, reaching from the southern walls of the city to the bottom of the Braid Hills. It was anciently a forest, and in that state was so great a nuisance that the inhabitants of Edinburgh had permission granted to them of building wooden galleries to their houses, projecting over the street, in order to encourage them to consume the timber. When James IV. mustered the array of the kingdom there in 1513, the boroughmoor was, according to Drummond of Hawthornden, "a field spacious and delightful by the shade of many stately and aged oaks." Upon that and similar occasions, the royal standard is traditionally said to have been displayed from the Hare Stane, a high stone, built into the wall on the left hand of the highway leading towards Braid, not far from the head of Bruntsfield Links. The Hare Stone probably derives its name from the British word *har*, signifying an army.

A "NATURAL'S" APOLOGY FOR GLUTTONY.

Previous to the ameliorations in the poor law, men of the imbecile class were found constantly as "hangers-on" about hotels and coach-offices, as well as churchyards, on the occasion of funerals. About seventy years ago there lived one of this class in Dunse, who regularly frequented the kitchen of the "White Swan," where he received all his meals. His appetite was of no common order, and when remonstrated with for eating all food that came in his way, was wont to exclaim—

"Better belly burst than gude meat spoil."—*Dr Wilson.*

HIGHLAND HUTS.

Dr Johnson, in his *Tour in the Hebrides*, thus described the huts of the Highlanders:—"A hut is constructed with loose stones, ranged for the most part with some tendency to circularity. It must be placed where the wind cannot act upon it with violence, because it has no cement, and where the water will run easily away, because it has no floor but the naked ground. The wall, which is commonly about six feet high, declines from the perpendicular a little inward; such rafters as can be procured are then raised for a roof, and covered with heath, which makes a strong and warm thatch, kept from flying off by ropes of twisted heath, of which the ends, reaching from the centre of the thatch to the top of the wall, are held firm by the weight of a large stone. No light is admitted but at the entrance, and through a hole in the thatch, which gives vent to the

smoke: this hole is not directly over the fire, lest the rain should extinguish it; and the smoke therefore naturally fills the place before it escapes."

ANNIE AND THE TRUMPETER OF FYVIE.

In the kirkyard of Fyvie is to be seen the gravestone of the ill-fated "Annie," whose love for the trumpeter of Fyvie is the subject of a well-known tragic ballad. She was one of the daughters of the miller of Tiftie, and is said to have been very beautiful. Her relations violently opposed her union with her lover, Andrew Lammie, as being beneath her. When he went away to Edinburgh with his master, he promised on his return to marry her; but she told him that before that time she "would be laid in the green kirkyard of Fyvie," which came to pass, for she died of a broken heart—

"O, mother dear, make me my bed,
And lay my face to Fyvie;
Thus will I lie, and thus will die,
For my dear Andrew Lammie."

She died 19th of January 1673.

ADVICE OF "INTEREST."

"Mary, my woman," said an old Highlander to a young person who had asked his advice on an important step she was about to take—viz., leaving her home to go to service in the Lowlands. "When ye go to Edinboro' keep yourself to yourself, and do nothing for no person for nothing, and always look to your own hand, and never mind nobody's interests but your own, and no other person's; but let every other person's interests look to your ownself, Mary, my woman."

HIGHLANDERS IN PRINCE FERDINAND'S ARMY.

The French held the Highlanders in Prince Ferdinand's army, in the seven years' war, at first in great contempt, but met with them so often afterwards, and saw them in front of so many battles that they firmly believed there wer. twelve battalions of them in the army instead of two. Broglio himself said, that he once wished he was a man of six feet high, but that now he was reconciled to his size, since he had seen the wonders performed by the little mountaineers.

LAYING A GHOST.

A white ghost having appeared at Dundee several nights, and terrified many people, a gentleman fell on a mode of laying to rest this perturbed spirit. He sent round the town-drummer with a notice that he should be out with a *great dog* to hunt the ghost when he next appeared. The ghost understood the hint, and had sufficient prudence not to appear again in public.

SCOTTISH INNS.

The accommodations of a Scottish hostelrie, or inn, in the sixteenth century, may be collected from Dunbar's admirable tale, *The Friars of Berwick*. Simon Lawder, "the gay ostlier," seems to have lived very comfortably; and his wife decorated her person with a scarlet kirtle, and a belt of silk and silver, and rings upon her fingers; and feasted her customers with rabbits, capons, partridges, and Bordeaux wine. At least, if the Scottish inns were not good, it was not for want of encouragement from the legislature, who, so early as the reign of James I., not only enacted that in all boroughs and fairs there be

hostelries, having stables and chambers, and provision for man and horse, but by another statute ordained that no man, travelling on horse or foot, should presume to lodge anywhere, except in these hostelries; and that no person, save innkeepers, should receive such travellers, under the penalty of forty shillings, for exercising such hospitality. But, in spite of these provident enactments, the Scottish hotels were but indifferent, and strangers continue to find reception in the houses of individuals.

SCOTTISH SILVER COIN.

At a parliament, held at Edinburgh, 4th December, 1583, an act was passed, that (according to Calderwood) "the old placks, bawbees, threepenny pieces, and twelvepenny pieces sould be brought in betwixt [that date] and July next, to be broken; and that a new coine be strucken, fourpenny groats, eightpenny groats, and that they be threepenny fine. Yett were they not so fine. This was done to get silver to Colonell Stuart to pay the waiged men of warre. The burrowes dissented from breaking of the old coine."

MARTYRS' TOMB AT DUNNOTTAR.

On a plain white painted headstone, near the Keith's aisle, in the churchyard of Dunnottar, is the following inscription:—

"Here lyes John Stot, James Atcheson, James Russel, William Brown, and one whose name we have not gotten, and two women, whose names, also, we know not; and two who perished coming down the rock, one whose name was James Watson, the other not known, who all died prisoners in Dunnottar Castle, 1685, for their adherence to the word of God, and Scotland's covenanted work of reformation.—*Rev. XI. chap.* 12 *verse.*"

The text quoted is as follows:—

"And they heard a great voice from heaven, saying unto them, Come up hither. And they ascended up to heaven in a cloud, and their enemies beheld them."

The place where the Covenanters were confined, called the Whig's vault, and the holes in the wall, into which their hands were cruelly fastened with wedges, are still shown.

DUKEDOM OF ROTHESAY.

The reason why Rothesay was fixed as the title for the Princes of Scotland, was because it was the most ancient residence of the Stuart family, they possessing the Isle of Bute, in which Rothesay is situated. For many ages the castle was a favourite seat of Robert III. It is now in ruins. Except a small part, Bute is possessed by the earl of that title, whose ancestor was a natural son of King Robert II.; but Rothesay is still retained as a title appropriated to the heir-apparent of the crown of Scotland, and to which they are born, and is now used as such by the Prince of Wales.

JOHNNY COPE'S SALVE.

Robertson of Struan was engaged in the rebellion in 1745, and was present at the battle of Prestonpans. He obtained for his share of the booty the carriage of Sir John Cope, the commander-in-chief, which he drove as far as he could towards the district of Rannoch, until the roads became impassable. On examining its contents, he found, amongst other things, several rolls of a brown colour, which, as they were in a soldier's carriage, were believed to be specifics for wounds, and

were sold as "Johnny Cope's Salve." They proved upon trial to be chocolate.

GORDON'S GANG.

Towards the end of the last century, a notorious gang of sheep-stealers and smugglers, known as "Gordon's Gang," infested the borders. The chief was Tam Gordon, and an amusing story is told of him. Before the present coach-road was made between Berwick and Ayton, the track lay along the side of the sea-shore. On a winter night a wandering piper lost his way, and thinking it better to take shelter than pursue his journey, took up his abode for the night in a cave near the banks at Burnmouth village. He had been but a short time housed, when the gang came in. They proceed to light a fire, and roast and boil for supper part of the sheep they had stolen. The poor piper, afraid of his life, retired to the innermost recesses of the cave, and filling his bags, and screwing up the chanter, gave such a "skreigh" as soon put the gang to flight, leaving their supper untouched. Whether they returned to their "flesh-pots" is not stated; probably they believed that as the deil is said to be very fond of the pipes, they had better not go back. This gang resided, or at least had their head-quarters in Spittal, at the mouth of the Tweed. They lived ostensibly by the making of horn spoons; and inhabited a part of the village near the present steam-mill, the water to which is supplied from the "Horner's Burn." But we strongly suspect Tam was a native of the village of Horncliffe, on the Tweed, near Norham, if we may judge from his epitaph—

"Here lies the Horner of Horncliffe,
Puir Tam Gordon, cauld and stiff;
Wha in this narrow hole was puttin'
For his lawless love of wedder mutton.

This refers to one of his chief exploits in sheep-stealing. The gang on one occasion attacked Mr Abram Logan, of Lamberton, and assaulted him so seriously, that after trial Tam was sentenced to death for the double offence; but reprieved through the influence of the Duchess of Gordon. Tam always rode a white pony, and when wayfarers met him, the only remark that passed was—

"It's only Tam Gordon gaun to look after the speerits."

There were gaugers in those days, but Tam was a terror to them.—*Dr Wilson.*

UNUSED LAWS.

There are laws on the Scottish statute book unrepealed, which prescribe the punishment of the loss of the right hand, for the third offence of shooting pigeons. They may be considered as fallen into desuetude, like other laws also unrepealed—such as the statute against fornication, in 1567, by which it is ordained that all persons guilty, as well the men as the women, "shall be ta'en to the deepest and foulest poole or water of the parochin, and there to be thrice douket; and thereafter banished the said town or parochin for ever."

RIGHT OR WRONG.

An old Scotswoman, who had long followed the Duke of Wellington's army as a sutler, was one evening, preceding an important battle, in grave conversation with a sister sutler—an Englishwoman—discussing the probable consequences of the next day's engagement.

"Well," said the English sutler, "it most certainly will be a bloody battle; and all I have to say is, May God stand by the right!"

"The deil pick out your een for sic

a wicked wish," replied the Caledonian. "May God stand by Huntly's regiment, right or wrang."

A REASON FOR GREY HAIRS.

The Laird of Logan was a heavy loser in the disastrous failure of Douglas and Heron, the nominal proprietors of the Ayr bank, in which he was a shareholder. Calling on the Countess of Eglinton one day, shortly after the catastrophe, her ladyship expressed her surprise that a man so young as his lairdship should be grey-headed.

"Deed, my leddy," said Logan, "if you had got as mony letters as me frae Mr ——— (referring to the trustee on the bank estate), I'm thinking ye wad hae been grey-headed yersel'."

A PLOUGHMAN'S BILL OF FARE.

We here give an old account of an Aberdeen ploughman's bill of fare for a day, which is just equal to giving one for a twelvemonth, merry-making times, and the two festivals of Christmas and Fasten-een only excepted.

Breakfast.—Pottage, made of boiling water, thickened with oatmeal, and eaten with milk or ale. Or brose, made of shorn cabbage or cole-worts, left over night. After either of which dishes they eat oat-cakes and milk; and where they have not milk, kale or small beer.

Dinner.—Sowens, eaten with milk. Second course, oat-cakes, with milk or kale. Sowens are prepared in this manner. The mealy sid or hull of the ground oat is steeped in blood-warm water for about two days, when it is wrung out, and the liquor put through a search; if it is too thick, they add a little fresh cold water to it, and then put it on the fire to boil, constantly stirring it till it thickens, and continuing the boiling till it becomes tough like a paste. In the stirring they mix a little salt, and dish it up for table.

Supper.—First course, during the winter season, kale-brose about seven at night, while at the fireside the tale goes round among the men and maid servants. Second course, kale, eaten with oat-cakes about nine. During the summer season there is generally but one course, pottage and milk, or oat-cakes and kale, or milk. Kale is thus prepared:—Red cabbage or cole-worts are cut down and shorn small, then boiled with salt and water, thickened with a little oatmeal, and so served up to table. Brose is oatmeal put into a bowl or wooden dish, where the boiling liquor of the cabbage or cole-worts are stirred with it, till the meal is all wet. This is the principal dish upon the festival of Fasten-een, which is emphatically called Beef-brose-day.

In harvest they sometimes have a thick broth made of barley and turnips in place of sowens, and if near a seaport, frequently some kind of fish, which they eat with butter and mustard. We should have added to the number of their festivals, what they call the Clyak-feast, or, as it is called in the south and west, the Kirn. This is celebrated a few days after the last of their corn is cut down, when it is an established rule that there must be meat both roasted and boiled.

"TAK TENT."

