

THE HAIRD
OF HOGAN

THE LAIRD OF LOGAN

THE
LAIRD OF LOGAN

BEING

*Anecdotes and Tales illustrative of the
Wit and Humour of Scotland*

EDITED BY

JOHN DONALD CARRICK

Author of "The Life of Sir William Wallace";

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Author of "The Proverbs of Scotland."

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BEARINGS

IN THE

LAIRD'S LOG.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

THE EDITORS.

THE present Work, as its title imports, is intended as a sort of embodiment or concentrated essence of the floating facetiæ and indigenious wit and humour of the western and north-western districts of Scotland during a period stretching back for about two-thirds of a century, with a view to exhibit, in rough relief, many peculiar tastes and habits, local customs and humours, characteristic of certain conditions of society, which the levelling influences of a progressive civilization have now nearly obliterated. The contents of this volume have been the contribution of various individuals, either in the form of original pieces or as restaurateurs and collectors of the loose and floating traditional humours and comic legends, lingering long amid scenes once vocal with the broad mirth and sarcastic license of the olden times and better days of the untrammelled Scottish Muse. Of these contributors, the principal was the late Mr. John Donald Carrick, who was the first to introduce to the world the characteristic humour and genius of the once celebrated LAIRD OF LOGAN, whose original and pungent wit so often set the dinner tables of his day on a roar; and who has had the good fortune, by the instrumentality of his congenial biographer and the placing his name on the title page of a popular work, to contribute to the convivial happiness and social enjoyment of a generation which otherwise might never have known him.

Another important contributor, if not in quantity, at least in quality, was the late lamented William Motherwell.

A third individual was the well known Andrew Henderson, portrait painter, Glasgow, of whom many characteristic anecdotes are here given—an individual of original talent, and of a vigorous but somewhat rough and eccentric cast of character.

These three persons of acknowledged genius—differing widely, however, in its peculiar modes and manifestations—lived for some of the later years of their lives in habits of the strictest intimacy; and it is painful to add that as in their lives they were closely united, so in their deaths they were not far separated—they having all three died in the course of about two years, and their congenial ashes now repose within a short distance of each other,

We think it will be acceptable to many to whom these individuals were personally known, and to many more who admired and respected them as men of unquestionable genius, to prefix brief memoirs of their lives to this enlarged series of a work, with the original of which their connexion was so intimate. The materials for their biography are indeed so meagre and scanty that all we can promise to supply will be a mere sketchy outline; yet, faint as it must necessarily be, it may shed a few rays of light upon their memories, and awaken many pleasing and some painful reminiscences of their several

characters and excellencies in the minds of those who still lament over their premature decease. Dr. Johnson remarks, that whatever connects us with the past or the future tends to exalt us in the scale of being. The biographer and his reader, then, who linger over the untimely grave of worth or genius, cannot but be profitably employed; and, with this comfortable assurance, we proceed to the brief but interesting annals of

JOHN DONALD CARRICK.

He was born in Glasgow, in the month of April, 1787. His father, we believe, came from the neighbourhood of Buchlyvie, in Stirlingshire, and settled in that busy and thriving city.

Mr. Carrick's mother is said to have been a woman of a superior cast of character, with keen powers of observation and strong natural humour—qualities which she transmitted in an ample proportion to the subject of this notice. From the limited circumstances of his parents they were able to afford him little more than the common elements of education, but the vigour and activity of his mind in after years enabled him in a considerable measure to remedy the deficiencies of his youthful days. To what particular profession he was designed by his parents is not now very clear, but in the early days of his nonage he was for some time in the office of a Mr. Nicholson, then an architect of some eminence in Glasgow, and he continued to entertain a partiality for that branch of the arts during his lifetime. It is probable that he was also employed for some time at this period as a clerk in a counting-house imbibing the useful elements of a business education, but of this there is no certainty.

Whether a strong dash of inherent independence of mind, coupled with a certain tendency to a rugged obstinacy of disposition—qualities which he exhibited on many occasions during his life—or whether the uncertain and clouded state of his early prospects operating on such a character induced him to take the questionable step of leaving his parents at this time without their knowledge or consent cannot now be ascertained. But the rash and enterprising youth, without communicating his intentions to any one, in the latter part of the summer, or fall of 1807, left the city of his birth with the daring purpose of trying his fortune in London—then, as now, the great mart for erratic and adventurous talent. When it is considered that London was a journey of above four hundred miles from his native city, to be performed wholly on foot (for his limited finances, it may easily be supposed, left him no choice of any other conveyance), whatever we may think of the prudence of the young adventurer, we cannot but feel some respect for the depth and boldness of character which it exhibited. Starting with only a few shillings in his pocket, as he afterwards told an intimate friend, he reached the neighbourhood of Irvine, in Ayrshire; and, not choosing prudentially to be at the expense of a lodging, he bivouacked close by the shore in the snug recess of a “whinny knowe,” and the first sounds which reached his ear in the morning were those of the advancing tide sweeping rapidly on towards his humble couch.

Pursuing his solitary journey, and living entirely on the simplest fare—sleeping sometimes in the humblest of hostleries, but more frequently nestling under the lee of a hedge, or amid the “stooks” which an early harvest fortunately offered to his choice—foot-sore, and probably heart-sore—worn and worn, the still stout-hearted lad reached the town of Liverpool. On entering the town, he used, in after life, gaily to describe his sensations on encountering a party of soldiers beating up for recruits for the British army, then in the Peninsula. He held a council within himself, for some time, debating whether to follow the drum or the route to London. Glory and gain strove for the mastery in the heart of the young adventurer, with such nearly equal claims, that, unable to decide the knotty point, he had recourse to a rustic form of divination, and casting up in the air his trusty cudgel, the companion of his wanderings, he resolved to be guided by the direction in which it should fall. As it fell towards the road to London, he conceived the will of the gods to be,

that he should pursue his journey, with the reasonable hope, fully as well founded as that of Whittington, that he might yet be Lord Mayor of that famous city. Fortified, then, by the decision of the oracle, he continued his weary pilgrimage, and at length arrived in the metropolis, with half-a-crown in his pocket; so rigid had been his economy and self-denial on the way.

Mr. Carrick, in his later years, used to delight in relating to his particular friends, his adventures during this wild escapade of his immature youth—his camping at night out in the merry green woods, under the shelter of bush or brake—the curious scenes in hedge ale-houses and low taverns he was sometimes witness to—and the delicious sense of self-abandonment, and wild freedom, which amply compensated its many privations and hazards. There is little doubt but that it contributed to form in his character a sense and feeling of independence, and a tone and depth of self-reliance and respect, which he ever afterwards exhibited. He lost no time in offering his services, as a shop-boy, to various shopkeepers, but for some time in vain, owing probably to his manners and accent being somewhat raw, Scottish, and ungainly. At length a decent tradesman, himself from the Land of Cakes, pricking up his ears at the Doric music of his native tongue, took compassion on the friendless lad, and engaged him in his service. He was afterwards in the employment of various other persons; and in the spring of 1809, he obtained a situation in an extensive house in the Staffordshire Pottery line of business. His stay altogether in the capital was about four years, and he returned to Glasgow in the beginning of 1811, and opened a large establishment in Hutcheson Street, for the sale of stoneware, china, etc.; a business for which his connexion for two years with the respectable house of Spodes & Co., in London, had thoroughly qualified him. Mr. Carrick continued in this line of business with various success, for nearly fourteen years. At one time his prospects appeared to warrant the probability of his realising a comfortable independence; but some involvements with a house in the foreign trade, blasted his hopes, and reduced him to a state of insolvency. The involvements alluded to gave rise to a protracted and expensive litigation; but it is pleasing to add, that all parties were fully sensible of the honourable integrity of Mr. Carrick's conduct in the whole of these delicate transactions.

It is not improbable that Mr. C.'s protracted and painful experience of the Supreme Court gave rise to his sarcastic delineation of it some years afterwards to a friend, to whom he observed—"There's nae place like hame, quo' the de'il, when he fand himsel' in the Court of Session." During the latter years of his business connexion in Hutcheson Street, as a china merchant, his literary tastes and habits had been gradually maturing, fostered by a pretty extensive course of private reading, and especially by his antiquarian predilections and pursuits, chiefly in our older Scottish literature, in which he now began to take a particular pleasure. In the year 1825, he published a *Life of Sir William Wallace*, which was well received by the public, and has continued a favourite ever since, and still to be had at a popular price. He also wrote, about this time, some comic songs and humorous pieces: and as he was an admirable mimic himself, and generally sung or recited his own compositions, his company was eagerly sought after by a small but attached circle of friends.

In 1825, having given up business on his own account, his means being exhausted by the expensive litigation referred to, and not choosing to apply to his friends—it being another pithy saying of his, "that frien's are like fiddle strings, they shouldna be owre tightly screwed"—he travelled for two or three years, chiefly in the West Highlands, as an agent for some Glasgow houses. Mr. Carrick used to dwell on this part of his business career with a strong feeling of pleasure, as affording him ample opportunity of becoming acquainted with the rich and humorous peculiarities of the Celtic character and manners. He also acquired, during these peregrinations, a considerable knowledge of the Gaelic tongue and antiquities, and to the last preserved a keen relish for everything connected with the customs, prejudices, and strong manly features of

character of these children of the mountain and the mist. The knowledge thus acquired communicated a rich flavour to his manners and conversation in private, and overflowed in some of his subsequent works, in a series of highly graphic and amusing descriptions and narratives, richly coloured, but not distorted or caricatured, of the more striking and picturesque points of the racy character and peculiarities of the primitive inhabitants of the West Highlands.

This branch of business also failing, our harassed friend betook himself to his literary pursuits, and engaged about this time as sub-editor of the Scots Times, a journal of liberal principles, and then ranking high as an authority in borough politics. He contributed largely to the amusing series of local squibs, and other jeux d'esprits which appeared in that paper, both before and during his connexion with it, and which conferred a brilliant reputation upon its columns for several years.

In 1832, *The Day*, a literary paper, published daily, as its name imports, was started by a few of the leading literati of Glasgow. The journal was continued for six months, and many admirable pieces appeared in its columns. The reputed editor was Mr. John Strang, chamberlain of the city, the author of several works of considerable merit. Amongst the contributors were Mr. Carrick and the late William Motherwell, and the friendship which had already subsisted for some time between these talented individuals, was now strengthened by their mutual literary connexion and tastes, notwithstanding the totally opposite character of their political principles. Mr. Andrew Henderson was another member of this social and literary coterie; and the strong and salient peculiarities of that ingenious but eccentric person—the coarse vigour of his understanding—and the shrewd depth of his observation—combined with a manner, at times, not a little abrupt and explosive, rendered him a valuable contributor to their social enjoyments. His knowledge, too, of old Scottish manners and customs, and especially of old songs and ballads, with the homely vigour of his colloquial modes of expression, and the congenial character of some of his peculiar tastes to those of Mr. Carrick, confirmed their mutual friendship, over which, alas! the shadows of a premature grave were already beginning to impend.

In a clever little work, entitled "*Whistle-Binkie*," published in 1832, and which was a collection of songs, and other poetical pieces, chiefly humorous, there appeared several by Mr. Carrick, rich in that peculiar vein of humour in which he excelled. "*The Scottish Tea Party*," and "*Mister Peter Paterson*," are two of these productions, which the author used to sing himself; and there are few who had the good fortune to be present on these social occasions, but will long remember the inimitable comic richness, and breadth of humour, with which he contrived to enhance the original drollery and satiric archness of these merry cantatas. Few men, indeed, excelled him as a safe and agreeable companion at the social board. The fine play of his delicate humour never degenerated into vulgar personalities, either to present or absent friends; whilst the bland and open smile, and the quiet but hearty laugh, which followed up the good humoured jest, from himself or others, with the unassuming gentleness, and gentlemanly bearing of his invariable deportment, all combined to render him one of the most genial of guests, and most delightful of companions.

In the beginning of 1833, Mr. Carrick having been offered the management of the Perth Advertiser, he left Glasgow in the month of April of that year to reside in the Fair City. For the situation of an Editor of a newspaper, Mr. Carrick was especially qualified, by his long connexion with the Scots Times, and by the extent of his political and general information, not less than by the clearness and vigour of his understanding, and the shrewdness and caution of his habits as a writer. His friends, therefore, had reason to anticipate for him a long and prosperous career in so honourable, if not lucrative course. But both their and Mr. Carrick's reasonable hopes were doomed to a premature disappointment, and he only retained his situation about eleven months,

having been compelled to throw it up in disgust. Mr. Carrick, though a person of mild and temperate habits, had yet, as we have seen, a high sense of independence, and great firmness of character. Finding himself, therefore, subjected to the indignity of having his leading articles submitted to the inspection and occasional mutilation of a committee of management, most of the members of which were little competent to decide upon such matters; he resolved to give up his prospects in the ancient city of Saint Johnston.

Mr. Carrick left Perth in February, 1834, and immediately entered on his duties as Conductor of the *Kilmarnock Journal*. For the character of the citizens of Perth, he does not seem to have had much respect, observing with his usual quiet air of sarcasm, that "the last thing a true man of Perth would show you was the inside of his house." He formed some friendships there, however, with parties, whose regrets for his early death are equally sincere and pungent—such as Professor Brown, and Mr. Dewar, bookseller, the latter of whom he used to designate the David Robertson of Perth—an appellation which those who know the latter will not be slow to appreciate.

Settled now at Kilmarnock, and, for some time, with the most flattering prospects of permanent success as an Editor, from the flourishing state of the journal over which he presided, this tossed-about and warm-hearted man of genius hoped he had at last found a safe retreat from the storms of life. But, alas! his evil star was still in the ascendant, and those clouds were gathering, which were never to pass away until lost in the gloom and shadow of the grave. He had already experienced the difficulty of conducting a provincial paper, under the superintendence of a body of proprietors, some of them persons very incompetent to interfere in such matters, and frequently split into small coteries, and inflamed by paltry jealousies. He soon found these general and local difficulties thicken around him, as, encouraged and spurred on by some of the proprietors of the *Journal*, he applied the powers of his keen and penetrating wit in the composition of a few satirical articles, which so galled sundry individuals in "Auld Killie," that they withdrew their subscription and countenance from the paper. On which those friends, by whose urgent advice he had acted, feeling or feigning alarm, raised a clamour against his management, and used every artifice to annoy and distract him. Mr. Carrick described the panic of these nerve-stricken politicians as something like that of the idiot who had expended all his capital in the purchase of a bass-drum, and when he began to belabour the sheepskin, he got so alarmed at its sonorous boom, that he threw away the drumsticks. Before he left Perth, there is too much reason to believe, that the disease which conducted him to the grave had begun to prey on his constitution, in the form of a paralysis of some of the nerves and muscles of the mouth and head, and which finally settled into a confirmed tic-douloureux, one of the most painful of human afflictions.

In this deplorable state of health, he, by the advice of all his friends, resigned his situation, and returned to Glasgow in the month of January, 1835. Notwithstanding the generally wretched state of his health during his stay in Kilmarnock, and his subjection to the annoyances above alluded to, his mental faculties were in the highest vigour; and he superintended, as editor, a portion of the *Laird of Logan*, besides contributing a number of the best pieces which enrich that unrivalled collection of Scottish *factiæ*. That work appeared in June, 1835, and created a very great sensation in the metropolis of the West, and in the neighbouring country, where the fame of the celebrated wit and bon vivant, whose name it bears, continues still to linger. After the publication of "The Laird," he went to Rothesay for his health, but for some time he felt so much the worse that he abandoned all hopes of life, and even selected a place of sepulture for his worn-out frame. Rallying, however, he returned to Glasgow and continued his literary labours. About this time, he contributed some excellent papers to the *Scottish Monthly Magazine*, a periodical of considerable ability, published in Glasgow, but the career of which was of short duration.

Occupying himself thus with literary compositions of various kinds, many of

them still in the manuscript state (some of which, of great merit, we have seen), and struggling on, at the same time, with an insidious and painful disease, one of the effects of which, to a person of his social character, was particularly distressing—the impairing of the power of speech—he continued for a considerable time to appear occasionally in society. Ultimately a severe attack of inflammation in the side, and the effects of a course of depletion to which he was subjected by his medical attendant, followed by an access of diarrhoea, proved fatal to the enfeebled frame of this warm-hearted and talented individual—from whom, as from too many men of genius and sensibility, the sun of this world's favour had long continued to hide itself in clouds and darkness. He expired on the 17th August, 1837, and was buried in the High Church burying-ground, being followed to the grave by many friends, in whose social circle he has left a blank not likely soon to be filled up.

Having thus briefly and feebly commemorated the virtues and essayed to do justice to the talents and productions of John Donald Carrick, whom, as one of the Editors of the present work, we have placed foremost of the lamented trio, we proceed to give some account of the second individual, whose memory has left behind it a long track of radiance, like sunlight flashing far and wide over dark masses of still waters.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

Mr. Motherwell was born in the city of Glasgow on the 13th of October, 1797. His family came from Stirlingshire, where they resided for several generations on a small property belonging to them called Muirmill. Early in life he was transferred to the care of an uncle in Paisley. There he received the principal part of a rather liberal education, and there he began the career of a citizen of the world, as an apprentice to the profession of law. So great was the confidence reposed in him that at the early age of twenty-one he was appointed Sheriff-Clerk-Depute at Paisley—a situation very respectable and of considerable responsibility, though by no means lucrative. In 1828 he became editor of the *Paisley Advertiser*, a journal wherein he zealously advocated Tory politics, to which he had long previously shown his attachment. During the same year he conducted the *Paisley Magazine*—a periodical of local as well as general interest, and which contained many papers of a rare and curious character. In 1829 he resigned the office of Sheriff-Clerk-Depute, and applied himself exclusively to the management of the newspaper and to literary pursuits.

In the beginning of 1830 he appeared on a more important theatre and in a more conspicuous character. He was engaged as editor of the *Glasgow Courier*—a journal of long standing, of respectable circulation, and of the Ultra-Tory school of politics. Mr. Motherwell conducted this newspaper with great ability, and fully sustained, if he did not at times outgo, its extreme opinions. From the time of his accepting this very responsible situation to the day of his death—a period of five eventful and troubled years—during which the fever of party politics raged with peculiar virulence in the veins of society, it is universally conceded, by those who were opposed to his political opinions, as well as by the members of his own party, that he sustained his views with singular ability and indomitable firmness; and if, at times, with a boldness and rough energy, both rash and unwise, the obvious sincerity and personal feeling of the writer elevated him far above the suspicion of being actuated by vulgar or mercenary motives. Motherwell was of small stature, but very stout and muscular in body—accompanied, however, with a large head and a short, thick neck and throat—the precise character of physical structure the most liable to the fatal access of the apoplectic stroke.

Accompanied by a literary friend, on the 1st of November, 1835, he had been dining in the country, about a couple of miles from Glasgow, and on his return home, feeling indisposed, he went to bed. In a few hours thereafter he awakened and complained of pain in the head, which increased so much as to

render him speechless. Medical assistance was speedily obtained; but, alas! it was of no avail—the blow was struck, and the curtain had finally fallen over the life and fortunes of William Motherwell. One universal feeling of regret and sympathy seemed to extend over society when the sudden and premature decease of this accomplished poet and elegant writer became known. His funeral was attended by a large body of the citizens, by the most eminent of the learned and literary professions, and by persons of all shades of political opinion. He was interred in the Necropolis of Glasgow, not far from the resting-place of his fast friend, Mr. Andrew Henderson.

For the information of such of our readers as are not acquainted with the locality, we may mention that the place of his sepulture is well fitted for the grave of a poet. It is a small piece of level ground, above which bold masses of rock, crowned with trees and shrubs of various kinds, ascend to a considerable height; and below the broken ground, richly wooded and bristling with monumental columns and other erections, slopes beautifully down to the banks of a small lake or dam, terminated by a weir, over which its waters foam and fret at all seasons of the year.

We hope, ere long, that some memorial of our gifted friend will rise amid these congenial shades (where some of the best dust in Glasgow now reposes), to refresh the eye of friendship, and tell the wandering stranger of “the inhabitant who sleeps below.”

In the year 1827, whilst at Paisley, he published his “*Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern*”—a work which raised him at once to a high rank as a literary antiquarian. The introduction, a long and singularly interesting document, exhibits the writer’s extensive acquaintance with the history of the ballad and romantic literature of Scotland—and independent of its merits as a historical and critical disquisition, is in itself a piece of chaste and elegant composition, and vigorous writing. Soon after that he became Editor of the *Paisley Magazine*, and contributed some of the sweetest effusions of his muse to enrich its pages—effusions which now began to interest and concentrate the public attention, until, in 1832, a volume of his poems was published in Glasgow, which fully established his reputation as one of the sweet singers of his native land. A few months previous to the publication of his poems, another proof of the fertile versatility of his genius was afforded in an elaborate and able preface, which he contributed, to enrich a collection of *Scottish Proverbs* by his friend Mr. Andrew Henderson. In this essay, Motherwell exhibited a profound acquaintance with the proverbial antiquities of Scotland, and a fine and delicate tact in the management of a somewhat difficult subject. The style is equally elegant and vigorous, and shows him a master of prose, as of poetic composition. In 1836, an edition of the works of Robert Burns, in five volumes, was published, edited by him, in conjunction with the *Ettrick Shepherd*. A considerable part of the life, with a large amount of notes, critical and illustrative, were supplied by Motherwell, with his usual ability and copious knowledge of his subject: but literary partnerships are seldom very fortunate in their consequences, and this was not fated to be an especial example of a contrary result.

Mr. Motherwell was also a considerable contributor to the literary periodical—“*The Day*”—of which due mention has already been made, and which, for some time, commanded a brilliant range of western talent. His memoirs of *Bailie Pirnie* formed one of the most amusing and masterly papers in that journal. It is understood he left behind a considerable amount of manuscript; and, amongst other matter, a work embodying the wild legends of the ancient northern nations—a department of antiquarian research to which he was much devoted. It is to be hoped, that a selection at least from these manuscripts will be laid before the public, as an act of justice to his memory.

Of Motherwell as a poet, it may be observed generally, that his muse does not seem to us to have been indued with the sustained energy and vigour requisite for keeping long on the wing. The flight is steady, continuous, and graceful; but the ascent is seldom high, or the range and vision long and com-

manding. Clear, sweet, and at times full of a thrilling pathos, are the notes, and soft, low, and mournful as the autumn wind amid the dying leaves of the forest, are the cadences of his Doric pipe, when he dips the wings of his imagination in the pathetic or kindling memories of the past, or pranks his muse out in the garb and expression of the olden time; as in "The Solemn Song of a Righteous Heart,"—or in those wild sweet poems, "A Solemn Conceit," "A Monody," "The Bloom hath left thy cheek, Mary," &c. Of "Jeanie Morrison," "Wearie's Well," and "My Heid is like to rend, Willie," it were idle now to speak; they are amongst the most pathetic effusions of the Scottish muse—full of a soft voluptuous tenderness of feeling, and steeped in a rich tissue of warm poetical colouring, like a transparent veil over a weeping beauty. In another style of poetical composition, Motherwell has rarely been excelled—the sentimental and graceful *vers de société*. Of such are "Love's Diet," "Could love impart," etc. In a light airiness, and graceful flexibility of language, and in a pointed but not harsh brevity of diction, in unison with a certain gaiety and feminine elegance of thought, they appear to us to be perfect of their kind.

In mixed society, Motherwell was rather reserved, but appeared to enjoy internally "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," amongst his intimate friends and associates, who were but few in number. Amongst these, the principal, as we have noticed in our memoranda of Carrick, were that gentleman and Andrew Henderson. Opposite as in most respects were the characters and pursuits of these three individuals, a certain community of taste and feeling formed a bond of union amongst them; and it was rather amusing to observe how their comparatively neutralizing qualities dovetailed so naturally and finely into each other, as to form a harmonious concord. The constitutional reserve and silent habits of Motherwell—the quiet drollery and sly humour of Carrick—with the irritable and somewhat explosive abruptness of Henderson, formed a melange, so happily constituted, and so bizarre frequently in its results, that those who had access to their frequent symposia, will long remember the richness of the cordial and original compound. There was a depth of character, however, in Motherwell, which placed him naturally at the head of this firm fellowship; and though apparently the least *motive* of the party, his opinions on most points, with his tastes and wishes, were generally a law to the others.

We have, lastly, to do justice to the memory of

ANDREW HENDERSON,

not the least remarkable member of this literary and "couthie" coterie.

Mr. Henderson was born at Cleish, near Kinross, in 1783. His father was for many years gardener to the Lord Chief Commissioner Adam, at Blair-Adam, in Fifeshire; and appears to have destined his son to the same primitive profession, to which he was bound apprentice, when at the age of thirteen, to his brother Thomas, then gardener to General Scott of Bellevue, Edinburgh. After his apprenticeship was expired, he removed into the service of the Earl of Kinnoul's gardener, at Dupplin, where he remained a year, and afterwards migrated to the Earl of Hopetoun's gardens for several months. His constitution, however, appears not to have been strong enough to withstand the severities of so much out-of-door exposure, and he resolved to abandon the craft of old Adam for ever. A brother of his was settled in Paisley as a clothier, and through his influence he obtained a situation for him in a manufacturing house there, in which he continued, till the bankruptcy of his employers, about a year afterwards, threw him out of employment. About this period the germ of his talents as an artist began to develop itself, and he now attended a drawing school, to methodize and give form and pressure to those peculiar artistical tastes and capacities which had long been fermenting in his mind. After some brief period of business inaction, he obtained the situation of foreman in the respectable house of Hepburn and Watt, then of

Paisley, where he continued for four or five years. But his love for the pictorial art, to which for some years he had devoted his leisure hours, had now become the ruling passion; and, in March 1809, he repaired to London to complete his education as an artist, by a sedulous attendance at the Royal Academy, where he continued for three or four years. Having now devoted himself to the laborious profession of an artist, he maintained himself partly by the sale of some of his pieces, but was mainly indebted for the means of subsistence, whilst in London, to the generous liberality of a brother. Mr. Henderson's talents, as an artist, were chiefly devoted to portrait painting, in which, for many years after his settlement in Glasgow, which took place in 1813, he attained considerable local celebrity.

There is a freedom and spirit, with a breadth and vigour of colouring in his portraits, particularly in his earlier productions, which declare him to have been an artist of no common rank. Latterly, owing to his eyesight becoming impaired, his portraits rather declined in reputation—the colouring being inferior to those of an earlier period.

We have already had occasion to notice some of the peculiarities of Mr. Henderson's character. Eccentric he was undoubtedly, and of a temperament not a little uncertain and fiery—so that it required not seldom the indulgence and forbearance of his friends, to make allowance for the curious whims and startling humours with which at times he assailed them. Yet few men had more attached friends, or retained his older friendships with a more firm and genial grasp, or died more sincerely regretted.

Henderson cannot be properly considered as a literary character—his only publication being the excellent collection of Scottish Proverbs, published in 1832, to which Motherwell, his attached friend, contributed the admirable introduction to which we have already alluded. His claim to rank as one of the distinguished trio—of Carrick, Motherwell, and Henderson—rests upon the marked originality of his character, and the eccentric but overpowering eloquence of his language, when he was fairly kindled into opposition. At such times, his rich command of the broad and vigorous dialect of his native tongue, in which he excelled all men we have ever met, seemed to endow him with a nervous eloquence, and a copious energy of language, which descended like a hurricane on the head of the hapless wight who had unwittingly brought him out. No man could listen to him at such times, without feeling that he was no ordinary person. In general, his conversation partook of the startling originality, and the impetuous eccentricity of his character, and was richly seasoned with broad humour and sarcastic point. It was his custom to sit for some time silent in general society, until something was advanced which touched upon any of his favourite views; and if by chance he was in company with a pretended amateur, or a particularly affected person, it was amusing to observe how he would sit “nursing his wrath,” until the storm would collect, and burst forth in an absolute tornado of withering invective, or torrent of burning sarcasm. He had a strong dislike to the Celtic race; and nothing could more effectually stir up his bile, than for anyone to hold forth in their praise in his presence. Many amusing scenes took place in consequence of this rich peculiarity in his character. He was also a stout defender of the state of single blessedness, and used to declare, that “he thanked God, that when he put on his hat, it covered his whole family.”

Mr. Henderson in person was large, and rather ungainly and awkward, which, added to a shrill, sharp voice, heightened the effect of his eccentric habits, and original powers of conversation. When at the Royal Academy, and comparatively raw and timid, he sometimes excited the ridicule of his fellow-students. Amongst the rest, one impudent fellow, presuming on his apparent softness, teased him frequently with his impertinence, and, on one occasion, proceeded so far as to drop his saliva on a picture he was engaged in. Without saying a word, Henderson felled the offender to the ground with a single blow, and then quietly resumed his labours. This master stroke relieved him from all further annoyance from his companions. To the deep

regret of his friends, and of a large circle of the public—admirers of his talents and character—this warm-hearted and genuine Scotsman was attacked with apoplexy, on the 9th of April, 1835, and expired after a few hours' illness. He was interred in the Necropolis, as we have already noticed, near the spot where the remains of his friend Motherwell were deposited only six months afterwards. Carrick lies in the High Church burying-ground, in the near neighbourhood. So that these three fast friends, who lived long united in their lives, may be said not to have been divided in their deaths. Peace to their names is all we shall add. To talents of no common order, they added the kindly affections, and the sincerity and truth of warm-hearted men. More genuine Scotsmen, in their tastes, habits, and feelings, sleep not in the lap of their native land

INTRODUCTION.

What is and What is not in a Name.

It appears to have been almost a general practice, in collecting the jests or "notable sayings" which have become current in a nation, to ascribe the merit of such sayings to some personage, real or fictitious, who is supposed to have distinguished himself for his ready wit, racy humour, and fertile imagination; and this personage, by having all the good things attributed to him—whose authors were either unknown, or, from political or other reasons, were desirous of being so—becomes, in time, to be regarded as the national Jester, and, in consequence, highly useful in countries where freedom of speech is unknown, as a vehicle for the exposure and correction of public abuses. To such purposes was the statue of Pasquin at Rome, for a long time, applied; and to such objects we may, in a great measure, assign the origin of the Turkish jest-book (*Menâkibi Nâsired din Khojah*), where, under the assumed name of "Khojah," the hypocrisy and venality of the Turkish Mollahs and judges are exposed to the ridicule they deserved. The Chinese have also works of a similar nature, over which they can relax their features, and indulge with impunity in a smile at the superstition and knavery of their Bonzes—the follies of their great men—and the inflated consequence of those stately but subtle officials, who wield the destinies of the Celestial Empire. In Germany the laughable conceits of Howelglas serve to soothe the morose temperament of perhaps the most talented and oppressed people in Europe. In "free and merry England," however, the case is different; though she has, like others, her national Jester in the redoubtable Joe Miller, yet it was for no such purposes as those we have mentioned that he was brought into notice. There are few general readers, we believe, who are not aware that this far-famed individual was by no means that facetious personage which a perusal of the numberless jokes that pass under his name would lead us to infer. On the contrary, the character of poor Joe, to make use of rather an antiquated phrase, was that of a regular dreary-head—of a dull, silent, saturnine disposition, with a grim, mirth-scaring countenance, as solemn and devoid of intelligence as an unlettered grave-stone. The idea of making such a kill-joy figure the principal interlocutor in a book of jests may with much propriety be considered as one of the most amusing conceits in the whole collection. The pungency of the joke, when first started, tickled the fancy of the mischievous wags by whom he was surrounded; and they soon wrote

the inoffensive object of their satire into a degree of reputation which they failed to obtain for themselves.

In the title which we have placed in front of the present little volume we deal more candidly with the public, in so far as it is actually that which distinguished a man, who, though a stranger to the refinements of a classical education, was yet possessed of a mind richly endowed by nature with a shrewd discrimination of human character, an innate perception of the ridiculous, united to a fund of rich humour, and a quickness in repartee which we believe have rarely been excelled. While at the outset the sombre Joe afforded amusement to his contemporaries in London by the contrast which his real and well-known character afforded, to the splendour of that meretricious one which had been engrafted upon him by the waggery of his companions—the gifted Scot was acknowledged in the convivial circles of his countrymen as really possessing those laugh-exciting qualities which had been attributed in ridicule to his rather questionable prototype. Though many of the jests of the ready-witted Laird are current all over the country, yet we believe the knowledge of the particulars connected with his personal history are in a great measure confined to his native county. We shall, therefore, for the benefit of the curious among our readers, give the following brief notice respecting him, which we have obtained from the most authentic sources of information.

HUGH LOGAN, of LOGAN, was lineally descended from the ancient and once powerful Barons of Restalrig, whose wide-spread domains were forfeited in the reign of James VI. in consequence of the share which the last Baron was supposed to have had in the Gowrie conspiracy. In the year 1660, Sir Robert Logan, a grandson of the fore-mentioned Baron, effected a purchase of a large portion of the barony of Cumnock, to which he gave the family name;—this extensive and valuable property descended through a line of respectable ancestry to the subject of our present notice, who was born at Logan House in 1739.

From his earliest years Hugh Logan was of a quick, volatile, and somewhat irritable disposition; and although every facility was afforded him for acquiring that education becoming his rank in society, yet either from his unmanageable temper, or the want of a proper system of discipline on the part of his teachers, it was found impossible to obtain even the slightest degree of application to his academical exercises. While his boyish years were passing away in this unprofitable manner, being the youngest of three sons, his father frequently urged him to adopt some useful profession. On these occasions his uniform answer was, "I've made up my mind, Laird, to follow nae trade but your ain." "Weel, weel, Hughie," the good-natured old gentleman would say, "I was the youngest o' three mysel' ;" and, strange as it may appear, the coincidence was realized—his elder brothers both died in early life—and on the decease of his

father, which took place soon after, Hugh succeeded to the estate under the control of tutors or guardians, who do not appear to have been more successful in forwarding his instruction than those who had formerly been entrusted with it; for although he was sent to Edinburgh for the purpose of repairing the defects which his own aversion to study and the indulgence of his father had occasioned in his education, yet he returned to his country pursuits with literary acquirements scarcely superior, if even equal, to those of the meanest hind upon his estate. Though the cultivation of the young Laird's mind had been thus neglected, it was not so with those external qualities which he possessed. In all field sports he was considered an adept, while in doing the honours of the table he was acknowledged to have been almost without a rival; and such was his natural quickness and ingenuity that when the errors of his education chanced to make their appearance few of his companions would venture to notice them, as they well knew he would either turn the laugh in his favour by some humorous palliation of his ignorance or render them ridiculous by making them the butts of his wit for the time being—a distinction seldom considered as very enviable. There is one well-known anecdote which, as it illustrates this part of his character, our readers may perhaps excuse our noticing. Logan had occasion one day to write a letter in presence of a school companion, who, on looking over it, expressed his surprise at the singularity of the orthography. "It is strange, Logan," said he, "that you cannot manage to spell even the shortest word correctly." "Spell!" cried the Laird, with a look of well-feigned pettishness, "man, what are you haverin' about? look at that!" holding up the stump of a quill to him; "would ony man that kens ony thing about spelling ever attempt to spell wi' a pen like that?" This anecdote is generally, though erroneously, ascribed to the late eccentric Laird of M'Nab.

As another instance of the archness peculiar to our uneducated wit, we may mention the following. The plantations of Coilsfield having been much injured by the wanton depredations of some evil-disposed vagrants, Mr. Montgomerie, the proprietor, brought the case before a meeting of the Justices, of which Sir Andrew Ferguson and the Laird of Logan formed part. On investigating the case it appeared that the damage had been the work of children, and in consequence the complainer could obtain little or no redress. Sir Andrew, feeling the hardship of the case, and by way of soothing a brother proprietor, observed with some warmth that he would have a bill brought into Parliament for making parents liable for the misdeeds of their children, and constituting such offences as the above felony in law. At this declaration Logan broke out into a loud laugh; and, being asked the cause of his merriment, replied, "Sir Andrew, when your bill is made law, we shall soon have few old lairds among us." "Why?" demanded the other. "Because," said the wit, "their eldest sons will only require to cut their neighbours' young plants to become lairds themselves."

It is a trite saying that a wit would rather lose his friend than his joke; and Logan, it must be allowed, formed no exception to the truth of the maxim. As an instance of the degree of liberty in which, when occasions offered, he indulged towards his friends, we may be excused in giving the following. One time, being in Kilmarnock during "Dudsday fair," his button was rather unceremoniously laid hold of by a country squire, who insisted on his giving him the benefit of his advice in selecting a suitable present for his wife. Logan begged to be excused—the other entreated, stating that he had already bought her so many nick-nacks that he could not think of anything new that would be at all suitable; and, added he, with a sort of hen-pecked expression of countenance, "Between you and me, Laird, I dare not go home on a day like this without something." "Oh, ho!" cries Logan, "if that be the case, I will soon find you a suitable present;" and, taking him in his turn by the button, led the squire into a jeweller's shop near the spot. "Here," said the wit, addressing the dealer in trinkets, "is a friend of mine, who tells me his wife wears the breeks; so you will just show him some of the most elegant knee-buckles you have." "Now," said he, turning to the astonished and abashed simpleton, "if you do not take home a suitable present, it's your own fault;" so saying, he turned on his heel, and left the two to complete a bargain, or not, as they might feel disposed.

The companions of Logan, in so far as regarded birth and extent of property, were of the first standing in the country. With men of literary pursuits we do not find that he was much in the habit of associating. At Professor Hunter's, where he remained some time, in the vain hope of supplying the deficiencies of his education, he would no doubt meet occasionally with the literati of Edinburgh. It appears, however, that during his brief sojourn under the roof of the Greek Professor his almost constant companions were Montgomerie of Coilsfield and Hamilton of Sundrum, who, we believe, were also under the charge of the same gentleman. In after life, it would seem that his visits to the metropolis were not unfrequent; and on these occasions, he is reported to have entered with reckless prodigality into all the expensive follies of the day, which, along with serious losses sustained by his connection with the Ayr Bank, had the effect of materially impairing his fortune. In 1771, during one of those excursions, he met at a convivial party with the celebrated Foote, who at that time was manager of the Edinburgh theatre. This meeting is said to have been preconcerted by Maule of Panmure, Dundas, M'Queen, and others, his boon companions, for the purpose of eliciting some amusement from the collision of the English Aristophanes with their shrewd but unlettered countryman. That those in the secret enjoyed from the presence of two such choice spirits an intellectual treat of the highest order we have not the least doubt, although, from the imperfect manner in which the two understood each other, the wit that frequently convulsed the rest of the party,

must have been to themselves in a great measure obscure; the punning of Foote, from his pronunciation, being lost to Logan, while Logan's broad Ayrshire dialect was in its turn often equally unintelligible to Foote, who had been but a very short time in Scotland. On this occasion; the latter seemed in one of his happiest moods, and during the evening quite electrified the company with his wit, mimicry, and ludicrous tales of the marvellous. Logan, as his friends expected, appeared astonished at the powers of the stranger, and frequently expressed doubts respecting the wonders he related, having two or three times demanded a reason for some of his statements. Foote, either wishing not to understand him, or to pun on the manner the Laird pronounced the word reason, put his hand in one of his waistcoat pockets, which were then more capacious than they are now, and presented him with a raisin, asking him at the same time, if that was what he wanted. "Od, man," said Logan, "ye hae a lang head on your shouthers, but I wad have had a better opinion o' its usefulness if it saved you the trouble of carrying your wit in your waistcoat pouch."

We regret, that, after the most careful research, we have been able to glean so few particulars of this interesting symposium. That the rival wits parted with a mutual respect for the convivial powers of each other, there cannot be a doubt—the meeting of two men so gifted by nature for setting "the table in a roar" being a circumstance of no common occurrence. That Foote had many advantages over the uneducated Scot, we readily admit—the former having reached the mature age of fifty, while the latter was still in his thirty-second year; a considerable part of half a century had been spent by Foote amidst the applause of crowded theatres, which gave him a confidence in his own powers, which the other had no opportunity of acquiring. Besides his literary attainments, Foote was considered without a rival in the art of giving comic effect to the ridiculous pictures which his fertile imagination portrayed; and having his taste corrected by arduous study and severe training among critical friends interested in his success, it is not to be wondered at if the fascinations which he threw around him had more attraction for refined society than those of our Laird, whose wit and humour, though perhaps equally prolific, had nothing save the suggestions of his own judgment to prune their exuberance, and chasten what might seem licentious or extravagant. Logan's displays, therefore, whether brought forth as flashes of merriment or amusing narrative, could scarcely but appear to great disadvantage, when placed in competition with the more finished and classical exhibitions of the author of the "Mayor of Garrat." Having mentioned his rencounter with this accomplished son of Thespis, we may also state, that we have likewise directed our inquiries among the contemporaries of Logan, as to any intimacy that might have existed between him and Burns; but, with the solitary exception of one occasion, we do not find that they ever met. This occasion is alluded to by Burns, in one of his poems, where he mentions having

got jovial with "mighty squireships of the quorum." The poet, it seems, had been invited to dine with the Justices, and Logan made one of the party; that the debauch was long and deep, may be inferred from the words of the bard; but as to any corruscations of wit or genius which enlivened the conviviality of the evening, we are left entirely in the dark. At this period, Logan must have been about twenty years the senior of Burns.

The personal appearance of our Laird was extremely prepossessing. His stature was tall, and his form remarkably handsome; while his frank and open countenance was lighted up by eyes, black, full of penetration, and highly expressive of the character we have given of him. In youth his hair was light, but as he advanced in life he became bald, and in his latter years wore a wig assimilating to the colour of his eyes. His weight varied from eighteen to twenty stones. Though not fastidious about his clothes, he was always appropriately dressed, wearing generally a blue or brown coat, with light-coloured shorts, having buckles at the knees. In respect to morals, the conduct of Logan through life may, by many, be regarded in a great measure as unexceptionable; and, what is perhaps not a little singular, considering his associates and the scenes of dissipation in which he but too frequently mingled, only one instance of an illicit amour has been laid to his charge—the offspring of which is, we believe, at present living in Cumnock, and is remarked for the striking likeness she bears to her distinguished parents. In his common intercourse with the world, the manner of our Laird may be considered as a fair sample of those of the generality of Scottish country gentlemen of his day, "courteous though unpolished;" while his hospitable board, which was frequently graced by the presence of his titled neighbours, exhibited that substantial though rude abundance so often to be met with in "Bachelor's Hall." In the year 1798, from carelessness and the severe losses we have already alluded to, the affairs of Logan became involved, and the whole of his property, with the exception of a few farms, were brought to sale. After which, he removed to Wellwood, near Muirkirk, where he died in 1802, and was buried in the family vault, within the church of Cumnock.

In making the following selection, we have been careful in excluding all such pieces as were objectionable on the score of profanity or licentiousness, though this has materially diminished the number of jests that would otherwise have appeared, as emanating from the person whose name we have adopted in our title-page; yet we believe there are none of his surviving companions, who have a proper respect for the memory of their ingenious friend, but who will cordially approve of our precaution. It is well known, that under the name of the "Laird of Logan," many jokes offensive alike to decency and good taste are current in the country. These, whether their paternity has been improperly assigned, or if they in truth were the mere random effusions of those unguarded moments of reckless conviviality, when

human nature is too prone to overstep the bounds of prudent restraint, we have considered it alike our duty to suppress.

We may also add, that it was a practice with Logan always to preface his bon mots with some favourite expletive ; but as these, for the most part, were of a description which, in our opinion, neither gave force nor dignity to his wit, we have thought it advisable to pass them over in silence. To such of our readers as were not personally acquainted with him, the omission can be no loss ; while those in whose memory he still lives, and who consider his peculiar though often irreverent expressions as necessary towards completing a faithful representation of him, can have little difficulty in supplying from recollection, such errata as will enable them to finish the portrait in the manner most agreeable to their early impressions.

We think it better, Reader, to make you acquainted, before proceeding farther, with other characters who play principal parts in this performance, and this introduction will save the incumbrance of pre-facing on the appearance of these personages, and tend to keep up attention to the execution of the parts assigned to them.

Though the Manager has not the license of the Chamberlain to enact the piece, as careful an eye shall be kept on the performers, that nothing improper shall be said or done, as if his Lordship had given permission, and employed a whole bench of Bishops for his council.

Robertson of Kilmarnock.

THE late Rev. James Robertson of Kilmarnock, of whom the following anecdotes are related, though a man of peculiar habits, was possessed of very high attainments as a theologian. He was for nearly half a century minister of the Secession church in that town, and was much esteemed by those who sat under his ministry. Though in the receipt of a very moderate income, he contrived to live in respectability and comfort ; and not only so, but without any other resources than what his situation afforded, to collect a superb library, amounting to about four thousand volumes, a great proportion of which were in folio and quarto, the foundation of that theological treasure belonging at present to the Secession Church, called the Robertsonian Library. As he was a very diligent and indefatigable student, he had amassed great information and besides had made himself master of at least six languages, and had a tolerable acquaintance with several others. Whilst his preaching was strictly Calvinistic, it was nevertheless practical and searching ; and, as he was altogether fearless of criticism, he was the mean of doing much good in the district to which his labours were chiefly confined. It may appear singular that an individual of such a character should have uttered in the pulpit the sayings here related of him. It is to be remembered, however, that in these days a greater degree of familiar address was allowed in the clergy than would be permitted in the present age ; and these things may be considered as rough

pieces falling from the block, which notwithstanding contained a body of fairest and most durable marble.

Mr. R., when in London at one time, went with two intimate friends, since left this shifting scene, like himself—Dr. Jerment, of the United Secession Church, London, and Mr. Thomas Hart, of Glasgow, to see the modern Jewish mode of worship, as conducted in the London synagogue. Mr. R., an excellent Hebraist, lent his ears with the most marked attention visible in his countenance, to hear whether the high priest, who it was who actually presided, read according to the received meaning. Mr. Hart observed to Dr. Jerment, “I fear, Doctor,” from Mr. R.’s manner, that he is about to speak.” “Oh, surely not,” replied the Doctor. Immediately afterwards, Mr. R. addressed the high priest, and challenged the correctness of his reading. The descendant of Levi asked whether the person who had interrupted him could read Hebrew, when Dr. Jerment replied in the affirmative. The Hebrew Scriptures were immediately handed over to Mr. R., who received the sacred volume, and turning up the 53rd chapter of Isaiah, read a portion with great propriety, and even elegance, to which the high priest paid great attention, and appeared to be much surprised. Mr. R. then improving this opportunity commenced exposition, when the priest interrupted and told him, that he could not be permitted to offer any comment. Mr. R. then returned the volume, and taking his leave, shook hands with the priest, the tear gathering in his affectionate eye, and remarked, “the day is coming when Jew and Gentile will be of one mind in the interpretation of this passage of the Prophet.”

Will Speir.

Was the eldest son of the Laird of Camphill, in the parish of Dalry, Ayrshire. The small estate of Camphill stands rated in the cess-roll of the country, in 1654, at the valuation of £120 Scots a year; the valuation of 1839 is about £10,000.

In consequence of the incapacity of the elder born to manage his own affairs, the birth-right inheritance passed into the right of the second son, burdened with a small pension in favour of his elder brother. It is not known exactly whether or not the subject of this notice was born fatuous; report assigns the cause of his mental aberration to have arisen from this circumstance:—Some of his companions, in mere frolic, caught him, when a boy, and suspended him by the heels over the parapet of a bridge of very considerable height; whether from fear or from physical causes, the hitherto lively boy became dull, absent, and unsociable in his habits.

Will Speir, when he chanced to visit Dalry, lodged with two personages, Souple Sannie and Rab Paik, whose intellects were even at a greater discount than his own. Robert Speir, the brother of our wit, was precentor in the parish church of Dalry; and when present, Will usually threw in the whole strength of his lungs to assist his

brother, so that no voice but his own could be heard, within a range of a dozen pews. Rab Paik, his fellow lodger, tried to keep up with him, but could not muster such volume of voice as his associate. "Rab," said Will on one occasion, "sing man, sing, for the hail burden of the Psalms lies on you and me and our Rab."

William Cameron, alias Hawkie.

THERE is scarcely a city, town, or hamlet, "frae Maidenkirke to John O'Groats," the streets of which have not been enlivened by the wit and humour of this Scottish Diogenes.

In one of those cottages—forming a line of some hundred yards, for the most part occupied as nailers' smithies, the ben end of which serves for "parlour and kitchen and all," denominated Charter's Hall, in the county of Stirling, parish of St. Ninian's—was born certainly the greatest street orator of our day, William Cameron.

His parents were poor but industrious, and contrived from their husbanded resources, to give their son an education in English, writing, and the elementary portion of the science of numbers, superior to their station in society. Early acuteness of intellect, and an injury which one of his limbs had sustained while an infant, by a fall from the arms of a careless servant, induced the provident pair to task their ingenuity to the utmost to provide against the casualties of life for their cripple charge.

Cameron, however, showed a most untractable disposition from a very child ;—perhaps over indulgence, which almost all children who are disabled in any way receive, tended to foster this habit ; and as he advanced in years, his temper showed its inveteracy in every possible way. The kindness of a most affectionate mother, who watched over him night and day, could not subdue this obstinacy. We have heard Hawkie himself say, when remonstrated with about his dissolute life—"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 about her, and I hae just to huzz'd asleep wi' whisky."

He was apprenticed to a tailor, as being a more suitable profession for him than one that required greater exertion ; but Hawkie could not be tied down by fetters of the lawyer's forging, nor amount of penalty involving his securities, and made off from the knight of the shears.

We have before us Hawkie's autobiography, in which he gives us an account of this engagement :—"The first glisk that I got o' this slubberdegullion o' a maister gied me the heartscad at him. Quo' I to mysel', bin me as ye like, I'll no rowt lang in your tether, I'se warrant ye—we're no likely, for a' that I can see, to rot twa door cheeks thegither—and if a' reports were to be believed, better at padding the inside of the pouch lids, than handlin' the goose. The first job that he gied me, was to mak a holder (needle-cushion) for

mysel', and to it I set.—I threaded the best blunt, and waxed the twist till it was like to stick in the passage—I stour'd awa, throwing my needle-arm weel out, so that my next neighbour was obliged to hirsel himsel' awa frae me, to keep out o' harm's way. I stitch'd it, back-stitch'd it, cross-stitch'd it, and then fell'd and splaed it wi' black, blue, and red, grey, green, and yellow, till the ae colour fairly killed the ither—my answer to every advice was, I kent what I was doin'—did I never see my mither makin' a hussey? By the time I had gien my holder the last stitch, my maister hinted that it wasna likely that I would e'er mak saut to my kail southering claith thegither, and that though the shears were run through every stitch o' the indenture, it wadna break his heart. Thinks I to mysel', there's a pair o' us, as the cow said to the cuddy, and my crutch can do the job as weel as your clippers; so I laid the whup to my stilt, and took the road hame."

Cameron was again sent to school—his anxious parents still thinking that his habits would settle down into some useful employment—and a Dominie, or teacher, in some moorland district, was resolved on; after qualifying for which, he some time wielded the taws over the children of the miners at Plean Muir Colliery, not far from Stirling.

The taws were also thrown aside, and the indomitable roving spirit of the unhappy orator threw him loose from every moral or relative restraint. He attached himself to a band of the most dissolute strolling players, and 'starr'd it' through part of the county of Fife.

The character given to Cameron to support, by the Manager, was the priest in George Barnwell, and the longitude of the official robe covered all defects in the lower extremities. The stage turned out to be an unprofitable speculation, and they found that their pence were converted into halfpennies, and the scene of Hawkie's eventful life was again shifted.

A toy manufacturer was the craft that Cameron next tried; but this was too laborious for him, and he then tried China mending, and formed a connexion with an itinerant cementer of crockery ware—but no cement could bind the unsettled changeling.

He now commenced the profession that he has followed for the last twenty-five years, speech-crying—and with a boundless range of imagination, a most minute knowledge of persons, places, circumstances, dates, facts real and manufactured, and a most tenacious memory, there is no person whom we have ever heard can weave a more apparently consistent narrative.

He was told when he complained of infirmity, that he looked as well as he had done for years. "Na," he replied, "I'm a gone corbie this winter, if I getna some place to shelter me; I may look about my usual, but I often compare mysel' to the Briggate clock; it keeps a guid weel gilt outside, but the wark is sair gane within—it's chappin often three o'clock in the afternoon when it's only twal i'

the day." Feeling his infirmities in the beginning of the winter of 1838, he was persuaded to take refuge against the perils of exposure to the pitiless storms of winter, in the city hospital, where he remained for about six months.

When Hawkie left the city hospital, Dr. Auchincloss, surgeon to the city hospital, who was very attentive to him, gave him some money, remarking—"Weel Hawkie, I'll tak ye a bet, that the first place ye land in is a spirit cellar." "I'll tak odds on your side, Doctor," replied Hawkie. On his first appearance in the street, to follow his wonted calling, he addressed his hearers—"Weel, ye'll hae been thinking I was dead, but I needna tell ye that that's no true, for I'm a living evidence to the contrary. I have been down in the Town's hospital this while taking care o' mysel,' for I hae nae notion o' putting on a fir feckit as lang as I can help it, but I'm nae better otherwise than when I gaed in, and if I may believe my ain e'en there's as little improvement on you."

Local reader you may see our hero almost every night on his beat, south side of Argyle street, and judge for yourself, whether our estimate of his talents is overrated.

General reader, we may have trespassed on your patience too long perhaps, in this prefatory notice, but we trust the specimens of wit and humour that we shall produce, before we part, will convince you that Hawkie is no every day character—pitiable though he be—a moral wreek floating rapidly down the current of time, and we fear no hand formed of clay can recover him.

THE LAIRD OF LOGAN.

The Honours of the Table.

THOUGH Logan, as we have already observed in our introduction, was not distinguished for his literary attainments, he was nevertheless considered an excellent 'table man,' and carved with a degree of neatness and dexterity rather unusual, and he took much pleasure in exhibiting this accomplishment. On one occasion, being invited to dine at E—— Castle, where he was a great favourite, the Countess, by way of mortifying his vanity, and having at the same time a little amusement at the Laird's expense, ordered the cook, while dressing a fowl that was purposely to be placed before him, to insert slight tough peeled twigs about the joints of it, which being nearly of the same colour as the muscles, and also concealed among them, it was next to impossible for anyone not in the secret to discover the trick. The Laird, whose appetite seemed to be rather sharp-set, took his place at the table with every intention of doing justice to the good cheer; but he had no sooner begun to put his masticators in motion than a lady asked him for a little of the fowl. The Laird prepared to comply with the request, and commenced with his usual adroitness; his progress, however, was soon impeded, and he began to huddle in a manner sufficiently awkward, his patience gradually giving way, while his difficulties seemed to increase—the company all the time affecting not to observe his distress—at last the gravy began to fly about, and the perspiration broke over the countenance of the poor Laird. The Countess relented on witnessing his confusion, and remarked in a tone of compassion, that it must certainly be a very old fowl he had got. "Old! my lady," cried Logan, throwing down his knife and fork with an air of extreme mortification, "I dare say it is the mither o' the cock that crew to Peter."

The Usual Apology.

LOGAN happened one evening to be at a convivial party in Irvine, where the toast and the song performed their merry round. A lady present being called on to contribute to the hilarity of the evening, excused herself by saying she had only one song, and it was so thread-bare, she was ashamed to sing it. "Hoot, madam," cried our wag, "so much the better, for if it's thread-bare you'll get the easier through it."

A Noisy Neighbour.

LOGAN on a certain occasion happened to dine in a mixed party in Kilmarnock, where, among other characters present, there was a gentleman of the name of Barr, who frequently attracted the notice of the company by the loudness of his laugh, and the noisy manner in which he conducted himself. A person sitting next the Laird, who, being like his neighbours annoyed by Mr. Barr's vociferations, inquired who he was, but not getting his curiosity satisfied, he turned to the Laird and expressed his opinion that the object of his inquiries belonged to the Barrs of Maybole. "I differ from you there," replied the Laird, "for, from his roaring, I would rather take him for one of the Bars of Ayr."

Advice to Heiritors.

LOGAN, whose property was originally very extensive, was in time necessitated to dispose of a great part of his patrimonial inheritance. At a meeting of heiritors, the propriety of rebuilding the wall of the church-yard being discussed, some of those gentlemen who had recently become portioners of his estate, seemed very much inclined that the wall should be repaired, and matters put in more decent order; but the witty and wayward Laird, finding that all his rhetoric against the measure was likely to be overborne, dryly and cavalierly replied—"It's weel seen, gentlemen, ye are but young lairds; or ye would ken that it's aye time enough to repair the dykes when the tenants complain."

A Kindred Spirit.

MAJOR LOGAN was, we understand, a relation of the Laird of Logan, and partook largely of that happy vein of humour so conspicuous in the Laird, in whose company he often consumed the "midnight oil," not certainly in studying the classics, but—perhaps, in one sense of the term—in the no less elevating pursuit of the bottle. Having an appointment to meet the Laird one night, in the house of that well known and much respected hostess, tasty Betty of Greenock, the Major, who was considerably behind his time, found, on entering the room, the Laird in company with two boon companions, the one named Hugh H——, and the other Hugh F——; the Laird himself being also called Hugh, just formed a trio of the name. The Major saw at a glance, though a little in the wind's eye himself, that all the party were more than half-seas over:

Their eyes were glazed—they nodded where they sat,
And all begrimm'd with snuff was each cravat.

He eyed the "three Hughs" for a moment as they sat in their state of sublime mystification, then throwing himself into a theatrical attitude, he whimsically exclaimed in the appropriate language of the bard of Ednam,

Who can paint like nature—
Can imagination boast, amidst her gay creation,
Hues (Hughs) like these?

The Root of the Matter.

MAJOR LOGAN dined with a large party in the neighbourhood of Ayr, where a whole family of the name of Shaw were present. His sister, on the following day, was very inquisitive about who the guests were—the bill of fare,—no doubt the ladies' dresses were included—if not, Miss L. was not like her sisterhood. The major detailed patiently all the et ceteras as the querist put them. Then came the dessert in the questioning process. "And what did ye dine on yoursel' ; you would surely tak' a dish o' the new potatoes ; I scarcely e'er heard o' them being so early on ony table." "Deed I didna taste them." "No taste them !—na I'm sure that's no your ordinar ; did ye really let them gang awa' frae the table without tasting them?" "My lady, gin ye kent it, there was nae getting at them for the Shaws."

Logan and the Lawyer.

AN under-grieve on the estate of Logan, happening to get involved in an action of damages, took legal counsel how he could extricate himself. His adviser told him that in his opinion he had no recourse left but to make an humble apology, or be assessed in a serious sum, which he had little doubt would be the result of the action. His proud spirit could ill brook the humbling condition of an apologist—while the latter alternative would have been ruinous to him, he went on scratching his head for a considerable time, without saying which alternative he should adopt ;—the lawyer got impatient, as another engagement was pressing him at the time, and he demanded an answer to his proposal in a very angry and decisive tone of voice. "Toots, Mr. M—," says the Laird, who was present at the interview, "dinna be sae flighty—it's a puzzling case ; the lad you see is thrang consulting the crown lawyers on the matter—you might gie him a wee time—claw awa', Jock."

Logan and the Ayr Bank.

WE have observed, in the short memoir of the Laird prefixed to the present volume, that he had been a severe sufferer from his connexion with that unfortunate speculation, the Ayr Bank. One day, being at E—— Castle, the Countess expressed her surprise that a man of his years should be so grey-headed. "Deed," said Logan with a deep drawn sigh, "if your ladyship had got as many letters from the trustee of the Ayr Bank as I have done, I'm thinking you would be grey-headed too."

Self-Denial.

SOME two years after the failure of the above Bank the Laird went into a friend's shop in Muirkirk, in the neighbourhood of which, at Wellwood, he then resided, and priced some clasp-knives, known by the name of jocktelegs. After selecting one that took his fancy, and putting it into his pocket, he gave his shoulders a shrug, remarking— "Weel, I couldna trust mysel' wi' an article o' the kind in my pouch, sin' the breaking down o' Douglas and Heron's bank."

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

One of these is to the following effect:—Two corks, newly sprung into affluence, were prevailed upon by their wives to allow them to pay a visit to Gourrock; but only on condition that they were to employ their time well, and take plenty of the salt-water. Having accompanied their spouses to that village, and seen them properly accommodated, the two gentlemen returned to business, and did not appear again for a week, when, observing a surprising apparent decrease in the volume of the ocean owing to the recess of the tide, one remarked to the other, "Gosh, Jamie, the jaud's ha'e dune weel!"

More Smoke than Fire.

A PERSON of weak intellect was a hanger-on in Sir John Maxwell of Pollok's household—and what great house is there where there is not a Jock or other to turn the spit! On one occasion a violent dispute had arisen between the cook and Jock; and cooky, not contented with discharging a goodly portion of vituperative language against the spit-turner, struck him with a shovel that she happened to have in her hand. The enraged Jock seized hold of a large three-pronged fork, and the disher of dainties took to her locomotives—the infuriated man with the fork at her heels. Round and round the park in front of the mansion house did the pursuer follow the cook till she was fairly out of breath, when she turned round, and, putting her hands on her sides, smilingly said, "Man, Jock, that's been a race." Jock, grounding his arms, replied—"Hech, ye may say't."

A Canvassing Cobbler.

WHEN a gallant and honourable gentleman was proposed to represent one of the northern counties in Scotland he was objected to by an old cobbler, who had dogged him through the different polling districts, and annoyed, by his sly humour, the party who supported the gallant candidate. The claimant for popular support had invaded the domestic circle of a nobleman in a neighbouring county, and abducted his lady. When the announcement was made from the hustings of his qualifications for their suffrages as being a proper person to represent the county, the cobbler—sticking like rosin to the object of his attack—started up on a ladder, so as to bring himself distinctly before the electors, and objected. "I beg to oppose that nomination. I say that the gentleman is not a fit and proper person to represent this large and respectable county, for he's a thief!" "Sir," said the leader on the hustings, "take care what you say, or you shall be looked after." "I'll manteen't," said the man of awls; "did he no steal a hen frae Whinny Burn?"

Division of Labour.

ANNOYING as it is in all places, it is doubly so in Ireland—the host of porters that literally mob travellers on their arrival or departure. A gentleman, leaving an inn in Belfast, had paid the boots for carrying his luggage to the coach office—had paid the porter at the office for having his packages put on the coach—when a third party put in a claim. “An’ troth, Sir,” said Pat, “is there to be nothin’ goin’ at all at all for them weary murderin’ trunks, your honour; an’ sure an’ the coach will carry you all the lighter that they have been put intirely under your command and safety—surely, Sir, and the sun will light the road for you to Donaghadee, and never a stone turn the wheel over.” “Get you gone, you talkative impostor.” “Don’t be in a rage now, else you’ll take the coul’ in your mouth, and make thim pretty teeth of yours raise a rackit—something now for all my trouble, and nothing will come over you but good luck for ever and amin.” “Well, Sir, you scoundrel, what did you do then—I paid boots to carry my luggage to the coach office—I paid the porter there—you there, carrot-headed fellow, didn’t I pay you for putting it up on the coach?” “And troth, Sir, may you never be after doing nothin’ that’s worse, Sir; you paid me dacently.” “You hear that, Sir; what did you do—come.” “Troth, Sir, didn’t I superintend?”

One Thing Certain.

THE late Mr. Carrick was exceedingly ready in giving a humorous turn to conversation, and making his inferences tell with the happiest effect on the arguments of an adversary. Mr. C. happened to be present at a dining party, where a recent importation from Sam Slick’s country was holding large discourse on the advantages—political, moral, social, natural, and intellectual—of America. “Ay,” says one, “your liberty, too—how universal!—no preference. Noah’s descendants, of all shades, blend so delightfully.” “Ah, what of that then—black population—they are only fit for ‘hewers of wood and drawers of water’—and hark ye, I had rather be a marble-headed negro in the Virginian States than one of your Paisley weavers.” “Ye would,” remarked Mr. C., “aye be sure of a black coat to your back, at any rate.”

A Modified Entail.

A SPENDTHRIFT associate of Logan’s who had squandered a very handsome patrimony once called to consult him about the most advantageous method of laying out the fragments of his fortune. “Buy B——,” said the Laird. “Buy B——!” cried the other, with a look of astonishment, “what would I do wi’ B——? its naething but a hatter of peat-pots frae the one end to the other.” “That’s my reason,” said the Laird, “for advising the purchase, as ye wad tak’ the langer to run through it.”

THE LAIRD OF LOGAN. A Goose on the Wing.

THE keen sarcastic wit which occasionally displayed itself in the conversation of Logan was at once the dread and the amusement of his associates. Though by no means prone to that mischievous propensity indulged in by some wits of running tilt against every one whose seeming simplicity of character offered a safe and inviting butt for the shafts of their ridicule, yet he seldom failed to apply the lash to those who, by their overweening conceit or intrusive impertinence, rendered themselves troublesome to others. On one occasion, being at Ayr during the races, and happening to dine in a promiscuous party at the inn, the company soon found themselves annoyed by a loquacious egotist from Edinburgh, who could talk of nothing save the consequence and extensive business enjoyed by the house with which he was connected, and of which he represented himself as the grand moving principle; "indeed so much so," said he, "that without me they could not get on at all." "What may their name be, man?" said Logan. "Their name," said the other, drawing himself up to a proper altitude, "is —— & Co., military clothiers, North Bridge, Edinburgh." "Weel, man," said Logan, "I believe every word you've said, for I never yet heard of a tailor that could carry on business without his goose."

A Charge of Horning.

LOGAN once dined with a very extensive landed proprietor in the county of Ayr (who afterwards attained legislative honours), when a great many of the acre aristocracy were present. After dinner cards were introduced, and the game was so keenly pursued that the sun of the following morning, which happened to be that of the Sabbath, had attained that point in the heavens which indicated on the dial, six, ere the party desisted; and the armistice only lasted while shaving and breakfasting were adoin'. The card-tables were again set out on the lawn in front of the mansion-house, in the blaze of nearly by this time a meridian sun. One of the party—we believe the landlord himself—wore a morning gown of a flaming scarlet colour, which attracted the notice of a bull who was grazing along with the cows in their immediate neighbourhood, who made directly towards the party, crooning and casting the turf over his shoulders. Logan noticed the approach of the incensed animal, and cried out, "Rin into the house, ye deevils! e'en the vera bill canna stan' the sicht o' cards on the Sabbath-day!"

The Home Department.

JOHN SIBBALD and his helpmate resided in one of the Paisley wynds, and lived in the dog-and-cat terms of amiability. John, in the domestic rencounters, generally came off second best; but whether it was that his generosity of temper prevented him from using a heavy hand in these combats, or want of muscular powers, we know not—report says the latter was the cause.

The warfare had been carried on one day more sharply than usual, and John had suffered so much as to be fairly invalided and laid up in blanket nursing. A neighbour called in to make inquiry at the victorious helpmate as to the proper address of a public office in order to despatch a letter of inquiry. "Dist thou, Mrs. Sibbald, ken whar the War Office is ; ye min' our son Jock, that listed in the twa-and-forty, seventeen year come the time." "Brawly ; wha disna mind him ? the bonniest lad that e'er was clad in tartan ; but I'm sure that I couldna tell you, unless I wad lie, whar the War Office is, but I'll speer at our John ; he's in his bed, for he's been aff his ordinar' this twa days—John, dear, dist thou ken whar the War Office is ?" "Wha's wantin' to ken ?" inquired John. "It's Nance Steenston, our neighbour ; she's gaun to send a letter to speer if her son that listed wi' the sodgers is deed or leevin'." "Well, just gae ben and tell her that she's in the War Office."

A Highland Voter.

WHEN Mr. John Boyle Gray stood as a candidate for the first municipal district in the city council of Glasgow a son of the Mist was pressing forward, with an anxiety to tender his vote as if the fate of the election depended upon it. "Well," said the presiding sheriff, "for whom do you vote ?" "What's my vote, did you'll said ?" "Yes." "To Boil John Gray, to be sure."

A Natural Inference.

A Dissenting minister in the Presbytery of Stirling had for lecture one Sabbath forenoon the siege of Samaria. After reading the passage about the price given for an ass' head, he remarked, "An', my friends, poor picking they would hae at it after a'."

The Effect of Habit.

A DINER-OUT in a certain gay city in the land of cakes had a recess of a couple of days in one week from his gastronomic labours. "Do you know," said he to a friend, "that I went to bed sober two nights last week, and felt very little the worse for it."

A Lame Bargain.

ONE day Logan attended a horse market in his neighbourhood for the purpose of selling a mare he wished, for his own reasons, to part with. After many inquiries were made by various dealers respecting price and other particulars, a customer at last presented himself, and the two soon came to terms. While paying down the cash the buyer asked if he warranted the beast sure-footed ? "Sure-footed !" said the Laird, "what do you mean by that ?" "I mean," said the other, "does she keep her feet on the road ?" "I'll warrant she'll do that as weel's ony beast that ever stepped ; I've had her these four years, and I never kent her miss a foot yet." The buyer, thus assured,

mounted his bargain, and rode off. A few days after, however, he called at Logan House, and loudly complained of being deceived. "Tell me how, man?" said the Laird. "Tell you how!" cried the indignant buyer, "did you not assure me that she kept her feet? now I've only had her three days, and she's come down wi' me three times." "That may be," said Logan, "and the beast no to blame either: I'se warrant she's kept her feet for a' that, and if ye gang hame and count ye'll find she has a' that e'er she had."

Good Excuse for a Bad Hat.

LOGAN, like some other eccentrics, seems to have disliked parting with his old habiliments. Visiting London on some occasion, he was met by an acquaintance in one of the fashionable regions of the city, who, observing the Laird to have on a "shocking bad hat," could not refrain from expressing his surprise at his negligence. "Oh," rejoins the wit, "it maks nae difference what I wear here—no ane kens me." This, of course, was a settler. Some short time afterwards, however, the parties met again in Edinburgh, at Logan's old favourite haunt—the old favourite chapeau still maintaining its crowning eminence. Now, thinks the assailant, I shall certainly hedge him. "Well, Logan, still sticking to the old hat!" "Hoot, man!" replies the wit, dryly, "what matters what I wear here—everybody kens me."

A Thrasher.

A HIGHLANDER who was hired to be a servant with a farmer, proving to be rather lazily inclined, he had every mornin' to be roused to go to his work in the barn. Half sleeping one morning when called on, he roars out, "You pe aye cry, cryin' in tae mornin', rise Tonal an' trash, put ye never cry rise Tonal and get her preakfast."

A Railing Accusation.

DR. F. of N——, whose disputes and constant litigation with his heritors would, if printed in full, occupy several goodly folios, had, among others, a complaint about an insufficient fence which surrounded his garden. The heritors agreed amongst themselves, that a committee should go to the spot, and arrange with the Doctor about repairing the old fence, or making a new one. After the deputation had examined the fence, they repaired to the Manse, and explained "that they were anxious to give his garden every protection." "That's just what I want," replied the Doctor. "Well then," said one of the deputation, "suppose we give your garden enclosure an effectual security in the shape of a strong fence of stabs and railing?" "Stabs and railing, Sir, I have had nothing else since I came amongst you."

Keep your Gab Steekit when ye kenna your Company.

ONE day that Dr. F. was travelling in the inside of a coach, where there happened to be two passengers, one of whom belonged to

“the parish,” and knew the Doctor, the other abruptly asked in the Doctor’s presence, “if he knew how that fellow F. was getting on now.” A significant look conveyed to the querist, the agreeable intelligence that their fellow-passenger was the veritable Doctor. After a considerable pause, and having looked all the directions of the compass ere he could address himself to the Doctor, to offer the mediatory pinch of snuff, “No, Sir,” said the indignant clergyman, pushing away the proffered pinch, “I neither snuff, nor allow myself to be snuffed at.”

A Rough Passage.

Two Paisley Corks were returning in the steamer from seeing their families at the coast. The tide was unusually low, and the steamer, though it drew as little water as any passage boat on the river, grumbled against the sand, half passage. “Weel deacon, what think ye o’ our sail the day?” “Sail ca’ ye’t,” replied the deacon, “it’s far liker a hurl.”

A New Light.

EVERY body has heard of the tipsy Irishman’s attempt to light his pipe at a pump, but few are aware that Donald M’Alpine, from somewhere about the Braes o’ Doune, experimented in a like manner on a fresh herring. One evening lately Donald had exceeded his usual, both in toddy and in time, and, for more reasons than one, unwilling to awaken his better half, he crawled cautiously and quietly into his domicile, and preparing to crown his evening’s debauch with a whif or two from his pipe, he felt the hob for the accustomed “gather-ing peat,” but which had become extinct long before Donald and his cronies had fully settled the affairs of Kirk and State; yet spying on the plate shelf what he thought suitable to his purpose, applied his cuttie to a phosphorescent fresh herring;—fuff—fuff—(hiccup)—pooh—blowed Donald, “what the sorrow can the guidwife mean wi’ a lighted peat on a timmer bink?” and finding all his puffing unavailing, he grasped the shining herring, but its unexpected coldness and clamminess caused him instantly to drop it, as Paddy would say, like a hot potato. “Rise guidwife and tak’ care o’ the bairns,” roared Donald, “the peats fa’n into the cradle amang the clouts, we’re a’ in a low, we’re a’ in a low;” and down he dropped himself amang the said clouts, either to smother the expected conflagration, or resignedly to await the anticipated catastrophe. The wake-rife Mrs. M’Alpine, who had long practised sleeping with only one eye at a time, declared that she witnessed the whole proceedings; but being well accustomed to her husband’s vagaries, “left him alone in his glory,” and found him next morning snoringly asleep, with the pipe in his mouth, doubled up in the cradle; and as she expressed it, “with the soles o’ baith his feet, and his face turned up to the kebbars.”

A MEMBER belonging to the congregation of the Secession, under the late Mr. Pringle of Pollokshaws, went to see some old acquaintances who resided in the village of Kippen, Stirlingshire—one of those privileged places, of which proverb says, “out of the world and into Kippen.”

The Rev. Mr. Anderson, clergyman of the parish, a gentleman of amiable manners, and assiduous in his attentions to the best interests of his parishioners, gave two or three sermons during the brief sojourn of the Seceder from Shaws, which pleased him exceedingly, as they happened to turn on high doctrinal points. Speaking of these discourses to Mr. Pringle on his return—“Yon’s the preacher, Mr. Pringle—nane o’ your fusionless legal trash ;—eh ! but he’s a terrible enemy to guid warks.”

The Last Debt.

AN old man about to bid a last adieu to Kilbarchan, had his friends called round him, when he was desired by his wife to tell what debts were owing to him :—“There’s—awn me five shillings for mutton.” “Oh,” interjected the delighted helpmate, “to see a man at his time o’ day, and just gaun to close his last account, hac the use o’ his faculties ; just say awa, James.” “Ay, an — ten shillings for beef.” “What a pleasant thing to see a man deein’ and sensible to the last !—ony mair—but no to distress yoursel.” “An’ — a crown for a cow’s hide.” “Ay,” quoth the wife, “sensible yet ; weel, James—what was’t ye was gawn to say ?” “Nae mair,” quoth James ; “but I’m awn Jock Tamson twa pound in balance o’ a cow.” “Hoot, toot,” quoth the wife, “he’s ravin’ now—he’s just tattrin’, dinna mind ony mair that he says.”

A Legal Pendant Nonplussed.

ISAAC M’GREGOR was a simple-minded rustic of a most obliging disposition, with a vein of sarcastic humour which he could work with very decided effect when occasion required. He rented a small patch of ground that fringed the muir of Kippen, part of the estate of Stirling of Carden. Isaac had never seen much of the great world. With a couple of horses he contrived to keep the thatch over his shoulders and the wheels of life in working condition, by carrying whisky for the far-famed Kepp distillery, the proprietor of which, the late Mr. Cassils, was distantly related to him. Isaac piqued himself on his knowledge of horses, and was generally his own farrier, whether as respected medical treatment, or arming the hoofs of that noble animal against the tear and wear of the road.

Isaac had been witness to the sale of a horse at the fair of Shandon, which, though sold as sound, turned out afterwards to have some defect on the hoof ; and an action was raised before the sheriff, and proof allowed, to show that the disease was of long standing, and that

the fault must have been known to the vendor at the time of sale. Isaac was summoned to Dunblane, to give evidence before the sheriff in favour of the defender.

The agent employed by the pursuer was as pompous a "quill-driver" as ever scribbled on parchment or small pott. Peter Dudgeon (for that was his name) boasted that he had a more complete knowledge of the English language than any practitioner in sheriff or burgh court, from the Grampians to Cheviot, from his having the whole of Johnson's dictionary at his finger-ends. The words selected by Peter for common use were remarkable more from the quantity of the alphabet employed in their construction than from their adaptation to the idea meant to be conveyed.

Peter thought to dash Isaac and so confuse him at first that his evidence would want coherence, and therefore be rejected. The officer called out, "Is Isaac M'Gregor in Court?" "Yes, Sir!" shouted Isaac, in a voice like the report of school-boy artillery. "Come forward, then."

Peter threw himself back into his seat and looked terror, at the same time displaying a frill of cambric of extraordinary depth and longitude. "Your name is Isaac M'Gregor—is it?" "The minister ance ca'd me that, and I haena had ony reason to change't since; but ye needna speir my name, for ye hae kent me ony time this twenty years." "It is only for the information of the court." "Gif that be a', you're abler to tell them than I am—you're glibber in the tongue." "Very well; gentlemen of the court, the deponent's name is Isaac M'Gregor, a most enlightened, ratiocinating, and philosophic carter, from the bloody mires of Loch Leggin. Notice that, gentlemen! Do you know anything about the vending, transtulation, or transfer of the quadruped in question?" "I didna bring my dictionary in my pouch this day, or else I micht hae been able to spell your meaning: maybe, my lord judge, ye'll be able to explain what he means, for to me there's just as muckle sense in the blether o' the heather blutter!" "He means to ask, witness, do you know anything about the sale of the horse, the subject on which you are summoned here?" "Thank you, my lord. Yes, I ken that the horse was selt to Jock Paterson there; and he appeared to me to be weel worth a' the siller he gied for him."

"Well, my sexagenarian friend Isaac," resumed Peter, "how do you know, or how can you satisfy your mind as to the validity of the testimony upon which your powers of perception have chosen to arbitrate so temerarily." "Och, man! it would tak you a lang time to ken as muckle about horses as I do; ye would need to gang out and eat grass wi' them for seven years, like auld Nebuchadnezzar, afore ye learnt your lesson."

Peter was fairly put out, and got into a violent rage. "My lord, I have asked a plain question, and I must demand a categorical answer, or I shall move that the witness be committed for contempt of court." "I would advise you, Mr. Dudgeon," said the judge, "to

put your questions in a more intelligible shape, and I have no doubt but the witness will give you a respectful answer." "That sairs ye right, Peter," said the imperturbable Isaac, "an' gin I had you in the muir o' Kippen I would let ye fin' the weight o' that shakle-bane along the side o' your head—and mak thae hornshottle teeth in your mouth dance the Dusty Miller. Ony mair to speir, ye manifest piece o' impudence?"

"What do you know about the value of a horse?" resumed Peter. "I wonder what I should ken about, if I didna ken about horse—I may say born and brought up among them—mair than ye can say, Mr. Peter, o' the profession ye hae taen by the hand." "Have you made it your business to become acquainted with the veterinary art, whether as applied to the general anatomy of the horse or the moral and physical habits of this useful animal; and, to attain the requisite degree of knowledge, have you studied carefully the article on that subject in the 'Encyclopedia Britannica'; and most particularly, as in the minutiae of detail on this subject, have you bought of your bookseller a copy of the work entitled "The Horse," published under the sanction and patronage of the society denominating themselves The Society for Diffusing Useful Knowledge, and made it your study by night and by day?"

"Hech, sirs! nae wonder, Peter, than you're blawing like a bursting haggis, after a' that blatter o' words; you'll hae pitten a' the lair ye e'er got at the college in that speech, I'se warrant; ye mind sin' you and I were at Claymires school thegither, what a poor fusionless, whey-faced shawp o' a creature you war, baith in soul and body, and that you couldna spell your ain name!" "Do you know, then, anything about the diseases that horses are predisposed to?" "Lang-winded is no ane o' them, at ony rate."

"From your knowledge of the veterinary art, and the profound attention that you have bestowed on the subject, would you presume to say that a horse's hoof might be the seat of any latent, unmanifested ailment—disease—malady—gangrene or tumour, protected though it be by the crust or wall of the foot, without being visible to the ocular faculty? Now!"

"Did ye hear the thunder down there, lads? Ye may be verra thankfu', Mr. Dudgeon, that ye haena mony teeth left in the front o' your mouth, or thae big words could never hae gotten out." "Really, Mr. Dudgeon," said the judge, "you are taking up too much of the time of the court by useless preliminaries. If you have any of your young men in court, would you allow one of them to take up the examination?" "Very well, my lord."

"William, take up this brief, or case, and farther interrogate that incorrigible carter." "Witness! the next question in my brief, or case—and recollect you are still upon oath—is, Do you suppose it possible for a disease or ailment to exist in the perforating flexor tendon without immediately manifesting itself in occasioning lameness by its action in the chamber of the hoof?" "Weel, my lord

judge, after a', are thae twa no a bonny pair? as the craw said o' his claws." The court became perfectly convulsed, so that the sheriff was himself obliged to finish the examination.

Popular Preaching.

A REVEREND gentleman, who had a guid gift o' the gab, or, as the late James Bell, of geographical and antiquarian celebrity, used to phrase it, "The art of communicating naething," delivered a sermon in the neighbourhood of Glasgow for some public purpose, which delighted the mob as a tub does the whale.

The declaimer took high Calvinistic points of doctrine to the almost exclusion of the practical bearings of the subject. A bonnetted abhorrer of legal preaching, in returning home, was overheard eulogising—"Man, John, wasna yon preaching'! yon's something for a body to come awa wi'—the way that he smashed down his text into so many heads and particulars, just a' to flinders. Nine heads, and twenty particulars in ilka head—and sic mouthfu's o' grand words!—an' every ane o' them fu' o' meaning if we but kent them—we hae ill improved our opportunities; man, if we could just mind ony thing he said, it would do us guid."

Antibilious Soup.

Two old maids, who lived in the vicinity of Logan's estate, had made themselves notorious, like the rest of the parchment-skinned sisterhood, as moral dissecters, and had made enemies of the whole neighbourhood, in consequence of the unsparing use they had made of the untameable tongue, laying open the moral sores of those who came in their way.

Justice, in her usual retributive manner, caused the bile which they used to discharge on others to accumulate on themselves; and for the benefit of their health they were recommended to go to the Holy Island, situate in the mouth of the bay of Lamlash, much infested with vipers, from which a soup was made famed for the cure of complaints to which females living in a state of single blessedness are subject. Logan advised them "No to gang sae far frae hame for viper soup; just, ladies," said he, "swallow your ain spittle."

A Beautiful Island.

A FEW days ago a lady from London, who had come down with her husband for the purpose of rustivating among the romantic shades of the island of Bute, called on a certain Mrs. Snodbody, who lets sea-bathing quarters in the neighbourhood of Rothesay with the intention of arranging for part of her premises. Having narrowly inspected the accommodations, she asked if the beds were free of bugs. "Keep your mind easy about that," said the pawky old woman, "everybody but strangers ken that nae bugs come farther down the water than

Gourock ; the smell o' the seaweed kills them a' before they can pass the Kempock." "Well, that's one very comfortable thing ; now, my good woman, I wish to ask you this—I was almost frightened to death with thunder in our journey from London—have you much thunder here during the summer months?" "Thunder!" cried Mrs. Snodbody, with a look of well-feigned astonishment, "Losh, mem! do you no ken that Bute's an island? wha ever heard of thunder in an island!" The fair Cockney, as if ashamed of her ignorance, turned to her husband: "Well, my dear, this is just the spot for us ; what a beautiful island it is, to be sure! and only think, we'll neither be troubled with bugs nor thunder!"

Love at Sight.

A SERVANT girl, of no strong intellect, who lived with a lady in the neighbourhood of Paisley, one day surprised her mistress by giving up her place.

The lady inquired the cause, and found it was that fertile source of dissension between mistress and maid-servant—a lad. "And who is this lad?" inquired her mistress. "Ou he's a nice lad—a lad that sits in the kirk just forenent me." "And when does he intend that you and he should be married?" "I dinna ken." "Are you sure he intends to marry you at all?" "I daur say he does, mem." "Have you had much of each other's company?" "No yet." "When did you last converse with him?" "Deed we hae na conversed ava yet." "Then how should you suppose that he is going to marry you?" "Ou," replied the simple girl, "he's been lang lookin' at me, and I think he'll soon be speakin'."

A Highland Epitaph.

HERE lie interred a man of nicht,
His name is Macom Downie,
He'll lost his life one market nicht,
In fa'ing aff his pounie.
Aged 37 year.