"If you don't tak tent," said a Scotch physician in Jamaica to his patient, "it will soon be all over with you." The family, thinking that the doctor meant to recommend the use of the wine called tent, despatched the house negroes in all directions to procure some of it. But when the doctor next came for his moidore, they found that they had only misunderstood one of his Caledonian phrases.

SHALL AND WILL.

The Scots and Irish, as a rule, misapply the words *shall* and *will*, and Horne Tooke, in his *Diversions of Purley*, laid down a rule by which this fault can be avoided in writing. "Let," he says, "a Scotsman or Irishman write on as it comes naturally to him; then go over what he has written, and wherever he finds *will* substitute *shall*, and where there is *shall* correct it to *will*."

AN UNINTENTIONAL DOUBLE ENTENDRE.

Provost Wilson, of Edinburgh, when examined at the bar of the House of Lords, respecting the celebrated Porteous mob, was asked by the then minister, the Duke of Newcastle, what kind of shot Captain Porteous's soldiers fired among the people; he answered, "What we shoot at *deukes* and *fools*," an expression which his grace did not seem to relish.

AN INDIGNANT GUIDE.

Shortly after the publication of *The Lady of the Lake*, a traveller met, on the top of Ben Lomond, an old Highlander, who said he had been a guide from the *north side* of the mountain for upwards of forty years—

"But d—n that Walter Scott, that everybody makes such a work about!" exclaimed he with vehemence; "I wish I had him to ferry over Loch Lomond, I should be after sinking the boat, if I drowned myself into the bargain; for ever since he wrote his *Lady of the Lake*, as they call it, everybody goes to see that filthy hole Loch Katrine, then comes round by Luss, and I have only had two gentlemen to guide all this blessed season, which is now at an end. I shall never see the top of Ben Lomond again!—The d—l confound his ladies and his lakes, say I."

HAWKIE'S EXPLANATION.

"Hawkie" was not unfrequently reproved in public for his rude remarks and over-fondness for whisky. On one occasion he so far admitted the reasonableness of the rebuke as to say:—

"Oh, man, if I hadna had the heart of a hyena, my mither's tears would hae saftened it lang afore now; my conscience yet gies me sair stangs when I think upon her, an' I have just got to hush mysel' asleep wi' strong whisky."

ANGELIC MUSIC.

A Highlander was one day examining a picture by one of the old masters, in which angels were represented blowing trumpets. He inquired if the angels really ever played on trumpets, and being answered in the affirmative, made the following pithy remark:—

"Hech, sirs, but they maun be easy pleased wi' music! I wonder they didna borrow a pair o' bagpipes."

HIGHLAND LOVE FOR RAIN AND HEATHER.

About ninety years ago, a worthy Highlander of the old school (Lieut. Patrick Campbell), indignant at the manner in which he saw the peasantry around him treated by their landlords, took a voyage to North America, with the patriotic view of ascertaining, upon the spot, what was the actual situation of those who had emigrated to that quarter. Among other old acquaintances whom he met with in Canada, was one Cameron, who, some thirty years before, had been his servant and

fellow deer-stalker, when he was ranger of the forest of Mam More; consequently they had spent many an hour together, wet and dry, by night and day, on the bare hill-sides. Cameron, notwithstanding his early habits, had now become an industrious, well-doing, respectable planter, and possessed of considerable property. When he was out of the way, Mr Campbell asked his wife and daughters whether he ever talked of the Highlands, and how far he was contented in his present situation? they said he frequently talked of the Highlands, but seemed, upon the whole, contented enough where he was, only he often complained that *there was not rain enough;* and when a good, plump, sousing shower came, he would go out and stand in it till he was quite drenched, then come all dripping into the house, and, with an expression of uncommon satisfaction, observe—

"What a comfortable thing *rain* is!"

On taking leave of a woman whom he had known in the Highlands, Mr Campbell asked her what he could do to oblige her?

"Nothing," she said, "that she could at present think of, unless he could send her *a few stalks of heather*, which she longed exceedingly for: it would do her heart so much good to see it once more! There was a bit of poor ground behind her house, where she had always thought it would grow if properly taken care of; and she had often heard that there was some to be found on an island which he intended to visit."

A DEPOSITION.

A minister in Forfar, who had committed some clerical indiscretion, was adjudged by his brethren of the Presbytery to be deposed from the ministry. As he was "strong in speech," it was considered necessary to make the announcement to him in language which could not be mistaken, and the Rev. Mr Muir of St Vigeans, noted for his plain speaking, was deputed to convey the sentence of the Presbytery to the erring brother. The latter accordingly commenced a long speech with the following significant preamble:—

"I do not speak well myself, moderator: my expressions are coarse and homely, and they come off rough and round like stones from a quarry; but I can only tell you, that if you or any other person gets on the side of the head with one of my rough-dressed quarry chaps, you will find them pretty ugly customers."

The remainder of the address was couched in similar terms; and, as may be expected, the delinquent accepted his deposition without demur.

A BERWICKSHIRE ELECTION INCIDENT.

While an active canvass was once being carried on in Dunse, in an election for a member for the county, a late well-known paper manufacturer in the neighbourhood was very zealous in the interest of a lordly candidate. While in Dunse, prosecuting the canvass on market-day, they met Mr H——, hairdresser, to whom the manufacturer introduced my lord, using these terms—

"This, my lord, is Mr H——, our town barber."

Mr H—— bided his time, and noticing the electioneering party enter a shop, tolerably crowded at the time, joined them, introducing the paper-maker thus—

"Mr ——, gentlemen, our toon rag gatherer."—*Dr Wilson.*

FENELLA'S CASTLE.

The most ancient, and doubtless the most singular, ruin in the Mearns is Fenella's castle, situated about a mile

and a half west from Fettercairn, and near to the house of Balbegno. It is placed on a knoll by the margin of an extensive morass, which embraces it on three sides, leaving one side only accessible from dry land. The building itself, comprehended within an inner and an outer wall of an oblong form, occupies about half an acre, and must have been of great height and thickness. This may be inferred from the vast quantity of stones yet remaining, although it has for ages served as a kind of quarry for building the houses and park walls in the neighbourhood. But the most remarkable fact to be observed respecting the ruin is the remains of a vitrified wall all around the innermost building, with large fragments of the same material tumbled down and lying, some of them between the inner and the outer wall, and some of them at the distance of twenty or thirty yards beyond both. These fragments are seldom less than two feet thick, and are composed, as well as the parts of the wall that are still entire, of a congeries of small stones cemented together by some molten matter, in which they seem rather enclosed than forming vitrified matter themselves. These small stones too are of many different kinds, but all of them are such as abound in the conterminous fields.

The material most resembling this vitrified wall is pudding-stone; which every one acquainted with it knows to be bound together by some pervading matter, probably once in a liquid state, but now harder than the very pebbles which it encloses. There is in pudding-stone, however, no marks of ignition. Whereas in vitrified walls, at least in this wall of Fenella's castle, the ignition is as apparent as in the scoria of a smithy or a glass-house. There is not a semblance of lime in the whole fabric, neither is the wall wholly vitrified. Perhaps not more than one part in twenty of it is thus composed. For the operation appears to have been limited to the height of three or four feet at most.

Respecting Fenella herself, there is very little traditionary history in the neighbouring country. Buchanan gives a fabulous account of her, as living in the reign of Kenneth III., about the end of the tenth century; and that she was slain and her castle demolished in the year 994, for the part she acted in the murder of that prince. It is so far certain, however, that different places in the Mearns still bear her name. For besides the Castle of Fenella, there are also Strath-Fenella, and Den-Fenella. This last place is said, in the genuine spirit of legendary story, to have obtained its name from that princess who, on some occasion of flight, and the more readily to evade her pursuers, stepped from the top of one tree to another, the whole way from her castle to this den, which is at least ten miles distant, near the sea, in the parish of St Cyrus. It would take rather long strides at present to accomplish this journey in such a manner. But it is the general belief here that the country in those days was one continued forest; for the truth of which this exploit of the Lady Fenella is always adduced as an evidence.

DRESS AND FOOD IN WEST LOTHIAN.

Among the lower or labouring classes of the people, little, if any change, has taken place in the furniture of their houses; but, in their dress, the change has been very great, especially among the women servants, who are supposed to spend the whole of their wages or income on this article. The use of cloth made in the principal manufacturing towns is now almost universal among the labouring people. This change has been gradually brought about within the last fifty years. Before that period, they were in use to wear cloth made at

home, or of which the yarn was spun in their own houses. The yarn was made into cloth by country weavers, and was afterwards dressed by fullers and dyers of the same description.

The usual food of the common people is—oatmeal porridge for breakfast; for dinner, broth made of barley prepared for the purpose, and of vegetables, sometimes with butcher's-meat, and sometimes without it; and for supper, potatoes two-thirds of the year, and porridge the remaining third. Oat-cakes are the common bread. At dinner some use bread made of peas and barley mixed. In harvest, wheat bread and beer are the common food for dinner and supper, but particularly for dinner. The use of tea and of wheat bread has of late crept in among the lower classes, and is gaining ground. It is an unlucky practice. The new food is more expensive than the old, and is not more nourishing. It tends to prevent savings, and, in the end, to make the poor numerous and burdensome to the public.—*Stat. Account.*

ORIGIN OF THE NAME OF NASMYTH.

The family tradition accounts for the origin and spelling of the surname Nasmyth (formerly and properly Nae-smith), by the following romantic incident. In the reign of Alexander III., the ancestor of the family, being in attendance on the king, was, on the eve of a battle, required by him to repair his armour. Although a man of great stature and power, he was unsuccessful. After the battle, having performed prodigies of valour, he was knighted by the king, with the remark that, "although he was *nae smith*, he was a brave gentleman." The armorial bearings of the family have reference to this origin of the name, viz., a drawn sword between two war hammers, or "martels," broken, with the motto, *Non arte, sed marte*,—in old Scotch, "Not by knavery, but by bravery,"—*arte* and *knavery* meaning skill, not cunning.

HEATHER BEDS.

A heather bed is formed of the longest, straightest, and finest single stalks of the young heath. When these stalks are in their highest bloom and fragrance they are pulled with as little root as possible, and laid down like hay in the swarth for some hours, till the dew or any accidental moisture be exhaled. Then the heath is laid as thick and close as it can stand, having all the tops uppermost, and inclining a little towards the head of the bed, which is generally against a wall: the foot and the sides are kept together by logs of wood, cut at the proper length. The appearance of this bed resembles a rich Turkish carpet, or a field of rich grain all leaning one way; and the odoriferous effluvia of the honey, with which the blooms of the heath abound, spread a grateful perfume inviting to repose.

SMOLLETT'S PRACTICAL JOKE.

On a winter evening, when the streets were covered with snow, Smollett happened to be engaged in a snow-ball fight with a few boys of his own age. Among his associates was the apprentice of that surgeon who is supposed to have been delineated under the name of Crab in *Roderick Random*. He entered his shop while his apprentice was in the heat of the engagement. On the return of the latter, the master remonstrated severely with him for his negligence in quitting the shop. The youth excused himself by saying, that while he was employed in making up a prescription, a fellow hit him with a

snow-ball, and that he had been in pursuit of the delinquent.

"A mighty probable story, truly," said the master in an ironical tone; "I wonder how long I should stand here," added he, "before it would enter into any mortal's head to throw a snow-ball at me?"

While he was holding his head erect with a most scornful air, he received a very severe blow in the face by a snow-ball. Smollett, who stood concealed behind the pillar at the shop door, had heard the dialogue, and perceiving that his companion was puzzled for an answer, he extricated him by a repartee equally smart and *apropos*.

A HOROLOGICAL DIFFICULTY.

Nelly Macleod came fresh from the Highlands to take service in Glasgow. A day or two after she was "told off" to boil eggs for breakfast, and to boil them exactly three minutes, neither more nor less.

"But how, mem, will I ken when it's three minutes?" asked Nelly.

"Oh, Nelly, just go by the kitchen clock," said the mistress.

"Ah, but mistress, that'll not do," replied the girl; "did you'll not know that the kitchen knock's twenty minutes afore the muckle knock on the kirk?"

SOMETHING LIKE PREACHING.

During the time of the ecclesiastical differences in Scotland, which resulted in the Disruption, there was great diversity of preaching in the pulpit, and criticism out of it. Ministers spoke from the pulpit their own opinions on the matter, and the hearers as freely expressed theirs. A certain minister in the west thought to clench the whole matter by a sermon in which Calvinistic points of doctrines entirely effaced practical principles of religion, and the remarks of one listener to another were in this wise:—

"Man, John, wasna yon preachin'? Yon's something for a body to bring awa' wi' them. Nine heads, an' twenty particulars to ilka head—an' sic mouthfu's o' grand words! Od man, it was fine! If you could just mind onything he said, John, it wad do us guid!"