An Extensive Manufactory.

Two importations from the lofty-peaked eminences of the north lodged together in a room in the High Street of Glasgow. The wonders of the Scottish Babel furnished materials for large conversation in the evenings—amongst the rest, the immense fuel required to serve the city. "It's a wonderfu' fire what the'll prunt in this town, Peter—it's a thought to me about it—yes, too, Peter, more nor one fire prunt in mony house ; did anybody told you whar tey'll got all ta coal from?" "Oich man, Neil, is that all you'll knew—they made them all in Tennant's Wrought."*

*The extensive soda works of Messrs. C. Tennant & Co., Townhead of Glasgow, which occupy at least twelve acres, densely planted with a forest of brick.

THE collisions that too often take place between parties that should have become one in temper as well as "one flesh" give the enemies of marriage opportunities of exercising their wit, and the lamentations of unfortunate hens pecked, or pecked hens, are their song of exultation as they hug themselves in their escape from domestic strife—never giving a hearing to their opponents, who triumphantly prove that though in the married life there are many cares and sorrows, the other have no joys, and that bachelors become sooner bairns—yaumering, selfish ones, too—than their brethren who have got their necks noosed in wedlock.

An old man, over whom the grey mare had tyrannized for many years, was visited on his deathbed by the clergyman of the parish, who urged on him most faithfully the great importance of preparing for an eternal journey, on which he appeared just about to start. The veteran in carelessness appeared perfectly callous to the touching admonitions of the messenger of peace, when the clergyman struck a more alarming note about the King of Terrors, and his fearful iron sway over his subjects. "Weel, weel," said the hardened sinner, "I'm no fley'd for the King o' Terrors, for I hae lived this sax-and-thretty years wi' the Queen o' them, and the King canna be muckle waur."

No Friendship in Trade.

THIS excellent general business maxim was exemplified in the person of Neil M'Liver, merchant—no matter about the locality, Highland folks take things so readily to themselves—who required to come to Glasgow for goods to supply his customers for the winter, and the master of the steamer calculated on him and a few of his friends as passengers. They lay under obligations to him for sundry services rendered to them in the shape of frauds on the Post-Office revenue so as to enable Master Hill to make out his case for the Postage Reduction Bill; his obligants, however, took no berth with him, either in steerage or cabin.

Meeting the parties in Glasgow, he expressed his astonishment that they had not come with him. "You see," said Neil, hesitating, scarcely knowing how to excuse himself, "it was—you see—yes—that captain—yes, I'll thocht now—it was more money you'll took for our passage, nor we'll got down for with another friend of Duncan's there, who has a poat of her nown—too—yes, more nor two shillings for each of us both—that is Duncan and me." "Man," said the master of paddles, "I'd have given you your passage for nothing rather; an old friend to go by my opponent!—you should have come with me." "Weel, weel," said Neil, "it's never weel to do too late—and since you are so decent with us we will every one of us all go with you home on that very reasonable term—yes, yes, captain; you see a whistle more buys the penny."

WILL SPEIR, known to our readers already, once happened to be in the kitchen of the Manse of ——, and had received an awmous from the hands of the parsimonious incumbent, who was always pleased to hear the humorous and sharp-witted replies of poor Will. While his reverence was endeavouring to bring the ingenuity of the poor half-witted creature into play a woman belonging to the gangrel tribe made her appearance at the door soliciting charity. This second application was more than the minister's patience could well bear; he instantly dismissed her, and, in rather a stern tone of voice, ordered her to go to her parish. Will heard the angry language of his reverence, and bawled after the woman to come back. "It's a waefu' thing," said the kind-hearted natural, "to be driven frae a minister's door without an awmous—hae, puir body," he continued, addressing the woman, "there's a nievefu' out o' my ain pock;" and, turning to the minister with an expression of bitter scorn in his eye, observed, "You should mind, sir, that puir folk hae na a' parishes like you."

Right of Hypothec.

A WORTHY friend of ours, who acquired his slender stock of mongrel English on the "Braes o' Balquidder," and owned a property in Caltoun, had lately the mortification to find that a tenant of his, a cowfeeder, had sold off all the stock and made a moonlight flitting. The landlord, hearing of her decampment, hastened to the spot, to see if anything had been left whereby he might indemnify himself; but behold! all the rowters were off and the byre cleaned out. Just as he was preparing to leave the premises, one of the cows made her appearance at the byre door, and claimed admittance. "Hawkie, my own latie, come awa," cried he, "I'm ferry glad to saw you once more; you're a far more honeste woman tan your mistress."

Drawing the Long Bow.

ONE day, Logan happened to dine at the Earl of E——'s along with some English gentlemen, when the conversation chanced to turn on the comparative fruitfulness of the northern and southern divisions of Britain. The Laird, who was always a steady stickler for the honour and general superiority of Scotland, displayed on this occasion the full bent of his national predilections. One of the gentlemen, however, wishing to come to particulars, requested to know how much wheat an acre of the best land in Scotland would produce. Logan, wishing to astonish his opponent, named a quantity which he thought would have that effect. "Pooh, pooh!" said the Englishman, "that's not more than half what is reaped from the very commonest of our lands in the south." "But now tell me," continued he, still addressing the Laird, "what quantity of beans will the same extent of ground produce?" "Na, na, frien'," said Logan,

seemingly piqued at being put down, "lee about is fair play—it's your turn to speak first now."

An Accommodating Beggar.

A WRETCHED looking mendicant, the curvature of whose spine indicated the pressure of "three score and ten," put gently ajar the counting-house door of a commercial gentleman, with, instead of "pity the sorrows,"—"I'm very vext to trouble you, Sir, but I am an auld man, that has little to eat, and less to put on." "I have no copper;" when old Pocks offered discount, "Dinna put yoursel about, I can gie ye change."

Courtesies of the Table.

AMONG the many choice spirits who figured in the convivial circles of Ayrshire about the close of the last century, no one, perhaps, was a greater favourite than Mr. H—— of S——. In person and manners he was quite the beau ideal of an accomplished tableman. Along with a fund of good humour, he had a superabundance of pleasantry, which rendered his company particularly attractive; while his countenance bore ample testimony to his social propensities, for, as it was truly remarked, "a wider mouth for a laugh, or a redder nose for a bottle, was not to be found among all the votaries of Bacchus." Dining one day with the Laird of Logan, Mr. H—— happened to help himself to a little brandy after his fish—a custom which is still kept up at some of the hospitable boards in that very hospitable county. When holding up the glass between him and the light—"Laird," said he, addressing Logan, "this is rather pale for me; I would prefer some of your dark brandy." "I assure you Mr. H——, what I have sent you is the dark brandy." "I'll no contradict you, Laird, in your ain house; but it looks pale to me." "I'll no contradict you, Mr. H——, out of your ain house; but you should consider, that your red nose and muckle mouth, would gar ony man's brandy look pale."

A Royal Regiment.

WHEN the 42nd regiment was recruiting at Paisley early in the present century, the address of the sergeant to the gaping multitude was as follows:—"Come noo, lads, enter that auld bauld corps—often tried never found failing—ca'd the Twa-and-Forty Regiment o' Hieland Feet, commanded by Prince Frederick, king o' Europe, and a' the Europes i' Scotland."

Highland Arithmetic.

It is said, that when this "auld bauld corps" was recruiting in the Highlands, it was not uncommon in the public-houses to hear a sergeant, with a large bunch of notes in his hand, thus addressing his newly-enlisted man:—"Sax and twa's ten—tak' your boonty and awa wi' ye, you—scoon'rel."

An Irish Expositor.

A SCOTTISH clergyman lecturing on the passage in Scripture, "It is easier for a camel," &c., &c., said, "My brethren, the needle eye was a gate-way in Jerusalem, through which a loaded camel could not pass, until she was unloaded."

Enough is as Good as a Feast.

WHILE the late Rev. Mr. Robertson of Kilmarnock, of whom notice is taken in our Introduction, was preaching in a country church, a young man in the front of the gallery had stood up several times, and seemed, as it were, to be fond of exhibiting his person to the congregation. Although this is a habit by no means uncommon in such places, it seemed to annoy the Rev. gentleman. After looking at him several times, he stopped the thread of his discourse, and thus addressed him:—"Jock, my man, sit doon noo, for I'm sure there's no a lass in a' the kirk that hasna seen twa-three times your new plush waistcoat."

Church Accommodation.

MR. R., when in the pulpit, never allowed even a passing incident to escape unnoticed. The popular voice, in regard to excellence of preaching, was, at the period to which we refer, divided between himself and the Rev. Mr. —, whose eloquence as a preacher made him little less than the idol of the people. When the latter accordingly happened to be from home, a number of those individuals who ran from one place of worship to another, waited upon the ministry of the former, and, as might be expected, were generally entering the church after the service had commenced. Upon one occasion, Mr. R. had just finished the first prayer, when a rustling was heard in the gallery caused by the approach of some such individuals. "Sit about, sit about, my frien's," cried Mr. R., "and gie the fleein' army room, the bit idol's no at hame the day."

Kilmarnock Prediction.

UPON another occasion, having entered upon the character, and given a somewhat copious history of Napoleon Buonaparte, who at that time carried all before him on the continent, he concluded his discourse by announcing the following prediction, which to those who rightly understand the terms of it, was afterwards fully verified. "My frien's, I've tell'd ye what was the beginning o' that man, and I'll tell ye what will be the end o' him. He'll come down yet like a pockfu' o' goats' horns at the Broomielaw."*

* At this time there was a very extensive trade in goats' horns carried on between Glasgow and the island of Arran. They were used in some processes of dyeing. Large bales of this horny commodity, loosely packed, were delivered at the Broomielaw, Glasgow quay, with the simple apparatus then in use. With such packages little care was observed in landing, and they were generally thrown down with violence, and consequently made a great noise.

An Apt Quotation.

THE late Rev. Mr. Pringle, of Pollokshaws, was a clergyman of mild, but firm manners, in dealing with members of his congregation. One of these was much addicted to dram-drinking, and, though seldom going great lengths in public, went so far as to become an object of serious advice, remonstrance, reproof, and threat; all of which had been tried in turn, and for a time had their effect. Exclusion, at last, from the privileges of the church was threatened, if another instance of indulgence was proven against him, and the defaulter promised implicit obedience in future, and did keep his promise for some time, which gladdened the benevolent heart of Mr. P., hoping that he had been the means of reclaiming the unfortunate man from vicious indulgence, and restoring his usefulness to his family. One day Mr. Pringle was coming through the main street of the village, when whom should he see, exhibiting unequivocal symptoms of intoxication, but his irreclaimable member, describing his course at regular angles, and making towards him, as rapidly as the frequent adjustment of the centre of gravity permitted. The offender noticed his minister, who could not be avoided, and made a lurch somewhat, lengthening the limb of the angle, into a recess, and put his back against the wall till Mr. P. came up to him, quoting, with knowing emphasis, standard authority as an apology for his failings, "No mere man since the fall, is able perfectly to keep the commandments, but doth daily break them in thought, word, and deed."

A Scotch Coroner.

"THIS is a most tragical event which has happened," said an individual to Bailie —, one of the high functionaries of a certain royal burgh. "Bless me! what is it?" "Why, your neighbour W—— G—— has committed suicide." "Wha on?" anxiously inquired the bailie.

A Scotch Answer.

"THAT's a braw young quey you're leading, gudeman. Whar may you ha'e brought her frae?" "Do you ken the auld kirk o' Dunscore?" "Atweel do I." "Wi' than."

A Highland Preference.

A JURY trial took place lately in one of the burghs in the county of Lanark, where three labourers were charged with a serious assault on two Highlandmen. The complainers had given a very connected and consistent statement to the public prosecutor, who, in consequence instituted criminal proceedings against the assaulters. The fiscal, as usual, in a soft, confidential manner, put several questions to the complainants, to show to the Court the competency of the charge, and to all these questions the Highlanders, who had concocted the whole

matter, having malice prepense, answered most readily, always anticipating the legal querist, "Ou yes, Sir, your honour, it was as you'll spoke, all that and more too, as Donald my friend will told you." "Yes, it is," replied Donald, "it's all true, and moreover, more nor that beside, but she didna want to say no more against the poor lads down there, to make an anger against them—deed is't." The counsel for the panels then commenced a raking cross-fire, when the yarn in the web of evidence lost its lees, and the Donalds got fairly entangled, and floundered in the meshes, shrugged their shoulders, scratched their heads, and looked unspeakable confusion, to the no small amusement of the Court. The elder of the two at last addressed himself to the Judge, "Och, Sir, would you let the tither man spoke," pointing to the fiscal, "I like him far better."

Hawkie's Retorts to the Police.

THIS *orateur du pavè*, the outlines of whose eventful life we have already given, has only to stand a few minutes on the street in the act of preparing for the delivery of an oration, when a mob is instantly collected to the annoyance of the conservators of order, and a mandate is forthwith issued by the police to put his limb and locomotive adjunct, the stilt—in motion.—"Take the road, Sir, and not obstruct the street," said the imperative batonman. "I hae nae richt tilt," replied the wit, "for I pay no road money."

On another occasion.—"Be off, Sir, and not disturb the street by collecting mobs." "Weel, blame na me, but the congregation."

Another.—"Don't stand there, Sir, and collect a crowd." "Ay, there's a pour o' hearers, but very few believers."

Very Characteristic.

HAWKIE called on a shopkeeper one night soliciting somewhat to pay his lodgings, who remarked that he had surely come little speed when he had not made so much as would defray that small matter. "That's a' ye ken," replied Hawkie, "my lodging costs me mair than yours does." "How do you make out that?" "In the first place, it costs me fifteen pence to mak' me drunk,—boards an' banes mak' up the bed and contents, an' unless I were drunk I couldna sleep a wink—the bed that I hae to lie down on would mak a dog youll to look at, and then the landlady maun be paid, though a week's lodgings would buy a' the boards and bowls that's in the house. I hae made but little this day—I was up at the Cowcaddens, whar they hae little to themselves, and less disposition to spare; an' wearied out, I lay down at the road side to rest me—a' the laddies were saying as they passed, 'Hawkie's drunk,' an' vex't was I that it was na true."

Danger of Weaning too Early.

HAWKIE is one of those to whom ardent spirits are meat and drink, and meal-time any, or every hour in the twenty-four—the measure not

so much the quantity that can be taken, as what can be got.—Ask him, “Well, Hawkie, how many glasses have you got to-day?” “I ne'er counted them; I just took what I got; I am ower auld a bairn to spean now; my mither weaned me when I was four months auld—so ye needna wonder at my drouth.”

Family Debts.

“I AM surprised,” said a person remonstrating with Hawkie on his dissolute life, “that a person of your knowledge and intellect can degrade himself by drinking whisky until you are deprived of reason, and with whom the brute could justly dispute pre-eminence. I would allow you two glasses per day, if you can't want it, but no more. “Now that's fair,” replied the wit, “but will ye lodg't in a public house? Man, ye dinna ken what I hae had to do—my forefathers and foremithers too—for I suppose, if you and me hadna haen baith, we couldna been here—were a' sober fok, an' I have had just to drink for them a'. Ye see, they ran in debt to the British Government and left me to pay't, and when I couldna do't I got an easy settlement with the foks o' the Exchequer, on condition that I was to pay up by instalments, and wharever I saw a house wi' reading aboon the door head, “British spirits sold here,” to pay in my dividend, an' there was nae fear o' its coming to them.”

Economy in Colours.

A BIBLIPOLE in the ancient burgh of Stirling, had a spinster sister who kept his house, and took besides more than half the shop duties, was anxious to oblige a friend who had introduced a portrait painter to her acquaintance, who had come to locate in the Royal city, and immortalize those favourite specimens of flesh and blood on canvass, who should employ him. The sister of Folio pled earnestly with her brother to have her likeness taken. “It'll no cost muckle, Samuel, I'm sure, and the folks will see't in the shop, and, poor body, he'll maybe get a great deal mair to do—now, will ye no consent?” “Na, na, Kirsty, it wad be a Highland kindness for you to gie him your picture to do; dinna mak' onybody suffer by ye, as they scranky-shanked mizzle-shinned Highlanders do; do ye no see, woman, ye wad waste a' the poor painter's yellow?”

A Highland Financier.

“How is my poor friend Norman McLean; I hear he is back in the world?” inquired a commercial gentleman, who was taking an order from a customer in one of the northern clachans. “Deed poor man it's all true, indeed, and grieved am I in my own mind about him every day, for he was a decent neighbour, as he was to me and every one about him.” “But how does he contrive to exist here, having nothing to do?” “I am sure, unless I were to say what I didna ken, I

don't know ; but there I see him all the week from day to day, whar his meat and clothes come from nobody knows ; no doubt, he'll got a few potatoes and plenty of sleep, and that's all anybody knew." "But, dear me, can't he get a bit of land ? I am sure here it can be had for little or nothing, and cultivate it for his subsistence." "Is that all you'll knew now about this place ? Nothing here now, but your petters, (gentry) and they'll put all the ground into large farm, oich, no ! no ! that no for poor Norman !" "Well then, there's the open sea, a good fishing coast ; get a boat and a few lines, and live on the produce of his industry." "Yes, all goot tat, but a fishing poat and line is not got for nothing, and who's to pay the piper." "Then I can suggest no other mode of living here." "I'll shust tell you then, as you are a goot friend of his mony a day, what I'll advise him to do, more nor one or two time myself, it was shust to turn himself into a merchant."

Irish Recognition.

As the Paisley steamer came alongside the quay at the city of the Seestus, a denizen of St. Mirren's hailed one of the passengers, "Jock ! Jock ! distu hear, man ? is that you or your brither ?"

Coach Office Queries.

The Paisley bodies are a class *sui generis*, especially the operatives ; from their habits of thinking and speaking one would have thought that a colony of bog trotters from the swamps of ould Ireland had been their forefathers. When inquiring after seats in the Glasgow coach office, nothing is more common for them than to ask "Are a' your insides out?" an inside seat had been secured, but the office where booked, forgotten. "They're no a' out—are they no ? weel, will ye look gin tis woman has an inside ;" or hailing the drivers of the Paisley coach, Sons of Commerce (strongly accented on the ultimate), as they passed along the street, "Ah, hey man, dinna ca' your wheels sae fast, hae ye a bit bare spat on the tap ?" "Hae ye ony Paisley coaches that rins to five o'clock ?" "Is the coach awa ? they're in a desperate hurry, I'm sure its nae mair than ten minutes past the hour ; I maun either hae back my siller or anither seat ; I'm no gaun to throw awa' my bawbees that gate ; you'll soon mak rich enough, gin ye rin awa' wi' foks' siller an' their seats baith."

Booking at the Paisley Coach Office.

"WELL, what name shall I enter in the way bill ?" "I wonder what ye hae to do wi' my name, gin I gie you the siller ; my name was na paid for to be gien awa' in a coach office." "Just as you please, but your seat cannot otherwise be secured." "Gin tat be the case ye may hae't, John Tanson, o' Butter Braes—an' ye may pit esquire til't gin ye like ! at least I reside on my ain farm !"

Hope Deferred.

"Go to bed, Sir, in the closet there," said an enraged father to a son, who had given him just cause of offence; "were it not that these gentlemen are present, I would give you a sound whipping, but you shall have it before breakfast to-morrow, certain." The little rebel went to his crib with a heavy heart, and the enjoyments of the party continued until a late hour—just when the party was about to break up, the closet door was quietly pulled back, and the young offender put out his head, requesting that the sentence might be put in execution, "Father, would ye just gie me my licks this night, for I canna sleep without them?"

Highland Wit.

WHO is there that has travelled the West Highlands, and does not know RORY MORE—the rattling, roaring, ready-witted, warm-hearted, big-fisted Highlandman, that keeps what her nainsell calls the "Travelling Emporium?" Surely none. And who that has ever experienced the comforts to be found under his roof-tree, but feels an "ardent longing after" a repetition of the enjoyment? Surely few; and those who have had the pleasure of cracking a bottle with him, and seen him in his glee, for "muckle glee and fun has he," will easily believe the following little anecdote. A Cockney, one of the most troublesome and supercilious of the genus, who, during a residence of three days had been the pest and torment of waiters, chambermaid, boots, and in fact the whole tail of the inn, having at last made up his mind to depart, he marched up to Rory with his hat set obliquely on his highly frizzled poll, a cigar in his mouth, and his hands doubled up on his haunch bones. "I say, landlord, I vants a os." "That's what I can't give," says Rory, "all the horses are out, and I could not get one for you were it to save your life." "Oh! d— me, landlord, that answer vont do for me; I'm going off, and what the devil am I to ride on, pray?" "Just," replies Rory, cocking his eye, "ride on your own impudence, it will carry you further than any horse in Argyleshire."

The Highland Calendar.

THERE are many anecdotes of Rab M'Kellar the Highlander, who erst was the jolly landlord of the Argyll Hotel in Inveraray. The last time we saw the hearty roistering fellow—peace to his manes!—he is now no more—he was bickering with an Englishman in the lobby of the inn regarding the bill. The stranger said it was a gross imposition—he could live cheaper in the best hotel in London, to which Rab, with unwonted nonchalance, replied, "Oh, nae doot, Sir—nae doot ava—but do ye no ken the reason?" "No, not a bit of it," said the stranger hastily. "Weel then," replied the host, "as ye seem to be a gey sensible callant, I'll tell ye: there's 365 days in the Lunnon hotel-keeper's calendar, but we have only three

month in ours!—do ye understand me noo, frien' ?—we maun mak hay in the Hielans when the sun shines, for it's unco seldom she dis't !”

Rab Hamilton.

RAB HAMILTON, a person of weak intellect, well known in Ayr, was a staunch Seceder. One day, however, he went to hear a sermon in a church belonging to the establishment, where the sermon was generally read, and took his seat on an inside stair, that had what is called a wooden ravel. In his anxiety to listen he put his head through the railing, and when he attempted to pull it back, he found he was caught by the ears. He pulled and pulled, but in vain. At length, a sudden thought struck him, that this punishment was a just infliction for leaving his own church. “It's a judgment! it's a judgment on me for leaving my ain kirk! it's a judgment,” cried he, to the amusement of the whole congregation; “it's a judgment on me for leaving my ain kirk, and gaun to hear a paper minister !”

Rab on Monies.

RAB was one day offered his choice of a sixpence or a penny, by a passenger, who was just waiting on the Glasgow mail. Being asked which of them he would have, he said, “I'll no be greedy, I'll take the wee white ane.”

A Case Supposed.

RAB HAMILTON once dined in Kilmarnock, in a favourite inn, where he was well known, to his stomach's content; as Rab needed not any stimulant to assist digestion, no ardent spirits were offered. “I am sure,” says the waiter, “ye hae gotten a guid dinner this day, Rab.” “Ou ay, atweel have I, nae doubt o't, but, gin the folk at Ayr speir at me when I gae hame, an' there's little doubt but they'll do't, if I got a dram, what will I say ?”

Rab's Dreān.

RAB was in the habit of occasionally receiving a small gratuity from one of the clergymen of the town. From some cause or other this had been for some time neglected by the minister, but had by no means been forgotten by his pensioner. One day the clergyman and Rab having met—“Weel, how's a' wi' you the day, Rab ?” inquired his reverence. “Deed, I'm no verra weel, sir.” “Ay, what's the matter ?” “Oh, sir, I had an awfu' dream last night: I dreamt that I was dead, and that I gaed awa' to the guid place; and when I cam' there, I knocked at a big yett, and after I had stood a while, there was a man, I believe it was the Apostle Peter, looked owre the tap o' the yett, and he cries, Who's there? It's Rab Hamilton, says I. Whar says he, do ye come from? Says I, frae the auld toun o' Ayr. Hech man, says he, I'm glad to see you here, for there's neither

man nor woman come here frae that place for the last twa-three years."

Precedence in Pandemonium.

ON another occasion, he asked him if he had been favoured with any more dreams? "Ou ay, sir," says Rab, "I had an awfu' ane nae far'er gane than last night." "Ay, and what might it be about?" "Oh, I dreamt I was dead again, and I gaed awa to the ill place, and I chapped at a big iron yett, and first cam' ae deil, then anither ane, and then a third ane." "And what said ye to them?" "I just tell't them to gang ben for the Muckle Deil himsel', and tell him to come, as the minister o' Ayr was on his way here."

The Laird like himself as President of a Dinner of the Day, 17—

THE day was one of intense cold; the frost during the previous night had been uncommonly severe; every house, whether thatched or otherwise, was thickly covered with a hard coating of frost and snow, from which depended long spikes of ice glittering in the feeble rays of the sun like reversed bayonets at a soldier's funeral. The Westport well, and indeed every well in town, had an irregular train of silvery-looking icicles hanging from the spout, long and flaky, and such as the children in some parts of Scotland call the tail of John Frost's gray mare. Few pedestrians were abroad; here and there perhaps might be seen a sedan-chair borne along by a brace of red-nosed Highlanders, who, from the appearance of their breath on the thin cold air, might, without much aid from the imagination, be supposed as snorting forth fire and smoke in wrathful indignation at being obliged to leave off toasting their brawny shanks at what the worthy Bishop of Dunkeld calls their "bein fyres hote," and to go trudging about receiving from nature's hand her "sparkling hoar-frost on their uncombed locks." It was on this day that a select party had made a paction to dine together in Saracen's Head. This inn was then considered the chief house of entertainment in Glasgow, and the most fashionable resort of the nobility and gentry of the West of Scotland. Here the magistrates held all their convivial meetings, which on extraordinary occasions, was made known to the public by the fact of two town officers with their halberds taking post as a guard of honour at the door. The Lords of Session also, in going the circuit, always made the Saracen's Head their place of sojourn. The house no doubt was well kept, and the gaucy, good-humoured, rattle-tongued landlady, with her rosy haffets and large laughing brown eyes, was to many no small part of the attraction, though she laughed too much, and often out of place; but where a woman has good teeth to show, this will always happen. Yet, though Mrs. M'Millan was at times rather forward, and took great liberties in the way of joking with her customers, she was in the main a frank, furthy, kind-hearted, good sort of woman.

The party kept their time pretty well, and consisted of nearly a dozen. Among these were, young Sillerknows, the Laird of Auld-gavel, Doctor Seggie, who came in a chair, with his little French cocked hat under his arm, as black and glossy as a new feathered crow, while his coat was covered with hair-powder, that had fallen from his head almost to his pouch-lids. The Doctor, who was a fat, little, round about looking man, was rather particular in the matter of dress, and on this occasion, besides an abundance of frills at his breast and hands, displayed between his waistcoat and the adjoining portion of his habiliments, a bulge or roll of linen of the finest texture, and the most spotless purity. This seemed to be regarded by some of the company as proceeding from vanity in the Doctor; others imputed it to the rotundity of his figure preventing him from keeping the parts of his dress so close together as he might otherwise have done. There was also present a very odd-looking young man, who had been amusing himself through the day by skating on the river, and was brought to the party by Logan of that ilk; he was dressed in a long red coat, buckskins and boots; his face was completely overrun with marks of the smallpox, while his nose was all drawn to one side of the face, and his mouth, as if from affection, appeared to have followed in the same direction. Whether it was from the peculiar form which his mouth had taken supply, but he had acquired an inveterate habit of indulging in a low whistling kind of noise, a practice over which he seemed to have no restraint, even in company. The poor fellow was quite unconscious himself of the defect; though it certainly made him unpleasant to strangers who had not acquired a taste for his style of music. It was afterwards whispered about, that he was just come to take up his abode in Glasgow, along with his mother, a widow lady, and that he was a young gentleman of great property, and still greater prospects, a piece of information which seemed not only to improve his personal appearance in the eyes of some of the company, but also to render the small quiet sound of his whistle by no means disagreeable.

While waiting for dinner, the company drew all as close round the fire as possible, and the conversation soon became very animated on the state of the weather. One declared he had seen a Highland officer slide on one foot from the top of the Drygate to the bottom, and that, when he stopped, he found the foot he had held up so firmly frozen to the bottom of his kilt, that he had to hop all the way to his lodgings. Another had seen two married ladies fall into an open part of the river, and in consequence of their clinging to each other after they were got out, they became so completely frost-locked, that their husbands had to get them carried to a house to have them thawed, so that each might have his own wife again. "Pooh!" cried Logan, "that's naething to what our landlady told me; she said that King William was seen blowing his fingers this morning; that when she got up, she found the hens all frozen to one bauk, and the cock to another, so that the

hens could not follow the cock, nor the cock follow the hens, till she bathed their feet in boiling water. She also mentioned that the Provost's big red-nosed butler, Ned, wishing to take his morning by himself, in a sly way, had mistaken a bottle of weak French wine for a bottle of Farintosh, and, before he could say 'here's to ye, honesty,' his lips were hard and fast to the mouth of Monsieur. It was like to be a serious case for old red-nose, for the frost was getting harder and harder, and he was like to be choked for want of air, till he thought of breaking the bottle. But the poor man has been going about with the neck of it sticking to his mouth, and his fellow-servants laughing at him, and saying he richly deserved it for thinking of drinking in such a morning without asking his comrades to taste."

"These are all very freezing kind of stories, gentlemen," said Dr. Seggie; "but without any joke it is certainly very cold, and I don't see how we are to manage to take our dinner unless we get warm plates to eat it off." "Warm plates," exclaimed several voices. "Yes, gentlemen," cried the Doctor, "it is not uncommon in the South to have them in such weather, and I don't see why we should not have them here." "Warm plates for Scotsmen! a man's stomach maun hae come to a poor pass when it canna warm a dinner for itself," said Logan, "but let every man have his humour—here's the landlady, you can tell her about it, Doctor." "Mrs. M'Millan," said the advocate for comfort—"the day is so very cold that we fear we will not be able to eat our dinner." "Not able to eat your dinner!" screamed the jolly dame with a loud guffaw which interrupted the Doctor's preamble. "Now, that beat's a!" our gudeman and me, and indeed every one about the house, eat more in this weather than they do in the heat of summer. I declare every jaw in our kitchen is gawn as if it was for a wager." "Mrs. M'Millan," said the Doctor, in a tone of greater solemnity than the occasion called for, "it is not the conduct of your kitchen people that is the matter in hand—have you any objections to give us warm plates to eat our dinner off?"—"Warm plates!—did you say warm plates! Dr. Seggie. Weel, I've keepit a house this mony a year, and I never heard o' warm plates to a hot dinner before." "Then you refuse to give us them." "By no manner o' means, Dr. Seggie, so you needna lift folks before they fa'—you're welcome to any plates you please, and a' that I have to say is, that the longer a body lives they see the mae fairlies." "But is the dinner ready, Mrs. Mac?" "Deed is't, Auldgavel, and served up in the magistrates' room. Every thing's ready but the plates, and they'll soon be warmed, if I thought you wasna making a fule o' me." "Woman," cried Dr. Seggie in a pet, we neither came here to make fools, nor to be made fools of, so get the warm plates momentarily, or I, for one, will leave the house." "Sweet keep us a'," cried the good-humoured hostess, "there's a storm in somebody's nose, light whaur it like—but dinna be in a hurry, Doctor, we'll mak' ye a' right belyve—you've gotten a warm temper, and you'll get a warm plate, an' I'll warm a bottle of water to put to your feet, and you'll get a warm

brick in a nice clean warm towel, to sit on, and if a' that doesna mak' ye comfortable, my certie ! ye maun be ill to please." So saying, Mrs. M'Millan wheeled off with a loud laugh to attend to her duties in the kitchen, leaving the Doctor fretting and spluttering with anger, like a sausage in a frying pan.

"Weel, gentleman," said Logan to the company, who had now mustered in the magistrates' room, "here's a goodly set out, and I propose that Dr. Seggie take the chair instanter." "I'll take no chair in this house to-night." "What! You don't mean to take your dinner standing?" "I mean what I mean, and I'll either sit or stand as I see proper." "Weel, weel, Doctor, if you're in that bow-wow-humour, we must just get somebody else; come awa', Auldgavel." "Na, na, I ken nae better chairfu' than yoursel', Laird, so sit down and tak' your frien' wi' the red coat here up beside you, and nae mair about it, for the dinner's cooling,—and if you've nae objections, I'll face you mysel'." "That's the thing, at last—come up to my right hand, Bob. By-the-bye, gentlemen, I should have told you before, that this is my frien', Mr. Robert Hornshottle, of Howlet's howf, and likely soon to be of some other howf, if he plays his cards right. But here's the warm plates; hand them down to Dr. Seggie, he's nearest the haggis." "There has been too much said about warm plates already; besides, I don't like haggis." "Will you take some hare soup, then?" "No." "Then say what you'll take yourself, Doctor." "I'll take some of the beef in front of you, Sir, if you can assure me of its being well pouthered." "I can only say this, Doctor—that Mrs. M'Millan's cook and your barber seem to be the best hands at poutherin' beef I know, and I think what I'm going to send you is off a bit of as weel pouthered beef as yourself." "Sir, I don't understand you; if I'm powdered, I'm the more like the company; but I wont be called nicknames by you nor any man, Sir—no Sir, no man shall call me powdered beef with impunity." "Hand that to Dr. Seggie. I'm thinking, Doctor, you'll find that very excellent pouthered beef, although, like yoursel', it seems a wee thocht short to the cut." "I'll have none of your beef, Sir—you wish to make me the laughing-stock of the company, but I wont be made a laughing-stock by you, Sir, nor any man, Sir." "Weel, weel, Doctor, see if you can get any of your neighbours to take it." "See to that yourself, Sir," cried Seggie, turning his back pettishly on the chairman. "No offence, Doctor—but I thought, as you were rather more in the powder way than myself, you would have a better chance for a customer." "Do you say pouthered beef, Sillerknows?" "I do, if Auldgavel will help me to some of the breast of that turkey, at his elbow." "I'll do that, and you'll find the turkey a great improvement, for I fear Logan cut for the Doctor off a part that was rather salt." "Why, gentlemen, I don't know what to do with our frien', the Doctor; I've tried him with haggis, hare soup, and pouthered beef." "Sir, I want none of your attentions." "But I will attend to you though—and every one in the company—while I fill this chair,—

so look around you, Doctor, and see if there's anything to tickle your fancy. There's a fine young goose, plump, crisp, and tender, wi' a pudding in its gebbie, and apple sauce at his side, like a weel tocher'd lass, and no courting required, Doctor, but just put forth your hand, and help yourself. There is also a peerless looking pie, covered with a paste that might tempt a Bishop, and I'll warrant its inside is as rich as the mines of Potosi—so, Doctor, if you're inclined to dig, you'll find your excavations well worth your trouble. Then, again, there is a dish of partridges, each reposing on his softluscious downy bed of savoury toast, and holding up its claws as if imploring your attention. I declare, Doctor, you must have a heart of adamant, if you can resist such seducing supplicants. And look you here, my learned and fastidious friend, here's a brace of blackcock, sending forth a fragrance that might put to shame the most costly incense that ever rose from the altars of the Romans. I would give you a Latin quotation on the subject, but you all know, gentlemen, that Latin with me is something like Dr. Seggie's hair powder, it could get ony where, but through the skull. That's right, Doctor, tak' to your warm plate, and help yourself." "That's just what I mean to do," cried Seggie, breaking out into a laugh, in which the company joined—"you're a tormenting humbug, Logan, but it's of no use to be angry with you. Two or three times to-night, had I been near you, I could have run my knife into you." "Ay, ay, but I hope you'll run it into something that'll do you more good. And now, Doctor, suppose you and I should ha'e a glass of brandy together." "With all my heart; but really, Laird, I was angry." "Man, muckle ye had to be angry about; if ye heard the hecklings I get frae my friends you would wonder sometimes how I keep my senses. But you'll just better pass the bottle, Doctor, and we'll take a glass all round. You've been making an unco clatter amang the plates, gentlemen, and a little brandy will help to gird up your loins, and enable you to get through the duties of the day, for remember there's a nice piece of venison to come yet, so let's take dummy's way o't, and show mair teeth and less tongue. I hope, Auldgavel, you're keeping a' their beards wagging in your quarter. Come, Sillerknows, help yourself and Middlemains to some of the pie before you; you'll find it good; Mrs. M'Millan is a noble hand at a pie; but speak o' the deil and he'll appear, here she is with the venison." "Yes, Laird, and I've brought some more warm plates, for I thought if onything needed them it would be the venison, though it's just piping frae the fire, and the fat's a' quivering about it like jeelie." "You're a sensible woman, Mrs. M'Millan; set it down before me, and I'll soon show you a roomfu' o' lip-lickers. The very smell o't's a cordial; come, gentlemen, while 'am preparing the delicacy for you, you can be washing your throats wi' a glass o' wine; I declare the flavour o' the heather that's about it might give fragrance to a ball-room, even though all the beauty and fashion of the country were in it. May I trouble you, Mrs. Mac, to hand that to the Doctor; he's got but little dinner yet." "Deed that's true,

I've seen the Doctor mak' a better dinner aff a caulder plate." "I've seen that too, leddie, and am sorry I said some angry words to you that there was no occasion for." "Ah, Doctor, dinna let that trouble you; we, in a public line, maunna heed words. Words are but wind, they break nae banes; you were a little warm, nae doubt, but, as our cook says, a 'little pot is soon hot.' If you were as tall as Logan there, or even mysel', the heat would be langer o' getting to your head." So saying, with a loud laugh, in which the Doctor and the company joined, the landlady made her exit, after which, the duties of the table proceeded with silence and celerity, till the chairman, before drawing the cloth, proposed a glass by way of drinking the dredgie of the gallant fat buck they had helped to discuss. "And I propose," cried Auldgavel, "that we include the no less gallant brace of blackcocks." "I object to that," said Logan, "they must have a glass to themselves, for I'm sure, like the gallant buck, they both died game." "Ay, ay, Logan, there's no use in talking to you, for you must always have your pun. But, by the bye, Middlemains, can you tell me what's come o' Neapknows, I expected to have seen him here to-night?" "Did you no hear? He has been sequestered at the Court o' Session, and the Lord Ordinary, for some reason or other, has refused to dispense with the penalty of wearing the harlequin stockings: so he's rather shy of being seen out."*

"That'll make him look to his feet."—"At least, Auldgavel, it will make other folk look to them," cried Logan, "and my certie, but I think the Lord Ordinary has gien him owre the shins, wi' a vengeance." "Yes! his Lordship has been rather sair on his shins." "But tell him frae me, Middlemains, to keep up his heart, for his shins will do as weel for leg bail as ever. By the bye, gentlemen, that puts me in mind o' a story of a dice-rattling neighbour o' mine, Peter Hosie o' Warlockscroft. He was a farmer, a drover, a horse-couper, a smuggler—in short, he was every thing, and you'll always see that the man of many trades thrives by none. Peter at least fell into the same scrape as frien' Neapknows, and, as his character didna stand high in the court, naething could be done about the stockings; so, some time ago, he threw a plaid about him, and came over to me, under the cloud o' night, to ask my advice, for he was engaged as best man at his niece's wedding. Now you ken, gentlemen, that the harlequin stockings, as our friend Middlemains ca's them, are not the most becoming covering for the legs of a best man. Weel I heard his complaint to an end. 'Go away home, Hosie,' quo' I—'I'm to be at the wedding the morn, as weel as yourself—dress out in your best, and be sure to comply wi' the act. Put on the stockings, by all means, and just wait in the house till I come for you.' Weel, next day I mounted my beast, and

* For the sake of some of our readers in the South, it may be necessary to mention that, by the old Scottish Bankrupt Act, the defaulter was compelled to wear what is called "dyvours hose," viz. stockings of different colours—the law, however, was seldom enforced, except when glaring misconduct on the part of the bankrupt was complained of.

when I got to Hosie's, I found him a' ready, but sair down in the mouth, poor man, aboot the showy state of his legs. So, I puts my hand in my pouch, and tak's out a pair o' braw wide stockings o' my ain. 'Hae,' said I, 'draw on thae over the Lord Ordinary's, and let me see wha dare find fault wi' your shanks.' 'Laird,' said he, after looking in my face awce, 'that's cute.' 'Cute,' said I, 'you a horse-couper and didna think on the like o' that.' Now, Middlemains, tell your friend just to tak' the same plan; for though the act compels a man to wear party-coloured hosen, it does not, in cold weather like this, prevent him from taking care of his health, by drawing on a more comfortable pair on the top of them." "Logan, you ought to go back to Edinburgh and take to the law. It's a shame for a young fellow, like you, to be spending the prime of his life among a parcel of country horse-coupers." "Gang back among the Edinburgh lawyers!—I can tell you, Auldgavel, that I'm a little particular about my company, and I wish to be where there's at least a chance of meeting wi' honesty. A horse-couper may be honest, were it only by mistake; but a lawyer, never—na, na, it's not considered professional to make mistakes of that kind. But here comes the mistress again wi' her muckle black bottle under her arm. Come awa, leddie, welcome's the wife that comes wi' a crooked oxter—here's a corner o' a chair beside me, so sit down and tell us your errand." "Deed, Logan, that's soon done—I just wish to gi'e you a dram out o' my bottle, as the daft days are coming on, and I'll maybe no see ony o' you till they're ower." "Weel you're a decent woman, and you keep a decent bottle. Now, Mrs. M'Millan I ken something about horses, and you should ken something about bottles—I can tell a horse's age by its mouth—now can you tell the age o' your bottle by its mouth." "Deed I can dae naething o' the kind. It would take Wise Pate* to do that." "Weel, I'll wager you the fu' o' your bottle o' brandy, that I'll tell the age o't by its mouth." "Take him up Mrs. Mac.—I'll back you. Now, Logan, it must be by mark o' mouth." "You know, Auldgavel, that a bottle has nae teeth, though it often makes folks show theirs—but I bet I will tell the bottle's age by looking its mouth." "Agreed." "Now, leddie, let me see your darling. Ha, ha, my faith I wadna gi'e muckle for a cowl o' its age—but let me first ask if you know how old it is." "I think by turning it over in my mind, I could tell pretty near." "Then step down beside your backer, in case I hear you thinking, and when you've made up your mind tell him, so that there may be nae backspangs; in the meantime, I'll tak anither look at the mouth." "Weel, Logan, I've got the landlady's report—are ye ready to speak out?" "I can launch forth at once—the bottle is just twelve years old past last Hogmanae." "Logan, you're a witch!—I mind from your saying 'launch,' that this bottle, and anither the same o't, were blown at Dumbarton; one of them was for a launch, and our guidman got the other, and he

* A fortune-teller at that time in great repute among the females in Glasgow.

came hame wi't fu' o' brandy on New-year's day morning, to be our first-fit.—Logan your surely no cannie." "I acknowledge I've lost—but don't hum us about marks o' mouths—out with the true state of the case." "I declare, Auldgavel, if it had not been for the mouth marks I would have been as much in the dark as yourself—just look at the mouth of the bottle—don't you see two white specks? Weel, if it had not been for these two specks I would have been as much at a loss as any of the company. I was in this house along with my worthy father, who is now in the dust, on the day the bottle was brought home; and our landlady here, wha seemed very proud about it, brought it ben, along with her curran-bun, and told us the whole story; but, says she, clapping my head, 'though we canna put an auld head on young shouthers, we can put auld brandy in young bottles.' 'I think,' said I, for boys will be talking nonsense, 'that your bottle and my father should be about an age. 'How that Hughoc?' says the old man; 'because you've both got specks,' said I, 'pointing to the mouth-marks we've been betting about.'" "Now, since you speak o't, I mind of your saying that just as weel as if it had happened yesterday, and I said to the guidman when I went out, that laddie Logan is a forward gabbing monkey—his father should look after him. I didna think then I was so soon to see you a lang swankie chiel filling a chair in my house, and keeping folks laughing at this rate. But drink, gentlemen, you maun a' taste o' my bottle, else it'll no be lucky." "I'm thinking we've a' done justice to it already—so slip awa' wi' your bottle as lang's there's ony thing in't, and send us up some claret till we think about something else."

Before the claret was fairly disposed of, the company had got into a pretty jovial humour. The chairman had sung "John o' Badenyon," Dr. Seggie had given the "Jovial Tinker," and Sillerknows was roaring at the top of his voice "My father was born before me," when a capacious bowl was placed before the chairman, supported by a bottle of rum on one side, and a bottle of brandy on the other. "Now, gentlemen," cried Logan, "while I'm making up a bowl of matrimony for you, let us settle about breaking up. I have to dine at Eglinton house to-morrow, so I must make an early start." "Then I propose that we leave this when the Waits come round;" "and I propose," said Auldgavel, "that we get the Waits to play before us all the way home. It's clear moonlight, and there's a meeting of the Pech Club in the Black Boy to-night, and I would like to go past like oursel's." "My good friend," said Middlemains, "I fear by the time the Waits come round we'll no be so very like oursel's as you think, and as banes in frosty weather are said to be frush and easily snapped, so, in case some of us happen no to be so able to keep our feet, I propose that we tell the landlord to provide chairs for all except Dr. Seggie, who has got one already, and that we all take to our chairs in the trance, and fall in in single files behind the Waits, and I think that'll make a very decent set out gaun up the Gallowgate, on a night like this."

The company were quite in the humour to relish any whimsical proposal ; the above of course received a most hearty acquiescence.

“Weel, gentlemen,” continued Logan, “since that’s settled, my right hand neighbour will ladle out the drink till I go down and arrange wi’ the landlord, so that there may be no mistake about it.”—So saying, Logan slipped from the room, while Auldgavel shook his head impressively to Sillerknows. “Do you think so?” “I’m sure of it ; I know the youth.” “Sure of what?” cried several of the company. “That Logan’s away down to settle the reckoning.” “That’ll no do, we must speak to him.” “You may, gentlemen, but it’s of no use ; we must take our revenge another time.”* *

On Logan resuming his seat, the company began, open-mouthed, to rate him for the liberty he had taken, to all which he listened with the greatest patience till he was expected to reply. “Gentlemen, fill your glasses, and I’ll give you a toast : ‘may we always do as we ought to do.’—You took the liberty of conferring upon me the honour of being your chairman, and I merely took the liberty of adding to that honour, by making you my guests.—If I have done wrong, it was yourselves that set me the example.—I have no other apology to offer ; so here’s wishing you all a merry new-year when it comes.”—“Ah, Logan, Logan, you’re the old man, I see, and there’s no use talking to you, so, here’s wishing you may spend the coming new-year as merry, but much wiser, at Loganhouse, than you did last.” “Weel, Auldgavel, I thank you for your friendly hint, for though it was owing to a mistake, I hope I shall never see Loganhouse in such a state again.—You must know, gentlemen, that I was from home, and only returned on Hogmanae, when I was told there was no whisky in the house. Now, you know, a man may as weel try to haud a young naig without a tether, as haud new’s-day without drink ; so I told one of the men to go to Kilmarnock for a cask ; and what does the drucken idiot do, but takes in the sour-milk barrel, and brings it hame fu’ to the bung,—that’s to say, as fu’s himsel’ ;—for he kent so little about what he was doing, that he filled a water-stoup wi’ the drink, and left it in the kitchen ; as for the rest o’t, every one that liked went to the barrel wi’ his dish, and helped himsel’.—The consequence was, that the men got a’ fu’, and they filled the women fu’. The porridge, in the morning, by mistake, was made from the whisky that was put in the water-stoup ; but as none of the servants could sup them, they were given to the pigs and the poultry. The pigs soon got outrageous, and set a-yelling in a manner that might have drowned the din of a hale reg’ment of pipers, tearing one another’s snouts and lugs to tatters. The auld sow, trying to stand on her hind feet, (for what folly will beast or body not do when they get a drop

* In former times, when a chairman stole away from his seat, it was generally for the purpose of discharging the bill. In our days, it is for the purpose of giving the most eloquent or loquacious of the party an opportunity of dilating on the virtues, talents, and great merits of the gentleman who had favoured the company, by condescending to preside over them !

in their head) fell into the trough, and a' the rest came about, riving at her as if she had been part of the breakfast. The ducks couldna haud a fit. The geese were little better, and when such broad web-footed worthies are so ill at the walking, you may guess that the hens and turkeys made but a poor shift. Even the peacock and his lady, so far lost sight of their gentility, as to become birds of a feather wi' their vulgar neighbours, and screamed and staggered about through dub and mire, spoiling all their finery, that they were lately so proud of displaying. The cock got better, but as for my lady, whether it was the vile mixture she had taken, or grief for destroying her rich dress, (for females, you know, have a great regard for fine clothes) I cannot tell, but she never had a day to do well after it, but dined awa', and seemed to die of a broken heart. Poor thing! It's a serious matter when females, who have been genteely brought up, forget themselves,—Poor Lady Pea! she could never regain her standing in the barn-yard, for every wide-mouthed, drouthy rascal of a duck, even when sweltering in a gutter, expected her to be his boon companion.—In short, that morning there was neither beast nor body about Loganhouse, that kent what they were doing, except the horses, and they were all as sober as judges; but a horse, as you a' ken, gentlemen, can carry a deal o' drink." "Ay, in a sour-milk barrel." "Weel done, Hornshottle—that's the first word I've heard from you to-night." "Perhaps Mr. Hornshottle will give us a song." "Deed, Auldgavel, my frien' Bob is more in the way of whistling than singing." "Well, what do you say to a verse round, and I hope you'll give us the song that was made on the famous Logan festivities that you've been telling us about." "Na, fack, na, I had to gie the spavy-fitted body that wrote it a guinea note and a bottle of whisky to get it suppressed;—one does not like to have a hale country side deaved about one's affairs." "I fear, Logan, the poet has not kept faith with you, for M—— of —— has got a copy of it, and sings it upon all occasions. Part of it he has got arranged to what he calls the 'Hen's march,' and I'm told it's droll beyond any thing. The ducks and turkeys he imitates to the life." "O! I've heard plenty about that, so let us get on with the song, and finish the bowl, for supper will be served up in the next room in less than half-an-hour.—What, Bob! you're looking queer,—Oho! is that the way o't?" "Is Mr. Hornshottle away? Don't stop the song—come awa', Middlemains."

In obedience to the mandate of the chairman, the song and glass followed each other in quick succession, and by the time supper was announced, the effects were beginning to show themselves in two or three unsuspected quarters. The night's repast was brief, and the bowl was once more replenished, during which, Mr. Hornshottle resumed his seat, under the usual condition of a verse or a bumper, as a penalty for his absence. "Try a verse, Bob," said the chairman, "though I know your stock is but small." And small it certainly appeared to be,—for after patting his forehead, till the patience

of the company was nearly exhausted, he stammered out the following :—

“ Here’s the tree that never grew,
 Here’s the bird that never flew,
 Here’s the bell that never rang,
 Here’s the drucken sa’moun.”

“ Well, Bob, I didna think you had so muckle in you ; odd man, if these lines were your ain I wad ca’ you a rising Ramsay.” The conviviality of the evening, or rather the morning, had by this time reached its height. The company broke out into a grand Dutch medley, after which, a straggling fire of verses was faintly kept up by a few of the party, while the heads of some of the others began to droop. They had all drank hard, owing to a vague impression they had of an early adjournment, as hinted by the chairman, who, it must be acknowledged, began to look drowsy himself. The house became gloomy, and silent, and the lights, from want of attention, had waxed dim.

On such a cold night, we have no doubt but the flies were all snug enough ; at least Mrs. M’Millan had by this time taken shelter among the blankets, and the landlord himself made his appearance to announce that—the chairs were all come, and the Waits in the kitchen. On hearing this, Logan rubbed his face with a little brandy, and started to his feet, like a giant refreshed, to help mine host to rouse his companions, and get them all settled in their chairs. “ Remember, M’Millan, that I bring up the rear, and follow Auldgavel’s chair, for I take my bed with him,” said Logan, as he laid hold of the Wait, to arrange with him about the starting music, which was agreed should be the favourite old air of “ We’re a’ nodding,” as being best adapted for the chairman’s trot. On falling into a line, one of the chairs was found to be empty, Mr. Hornshottle having set off on foot. “ That’s a hard skinflint of a callant, it’s just to save the expense,—but don’t tell him, Mac., that I settled for the chairs, or he’ll be for nicking his wizen about losing his hobble hame.” “ But what will your Honour noo be doing to us for our share lift,” asked one of the Celts. “ Fall into the procession ; M’Millan will pay you the same as the others, and if you meet with a drunk man, put him in, and take him to Mrs. Hornshottle’s,—do you know the house ?” “ We both do that, and well too.” “ Then take him there, and tell the servant it’s Bob—but he’s a little changed with liquor—but that they’ll know him when they see him with daylight. Do what I’ve told you, and I’ll give you double fare for your trouble.” “ Och, we’ll do tat, for I’ll catch you a drunk Pech, in five minute.” “ I hope,” said Logan, as he entered the sedan, “ they wont meet with Bob himself, it would be better luck than he deserves.” All being ready, the Waits struck up, and the procession, lighted by the moon, took its way up the Gallowgate.

Colin Dulap.*

WE'RE muckle obliged to you, Colin Dulap,
 We're muckle obliged to you, Colin Dulap ;
 Ye're truly a worthy auld patriot chap,
 To enlighten your country sae, Colin Dulap.

Ye patronise lear, and ye propagate light,
 To guide erring man in the way that is right ;
 Ne'er under a bushel your candle you clap,
 But let it lowe openly, Colin Dulap.

A burning and shining light close by the Clyde,
 Illuming the country around, far and wide ;
 Ye bleeze like a beacon upon a hill tap—
 A general benefit, Colin Dulap.

Frank Jeffrey, and Chambers, and Brougham, and so forth,
 Diffuse their cheap tracts to enlighten the earth,
 Mony thanks to the chiefls for this praiseworthy stap :
 Mony mae thanks to you, honest Colin Dulap.

Your light unto me has been better than theirs,—
 For aye when in Glasgow at markets or fairs,
 And daundering hame rather light i' the tap,
 Ye're a lamp to my feet, worthy Colin Dulap.

The burns and the bog-holes, the dubs and the dykes,
 The howes and the humplocks, the sheughs and the sykes,
 And ilka thing against whilk my head I might rap,
 Ye help me to shun them a', Colin Dulap.

Even spunkie himsel' is nae bogle to me,
 When out through the moss I march hameward wi' glee ;
 Wi' my cud in my neeve—in my noodle a drap,
 Cheer'd onward by thee, my guide, Colin Dulap.

*Since the above admirable jeu d'esprit was written, the amiable and accomplished individual to whom it refers, is no more. He died on the 27th September, 1837, after having sat in Parliament for a few months as one of the representatives for the City of Glasgow. In him the commercial metropolis of the West lost one of her most eminent citizens—a man no less distinguished by his private virtues, and agreeable manners, than by his enlightened and public spirit, and the strong sagacity of a vigorous mind, richly stored with general information, and copiously imbued with literary tastes and habits. A wide range of sorrowing friends accompanied his remains to the grave, along with several hundred individuals of the same liberal political principles, and who felt that by his death their cause and party had sustained an irreparable loss. He was buried in the Necropolis of Glasgow, which occupies the surface of a rocky eminence of the most striking character, rising boldly up immediately behind the ancient and venerable Cathedral of Glasgow. A noble monument has been erected to his memory, in the form of a massive sarcophagus, of the finest Aberdeen granite. The late Mr. Dunlop was the principal proprietor of Clyde Iron Works, whose smelting furnaces send out, in particular states of the atmosphere, an immense volume of light.

We pay for the sun, and we pay for the moon,
 We pay for ilk starnie that blinks frae aboon ;
 But your kindly light never costs us a rap,
 'Tis as free as the air to us, Colin Dulap.

The sun I'd like weel, gin the sun wad bide still,
 But then ilka night he slides down yont the hill,
 Like a plump ruddy carle gaun to tak his bit nap,
 You never forsake us sae, Colin Dulap.

Na, waur !—ilka winter he's aff and awa',
 Like our fine bloods to Italy, shunning the snaw,
 Scarce deigning a blink owre a hoary hill-tap,
 But you're ever wi' us, kind Colin Dulap.

The moon does fu' weel when the moon's in the lift,
 But oh, the loose limmer takes mony a shift,
 Whiles here, and whiles there, and whiles under a hap ;
 But yours is the steady light, Colin Dulap.

Na, mair !—like true friendship, the mirker the night,
 The mair you let out your vast volume o' light ;—
 When sackcloth and sadness the heavens enwrap,
 'Tis then you're maist kind to us, Colin Dulap.

The day and the night unto you are the same,
 For still ye spread out your braid sheet o' red flame ;
 When this weary world soundly tak's its bit nap,
 You sleep not—you slumber not—Colin Dulap.

The folks about Glasgow may brag o' their gas,
 That just, like a' glaring things, pleases the mass ;
 Gin they're pleased wi't themsel's, I'll ne'er snarl nor snap,
 Quite contented wi' you, friendly Colin Dulap.

Ay, aften I'm muckle behadden to you,
 While wauchlin' alang between sober and fou,
 Wi' a stoiter to this side, to that side a stap,
 Ye shaw me the gate aye, guid Colin Dulap.

Gin neighbouring farmers felt gratefu' like me,
 They'd club a' thegither, a present to gie
 O' a massy punch-bowl, wi' a braw mounted cap,
 To the man that befriends them aye, Colin Dulap.

I ken for mysel' that a gift I intend—
 To ane that sae aften has proved my gude frien'—
 O' a braw braid blue bonnet, wi' strawberry tap,
 To be worn aye on New'r-days, by Colin Dulap.

I canna weel reckon how lang ye hae shin'd,
 But I'm sure it's as lang as my mither has mind,
 And in a' that lang while, there has ne'er been a gap
 In your body o' light, canty Colin Dulap.

O lang may ye shine to enlighten us here,
 And when ye depart for some new unknown sphere,
 That to shine on mair glorious may still be your hap,
 Is the prayer o' your weelwisher, Colin Dulap.

ALEX. RODGER.

A Widow's Wonder.

LEEZIE M'CUTCHEON was perfectly inconsolable on the death of Peter, her husband, with whom she had lived some thirty years. Leezie was very peevish and discontented, and subject to bits o' touts now and then; and in these illnesses was always ready to cry out, and yaumer to Peter, "I'm gaun to die noo, and the yird 'll no be cauld on my puir body, whan my shoon will be filled by some glaiket young hizzy."

"Be na fiey'd, Leezie, my doo," said Peter in reply; "an' dinna vex yoursel about that; tak my word on't, ye'll never either see or hear tell o' sic an event! If Providence, Leezie, should tak ye aff the yirth at this time, whilk I think there's little likelihood o' his doing e'en now, for I dinna think you sae ill as ye ween, ye'll leave nae weans ahint to be ill used—which should be a great comfort to you; and as for mysel' I can just put on my bonnet and thank my Maker that it covers my hale family."

So it happened, however, that honest Peter was the first to slip away, and disappoint Leezie of her fears for a successor. On the melancholy occasion of Peter's decease, Janet Ribston, a neighbour of Leezie's, who had suffered a similar bereavement, called in to comfort her in affliction. Janet was of kindred temperament and knew practically every note of the widow's gamut, from the dolorous sob to the hysteric skirl in alt.

"Weel, Leezie, nae wonder than you're like to gang dementit wi' perfect vexation. Wha was like him that's dead and awa, either in person or behaviour?—aye sae kind and sae hearty—the very picture o' gude nature—the laugh never awa from his lips, or the joke out o' his mouth." "Oh, haud your tongue, Janet! dinna say ony mair about him to me—my heart's like to burst through my bodice. I mind the first time that he and I foregathered—it was at a fair in Lanrick—he was buying yarn, and I was selling't. I was a trig, weel-far'd lassie then, though I say't mysel'—and there was a fiddle playing, and a wheen lads and lasses dancing till't on the green just ahint whaur my stand was—and quo' he, my bonnie lassie, will ye tak a reel? I just said, I didna care, if I had a partner onything like himsel'.—I mind the verra tune that the fiddler played to us, as weel as if I heard the bow

screeding o'er the strings the noo,—it was tural—lural—lal,—lal—(oh me, that it has come to this!)—ay, after that day, woman, Peter and me war lad and lass.

“It's just as 'twere yesterday to me, the night he speirt at me, gif I would be his for better or for waur; and I just said in an aff-putting kind o' way, that I would like to hae his character frae somebody that had kenn'd him langer than I had done. ‘Weel, weel,’ said he, wi' a bit laugh—ye mind his bit nicher, Jenny?—‘come awa to my mither, naebody has kenn'd me langer than she has done;’ and awa we gaed neist day, oursells twa—me riding ahint him; and, puir body, his mither was sae proud to see her son takin' up, as she said, wi' sic a weel-far'd lassie, and a bonny character she gied him as ever onybody got—and I mind she concluded wi' saying, ‘that he that had been sae guid a son to her was na likely to mak an ill man to me;’ and oh sae happy as we were a' thegither; and she gathered twa or three o' her neighbours, and gied us a ‘bit doing, and Peter he had to sing to us, and a braw singer he was when he likit. I mind the verra sang, too—it was,

‘Oh, gin thou wert my ain lassie!’

Oh me, Janet! I wonder wha's lassie I'm to be next?”

R.

The Wonder Resolved.

AMONGST the many anomalies observable in the moral habits of our race, there is none, perhaps, more irreconcilable with the character of a reflecting being, than that the very person who has made a breach in the established forms and usages of society, should be the first to blame others for the commission of a similar offence. A case, exactly in point, is that of our sympathetic friend, Janet Ribston, whom we left in the preceding anecdote, applying the absorbing sponge to the tears of a bereaved sister, and bewailing with her in a most lachrymosal strain. This individual, after seeing two husbands out of print, as publishers have it, and again bound to volume third in the eventful history of her somewhat voluminous husbandry, is the first to censure Leezie, because forsooth, she had not ridden out widow's quarantine for the full period prescribed in the weeping statute.

“Dear me, Leezie M'Cutcheon, for I maun still ca' ye by the name that I kent ye by first—though ye ha'e changed it twice noo—ye hinna really been lang ere ye got the black bord about the rim o' your mutch snodded; dear me, woman! I would at least ha'e tried the widow's life for a blink, to see how I likit it!—sax months; no muckle mair than the time that the braird tak's to come to the shot-blade,—the very sound o' the mools on your man's coffin-lid is no weel out o' a body's lugs yet!” “Whisht you, Janet, gin I getna sympathy frae you, wha am I to expect it frae? ye ken that you were ance a widow yoursel', but you're no that way e'en now; maybe, if ye

kent a' that happened, ye wouldna come down pell-mell on a body at that gate. Ye mind sae ill as he was?" "That's John, ye mean? ye used to ca' him, my John; brawly do I mind him; ye havena gi'en me time to forget him." "Stop now Janet, bide a wee; my fau't, gin fau't it be, surely disna deserve casting saut on a sair that gaet—you would gansh a body's head aff without rhyme or reason; just gie me time to tell you—Weel, John (I'll ne'er forget him, Janet) was lang, lang in his trouble, poor man; and him that's now in the guidman's chair, was wonderfu' attentive; he was at his bedside every moment that he could spare; and I can assure you, Janet, that it was nae sma' help that he gied me, a puir single-handed woman as I was; the verra sicht o' him, ye wad ha'e thought, brichtened up the face o' the deein' man.

"I hae nae doubt taen a guidman sooner than the way o' the world is; but—to tell the even down truth—about the time that John gaed to his rest there was sic a thrangity i' the house, butt and ben, that I scarcely kent whiles whether my head was on my ain or ither folk's shouthers, and he that has now the care o' me and my house was wonderfu' attentive, as I was saying', baith afore and after John's decease; and I'm sure, till the nicht that he put the question to me, I never dream't o' changing my condition; and he did it, woman! in sic an o'ercoming way, that nae mortal woman could hae withstood it—e'en yoursel', Jenny, for a' your camstrariness, couldna hae done itherwise than I did.

"He used to ca' on me, after that melancholy occasion, ance in the eight days or say; after three or four weeks, twice—I'll no say but he nicht, on an antrin week, be three times. Ae nicht, weel sal I mind't, we had sat lang beside ane anither on the settle there, and the words atween us were unco scanty, just looking at the luntin'-coal, and listening to its bit bickering flichter, naething, ane would hae thought living in the house, but itsel' and the clock wi' its warning tick, till, after a deep drawn sigh, he gae me sic a wistfu' look in the face, and took haud o' my hand, whilk was lying on my lap at the time, and sic a saft, kindly grip—I thocht I fand his very heart loup-
ing in my loof—and he just said scarcely aboon his breath, 'Soudna thae twa hands be ane?' Weel, Janet, I thocht a' the blood in my body gathered about my heart, and came ower't, swattering like the gush coming aff the trows on a mill-wheel—an', gien me braid Scotland to do't, I couldna hae taen my hand out o' his. After this, I sawna his face for twa-three days, and whan he cam', he looked blater-like than usual, and no a word that nicht about the hands. The very neist, however, he came dandering in past the hallan wa'ere I wist, and took a seat, and after we had cracked hither and yout about the clashes in the kintra side, he looked earnestly in the fire for a guid while, and then turned the tail o' his e'e to me, and catch't mine just as I was turnin't awa, and took me by the hand again, firmer maybe, than the first time, and said, loud enough for me to hear, "This han's mine,

and whan am I to see't at its ain shouter?" I never said a word, for I was perfectly o'ercome baith times—no a word would he hear, but that I maun be his gin Lammas, and a' that I could say or do would he be pitten aff; sae I just said to mysel', what maun be maun be, and, sin' it is the will o' Providence, I maun e'en submit; so ye see, Janet, I didna dock mysel' up like some o' my neighbours, and gang to the market for a man; if he hadna come to me, and in the o'er-coming way that he did it too, I'll assure you John's shoon wad ne'er bae been warmed by ither feet than his ain."

"Weel," said the Job-comforter, Janet, "ye wasna ill to catch, Leezie; woman, he's no a buirdly man like what John was, a poor shirpiti-looking thing—a' corners, like a pockfu' o' tups' horns; the legs o' him, losh me! nae better shapet than hurl-barrow trams. I canna say ye looket lang, Leezie, but I'll say this, ye liftet but little." "Now, Janet, sin' I'm oblig't to say't, ye hae an ill-scrappit tongue in your head, and it ill becomes you, my certie, to speak to me in that way—I tell't you, simple woman that I was, a' the outs and ins o' our courtship; speak as ye like o' mysel', but meddle na wi' my man; but since ye hae set my birse up, I'll just gie ye bite for scart,—ye say that it wasna lang ere I got the bord about my mutch snodded—it was nae fau't o' yours, or the world lies, that ye didna get yours taen awa sooner than it was—an awfu' looking skup it was, boiled round wi' crape, sticking out afore ye an ell and a half—a body would hae thought when they were looking into your face, that they were glowering up an ill-lighted close; the lads aboot the doors, Jenny, used to say, 'you would hear that Jenny is in the pitifu' market again, do ye ken whether she's hingin' out yon signals o' distress for the guidman that she has lost, or that there's nae likelihood o' her getting anither?' Your ain man, waesucks, is nae great pennyworth; the skin o' him as din as a withered dockan; ye speak o' ill-shapit shanks! 'Be na a baker if your head be made o' butter!' your buirdly man carries his carcass about on legs liker twa German flutes than the limbs o' a human being; ye surely dinna depend on yon twa pirn-sticks carrying you to your grave! Jenny, the folks say that the death o' your first man made sic a hole in your heart, that the second ane slippit easily through; dee whan ye like, ye'll dee in the band (married to some one), like M'Gibbon's calf." "Oh fie! Leezie, I didna mean to teaze you; woman, that's an awfu' spate o' ill nature, I didna think you could hae said sae muckle to me." "Weel, weel, Janet, I'm in a bleeze in a moment like a tap o' tow, but it's just as soon out again; if I hae said ony thing o'er fast, just throw't beside the besom ahint the hallan-door. Noo, sin' we are by ourselves, we may just speak our minds—a man's an usefu' body about a house, and as neither you nor me hae gotten very 'sponsible looking men, we maun mind that it ill suits a beggar to bock at his bedfellow: and mair, Janet, he's surely a puir man that's no better than nae man ava."

The Highland Drill, or the M'Donalds' Muster-Roll.

By the wise and energetic councils of the great Chatham, the penalties and restrictions imposed upon the Highlanders for their accession to the rebellion in 1745, were withdrawn, and that brave and hardy race of men were again restored to the confidence and favour of the government. This just and politic measure was followed by a general desire on the part of the clans to display their gratitude and loyalty, by offering their services to the ministry, at a time when the country was considerably embarrassed by the defection of her colonies, and the combined hostility of her continental enemies. Under these circumstances, the offers from the Highlands were readily accepted, and numerous clan regiments were forthwith embodied, many of whom were mustered and disciplined in the various borough-towns which happened to have ground adapted for the purpose. Among these, none had more ample accommodation than our own good city; and in consequence, the Highland muster-roll and drill were perhaps oftener heard on our Green than on any other spot in Britain. These, from the strongly marked peculiarities of the Highland character, afforded great amusement to such of our citizens as left their bed betimes to go in quest of herb ale, air, and exercise, for the good of their health; and to the recollection of one of these old worthies we are indebted for the following notandum of the muster-roll of a company of the regiment of the clan Ronald, among whom the patronymic of Donald M'Donald was so numerous, that the drill-sergeant was obliged either to apply notation to distinguish the Donalds, or those soubriquets by which they were known in their native glens; and as the latter mode came more natural to the men as well as to their "master of drill," who was also from the "country of the clan Ronald," it was generally adopted. The running commentary of the sergeant, however, was generally the most amusing part of the duties of the morning, particularly to the spectators, as it often showed, in a very ludicrous point of view, the feelings of favour or dislike which the man of the sash and halbert entertained towards the individuals under his control; and to this we shall chiefly confine ourselves in the following brief illustration of Celtic discipline:—Sergeant (bawling at the top of his voice), "Donald M'Donald, *Mhor*?*"—(no answer, the man being absent)—I see you're there, so you're right not to speak to nobody in the ranks. Donald M'Donald, *Rhua*?"† "Here." "Ay, you're always here when nobody wants you. Donald M'Donald *Fad*?‡—(no answer)—oh decent, modest lad, you're always here, though like a good sodger, as you are, you seldom say nothing about it. Donald M'Donald, *Chuasan Mhor*?§—(no answer)—I hear you; but you might speak a little louder for all that. Donald M'Donald, *Ordag*?|| "Here." "If you're here this morning, it's no likely you'll be here to-morrow morning, I'll shust

*Big or great. †Red haired. ‡Long. §Big ears.

|| Applied to a man having an extra thumb.

mark you down absent ; so let that stand for that. Donald M'Donald, *Casan Mhor?*" * "Here." "Oh damorst ! you said that yesterday, but wha saw't you—you're always here if we take your own word for it. Donald M'Donald, *Cam beul?*" † "Here" (in a loud voice). "If you was not known for a tam liar, I would believe you ; but you've a bad habit, my lad, of always crying here whether you're here or no ; and till you give up your bad habit, I'll shust always mark you down absent for your impudence : it's all for your own good, so you need not cast down your brows, but shust be thankful that I don't stop your loaf too ; and then you wad maybe have to thank your own souple tongue for a sair back and a toom belly. Attention noo, lads ! and let every man turn his eyes to the sergeant !"

J. D. CARRICK.

The Laird and his Footman.

"How had you the audacity, John, to go and tell some of the people of P——, that I was a low, mean fellow, and no gentleman?" "Na, na, sir, you'll no catch me at the like o' that ; when I gang to P—— I aye keep my thoughts to mysel."

Highland Descent.

ON board one of the steam-packets, on a late trip to Iona, there were two passengers that particularly attracted the attention of the rest of the party ; the one was a stout Irish gentleman, full of all that off-hand frisky humour said to be peculiar to his countrymen, and the other a little under-sized Celt, of the smallest possible dimensions, who, covered with an immense broad-brimmed straw hat, moved about the deck more like an animated mushroom than any thing that could be taken for a Highlander. Nevertheless, this little mannikin, as the passengers were told again and again by two garrulous old ladies, who seemed to have charge of him, was, maugre his dwarfish appearance, the representative of a clan that had in the days of old been remarkable for the production of tall and athletic warriors ; and to see the graves of some of those, was the object of his present visit to Iona. On landing, the passengers, who were not numerous, were marshalled into "Riligoran," † in the usual form by the schoolmaster, where, after showing off a number of the remains of bygone times, he brought them to a row of large stone figures in armour, which he described as the Mac——s of ——, "a race of giants," as he said. The Irish gentleman, looking down to their representative, who stood by enjoying his fancied consequence, asked him if these were the people from whom he was descended ? "Yes," said he, pushing himself upwards like the frog in the fable. "Then," said Pat, "by the powers ! my little fellow, you may say you have had a descent, and a d—l of a one too."

* Big feet. † Crooked mouth.

‡ Small chapel in ruins.

THE LAIRD OF LOGAN. A Punch-Drinker from Home.

A GENTLEMAN, who, during the sultry evenings of summer, had often luxuriated over the cool and refreshing liquor known among bon vivans, by the name of Glasgow punch, happened, one hot day, to be "padding the hoof" along the side of Loch Suinart, towards "London House," a stage where he expected to find a reasonable proportion of those comfortable adjuncts which the name inferred. On reaching the "wished sojourn," overcome with fatigue and parched with thirst, he naturally inquired after the contents of the cellar; and when rum of a superior quality was mentioned, he eagerly asked if he could have a lemon? "Oh, I'm sure you can," said the landlord. "Then, sit down, my good fellow," cried the stranger, delighted with his unexpected luck, "and I will make a bowl of the best liquor you ever tasted." Donald sat down, the bell was rung and the ingredients ordered up. The rum, the cold water, and the sugar, soon made their appearance; but the girl in setting them down, observed that her mistress was sorry she had no lemons in the house. The stranger looked disappointedly at the landlord, who, wriggling his shoulders from side to side, exclaimed, "Od, dam'ort! I know there's a lemon about the house, for I saw my two boys playing at the shinty with it the other day."

An Ill Habit.

A PERSONAGE of somewhat eccentric habits, who swayed the birchen sceptre over the urchin intellects of a certain district in the parish of Old Kirkpatrick, had taken up his abode with Janet M'Farlane, who had been a widow many years previous to the time that the dominie became her lodger. The man of letters was a person of very humane disposition, and no trouble or expense, limited as his income was, stood in the way when his landlady required his assistance.

The dominie was defective in vision—was what is called near-sighted, which afforded opportunities to the scholars for practical jokes. Sometimes they would draw on the causewaying before the door, and as close to it as possible, strong broad lines of chalk, which made him imagine that the clothes had been laid out for bleaching at the very threshold, to save the servant girl a little trouble; and then she was sure to come under his lectureship: "Ye lazy hutherons, what gars you spread out your wabs to bleach at the verra door-stane?" at the same time taking an immense stride to clear the supposed web. At other times when heavy rains had fallen during the night, similar lines were made with brownish paint, to resemble the turbid stream that sought its way into the Clyde, about twenty yards from his lodging. "The spate in the burn's up to the verra door! how am I to get out to the school?—rin, Jenny, and tell Jamie Shanks wi' his lang legs, to come an carry me through on his back, or else he maun gang hame without his lesson."

One morning, as the dominie was descending the stair, he missed a step, lost his balance, and was precipitated to the bottom, and sus-

tained a severe fracture on the thigh-bone. After the bone had knit, and acquired some degree of strength, he made a journey as far as Paisley, to discharge an office of kindness for his landlady; but in seeking for the person with whom his business lay, his inability to distinguish the relative distances of objects, caused him to fall over the breast of the quay, and opened up afresh the recent fracture. The hero of accent and inflection bore the racking pain of the second accident with uncommon fortitude. He was got home to the care of Janet with difficulty, and again was well recovered, when typhus fever supervened, and terminated the life of the poor dominie. The dominie predicted his death from the moment he met with the second accident, and remarked to a friend, that "he feared that this was the penultimate event in his life, and the next would terminate with the grave accent."

A mutual friend of the landlady and her late lodger, called soon after the melancholy event, to sympathise with Janet in her second widowhood; and after shedding a flood of tears, which seemed to relieve the oppressed heart of the poor matron, she thus accounted for the accident that had befallen her lodger: "But oh, Jamie Whitehill, after a' this, what am I to say? Ye see, poor man that he was, when he ance got into the habit o' breaking his banes, he ne'er had a day to do weel after."

Better a Finger aff than aye Wagging.

A CERTAIN old couple had lived for many years together in the civil relationship sanctioned by the rules of the Church; and though they did what they could to "bear each other's burdens" in the uphill, rough, and smooth passages of human life, a charge, a peevish one to be sure, was sometimes preferred against the head of the house, John Burden, that he did not sympathise with his helpmate in fits of hysteria and rheumatism, to which she was very subject. Apparently unmoved, John listened to her outcries of being "verra, verra ill;" that she was sure that she couldna "stan' sic dunts of affliction lang." She still, however kept hold of life, in spite of these gloomy apprehensions, year after year, and still in the same clamorous, whinging key. John at last got fairly sick of her never-ending yaumer; and one day that she broke out in a more than ordinary doleful strain, with "I'm sure I'm deein' noo, John, I find the death-wark coming up my breast, I ha'ena lang to be wi' you. John; but you seem to care unco little about that." "O woman!" said John, "thou's sair pitten to; how mony times ha'e ye been deein' and gaun to dee, sin' ye cam' into my aught; gin I had a groat for ilka time that you were gaun to dee, it would bury baith o' us without comin' on the parish; wilt thou no just set a day and keep it?"

The Height of Impudence.

SOME time ago, a fellow was charged in the Glasgow Police Court, with stealing a herring barrel from a person in Stockwell-street.

After the charge had been proved, the principal accuser thus addressed the magistrate :—" Deed, Sir Bailie, the man at the bar is a great rogue ; the stealing o' the barrel is naething to some o' his tricks. He stole my sign-brod last week, and what does your Honour think he did wi't ? " Magistrate—" That would be hard for me to say." Witness—" Weel, sir, I'll tell ye. He brought it into my ain shop, wi' my ain name on't, and offered to sell me't, as he said, he thought it would be o' mair use to me than onybody else."

Taking Stock.

A TAILOR, who practised his trade in the town of Kinross, having realised a small sum of money, advanced into the clothing line, which he conducted for some time on very cautious principles. One day he appeared remarkably dejected, and being asked the reason, gave for answer, that things seemed to be going much against him in the shop, as a late reckoning of stock had testified ; next day, however, he was seen in more than his usual spirits, when being interrogated by the same friend, as to the cause of so sudden and so agreeable a change, " Od man ! " said he, " I've been looking o'er the stock again, and things are no that far amiss after a'. I had forgotten the ribbon and the button drawer."

An Alarming Sight.

A FARMER from the neighbourhood of Galston, took his wife to see the wonders of the microscope, which happened to be exhibiting in Kilmarnock. The various curiosities seemed to please the good woman very well, till the animalculæ professed to be contained in a drop of water came to be shown off ; these seemed to poor Janet not so very pleasant a sight as the others ; she sat patiently, however, till the " water tigers," magnified to the size of twelve feet, appeared on the sheet, fighting with their usual ferocity. Janet now rose in great trepidation, and cried to her husband, " for gudesake, come awa, John." Sit still, woman," said John, " and see the show." " See the show !—gude keep us a', man, what wad come o' us if the awfu'-like brutes wad break out o' the water ? "

A Highland Watchman.

A RAW sort of lad, from the Island of Mull, whose knowledge of the world was evidently very limited, called upon the superintendent of the Edinburgh police, requesting to be employed as a watchman. The captain seeing him, though rather inexperienced and diffident, still with something of shrewdness, as he thought, about him, agreed to make trial of him, and accordingly appointed him to a station in College Street. A person was sent along with him to point out his various duties, and, among other things, to instruct him as to calling the hour. He was told that if he did not hear the clock strike, he might catch the word from the watchman on the South Bridge. At

half-past ten o'clock, therefore, our hero was observed to listen very attentively to the call of his fellows on the South Bridge, and having caught the words "half-past ten," he proceeded with long strides up the street, bawling at the top of his voice,—“It's the same hour here—It's the same hour here!”

Taking Things Coolly.

SOME time ago, a young farmer left a market town, situate no matter where, and proceeded homewards, mounted on a nag of which he has often boasted, as Tam o' Shanter did of his mare, that “a better never lifted leg.” The season was winter, and the night very dark; and from some cause or other the animal deviated from the proper path, stumbled over a crag and broke its neck; although the rider, strange to say, escaped unhurt, or, at worst, with a few trifling scratches. The youth having journeyed home on foot, told the servants what had happened, and directed one of them to proceed to the spot next day, for the purpose of slaying the horse, and bringing away the skin and shoes. The lad of course obeyed his instructions, and was busily engaged, when his senior master, who had also been at market, but who preferred travelling in daylight, passed the spot, and on hearing some noise, paused, and looked into the ravine below. On recognising through the branches one of his own men, he called out, “Is that you, Benjie?” “Ay, it's just me, maister.” “An' what are you doing there?” “Ou, just skinnin' the pony, sir.” “What pony?” “Maister George's, that tumbled down last night, and broke its neck.” “Ay, indeed! and can ye tell me wha's skinnin' George?”

Home Manufacture.

THOSE of our readers who have not seen the produce of the domestic tallow-vat in the Highlands, may require to be told, that from the saffron hue of the tallow-pillar of light, you would think that a handful of that mustard-coloured article, said to be extensively used in the northern mountain altitudes, had been thrown into the vat. Two Highlanders entered a public-house in Glasgow in the evening, on their return from a cattle market in the neighbourhood, and, wishing to be on the genteel, desired the waiter “to bring a big twa shill stoup o' the strongest double rum, and twa white candles—in a moment.”

Irish Right of Possession.

IN Ireland, the rights of property remain perpetual after twenty years' undisputed possession, which is here called vicennial prescription; after which period, the right becomes absolute and unchallengable. A Presbyterian clergyman in the north of that country, remarkable for warmth of heart, and the becoming attire in which he dresses religion, was waited upon by a Catholic, whose wife was a Presbyterian, and he himself no great admirer of the Scarlet Lady to administer baptism to an infant of theirs. “You will be astonished at me coming to

your Reverence with such a request," said he; "but the fact is, I begin to suspect that yours is the right church after all; but any how, it gives you a free passage to heaven without stopping half-way, and making you pay a heavy duty before you enter. Well, as I am about going to London to-morrow, I think I shall give the spalpeen the benefit of clargy before I go, and if your honour will come to our cabin, I have got the Innishowen and galores of bread and cheese ready, and all the neighbours are to join us." The clergyman thought the opportunity too good to be lost, and immediately accompanied him to his house, where he found the friends of the parties assembled. Considerable pains were taken to describe the nature of the ordinance, and the most affectionate terms were made use of to induce compliance with its obligations. The party was greatly pleased; but none was louder than the father in expressions of gratitude. After partaking of their hospitality, his Reverence rose and departed amidst a whole concert of benedictions. He was accompanied across the meadow; and when about to part from his convert, these blessings were again repeated. "I have just another prayer," said the grateful Catholic, "to give to your worship; and if you won't take it amiss I'll tell you it." "I certainly will not," was the ready reply. "Well, Mr. M——, may you be in heaven twenty years before the devil knows you're dead!"

Moral Negation.

THREE Paisley weavers, whose wives were quartered at Gourcock for the season, were anxious to get across to Dunoon one Sabbath morning. Deeming it a profanation, however, to employ an oared-boat for that purpose, they employed a friend to negotiate with the captain of the Rothesay Mail steamer, "to cast out a bit o' his tow, and tak' them wi' him, as he was gaun down that way at ony rate." "But what's the difference, pray," asked the negociator, "between being rowed over with oars, and by the paddles of the steamer?" "Difference! there's a hantle difference between rowing by the power o' man, wha maun answer for what he does, and a water-wheel pu'ing us; in ither words, gin ye wad hae us to be mair pointedly particular, a steam engine's no a moral being, it's no an accountable awgent!"

A Political Partizan.

A KEEN political party man, in the city of Glasgow—whether whig, tory, or liberal, matters not—when he heard of the death of an opponent, who, in a fit of mental aberration, had shot himself, remarked, "Ay, gane awa that way by himsel'! I wish that he had first taen twa-three days' shooting amang his friends."

Scenic Representation.