FULLING CLOTH IN THE HIGHLANDS.

This is done by six or eight women sitting upon the ground, near some river or rivulet, in two opposite ranks, with the wet cloth between them; their coats are tucked up, and with their naked feet they strike one against another's, keeping exact time.

FLITTING KINGS.

In the '45, an Arbroath carrier was pressed by the Highlanders to assist in taking the baggage northwards. In the brae of Lunan his cart broke down; and after he had toiled hard to repair the mischief—

"Vow me," says he, "fat a trouble it does take to flit kings, to be sure."

FLEEMAN AMONG THE STRAW.

Jamie Fleeman, of whom we have already told several stories, was a good-hearted fellow at bottom. One night a party of gipsies besought a lodgment at Slains Castle, and Jamie undertook to provide straw for their bedding. He accordingly went to the barn, and "lifted" two *winlings*, one under each arm. On returning with his load, as bad luck would have it, who should meet him but the Earl of Errol himself!

"Hullo, Jamie," said his lordship,

"what are you going to do with all that straw?"

"It's just to dight my sheen, my lord," at once replied Fleeman.

"But surely, James, you do not require such a quantity of straw to wipe your shoes as all that?" answered the earl.

"Ower muckle's easy mended, my lord," retorted the red-handed thief; "and better leave than want."

THE SCOTTISH SPEAR.

The length of the Scottish spear by act of parliament was six ells, or eighteen feet six inches. A body of spearmen arranged in battle army was not to be pierced, but they presented a broad mark to the English archers, and did not possess the means of annoying them. They were therefore weak, if not supported by light troops.

THE FLAUGHTER SPADE.

The practice of taking off the surface of the ground, in order to increase the dunghill, and also that of paring divots, or thin turf, for the purpose of covering the roofs of houses, are pernicious customs, which ought to be put an end to. The absurdity and destructive consequences of both having long been foreseen, as appears from the following anecdote:—

It is well known that the Treaty of Union (an event which has proved so beneficial to both kingdoms) was violently opposed in the Scottish parliament; some members of which were constantly exclaiming that it would be the ruin of Scotland. "The ruin of Scotland!" said an intelligent laird; "I'll tell you what will be more destructive to Scotland, the flaughter spade." The instrument commonly made use of for cutting turf is known by that name. It is inconceivable how many acres of land have been destroyed by this instrument since the Union.

LOCHAR MOSS.

Lochar moss is an extensive tract of moss in Dumfriesshire, twelve miles in length by two or three in breadth, extending down to the Solway Firth, and divided into two parts by the Lochar water, which winds through it. There is a saying common in the neighbouring county, that this tract was

> "First a wood, and then a sea;
> Now a moss, and e'er will be."

Oak, fir, birch, and hazel trees (the latter with nuts and husks) are everywhere dug up, and a stratum of sea sand is found at certain depths, with anchors, pieces of vessels, &c., which prove that it has formerly been navigated. In 1785, after a very dry summer, the moss was accidentally set on fire, and burnt to a great extent, till fortunately it was extinguished by a heavy fall of rain.

AN UNSPOKEN SPEECH.

Professor Blackie, at an Edinburgh banquet some time since, told the following excellent story of himself:—

He said he had never prepared a speech beforehand except once, and he thought the result would prevent his ever doing it again. "It was on the occasion of the Centenary of Burns, at a meeting in Edinburgh. They came to me and said—

"'Blackie, we have you down for a speech.'

"I looked at the programme, and saw I was down at the bottom, as I am here. I said—

"'There is no use writing a speech. You have put my name at the bottom

of the list, and by that time nobody will listen.'

"'Nonsense,' they said, 'you must do it. It is a grand occasion, and you must make a grand speech; you must build it up architecturally, like Cicero, Demosthenes, and the orators of old.'

"'Like a good-natured fellow as I was, I wrote out a long speech. Well, at the dinner, people soon got tired, and the most eloquent men were not listened to. When it came to my turn I saw there was no chance; so I merely said—

"'I propose so and so; good-by,' and sat down. But next day, there in all the papers was the great speech that I had never delivered a word of—not only a whole column of type, but sprinkled with 'hear, hears,' 'hurrahs,' and all that sort of thing. It was the greatest lie that ever was printed; and you will find it there, making me immortal to the end of the world, wherever the name of Burns is known."

FRIAR SETON'S SERMON.

Alexander Seton, a black friar, preached openly in the church of St Andrews that, according to St Paul's description of bishops, there were no bishops in Scotland, which, being reported to the archbishop—not in very precise terms—he sent for Seton and reproved him sharply for having said, according to his information—

"That a bishop who did not preach was a dumb dog, who fed not the flock, but fed his own belly."

Seton said that those who had reported this were liars; upon which witnesses were produced, who testified very positively to the fact. Seton, by way of reply, delivered himself thus:—

"My lord, you have heard, and may consider what ears these asses have, who cannot discern between Paul, Isaiah, Zachariah, Malachi, and friar Alexander Seton. In truth, my lord, I did preach that Paul saith it behoveth a bishop to be a teacher. Isaiah saith, That they that feed not the flock are dumb dogs; and the prophet Zachariah saith, That they are idle pastors. Of my own head I affirm nothing, but declared what the Spirit of God had before pronounced; at whom my lord, if you be not offended, you cannot be justly offended with me."

How much soever the bishop might be incensed, he dismissed friar Seton without hurt, who soon afterwards fled out of the kingdom.

TRAGIC POETRY.

Scotland, like all other countries, is rich in amateur poets, who, in their own estimation, consider Shakspeare a fool, and Milton a man who had no appreciation of poetry in his soul. Non-concerned readers, however, cannot but laugh at the attempts of some of these would-be Homers; and it is no great crime occasionally to "string them up like onions on a rope."

An Ayrshire poet, a very long way after Burns, thus allowed his Pegasus to kick over the traces:—

"Unmanly, shameless, worthless villain,
Devoid o' every finer feelin',
Who with a base affected grace,
Applauds thy brother to his face,
Admires his humour, shares his plack,
And cuts his throat behind his back!"

A BOLD PIRATE.

When Barton, the pirate, was attacked in 1512 by some English vessels, he defended himself with extraordinary courage; but being at last mortally wounded, and no longer able to contend with the enemy, he bid one of his men bring him his hautboy or flute, on which he played for their encouragement, as long as his breath would permit him.

"THE GUDEMAN O' BALLANGEICH."

James V. was a monarch whose good and benevolent intentions often rendered his romantic freaks venial, if not respectable, since from his anxious attention to the interests of the lower and most oppressed class of his subjects, he was, as we are told, popularly termed the "King of the Commons." For the purpose of seeing that justice was regularly administered, and frequently from the less justifiable motive of gallantry, he used to traverse the vicinity of his several palaces in various disguises. The two excellent comic songs, entitled "The Gaberlunzie Man," and "We'll gang nae mair a-roving," are said to have been founded upon the success of his amorous adventures when travelling in the disguise of a beggar. The latter is perhaps the best humorous ballad in any language.

Another adventure, which had nearly cost James his life, is said to have taken place at the village of Cramond, near Edinburgh, where he had rendered his addresses acceptable to a pretty girl of the lower rank. Four or five persons, whether relations or lovers of his mistress is uncertain, beset the disguised monarch as he returned from his rendezvous. Naturally gallant, and an admirable master of his weapon, the king took post on the high and narrow bridge over the Almond river, and defended himself bravely with his sword. A peasant, who was threshing in a neighbouring barn, came out upon the scene, and, whether moved by compassion or by natural gallantry, took the weaker side, and laid about with his flail so effectually as to disperse the assailants, well thrashed, even according to the letter. He then conducted the king into his barn, where his guest requested a basin and towel, to remove the stains of the broil. This being procured with difficulty, James employed himself in learning what was the summit of his deliverer's earthly wishes, and found that they were bounded by the desire of possessing, in property, the farm of Braehead, upon which he laboured as a bondsman. The lands chanced to belong to the crown; and James directed him to come to Holyrood Palace, and inquire for the "Gudeman o' Ballangeich," a name by which he was known in his excursions, and which answered to *Il Bondocani* of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid. He presented himself accordingly, and found, with due astonishment, that he had saved his monarch's life, and that he was to be gratified with a crown-charter of the lands of Braehead, under the service of presenting a ewer, basin, and towel for the king to wash his hands, when he happened to pass the Bridge of Cramond. On another occasion, being once benighted when out hunting, and separated from his attendants, he happened to enter a cottage in the midst of a moor, at the foot of the Ochil Hills, near Alloa, where, unknown, he was kindly received. In order to regale their unexpected guest, the gudeman desired the gudewife to fetch the hen that roosted nearest the cock, which is always the plumpest, for the stranger's supper. The king, highly pleased with his night's lodging and hospitable entertainment, told his host at parting that he should be glad to return his civility, and requested that the first time he came to Stirling he would call at the castle and inquire for the "Gudeman o' Ballangeich." Donaldson, the landlord, did not fail to call on the "Gudeman o' Ballangeich," when his astonishment at finding that the king had been his guest, afforded no small amusement to the merry monarch and his courtiers; and, to carry on the pleasantry, he was thenceforth designated by James with the title of King of the Moors, which name and designation have descended from father to son ever since, and they have continued in possession of the identical

spot, the property of Mr Erskine of Mar, till very lately, when this gentleman, with reluctance, turned out the descendant of the King of the Moors, on account of his invincible indolence and great dislike to reform or innovation of any kind, although, from the spirited example of his neighbour tenants on the same estate, he ought to have been convinced that similar exertion would have promoted his advantage.

A SAFE WEATHER-PROPHET.

"Will," said the Rev. Mr Fullarton to Will Speir, one morning as the latter passed him on the road, "d'ye think the weather's gaun to keep up the day?"

"Deed, minister," replied Will, "it maybe will, and it maybe winna; but I'll be better able to tell ye gin nicht."

EXCUSE FOR NO SERMON.

In the records of the parish of Cortachy, in the county of Forfar, is an entry in the following words:—

"No sermon at Cortachy this day, the minister being at Clova, at the trial of a witch."

UDAL.

The *udal* is a peculiar tenure for some of the crown lands, which nowhere prevails in Scotland, except in the *four towns barony of Lochmaben*, and in the lands of Orkney and Shetland. The lands of Orkney, which are held by this tenure, are said to have been granted by Olaus, one of the Norwegian kings, upon condition of receiving one-third of the produce; and the property devolved in succession, without charter or seisin from either the sovereign or superior; the conditional payment of one-third of the produce is now given up, and at present some of the udal lands pay a small rent to the crown; some pay to the church, and some do not pay to one or other. The property of the udal lands is transferred from one person to another simply by delivery and possession; the only formality requisite to render the transaction valid being the insertion of the transfer into the rental of the superior, which is done without fee or reward. The udal rights were renewed by James VI. and Charles II., and confirmed by the Court of Session and a decree of the British House of Peers in 1726 and 1727.

CEDARS AND SECEDERS.

At one of the preaching stations connected with the Cowal missions, the clergymen sent there by the Secession Synod were well received, and apparently attentively listened to, though many of the hearers knew not the difference between the state kirk and dissent. One of them was asked what Seceders meant, as differing from the Church of Scotland?

"Och, I'll thocht, tall bonnie men, like the cedars on Lebanon."

TURNING A NEW LEAF.

An old man, who did not read remarkably well, on "taking the book," came, in the order of his reading, to a chapter full of Hebrew names, which he could not manage.

"Marion," said he to his wife, "this is an *unco kittle* chapter, and we had better turn o'er the leaf."

CORRUPTIONS OF NAMES.

In most countries the names of places are apt to be corrupted. This is remarkably the case in Scotland, of

which there are a few striking examples. Goodtrees and Fountainbridge are pronounced *Gultrees* and *Foulbriggs*, Restalrig is *Lasserric*, and Ulysses-haven, *Usan*. Where a foreign name has been unfortunately given to a place, it is sure to be mangled. Thus a village in the vicinity of Edinburgh, originally called Bordeaux, is known only by the name of *Burdiehouse*, Bella Retira soon became *Bell Rattray*, and L'Eglise de Maria is *Legsmaleery*.

POTATO-SHAWS.

The Laird of Logan was once invited to dinner at the house of a friend, and among the guests were a numerous family of the name of Shaw. It was early in the season for such a treat, but the host had contrived, somehow or other, to obtain a supply of new potatoes for the benefit of his guests. On detailing the circumstances of the meeting next morning to his sister, the laird mentioned the potatoes, and the lady said—

"New potatoes at this time o' the year! Do you tell me that? Hoo did they taste?"