A FEW years ago, the Euphrosyne steam-boat plied on Loch-Lomond, and furnished to summer tourists the means of exploring that cele-

brated lake. On one occasion, an oddly assorted party, assembled by accident, agreed to ascend the mountain on the following morning, to witness the sunrise. The party consisted of a thorough-bred Cockney and his wife, on their marriage jaunt, and who, with the exception of an occasional excursion to Margate, had never been beyond the sound of Bowbell; and a worthy Paisley cork, ambitious, for the first time, of seeing something of the great world which lay beyond the Sneddon. The Londoner was a man more of bowels than of sentiment. The magnificence of the scenery through which the steam-boat swept him and his mate, made about the same impression on his sensorium as a well-managed scene at Drury-Lane would have done. His attention, therefore, was chiefly and agreeably occupied by the duty of inspecting and directing the preparation of a fine turbot for dinner; but being also a person who wished to have value for his money, he kept dunning the captain to warn him of their approach to Ben-Lomond. At last, the captain sung out—"There's the hill before you." "Oh, indeed! and that's it; that 'ere hill is't?—it's a longish place, sure enough—pray, how is the turbot getting on? I am so afraid of your Scotch cookery. I say what is that mountain made of?" "Made o'! man," rejoined the sagacious Seestu, his fellow-traveller; "it's naething but a hash o' stanes frae the root to the rigging, saving and excepting the gerss, and the bit stunts o' trees that hae enough to do to keep their fitting amang the seams and the gashes;—but in the middle o' the mean time, frien', I advise you to keep an e'e on your fish, for there's an unco set of yaupish-looking devils hingin on just noo about the steward." The party bivouacked at Rowardennan at night, having left orders for the guide to awaken them in time to ascend the hill before sunrise. They reached the top just as the first faint streaks of the dawn were kindling into life and beauty, under the rich glow of the upward radiance which heralded the approach of the luminary; and in a few minutes after, hill-top after hill-top caught the blaze, till the glorious orb came bounding forth from the blushing east, like a strong man to run his race, and earth, sky, lake, and mountain, glowed under his beams like molten gold. The Cockney's lady exclaimed, "La! how funny! an't it, snooks lovey?" To which the enraptured cit replied, "Very well got up! very clever indced excellent! bravo! go it again, I say!" His friend from Gordons-Loan, in the pride of his honest heart, cying out at the same instant, "Man, there's a sun for you! ye hinna the like o' that in the south."

A Shift beyond the Last.

"CAN ye help a poor auld man—fourscore come the time—that can neither work nor want," said an old mendicant, tottering his way into the shop of a vender of drugs. "Can't help you," replied the apothecary; "have not a halfpenny to myself." "Hech, man, but I'm aye vext to see ony body waur aff than mysel', an' I'm seeing them oftener now than I wout to do in my younger days; I think I'll ha'e to turn my hand to some trade."

THE LAIRD OF LOGAN. The Late Lords Eldin and Hermand.

THE late John Clerk, Lord Eldin, when at the bar, was pleading a case before Lord Hermand, and having finished his address, sat down to receive judgment. His Lordship took up the case rather warmly, and dwelt longer than usual on the different bearings of the points at issue. In the evidently excited, and as he Mr. C. thought, party view that the judge took of the matter in dispute, the saliva from his lips was spurted on the face of the sarcastic advocate, who remarked, "I hae often heard o' the dew's o' Hermon, but never felt them afore this nicht."

An Angry Wife's Advice.

A VERY economical and laborious guidwife in the neighbourhood of Falkirk, was often put out of temper by an unfortunate connection in marriage, who was the reverse in habits of industry and care to his wife—was lazy, peevish, and more ready to seek than render assistance. On one occasion he had obstinately stood in the way of the household interests, and exasperated the weaker vessel beyond her usual bearing. "I wish," said she, "ye waur in the yird; the house I'm sure would be weel quat o' ye." "I wish I were ready, for I get but little sympathy here." "Ready! said ye? just gae wa' as ye are."

Highland Personification.

"MARY, my dear!" said an advising Celt to a Highland girl who had asked his counsel, "always look to your own hand, and never mind nobody's interests but your own; let other body's interests look to themselves."

Putting off a Beggar.

A CONTENTIOUS wife is a continual dropping, and be the disposition as smooth and oily as well assorted materials and moral dispositions can make it; yet, the incessant discharge of acid, as if the tongue drew its supplies from a vinegar vat, frets the temper, and sours the blandest expression of the "human face divine," the disposition hard as adamant, is worn down under its corroding action. An old sufferer in Aberdeen who dealt in the issues of intellectual bullion, had an application for charity by an old blue gown, "Can ye help a poor widow, man?" "A widow, man, did ye say? gae wa wi' ye to the neist door, you're no to be pitied; I wish I could say the same thing."

A Beggar's Bequest.

HAWKIE, taken ill after a surfeit of drinking, was waited on by a medical gentleman in Glasgow who had been very attentive to him, and besides advice, given him his cast-off clothes and supplies of the needful. "Now, Hawkie," said he, "what are you to leave me for a' the trouble that I have taken you; you have had sufficient time to

make a settlement." "Weel, I hae had time, I'm no gaun to forget your kindness, and I'll leave ye something to keep me in remembrance; I'm laird o' twa woods, my stilt and my staff, and they're no entailed, I'll leave ye ane o' them, an' gie ye your choice."

Below Proof.

HAWKIE is very anxious to continue any discussion on the doctrines of Christianity, when started, and shows a skill and point in the management of an argument which must surprise every stranger. Discussing lately the doctrine of baptism with a spirit-dealer, who maintained that the mere observance of the external ceremony was all that was required, "Do ye," says Hawkie, "insist that sprinkling wi' water constitutes baptism." "Yes, I do," replied the man of pewter pot measures. "Weel, gin that be a' that's necessary, your whisky casks may dispute Christianity wi' ony Protestant Bishop in the hale kintra."

More than Double Quick Time.

OUR orator once had a watch, and the only one, moreover, that ever beat in his fob. "It didna cost me muckle," said he; "I bought it at a sale ae night, and the match o't against time was never in ony body's pouch, for it gaed a' the four-and-twenty hours in the first ane after I had row'd her up."

Churchyard Queries and Replies.

"WHIA lies here?"

"Wha lies here!"

"Wee Tammy Twenty—ye needna spier!!"

"Eh! Tammie, is 'tis you?"

"Atweel is't—but I'm dead now."

Nothing like being Particular.

IN one of the stormy days that distinguished a late summer, a lady lost her Boa in keeping the rebellious folds of her drapery in a state of subordination. The town crier of Pollokshaws, where this graceful neck-ornament was lost, was instructed to advertise it through the burgh; he ran off at double quick time, and having given the first "tal-ling," a thought suddenly struck him that the advertisement was incomplete, and he immediately turned back for further instructions: "Would it no be as weel to say what the callant's claes were like."

Doctor Chalmers and the Deistical Cobbler.

THE Rev. Dr. Chalmers when minister of the parish of St. John's, Glasgow, was one of the most exemplary clergymen in parochial visitation, who has ever been entrusted with the oversight of any flock in connexion with the Church of Scotland. Not like many of his brethren, (we don't except Dissenters,) who pay their courtly

attentions to the lords of mahogany and upholstery, instead of the destitute descendants of father Adam, to the publicans and sinners of our day, and the children of sickness and sorrow, were the ministrations of this eminent minister addressed. Going the round of his visitations, he called upon a poor cobbler, who was industriously engaged with awl and ends, fastening sole and upper. The cobbler kept fast hold of the shoe between his knees, perforating the stubborn bend, and, passing through the bristled lines right and left, scarcely noticed the clerical intruder; but the glance that he gave showed evident recognition; then rosining the fibrous lines, he made them whisk out on either side with increased energy, showing a disinclination to hold any parley. "I am," said the doctor, "visiting my parishioners at present, and am to have a meeting of those resident in this locality, in the vestry of St. John's on ——, when I shall be happy to have your presence along with your neighbours." Old Lapstone kept his spine at the sutor's angle, and, making the thread rasp with the force of the pull, coolly remarked, "Ay, step your wa's ben to the wife and the weans; as for me, I'm a wee in the Deistical line, Doctor."

The Practical Inference.

WITH that intuitive perception of character and tact in addressing himself to the variety of dispositions and characters in society, which distinguishes the Doctor, he entered into conversation with the cobbler, asking questions about his profession, and the weekly amount of his earnings, sympathising with him on the exceedingly limited amount of his income, compared with the outlay necessary for food, clothing, house-rent, &c. Then taking up one tool after another he got explanations of their different uses, and following up the conversation by a chain of moral reasoning, from cause to effect, led the cobbler away from his last, and obtained a patient hearing, which ended in the cobbler becoming a steady church-goer.

A Jeremy Diddler Diddled.

A NECESSITOUS individual, who lived by levies on friends, (and so plausible and oily was his address, that his applications seldom failed of success) made up to a canny son of the north, with whose pecuniary circumstances he was not very well acquainted, but just drew on him at a venture, for the loan of ten pounds. Sawney, who could very easily have honoured the draft, turned on him with a face like February, "Don't insult a poor man, Sir!"

A Highland Member of the Trade.

A TAR who had weathered the wide sweep of the Atlantic wave for several voyages, returned to fatherland in the north, for the purpose of seeing his friends, and remaining at home, until he should be initiated into the mysteries of navigation.

He one day stood at a bookseller's window in the village, examining its contents. The man of back-title literature happened to be lounging at the door, either because he had nothing to do, or else was not inclined to do anything, the latter the most likely, as it is common there still, when Jack inquired, "If he had the Seaman's Vade Mecum?" The back-letter scholar replied, "Ay, did you'll know the laddie Macome? every body will know him. He was a neighbour door of me for twa year."

No Tee-Totaller.

IN a conversation between a member of the Temperance Society and a Highlander, Donald defended the use of the concentrated essence of malt most manfully, and, as his own likings were concerned in the discussion, he made up in noise what he lacked in argument.

"How many examples," said the advocate of Temperance, "are every day brought under our notice, of the pernicious effects on individuals, and the ruin of families by drinking; I would say more, even fatal effects; no later than yesterday, a poor drunkard died from indulging in whisky." "Stood there, now, my lad," said Donald in reply, "I am as far north nor you; never a man die in the world from teuking a good dram; no, no, never, it's the nasty water that they'll put into it."

A Local Tide.

A GENTLEMAN passenger on one of the Clyde steamers, took the hour that he thought should give him the advantage of high water, and if not make it an easier, at any rate, a quicker passage, but was misled in his calculations. Reflecting on the irregularity either of the tides or the tables, he asked at an old acquaintance, who was destined to perform quarantine between Glasgow and Greenock, with himself, "What's come o' the tides now, for I'm at a loss what to mak' o' them." "I'm sure I dinna ken," said the man of observation; "but there used to be a gude ane aye rinnin' atween the twa brigs."

Inadvertent Admission.

A FARMER had sold a load of meal to a customer whom he knew had the wherewithal to pay; never reflecting that ability to pay, and willingness to pay, are as different in some people's practice, as are the distinction of bills payable and receivable. The man of mould, thinking his account quite safe, did not present it for payment, until the period had elapsed when the oath of the debtor determines the value of the claim. The account, when presented, was denied—the meal never received—owed no such account. The farmer, of course, took the last recourse, and put the defendant on oath, which was plumply given. Both parties left the court together. "Man," says the torturer of soil, "since ye hae got quat o' the meal, ye micht return me the sack." "An' did I no do't?—most certainly!"

THE LAIRD OF LOGAN. Ignorance of Forms.

WHEN the Rev. Mr. Turner, at present in Workington, was located in Gourrock some ten years ago, (where he did much good, "labouring in season and out of season,") it was only occupied by him as a missionary station, and not being a placed minister, he was not entitled to administer baptism and other sacred offices, which only settled clergymen are qualified to do. "What's the matter wi' our ain Mr. Turner, worthy man, that he canna bapteeze and marry fo'k whan they come?" inquired old Janet at the parochial incumbent who had come from Greenock to administer baptism. "Oh! Janet, you know," said his Reverence, "that he is not an ordained minister." "I ken naething about ordeenin', but can ye tell me if there's ony thing wrang wi' his license?"

Desideratum at a Breakfast Table.

A TRAVELLER at an inn in the West Highlands, which happens to be rather celebrated for the superior quality of its morning viands, was lately highly delighted with the varied and tempting appearance of the breakfast-table. "There is nothing wanting here," said he, addressing himself to a simple-looking Highland girl, who stood ready to anticipate his wishes, "to prevent me from making a most sumptuous breakfast, but an appetite." "An appetite, sir?" cries the poor creature, anxious to please, "Oh bless me! I don't think there is such a thing in all the house; but I'll ask my mistress."

A Good-Natured Civic.

A POOR man lately made his appearance at the bar of the Gorbals Police-court, Glasgow, charged with being drunk and disorderly on the streets, when, after a patient hearing, the presiding Bailie, who seems to have possessed little of that firmness and dignity required for the magisterial office, ordered him to pay a fine of fifteen shillings. "Fifteen shillings!" vociferated the man, with more points of admiration in his tone than we can spare room for—"fifteen shillings!! Bailie, ye're surely no in earnest.—Bless ye, when will I win 15s. to gi'e ye?" "Well," said the Bailie, yielding, "I'll make it half-a-guinea, and not a farthing less!" "Half-a-guinea, Bailie! if ye fine me in half-a-guinea, what's to come o' my puir wife and weans for a month to come? we must just starve, there's nae ither way o't"—said the offender, in a most lugubrious tone—"we must starve or beg." "Well," said the relenting Bailie, "I'll make it 7s. 6d., and not a farthing less!" "Seven and sixpence!" says the still unsatisfied offender, "that's just the half o' my week's wages, and there's no a grain o' meal in the house, nor a bit o' coal to make it ready wi', even though there were. Oh! Bailie, think what a sum 7s. 6d. is to a working man!" "Well, well," said the good-natured magistrate, "I'll make it 5s., and not a farthing less: though ye were the king on the throne I'll not make it less!" "Weel, weel, Bailie, Mary and me, and the weans maun just

submit," said the knavish culprit, affecting to weep; at the same time saying, as if to himself, yet so loud as the Bailie could hear him—"Blessed is he that wisely doth the poor man's case consider." The Bailie could not stand the silent appeal of tears, nor the apt quotation he had made. "Well, well," again says the Bailie, "I'll make it half-a-crown, and, though ye were my ain brither, I couldna make it less!"

Presumptive Evidence.

A BOY was brought into the Police-office, before the good-natured civic above quoted, accused of abstracting a handkerchief from the pocket of a gentleman. After the charge was read, the Bailie remarked, "I hae nae doubt, sir, but ye did the deed, for I had a handkerchief taen out o' my ain pouch this verra week."

Jedburgh Justice in Gorbals.

A CULPRIT was brought to the Police-office charged with a serious assault on the person of a gentleman on the Paisley Road. After the charge was read by the public prosecutor, "Weel, sir," quoth the Judge, "for this wicked and malicious crime which you have committed we will fine you in half-a-guinea," whereupon the Assessor, interposing, said, "The crime has not yet been proven." "Weel, weel, then, just make it five shillings."

He that's Scant o' Win shouldna Meddle wi a' Chanter.

ONE beautiful morning in the early part of summer, while proceeding on foot from Falkirk to Stirling, we chanced, at a turning of the road, to come upon a man busily engaged in forcing a pair of bagpipes into the mouth of a sack. Conceiving the circumstances rather odd, we stopped to inquire the reason for his thus wishing to conceal from view the instrument of his calling. The man raised his head, and, with that sly, sarcastic tone peculiar to the Scottish peasantry, when questioned on subjects which can only be of importance to themselves, thus replied to our query: "Since you're at the trouble o' speerin', nae doubt it's but right you should ken. The pipes dinna belang to me, but to a neebour o' mine wha gat himsel' fu' at Doune fair, and left them in the house whar he had been playing. Now, am just takin' them hame to him, and I was thinking to mysel', as I ken naething about music, if I were to carry them openly, I wad only be exposing mysel'; for the folks that dinna ken me wad be asking me to play, and they wad tak it amiss if I didna play; while the folks that ken me wad be thinking I was wishing to get the credit of being able to do what I ken naething about; sae I think the best way is just to put the pipes in the pock." We thanked the good man for thus satisfying our curiosity, and passed on.

We have frequently since, in the course of our peregrinations through life, had occasion to remark that if conduct similar to that of our friend with the pipes were in more general practice, we would

have fewer men exposing themselves or imposing upon others. For instance, when Cicero Snivelarius presents his awkward and ungainly figure at a public meeting, and endeavours to enlighten the audience on the state of the nation, in a strain of oratory which, though heard from one end of the room to the other, yet, from certain nasal variations in his tones, defies the powers of the most dexterous and intelligent reporter to commit to paper, we have invariably thought he had mistaken the bent of his genius, and that it would be much better for him, when he feels the *cacoethes loquendi* coming on, to follow the example we have mentioned, and just put the pipes in the pock.

But Cicero, we are sorry to say, stands not alone among our politicians as one whose pretensions are at variance with discretion; for, in these reforming times, we see men who, in private, have the character of being profligate husbands, bad fathers, tyrannical masters, and treacherous friends, presenting themselves to the public as patriots of the first water, and in speeches replete with professions of liberality, enlightened policy, unbounded love of the whole family of man, with a hearty detestation of tyranny and everything base, boldly claiming the confidence of their hearers as persons eminently qualified to aid in regenerating the nation! To us the pretensions of such men have always appeared to be equally ludicrous, as those of an amateur would be, who, with the trifling drawback of a wooden leg, aspired to appear as the principal figure in an opera dance; and we can seldom help thinking that such rectifiers of public morals would show off to better advantage were they simply to imitate the example of the man with the pipes, and retire to try their hand at reformation within a more limited circle.

In our "walks in the world" we have at times met with people who display a longing after distinction, though in a different manner from those we have just alluded to. Their great ambition is to be thought people of family, and, presuming on the quality of their broad cloth, the extent of their cash account, and, above all, the short memories of their early but less fortunate acquaintances, they attempt to push themselves forward as the magnets of society, whose countenance is to be considered as a passport to genteel life. These people are particularly partial to antiquated china and relics of the olden time, not because they are in love with the venerable and interesting pursuits of the antiquary, but in order that they may have it in their power to show off the nick-nacks as heirlooms, or as what once adorned the "old-fashioned cupboard of my great-grandmother." Now, only think what a feather it is in the cap of a Glasgow man to have had a GREAT-GRANDMOTHER who could afford such fine old china! The *novus homo*, to whom it is shown, is lost in respectful admiration of the antiquity of the family; but, by-and-by, he gets a little insight into matters, and finds no great difficulty in supplying himself with a great-grandmother and a stock of as antiquated china as his neighbours. This is all very well and harmless enough in itself, but, as old acquaintances tend to spoil the sport, we would

advise all such magnates either to cut old cronies (a thing, by-the-by, they are ready enough to do), or when they feel an inclination to prose about great-grandmamma and her old china in their presence, either to tip them the wink confidential, or put the pipes in the pock till a more favourable opportunity.

When we happen to hear of a reverend incumbent who has got a call to a more lucrative charge endeavouring, in his farewell sermon, to arouse the sympathies of his simple-minded flock by describing the unbounded attachment he entertains for them, the distress which he suffers in contemplating the approaching separation, and even giving way to his feelings so far as to call forth tears of regret from the eyes of himself and every one present—we have thought, while reflecting that a sacrifice of a few pounds on the part of his reverence would have averted this awful calamity from himself and his people, that, instead of becoming lachrymose on the subject, he would have acted with greater propriety if he had said nothing about it, but just put the pipes in the pock and retired, in silence, to enjoy the advantages of his call. Or, on hearing some one of the learned professors of our University, in returning thanks for the honours done him at a public dinner, extolling the seminary to which he belongs as the fountain of learning, the store-house of wisdom, the conservative depository of unpublished lore, the patron of science, and the hotbed of genius; and, though we might have almost been inclined to yield assent to the eloquence with which these high-sounding pretensions were urged, yet when the ruins of an observatory, dedicated to the study of the heavenly bodies, but now neglected by our present faculty of earthly bodies, passed in review, followed by the immense piles of books (the compulsory donations of authors) rotting in sheets, which our parsimonious guardians of literature will not deign even to put in boards—not to mention the disgraceful roll of bursaries stripped of their funds, to augment the salaries of men who, according to their professions, ought to have been the nursing fathers of such patriotic endowments—the manuscripts also of their great but ill-requited patron, Zachary Boyd, mouldering to dust, without a single effort being made to preserve what may still be intelligible—we have thought that the learned Theban would have shown a much greater degree of wisdom if, instead of attempting to bolster up the credit of himself and his brethren by such ill-timed pretensions, he had just followed the example of our friend with the pipes.

We perhaps may be allowed, after alluding to such venerable characters, to hint at one grievous, and, we fear, irreclaimable, sinner against propriety and good taste—to wit, the all-sufficient personage who regulates the histrionic amusements of our city. The absurdities of this would-be factotum have already drawn upon him the critical attention of a considerable portion of the press; yet the mind of our Manager seems, like Hodge's beard, to be "made of opposition stuff," and scorns to yield either to the censure or the advice of his friends. Like Manager Strut, he conceives himself a "fixed star in his own

theatrical hemisphere, round which all wandering stars may revolve if they please, but there must be no exclusive brilliancy on their part. If they shine, he must shine along with them—the applause as well as the profits must be shared.” This peculiarity in his system of management was most strikingly illustrated some time ago, when he came forward to put his queer-looking mug in trim for accompanying Mr. Sapio in the duet of “All’s Well.” Displeased at the reception he met with, he came on again, *a-la-Strut*, and informed the audience that he had sung along with Braham and Sinclair! Now, really we think our Manager must have been humming when he said he was singing in such company. However, be that as it may, we would advise him in future, when his ears are assailed by a hurricane of hisses from all parts of the house, just to put the pipes in the pock, and slip off to the “adjacent” with as little noise and as much expedition as possible.

In short, there are many situations, both in public and private life, in which the example of our unsophisticated friend might be followed with advantage. You can mingle in few companies where you will not find occasion to remark that some individual or other, when putting forth his pretensions, would be much benefitted by attending to the lesson. Lest, however, our readers may conceive that we are encroaching too much on their time, and that we ourselves stand in want of the advice which we are thus bestowing upon others, we will, with their leave, put the pipes in the pock till some other occasion.

J. D. CARRICK.

Logan at Home.

ONE day the Earl of E——, who had been out shooting, dropped in at Logan House for the purpose of dining with the Laird. “Come awa, my lord,” cried Logan, “I’m glad to see you, but I am sorry to say I have only two dishes to offer you.” An excellent piece of boiled beef was shortly served up, with a plentiful garnishing of greens, to which ample justice being done, the Earl inquired after the other dish. Here the servant in waiting became agitated, and whispered to his master, who, looking over to his noble guest, calmly observed, “My lord, the other dish is—a hearty welcome, to which you cannot object.” “O ho!” cried the Earl, very good-naturedly, to the servant, “in that case, John, you’ll just bring back my plate.”

A Shaving Advice.

MAJOR LOGAN was invited to attend a masquerade at the residence of a nobleman in his neighbourhood. Before he had fixed on his own dress he was waited upon by a gentleman who was noted not only for his slovenly habits, but his general disregard of cleanliness. The object of the visit, he explained to the Major, was to consult him as to what he considered an effectual masqueing dress, as he had reason for wishing to escape from all recognition on the occasion. “Then, Mr. T——,” said the Major, “just shave yourself well, wash your

face, and put on a clean shirt, and I'll forfeit my commission if you don't puzzle the most knowing ones among them."

More than a Providential Escape.

A SERVING woman who was sent to bring water for some domestic purposes returned completely drenched after what was considered an unreasonable length of time. On making her way to the kitchen, her mistress demanded what had kept her so long. "Keepit me sae lang!" said the dripping absentee with a look of surprise, "deed, ye may be glad to see me again: the burn was rinnin' frae bank to brae, I missed a fit and fell in, and if it hadna been for Providence and anither woman, I wad hae been drowned."

A Horse for a Ship's Crew.

"CAN you give me a horse the length o' Paisley?" said a gentleman, the other day, popping his head in at the bar window of the Eagle Inn. "Deed no," said mine host, "I have na ony that length; but I'll gie you as lang a ane as I can."

Clerical Retort.

THE practice of "giving out the line," as it is called in our churches, has been nearly abandoned. The precentor or leader of the psalmody in the kirk, paused at the end of every line, or second line, and read out an equal portion to be joined in by the congregation, to accommodate the blind, and those who could not read for themselves; yet this innovation on the usage of the good old times was not effected without many sorrowful complaints from those not given to change. The late excellent man, and most popular preacher, Dr. Balfour of Glasgow, had his own share of complaints among his flock. One day, on retiring from his weekly labours, he accosted an old female well known to him—"Margaret, I hope you are well to-day." "Oh yes, Doctor, I'm very weel; but, dear sirs, I dinna like this way the precentor has got into of no gi'ein' out the line." "What fault have ye to it?" said the doctor in a kindly tone. "Oh, sir," says Margaret, "I just like to gust my gab twice wi't." The reason was incontrovertible, and the Doctor was satisfied. Some time afterwards, the Doctor met the same person, and on asking kindly after her health, she began her complaint against what she called "these repeats," or singing one line more than once over. "Oh," says the worthy Doctor, "I thought, Margaret, you had liked to gust your gab twice wi't?" Poor Margaret was caught in her own trap, and like most people so caught, felt not a little awkward, nor staid to compliment the Doctor on the use he had made of her own weapon.

Logan's Jockeyship.

LOGAN was employed to purchase a steady-going pony of good character, for the lady of an extensive landed proprietor in the west,

who had been afflicted with a severe dropsical complaint, which gave her somewhat of an unwieldy appearance; and it was thought by her medical adviser that riding on horseback might be of advantage in reducing the affection.

The pony was bought, and the lady thanked the Laird for his attention. "She was certain," she said, "from his knowledge of horses, that he had made an excellent choice for her; but," continued she, "I am a little skilled in horses myself, Laird, and would like to see the purchase you have made; I shall go to the landing-place on the stair, and you will please desire your groom to walk the animal past me."

The pony had been fed on dry fodder, and looked something like Laird Hungerimout's flunky, "unco toom about the pouch-lids;" and the moment the lady saw the pony, she ordered him to be returned to the stable, and never again to be brought into her sight. Logan apparently got into a violent rage: "Ye blockhead born and brocht up," said he, addressing his groom, "did I no tell ye to fill up the pony's girth wi' water before ye took him out?"

A New Edition, with a Vengeance.

A WORTHY friend of our publisher, (whose habits of thought and expression were cast in Ireland, if his body was not produced there,) advised him, in preparing a new edition for the press, to get the editor to make it entirely new. "I would not my good fellow," said he, "put a single line in it that was in the first!"

A Highland Cabinetmaker.

A YOUNG Highlander was apprenticed to a cabinetmaker in Glasgow, and got, as a first job, a chest of veneered drawers to clean and polish. After a sufficient time had elapsed, as the foreman thought, for doing the work assigned him, he inquired whether he was ready with the drawers yet? "Oich no, it's a tough job; I've almost taken the skin aff my ain two hand before I'll got it off the drawers." "What!" replied the startled director of plane and chisel, "you are not taking the veneering off, you blockhead?" "What I'll do then, sir? I could not surely put a polish on before I'll teuk the bark aff!"

A Lawyer's Postscript.

A MAN from the country applied lately to a respectable solicitor for legal advice. After detailing the circumstances of the case, he was asked if he had stated the facts exactly as they occurred. "Ou ay, sir," rejoined the applicant, "I thought it best to tell you the plain truth; you can put the lees till't yoursel."

A Paisley Pun.

DURING another contested election for the representation of Paisley, between Sir D. K. Sandford and Mr. Crawford, the peculiar

phraseology of the Seestus, was not a little amusing. An old woman, coming to a warehouse in Glasgow with her husband's work, was asked how the contest was likely to terminate. "I dinna weel ken," quoth she, "wha'll get it; maist folk say that Staunfor't [Sandford] will get it, and that Crawford't [Crawford] will lose't after a'."

Board without Lodging.

DURING the hunting season, the Laird of Logan was favoured with many visitors. On one occasion a party assembled at his house more numerous than usual, and such as to excite the fears of his house-keeper for accommodation during the night. In this quandary she applied to her master: "Dear me, Laird, what am I to do wi' a' thae folks? I wonder they hae nae mair sense than come trooping here in dizens—there's no beds in the house for the half o' them!" "Keep yoursel easy, my woman," said the Laird; "I'll just fill them a' fou, and they'll fin' beds for themsels."

Horning and Caption.

WILLIAM DOUGALL, shawl-weaver in the Calton of Glasgow, had two young lads apprenticed with him, nephews to Mrs. D., acquiring the knowledge of harness-weaving. These young men came from the braes of Balquidder, and brought with them a goat as a present to their uncle. Duncan, the younger of the two brothers, was in the habit of caressing and making a pet of the goat, which, in return, showed its gratitude, by sitting beside him at the loom for hours together, nibbling his coat-tails, and doing those goatish civilities, which the bearded brotherhood never fail to observe toward those who are kind to them.

One evening, "between the gloamin' and the dark," Duncan, after having dressed his web, went out with his shopmates to take a little fresh air, till the proper time of lighting came on. The goat in the interim made his way into the shop in search of Duncan, and not finding him in his place, scrambled up into the empty seat, and began to lick off the fresh dressing; in this act, his horns got entangled amongst the cords of the heddles, and in order to extricate himself, he made fearful havoc amongst the complicated harness. Duncan happened to come into the shop while the work of destruction was going on; and seeing two huge horns, bushy beard, and glaring eyes, roared out to his brother, "Danie, hae you a lichtet licht there?" "Yes," replied Danie, "but it's no lichtet yet!" "Haste you, man! haste you! for the devil is amang my wab, and tearing it all to pieces." The light was speedily brought, and Duncan saw with perfect horror his own horned favourite entangled amongst the meshes of the harness, and at least a fortnight's work before him of knitting and tying. The shopmates, though sorry for Duncan, could not restrain themselves from giving vent to a burst of laughter. Duncan, with a coolness and fixedness of expression in his countenance, went up and

got the prisoner released, lifting him out by the horns, and carrying him in the same position to the shop-door—pitched him out, exclaiming, “If you were not an acquaintance of me, and from our own place, I would have proken your head.”

A Highland Pledge.

AN aspirant after parliamentary honours, in one of the Highland burghs, was thus interrogated by a kilted elector:—“Whether or not are you prepared to bring a bill into parliament when you go there, obliging every man or woman who keeps a public-house, to sell the gill of the best whisky, new measure, at the old price?”

Orthographical Decoction.

MR. E——K——, long a respectable printer in Glasgow, was sadly bothered with an apprentice who could or would not be initiated into that portion of grammar which treats of the proper disposition of letters in words. One day he presented such a shockingly inaccurate proof, as made his master, after staring with amazement, take the spectacles from his nose, and give the ill-disposing devil the following recipe:—“My man! just gang hame this night, and tell your mither to boil Fulton and Knight’s Dictionary in milk, and take it for your supper, as that seems the only way you’ll ever get spelling put into ye.”

A Nose with a Warrant.

SOME time ago, a parsimonious Paisley cork, who, in consequence of making too free with the “Pap-in,”* happened, when reeling home, to get, by some accident or other, a severe cut across the smeller: having to show face to some English buyers next morning, and court-plaster not being at hand, he stuck on his unfortunate conque one of his gum-tickets, on which was the usual intimation, “warranted 350 yards long.”

Highland Astronomers.

SOME time ago, when the French and German astronomers were alarming all Europe with their speculations respecting the fatal consequences likely to ensue on the too near approach of a comet, whose appearance at the time attracted universal attention, a few Celtic worthies, who had been reading the alarming notice in the newspapers, were discussing the subject over their dram, in a public-house at the head of Loch-Etive. The schoolmaster, who was remarkably intelligent on the matter, while explaining in the most convincing manner, the almost certainty of a general conflagration taking place, as soon as the comet had communicated to our earth a certain portion of its heat, was rather abruptly interrupted in the midst of his discourse, by one of the party, who had listened to the appalling conversation with intense anxiety,—“Od bless me!” said he, “if it’s all true what you’ll

* A Paisley beverage, compounded of whisky, small-beer, and oat-meal.

be speaking, that will just be the very cause that's making all our emigrationers go away to America!"

A Profitable Servant.

"MAN, Tam," said a farmer in this neighbourhood the other day to his ploughman, "but you're an unco slow feeder." "Verra true, maister," said Tam, flourishing the spoon, "but I'm a real sure one!"

Logan and Æsop.

LOGAN was once on a visit at a friend's house, where he used to spend a few days occasionally. His friend, being a family man, and some of his children in progress with their English, the good lady, according to use and wont, must needs inflict on their guest, an exhibition of their varied acquirements; a sort of amusement that little suited either the taste or inclination of the Laird. The examination happened to be in the morning before breakfast, and it was continued so unmercifully long that Logan's patience was sufficiently tested. The little exhibitor whose turn now came on, read to them the fable from Æsop of the Wolf and the Crane. The Laird could bear no longer. "Weel, weel! it's a' very fine, my lady, that o' Æsop; but my moral frae the story is, that baith parties, like oursels the noo, were sair in want o' a pick."

A Geographical Prayer.

THE Great and Little Cumbraes, two islands situate between Bute and the coast of Ayr, are of inconsiderable extent, but possess advantages as watering-places, sufficient to attract many of the migratory tribes of the Western Metropolis. The late clergyman, however, overlooking these advantages, appears to have valued his favourite islands chiefly on account of their geographical magnitude and importance—as he was regularly in the habit of praying for "The Muckle and Little Cumbraes, and the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland."

A Precentor's Prayer.

A WRITTEN line was handed up on a Sabbath morning, to the precentor, in the desk of a congregation in Hamilton, containing the name of a person in distress, who requested the prayers of the congregation. The name had unfortunately been written on the back of a letter, and after the first psalm was sung, the person who handed it up, had the mortification to hear the precentor read out in an audible voice, "Remember in prayer, Thomas Watson, weaver, Quarry-loan, with a bundle!"

A Conditional Prayer.

AT the time that the war was raging on the Continent, an honest woman who had a son in the army, was much concerned about him,

and sent the following recommendation to the precentor of a parish church for the prayers of the faithful, which read as follows:—
 “Remember in prayer a young man in the army—if he be living!”

Hospitality of the Manse.

A CERTAIN worthy clergyman in the north, whose disposition was to be as much given to hospitality, as his more frugal and pains-taking helpmate would at times permit, was called upon one afternoon by a reverend gentleman. As they had been fellow-students together, and had passed their examinations before the same presbytery, they had, of course, a large collection of past events to discuss. One tumbler, therefore, followed another, and each tumbler brought along with it a new series of interesting reminiscences, till the time arrived when it was fit the stranger should mount and proceed on his way. This, however, was a proposal which the kind landlord, whose heart was now awakened to all the pleasurable feelings of sociality, would not listen to; and in spite of all the nods, winks, dark looks, and other silent but significant intimations which the married have the peculiar gift of secretly communicating to each other, he insisted, much to the chagrin of his “ladye-love,” that his friend should remain with them over the night. This arrangement being effected, supper made its appearance, and was, as usual, followed by another tumbler, by way of a sleeping draught. As a prelude to their parting for the night, the good dame was now asked by her husband to bring in the family Bible. On her retiring to perform this duty, their guest took the opportunity of slipping out, in order to leave his shoes in the passage. While stooping for this purpose, the lady of the manse returned, and mistaking the stranger for her husband, gave a hearty rap with the sacred volume over the bald head of his reverence,—“There,” said she, in a matrimonial whisper, “that’s for garin’ him stay a’ nicht.”

A Legal Pursuer.

A GLASGOW shopkeeper, having put a law case under the charge of a writer in that city, that it might be prosecuted through the various stages in the supreme civil court, called pretty frequently to inquire how it was getting on. The case having at length gone before the Lords, was taken by them, according to the Scottish legal phrase, to *avisandum*, that is to say, it was taken under consideration. When this stage had been reached, a long delay occurred; and still, when the honest trader called to ask about his case, he was told it was at *avisandum*. “*Avisandum*,” said he at length, with an expression of great impatience, “what keeps ’t sae lang at *avisandum*? Can ye tell me whaur this *avisandum* is? Is’t out on the Sauchieha’-road, or whaur? I’ll tak’ a noddy, or the stage, and if it be within ten miles o’ gate, I’ll hae’t or I sleep.” The worthy man would probably find in the long-run, that when cases have gone to *avisandum*, they are not so easily overtaken as he supposed.

Sorrows of a Seestu'.

A GENUINE son of the Sneddon, who, along with his marrow, had passed the summer months at sea-bathing quarters on the coast, was returning in one of the steam-boats to their old roost amid the din and dust of the gude town of Paisley. The day happened to be gloomy; but not more so than the frugal-minded Mr. Treddleshanks, who showed quite a web of face on the occasion. "Dear me, Johnny," said his spouse, in a sympathising tone, "but tu's unco dowie after parting wi' our Ro'sa' friens." Johnny was too deeply immersed in a brown study to give an immediate response. At last, after a considerable pause, "Janet," said he, "when you spoke o' coming down here, you ca'd it gaun to the 'saut-water;' and, my certie! but they have made it saut water to us—we have only been down here ten weeks, and it has cost me TEN pound-notes!! besides, our ain rent at hame has been running on a' the time." The good woman's face instantly assumed a degree of longitude corresponding to that of her husband's. "Weel, John, it's really a wonderfu' ransom o' siller to pay for a mouthfu' o' fresh air and a skink o' saut-water!" "Yes," said John, with a sigh, throwing a glance first at the sky, and then at the briny deep, "but what causes my sorrow, and gars me grudge the expense mair than onything, Janet, is the thought, that after paying sae muckle for their fresh air an' their saut-water, we should be obliged to come awa', and leave sae muckle o' baith ahint us!"

Salmon versus Sermon.

A CLERGYMAN in Perthshire, who was more skilful as an angler than popular as a preacher, having fallen into conversation with some of his parishioners, on the benefits of early rising, mentioned, as an instance, that he had that very morning, before breakfast, composed a sermon and killed a salmon—an achievement on which he plumed himself greatly. "Aweel, sir," observed one of the company, "I would rather hae your salmon than your sermon."

Siller in the Bank.

ONE of the old Town Guard of Edinburgh (a Highlander, as many of that body were) having fallen asleep while on duty, was sentenced to be drummed out of the corps with his coat turned. As the procession, with the disgraced guardsman, passed along the High-street, the drum beating the customary march on such occasions, a woman in the crowd cried, "Oh puir man, I am wae to see him." "No sae puir, madam"—exclaimed the haughty Celt, tossing his head, and assuming a consequential air, which contrasted ludicrously with his degraded condition—"no sae puir, madam, I hae twenty pound in the Bank."

A Conjugal Mistake.

IN a certain Scotch village, the minister and some of the inhabitants occasionally met in the summer evenings to play at bowls. The wife

of one of the party insisted on her husband keeping early hours ; and having remained rather late at the game one evening, he became afraid that she might be occupied during his absence in "nursing her wrath to keep it warm, and that it would burst upon him in full force at his home-coming. By way of preventing this, but without communicating his fears to any, he invited the minister to accompany him home and partake of a glass of ale. After knocking at the door, the husband put the minister before him, hoping that by the appearance of the reverend gentleman, any unseemly ebullition on the part of his passionate helpmate, would be prevented. But this precaution proved ineffectual, for on hearing her husband's well-known rap, she naturally concluded that it would be followed by his bodily appearance when the door was opened. The moment therefore the figure of the unfortunate clergyman darkened the threshold, she felled him to the ground with that ponderous kitchen utensil, denominated a potato-bittle. The husband, affronted and alarmed at such an unprovoked assault on an innocent individual, bitterly exclaimed, "Oh, my dear ! what's that you have done ? you have killed the minister o' K——!" To which his loving spouse replied, "Oh, my dear ! that's a pity, but I thought it was yoursel."

Highland Retort.

AN English gentleman, whose proportions of body approached nearer to those of Stephen Kemble than of the living skeleton, happened to make his summer sojourn at a watering-place on the west coast. Being, from his unwieldy bulk, unable to take exercise, his principal amusement was to sit outside his door, and converse with Donald Frazer, an old Highlander, who was considered a sort of character in the village. Donald's favourite topic was the great men to whom he was allied, which the Englishman encouraged, for the purpose of drawing out the peculiarities of the old man, and thereby getting amusement at his expense. One day, Donald had agreed to drive home a large overgrown boar for a neighbour of his, and passing where the Englishman sat, the latter instantly called out, in a waggish tone of voice, "Well, Donald, I suppose that's one of them there great relations you are always speaking about, that you've got with you." Donald, eyeing alternately his unwieldy friend and the mass of four-footed ugliness that was hobbling before, replied, with a knowing shrug, "Oh, not at all, sir, no relation whatever, but just an acquaintance like yoursel."

An Irish Reading of the Riot Act.

IN a certain burgh in one of our mountainous districts, the important personage who filled the office of fiscal, was one night enjoying himself over a glass with a friend, when the servant opened the door in great haste, and announced, that there were two men fighting in Mac's (a neighbouring public-house), and the fiscal was wanted immediately. The night was cold, and the official felt reluctant to

leave the comfortable situation in which he found himself; turning, therefore, to the girl, he ordered her to "Go and tell Mac to give the men a dram to be quiet." "But what if they'll no be quiet then, sir?" asked the girl. "'Od dam'ort!" cried the fiscal pettishly, "just then tell him to make them fight till I come."

Sagacious Sweep.

THE inhabitants of a pretty large town in the West of Scotland were lately amused by the novel appearance of a chimney-sweep who was seen plodding along the street with one half of his face washed, shaved, and trimmed, and the other unshorn and as black as ebony. On being questioned as to his motives for granting ablution only to one half of his physiog, he replied, "Only half the duty's aff the soap yet."

A Poser.

A YOUNG preacher was employed by a relative who presides over the spiritualities of a parish at no great distance from Glasgow to assist in the discharge of the laborious and important duties of a pastor. The young man on all occasions displayed much zeal in his endeavours to induce the dissenting parishioners to return within the walls of the Church. On one occasion, falling in with a decent matron attached to the Relief body, he, as usual, urged his claim upon her attendance at the parish kirk. The scruples of the old lady were not, however, so easily got over, and at last she pointedly told him that she "didna like read sermons." "What would become of you, Janet," said the preacher, "if you were in England, where you would hear read prayers?" "Hech, sir!" said this modern Jenny Geddes, "I wonder what Jonah wad hae done if he had ha'en to read his prayers!"

Every Body has his Bubbly Jock.

THE following anecdote of the late Sir Walter Scott has a genuine appearance. A gentleman, conversing with the illustrious author, remarked that he believed it possible that perfect happiness might be enjoyed, even in this world. Sir Walter dissented. "Well," said the gentleman, "there is an idiot, whom, I am certain, will confirm my opinion; he seems the very beau-ideal of animal contentment." The daft individual was snooving along, humming to himself, when Sir Walter addressed him, "Weel, Jamie, hoo are ye the day?" "Brawley, ou brawley," answered he. "Have you plenty to eat and drink, Jamie?" "Ou ay." "And keep you warm?" "Ou ay." "And are a' the folk kind to you?" "Ou ay." "There," said the poet's antagonist, crowing, "is a perfectly happy creature." "Not so fast," continued Sir Walter. "Is there naething, Jamie, that bothers you at a'?" "Ou ay," said the idiot, changing his merry look, "there's a muckle bubbly jock that follows me wherever I gang." "Now," said Sir Walter, "you see from this that the simplest and most stupid

of mankind are haunted by evil of some kind or other—in short, every one has his bubbly jock.”

An Exciseman in Distress.

ONE stormy night a poor weather-beaten gauger, who had stood the pelting of the pitiless storm through the course of a whole winter day, arrived at a small farm town in the Western Highlands, and being benumbed with cold and almost frozen to the saddle, he made for the only house where he could see light and called for assistance: not finding himself attended to, he roared out at the top of his voice, “Will no good Christian come and help me off my horse?” Awakened by the noise, a sturdy old Celt opened the door, and asked if it was “Chisholm’s he wanted?” “No,” said the impatient inspector of spigots, “I want some good Christian to help me off my horse.” “Ah! sir,” said Donald, “we don’t know them peoples; we’re a’ Camerons here.”

A Hint to Guards to be on their Guard.

WHILE Mr. Lyon, the spirited coach proprietor, was travelling once in England with Mrs. L., a change of coach horses, &c., was announced by the guard appearing in the travellers’ room and begging the passengers to remember him. The person who sat next the door chanced to be a lady, accompanied by her two daughters, who untied her purse-strings at his request and handed him 5s.—a most handsome reward. This was by no means the opinion of our swell with the many-necked coat, who kept looking continuously at the money, and saying “a very poor allowance, madam, for a lady to give—a very poor allowance, indeed.” To put an end to his impertinence, the lady handed him 2s. more. The next person accosted was Mr. L——. “Please remember the guard, sir!” “Pray, what is the use of a guard on this coach?” demanded Mr. L——. The man, evidently perplexed by the question, and the authoritative manner in which it was put, stammered out, “To—to—to take charge of the luggage, sir!” “Then look there at my wife’s hand-box—look, sir, at that hand-box, I say! I took it in charge myself all the way, except in crossing the ferry; and you see you have allowed it to get abused while under your guardianship. No, sir! for your insolence to that lady I will not give you a farthing; and if the other passengers will take my advice, they will act in the same manner.” In vain the fellow applied to each of them. “Then,” said he, addressing Mr. L——, “I’ll charge you for extra luggage.” “Do in that as you please, sir.” On approaching the coach, he asked Mr. L. if that was his luggage, pointing to some trunks standing in the lobby. “Find you that out, sir.” Taking this as an acknowledgment that it was his, he hurried it off to the office, had it weighed, and speedily returned with a bill for 5s. for extra luggage, presented it to Mr. L., and demanded payment. “The luggage is not that gentleman’s,” said

the lady, but mine, and I gave you 7s. before; you can pay the 5s. out of it, and keep the remainder for yourself."

Mother Wit.

"WELL, John," said a laird to his tenant the other day, "what's your opinion of this Voluntary business?" "Deed, sir, I'm a wee doubtfu' about it;—it seems to me that it's the black coats themsels that are making a' the stir; us puir folks are no fashin' ourselves muckle wi't." "You are quite right, John; it's certainly the ministers that are leading the movement." "Then, sir, you may be sure that the ministers hae a drift o' their ain to drive; for my mither used to say to me—"Jock," said she, "whenever ye see a flock o' craws fleeing a' ae way depend on't there's craws' business on hand."

Logan and a Lean Friend.

LOGAN one market day, happening to be in Kilmarnock, was met on the streets by a long, lank boon companion, whose stomach, as his companions said, was the only good thing they knew about him. This worthy having congratulated the Laird on his fine, fat, jolly appearance, concluded by saying, "That he reminded him very much of a butcher in a thriving business, whose money and meat did him good." "Weel," said the Laird, "since you're in the complimenting way, I may tell you that you remind me very much of that same thriving butcher's day-book, for though muckle guid meat is put down in't, it never maks the book ony fatter."

The Previous Question.

WE consider it our duty to give the daft as well as the deil his due; and therefore place to the credit of Will Speir the capital retort which forms the subject of this anecdote: it is more in unison with the character of the vagrant than with either Logan or "rough, rude, ready-witted Rankine," to both of whom we have heard it attributed. Will, as was his usual practice, was taking the nearest way through the Earl of E——'s domains: the Earl made after him, and called out to him, in the act of crossing a fence, "Come back; that's not the road." "Do you ken," said Will, "whaur I'm gaun?" "No;" replied the Earl. "Weel, how the deil do ye ken whether this be the road or no?"

Better a Wee Bush than Nae Bield.

WILL, in his peregrinations, had a companion that he travelled with, and which gave due note of his approach on the causewaying in front of the farm-houses—a huge walking-staff or pole, more resembling a stab used in cattle barricades than the usual *compagnon du voyage*.

Will was observed one day squatting in the lee of his staff, which was struck deep into the earth, during a heavy shower of rain. "Man, Will," said a passer-by, "you're no like yoursel' the day!—

the staff is no' an umbrella, it canna keep the rain aff ye." "It may be sae," said Will, "but no muckle 'll come through't at any rate."

Will voting in the Supplies.

OUR wit was ready at all times to divide his portion with the necessitous. When engaged at his meals, he usually squatted himself down in the middle of the kitchen floor, surrounded by dogs and poultry—claiming their dividend, and which Will as readily granted, with the admonition, "Aff hands, friends, and fair play." One day he had one supply of cauld kail after another, and aye the kail, as appeared by the rapid consumption, was "growin' better." The mistress hesitated whether she would continue the supplies, until Will overcame her scruples,—“Come awa', guidwife, wi' twa three mae ladlefu' ; ye see there's a gy-when o' us.”

Club Law.

ON another occasion, when Will was sharing his dinner with the poultry ; and when as the dinner party was numerous, two spoonfuls were allowed to the barn-door suppliants for every one that he took for himself,—amongst the claimants was a hen with a young brood, which, though clucking and striking out with beak and wing, could scarcely obtain a picking, notwithstanding the specialities of her case. A young cock appeared the most serious antagonist, and was likely to dispute the ground with success against the guardian of the poor helpless chicks. The mistress called the dog—“Hiss, Batty ! hiss—scheu—scheu,” but no sooner separated, than the belligerents commenced a fresh campaign. “Safe us,” said the mistress, “will that cock no let the mither and the burds tak' a pick in peace ?” Colly was let loose a second time, and scheu—scheu—scheued. Will coolly took up his staff, and felled the fierce cock's-comb to the ground, observing, “That's worth twenty o' your scheu—scheus.”

Highland Polling.

DUGALD MACALPINE of Uichfalan, in the county of Argyle, got himself equipped, in order to repair to the polling-place of the district, to give his vote for the Laird, for no other reason than this, and which, we believe, is not peculiar to that county, “because he was good to his tenant, and never put nobody to distress for their rent.”

The equipment that Dugald had undergone was very complete ; it resembled the repair done to his countryman's gun—new stock, lock, and barrel ; from bonnet to brogue, the habiliments betokened anything but being the worse for wear ; moreover, the sheltie bestrode by Macalpine, was provided with a new assortment of harness ; it was even noticed, that the smith's rasp must have recently passed over the exterior of the hoof, fore and aft, so that from head to heel, saddler and smith had done for the horse what tailor and draper had done for Dugald.

Where the clothes that Dugald wore came from, nobody ever knew.

"They were," said Macalpine, "put in at night by my back window," and the sheltie, it seems, was found in its stall in the morning, shod and caparisoned as described. Nobody had ever sent any account for clothes or saddlery, and "I never," said the saving Celt, "seek after any accounts that are not sent to me—I have enough to do to look after my farm; and it is just and proper to let every body look after their own business in their own way."

As Dugald was on his way to the poll, he made up with one of his neighbours, who was also going thither, but on foot. Our equestrian was in a great hurry, urging the horse on to its utmost speed, every muscle of his body in violent action—leaping up and down in his saddle—tugging the bridle-reins with both hands, and striking his spurless heels against the flanks of the unfortunate animal.

"It's a fine day this!" said the mounted Celt. "Yes, its a grand weather; you'll be going to Curachmore to give your vote for Pitalachan?" was the reply, which ended, like a true Scotch answer, with a query. "Oich yes, to be sure, and I'm in a great haste to be at the top of the poll, as it's the Laird's wish. Dear me, Shon, what way you'll walk on your barefoot and carry your progue on your shouter?" "Because, you'll see, that my foot and leg didna cost me nothing, and my shoemaker will not give me my progue on the same terms. You are in a great hurry, I observe; say to my friens when ye get forward, that you saw me coming up as fast as I was, and that I will be there some time ago."

Macalpine put himself and horse again in rapid motion, and soon reached his destination, and had the honour to be the first to give his suffrage for Pitalachan.

John also quickened his pace, and soon joined other voters, who were also on their road to the poll. As they made their way through the mountainous scenery of the district, the conversation turned on the formation of one of the hills which they had just passed, and John was referred to for information on the subject, as being "an edication, and knew every thing and word better than the minister himsel." John, on this reference, drew himself up with an air of great importance, and accounted thus:—"You see that ragged-looking mountain is a great curiosity in its way, and it was brought here by the volcanoes when they were going about the country. The same volcanoes are now living abroad in Italy, bringing up mountains the same as the one before you."

By this time they had neared the scene of political strife, and though all of the group, John excepted, had declared themselves for the Laird of Pitalachan, no inducement would make him declare himself. They knew that he respected the Laird, and all were astonished at the apparent change. Some secret influence, they thought, must have brought about a change in his views; they flattered him—no, they held out a threat, "Pitalachan has a great deal in his own hand in the country, and may harm you and your family." "Very well," said John, "when one door shuts another one will close."

The contest ran neck-and-heel to the last vote, which was John's, and would decide the fate of the election ; but the obstinate man still held out. A messenger had been despatched privately for a near relation of his, who, it was known, had great influence with him, and who arrived just at the nick of time, and succeeding in persuading John to declare himself. "Well," said he, "I was just waiting a wee while to see what you would make of it ;" now came out the secret that had influenced him—"I'll vote for Pitalachan ; and though Macalpine with his horse and all that, be at the top of the poll, I'll be the returning member in spite of him."

Carving for the Ladies.

DURING the passage down the river on board one of our elegant steamers a gentleman, not much accustomed to polished society, appeared so late at the dinner table that he found it difficult to obtain a seat. He stood some time with his hands in his pockets, looking wistfully at the smoking viands. At last he was noticed by the captain, who relinquished to him his own chair and plate, when he commenced carving a pig that lay before him. Having finished, he passed portions of the dish to all the ladies in the immediate neighbourhood, and then heaped a plate for himself. Perceiving a lady who had not been served, he inquired if she would be helped to some pig ? She replied in the affirmative, and he accordingly handed her the plate which he had reserved for himself. Her ladyship, feeling her dignity somewhat offended at so bountiful a service, observed, with protruded lips, loud enough to be heard all around—"I don't want a cart load !" The gentleman, at her remark, became the object of attention to all at his end of the table, and, determining to retort upon her for her civility, watched her motions, and observed that she had dispatched the contents of her plate with little ceremony. When this was accomplished, he cried out, "Madam, if you'll back your cart up this way, I'll give you another load !"

Pleasant Travelling.

IN Edinburgh resides Mr. C——, who is as huge, though not so witty, as Falstaff. It is his custom when he travels to book for two places, and thus secure half the inside of the coach to himself. He sent his servant to book him for Glasgow. The man returned with the following pleasing intelligence :—"There weren't two inside places left, so I took one in and another out."

Faith and Works.

A WORTHY son of the church in the West Highlands, who had peculiar opinions touching the "full assurance of faith," having occasion to cross a ferry, availed himself of the opportunity to interrogate the boatman as to the grounds of his belief, assuring him that if he had faith he was certain of a blessed immortality. The man of the oar said he had always entertained a different notion of the subject,

and begged to give an illustration of his opinion. "Let us suppose," said the ferryman, "that one of these oars is called faith and the other works, and try their several merits." Accordingly, throwing down one oar in the boat, he proceeded to pull the other with all his strength, upon which the boat was turned round and made no way. "Now," said he, "you perceive faith wont do—let us try what works can." Seizing the other oar, and giving it the same trial, the same consequences ensued. "Works," said he, "you see, wont do either; let us try them together." The result was successful; the boat shot through the waves, and soon reached the wished for haven. "This," said the honest ferryman, "is the way by which I hope to be wafted over the troubled waters of this world to the peaceful shores of immortality."

Another Illustrated by Will Speir.

WILL SPEIR, in making his way to a farm-house where he was usually quite at home, accidentally lighted on a quey of his host's which had got swamped in a bog. The poor creature was sunk so deep that no more than the ridge of the back, the head, and half the neck were to be seen. Will ran to the house at his utmost speed and threw open the kitchen-door flat against the wall, which rebounded back again with a noise like the discharge of a piece of artillery. The whole family, who were engaged at morning prayers, started from their knees. "You're losing mair than you're winning," exclaimed Will, almost out of breath; "there's ain o' your stirks down in the bog there, rin and tak her out, or she'll soon be of nae mair value to you than the hide and horns. Prayers are a' right, and maybe ye're no sae often at them as ye should be, but dinna be praying when ye should be pitten to hands."

A Prudent Advice.

IN the village of Cumbernauld, about 15 miles east of Glasgow, there formerly lived a gash, good-humoured person of the name of Johnny Waddel, who was not more remarkable for his honesty and simplicity of character than for his shrewd sense and ready wit. Johnny was a carpenter to trade, and an excellent hand when sober; but, like many good tradesmen who trust to their skill for employment, and know that their ten fingers are sure to prevent them from want, he sometimes frequented the public-house and indulged to excess—a sin which his better-half did not relish, but resisted with might and main, by opening upon him a well-directed battery of tongue and fisty-cuffs as often as he transgressed. Knowing what was to be expected at home, John, like a prudent man, often remained longer abroad than he would otherwise have done. On one occasion the merry carpenter as usual got tipsy, and when twelve o'clock at night came round he found it necessary that he should proceed homewards. A friend was kind enough to assist him,

"For leeward whiles against his will,
He took a bicker;"

and when he had arrived at his own door, and had put his hand upon the latch, he turned round, and addressed his faithful conductor: "Thomas, I wad advise ye no to gang ony far'er; it's needless for twa to enter a place o' torment at ance."

A Double Discharge.

A CROOK-BACKED personage of eccentric habits was on a certain occasion summoned before a Justice of Peace Court on a small debt summons; but the legal number of years having elapsed since the debt was contracted, it was of course prescribed and referred to the oath of the defendant. Humphie at once raised his right hand, which was placed at the end of an arm nearly the length of his whole body, and, with paw spread out, swallowed the oath. When the parties retired from the Court, the pursuer upbraided Humphie for perjuring himself for so trifling a sum; "Hoot, man," said he, "I dinna mean to let you lose your siller, come awa to this public-house o'er the gate here, and I'll gie ye't, plack and penny, baith principal and expenses; man, did ye think that I was gaun to affront mysel' afore sae mony fine gentlemen?"

The Biter Bit.

A GENTLEMAN, who was himself fond of practical jokes, had the following dexterous piece of practical waggery played off at his expense:—A batch of idlers and bon-vivants were lounging on the principal street near the market-place of a small country town, when a simple-looking girl, with a basket of strawberries in her hand, accosted them, and asked the way to Dr. ——'s. One of the party purposely perplexed the girl, and at length persuaded her to leave the fruit at a writer's office, where the Doctor would soon call and get them. This was accordingly done; and the same gentleman, announcing meantime his drift to his friends, set out in search of the doctor, and told him that his friend the lawyer had got a basket of strawberries which they might easily steal, and make him give a treat of them in Jenny Shearer's, with a stoup of brandy to wash them down. The doctor at once agreed to the plan, slipped in by the back window, which was left open on purpose, and stole his own strawberries, which he carried off straightway to the place appointed. In due time, the man of law, the doctor, and his companions, were seated in Jenny Shearer's, devouring the strawberries, and washing them down with "dribbles of brandy," which the doctor furnished at his own expense. When the feast was ended, the doctor with great cheerfulness said, "Now, gentlemen, I must let the cat out of the pock." "The devil you must," said the lawyer, "I hope you don't mean to part with your own strawberries and brandy." "Oh, sir," said the doctor, "I am going to give you the cream of the joke." "You may, if you choose," said the lawyer; "but it is certainly very hard that you should be the cream and the strawberries to."

THE clergyman of a parish, not thirty miles from Glasgow, a very old gentleman, and altogether of the old school, having occasion to allude, in one of his discourses, to the modern improvements in astronomy, and their great author, Newton, said, "Sir Isaac Newton was as weel acquainted wi' the stars as if he had been born and brocht up amang them."

Travellers' Room.

SMITH AND JENKINS.

SCENE.—JENKINS sitting smoking, with a pint of port before him.

[Enter SMITH.]

SMITH.—Well, Master Jenkins! I am glad to see you making yourself comfortable.

JENKINS.—Comifortable! Why, if a man can't make himself comfortable in doors, he will find it a deuced hard matter to do it out of doors, in this here blackguard place.

SMITH.—Why! What's ado now?

JENKINS.—Ado! Why the devil's to do.

SMITH.—Well, Jenkins! if you can manage to do the old'un, I'll say you are up to a trick or two.

JENKINS (puffing out a mouthful of smoke).—Hark'ee, Master Smith! I'm not in joking humour at present, and I'll tell you why;—do you know, all the accounts I opened here last journey, are like to turn out bad?

SMITH.—You don't say so!

JENKINS.—But I do though.

SMITH.—What! all of 'em?

JENKINS.—Why, there be but three on 'em, thank God! but if there had been twenty, I dare say it would have been all the same thing.

SMITH.—How could you be so stupid?

JENKINS.—I was as careful as I could be, and I'll tell you how it happened:—Last journey, you know, was my first trip to Scotland, and I know'd nothing of the folks in ——; but in going about, I saw three very well filled business-like shops in our line, and took a memorandum of 'em, and in passing along —— Street, as they call it, who should I meet but Jack Bounce, him, you know, as travels in the tray line. Well, I axed him if he know'd the names that I had marked. He said no, but he would take me to a canny Scotchman, a sort of a bill-sweater, who know'd everybody. Well, off we goes together, and he introduces me to this 'ere canny Scotchman, as he called him, and told him I was a stranger come to do business in ——, and wanted to have his opinion of some of the people of the place; so I mentioned my men, and he told me the first was dreck, the second was unco dreck, and the third was drecker and drecker; now, I did not understand what he said, but Jack Bounce, who

pretends to know all about Scotch, translated it for me when we came out, and gave me to understand, that the first was good, the second very good, and the third the best of the three ; so, after giving Bounce a bottle of wine for his translation, I bundled off to "Dreek" with my pattern-cards, and pressed him hard for an order, which I got to the amount of eighty pounds. I then called on "Unco Dreek," and by pressing on him very hard, I got him down for one hundred pounds. I then set off to "Dreeker and Dreeker," and by pressing him harder and harder, blow me, if I did not sell him two hundred pounds' worth of goods ! Well, the goods are all sent off, and we draws upon 'em in our usual way, but just before I left home, all three bills came back. From "Dreek," we received a letter enclosing twenty pounds to account. "Unco Dreek" sent an apology ; but as for "Dreeker and Dreeker," deuce take me, if he said a single word on the subject ! Now, I've been to an attorney, or writer as they call 'em here, to see if I can't make the gallows old Scotchman as gave us their characters, cash up ; but do you know, when I told the case he said Bounce's translation was all wrong, and that dreek, or driech as he calls it, means a slow payer, that unco driech, is very slow, and "driecher and driecher" means, as we say in the South, worser and worser—now there's a pretty go !—three hundred and eighty pounds and a bottle of wine all gone to the pigs, for want of a good translator !

SMITH.—It's a hard case, Master Jenkins ; but what do you mean to do ?

JENKINS.—Why, I have not done much as yet : I called on Dreek yesterday, and he seemed quite happy to see me, and asked me to come and take a bit of dinner with him at four, and matters would be settled ; so, thinking all was right, I went, and there's three more guests, all social chaps, and we sat down to a piece of good roast beef, a cod's head, and shoulders, with oyster sauce, and a tureen full of sheep's-head kail, which he said he had got entirely on my account, in order that I might know something about what is called a Scotch dinner ; so we all got very merry, and sat drinking away at toddy till near twelve, and you know we could do no business then, so I looked in upon him this morning to settle matters.

SMITH.—Well, and how did you come on ?

JENKINS.—I took his bill again for the balance.

SMITH.—The devil you did !

JENKINS.—Yes—having sat so long yesterday with my legs under his mahogany, the deuce take me if I could refuse him.

SMITH.—Well ?

JENKINS.—Well, I have been to Unco Dreek, and he wanted me to take sheep's-head kail with him too ; but no, I says, I had sheep's-head kail yesterday, and I did not find myself much the better of it this morning ; but if you'll settle our bill just now, I shall be very glad if you dine with me at my inn ; this he declined, and asked me to walk into the back shop, and what do you think he proposed ?

SMITH.—I can't say, indeed.

JENKINS.—His bill, as I told you before, is one hundred pounds; well, he had the impudence to ask me to draw on him for one hundred and twenty pounds, and give him the odd twenty, and he would meet the whole when due!

SMITH.—Which you was sheepish enough to do?

JENKINS.—Nay, Master Smith, I had declined his sheep-head kail, else I don't know what I might have done; but this I did, I blew him up sky high, and told him I would arrest him in half an hour.

SMITH.—Pooh, pooh, man! your lawyer will tell you better than that; but now for "Dreeker and Dreeker?"

JENKINS.—Ah! now for "Dreeker and Dreeker"—(buttoning his coat to the chin). I have not been to him yet; and I was just taking this extra pint to screw me up to my pitch; it is now out, and I am off, and if he don't come up to the scratch, and fork out the blunt like a man, d—— me if I don't give it him hot and heavy; so good by, Master Smith.

SMITH.—Good by, Master Jenkins! good luck to ye, my boy; but take care of the sheep's-head kail!

JENKINS.—O let me alone for that; I won't be sheep's-headed any more.

J. D. CARRICK.

Economy of the Teeth.

"Is't here," said an old withered beldame, leading the man of her choice, with his knowledge-box swathed in a belt of flannel, "whar ye tak' out the teeth?" thrusting her head in at the door of a surgeon's shop in High Street of Glasgow. "Yes," answered the jaw-breaker. "Will ye just take your screw, then, and take ane out o' his mouth here that has been fashin' him this fortnight? I'm sure he hasna bowed an e'e this twa nights wi't." The operation was quickly performed. "And," said the guidwife, "see, I'm thinking there's anither there that's nearly as ill. John, just bide still now—it's just ance and awa'." The second was forthwith extracted. "Weel, doctor, ye ha'e really done that ane cleverly—your hand's getting better o't. See yoursel' gin there's ony mae that's likely to fash him soon." John winced and said, "he had eneuch for ae day." "Toot, man, hand your tongue; just let your mouth be made right when the doctor is at it at ony rate." Another faulty tooth was discovered on inspection, and as speedily taken out. "You're nearly perfited in your trade, doctor; and I'm sure if our John had been in ony ither body's hands he never could ha'e stood it, but ye see he scarcely ever says pew til't. When he and I ha'e come a' this length—and it's hard to say gin he would fa' into such easy hands again—look; doctor, gin they're a' sound that ye ha'e left." John could stand no longer, and took to his heels. "What ha'e we to pay, then, doctor?" "Two-and-sixpence." "Twa-and-saxpence! you're surely mista'en; they wer'na ta'en out at different times, but at ance. No, no, ye maunna come

o'er us that way—there's aughteen-pence ; it's easy won siller atweel. The gudeman, ye see, has ta'en leg-bail, but I'll gar him come back when he has twa-three mae ready."

A Hint to Masters.

THE late Mr. Donn, whose name was long considered an excellent passport for the quality of pencils, was, during his periodical visits to Glasgow, in the habit of putting up at the Black Boy Tavern, Gallowgate, where a sectariau barber used to officiate. One Sabbath morning, a young man made his appearance to do the needful for the chins of the customers ; and Mr. Donn, whose muzzle being rough and somewhat irritable, felt reluctant to entrust it to the hands of so young a practitioner, in case he should take a portion of the soil with the crop, asked why the old gentleman did not come himself. "Oh," said the youngster, with a serious face, "this is Sabbath morning, and my master never shaves on Sabbath, sir." "Very well, my little fellow," said the maker of pencils, "go on." The operation being performed as well as could be expected—"Now," said Mr. Donn, putting the accustomed fee into his hand, "when you go home, be sure and make my compliments to your master, and tell him that if he does not wish to go to h— himself, he ought not to send his boy there."

A Left-Handed Compliment.

"I OWE you one," said a withered old Cœlebs to a lady the other night at a party. "For what?" said she. "Why, for calling me a young gentleman." "If I did so," was the rather ill-natured reply, "I beg you will not regard it as a compliment, for, believe me, though an old man, you may still be but a young gentleman."

Dunning in the Highlands.

A COMMERCIAL traveller engaged in collecting debts in the Highlands, once called in the course of his visitations on a tardy old Celt, who promised to settle with him at a certain hour on the following morning. Knowing a little of his customer, the "man of the road," thought it would be as well to be rather before than after the time appointed. For this purpose, he was making his way, but had not proceeded far, when to his surprise he meets Donald mounted on his little horse, with a creel on each side of him. "Well, Mr. Mac—, where are you going?" "I'm just going to the potatoes."* "And when will you be back?" demanded the hungry expectant of cash. "Oh, as for that, I'll perhaps be back at night, if I am spared." "But did you not promise to settle my account? and I have to go away in less than an hour." "Oh yes, to be sure I did," said Donald with great coolness, "but as the day looked fine, I thought it would put more in my pocket to be at the potatoes, than to be settling any body's account."

* Going to dig potatoes.

The Astonished Fiddler.

At a harmonious little party, lately given in Bute by Mr. B——h, the enterprising farmer, there was one of the sons of Orpheus, vulgarly yecept a blind fiddler, who, nevertheless, discoursed most “eloquent music,” and exercised so powerful a sway over the dancing energies of all present for the time, that to a mere on-looker the people must have appeared little short of crazed. Much has been said of the effect of music with the ancients, and of the power of Orpheus even to make stones dance, while the famous fiddler of Rhodes professed openly to make “merry men still merrier, a lover more enamoured, and a religious man more devout.” But nothing certainly in modern times can be said to have eclipsed the powers of the fiddler of Mr. B——h, on the happy occasion referred to :

“He made those dance well
Who never danced before,
And those who always dance
To dance still more and more.”

He proved, in short, that in his particular bow there was no small portion of the virtue which is usually ascribed to the elixir vitæ, and which is said all at once to make the feeble strong, and transform tottering old age into nimble youth. Nobody seemed to be more affected with the hilarity of the moment than our good old host himself ; he jumped, capered, danced, and sung by turns ; then running up to the fiddler, and taking him in his arms in an ecstasy of delight, —“My dear little fellow,” exclaimed he, “how delightfully you play ! But tell me, do you play by the ear, or how ?” “Year !” responded the astonished scraper of cat-gut, with an arch grin, “faith, you wud ha’e a bellyfu’ o’t then. Na, na, sir, I only play by the night !”

Making the most of a Customer.

A WELL-KNOWN grocer in Auld Reekie was in the habit of exposing his hams, polished with butter on the outside of his door, with sheets of white paper between them and the wall, and written thereon Belfast Hams, and when taking them in one evening, laid one upon a chair with the paper buttered to it uppermost. Shortly after a stout lady came into the shop, and sat down on the top of the paper, and when she had made her purchases, left, carrying along with her gown, below the waist, the sheet of paper, labelled, “Belfast Hams.”

Highland Cure for Rheumatism.

“DEAR me, Shamis, * but you are very pad, indeed,” said a sympathising Highlander to a friend who was confined by a severe attack of sciatica ; “so long a time, I’m sure mony day and night you are weary, with sore bone and thocht for yourself and family ; is there nothing will did you good at all ?” “Och no, nothing, and I’ll took

*James.

every medicine that the Doctor told me to use, and it's all as you'll saw, nothing for my good." "Well, that's a great vexation and grief—deed is't, Shamis;—I think that I could did you goot, but I needna spoke, for you'll not took it, deed no, so it is of no use to talk." "You need not spoken that, did I'll not take everything already? and it's may be no likely, is it? that I'll teuck no more that will make me petter." "I would tell you in a moment, if I just would believe myself, that you would take it, would you?" "If you are going to make a fun of me, it is all you appear to me to do;—and it is not a friend's part, as you are, to did it." "Well, then, I think you will take it." "I think so too," replied the invalid, "but I must know what is't I'm to take pefore I'll teuck it." "Shamis then, go away, and take hold of the back end of the Paisley coach, and run all the way, and mind to keep up with it, else it will not do, to the Half-way to Paisley House; and depend on't, Shamis, when you do this, you'll never have a stiff body in any of your joints, though you live to the age of Craigangiloch, peside our selves."

Singular Expression of Sympathy.

A LADY went a considerable distance to visit an intimate friend who had been taken suddenly and seriously ill; the alarming symptoms had, however, subsided before the humane visitor arrived. "Oh! my dear Mrs. C., how are ye?" she inquired in breathless anxiety. "Ou, I'm quite weel noo." "Weel! said ye, an' me come sae far to see you."

Breaking up a Dinner-Party.

A PARTY of gentlemen once dined with a person who had a bleaching-green a few miles from Glasgow. The night was wet both within and without doors; and about two in the morning, when a proposal was made to break up, the host got a large covered cart, usually employed in carrying cloth to and from Glasgow, into which the guests gladly consented to go, for want of anything better, in order to be conveyed to their quarters. On driving up to the Cross with this strange load, the servant, a very whimsical old fellow, stopped, and coming round to the door, which was behind, inquired to what point he was now to proceed. The few who could speak bawled out their respective lodgings—some in one part of the city, some in another, while others could only utter such sounds as showed how unable they were to take care of themselves. Quite perplexed by the contradictory orders he received, and altogether hopeless of being able to see the whole safely housed, the man, to use a popular saying, resolved to let the tow go with the bucket, and going to the other end of the cart, deliberately upset the whole into the street, as if they had been nothing better than a parcel of old sacks, remarking—"My braw sparks, gin your tongues hing sae loosely in your heads, as no to be able to say whaur your hames are—though its maybe mair frae punch than pride—just try if your feet will find them."

A Daft Bargain.

ABOUT the middle of the eighteenth century, a natural, named Daft Jamie, lived in the neighbourhood of Denholm in Roxburghshire, and was occasionally employed by the Laird of Cavers and his brother Captain Douglas, who resided at Midshields, to transport them on his back across the water, which flowed between their places of abode. One day Captain Douglas, resolved to have a little fun at the expense of his brother, bribed Jamie with a shilling to let the Laird down in the middle of the water. Accordingly, having taken Cavers on his back and proceeded with him to the middle of the stream, "Oh! Laird," exclaimed Jamie, standing stock-still, "my kuit's yeuky." "Well, well, never mind that." "Ay, but I maun mind it;" and, notwithstanding orders, entreaties, and threats, Jamie plumped the Laird down into the water, to the infinite amusement of the Captain, who stood laughing on the bank like to split his sides. Jamie soon returned for the Captain, who, thinking of no other trick than his own, immediately mounted, and was carried into the stream. At exactly the same spot Jamie again stood still. "Noo, Captain," said he, "an' ye dinna gie me twa shillings mair, I'll let you doon, too!" It is needless to say that Captain Douglas had to buy himself off from the threatened immersion, besides suffering the retributive ridicule of his brother.

Paisley Geography.

"CAN ye lend me five pounds," said a denizen of St. Mirrens' to an acquaintance. "Five pounds!" exclaimed the other, "if I had five pounds I would neither be here nor ony ither place." "Whaur then would you be?" said the other. "Man, I would be down at Arranthur' (Renfrew) wi' the wife eatin' caller salmon."

Cheap Way of Paying Fare.

A WELL-KNOWN individual in the west of Scotland, named Jock, occasionally came from Airth with the great canal passage boat, and generally managed to escape passage free. A gentleman who knew he had not paid any thing one day accosted him, "Weel, Jock, did you pay your fare to-day?" "Deed, sir," said Jock, "I looked roun' me, an' I saw this ane payin' an' that ane payin', and I just thoct it was surely needless for every body to be payin'."

Clerical Water Brash.

"THOMAS," said the minister at the ringing of the church bell, "I'm very sick, I wish I may be able to preach this afternoon." "I'm wae for you," replied his man. After sermon—"Thomas," said he, "get me some dinner, I'm a great deal better noo." "Nae wonder," quo' Thomas, "whan ye've gotten a' yon blash o' cauld kail het again aff your stomach."

THE LAIRD OF LOGAN. A Family Debt.

It too frequently happens that young men who board with their parents fall behind with their board wages, and compound with their mothers to the no small injury of the family stock. As an illustration of this, the following dialogue took place between a young man and his mother :—“Noo, Willie, thou kens brawly that since the last time that thee an’ me counted tu’s awn me fifteen shillings, an’ I’m needin’ t’ the noo, to mak up the price o’ the cow.” Willie, who knew his mother’s weak side—and what young man does not?—replied, “Deed, mither, ye’re gaun to wrang yoursel’, for I’m awn you augh-teen;” so saying, he slid quietly out of the apartment. “Is na he really an honest callan, our Willie,” quo’ the indulgent mother, “though he disna pay, he aye counts fair.”

The Bite and the Blow.

“HECH sirs,” said an old woman to her neighbour, “did ye hear thae sad news this morning about Jenny Flytter’s guidman?” “No, I didna hear a whish; what’s come ower him noo?” “Dear me, the hale town’s ringin’ wi’t, woman; he was lying dead aside her in the bed this morning when she wakened.” “Oh, poor body, what a wakening! and her no to hae her breakfast aithers.” “Her breakfast, ye havel, what guid could that hae done her?” “Ay, she would hae been able to stand it a’ that the better.”

Bills on Demand.

LOGAN always kept a plain but most hospitable table: whatever some of the gormands might think of the solids, no one ever needed to complain of the fluid department, either in quantity or quality. The Laird’s poultry were always tender and well fed—the housekeeper’s instructions being, not to leave them to the ordinary chances of the barn-yard, but to give daily rations from the kitchen. One day, the hour of feeding had been delayed beyond the usual time, and when the housekeeper appeared with the supplies, such a clamorous outcry arose among the horny beaks, as brought the Laird from the parlour to see what was the matter. When it was explained to him, “Ay, ay,” he remarked, shrugging up his shoulders, as if a painful reminiscence had come across his mind, “there canna be meikle peace about a house where there are so many bills presented at the door in the morning.”

Cloth Measure.

THE abandonment of the charges against the late Queen Caroline by her prosecutors, occasioned great joy over the whole country, and in almost every town of any standing the inhabitants generally illuminated.

Old Kenneth Fraser, draper in Inverness, rejoiced at the blaze of exultation, and remarked to a friend on the extent of the lights :—“Dear me,” said he, “Sharlie, I am sure five-fourths of the whole

town is in a light this very night." "Where," replied his friend, "did you take lessons in arithmetic, Kenneth?—man, five-fourths is more, is it not, than the whole?" "Och, Sharlie, my lad, I didna need to come to you; I have seen too many snaw day, not to know what I'll say; have I not?—you powder and smoke, and nothing more, got cloth in my own shop, six quarters, and that is more, eh?"

Heads or Tails?

AN old lady in the guid town of Kilmarnock, went with a party to see the wonders of animated nature in Wombwell's Menagerie, and passed round the area with her friends in almost mute astonishment, at the variety of the tenantry of air and earth, so different from what she had been accustomed to see. The keeper announced that the party must leave the exhibition, as the hour of feeding was arrived, or those who remained must pay the additional charge. The hint was taken by all, but the wonder-struck matron, who turned back again to the elephant's stall, and seemed determined to have a more thorough inspection of this four-footed locomotive. "Dear me," said one to her, "are ye gaun to stay a' night, Mrs. ——?" "No, I'm no gaun to stay a' night, but I hae been waiting to see his head, for though he's aye lifting his feet and jee-jeeing frae side to side, he has na turned round his head to me this hale nicht."

Not in Haste.

A CLERGYMAN in the north, very homely in his address, chose for his text a passage in the Psalms, "I said in my haste, all men are liars." "Aye," premised his reverence by way of introduction, "Ye said it in your haste, David, did ye?—gin ye had been here, ye might hae said it at your leisure, my man."

A Crap for a' Corns.

AT a late election dinner in the county of Bute, an old wet and dry voter was observed to make good use of knife and fork; and as the solids were more easily passed when the thoroughfare was lubricated, he made free with every stimulating liquid that came in his way. A wag kept his eye on him, and resolved to have him corked as soon as convenient. "Be happy to have wine with you." "The same way too with you, sir; but I would be all the better that I knew who was't that ask me." Another took the hint. "No dryness between us, Duncan, surely?" "No, surely, whar there's so much wat, your healths my lat, it's a praw day this, out an' in; yes ist." "It is not every day we meet, Duncan," said another, "join me in a glass of wine." "Ah, my poy, glat to saw you here, an' every pody else that's not here to-day." "But what wine do you take?" "Did you'll ask what wine I'll take? shust what I'll got, all sort—nothing pefore us, but to be eat an' drunk, never refuse nothing; dinna dry your feet because it will wat the burns; here's to you all thre, both and more

nor all the times yet, before I'll not take nothing, come awa, all that's more of you, you'll found me as ill to drink as to water, ony day. It's a good thing, my mother wad say, to have your kail out whan it rains cog."

Striking Likeness.

A GENTLEMAN who had acquired a competency in the pursuit of commerce, resolved to leave its harassing turmoils, its "accidents by flood and field," and betake himself to the peaceful occupation of a tiller of the soil, and rearer of cattle, and bought a farm in Islay. Before leaving Glasgow, he had his portrait taken by a skilful artist, which he hung up in his parlour. A Highland servant girl, who had never seen any canvas semblance of the human face divine, attending her duties, was cleaning out the parlour on the morning after the picture had been hung up, and purposely kept ignorant, that the value as a portrait might be tested; while turning about in the process of sweeping, she observed her master in gilt embroidery, looking, as she thought, sternly at her. She remained motionless a minute, and observing no change on the rigid features of the object which seemed to observe her motions, she took to her heels, and ran up stairs, calling to the ploughman, "Donald, Donald, come awa down in a moment, and see my maister looking through the wa'."

A Poor Customer.

Two fellow passengers in one of the Paisley canal boats, were overheard in deep converse on the politics of the day, and each suggesting in his turn the remedies which should be employed to rectify the errors, that, they supposed, Pitt and his successors had committed in the administration of the affairs of Great Britain. From politics to religion, a subject with which neither of the parties seemed well acquainted. "Ye'll belang to the Kirk of Scotland, I se warrant?" "Na, na, I do not, my forefathers cam' out o' her, and I dinna think it worth my while to gae back, till they tak' aff their shouthers the bit remnant o' the scarlet rag: I belang to the Auld Licht folks, and we hae been lying open to licht for a lang time noo; I kenna, I'm sure, when we're to see onything new. Ye're an Anti-burgher, I believe?" "Na," replied the other, "I ance was ane, but onything I do noo in that way is wi' the Relief bodies."

Notice to Quit.

DURING a sanguinary action in the late Peninsular war, an Irish surgeon was busily engaged in his vocation in the rear of his regiment, binding up the wounds of a poor soldier, who had received a severe sabre cut on the head. A sulphurous bolt from the enemy, killed his assistant in the act of holding up the wounded man: "Troth," says the Irish Esculapian, "I'd better be off, there's more where that came from."

Mother Tongue.

MR. CARMICHAEL, the celebrated ventriloquist, went, while, on a pleasure excursion in Rothesay, with an acquaintance to see a distillery supposed to be haunted, or, as our English readers may require, tenanted by the spirit of some deceased person, who had come by a violent death. The fireman, John M'Lean, was a firm believer in the common report, although personally he never had any evidence, visual or vocal. While he was busy feeding the furnace, Mr. C. put his muttering and peeping qualifications into requisition, and called out, as from the very centre of the furnace, in a most lachrymose tone, "John M'Lean!! John M'Lean!!!" The fireman, in perfect terror, fled backwards and remained speechless, Mr. C. all the while looking, if possible, more terror-stricken than the person addressed. John M'Lean!! was uttered again in a most heart-touching tone, when the fireman, somewhat melted by the plaintive tone, queried, "Bheil Gaelic agad?"*

A Highland Servant and Sand-glass.

A HIGHLAND house servant in the employment of the Rev. Mr. Ellis, of Saltcoats, was instructed by her mistress to have the minister's breakfast ready by a certain hour. One or more eggs is indispensable on ministers' tables by way of breaking up the fast; they serve as a tolerably substantial idea for the stomach—which abhors a vacuum, as much as nature does—to meditate on till the succeeding meal, and if the minister be going to Presbytery also provide for a sederunt; the amount of business to be done being no criterion for the time that they shall sit, it is often longest when they have least to do. Pardon this digression; we are fond of practical remarks. Mr. Ellis got rather impatient at the delay, and sent to inquire what was the occasion: when the mistress came into the kitchen, the servant was shaking the sand-glass over the egg pan. "What's come owre you that ye have not brought the eggs ben?" Replied the servant, "Och, you see, Mem, the first egg was all broke out o' smash in my hand, as I was just at the door going ben, and I'll put more on, and that sand will not go a moment of rin faster whan he'll shake nor whan he'll stand."

Hawkie's Politics.

"I AM neither," said our public lecturer, "a Tory nor a Radical; I like middle courses—gang ayont that, either up or doun, it disna matter—it's a wreck ony way ye tak it."

Hawkie's Pledge.

HAWKIE improvising to the mob on the inebriety of tradesmen's wives, took an example from the class, using the *argumentum ad hominem*. "Ye a'," said he, "ken Betty Buttersoles, in the Auld

* Have you? or, Do you speak Gaelic?