"Weel," answered Logan, "I really canna tell ye—I couldna get near them for the Shaws!"

ALLAN RAMSAY.

This pastoral poet was born in the village of Leadhills, Lanarkshire, Oct. 15, 1686. For whatever education he received he was indebted to the parish school. In the 15th year of his age, he was bound apprentice to a wig-maker in Edinburgh. Ramsay was not remarkable for a premature ambition of literary distinction. The earliest of his productions which can now be traced is an epistle addressed "To the most happy Members of the Easy Club," in the year 1712. In 1715, this convivial society humorously appointed him their poet-laureate. About this period many of his poems were published in the detached form of pamphlets. Having for a considerable time exercised the trade of a wig-maker, Ramsay, desirous of a profession more congenial to his literary turn, at length adopted that of a bookseller. The detached poems, formerly printed separately, he published in 1721 in a quarto volume, which was encouraged by a very respectable list of subscribers. It was advertised in the *Edinburgh Evening Courant* of the above date, in the following terms:—"The poems of Allan Ramsay, in a large quarto volume, fairly printed, with notes, and a complete glossary (as promised to the subscribers), being now finished, all who have generously contributed to carrying on of the design, may call for their copies as soon as they please, from the author, at the Mercury, opposite to Niddry's Wynd, Edinburgh." In the year 1724 he published the first volume of his well-known collection, *The Tea-table Miscellany*. A second volume appeared soon after the first; a third in 1727; and a fourth after another interval. In the course of the same year he published the *Evergreen*, "being a collection of Scots Poems wrote by the Ingenious before 1600." His *Gentle Shepherd* was published in the year 1725. In 1721 he had published a pastoral under the title of *Patie and Roger*, which was followed in 1723 by a sequel under that of *Jenny and Meggy*. These specimens were so highly approved by his friends that he at length proceeded to extend them to the form of a regular drama. A second volume of his poems appeared in 1728, and was reprinted in an octavo form during the ensuing year. His fame had now extended itself beyond the narrow limits of Scotland. An edition of his poetical works was published by the London

booksellers in 1731; and another appeared at Dublin in 1733. His intercourse with contemporary poets was pretty extensive. Hamilton of Bangour, and Hamilton of Gilbertfield, were among the number of his friends; and Somerville, the ingenious author of the *Chase*, has returned his poetical greetings in two epistles. In 1726 Ramsay had removed from his shop opposite to what is now known as Niddry Street, to another at the east end of the Luckenbooths, which has since been well-known as the shop of Mr Creech, a gentleman of the same profession. Instead of retaining his old sign of Mercury, he now ornamented his sign-board with the heads of two favourite poets, Drummond of Hawthornden, and Ben Jonson. Here Mr Ramsay continued to sell and lend out books till a late period of his life; and here the wits of Edinburgh used to meet for amusement, and to learn the literary news of the day. Ramsay is said to have been the first who established a circulating library in Scotland. His collection of fables was published in 1730. After this period his efforts as an author were almost entirely discontinued. The following letter was written by him to Smibert, a portrait painter, who left England with Dean Berkeley, to settle in Bermudas:—

EDINBURGH, *May* 10, 1736.

"MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,—Your health and happiness are ever ane addition to my satisfaction. God make your life ever easy and pleasant. Half a century of years have now row'd o'er my pow, that begins now to be lyart; yet, thanks to my Author, I eat, drink, and sleep as I did twenty years syne; yes, I laugh heartily too, and find as many subjects to employ that faculty upon as ever; fools, fops, and knaves grow as rank as formerly; yet here and there are to be found good and worthy men, who are ane honour to human life. We have small hopes of seeing you again in our old world; then let us be virtuous, and hope to meet in heaven. My good auld wife is still my bedfellow; my son Allan has been pursuing your science since he was a dozen years auld—was with Mr Hyffidg at London, for some time, about two years ago; has been since at home painting here like a Raphael—sets out for the seat of the beast, beyond the Alps, within a month hence—to be away about two years. I'm sweer to part with him, but canna stem the current which flows from the advice of his patrons and his own inclination. I have three daughters, one of seventeen, one of sixteen, and one of twelve years old, and no rewayle dragle amang them, all fine girls. These six or seven years past I have not written a line of poetry. I e'en gave over in good time, before the coolness of fancy that attends advanced years, should make me risk the reputation I had acquired:—

> 'Frae twenty-five to five and forty,
> My muse was neither sweer nor dorty;
> My Pegasus would break his tether,
> Even at the shagging of a feather,
> And thro' ideas scour like drift,
> Streaking its wings up to the lift:
> Then, then my soul was in a low
> That gart my numbers saftly row;
> But eild and judgment 'gin to say,
> Let be your sangs, and learn to pray.'"

In the year 1736, however, Ramsay's enterprising spirit prompted him to build, at his own expense, the first theatre for dramatic performances of which Edinburgh could boast. It was situated in the lane called Carrubber's Close. His new character of manager Ramsay did not long enjoy. The act of parliament prohibiting the performance of stage-plays without a licence and his majesty's letters-patent, was passed during the ensuing year; and the magistrates of Edinburgh of course desired Ramsay to shut the house. He is supposed to have relinquished his book-shop about the

year 1755, when he had reached the age of 69. After this he resided, in a dignified retirement, in a neat small house which he built on the east side of the Castlehill. But all his social connections were soon to be dissolved. He had been subject to a scurvy in his gums; which unhappily increasing in violence, first deprived him of his teeth, corroded one of his jaw-bones, and at length put a period to his life, when he had completed his 71st year. He died at Edinburgh, June 7, 1758, and was interred in the Greyfriars' Churchyard. Ramsay was a man of strong natural parts, and a fine poetical genius, of which his celebrated pastoral, *The Gentle Shepherd*, will ever remain a substantial monument; and, though some of his songs may be deformed by far-fetched allusions and artificial conceits, "The Lass of Patie's Mill," "The Yellow Hair'd Laddie," "Farewell to Lochaber," and some others, must be allowed equal to any, and even superior, in point of pastoral simplicity, to most lyric productions, either in the Scottish, or perhaps any other language.

HIGHLANDERS AT WATERLOO.

A Highland soldier of the 92d, who had been twice wounded at Quatre-Bras, was lying on the pavement, under the shade of a house, in the streets of Antwerp, patiently waiting till he could be attended to. An English gentleman spoke to him, and praised his gallant conduct, and that of his fellow soldiers.

"Hoot man!" said the Scotchman, "what did ye gang there to do but to fight? what for wad ye mak sic a din about the like o' that?"

"The peasant who led us over the field of battle," says Southey, in the notes to his pilgrimage, "resided at Mont St Jean." Mont St Jean was everything to him, and his frequent exclamations of admiration for the courage of the Highlanders, in particular, and, indeed, of the whole army, always ended with a reference to his own dwelling-house. "If they had not fought so well, Oh, mon Dieu! Mont St Jean would have been burnt.

> 'Peuple, qu'une recente ivresse
> Egara jusqu' à l'ocean
> Honorous l'antique sagesse
> Dans les descendants d'Ossian
> A sa vertu perseverante
> Près de cette roche saglante
> Rendons notre hommage a genoux;
> Qu'on y lise; 'Enfant d'une plage
> Que nous crûmes deml sauvage
> Hélas tu valais mieux que nous.'"

The *Mercure de France*, in recording homage to the virtues of the Highlanders, endeavouring to find an attributable cause for the prevalence of those inestimable qualities among them, determines that it is formed in the elementary principles of their education, which they strongly recommended to the consideration of those whose province it is to improve the morals of the state.

FIDELITY OF A SERVANT.

At the battle of Glenshiels, in the Rebellion of 1719, a gentleman (Geo. Munro, of Culcairne), commanded a company of Highlandmen, raised out of his father's clan, and entertained at his own expense. There he was dangerously wounded in the thigh, by a party of the rebel Highlanders posted upon the declivity of a mountain, who kept firing at him after he was down, according to their want of discipline, in spending much fire upon one officer, which, distributed among the body, might thin the ranks of their enemy.

When, after he fell, and found by their behaviour they were resolved to despatch him outright, he bid his servant, who was by, get out of the danger,

for he might lose his life, but could be of no manner of service to him; and only desired him, that when he returned home he would let his father and his family know that he had not misbehaved. Hereupon the Highlander burst out into tears; and asking him how he thought he could leave him in that condition, and what they would think of him at home, set himself down on his hands and knees over his master, and received several wounds, to shield him from further hurt; till one of the clan, who acted as sergeant, with a small party dislodged the enemy, after having taken an oath upon his dirk that he would do it.

HAWKIE'S DIAGNOSIS.

One day "Hawkie" was, as usual, complaining of the ingratitude of the Glasgow public, his own poverty, increasing infirmity, etc., etc., when a person in the crowd said—

"That's a' nonsense, Hawkie, ye're looking as weel as ever we saw ye."

"Na, na, my man, ye're far wrang," replied the invincible possessor of the meal-pock; "I'm a gone corbie this winter, if I getna some place to shelter me; I *may* look my usual, but I often say to mysel'—and I aye speak true to mysel', whatever I may tell to you—

"'Hawkie, ye're like the Briggate clock, ye keep a weel guid gilt outside, but your warks are a' wrang i' the inside. Ye're chappin' three in the afternoon, when weel ye ken it's only twal o'clock i' the day!'"

LORD KAMES.

Lord Kames at times did say odd things on the Bench, as the following anecdote sufficiently indicates. Being on the circuit at Perth, after a witness on a capital trial had concluded his testimony, his lordship said—

"Sir, I have one question more to ask you, and remember you are on your oath. You say you are from Brechin?"

"Yes, my lord."

"When do you return thither?"

"To-morrow, my lord."

"Do you know Colin Gillies?"

"Yes, my lord, I know him very well."

"Then tell him I shall breakfast with him on Tuesday morning."

Kames had a great taste for convictions, and, it was alleged, used every effort to procure them. Once he had the satisfaction of convicting and sentencing two unfortunate wretches to be hanged. At the circuit dinner he was in capital spirits, boasting "he had killed two birds that day."

His lordship was sometimes addicted to what is in modern parlance termed quizzing; and being in Perth upon the circuit, he was one day walking across the bridge, where a toll-bar had just been put up, and met Hamilton, the professor of mathematics at Aberdeen (uncle of the well-known Bishop Horsley), who was a very stupid-looking man. His lordship, not knowing him, thought this a capital chance for a banter. He stopped him and asked, "Pray, my good man, what would be the toll for a carriage and six?" The Professor told him. Next he inquired what was the toll for a carriage and four? Next what was the toll for a horse? All which queries were politely and separately answered. "Now, Sir, pray what may be the toll for an ass?" "If your lordship will take the trouble of passing through the toll, the keeper will inform you." Saying so, the Professor made a low bow and walked away, leaving the learned lord far from comfortable. As, however, Kames relished a good thing, he took occasion after dinner to tell the story, praising the wit of the supposed idiot, when some one

asked for a description of this clever fool, and, having got it, astonished the Judge by telling him that this imagined natural was one of the cleverest men in Scotland, and the then professor of mathematics in the University of Aberdeen. His Lordship immediately expressed a wish to be introduced, and subsequently he and the Professor became very intimate.—*Court of Session Garland.*

TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

We have been favoured with the use of a small work "printed for Rich. Lowndes, London, 1670," and entitled, *A Perfect Description of the People and Country of Scotland.* The frankness of the narrative places the sincerity of the writer beyond question, although the facts stated are far from pleasant. However, as our object in compiling the present volume is not to glorify Scotland at any risk, but to narrate incident, anecdote, and illustration in all genuineness, we do not hesitate to allow our readers to see themselves as others have seen them. The author possesses a ready but rude humour of his own, which palliates, to a certain extent, the disagreeable flavour of his comments. The entire book consists only of 17 small pages, but for obvious reasons we can only re-produce the following selected passages :—

"First, for the Countrey, I must confess it is good for those that possess it, and too bad for others, to be at the charge to conquer it. The Air might be wholesome, but for the stinking people that inhabit it. The ground might be fruitful had they wit to manure it.

"Their beasts be generally small, women only excepted, of which sort there are none greater in the whole world. There is great store of Fowl, too, as foul houses, foul sheets, foul dishes and pots, foul trenchers and napkins. . . . . They have great store of Fish, too, and good for those that can eat it raw. . . . . For their Butter and Cheese, I will not speak withal at this time, nor no man else at any time that loves his life.

"They have great store of Deer, but they are so far from the place where I have been, that I had rather believe than go to disprove it : I confess, all the Deer I met withal, was dear Lodgings, dear Horse-meat, and dear Tobacco and English Beer.

"As for Fruit, for their Grandsire *Adam's* sake, they never planted any. . . . . .

"I saw little grass but in their Pottage : The Thistle is not given of nought, for it is the fairest flower in their Garden. The word Hay is Heathen-Greek unto them ; neither man nor beast knows what it means. . . . . .

"They christen without the Cross, marry without the Ring, receive the Sacrament without reverence, and bury without Divine Service ; they keep no Holy-days, nor acknowledge any Saint but S. Andrew, who they said got that honour by presenting Christ with an oaten cake after his forty days' fast. They say likewise that he that translated the Bible was a Maltster, because it speaks of a miracle done by Barley-loaves, whereas they swear they were Oaten Cakes, and no other bread of that quantity could have sufficed so many thousands. . . . . .

"They hold their noses if you talk of Bear-Baiting, and stop their Ears if you speak of a play. . . . . Theft they rail at, Murder they wink at, and Blasphemy they laugh at : they think it impossible to lose the way to Heaven if they can but leave Rome behind them. . . . . .

"Their followers are their fellows, their wives their slaves, their horses their masters, and their swords their judges ; by reason whereof, they have

but few labourers, and those not very rich; their Parliaments hold but three days, their Statutes three lines, and their Suits are determined in a manner in three words, or very few more."

TOO SELF-CONFIDENT.

In one of the churches of Paisley, the minister was much annoyed by his congregation looking off their books, during the first reading of the Scriptures, if any member chanced to come in late. So he intimated that next Sabbath, if they would only attend to their books, he himself would inform them who it was that entered. Accordingly, when the door opened, he announced—

"Deacon A—— lives over the way, ye a' ken him."

Shortly afterwards he intimated "Mr B. lives down the street."

A third time the door opened, when the clergyman announced—

"This time it's a wee man wi'a white hat and a drab coat; I dinna ken him, look for yersel's!"—*Dr Wilson.*

TOWN AND COUNTRY MOONS.

An old woman of Cabrach, who had never left her native parish, was at last prevailed upon to visit some friends in Aberdeen. It happened to be the time of full moon, when the granite city presents a singularly fine appearance at night. Struck by this, but thinking it due to some improvement wrought by the citizens on the nightly luminary, she expressed her satisfaction thus:—

"Weel, I like a'thing aboot Aberdeen that I hae seen, but, aboon a', I like the bonny moon; it's really a treat to see't, for the moonie that we get the use o' at Cabrach's like the bend o' a shearer's heuk, an gie's nae but a bit blink o' licht."

ASSASSINATION OF JAMES I.

The night fixed for carrying this plot into execution was that of Ash-Wednesday, February 20th, 1437. The Earl of Athole and his grandson attended the king that evening, and some time after supper, the amusements of the court having been kept up till a late hour, James called for the parting cup, and every one present drank before retiring to rest. Shortly after midnight, Graham, with three hundred Athole Highlanders, was in possession of the convent, having entered without being observed, or meeting with the slightest interruption. The king was in his own apartment, standing before the fireplace in a kind of undress, gaily conversing with the queen and a few of her ladies, when suddenly he heard the clashing of arms in the courtyard, and the flashes of torches from without glared through the room. As the noise waxed louder, the queen and her ladies clung to each other, surrounding the king; but soon recovering their presence of mind, they rushed to the door, which they found open, and the bolts destroyed. The king, without arms or attendants, besought them to keep the door fast as long as they could, while he examined if escape were practicable. Finding the windows of the apartment strongly barred, he seized the fire-tongs, and after desperate exertion succeeded in lifting a plank from the floor, which covered a vault or cellar of narrow dimensions. Through this aperture he dropped, and the flooring was carefully replaced. The room below was full of dust, and by a sad fatality he had caused a small square window, through which he could have easily escaped, to be built up three days previously, on account of the tennis balls entering it, when that game was played in the garden.

On the approach of the conspirators to the king's apartment, Lady Catherine Douglas thrust her arm into the bolt,

while the other ladies pressed against the door. But the delicate arm-bone was in a moment broken by the violence of the assassins in bursting it open. Several of the king's attendants whom the noise had attracted, in offering resistance, were killed, and among them Patrick Dunbar, brother of the Earl of March. Not finding the king in the apartment, and forgetting the cellar below the floor, the conspirators proceeded to the adjoining rooms in search of him. Supposing that they had left the convent, James called for sheets to draw him out of his place of confinement. The ladies removed the plank, and were about to extricate him, when one of them, Elizabeth Douglas, fell into the cellar. At this unfortunate moment, Christopher Chambers happened to pass along the gallery, and saw what the ladies were doing. Calling to his associates, he entered the apartment, and though the noise of his approach had caused the ladies hastily to replace the board, he immediately discovered it. On lifting it, he held a torch in the aperture, and beheld the king and Lady Douglas.

"Sirs," he loudly cried, "the bridegroom is found for whom we have been searching and carolling all night long."

The conspirators broke up the floor, and one of them—Sir John Hall—leaped into the cellar, with a dagger in his hand. The king grappled him by the shoulders, and dashed him to the ground. A brother of Hall descended, and aimed at the king, but the blow was parried, and he was also seized by the neck and thrown down.

Sir Robert Graham now appeared upon the scene, and instantly entered the cellar. Weary and faint by his former struggles, weaponless, and bleeding profusely, James appealed to him for mercy, as further resistance was vain.

"Thou cruel tyrant," said Graham, raising his dagger, "never didst thou show mercy to those of thine own blood, nor to any gentleman who came in thy way; expect no mercy now."

"Then," entreated the king, "I implore thee, for the salvation of my soul, let me have a confessor."

"No," replied the assassin, "no other confessor shalt thou have but this dagger;" and Graham plunged his weapon into the king's breast, and the ill-fated monarch fell, mortally wounded. He was then repeatedly stabbed by Graham and the two Halls till he was dead.

At the time of his assassination, James was in the 44th year of his age, and the 31st of his nominal, though only the 13th of his actual reign. His death was universally bewailed by the nation; and his inhuman murderers, who were all arrested within a month after, were put to death by the most horrible tortures.—*Anderson.*

WELL OUT OF IT.

At the Millbank Penitentiary, London, some time ago, the food of the prisoners was discussed, and it was proposed to give Scotch broth three times a week. Some of the governors were not aware what Scotch broth really was, and desired to taste some before they sanctioned the measure. An officer was accordingly directed to go to the wards and bring a Scotchwoman competent to the culinary task, to perform it in the kitchen. After a long delay, the board supposing the broth was being prepared all the while, the officer returned to the room and said—

"I'm very *sorry*, gentlemen, but there is not a Scotchwoman in the house!"

A MARRIAGE PORTION.

Theft and plundering, instead of being infamous, were reckoned the most wholesome exercises of youth when they were

without the limits of their own community, and were not taken in the fact. From this source the Highland chiefs derived rewards for their numerous followers, and dowries sometimes for their daughters. It is said that one of them engaged, in a contract of marriage, to give his son-in-law the purchase of three *Michaelmas moons*—a season of the year when the nights were long, and the cattle strong enough to bear hard driving. These transactions happened on the mainland, where dark woods, extensive wastes, high forked mountains, and a coast indented with long winding branches of the sea, favoured the trade. Those were strongholds little frequented by strangers, where the ancient practices and prejudices may be preserved to the last period of time, without some such violent shock as that of the year 1745.

Upon the Grave-stone of

JOHN MURCHI AND DANIEL MEIKLEWRATH,

near the Cross-water of Dusk, in Colmonell parish.

Here in this place two martyrs lie,
Whose blood to heav'n hath a loud cry.
Murder'd contrary divine laws,
For owning of King Jesus laws.
By bloody Drummond they were shot,
Without any trial, near this spot.

A ROYAL HUNTING.

Pennant gives the following interesting account of a royal hunt, from William Barclay's *Contra Manarchomachos*:—

"I once had a sight of a very extraordinary sort in the year 1563; the Earl of Atholl, a prince of the blood royal, had with much trouble and vast expense a hunting-match, for the entertainment of our most illustrious and most gracious queen. Our people call this a royal hunting. I was then a young man, and was present on that occasion: two thousand Highlanders (or wild Scotch, as you call them here) were employed to drive to the hunting-ground all the deer from the woods and hills of Atholl, Badenoch, Marr, Murray, and the countries about. As these Highlanders use a light dress, and are very swift of foot, they went up and down so nimbly that in less than two months' time they brought together two thousand red-deer, besides roes and fallow-deer. The queen, the great men, and a number of others, were in a glen when all these deer were brought before them. Believe me, the whole body of them moved forward in something like battle order. This sight still strikes me, and ever will, for they had a leader whom they followed close wherever he moved. This leader was a very fine stag, with a very high head. The sight delighted the queen very much: but she soon had cause for fear; upon the earl's (who had been accustomed to such sights) addressing her thus:—

"'Do you observe that stag, who is foremost of the herd? There is danger from that stag; for if either fear or rage should force him from the ridge of that hill, let every one look to himself, for none of us will be out of the way of harm; for the rest will follow this one, and having thrown us under foot, they will open a passage to the hill behind us.'

"What happened a moment after confirmed this opinion: for the queen ordered one of the best dogs to be let loose on one of the deer: this the dog pursues; the leading stag was frighted, he flies by the same way he had come there, the rest rush after him, and break out where the thickest body of the Highlanders was. They had nothing for it but to throw themselves flat on the heath, and to allow the deer to pass over them. It was told the queen

that several of the Highlanders had been wounded, and that two or three had been killed outright; and the whole body had got off had not the Highlanders by their skill in hunting fallen upon a stratagem to cut off the rear from the main body. It was of those that had been separated that the queen's dogs and those of the nobility made slaughter. There were killed that day 360 deer, with 5 wolves and some roes."

A STUPID MINISTER.

A humble but independent old widow in a rural district in Ayrshire, who, in addition to her cottage garden, had about a quarter of an acre of oats for bedding her cow and feeding her hens, was busily setting up her few stooks of grain after strong wind and heavy rain at the close of the harvest.

"Weel, Christie," said her landlord in passing, "ye're setting up your corn."

"A'tweel am I, sir," replied Christie; "and a draigled lot it is," answered the widow in bad humour. "How did you like your new minister, Christie?" asked the laird.

"Oh, very well indeed, sir, very well indeed, as lang as he keepit hectoring awa' at Jonah for sleepin', when he should hae been prayin'; but when naething wad please him but he maun begin praying for fine weather, though it was just first-rate at the time, as if the Lord didna ken how to mak wather better than he did; and what's the end o't? Here am I fechtin' among my pickle stooks, as wat's a dishclout aboon the knees!"

A RUSTIC D'EON.