Wynd o' this toun (Glasgow); she has a trick, common in mae wynds than our Auld ane, I can tell ye, an' that is, o' turning up the edge o' her hand, some say little finger—but I think ye canna weel do the ane without doing the ither—and the guidman canna trust her to buy e'en a salt herring for the dinner, and gars her keep a pass-book, in which the shopkeeper marks down everything." Here a hooded female interfered, understanding Hawkie as really libelling a known individual. "How daur ye, ye rickle o' banes and rags, misca' ony decent woman that gaet; gin I had my will, I wid gi'e ye anither shank to prop up." "Do you hear her? now that's just an evil conscience speaking out," retorted the wit; "I dinna ken the individual I'm telling ye about—for I never saw her; but I'm as sure as the cow is o' her cloots, that that's hersel', and I'll pledge my stilt that ye'll find the passbook in her pouch."

A Shot on the Wing.

THE late David Erskine, Esq., of Cardross, Perthshire, had an old favourite gamekeeper, who could handle a long bow as well as a fowling piece, and often Munchausened on the favours that the Laird had bestowed on him. He was employed one day in binding behind the reapers, and was, as usual, panegyrising his benefactor, the Laird, who, he said, had equipped him in a splendid suit of black clothes from top to toe. Mr. E. happened to be passing on the outside of the fence which screened him from the observation of the gamekeeper, and overhearing the eulogium on himself for favours which he had not bestowed, challenged the report, "Ah! John, what story is that you are telling?" "Verra weel," replied the steady shot, "if ye hinna dun't, ye should do't."

Paisley Observatory.

EVERY person in the west of Scotland must know, that Paisley and Glasgow stand on the same flat or table of land above the level of the sea, and consequently the field of vision, as far as the phenomena of the heavenly bodies are concerned, is as fully and satisfactorily observed at the shipping port of the Cart as at that of the Clyde. Then how did it happen that the Paisley astronomers came into Glasgow, to see the late annular eclipse?

SCRAPS OF SCOTTISH CHARACTER.

Duncan Dhu.

WHO has not heard of him?—the simple, honest, warm-hearted individual, who forms the subject of our story, and who erewhile kept a comfortable change-house in the High Street of Glasgow? Reader, if thou hast not heard of Duncan, we shall tell thee a little story concerning him, at once illustrative of his simplicity and goodness of heart. Often we had heard of Duncan, and wishing very much to be made acquainted with him, we requested a friend to introduce us.

We accordingly called one evening, and luckily found him at home, and, after partaking of his good Highland cheer, we found him to be very communicative, and withal very desirous to please, without wishing to engross more than his own share of the conversation. At last, our friend said, “Come, Duncan, this gentleman never heard you tell the story about yourself and Mrs. M’Farlane—the Stockamuir affair you know—will you be kind enough to relate it to him? for though I have heard it before, I have almost forgot it.” “Indeed I will tid that,” said Duncan, “an’ it’s as true a storee as ever man will made.” We will try to give it as nearly as we can in his own words. “Aweel, shentlemens, you will opserve, ta storee was shust this : There was maype twenty, or a score o’ us, I tinna mind which, coming through a Stockamuir ae moonlicht nicht, an’ ilka ane o’ us was carrying hame a wee trappie in a quiet way, you will opserve, an’ we wanted ta moon to gang till him’s ped before we will come into Glashgow; for you will see, shentlemens, although we will tid things in a quiet way ourselves, we micht maype meet wi’ some will no be quiet wi’ us—you will understand what will I mean, shentlemens? Weel, you’ll see, as I was told you, we were coming through ta Stockamuir, an’ Mrs. M’Farlane, puir body (I’m sure you’ll ken Mrs. M’Farlane, as tecent a woman as in a’ ta Priggate), weel, she teucks very ill, ay, very ill, indeed; and some will say one thing an’ some will say anither thing, but Mrs. M’Farlane was not able to get on at a’; so they will all went away an’ leave Mrs. M’Farlane to tid ta pest she could, an’ nobody was left wi’ Mrs. M’Farlane but shust mysel. Now, shentlemens, was not this a great shame an’ a sin poth to leave any Christian creature so? yes, I will say it was great shame inteed. So you will opserve, when I will saw that, my very heart will pled for ta poor woman, an’ what you’ll thocht I will did wi’ her? I will shust tak her ’pon my ain pack an’ will carry her a’ ta way for twa lang miles, till I will prought her till a house ’pon ta road, an’ there I will get her coot lodgings an’ kind ’tendance till she will cot petter, inteed I tid, shentlemens.” “But, Duncan,” said our friend, “what did you do with the poor woman’s whisky? you would have to carry it too, I suppose.” “Inteed,” said Duncan, “I tid not carry one drop o’ ta whisky, ta whisky was tie on her own pack, and when I carry hersel I shust thocht I carry plenty.”

A. R.

“The Muckle” Man.

THE gradations of rank, and the duties and exemptions from the performance of certain services, are not, perhaps, more strictly observed amongst any class than they are amongst the servants in the employment of our Scottish farmers.

There is the “muckle man” and the “little man”—or “hauffin callan,” and the herd-boy—the deck-scrubber of the whole establishment, to whom the fag-end of every dirty job generally falls.

The muckle man bears himself with great dignity and importance towards those of lower standing than himself, and generally enforces

his commands in a very masterlike manner; it is well indeed if he considers that "aff hands is fair play." His costume—broad-brimmed woollen bonnet, broad-ridged corduroy jacket, and breeches of the same fabric, open at the knees, with garters of red tape inch-and-half deep, knowingly knit, and a goodly portion of the two ends left loose to float as knee-streamers in the breeze.

Charles Paterson of Waterhaughs, in the county of Renfrew, had, as muckle man, George Murdoch, one of the class we have been describing, who, though an excellent servant, was more master than man, and often comported himself in a most unseemly manner towards his employer.

Murdoch had more than an ordinary share of mother-wit; was outspoken; and, like all such, not very particular in the selection of his language; out it came helter-skelter, wound whom it might. Mrs. Paterson was superior to her husband in discrimination of character, and it was by her advice that George was retained in the service. Though a woman of superior intellect, she had neither beauty of face nor form to recommend her; she was fearfully disfigured by the confluent smallpox, that dire scourge of the sex, in particular; moreover, by a nose of greater longitude than ordinary.

By-and-by, it pleased Providence to remove by death the tenant of Waterhaughs; and ere a short twelvemonth had passed away, the sluices of grief that had been forced open on the demise of Charles Paterson had fairly drained the lachrymal ducts of his disconsolate widow, and Geordie "sat in Charlie's chair." Everything for a time at Waterhaughs, under the new regime, was honey and sweetness; but the light that had streamed on the hymeneal altar waxed fainter and fainter, till the wife at last was comparatively neglected. One day the new lessee of Waterhaughs had scrubbed himself up for the purpose of attending the market at Paisley, when Mrs. Murdoch asked him to order the servant to put one of the horses into a cart, as she thought of accompanying him. "And what are ye gaun there for?" "Just because I think the weans and me wad be a' the better o' a bit hurl that length." "Na, na," said Geordie, with a husband's politeness, "I forbid the sport; ye may send the weans gin ye like, but as for yoursels, ye may do weel aneuch about oor ain doors, but you'll no do to gang out amang strangers wi'." R.

The Tailor.

WHEN the knights of the thimble give us a toast "cabbage and kail," it is considered among them almost as comprehensive in its meaning as "all we wish and all we want;" or, in real snip slang, "meat and claes, no forgetting the blankets."

In the rural districts of Scotland this useful, though often troublesome, fraternity follow their calling from house to house, instead of having a house of call, like the more fashionable portion of the profession in populous cities, and the makings and mendings are usually done in their customers' houses; this practice, in their professional

language, is termed "whipping the cat." In some parts of the country you may see of a morning the whole of a tailor's circulating establishment on the tramp to their place of business for the day, in order, according to rank and standing;—the cork, or master, in van, with yard-stick as walking-staff, and wax-ball suspended from breast-button, followed by a journeyman or two bearing the la-board or goose, and in the rear a train of bodkin-bearers as apprentices. These worthies enjoy certain privileges and immunities; they are not obliged to find their way along the turnpike or by the use and wont footpath, but are permitted to travel as the crow flies, provided they can find admission by slaps or breaches in the fences. From the variety of character and domestic usage which come under the notice of these brethren of the bodkin they become very knowing, and contrive, in one way or other, to obtain their wishes, perhaps by praising some neighbouring family for their superior cookery and comforts, or, as they themselves say, by drawing a het goose ower the knuckles of some Mrs. M'Olarty or other. Near the guid town of Ayr, an auld-farrand worthy of the cross-legged fraternity had cut and threaded his way for some forty years; careful and observing, nothing that could be turned to his own or the comfort of those under him did he ever permit to escape him; as he used to say, in his own homely language when addressing his men, "I hae carefully cabbaged the candle-ends o' my experience for my ain and your especial behoof." This venerable father of the board of squatters never took in fewer than two apprentices at one time:—"It's as easy," he observed, "to learn twa as ane; if ane o' them be na ready i' the uptak, the ither generally maks amends for't, and rubs him up; ae advice does them baith, ae light will let twa see, ae bed and blankets will haud and cover twa, and as we are verra seldom at hame, their meat disna count; so you see I give them their trade for little, or, as I may say, I learn them to cut and carve on my customers' coat-tails for their ain and my special benefit."

On the occasion of attaching the signatures to the bond of obligation between master and man, there is usually given a treat at the expense of the parties contracting, which they denominate the bindin bouse; and on these occasions, in proportion as the extract of barley-corn rose above blood heat in the barometer, did our la-board lecturer give out his experience and advice, in a truly oracular style. "Now, my lads," he would say, "ye hae gotten through the goose e'e this night, and from this day keep aye hawks' een in your head. I hae seen twa or three snawy days i' my time; mony a ane o' my acquaintances hae gotten the thread o' life sneckit since I put my finger and thumb to the bool o' the shears, and ye may be sure that I havena come to this time of day without being able to see as far down the sleeve o' the ways o' men as ony man that ever tried the temper o' a goose. An' you'll permit me to drap ye twa or three words o' advice, mair especially connectit wi' your conduct in the world. I like to see a' my apprentices doing weel after they leave me; it's nae credit

to me to see or hear o' ony person that has been brought up to their trade wi' me gaun about wi' a character out at the elbows. Lads, 'a begun turn is half ended,' the proverb says; and now cawk out your course o' life with great care, and every day clip as ye hae cawket—there's a' sorts o' shapes in the mouth o' the shears, so see that ye tak' aye the best pattern—that's my general advice, when onything particular occurs—as lang as ye are under my care, you'll get my advice for the asking. My next advice pertains to your ain personal comforts. There is an article of indispensable use, baith to man and beast, whilk I ca' rib lining, and which should neither be scrimpit in quantity, or loosely baiss't on—there's nae padding sae usefu' as the kind that sets out the pouch-lids; it, moreover, gars the haunch buttons sit fair; I ne'er saw muckle outcome o' your hungry-haunch fo'k; they're no worth their seat—they hinna pith aneuch to pit i' the thumle. When we are a' thegither out through the kintra, at my customers' houses, we hae just to see to oursels the best way we can.

“At breakfast-time, gin your parritch can be drunk as easily as suppit—mony a time I hae seen that a cogfu' o' them could hae run a mile on a fir deal, only guid for trying the heat o' the goose wi', however, let me stick to my seam—mak' your breakfast o' them; otherwise, if there should be, and ye may think this out o' reason, mair meal than water, leave some elbow-room in your crib—you'll in a' likelihood get bread and cheese after them, and when you're helping yoursel, tak mair cheese than bread at the first; it's easier to eke the ane than the ither—you'll may be no see the kebbuck a second time. At dinner again, tak aye plenty o' kail, they're sure to be there; for, gin they be guid, they're aye worth the supping; and, tak my experience, if they shouldna be guid, depend on't there's no muckle coming after them. And, thirdly and lastly, in regard to supper-time, I hae little to say—there's no muckle to come and gang on—just potatoes and milk; ye canna do better than just to tak plenty o' milk to your potatoes, and plenty o' potatoes to your milk.”

A Northern Socrates.

It was the fate of honest Andrew M'Wharrie, of Whistlebare, in the barony of Bucklyvie, to be connected in marriage with one of those viragos who turn out to be anything but answering the description of “helpmeets.” Girzie Glunch, the maiden name of Mrs. M'Wharrie, was of an excessively irritable temperament—“the verra turning o' a strae,” said Andrew, “is aneuch to set her up in a bleeze like a tap o' tow.” When in her barleyhoods, she was apt to enforce her commands with uphand emphasis, and Andrew came in for a due share of this practical elocution, and proved himself as quiet and submissive a disciple as ever fell under a “continual dropping,” since the days of the man of Uz.

One morning Andrew came home to his breakfast at the usual time, expecting to find his “cog and soup” set out awaiting him, but such was not the case; the materials had not got fairly a-boil, and Andrew

doffed his Campsie grey broad brim, and sat him quietly down, to exercise a little more of his cardinal virtue, patience. After waiting a considerable time, while the process of boiling and stirring was going on, Andrew remarked that "he thoct the parritch might be dished now, and that they were surely weel aneugh boiled." "Just rest you there;" said Girzie, "there's nae corn shaking at this time o' the year."

The man of Whistlebare saw in his Xantippe's gathered brow and pursing features, a design, as he thought, to provoke a similar ebullition in his temper to that of the contents of the pot, and quietly gave way.

Again Andrew observed, he "feared the parritch couldna be ready in time for him this morning," and moved, as if to go away. "Sit still there; I'll no dish them for your pleasure, or ony ither body's, though they should boil till they micht be made thum' raips o'; sit down, ye hungry haveral that ye are; I'll gar ye chauner there, ye pickthank, guid-for-naething sumph:" and, ere Andrew wist, the spurtle rebounded from his haffet, leaving a goodly streak along the cheek backward of the material preparing for breakfast. "Hoots, woman, I would rather tak' the 'spurtle grip' mysel, than see you afflickit wi't; dear me, Girzie, I wadna hae believed, gif I hadna seen't, that the spurtle could ha'e lifted up sae muckle! We should let naething be lost, ye ken," continued Andrew, scraping his temples, and tasting the quality; "I think they may do for the boiling part, but ha'e they no a thoct ower muckle saut in them, Girz?"

Son and Father.

SIMON BEVERAGE lived at Bishop-Bridge, a little village midway between Glasgow and Kirkintilloch, and belonged to that hapless class of operatives, the handloom weavers. The partner that Simon had selected for a companion through life, was fretful, discontented, and peevish; and, as her husband said, "her tongue never lay frae mornin' till night; aye tarrow, tarrowing, its a perfect insult to Providence the way she gaes on; I often wonder that some fearful thing disna happen to her:—it's ower true that there's a dub afore everybody's door, but I think there's a muir-burn aye afore mine."

Simon, however, in all his troubles, domestic and otherwise, had great consolation in the sympathy that his son had with him. "Poor bairn," said Andrew to a neighbour, "I wad break down a' thegither, waur it no for him; when he sees me down i' the mouth, he just looks up to me, you'll never hear his word, as muckle as to say, 'father, dinna vex yoursel, and break your heart about that mither o' mine.'"

One day Mrs. Beverage's peculiarity of temper, exhibited itself in such a way, as almost upset all Simon's philosophy.

"Aweel Jamie, what think ye o' your mither this morning? is she no a heavy handfu' for onybody to hae, let alane your puir father?" "Is't no a pity, father," said Jamie, "that ye didna tak Jenny Trams, when ye had her in your offer? siccan a mither she would hae been?"

"Ou ay, Jamie, but what maun be, maun be, ye ken; if it had been ordered otherwise than it is, it might ha been better." "Weel, weel, father," said the sympathising Jamie, "sin' it is sae, we maun just jouk, and let the jawp gang by; but really I think we hae happened ill on her."

The Salter.

No one who has sojourned for any considerable length of time at farm-house or cottage in Scotland, but must have seen the "Sauter," or Salt-cadger, as he is called in some districts. Previous to the reduction of the duty on salt, those who prosecuted the sale of it as an exclusive business, required to be possessed of considerable capital, and the Sauter was thus a man of some consequence.

George Paterson, alias Geordie Wersh, had his home and salt store at Tullibody, and supplied with salt the district, having Falkirk as the farthest point eastward—an oblique line to Fintry on the south—and bearing westward to Drymen, thence through Aberfoyle, Callander, on to Balquidder—and then made the best of his way home to renew his stock.

Geordie was a hale, hearty, humorous, lighted-hearted sort of personage—one, perhaps, of the best tempered men north of the Cheviot hills—a man, in fact, whom no provocation could irritate, or ribbald banter, laugh into pet. His countenance hard and weather-beaten, but full of expression, and, when excited, every feature glowed with animation, like the fused metal in the crucible. It was ploughed up by deeply traced lines; but these furrows had not been drawn by the shrivelled finger of care, but by the frequent exercise of the muscles, which distinguish man in the class to which he belongs as possessed of risibility. He usually wore a broad-rimmed wollen bonnet of extraordinary circumference, which when it rained, he said, "coost the drap ower his shouther;" his shirt-collar unconfined lay over on his shoulders, school-boy fashion; his vest of green bearded plush open at the breast; a coarse blue duffle-coat sadly curtailed of the usual proportions at the skirts and tails, it seemed cut after the fashion of those plenipotentiaries in Sacred Writ, who were shamefully entreated by the king of Ammon, and, in consequence, could not be admitted into the fashionable circles of the capital of Judea, but had to sojourn at Jericho for a time; breeches of broad-striped corduroy, which, for any use that the wearer made of them, needed not to have had any lateral openings at the knees; whinstone grey rig-and-fur stockings, fastened by red garters, that for breadth more resembled a saddle-girth than what is usually required for this purpose.

The seasoner of food mixed a considerable portion of salt of the attic sort in his colloquial conversation, and no one excelled him in the nice application of Scottish proverbs; indeed, one would have thought that he had not only read the whole of Ramsay's Collection, but had made them thoroughly his own by mental digestion. His style of conversation, of course, partook of his habits of thought—it

was abbreviated, antithetic, and alliterative—in fact, when he spoke it appeared as if he improvised in proverb. The Sauter had resisted all impression from the softer sex, and was considered by them a confirmed and incorrigible bachelor. This, however, did not prevent them from bantering him on the likelihood of his taking a help-meet for him.

As our hero entered the threshold of the house he was to locate in for the night he accosted the mistress in his own peculiar way, as, “Weel, gudewife, the nearer e’en the mae beggars. You’re a’ abune the blankets, I hope, meat hale, and workingsome;” and the usual rejoinder by the mistress was a hearty welcome. “Come awa, Sauter, what’s come ower ye, man? we thocht that surely some lass or ither had run awa wi’ you, or you wi’ her—tuts, man, and you’re here alane after a’! The lasses there, Lizzie and Bell, will tell you whether I’m leeing or no, whan I say that it has been gaun through the hale kintra like a hand-bell that ye were just about to be married to Kirsty —; I’m sure I dinna mind her name e’en now, but she stays in a place ca’d the Hackets. O man, rather than see ye sair beat, I’ll busk me, an’ be your blackfit mysel.” “Na, na, luckie, an auld tod needs nae tutors; lippen to lent ploughs, and your land will be lea; but I would be mislear’d gif I didna say that I am obliged to you for the offer; tak’ my word on’t it will be sic anither day as the windy Saturday that will blaw me to that quarter. Kirsty o’ the Hackets!—a hair-brained, hallica’t hissey, as like to her fushionless father as gin she had been twisted out o’ him wi’ a thrawcrook.”

Another of the females would now in all likelihood strike in and dare Geordie to skirmish. “There’s anither lass, it seems, Geordie, that ye would fain be sib to, but you’re feared, the folks say, to speak to her.” “Ay, an’ wha may she be, if I hae ony right to ask ye?” “Nae ither, atweel, than Betty Hutherons o’ Rugh Soles; the neighbours thereabouts say that ye are casting a sheep’s e’e at her frae ’neath the rim o’ that girdle-like bonnet o’ yours.” “Oh, ay, Gilpie, I hear that ye hinna tin’d ony o’ your teeth sin I was here—gin ony body speir at you about that matter, just say ye dinna ken; and ye may add, that the Sauter said, anent the marriage wi’ Betty, that he was ne’er sae scant o’ grey claith as to sole his hose wi’ dockans.” “Eh man, Geordie, but ye hae little need o’ the Campsie wife’s prayer, ‘That she micht aye be able to think aneuch o’ hersel’!” “They really say, though, Sauter, that you’re fear’d to speak to her, and that eggs wadna be in danger frae your feet whan you’re gaun by her; you’ll ken yoursel’ whether your heart gaes pittie-pattie whan she’s passing to the kirk wi’ yon fleegaries about her noddle; I doubt your heart’ll no keep; ye’ll just hae to try a pickle o’ your ain saut on’t.” “Hae ye gotten out your breath now, ye birkie! There’s mony a dog has died sin’ Geordie was a whalp, an’ it’s no an ordinary frost that will frichten him. Och hey! and I’m no able to speak to Betty Rugh Soles!—the piper surely wants muckle that wants the nether lip.” “But, Sauter,” would the mistress now break in, “joking

aside, what's come o' ye? we hinna had a lick o' saut this four days, and you aye sae particular." "Here I'm now, at ony rate, and I wad rather hear ye crying saut than sair banes. I hae nae doubt been a thocht later than usual, an' a' my customers hae been worrying at me like as many jowlers in the neck o' poor tod lowrie; but I just gied them sic an answer as I hae gi'en to you. I stapped their mouth afore their tongue wist what it was saying; keep your tongue within your teeth, ye girning gilpies, better sautless than sillerless; and is't no better to hae a sairy sautfat than a geyzened girnall?"

Returning from his circuit, he one morning passed through the little village of Kilmahog, some two miles west of Callander. He went into the house—inn it could not be called—of Mrs. M'Alpine, who offered on her sign-board to give "entertainment for men and horses." "Gi'e me," said Geordie, "a bicker o' your best Sma'." One gulp, and the contents of the bicker disappeared. "I wadna be far out o' my reckoning gin I had anither fill o' your cog; it's a wee weak i' the wauw, like Barr's cat, that ale o' yours." The second bicker disappeared as rapidly. "Weel, gudewife, it's a' ower now, as the wife said when she swallowed her tongue; gin I had sent our Stirling Sma' as quickly down Craig's close as I hae done yours, it wad hae ta'en the bark wi't. Whar—you'll excuse me for speering—get ye your maut hereawa, Luckie?" "A' the way frae Stirling, atweel, and braw maut it is." "Oh 'deed is't, gin there was enought o't. You'll maybe no gang sae far for your water?" "No, no, we get our water, bonnie and clear, frae the tap o' Benledi there, coming rinnin' down at the back o' our ain house." "Aweel, my lady, gin ye were just as far frae the water as ye are frae the maut, your ale wad be a' that the better."

A Jack Ketch in the North.

WE are not sure whether a feeling does not still exist among the *canaille* against the class, but to such an inveterate degree did it prevail about thirty years ago that the persons of such underlings as sheriffs and town-officers were scarcely secure from open violence; and foremost in the tender regards of "the many-head" was Hangie. It may be about twenty years since Bauldy, the Jack Ketch of Glasgow, was himself launched from the scaffold of time into the abyss beyond; and during the period that he held office he was the principal object against whom the concentrated fury of the mob was directed on all festive occasions, such as a King's birth-day, Glasgow Fair, or any other occasional spurt that brought the elite of the Wynds and Goosedubs together. The weavers in those days were generally the ringleaders in every attack made on Bauldy, assisted by bands of dissolute Irish. The mansion-house of Bauldy was at one time a little beyond the openings of the Drygate and Rottenrow from the High-street, and adjoining the Aumos House, whose little belfry sounded the soliciting note of charity to the poor, from funerals, as they passed to the Cathedral churchyard; latterly, his house was adjoining

the Guard-house, in Montrose-street, so that when attacked he could immediately have the assistance of the guard. Bauldy was sarcastic and humorous, and his witticisms generally turned on his own profession—(if there is obloquy attached to yours, gentle reader, adopt the same practice ; it takes the weapon out of the hand of your adversary)—and these, when repeated, gave deadly offence to their mightinesses, the mob.

When Scott and Adamson were condemned for a forgery on the Ship Bank, it was reported amongst the mud-and-brickbat aristocracy that Bauldy, exulting at the prospect of an increase in trade, had said, in the joy of his heart, “My pear-tree’s flourishing!” which, of course, had an irritating effect upon their minds ; but in none did it produce a more settled and determined resolution to inflict retributive vengeance, than in Isaac M’Gregor, introduced already to our readers, who came to Glasgow once every week with whisky from Cassel’s distillery at Kepp, when he usually heard all the mob gazettes read and commented on ; although he had frequently meditated an attack upon poor Bauldy, he never could find a fitting opportunity. At last one offered, and we shall give the story in his own words, which partook much of episode and parentheses :—“Ye see, my lads, as I was saying, I was in ae time on New’r-day—I am generally in before that time to gie you Glasgow bodies something to wash the buns ower your wizzens ; and after getting my puncheons on, and my rack-pins weel kinched, and a dram or twa aneath my breast-buttons—for ye see, Mr. Young, our clerk, decent man, aye gied me a guid hornfu’ before he would let me awa’—aff I sets on my road hame, through Albion-street to George-street, and ca’s as I gaed bye on sergeant Tamson—we aye ca’d him sergeant, ye see, for he ’listed a man for Jock Morrison o’ Wastertown, when he was drawn for the militia. Weel, the sergeant wouldna let me out ower the door-stane till I would tak’ my time o’ day frae him too—it was maybe morning, but nae matter, so, ye see, by this time I could cock my bonnet, and daur the Deil himself or ony o’ his crew.—See that shackle-bane, lads ! just let onybody find the weight o’ that, and they’ll think that it was a horse’s shank coming athort them !—But I’m forgetting mysel. As I gaed up to my horse, and set him down on the road, or street, for you Glasgow folks are aye trapping a body—I thinks to mysel, now Bauldy, gin ye come across my road this morning, my man, I’ll speak to you in the language o’ Gaelic. When I comes up to the mouth o’ the Rottenrow, wha should present himsel but my gentleman ! Weel, Bauldy ! quo’ I to mysel, I’m blythe to see you—the bodie was thrang pouring his potatoes on the outside of the pavement—he aye, ye see, took potatoes to his breakfast—and I ties my whup about my shouthers, and comes up to him, whistling ‘Jenny dang the Weaver,’—never letting on, ere the puir creature kent whaur he was, I gied him sic a keb at the haunch buttons, that gart him flee heels ower head amang pot and potatoes, ye couldna hae seen the face o’ him for the reek. How he cried out, ‘My back’s in twa !—catch him !—I’ll

take ye afore your better, ye blackguard !' and set up abundance o' ill language. Quo' I, 'Bauldy, my man, ye may soon do that and no stress yoursel sair, but ye're afore yours the noo at ony rate.' Wasna that richt, lads? See gin ony o' you, for as glib i' the gab as ye are, could say the like o't? 'Mony a girsle, Bauldy,' quo I, 'hac ye twisted, maybe a wee farrer up the rigin'; keep a quiet sough, it will be nae waur to heal than they were.' 'I'll do for you,' quo' the body, rising up amang his potatoes, an' a' ower wi' the skins o' them. 'You do for me! just come awa' out by to Lodge, my-Louns, whaur I gied half-a-dizzen o' your friends the weavers, their ditty; they were as big as you, Bauldy, wi' their quiles [bundles] o' yarn on their backs, and their hecks [reeds] trantling ower their shouthers. I gied them the weight o' that shackle-bane (and it's verra meikle at your service too) on ilka chaft-blade o' them; and to settle accounts, I threw every man and mother's son o' them owre a sunk fence, aught feet deep, and left them to gather their redding kames [fragments of the reeds] at their leisure. Come awa' out, Bauldy, just come your wa's out that length, my lad, and I'll trim your jacket for ye, I'll skail the brains o' you neist.'" Our city executioner was on one occasion required to attend at Paisley, to discharge from his earthly prison-house, a person who had been condemned. The apparatus then in use, was of very simple construction, consisting of a small platform, from which ascended a ladder to the pole or beam to which the fatal noose was attached. After the victim had been cut down, Bauldy mounted the beam, and thus addressed the heroes of the shuttle: "Now, ye kirk-yard deserters!—bleached blackguards!—whose legs are nae thicker than your ain pirns, ye see how neatly I can do a job; there's no ane o' your wizzened necks, that I'll no gie a gravit to drug cheap! I hae a great respect for you a', and there's no ane in Paisley, that's able to put a foot in a treddle, but I'll accommodate at fourpence the head, and gie the raip and nightcap to the bargain; and when I'm on my pin here, at ony rate, I'll gie the same benefit to a' you Irishers! I wad like just to hae a sax months' hairst amang your necks, to rid the yirth o' blackguards, and keep my gallows gaun. A' you lads out there, ayont the baignets, that need the sodgers to keep ye richt, and whase necks are beginning to itch for the halter, gang ower to Ireland, bed and bedding, you'll be guid folks there, they'll make ye Justices o' the Peace, for you'll be amang breakers o't."

A Scottish Wager.

"MAE ways o' killing a dog than by hanging him;" the moral of this proverb is admirably exemplified in the following anecdote. A wary braid-bonnet, anxious that his son should be preferred to a certain living in the Kirk, knowing that the patron was needy, and, as he said to a confidant, "Wad rather put a bawbee into his pouch than throw't ower his shouter"—donned his best attire, and with "auld beard newly shaven," hied him to the mansion of his friend,

the patron, to take soundings of the course he should pursue. John was ushered into the parlour; "Come awa, John," said the dispenser of favour, "I'm glad to see you; sit down and tell me how all the good folks are at home." "We're a' meat-hale and working-some, sir; thank your honour for speiring. Isna this wonderfu' weather, sir? we farmer bodies, they say, are aye compleening, and maybe there's some truth in't, but really he would hae a stout heart, that could say he ever saw better weather at this time o' the year; our potatoes are taking sae weel wi't, that ye would think ye heard them bidding ane anither lie 'yont in the drill. But, dear me, I canna tell ye how vexed I am to hear that we hae lost our minister. Poor man! he has been very feckless for a lang time—he was a deep, deep man in divinity; there was nane o' us about the Poobrae, except Scud'imowre the dominie, that could understand him. Scud'imowre was wont to say, 'That he never kent ony twa whose heads baith inside and out, were sae like to ane anither, as our Willie's and his that's dead and awa.'" "Yes, John, he was a learned man; and what was more than that, his profession and his practice were not opposed to each other." "Atweel ye may say sae, sir," said John, "an' he would need braid shouthers indeed, that took on himself to perform the same duties." "No doubt, John, there's a great responsibility in the appointment of his successor, and we must just try, as our friend Scud'imowre says, to get one who resembles as much as possible our late pastor." John saw that he had driven the nail in its proper length, and that it only wanted "rooving," as he said. "Aweel, I'll wager ony man a hunner guineas, that our Will 'ill no get it." "Done!" said the needy patron.

A Scotch Bankrupt.

WILLIAM SIBBALD was employed as porter to a dealer in provisions in Paisley, and had served his master with industry and integrity for upwards of ten years. From his extremely obliging manners and serviceable habits, he had become a great favourite with his employer, who always spoke of him with more than ordinary respect. "Ye wad think," said he, "that Willie, if it were to oblige ony o' my weel-paying customers, would draw himsel, like an eel, through a wummel-bore. The wife and weans ca' him Sib Willie, though there's no a bane in his buik, or a drap o' bluid in his body, come down to him frae kith or kin o' ony o' us: he's Sib, however, to the good o' the shop, and that's the best spoke in our wheel."

Willie took it into his head (rather a long one, the knowing developments being strongly marked) that he should try his capabilities for business on his own account; and he thus debated with himself the propriety of the step he was about to take—"Gin ye hae saired a maister sae weel, Willie, what should hinder ye frae tryin' to sair yoursel, and surely when ye hae done weel for ithers, ye'll do nae waur for yoursel—ye'll just try your han' in a bit shop—ye hinna muckle to lose at ony rate—so, if ye hae to lay down the

barrow, ye canna say it was on account o' the weight o' the lade; be it sae then, Willie, you'll no need to sair a 'prenticeship to learn to lift it up again."

The ambitious burden-bearer forthwith rented a small shop, expecting, in the Paisley fashion, "to get on by degrees gradually, and to succeed ultimately in the end." Some of his master's customers would, no doubt, he thought, follow him; and by his civility to those who lived in his neighbourhood he should make a business; but in this, however, he was mistaken: probably from the mean appearance of his premises the quality of his goods might be doubted.

Want of success in his first attempt, however, did not discourage Sibbald, and he removed to a better frequented part of the town and launched out into an extensive business, rather, however, with those from whom he purchased than those to whom he made sales. Goods were sold occasionally very cheap so as to make large sales, and, as the Seestus have it, make his profits arise from the great amount of his business, though a specific loss on items—at other times the wily trader took left-handed advantages. Every thing now appeared to be flourishing with him—two assistants were required in the shop, and the provision-merchant seemed to be carrying everything before him in the way of business, and making, as the neighbours affirmed, "Siller like sclate-stanes."

To the astonishment, however, of everybody, the apparently prosperous provision-merchant called his friends together, as a meeting of creditors in Paisley is denominated; and a very full gathering of those interested attended to hear and see how the bankrupt would account for the defalcation in his affairs. "Gentlemen," said Willie, "I ne'er thocht to see sic a day as this; I'm sure nane o' ye will doubt me when I say that it's as black a day to me as the mirk Monday was to the yirth we live on. I dinna ken what to say to ye,—a' my guid's hae gane through my fingers; I canna tell hilt nor hair how it has happened; I havena ony books to show you; I never learnt to keep books; there was nae scribe craft i' my father's house, and my maister took nae pains to make up the defect, but keepit me trudging atween the barrow-trams or carrying lades to his customers; mony a time I really thocht my back wad hae gien way; I believe though it had been as supple as a saugh-waund, a' wadna hae pleased him, sae I just put up wi't a', for as lang as a body sairs the tod, he maun carry his tail; I said to you mysel when I began, "Willie, ye canna write, but your memory lets naething through't, and ye'll get the siller aye when ye sell; or gin ye hae to gie ony thing awa on trust, dinna gie yoursel time to forget, and just let them that ye buy frae do the same to you." "Well, is that all the satisfaction we are to have for the money that you owe us?" queried one rather seriously involved, "what do you think your estate will pay?" "Estate! did ye say estate? losh! I wish I had ane, and ye wadna hae seen me here this day." "What can you pay us, in other words?" "Pay ye! I wad fain pay ye a', gin I had time." "Oh! it's only time you want." "Deed is't, for I

hae had a great run aye sin' I came to my new shop, and gin it wad continuc, and me keep my feet, I wad pay ye a' plack and farthing." Another creditor now took speech in hand. "You mean to pay us in full, do you? but you have the wherewithal yet to acquire! How much short of the whole sum do ye suppose yourself just now? "Na, ye hae fairly the advantage o' me there; I couldna tak' on me to say; it's a great misery to me that I hinna books to let ye look ower, to see my losses; but what guid, when I think on't, would the sicht o' losses do to you, it wouldna put a plack in your pouch—aiblins every twa or three pages ye wad see, this ane or that ane, cowpet the crans, and deep in my debt." A third creditor, who himself had faced his friends in private, but who now held a high head, interrogated Willie, "A pretty affair this, indeed! you can neither say whether you have consumed your property in eating or drinking; but you may, as it is likely, have reserved it for after use. You have had such a business that if you had managed it with ordinary prudence you might have been worth a thousand pounds—I know this, that if I had had such an opportunity, I should have done it." Willie knew the private bankruptcy of his interrogator, and threw in a hit that fairly locked his jaw. "Oh dear me! is that Tammas Snaikie that's just done wi' speaking? You're very like a rinner, Tam, as the Deil said to the lobster; your ain pouches were poorly enough plenished no mony years back, and auld Hornie himsel nicht hae made his cloots clatter a gey while in the bottom o' your pouches before he wad hae skinned his kutes on bawbee or bodle that was there; ye ance stood forenent your friends as I'm doing this day, and thae pirn-stick looking pins that support your buik were twittering under you like winnle-straes—ne'er Tammie forget the cheswell that you were staned in, my man,—it wad hae been a' the better for you this day if the cheesestane had gotten anither screw down, when they were at it, to hae taen mair o' the green whey out o' ye." The creditors, tired with these unprofitable rencountres, and seeing themselves in bad hands, resolved to take the bull by the horns, and either master him or put up with an entire loss. "We have no farther time to waste," said one, "what offer do you mean to insult us with?" "Oh, gentlemen! heard ever ony body the like o' that? insult you! is't no me that's to be pitied? muckle weel paid siller has the maist o' ye gotten frae me, and now losing my a', and haeing to pay ye too, is a hardship that flesh and blood canna fend wi'; gin I had been meaning to spulzie ye a', or defraud you o' a farthing that ye are entitled to, and that I could pay, I nicht hae taen a moon-licht flitting, bag and baggage—packed up my awls, and gien ye the win' o' my heels for payment. Just as weel to eat the Deil at ance, as to sup the kail that he was boiled in; ye speak about offer, nicht it no suit me as weel to speir what ye wad tak', or what's the common thing that's gaun the noo amang folks that hae slippit a fit atween the trams o' their business, like mysel?" Three or four called out in the same breath, "Twenty shillings for each pound, or you go up to the stone-crib at the cross and try if 'the

win' o' your heels will air an apartment eight feet by six.' "Saf' us a', I would tak' ye to be but young cocks by your rousy craw, lads, or ye ne'er wad throw awa guid siller maintaining a man for nae ither purpose than to keep sun and win' frae him; sin' it has come to this o't, gentlemen, I'll try to hole out for ye, amang my friends, as muckle as will mak fifteen shillings in the pound; and, my certie! gin ye takna that, you'll crack your credit for sense, mair than I hae done mine for want o' siller."

A legal gentleman just entered, who held a mandate from the highest creditor on the estate, and threatened the bankrupt with half the ills in the statute-book. Willie determined, however, to show fight, although his nerves were not so firmly strung as before the legal mandatory addressed him. "Hech, Balheggie," said he, "but you're bauld; sic a blast o' ill breath as ye hae blawn! you hae mistaen your trade; your father should hae made you a piper, it would suited you far better, man; there's far mair hair than harns aboon the shouthers o' you, gin ye kentna that before, I hae tell'd it to you now; bravely do I ken ye, Balheggie, you're aye pouking at some ane; an' ye ne'er took mair frae ony poor body than a' they had; noo, man, sin' ye hae set my birse up, I'll stop your cleck, and keep ye frae takin' the honest folks' siller out their pouch—I'll gie ye a' twenty shillings for every pund-note that I'm awn; and it's just as sure's death, whether ye believe me or no, that for every pund-note that I pay you, there's five shillings o't out o' my ain pouch!"

A Self-Taught Mason.

PETER M'CORKLE was a kind of half-bred mason, or "cowan," as the country folks call them, who had never served a regular apprenticeship, and did not pretend to execute any ornamental piece of masonry; what he knew, he said he had "picked up at his ain hand, as the cow learned the flinging." He was chiefly employed at building moorland fences, which are so constructed as to have a key-stone almost at every yard, dependent upon each other: if one of these be pushed with any degree of force, down goes, possibly, a whole rood of the simple masonry, like a running fire from a regiment of raw recruits.

Peter was considered a first-rate hand at cradling of wells also, and was employed in preference to any other, from his experience and skill. "There's no a well (boasted Peter in his cups) in the hale kintra-side that I hae cradled—be it a hunner feet deep—e'er been kent to break down or let in surface water." On one occasion of a "foy," at sinking of a well, he had got rather "too much on board," and in crossing one of the locks of the canal, on his way home, he lost his balance and fell over. Some of his companions not so far gone, who had followed Peter at a little distance, to see whether he should get along the footing-plank in safety, when they saw him fall in, roared out, "He's faun in! help! bring lights! hillo, help!" When lights were got, there was the cowan clinging like a mountain cat by a projecting piece of plank. "What are ye makin' sic a hilleballou about?" said

Peter; "hae I no been at the bottom o' mony a well a hunner feet deep, and do ye think I could be drowned in a puddle like that?" The cowan on another occasion of "rocking the cradle" (as he called building in the sides of the well), when excavating the bed of a well, found a piece of rock opposing his progress, to remove which, he required the assistance of gunpowder. All the arrangements for the explosion had been made, and the match applied, when some unforeseen obstruction prevented the ignition. Peter sprung forward, and descended the ladder, for the purpose of putting all to right. He had not, however, got down above half-a-dozen steps, when the train took effect, and a tremendous blast followed, scattering the rock in fragments, and enveloping the mouth of the pit in dust and smoke. No one had the courage to step forward to see what had been the fate of poor Peter; every one of the beholders was paralysed for a time; but the smoke clearing away, the blue bonnet was seen again bobbing above the mouth of the shaft. "Preserve us!" cried three or four at the same moment, "are ye no killed?" "Did ye," queried again the cowan, "ever see a kill't man that could climb a ladder?" "Were ye far down, Peter?" "Ye may be sure that I was gayan far, when I heard the Deil hoastin'."

A Black Sheep.

JOHN M'FARLANE was a journeyman cork-cutter, in the employment of Thomas Jackson, in one of the wynds leading from the Trongate of Glasgow, and though an excellent workman, was unsteady in his habits, and excelled as much in drawing corks, as in cutting them. It need not be matter of surprise, therefore, that, from his irregular habits, he never rose to the dignity of being a Cork in his own right.

John was a married man, but fortunately without any family; and his partner in life, Janet M'Grouther, a careful and industrious woman, had by her earnings in a great measure supported both herself and her husband. Janet tried all means to reclaim her spouse from his drunken associates, but without effect. Naturally of an easy temper, nothing could disturb his self-complacency; and the expostulations of friends, were uniformly met by the recital of some ludicrous story, which had the desired effect of turning their well-merited admonitions into ridicule. He was ever fertile in excuses for indulging his favourite propensity. "The Cork-Cutters' Club had a heap o' business to do this night, and it couldna be sooner gotten ower." This was a stereotype apology with John; for, although the Club held its regular meetings only twice a-week, John being "mair obliging than the maist o' the members, a' the business fell to his share," and this generally took up every night in the week; so that, except on the Sabbath, his wife enjoyed but little of his society. This almost complete abandonment had long been the cause of sorrow and anguish to poor Janet, and tears, all-subduing tears, had so often testified her grief, that if they had not come from that fount of sympathy which generates the supply in proportion to the demand, they

must long have ceased to flow. John was not altogether so besotted as to be insensible to the change in his poor wife's health, which every day seemed to render more apparent; nor could he mistake the cause. He therefore ministered no small consolation to her, by voluntarily promising to "behave better for the future." John's reformation, however, was but of short duration; for, bit by bit, he soon relapsed into his former habit. One night, Janet kept the wee black tea-pot sottering by the side of the fire, and paced the floor of her lonely apartment with painful anxiety—no living to share her woes—no sound to break the midnight silence, save the melancholy click of an old wooden clock, which might have made the lonely woman imagine that she held her finger on the wrist of old Time, and felt the pulsations which denoted his rapid progress towards the limits "No longer;" and as each large division in the circle of his steps had been passed over, the rusty machinery gave an alarm, as if shuddering at its own progress, and gave the knell, delivering over another passage of Time "To the years beyond the flood."