The following is a detailed account of a female who was detected in man's dress acting as a plasterer. She belonged originally to Saltcoats, is now about twenty-seven years of age, and for better than four years she has, of her own free choice, worn the attire and discharged the laborious duties of one of the male sex. Her real name is Helen Oliver; but she has assumed the name of her brother John. About six years ago, while she was maid-servant in a farm-house in West Kilbride, a particular intimacy took place between her and a person in a neighbouring house, who officiated as ploughman. Being frequently seen walking together in quiet and sequestered places, they were regarded as lovers: ultimately, however, this "ploughman" turned out to be also a female; and it is believed by Helen's relatives and acquaintances, that it was the arguments of this personage which induced her to abandon the female dress and duties. Upon Sunday, the 4th of January 1818, while in her parents' house at Saltcoats, she requested her mother to give her her "wee cutty pipe," and she would give her two new ones in exchange. To this unusual demand, the mother, after some questions, consented; and Helen immediately afterwards began to write a letter, which, in answer to an inquiry from her parent, she said was to inform the people in Greenock, to whom she was hired as a servant, that she would not be with them for some time, for several reasons she then alleged. Early on the following morning, Helen helped herself to a complete suit of her brother's clothes, and disappeared, without giving the least intimation of her future prospects, or where she intended to fix her residence. Dressed in her new attire, she reached the house of a cousin in Glasgow on the same day. Her relative was not sufficiently intimate with the person of the fair impostor to detect the fraud. Never doubting in the least that she was "the real John Oliver," among other inquiries for absent relatives "sister

Helen" was not forgotten. A plasterer stopped at the time in her cousin's house, and she resolved to learn that business. Accordingly she went for trial to a person in the Calton; but having fallen out with her master, she left the town. She then went to Paisley, where she wrought for about three months, and she was next employed for about half a year in Johnstone. There, either for amusement or to prevent suspicion and ensure concealment, she courted a young woman, and absolutely carried the joke so far as to induce the girl to leave her service to be married. Travelling one night between Johnstone and Paisley, she was accosted by a lad from Saltcoats, who was intimate with her person, parents, and history; and in consequence she removed to Kilmarnock, where she remained six months. Besides the places already mentioned, she has been in Lanark and Edinburgh, working always at the plastering, except a short time she was employed by a Glasgow flesher about the Bell Street market. A variety of circumstances have frequently impelled this rustic D'Eon to change not only her master and house of residence, but also the town in which she was comfortably employed, particularly as she was often, or rather almost, always obliged to board or share her lodgings with some neighbour workman, and though for obvious reasons she seldom detailed more of her previous history than mentioned the towns she had visited and the masters she had served, yet some sagacious females have been known to declare that "Johnnie must have been either a sodger or a sailor," because "when he likes himsel' he can brawly clout his breeks, darn his stockings, mak his ain meat, and wash his ain claes." At the beginning of next February, Helen applied for employment to a master plasterer in Hutchesontown. She said she was seventeen years of age, and stated that she and a sister were left orphans at an early age; urged her forlorn condition, and that having already had some practice, she was very anxious to be bound an apprentice, that she might obtain an ample knowledge of the business. Eventually she was employed, and though she had the appearance of a little man, she was in reality a tall woman, being about five feet four inches high. By no means shy of a lift, times without number she has carried the heavy hod full of lime for the Irish labourer in attendance. Steady, diligent, and quiet, she gave her master every satisfaction, and he, considering her rather a delicate boy, feelingly kept her at a light ornamental work, and paid her 7s. per week. Some time since a workman was employed by the same master to whom Helen was intimately known. The master having learned the facts of the case, placed her apart at work from the men, and took a favourable opportunity to speak with her. She indignantly denied her metamorphosis, offered to produce letters from her sister, declared that she was a freemason, and besides had been a flesher, a drummer in the Greenock volunteers, and made a number of statements with a view to escape detection. An Irishman, with characteristic confidence, sprang upon the heroine, hugged her like a brother bruin, and cried in his genuine Doric, "Johnnie, they tell me you're a woman; and dang it, I mane to know, for I love a pretty girl." The agile female extricated herself in an instant, and with a powerful kick drove him from her; at the same time exclaiming, with an oath, she would soon convince him she was not a woman. Ultimately, however, the truth was wrung from her, and she then consequently left the town. She writes a good hand, and previous to her departure she addressed a card to her master, in which she bade him farewell, and requested him not to make much talk about "H. Oliver."—*Mitchell.*

FIDELITY OF ROBBERS.

The greatest robbers used to treat with much hospitality those that came to their houses; and, like the wild Arabs, observed the strictest honour towards their guests, or those that put implicit confidence in them. The Kennedys, two common thieves, took the young Pretender under protection, and kept him with faith inviolate, notwithstanding they knew an immense reward was offered for his head. They often robbed for his support; and, to supply him with linen, they once surprised the baggage-horses of one of the general officers. They often went in disguise to Inverness to buy provisions for him. At length, a very considerable time after, one of these poor fellows, who had virtue sufficient to resist the temptation of thirty thousand pounds—the reward offered for the capture of Prince Charles—was hanged for stealing a cow, value thirty shillings.

A WELL-FILLED CHURCH.

Mr Rouat was the second minister of the parish of Dunlop, Ayrshire, after the Revolution. The following two anecdotes are told regarding him by Dr Brisbane, his successor:—

The church-officer was complaining one day to Mr Rouat's servant that her master was too much with the gentles (gentry), and received for answer that her "master had Scripture for that; for, says the apostle, 'Lo, we turn to the Gentiles.'" The zealous "man" was convinced and relieved.

When the Sacrament was dispensed in country places, it was the great occasion for collecting people, not only of the village, but of the adjoining parishes. When the ordinance was for the first time to be celebrated by Mr Rouat's successor, Miss Dunlop, afterwards Lady Wallace, came to church rather early, and expressed to an old servant her satisfaction at seeing the house so decently filled.

"Madam," said the old man, "this is naething to what I hae seen in Mr Rouat's time. I hae heard the boogers (beams) cracking at six o'clock in the mornin'."

"The 'boogers' cracking, James; what do you mean?" asked Miss Dunlop.

"Yes, madam," continued James; "I hae seen the folk in his time sitting in the balks of the kirk like bykes o' bees."

TWOPENNY.

Twopenny was a favourite Edinburgh potation in former days. It was a mild, brisk, malt liquor, or table beer, named either from its price of twopence per Scots pint, nearly half an English gallon, or from a tax paid to the city of Edinburgh by the brewer, of two Scots pennies, each equal to one-twelfth of a penny sterling, on each Scots pint of the liquor. The prodigious increase of the excise on brewing banished this economical, wholesome, and exhilarating liquor from Edinburgh, forcing the people to regale themselves on destructive ardent spirits.

WRESTLING WITH THE EVIL ONE.

In a small village situated on the banks of one of the Whitadder's tributaries, there lived a blacksmith (John ——), who, like many of his craft, was wont to wash down his throat the sparks after horse-shoeing at the village public. At the half-yearly terms his practice was to walk to the neighbouring town to pay his rent to the factor. Then, as

now, there was an abundance of eatables and drinkables, and John partook largely of the latter. If he left, perchance, the town sober, he could never pass the half-way house, which lay between it and his home. Near to his village was a stream, which he must ford, and one November term he there met the devil, who told him if he ever met him there again after nightfall drunk he would claim him as his own. A most civil and obliging devil — quite Miltonic. When John reached his home, he told his family of his adventure, and resolved to become a sober man. The villagers soon observed the altered ways of the blacksmith, and that now he was no frequenter of the public-house, and gradually learned the story. John was now remarkably steady, and when the next term came round his son did not object to his father going to pay the rent. With firm resolve he left the factor's office sober, but at the half-way house he "treated resolution," and left at midnight not sober. At the ford he met his friend or enemy, as you like. At home the family sat anxiously round the ingle, waiting the old man's return. Alarmed at daybreak by his non-arrival, they, with the neighbours, set out in search of him, and, remembering the story, bent their steps at once to the ford. There the blacksmith lay—face distorted, limbs rigid—dead; and beside him his coat, partially turned outside in. Superstition was triumphant among the villagers, for it was, if it is not now, in some parts, the belief that if a man wrestling with the devil can turn his coat he will be the victor. Of course there will be found people who will not credit such a story, and will say the blacksmith died from natural causes, perhaps apoplexy or epilepsy; but we may say to them, it is much more likely that the man believed himself in his own house, and, going to bed, and having partially undressed himself, lay down and perished from exposure.—*Dr Wilson.*

IN THE WRONG SHOP.

Two Highland drovers were in Edinburgh on business at the Cattle Market. When Sunday evening arrived, they went to a certain "High" Church. Shortly after they entered, the organ commenced to play, and priests and choristers to conduct the services, *au programme.* The two men gazed about them in utter astonishment. So dumbfoundered indeed were they, that Sandy —who sat at the end of the pew—had not noticed that a lady, dressed in the height of fashion, was gently tapping his arm, silently requesting him thereby to sit along, and make room for her. By dint, however, of several applications of the jewelled fingers to his sturdy "shouther," Sandy's attention was at last attracted. But he was still as much in the dark as ever. He remained for several moments in profound cogitation, and after collecting his scattered senses, a bright thought struck him, and he exclaimed:—

"Na, na; she'll petter tak up Tonal', he pe ta petter tancer." Honest Sandy had come to the conclusion *that the place was a ball-room!*

ARCHIBALD BELL-THE-CAT.

Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, a man remarkable for strength of body and mind, acquired the popular name of *Bell-the-Cat*, upon the following remarkable occasion:—

James III., of whom Pitscottie complains that he delighted more in music and "politics of building" than in hunting, hawking, and other noble exercises, was so ill advised as to make favourites of his architects and musicians, whom the same historian irreverently terms masons and fiddlers. His nobility, who did not sympathise in the king's respect for the fine arts, were extremely incensed at the honours conferred on

those persons, particularly on Cochran, a mason, who had been created Earl of Mar; and seizing the opportunity, when, in 1482, the king had convoked the whole array of the country to march against the English, they held a midnight council in the church of Lauder, for the purpose of forcibly removing these minions from the king's person. When all had agreed on the propriety of the measure, Lord Gray told the assembly the Apologue of the Mice, who had formed a resolution that it would be highly advantageous to tie a bell round the cat's neck, that they might hear her approach at a distance; but which public measure unfortunately miscarried, from no mouse being willing to undertake the task of fastening the bell.

"I understand the moral," said Angus, "and, that what we propose may not lack execution, I will *bell-the-cat.*" The rest of the strange scene is thus told by Pitscottie:—

"By this was advised and spoken by thir lords foresaid, Cochran, the Earl of Mar, came from the king to the council (which council was holden in the kirk of Lawder for the time), who was well accompanied with a band of men of war, to the number of three hundred light axes, all clad in white livery, and black bands thereon, that they might be known for Cochran the Earl of Mar's men. Himself was clad in a riding-pie of black velvet, with a great chain of gold about his neck, to the value of five hundred crowns, and four blowing horns, with both the ends of gold and silk, set with precious stone, called a berryl, hanging in the midst. This Cochran had his heumont borne before him, overgilt with gold; and so were all the rest of his horns, and all his pallions were of fine canvas of silk, and the chains upon his pallions were double overgilt with gold.

"This Cochran was so proud in his conceit, that he counted no lords to be marrows to him, therefore he rushed rudely at the kirk-door. The council enquired who it was that preturbed them at that time. Sir Robert Douglas, laird of Lochleven, was keeper of the kirk-door at that time, who enquired who that was knocked so rudely; and Cochran answered, 'This is I, the Earl of Mar.' The which news pleased well the lords, because they were ready boun to cause take him, as is afore rehearsed. Then the Earl of Angus past hastily to the door, and with him Sir Robert Douglas of Lochleven, there to receive the Earl of Mar, and so many of his complices, who were there, as they thought good. And the Earl of Angus met with the Earl of Mar, as he came in at the door, and pulled the golden chain from his craig, and said to him, a tow would set him better. Sir Robert Douglas syne pulled the blowing-horn from him in like manner, and said, 'He had been the hunter of mischief over long.' This Cochran asked, 'My Lords, is it mows or earnest?' They answered, and said, 'It is good earnest, and so thou shalt find; for thou and thy complices have abused our prince this long time; of whom thou shalt have no more credence, but shalt have thy reward according to thy good service, as thou hast deserved in times bypast; right so the rest of thy followers.'

"Notwithstanding, the lords held them quiet till they caused certain armed men to pass into the king's pallion, and two or three wise men to pass with them, and give the king fair pleasant words, till they laid hands on all the king's servants, and took them and hanged them before his eyes over the bridge of Lawder. Incontinent they brought forth Cochran, and his hands bound with a tow, who desired them to take one of his own pallion-tows and bind his hands, for he thought shame to have his hands bound with such a tow of hemp, like a thief. The lords answered, he was a traitor, he

deserved no better ; and, for despight, they took a hair tether, and hanged him over the bridge at Lawder, above the rest of his complices."

A SHIELIN' IN THE MOUNTAINS.

The hardihood of the Highlanders, in regard to some of their domestic accommodations, is thus described by Mrs Murray :—

I found Mr M'Rae's *shielin'* a miserable hut, on a moor, bare of every thing but stones. I was obliged to stoop, when I entered, and in the inside of it I could scarcely stand upright : its walls are of loose stones, its roof heath, which slopes to the stones, within four feet of the ground. The floor is full of holes, and, when I was there, very wet. It consists of three partitions,—the entrance, a bed-place, a common room, and a closet behind the entrance. Planks, ill put together, form these divisions ; and the bed-place having no door to it, Mrs M'Rae hooked up a blanket to screen me from public view ; but from the eyes of the closeted family, I could not be screened, as the planks stood at a considerable distance from each other. The window is about a foot square, having the ends of the heath in the roof hanging over it, which almost precludes both light and air.

A MAGNANIMOUS FOE.

An incident is related concerning Malcolm Canmore, which is highly descriptive of his character. Having received intelligence that one of his nobles had formed a design against his life, he sought an opportunity of meeting the traitor in a solitary place—

"Now," said he, unsheathing his sword, "we are alone, armed alike ; you seek my life, take it."

The penitent threw himself at the king's feet, implored forgiveness, and obtained it.

HIGHLAND CANDLES.

To supply the want of candles, when they have occasion for more light than is given by the fire, they provide themselves with a quantity of sticks of fir, the most resinous that can be procured : some of these are lighted and laid upon a stone ; and as the light decays they revive it with fresh fuel. But when they happen to be destitute of fire, and none is to be got in the neighbourhood, they produce it by rubbing sticks together.

QUITE FAR ENOUGH.

Old John K——, when coming home from market, lost his road, having taken rather much of the "hard stuff." He happened to go up the carriage road to the house of the laird, where there was a negro servant. He knocked; the door was opened by blackie; he saw a great roaring fire and a number of persons round it.

"Come in," said the servant.

Poor John realised the position at once, and hastily replied—

"Na, na, I'm nae comin' a stap far'er. I've aften heard o' you an' yer place, but yese nae get me tae come an' help tae keep up yer fire. Na, na, I'll say gude by to ye."

ANOTHER HIGHLAND PRAYER.

"O Lord, what are we this mornin' but a parcel o' easy osies? Grant us a big meat house, an' a wee wrought house, an' mountains of preed and cheese, an' whisky like Loch Lomond, an' puild a muckle dyke between us an' the tevil. Amen."

A DUTIFUL WIFE.

An English lady, who found her health fail, was advised to go among the hills, and drink goat's milk or whey. Being surprised one day to see a Highlander basking at the foot of a hill in his full dress, while his wife and her mother were hard at work reaping the oats, she asked the old woman how she could be contented to see her daughter labour in that manner, while her husband was only an idle spectator? And to this the woman answered, that her son-in-law was a *gentleman*, and it would be a disparagement to him to do any such work; and that both she and her daughter too were sufficiently honoured by the alliance.

FERRYING CATTLE.

Vast numbers of cattle are supplied from the Isle of Skye; they pass from that island to the mainland by the ferry of Caol-rea; they are made to swim across this rapid current: for this purpose the drovers purchase ropes, which are cut at the length of three feet, having a noose at one end; this noose is put round the under-jaw of every cow, taking care to leave the tongue free, that the animal may be able to keep the salt water from going down its throat; they are then led into the water until they are afloat, which puts an end to their resistance. One cow is then tied to the tail of another, and a man in the stern of the boat having hold of the foremost, the boat is rowed over. From this constant practice the ferrymen are so dexterous that very few beasts are lost.

READING THE BIBLE.

On the 9th of March 1543, the important Act of Parliament, declaring "that it shall be lawful to all men to read the Bible and Testament in the mother tongue," was passed. In seventeen years afterwards the reformed religion was established by law.

BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.

Between Perth and Methven may be seen the grave of these beautiful young women, whose romantic fate has furnished the subject of an interesting and popular song. It is situated near the bridge of Dalrie. The father of Bessy Bell was the laird of Kinraid, and Mary Gray was the daughter of the neighbouring laird of Lednoch. They loved each other with the most romantic attachment. During the plague of 1645, in order to avoid the risk of contagion, they erected for themselves a bower about three-quarters of a mile west of Lednoch-house, in a secluded spot, called Burnbraes, where they resided together for some time, till at last they both caught the infection from a young gentleman, who, with a liberality of love somewhat uncommon, was enamoured of them both. In this sylvan establishment they both died, and were buried in another part of Mr Gray's grounds, called the Dronach Haugh, at the foot of a brae of the same name, near the bank of the river Almond. Major Berry, proprietor of Lednoch, enclosed with pious care the spots, and consecrated them to the memory of these amiable friends.

A GRATEFUL HUSBAND.

An old farmer, dictating his will to a lawyer, said—

"I give and bequeath to my wife the sum of £100 a year. Is that writ down, master?"

"Yes," said the lawyer; "but she is not so old but she may marry again."

Won t you make any change in that case? Most people do."

"Ah, do they? Well, write again and say if my wife marry again, I give and bequeath her the sum of £200 a year. That 'll do, surely?"

"Why, that's just doubling the sum she would have had if she had remained unmarried," said the lawyer; "it's generally the other way."

"Ay, I ken that," said the farmer; "but him that takes her for a wife again will need it a'."

THE VALIANT MACRAES.

Sergeant John Macrae, a young man about twenty-two years of age, in the expedition to Egypt in 1807, showed that the broadsword in a firm hand is as good a weapon in close fighting as the bayonet. If the first push of the bayonet misses its aim, or happens to be parried, it is not easy to recover the weapon, and repeat the thrust when the enemy is bold enough to stand firm; but is not so with the sword, which may be readily drawn from its blow, wielded with celerity, and directed to any part of the body, particularly to the head and arms, while its motion defends the person using it. Macrae killed six men, cutting them down with his broadsword, when at last he made a dash out of the ranks on a Turk whom he cut down; but as he was returning to the square he was killed by a blow from behind, his head being nearly split in two by the stroke of a sabre. Lieutenant Christopher Macrae, who brought eighteen men of his own name to the regiment as part of his quota of recruits for an ensigncy, was killed in the affair, with six of his followers and namesakes besides the sergeant. On the passage to Lisbon, in October 1805, the same sergeant came to Colonel Stewart one evening crying like a child, and complaining that the ship's cook had called him English names which he did not understand, and thrown some fat in his face. Thus a lad who, in 1805, was so soft and childish, displayed in 1807 a courage worthy a hero of Ossian.

A LEFT-HANDED COMPLIMENT.

A tipsy man one day got into a tramway car in Glasgow, and became very troublesome to the other passengers, so much so that it was proposed to eject him; but a genial and kind-hearted minister, who was also a passenger, interposed for him, and soothed him into good behaviour for the remainder of the journey. Before leaving, however, he scowled upon the other occupants of the car, and muttered some words of contempt, but shook hands warmly with the doctor, saying at the same time—

"Good-day, my freend; I see you ken what it is to be drunk!"

GIVE PRAISE IN REASON.

About twenty years ago, in the Free Church of Mordington, a farmer used all his energy in singing, and was remonstrated with one day by the precentor in the following words:—

"Noo, Mr M——, I'll thank ye no to sing sae loud this time."

To which the farmer replied—

"I'll praise the Lord with the gifts He's gi'en us."

"Weel, weel," said the leader of psalmody, "but ye dinna need to sing sae loud for a' that."—*Dr Wilson.*

A BISHOP'S GRACE.

Andrew Forman, bishop of Moray, and papal legate for Scotland, being obliged to say grace at an entertainment which he gave to the pope and

cardinals at Rome, blundered so in his Latinity, that his holiness and their eminences lost their gravity, which so disconcerted the bishop that he concluded the blessing by giving "*all the false carills* to the devil; in nomine patris, filii and sancti spiritus;" to which the company, not understanding his Scoto-Latin, said "Amen."

"The holy bishop," says Pitscottie, "was not a good scholar, and knew not good Latin."

SYMMETRY.

John Paul Jones was the son of the head gardener of the Earl of Selkirk, in Scotland. In the gardens were two summer-houses corresponding to each other. The gardener was a most steady methodical Scotchman. One day Lord Selkirk, in his walks, observed a lad locked up in one of them, and, looking out of the corresponding window, appeared young John Paul.

"Why are those lads confined?" said Lord Selkirk to the gardener.

"My lord, I caught the rascal stealing your lordship's fruit."

"But here are two—what has your son done; is he, too, guilty?"

"Oh no, please your lordship, I just put him in for symmetry!"

THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

For the following anecdotes relating to the well-known and eccentric Earl of Buchan and Laird of Dryburgh, we are indebted to an excellent paper read in September 1873 before the Hawick Archæological Society, by Mr Robert Murray, who has kindly placed it at our disposal:—

David Stuart Erskine, 11th Earl of Buchan, was born in June 1742. He was educated at St Andrews and Glasgow, and afterwards entered the army. His military services, however, were not of long duration; and he succeeded to the earldom when he was twenty-seven years of age. He died in 1829, and was interred in Dryburgh Abbey.

Buchan as a Volunteer.

In 1782, when the fear of invasion by the French created such an alarm throughout the country, the Earl of Buchan and the Marquis of Graham gallantly came forward to rouse the spirit of their countrymen. They raised a body of volunteers in Edinburgh, called the Caledonian Band. Several meetings were held, and the flame of nationality was fanned into new life by the speeches and conduct of these two noblemen. The Marquis of Graham was elected colonel, and the Earl of Buchan lieutenant-colonel, but before the commissions arrived from the king the preliminaries of peace between the two countries had been signed. The Caledonian Band, like its prototype the Edinburgh Defensive Band, was thereafter converted into a body of freemasons, of which the Earl of Buchan was made master.

Buchan and the Edinburgh Antiquarian Society.

His lordship was the founder of the Edinburgh Antiquarian Society, and was the life and soul of it during its tender years. The Perth Society was also aided by his purse and pen. The preliminary meeting of the Edinburgh Society was held in his residence, St Andrew Square, on the 14th of November 1770, and it was formed on the 18th of next month. The earl

was every inch a Scotchman, and in order to promote Scottish industry he proposed that such gentlemen of the Antiquarian Society as intended to be present at the first annual meeting should be dressed in home-made articles. Accordingly they all appeared, attired in cloth which Mr M'Dowall of the North Bridge had begun to manufacture, &c. Lord Buchan being the last who made his appearance, looked round the company, and exclaimed—

"Gentlemen, there is not one of you dressed according to agreement, but I am; your buckles and buttons are entirely English, but mine are of jasper from Arthur's Seat."

Jamie Barrie, the Dryburgh Poet.

The Earl of Buchan was anxious to keep a record of the number of visitors to the statue of Wallace, and he erected a fog-house close at hand, and appointed a local poet, Jamie Barrie of Bemerside, as warden. Jamie was lame, and very loquacious. Henry Scott Riddell told me that Barrie was a persecutor, he would neither think nor let any other body think that was near hand him; and he was also a poet in his own way.

Jamie sat in the fog-house with a red pirnie on, of which he says—

"I made a scarlet nightcap,
Of woollen cloth indeed;
I seamed it round and round,
And clapp'd it on my head."

He had a snug job of it, but he was not idle in his ease; poem after poem he wrote on passing events and the scenes around him. He even aspired to the patriotic, of which the following is a strain on Wallace:—

"The unicorn has but one horn,
On its forehead doth stand;
So Wallace, with his pointed spear,
Did save his native land."

Jamie managed to sell his poetry to the visitors. In the seventh edition, which was published in the year 1821, he gives a sketch of his parentage, family, and his own career. He was a joiner to trade, and had been the father of nine sons and four daughters, all of whom died comparatively young. He never murmured at their death; he looked upon children as gifts lent for a time. Jamie's dwelling-house at Bemerside has a few sculptured stones built into the front wall. On the side of the door is the representation of two penny loaves. His signboard bore the following announcement:—

"Small beer sold here,
A penny a bottle—not dear."

His wife attended to the shop business as best she could. He describes her thus—

"My wife doth keep a grocer's shop,
At the roadside abide,
And many robbers pass that way—
Some come at her blind side.

"She is stoneblind in the right eye,
The left eye but half light;
And many times she robbed is
By thieves when sun shines bright."

It so happened one evening when Sir Walter Scott was driving round by Bemerside that the carriage made a sort of "killiecoup," and of course all the villagers ran to gaze if not to help. Barrie was among the rest, but he could not rest. He hirpled round and round the carriage, exclaiming—

"Eh, the maist poet in the world, and the best poet in the world, baith thegither."

"Who is that?" inquired Lady Scott.

"Oh," said Sir Walter, "it's Lord Buchan's poet-laureate."

Jamie died in June 1829, five months after his patron, aged seventy-six years. He was buried in Dryburgh burial ground, and his tombstone bears the following epitaph:—

"Here lies the dust of Jamie Barrie,
His Bible loved to read;
But now in silent grave doth lie,
No further can proceed
Till the last trumpet's awful voice
This rending earth shall shake,
When opening graves shall yield their charge,
And earth to life awake."

The Earl of Buchan's Cupid.

One of the most extraordinary ceremonies which Lord Buchan conducted (he was great in ceremonies and commemorations) was a Parnassian assembly which he got up to represent Apollo and the Muses. The scene of action was his lordship's drawing-room. He presided over a smoking tea-urn, crowned with a garland of bays. Nine ladies of the first rank in Edinburgh enacted the Muses. To complete the tableaux, the lord thought that the presence of Cupid was indispensable. The astonishment of the Muses and the company present may be conceived when the door opened and a blooming boy, ten or twelve years of age, entered as the God of Love, with his bow and quiver full of arrows, but in *puris naturalibus*.

Buchan's Vanity Checked.

The Earl of Buchan said to the Duchess of Gordon, with whom he was one day conversing about hereditary genius—

"I have one brother at the head of law in Scotland, the other is at the head of law in England, and I am at the head of literature myself." He also adverted to the accomplishments of his mother.

"Oh, yes," replied the witty duchess; "I understand that your mother was a very superior woman; but then has not her inheritance, like that of many mothers, descended to the younger members of the family and not to you?"

Sir Walter Scott and Buchan.

Rather an amusing incident occurred at the funeral of Buchan. The chapel in its lengthways runs from east to west; the grave was made accordingly; and in accordance with Christian mode of burial, the body should have been carried into the chapel feet first. Sir David Brewster was one of the mourners, and so was Sir Walter Scott. Sir David was the first who observed that the head of the coffin was first in. He said—

"We have brought the earl's head in the wrong way."

Scott replied—

"Never mind, his lordship's head was turned when he was alive, and it is not worth our while to shift it now."

A Poet's Tribute to Buchan.

To the poor and the meritorious of his district the Earl of Buchan was ever kind, and in this respect Alexander Home of Cowdenknowes—a bard who filled an early grave in Earlston kirkyard—thus writes of him:—

"O noble son of noble sires,
Whose names have graced the list of fame,
An unexperienced muse aspires
From thee a favouring smile to claim.

"Nor can the sick a warmer friend
Than he in whose accomplished mind
The stores of learning richly blend,
With high descent and manners kind.

"And midst his Dryburgh's lovely bowers,
Should noble Buchan heed my strain,
Not idly all have past my hours,
Nor has my harp been strung in vain."

THE SUTHERLAND, OR NINETY-THIRD REGIMENT.

The Sutherland men were so well grounded in moral duties and religious principles, that when stationed at the Cape of Good Hope, and being anxious

to enjoy the advantages of religious instruction, agreeably to the tenets of their national church; and there being no religious service in the garrison, except the customary one of reading prayers to the soldiers on parade, the men of the 93d regiment formed themselves into a congregation, appointed elders of their own number, engaged, and paid a stipend (collected from the soldiers) to Dr George Thom (who had gone out with the intention of teaching and preaching to the Caffres), and had divine service performed, agreeably to the ritual of the Established Church of Scotland. Their expenses were so well regulated, that while contributing to the support of their clergyman, from the savings of their pay, they were enabled to promote that social cheerfulness, which is the true attribute of pure religion and of a well-spent life. While too many soldiers were ready to indulge in that vice which, more than any other, leads to crime in the British army, and spent much of their money in liquor, the Sutherland men indulged in the cheerful amusement of dancing; and, in their evening meetings, were joined by many respectable inhabitants, who were happy to witness such scenes among the common soldiers in the British service. In addition to these expenses, the soldiers regularly remitted money to their relations in Sutherland. In the case of such men, disgraceful punishment is as unnecessary as it would be pernicious. Indeed, so remote was the idea of such a measure, in regard to them, that when punishments were to be inflicted on others, and the troops in camp, garrison, or quarters, assembled to witness their execution, the presence of the Sutherland Highlanders, either of the Fencibles or of the line, was often dispensed with, the effect of terror, as a check in crime, being, in their case, uncalled for,—"as examples of that nature were not necessary for such honourable soldiers!" Such is the character of a national or district corps of the present day.

Their conduct at the Cape did not proceed from any temporary cause. It was founded on principles uniform and permanent. When these men disembarked at Plymouth, in August 1814, the inhabitants were both surprised and gratified. On such occasions, it had been no uncommon thing for soldiers to spend the money they had saved in taverns and gin shops. In the present case, the soldiers of Sutherland were seen in booksellers' shops, supplying themselves with Bibles, and such books and tracts as they required. Yet, as at the Cape, where their religious habits were so free from all fanatical gloom, that they indulged in dancing and social meetings, so here, while expending their money on books, they did not neglect their personal appearance, and the haberdashers' shops had also their share of trade, from the purchase of additional feathers to their bonnets, and such extra decorations as the correctness of military regulations allow to be introduced into the uniform. While they were thus mindful of themselves, improving their minds and their personal appearance, such of them as had relations in Sutherland did not forget the change in their condition, occasioned by the loss of their lands, and the operations of the new improvements. During the short period that the regiment was quartered at Plymouth, upwards of £500 were lodged in one banking-house, to be remitted to Sutherland, exclusive of many sums sent home through the Post-office, and by officers. Some of these sums exceeded £20 from an individual soldier.

There has been little change in the character of this respectable corps; courts martial have been very unfrequent. Twelve and fifteen months have intervened without the necessity of assembling one; and, in the words

of a general officer, who reviewed them in Ireland, they exhibited "a picture of military discipline and moral rectitude;" and, in the opinion of another eminent commander, "although the junior regiment in his majesty's service, they exhibit an honourable example, worthy the imitation of all." On another occasion, the character, discipline, and interior economy of the 93d were declared to be "altogether incomparable;" and in similar language have they been characterized by every general officer who commanded them. General Craddock, now Lord Howden, when this corps embarked from the Cape of Good Hope, in 1814, expressed himself in the following terms:—Describing "the respect and esteem of the inhabitants, with their regret at parting with the men, who will ever be borne in remembrance as kind friends and honourable soldiers," he adds, "The commander of the forces anxiously joins in the public voice, that so approved a corps, when called forth into the more active scenes that now await them in Europe, will confirm the well-known maxim, that the most regular and best conducted troops in quarters, are those who form the surest dependence, and will acquire the most renown in the field."

Such were these men in garrison, and such the expectation founded on their principles. How thoroughly they were guided by honour and loyalty in the field was shown at New Orleans. Although many of their countrymen, who had emigrated to America, were ready and anxious to receive them, there was not an instance of desertion; nor did one of those who were left behind, wounded or prisoners, forget their allegiance, and remain in that country, at the same time that desertions from the British army were but too frequent. Men like these do credit to the peasantry of their country, and contribute to raise the national character.

BOTH WAYS.

While passing one day along George Street to the (then) New College, Dr Chalmers was accosted by a beggar asking alms. The request was backed up by these words—

"You know, doctor, 'it is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

"If," replied the rev. doctor, "that be the case, it must be *less* blessed to receive than to give."—*Dr Wilson.*

PROFANE SWEARING.

The reformed clergy in Scotland exerted themselves to put a stop to the vice of profane swearing, and obtained an Act of Parliament against those who swear "abhominable aithes, execrationes, and blasphemationes of the name of God, swear and in vain be his precious blud, bodie, passion, and wounds, devil stick, cummer, gore, roif, or riefe, them, and six uther ougsum aithes." In 1581, the penalties of this Act were repealed, and there is an intimation in the Act that women had their share in this disgraceful vice, and they are not to escape punishment, if afterwards guilty.

EDWARD IRVING AND THE COBBLER.

A certain shoemaker, radical and infidel, was among the number of those under Irving's special care; a home workman, of course, always present, silent, with his back turned upon the visitors, and refusing any communication except a sullen *humph* of implied criticism, while his trembling wife made her deprecating curtsey in the foreground. The way in which this intractable individual was finally won over is attributed by some tellers of the story to a sudden happy inspiration on Irving's part; but, by others, to plot

and intention. Approaching the bench one day, the visitor took up a piece of patent leather, then a recent invention, and remarked upon it in somewhat skilled terms. The shoemaker went on with redoubled industry at his work; but at last, roused and exasperated by the speech and pretence of knowledge, demanded, in great contempt, but without raising his eyes, "What do *ye* ken about bend leather?" This was just the opportunity his assailant wanted; for Irving, though a minister and a scholar, was a tanner's son, and could discourse learnedly upon that material. Gradually interested and mollified, the cobbler slackened work, and listened while his visitor described some process of making shoes by machinery, which he had carefully got up for the purpose. At last the shoemaker so far forgot his caution as to suspend his work altogether, and lift his eyes to the great figure stooping over his bench. The conversation went on with increased vigour after this, till finally the recusant threw down his arms. "Od, you're a decent kind o' fellow;—do *you* preach?" said the vanquished, curious to know more of his victor. The advantage was discreetly, but not too hotly pursued; and on the following Sunday the rebel made a defiant, shy appearance at church. The next day Irving encountered him in the savoury Gallowgate, and hailed him as a friend. Walking beside him in natural talk, the tall probationer laid his hand upon the shirt-sleeve of the shrunken sedentary workman, and marched by his side along the well-frequented street. By the time they had reached the end of their mutual way not a spark of resistance was left in the shoemaker. His children henceforward went to school; his deprecating wife went to the kirk in peace. He himself acquired that suit of Sunday "blacks" so dear to the heart of the poor Scotchman, and became a church-goer and respectable member of society; while his acknowledgment of his conqueror was conveyed with characteristic reticence, and concealment of all deeper feeling, in the self-excusing pretence—"He's a sensible man, *yon;* he kens about leather!" —*Mrs Oliphant.*

LORD STAIR.

The great Lord Stair was some years a professor in the university of Glasgow, where he probably acquired, and certainly improved, that talent for strict investigation, so remarkably displayed in his *Institutions of the Scotch Laws.* In his early years his lordship served in the army; and one forenoon, as he marched into Glasgow, he observed a notice on the college gate, intimating that there was to be a competition for a professorship that day. As soon as the men were dismissed, he walked up to the college in his boots, declared himself as a candidate, and actually obtained the appointment.

ABOON THE MOON.

One calm still night, the darkness of which was lighted by the moon, the inmates of a quiet farm-house in Ayrshire were startled by piteous cries from a little stream running past the foot of the brae on which the homestead stood. Out ran the gudewife in haste, thinking that the voice was not unfamiliar; and, when she got to the burn, there she saw her ain gudeman, who had had just a little too much of John Barleycorn, on all fours in a pool of water in which the moon was brightly reflected.

"Gudesake, John, ye gouk, what are ye doing lying doon there roaring like a bull?"

"Oh, woman, Jenny, is that you? I'm glad to see ye, for I hae gotten aboon the moon, and hae been in this

awful predicament for twa hours, hauding on like grim death for fear I should fa' and be killed beyond a' recognition. I ken it's a' richt noo when ye're here, sae we'll just baith gang doon thegither."

Jenny lost no time in getting John out, and over a tumbler of toddy he vowed that nothing should ever make him soar so high again, even on market nights.

THE DOUGLAS CREST.

The heart crowned and winged is the crest of the family of Douglas. It originated from the good Sir James Douglas having been employed by King Robert Bruce to carry his heart to the Holy Land.

ERIGENA, OR JOHN SCOTUS.

This learned scholastic divine was born about the beginning of the ninth century; but in what place is matter of dispute. The general opinion is, that he was born at Ayr, in Scotland, which is inferred from his name Scotus, by which he is commonly distinguished among contemporary writers. Having travelled to Athens, where he acquired a competent knowledge of the Greek and oriental languages, he afterwards resided many years in the court of Charles the Bald, king of France, who, on account of his singular abilities, treated him as his intimate friend and companion. During his residence with Charles, he wrote several books of scholastic divinity, and he appears, from his writings, to have been a man of parts, and, in point of learning, superior to any of his contemporaries. Whether he returned to Scotland, or ended his days in France, is a matter of doubt; but he is supposed to have died about the year 874.

PIPER JOCK.

The following epitaph is said to be in a kirkyard in Kincardineshire :—

"Wha is't lies here?"
"Peer Jock. You needna speer."
"O lad, is that you?"
"Ay, but I'm deid noo."
"Rise, Jock, and gies a tune."
"Ah! man, I canna win."

MACALLUM THE COW STEALER.

This wretch had for many years retired with his father from all human society, and lived in caves and dens in the recesses of the Minegeg mountains; into which habitations he brought, like the Cyclops in Homer, sheep, goats, and even oxen. The party that discovered Macallum found in his den, a deep cavern in a mountain, the bones of the animals he had made his prey piled up in heaps, or disposed in such a manner as to form, with hay laid over them, a kind of bed, the flesh of bullocks salted up in their skins, and large quantities of wood for firing. In the interior part of the cavern lay the father of Macallum in his plaid, resting his head on a truss of hay, and groaning in the agonies of death. This miserable object they did not disturb, but left him to his fate. Young Macallum, in the form as well as the nature of a savage, for his hair and beard had extended themselves over his face, so as to render it scarcely visible, was conducted to Perth, where he was condemned to die for a series of thefts committed for more than twenty years. During the time of his trial, as well as after it, he showed an astonishing indifference about his fate. He minded nothing but eating; and had a constant craving for food, particularly animal food, which, had it been given, he would have devoured in immoderate