One struck—"No, John."—Two followed, and still the death-like silence prevailed within the humble dwelling. Oh, ye riotous drunkards, whose throats are as if they were parched by blasts from hell; how many hearts are withering to death under your cold neglect; how many tender shoots, introduced by you into this bleak world—are thus left to sicken and die! "No a word o' him yet; my puir John, I wish some ill mayna hae come ower him," said poor Janet, when she heard an uncertain kind of shuffling step on the stair, which she well knew to be John's, and then his voice soliloquising, "That's no our stair—no the ane that I gang up to my nest on—I think it's coming down to meet me—and it's gaun round about too—there's no twa stanes in't like ane anither—some o' them wad haud twa feet, and ithers a sparrow couldna get fittin' on. Weel, gin I were at the head o't, and on the inside o' my ain door, I'll raise a skellihewit wi' Janet, it will I—because gin I dinna do't wi' her she'll do't wi' me—an' a man should aye be master in his ain house, richt or wrang; it's a' the same whether the parritch is ready or no—on the fire or af't—cauld or het, I maun be het;—if she's pouterin' at the fire, and keeping it in for me, I'll tell her she had nae business staying up—she micht hae been aneath the blankets, for she would pouter a while, afore the fire could len' ony light for me to come hame wi';—and if she be in her bed, I'll make her lugs stoun wi' her carelessness about her half marrow—that he might hae been robbed or murdered for ony care she had o' him, but lying there snoring like a dog in a tod's hole.—But there she is—I hear her,—can I really be angry wi' her?—Yes; I maun be angry at something."—(Knocks.) "Wha's that?" "Open the door and ye'll see—it's ill to ken folk through a twa-inch plank." "I would like to ken wha it is, before I open my door to ony body." "Weel, Janet, you're perfectly richt—there's naething like being cautious." "Is't you, John, after a' siccan a night as I hae spent, thinking a' the ills on the earth had happened

to you; whaur hae ye been, John? "Oh, Janet, dinna be in sic a hurry." "In a hurry, John, near three o'clock in the morning!" "Janet, it's the first time since you and I cam thegither, that I hae seen you wasting ony thing!" "Me wasting, John!—the only thing I'm wasting is mysel." "Na, Janet, that's no what I mean; what's the use o' burning twa crusies to let ae body see—an' ye micht hae lichted half a dizen an' they a' couldna let me see to come hame?" "John, John, you're seeing wi' mae een than your Maker gied ye this night—your een are just gan thegither." "I'm no a hair fley'd for that, my doo, Janet, as lang as my nose is atween them." "On ay, John, but ye hav'na tell't me whaur ye hae been till this time in the morning?" "Did ye ever hear sic a high wind as is blawin' frae the lift this night? The cluds will be blawn a' to rags—there'll no be a hale corner left in them to haud a shower afore the mornin'—no a gas-lamp blinkin' in the Trongate; gin ye get up wi' the ducks in the mornin', Janet, ye'll see the Green scattered ower wi' the kye's horns, for they couldna keep their roots in siccan a win'—an ye'll get them for the gatherin'." "Ay, John, it's a high wind, but, for anything that I hear, it's blawin' nae higher than your ain head; whaur was ye?" "Dear me, did I no tell ye, Janet? I'll hae forgotten, then; I might hae tell't ye—I'm sure I was nae ill gate—that's a lang an' no verra tenty stair o' ours to come up; I maist missed my fit this night coning up it mair than ance—we'll hae to flit next term I doubt; ye maun gang and look after anither ane the morn, an' I'll gang wi' ye—twa heads are better than ane, quo' the wife, gaun wi' her dog to the market." "Come, come, John, nane o' your palavers; ye needna think to draw the blade ower an auld body's e'e. The stair, John, atweel's nane o' the best, but the stair that would suit you best this night is ane wi' nae steps in't; but whaur was ye? and wha was ye wi'?" "Janet, ye hae little pity for me. If I should crack ane o' my pins (limbs) ye maybe think because I'm a shaver o' corks that I can easily mak' a new ane—but, Janet, fu' o' curiosity too! woman, it's a dangerous thing to be ower inquisitive—ye mind what the mither o' us a' got by't; besides, 'Gied,' as honest Rabbie Burns says, 'the infant world a shug, maist ruined a'—oh, but it is a pithy word that 'shug!' there's no a part o' speech in the English tongue like it." "Whaur was ye, John, whaur? I doubt ye hae been in ill company this night—ye never put me aff this way before; will ye no tell me, John?" "Weel, weel, Janet, dinna be sae toutit about it—I was awa' at a burial." "At a burial, John!—what burial could there be at this hour? It could be nae decent body, I'm sure, that had to be huddled awa' at sic an untimeous time o' nicht." "Deed, Janet, you're richt there; she was a very troublesome kind o' body, and raised muckle discord amang families; we were a' saying she's weel awa' if she bide." "But wha is she?" "Just our auld frien' ANNIE, and she never cam about the house but ill weather was sure to follow; now, I think ye may guess." "Ay, puir body! has she win awa' at length, puir creature. Annie! Annie!—oh ay,

but whan I mind—there's mae Annies than ane—was it Annie Spittle?" "Oh, no, it wasna her, poor body!" "Was it Annie Dinwiddie?" "No; that woman's din is enough to drive ony man to the wuddie." "Weel, John, I ken nae mae o' the name; but I see you're just trying, as usual, to mak' game o' me. Waes me! it's a hard thing to be keepit sae lang out o' my bed to be made a fou man's fool." "Whisht, Janet, my doo, and I'll tell ye what keepit baith you and me sae lang out o' our beds. There's an Annie you've forgot, though we baith ken her ower weel; and she's been gaun about this while raising mischief in our cork-shop till the men determined they would put an end till't; so they a' agreed last nicht to bury her." "To bury her! dear me, to bury wha?" "Just to bury Ani-mosity, and we couldna do less than ha a wee drap at her dredgy!"

A Glasgow Civic.

(From a Manuscript History of the Burgh.)

THIS gentleman was better known to his contemporaries by the cognomen of Bailie Hunkers—a nickname for which he was indebted to his obsequious and time-serving disposition. The circumstances connected with its first application to him have been thus related:—The City of Glasgow, or, more properly speaking, the members of the Town Council, had authorised the Provost, who was going to London on some important business, partly his own and partly connected with the affairs of the town, to purchase a portrait of his Majesty Charles II., and also that of his predecessor Charles I., to be hung up in the Town Hall. It so happened that the pictures arrived during the absence of the Provost, and the duty of seeing them properly placed devolved on Bailie ——, as senior magistrate, who accordingly ordered them to be put up in the Town Hall. During the time the Master of Works and his men were employed in the operation Bailie ——, accompanied by Lord Hilton, Mr. Gilbert Burnet, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, and several of the Professors, came in to pay their respects to the shadows of sovereignty; and on seeing the Master of Works and his assistants working in the presence of these dignitaries with their heads covered, and in the same irreverent manner as if they had been putting up the pictures of men of common mould, the wrath of our Bailie burst forth in fiery indignation against the offenders, and, ordering in the town-officers, he commanded the workmen and their employers to get down on their knees or hunkers, himself setting the example, and repeat after him a submissive acknowledgment of their offence, and their sincere contrition for the same. The companions of the Bailie, not to be behind-hand with him in loyalty in those dangerous times, also made a similar obeisance, though secretly contemning in their hearts the time-serving sycophant who had set them the example. Such general displeasure did his conduct on this occasion excite that ever after the nickname of Bailie

Hunkers became affixed to him in such a manner as in a great measure to supersede that of his own.

The Bailie and the Bear.

ONE day, while the Bailie, in his official costume, was picking his steps through one of the dirtiest parts of the town, known by the name of the Old Vennal, his progress, when near the head of it, was interrupted by a crowd collected to witness the clumsy gambols of a bear belonging to an Italian vagrant, well known in most of the borough towns of Scotland by the name of Anty Dolly—his real name, Antonio Dallori, being too long for the every-day use of our countrymen. Anty had completely blocked up the way, and though the spectators, on seeing the Bailie, ran in different directions to make way for him, yet as Bruin and his master did not show the same readiness, Bailie Hunkers, who was on his road to a civic feast, became impatient, and, drawing his sword, thrust it with considerable violence into the rump of the bear, who, maddened by the pain, made a sudden jerk, snapped the rope with which she was held, and catching the Bailie in her rude embrace, continued to dance round her accustomed circle, growling in her usual manner, while the terror and seeming danger of the Bailie excited the greatest consternation among the bystanders. The complete control, however, which Anty Dolly possessed over his travelling companion was such that, though he could not make her quit hold of the unfortunate magistrate, yet effectually prevented her from doing him any serious injury. The people, seeing the bear did not mean to devour their Bailie, again collected round, and some of the more thoughtless of the youths actually ventured to laugh at the strange faces and grotesque attitudes which the dignitary was forced at times to assume. While Bailie Hunkers was thus engaged in the dance with a partner so little to his mind an officious baker came running forward, and much against the entreaties of the Italian, who knew the temper of the animal, began to probe it with one of his barrel staves. This had the effect of making the bear run backwards, when it unfortunately lost footing on the brink of one of those sinks of pollution with which the Vennal, above mentioned, at that time abounded, and both bear and Bailie were plunged in the midst of the filth. All was now alarm. The timid ran from the scene, afraid of being implicated in the murder of the Bailie; while the Italian, who had hitherto been of some use in restraining the ferocity of the bear, afraid of the consequences that might ensue from such treatment of one of the constituted authorities, betook himself to flight. The bakers, who were always active when any dangerous service was required, hastily collected with their peels and barrel staves, which they drove in between the legs and sides of the bear, and then pressing them outwards, by these means so far loosened the hold of Bruin, whose savage nature was by no means roused to that degree which might have been expected, that the Bailie, watching the favourable

moment, jumped up and scrambled out of the puddle, in safety no doubt, but black and dripping all over, as if newly out of a dyer's vat. That a circumstance of this kind, occurring to a magistrate of Glasgow, would be passed over without investigation, was not to be thought of. Anty Dolly, by flying, was considered as having taken guilt to himself of no ordinary degree ; a reward was therefore offered for his apprehension ; a council was afterwards summoned to decide on the degree of punishment due to the audacity of the bear, which was secured and brought in front of the Tolbooth, strictly guarded by the town-officers and a party of the Blues, who chanced to be passing through Glasgow on their way to Lanark for the purpose of being disbanded. After due deliberation, the poor bear, though innocent of shedding a single drop of civic blood, was condemned to be shot, and its skin hung up in the Town Hall, as a warning to all bears not to interfere with bailies, particularly when going to dine and drink claret for the "town's gude." The above sentence was put in execution the same day, when a large cavalcade accompanied the four-footed culprit to the Butts, where, after receiving a great many shots, she expired, grumbling no doubt, as bears are in the habit of doing, at the hardness of her fate.

A few nights after this singular execution, Antonio Dallori himself was taken on the hills of Rutherglen, where he had been concealed since the day of his flight, and brought to Glasgow, in order to his being put to an assize. That he would have experienced a greater degree of lenity than his companion was what he did not expect ; and lucky it was for him that, in the course of his precognition, it came out, that the day before his exhibition at the head of the Old Vennal, he had arrived from Linlithgow, where he had been showing off his bear for the amusement of those who had been celebrating the 29th of May, and burning the Solemn League and Covenant. This circumstance showed that the Italian was at least on the safe side of politics ; and the Council considered that in such ticklish times they might be suspected, if they punished with too much severity, one who had been active in amusing the loyal subjects of his Majesty on such an occasion. Antonio was therefore sentenced to do an hour's penance in the Jougs, with the skin of the bear about his shoulders. This seemed the hardest part of the matter, for the poor fellow, when he saw the rough coat of his dumb confederate, burst into tears, and continued sobbing during the whole of his punishment, in such a manner as excited the compassion of all, so that not a missile of any description was attempted to be thrown at him. He was afterwards dismissed, with an injunction to betake himself to some employment attended with less danger to his neighbours.

Sandy Munchausen.

IN the thinly populated districts of Scotland, the "Smiddy," after the hours of out-door labour are over, is the trysting place for the "tillers of the ground," and here amidst noise and smoke, and by the

murky gleam of the furnace, the sons of the soil discuss all public matters, whether national or local. There is always a Robin-Raw, a Swaggering Bobadil, or a Sawney Munchausen in every neighbourhood, who is made to tumble for the amusement of the company, and there is scarcely ever any lack of persons qualified to pull the wires and exhibit the Punch of the party.

At the smithy of John Edmund, Arnprior, a group, such as we have been describing, assembled occasionally: Tamas Langlees was the Munchausen of the district, and Davie Cardenn, the exhibitor. Tamas was somewhat difficult to put in motion; but after having got a sufficient impetus, on he went like a stone down the slope—not stopping until far beyond the level.

“Dear me, Tamas, but you are wonderfu’ douce this nicht! did you rise aff your wrang side this morning?” “Just let me alane the nicht, Davie—I’m no mysel ava—ony ither time.” “Tuts man, come awa; we’ll no let ye sit down i’ the britchin that way. You recollect, Tamas, when you gaed to court Lizzie Luckylip, your wife, what a braw lad you were?” “I was that, Cardenn, though I say’t mysel, there wasna anither in the hale parish that cauld haud the can’le to me—sax feet three, an’ a weel proportioned swankie in every other respect—limbs! the better o’ them never came out o’ Nature’s turning-loom. That morning that I gaed to gree matters wi’ Lizzie, I had just come hame from the Limekilns, and aff I set, after redding mysel up, nae doubt, ower the craft by Poo-burn, barefitted, the leas were shoe-deep in water, and the sun was glintin sae laughing-like after the thunder-shower. I skelpit ower the rigs—every sparge that gaed frae my fit was like a harn wab—ou ay, but thae days are awa—Lizzie’s dead and gane, and some that she brought to me beside—my heart aye grows grit when I think on them.” “Nae wonder, Tamas; mony a happy day you had wi’ her and them.”

“Your auld neighbour, Burnbrae, has slipped awa the ither day, to his lang hame; ye mind sic horse as ye yoked to the swingletrees, at Burnbrae?” “An’ that I do, Cardenn, man, when ye mind me o’t; thae were the horse, just as daft as young coots that never had got their manes dockit, weel fed and as sleekit i’ the skin as otters. When I used to gang into the trevis to gie them their corn, I whiles came out again without the neck o’ my jacket—just through stark daffing. Sic a stramash when they ran awa wi’ me and the pleuch at the bourtrees yonder! I held on—you’ll no believe me, David, when I tell ye, that the common gauge o’ the fur was my pouch-lids—I lost grip and at last sight o’ the crap o’ the stilts; the stanes were coming thundering back past my lugs like showers o’ bullets; and doon I tum’led an’ the fur aboon me: the last thing I saw was the points o’ the horse’s lugs. John Whirrie was passing at the time and helped me out, or buried alive was I, as sure as my name is Tamas Langlees—John telt me afterward that his verra een gaed blin’ in his head.”

“But that’s naething to the time when they took fricht and ran aff frae you when you were ploughing on Drumduan hill!” “Ye may

weel say't, Cardenn; that was a strussel; never mortal, I believe, ever saw or heard tell o' sic anither rinawa; a bird flew out o' the hedge beside me, and ere I could say wo, Jollie, crack gaed the thaits, and the swingletrees flew ower the craft in splinters, the stilts were quivering amang my fingers like fiddle-strings—ower the hill the horse flew like lichtning—they gied us siccan a tug when they brak aff, that brought the pleuch and me through the hill the nearest—we made up to them at the head-rig whaur the hedge keppt them."

"There wasna ither twa on the braes o' the water o' Forth that could divert themselves sooming like us: Tam, do ye mind o' your dive to the bottom o' Killorn-linn yon simmer nicht?" "Man, I had maist forgotten that—I had been cutting hay a' that day at the Landylands, an' it's weel min't—Muckle Rab o' Puddleholes was wi' me too—I thocht I might be nane the waur o' haeing mysel' washed, and down I gaed to Killorn-linn, and, thinks I, if ye hae a bottom, as the folks say ye hinna, I shall see you this nicht—I plunges in, and down and down I sinks till at last I lichts at the bottom, and in atween the clefts o' a moss-stock ane o' my feet gets wadged; down I set the tither foot to gie me mair power, and down it gaes i' the mud! Waur and waur, says I, Tamas, you were ance buried alive, and now I think you're to be drowned alive (the time of total immersion supposed to be twenty minutes). Oh! quo' I to mysel', I wish I had taen a bladder-fu' o' breath down wi' me; I wad hae defied your stocks and your clay. I sat down a wee to rest me, and tried again to free my feet—no! hech! you may be sure my heart was playing pattie; when out o' his den springs the king o' the otters—a great big fleckit brute, the size o' a twa-year'l stirk. The beast had mistaen my legs for twa salmon, but the stock was atween me and him, and saved my limbs. The force o' the beast against the stock turned me heels ower head, and set me fairly on my feet again; and before you could say Jock Morrison! I was aboon the water. Poor Puddlehole had run awa' to gather the neighbours to rake the linn for me."

"It's an uncanny place that Clash-brae for bogles. If ever I saw 'Little Guid himsel' in my life, it was there ae nicht." "Deed, Cardenn, my verra een water whan I think o' what I forgathered wi' on the road mysel' as I was coming ower by the Clash-braes ae winter nicht. I had been awa ayont Cardross seeing the lasses, an' I'll no say but it might be weel on in the morning whan I set out for coming hame. It was as dark a nicht as ever mortal man was out in—no a starn was to be seen i' the lift. I would hae defied e'en Balawill himsel', wha pretended to see farer afore his neb than his neighbours, to hae kent his finger frae his thoom if hadden up afore him. Weel, just as I was passing auld Sandy Roy's that's dead an' awa an unearthly-looking thing cam' brachling through the hedge. Gif I could believe my ain een it looked like a hurlbarrow on end, making its way without the trunnel. My hair stood up like heckle-teeth, and I thought the verra grund was na carrying me. I tried to gang

fast, there was the thing at my side; I keepit mysel' back—aye at my side; gang fast or gang slow, there was the thing, maist rubbing claes wi' me. The sweat was breaking ower my brow like lammer beads; but I was aye preserved. As I passed auld Robin Kay's, at the tap o' the loan, and was gaun awa east to Burnbrae, lang Davie Cassel's cock crew, and the thing just gaed through the braid side o' Cassel's malt barn in a flaucht o' fire. The neist morning I heard that just about the same time auld Geordie Graham had gane to his rest."

Johnnie-Coup-the-Creel; or, the Pew and the Pulpit.

No village, hamlet, or rural district, but what has its Will Speir or Rab Hamilton, whose eccentricities, sayings, and doings form the medium of amusement in every social circle, and he who can suit the *ipsissima verba*, manner, and matter to the very punctuation in recitation has made his fortune, and is sure to be called in on every festive occasion—and these are many, and, say we, many more may they be, for we love sociality and revel in the society of happy faces.

In a village not far from where we sit, and that is within ear-shot of the deep boom of St. Mungo's bell, on a tenth of October—the A.D. does not matter, whether east, west, south, or north, it concerns you not to know, reader; and if you persist we shall consider it downright impertinence, and the tread-mill is your lot—was the crazed wit of the village, Johnnie-Coup-the-Creel, waiting the arrival of the village stage-coach, which alternated the days of the week, Sundays excepted.

Johnnie assumed the profession of porter, and appeared with ropes over his shoulder, sloped from left to right, no badge, however, to indicate his standing, and that he had come under recognisance to the authorities for the safe delivery of goods entrusted to his care. Such burdens as the vehicle carried thither were the lightest generally that the villagers had to bear.

Johnnie was an adept in the statistics of character, particularly those items of it in the social history of flesh and blood which form the dark side of the picture, and when occasion required these sores were mercilessly subjected to Johnnie's lunar caustic, which really made him a terror when he required to be in any way opposed, and collisions with him consequently were most studiously avoided.

Sober and inoffensive, regular in his attendance at church, and exemplary in his demeanour there, except when the lesser light which showers her silvery rays on our lower world was in a particular age or altitude—the mysterious influence that this great luminary has on the intellectual tides on which reason steers her shattered bark, and which controls the fluxes and refluxes of the unruly element under old Neptune, must, we fear, remain for ever unexplored—under excitement words were muttered, sometimes sentences ejected, with such force and abruptness that they must have been considered of

great importance, else they would not have been communicated. These little disturbances were generally quieted by the mild and affectionate address of the minister, who, to the most ardent zeal for his Master's service, added the manners of the accomplished gentleman, which should never be dissociated from the Christian minister.

One Sabbath Johnnie's intellects had to oppose a stronger current than usual from Luna, and his manner became more violent and noisy. He commenced whistling with considerable vehemence, and modulating with considerable skill the shrilly notes of the ploughman's flute.

This unusual manner of poor Johnnie nearly disconcerted the whole congregation, and put the "messenger of peace" to a stand-still, and he feared for the result. The violent manner of the lunatic required different treatment from what he had been accustomed to administer, and to be stern might be like chaffing the already enraged animal. "John," said the minister mildly but firmly, "this cannot be allowed; I cannot go on with the service; you must be quiet." "Canna get on, Mr. ———," answered Johnnie; "that's no a way to speak to me. Canna get on; I hear ye speak for a hale day whiles. Canna get on, Mr. ———; just begin again, read the chapter ower again; it canna be ony the waur o't." "John, I say," rejoined the minister, "you must not disturb the worship this way—I cannot go on, and must stop the worship until this is done." "Canna get on, Mr. ———; dear me, ye surprise me; just try't again—or there's the Doctor in the front o' the laft there, he's doing naething; try him, he's college-bred like yoursel'; or there's Tammas Tout-the-Tod, he's lang and loose i' the tongue—though what he says is as fushionless as a dried dockan; try him, and see what he can mak o't."

During this, to the minister, most distressing interruption the congregation looked at each other, every one reluctant to step forward to eject the offender, afraid of Johnnie's tongue, which they knew would be thrust like a probe to the bottom of any sore in their own or friend's character.

At last a shoemaker, who had the very pardonable failing of relishing a bottle of brown stout in his neighbour, Robin Ribbletree's, made towards the pew where the lunatic was seated, and, just as he drew near, Johnnie gave the book-board a sledge-hammer stroke with clenched fist, calling out, "Anither bottle o' porter, Robin."

A second now came to the shoemaker's assistance, the son of a farmer, who, at a ploughing match in the neighbourhood, had been injured by some spirits distributed to those competing for the prize, though before he had borne an excellent character for sobriety. "Come awa, Jock, there's nae furs to fa' amang here—naething to tout your stomach, my lad," said the merciless lunatic. John was now secured, and, seeing his landlady near him, he called to her, "Help, help, in the King's name," and then to his guard, "Dinna squeeze me to death; can ye no gie me elbow-room."

Fairly dislodged, and without the church door, he turned round, and

seeing many of the people following, he called out at the top of his voice, "A kirk to let."

The Miller's Man.

ROBIN SCOBIE served honest Thomas Bryce, who rented the small mill of Goodie near Thornhill, Perthshire. Thomas was a sober exemplary man; but which only contrasted more strongly with the drunken outbreakings of Robin. Scobie was an old favourite, and having been brought up with the miller from a boy, he said, "he meant to live and die at Goodie." He was very superstitious, and lived in profound fear of ghosts, hobgoblins, &c., and these usually showed themselves to him in great numbers, with oft-times, as he affirmed, the Arch-fiend at their head, in returning at night from his drunken rambles at Thornhill; and how to protect himself from the powers of darkness, thus in league against him, had long been a matter of anxious inquiry with him.

One day a wandering vagrant of the district, nick-named Jenny Hetcloots, half-suspected herself of being in "compact wi' auld Nick," called at the mill for her "sairing," as it is called, and Robin offered to give her "a peck o' the best groats that ever were shilled at Goodie, gin she would gi'e him the Deil's word." "Weel it's cost ye nae mair Robin, my man: tak' ye a rowan-tree stick (mountain ash, esteemed amongst the vulgar in Scotland a specific against the influence of witchcraft) in your hand, and when ony o' our gentry make their appearance, just draw a score round about ye, and daur the bauldest o' them to come within't."

Robin's associates were three of the "Sievers," of Sessantilly, the rival mill to Goodie; and the "Happer club," as they called themselves, was to meet, at least, once a fortnight—the object was, "just after they had ta'en the water aff the mill wheel, to let a wee drap on their ain." The place of meeting was Jenny Wingate's—as canny an hostler-wife as ever snapp'd lid o' gill stoup, and one who well knew how to address herself to the peculiarities of her customers. The miller's man was always cock o' the roost, from his having most to say—"Nae end o' ye, Robin, man—your water's aye on the wheel—it's a wonder your tongue disna weary," said Jenny, as she set down a fresh supply of aqua, in order to turn the edge of Robin's sarcastic tongue from her favourites of Sessantilly.

The mill of Goodie was admitted to be the best in the whole district, for shieling barley and oats, and grinding of brosemeal; and this superiority gave Robin materials for annoying the Sievers. "You! ye Sessantilly sacks, what ken ye about pickin' or setting the mill-stane?—nae mair than it kens about you—see, though you hae the hale Carse sucken to you, and what the Earl o' Murray can do beside, ye canna turn out barley like ours!—just speir at Andrew Brochan, gif I dinna ken Goodie barley frae Glentirran, boiling in the kale-pot;—aye, as it came tum'lin up, says I—there ye go, Goodie—is that your ill-faur'd frae Glentirran? But after a', lads, what would

Goodie mill be, if it werana for me and the muckle wheel?—the miller nicht whistle on his thumb."

"Weel, Robin," said one, "we maun think about gaun hame, now—see, Robin, gif ye can cast a bane i' the Diel's teeth at the moss-side this night—it's gay an' dark I see." "Oh ho! ye think ye hae trampit on my corns the now, do ye? O man, I just wish Sootie wad mak' himsel visible this night, I would mak him turn his tail ower his riggin an' rin in a hun'er hurries." "Ye was na aye that way, Robin—what make sye sae bauld this night?" "Man," said Robin, "gif ye kent that ye would be as wise as mysel." The secret could not be screwed out of Robin; and the three Sievers followed at due distance, to see whether Robin should see the troubler of mankind. Robin went on zig-zagging his way like the Links o' Forth, until he came to the moss-side, when all of a sudden he made a dead stand—described a circle around him, and then putting himself in an attitude of defence. "Weel, Sawney, are ye there this night again?—man, ye haena a' the wit the folk gie ye credit for, else ye wadna left your ain het home to fright Robin Scobie this nicht; just daunder your wa's hame. Do ye ken the scent o' rowan-tree?—that's your sort, Nickie—just come within that ring, and you'll lose your post."

The Bark waur than the Bite.

MOST of our readers have heard of Lady Mary Lindsay Crawford, who owned many broad acres in the county of Fife, and if she did not Lord it, neither did she Lady it over those who came within range of her tender mercies. Trespassers on her domains were sure to be visited with punishment, beyond, if she could have managed it, the utmost penalty of the laws. Two boys were apprehended within the enclosures, and her factor ordered to have them brought before the magistrate of the adjoining burgh. The civic functionary inquired, "What airt cam ye frae, my young cout, that's been stravaiging wi' the halter ower your mane through her Ladyship's policies." "Sir," replied the juvenile offender, "I belong to the guard ship at Leith." "Man, I wish ye had ta'en better care o' yoursel here!" "And whaur," to the other, "is your hame?" "I am a drummer boy of the—regiment in Edinburgh Castle." "Are ye no fleyed that the taws will be laid ower your ain back for breaking through Lady Mary's fences; but, poor things, what were ye likely to ken about dykes and fences, that are maist a' the days i' the year inside the ribs o' the Tender, or the wa's o' a castle,—hae, there's a shilling to each o' ye, and gae wa' hame to your castle and your cabin, and be better bairns a' the rest o' your days, whether on sea or land." "Now," said the humane dignitary to her ladyship's factor, who had an apparent touch of kindred sympathy for the boys, "ye can tell Lady Mary that I ha'e sent ane o' the delinquents aboard a Man-o'-War, and the ither to be a Sodger, and if that punishment disna please her, I canna help it."

What Maun be Maun be.

AN old snip who had attempered his goose for many years, in the precincts of the ancient palace of Linlithgow, happened to have a help-mate of a very peevish, and querulous turn in her temper. Tailors' and shoemakers' wives, as well as clergymen's, often have this turn; is it accidental, or because these worthies of the scissors, soles, and sermons, are always in the house, and, having an opportunity of observing the details in the household economy, wish to have the direction inside as well as outside of the house? if so, we tell the sex to "Stand by their order." The tailor's help took ill, and the scythe of Time seemed about to shear through the last stitches that made the couple "one flesh."

"I'm gaun to dee Andrew," said the wife. "Are ye?" replied the tailor, as coolly as if he had been trying the temper of his goose. "Are ye?—is that the way ye speak when I'm telling you that I'm gaun to leave ye for ever?" "What wad ye hae me to say?—can I sneek the door against death?" "Deed no, Andrew, ye canna sneek the door against the King o' Terrors, nor would ye rise aff your seat to do't though ye could, —; ye're no to lay my banes here, amang the riff-raff o' Linlithgow, but tak' them to Whitburn, and lay them beside my father and mither." Andrew, esteeming a promise made to a person on the verge of time sacred, and not wishing to put himself to the expense, which, indeed, he could ill afford, waved giving any answer, but led on a different conversation. "Do you hear, Andrew?" "Oh yes, I hear." "Weel, mind what I'm saying, tak' me to Whitburn, or I'll rise and trouble ye nicht and day—do ye hear?" "Yes, yes, I hear perfectly—is that pain in your side aye troubling ye yet?" "Ou ay, I'm a' pain thegither, but the maist pain to me is, that you'll lay my dust here." "Oh, woman, dinna distress yoursel about that simple circumstance." "Mind, I'll no lie here, ye maun tak me to Whitburn; I'll trouble ye if ye dinna, and ye may depend on't." "Weel, weel, then, if ye maun be buried at Whitburn, I canna help it, but we'll try ye at Linlithgow first."

Above and Below.

IN one of those parish churches which had been erected during the dominancy of Episcopacy in Scotland, but which had become connected with the Church of Scotland, was an important personage who kept order in the house—Robin Tug-the-Tow, alias Rab-the-Router. These names were bestowed on the beadle, from his manner of tugging, rather than a steady swinging pull of the bell rope, and the ringing or "routing" of the said piece of metal, in summoning to the services of the church, or wailing with weeping note the committal to earth of some villager or tiller of the soil. Being a rural district, and the parish, for the most part, let out for sheep pasture, the constant attendant of the shepherd, his dog, followed his master thither, and it generally happened that Colly from the glen, and Cæsar from the

village, were of different politics, and were as noisy, and somewhat more teathy, in their discussions, as those distinguished meetings of the Glasgow City Council in some years, the knell of whose departure is not entirely out of our ears. What, with this canine uproar, and the noise from an establishment of swallows, who kept a boarding-school in the ceiling, for rearing and educating their young,—the admonitions from the pulpit were frequently rendered inaudible.

Robin had little difficulty in dislodging the dogs, but the feathered offenders were beyond the tip of his beadleship's baton. The church official cast many an angry look upward, when the twitterers were feeding their callow brood, who, grateful in return for the supplies, uttered their gratitude in notes as loud as their slender throats could articulate. Though to the lover of nature the music of these commoners of nature in their nurseries, were as interesting as the harmony of the spheres,—not to compare great things with small,—Robin could, with hearty good-will, have demolished their mud-built tenements, and made these fork-tailed nurses introduce their families of fledgelings into society, before their education had been completed.

The clergyman was obliged, every now and then, to intermit his discourse, until the noise should subside, which Robin assisted in procuring, pursuing, fire and sword, the teathy combatants from the lobby, causing them to make the best use of all the limbs they had; which having done, he resumed again his seat in the bench. The dogs, after a very brief retreat, returned one by one, the younger and inexperienced taking the lead, your old grey-bearded stagers following at due distance. Coming to the door, these youngsters with cautious noise put aside the leaf of the door to reconnoitre, and report whether the fearful Robin were sentinelling the passage; then pushing in, after a report of clear, all came in pell-mell, and forthwith resumed the unsettled dispute. The noise one day became, above and below, intolerable, as if the upper and lower battalions disputed which should have the greater credit in marring the service. The minister said, "Robin, you must put down that noise—I find it impossible to make myself heard." "Put it down, Sir, said ye," replied Robin, "my certie, I hae pitten out thae tanker-mouthed girners in the trance, ance and again this day, and I'm ready to do't the noo, but to put down yon wily-wing'd chitterers amang the cupples, will need a langer arm than mine."

A Social Dog.

THE Scotch dog, distinguished in his species as the shepherd's dog or Colly, is a very domestic animal, and appears to sympathise in the vicissitudes of the family, be they of a melancholy or cheerful character. If there be a party got up in the kitchen for blind-man's buff, on a "weel-red floor," and if Colly is not daiz'd with age, or attending to out-door duties with some of the family, he is the foremost and most noisy of the party. The person apprehended, usually struggles for liberty, and Colly with mouth and fore-trotters, in pure

joyousness of heart, assists in securing the prisoner; he would not injure with his ivory, were you to give him the contents of a butcher's stall for reward; often have we ourselves guessed on approaching, what was going on within doors, when we heard the almost risible bark of honest Colly.

A very sagacious, white-faced, gentlemanly-looking, dog-personage of this class, belonged to William M'Kechnie, Arnprior, who always squatted himself down on his hams, and assumed a most elder-looking face, while the family were engaged in worship. It occurred one morning to Bautie, that he might also assist in the psalmody, and he struck in, accordingly, with a most ludicrous effect. Old Grannie was the only person who could restrain herself; stroking the sleek head of Colly, she tendered him a soft admonition, declining the accompaniment—"Whisht, Bautie, poor man, for ye ken naething about the matter; your mouth was never made for singing Psalms wi'."

Moral:—There are many beings in the world, who hold their heads more in the perpendicular than poor Bautie, whose profession and ordinary conduct afford melancholy evidence, that practically they know as little of the matter as poor Bautie.

A Matter of Taste.

A Rev. gentleman connected with the Secession Church, whose son at present occupies a most conspicuous place at the Scottish bar, was preaching on an occasion of baptism in a farmer's house in a muirland district; the audience was necessarily very limited, and the kitchen was sufficiently large to accommodate the worshippers.

The mistress ordered the servant maid to attend to the broth—which was bubbling up, a stomach-cheering strain—and put into the pot, at the proper time, a large basinful of onions which had been shred, and were lying on the dresser.

The Rev. gentleman had never been able to teach his stomach the elements of Egyptian cookery, the delicacies of Goshen—the relish of onions; on the contrary he had a most rooted dislike to this strongly-flavoured esculent;—so that there was little likelihood of his remembering this pot-herb, although he had wandered in the deserts of Sinai for the full complement of years.

He commenced his sermon, but kept a most suspicious look-out at the onions, which he could not but see and smell, we may almost say feel also; at the given point in the ebullition of the broth, the mistress gave a significant nod to the servant, which was immediately obeyed.

His Reverence diverged, as the maid came forward with the hateful basin. "I say, my lass, if ye put a shaving o' thae in the pot, I'll no put a spoon in the kail this day."

A Chance Hit.

THE same Rev. gentleman was riding along the road one day, and had on a cloak which he wore when the elements without seemed to

wage war and dispute their claims to superiority, of rather an extraordinary make and pattern, cape upon cape like the outworks in a regular fortification ; so that when the rain had got possession of one fold it had a fresh one to encounter. The winds were trying their full power to turn this tailor's barricade into ridicule, and were assailing the shoulder turrets in all directions, when an English gentleman came up, mounted on a very spirited horse, which had never been trained to such sights, and took alarm, and almost threw his rider.

"Why, man," said John Bull, "that cloak o' yours would frighten the Devil." "Weel," replied the minister, "that's just my trade."

A Beggar's Discharge.

HAWKIE attacked a gentleman, the second time on the same evening, for a piece of copper coinage. The gentleman on the second application pled previous payment. "Weel, weel," said Hawkie, "I'll let you pass, ye hae paid."

Language of the Feet.

HENDERSON the proverbialist had a most peculiar mode of indicating his wants ; indeed, every thing he said or did partook of the character of the man. When dining, and after certain dishes had been partaken of, which according to good old northern custom qualifies for a dram, such as fish, cheese, &c., generally solids, and when the ardent solvent seemed tardy in forthcoming, he would have addressed himself to some familiar friend, and complained, "Man, Davit, gin ye be wanting a dram, can ye no just seek it, instead o' kicking my shins that gaet."

An Irish Wonder.

A PARTY was going out to dine in the neighbourhood of Dublin, in the direction of the ——— Canal. While driving along its banks they observed before them a mare, with a colt at her foot, grazing in a small enclosure, who gambolled in all the joyousness of conscious existence. In his exuberance of joy he ventured too near the brink, lost his slender footing, and went plump over ears ; a car somewhat in advance of our party pulled up, and rescued the inexperienced roadster. As our friends came up master colt had forgot his recent perils, shook the folds of his shaggy drapery, and greedily commenced sucking his mother, "Ach, an' by my troth," observed one of the sons of the bog, "who'd have thought that he'd been dry so soon."

A Tractable Stilt.

"You are well acquainted with the but and ben end of the 'Land o' cakes,' Hawkie," said a gentleman to him. In reply—"I might throw the halter ower the neck o' my stilt, and it would turn in o' its ain accord to its quarters for the nicht, without happing or winding, in ony corner o't."

Hawkie's Vocation.

"It's a wonder, Hawkie, that ye can live, a man of your intellect, tramping up and down, amang a' the riff-raff tatterdemallions that beg the country," said a gentleman. "Oh, but man is that a' ye ken," replied the wit; "I hae a profession to support—I'm a collector of poor's rates."

Collector and Commission.

"HAWKIE," continued the gentleman, "You must have a surplus of funds, for I think you a talented and industrious collector." "Weel, man, I'll admit baith; but, for a' that, I ne'er got what paid the collector decently."

Dunning Extraordinary.

"I HAVE had something to do with collecting accounts, Hawkie, and if your rates are as difficult to call in as they are, you must have battle enough in your profession." "Oh, man, you're no up to your business, you're but a green han'; we could learn you. No get your accounts! I ca'd in accounts whan there was naething awn to me."

Readable Type.

THE late William Reid, bookseller in Glasgow, was exceedingly fond of a good joke, and having a fair share of humour himself, he was the better able to be either the judge or the occasion of it in others.

One day an old woman from the clachan of Campsie entered the shop inquiring for "a Testament, on a mair than ordinar roun' teep." One of the largest size was shown to her, which she carefully examined, exacting a serious tribute on Mr. R.'s patience. "This ane 'ill no do—it's a pity, noo, for it's a bonnie book—hae ye ony o' the same size, but wi' the print just about twice as grit?" "No such Testament printed in Scotland," was the reply. "Weel, I'll tell ye what ye may do, sin' I hae gi'en you a' this trouble; I'm gaun wast a' the gate to Anderston, to see a brither's bairn that I maun see afore I leave the toun, an' ye can just put your stampin'-irons in the fire and cast ane aff to me by the time that I come back—we'll no cast out about the price."

Dust and Drought.

MR. REID, when confidential shopman and clerk to Messrs. Dunlop and Wilson, booksellers in Glasgow, with whom, we believe, he acquired the knowledge of his profession, was engaged at the annual balance in taking the stock of literature in quires in the warehouse, and had the assistance of a couple of bookbinders to collate the works, and to lay aside all imperfect copies. The work was heavy, and the dust, which had not been disturbed since the former balance, in most cases required, in case of making lodgements in the crevices of Craig's closs (throat), to be washed down, and Mr. Reid was peti-

tioned for the juice of barley in some shape or other. Mr. R. received the petition, and having a happy knack in doggrel, forthwith memorialized the heads of the house,

“ Now, gentlemen, to tell the truth,
We're like to choke wi' stour and drouth ;
Twa pots o' porter, if you please,
Would set our geyzened throats at ease.”

Music in Church—But not Church Music.

DONALD MHORE, a dashing young drover, from somewhere benorth the Braes o' Doune, had purchased at Carlisle, where he had been with cattle from the Tryst of Falkirk, a musical snuff-box, and, on his return home, being determined to make a display, he carried the same to church next Sunday. The snuff was prime, but unfortunately, when handing a pinch to a cronie, and just as the minister had begun to draw his inferences, off went the box to the not inappropriate tune of “ We're a' noddin'.” Donald applied himself to the stop catch, which he mistook, and away went the music to the profane tune of “ Maggy Lauder.” In the perturbation of the moment, Donald tried to smother the box within his sporran ; but at last took fairly to his heels, when, just as he was about to slam the door behind him, and as if in reply to the inquiring gaze of an astonished audience, the dying cadence of the instrument ended with “ My name is Maggy Lauder.”

Out of the Frying-Pan into the Fire.

A LATE venerable Doctor in the Church, whose years considerably outnumbered “ threescore and ten ” ere he “ was gathered to his fathers,” had, in his earlier days, a rapidity of thought and expression, which led him oftentimes to invert his sentences.

One day the Doctor was executing a piece of Church discipline for a crime, which, according to the practice of Kirk and Dissent, with the exception of perhaps the Congregationalists, is the only one referred to by the Apostle as the “ sin before all ; ” drunkenness, profane swearing, swindling, and backbiting are of “ private interpretation,” and to be dealt with accordingly ; and after a long lecture on the evil example, &c., he concluded by advising the offender to “ go in peace, and thenceforth to live in the practice of all known sin, and the omission of all known duty.” The venerable monitor observed a titter going the round of the pews ; and, mistaking the cause, gave with some degree of warmth a closing admonition to the onlookers, which also involved a right-to-left reading of another passage of Scripture—“ Let him that thinketh he falleth take heed lest he stand ! ”

Attending a Funeral.

WILL SPEIR joined a funeral passing along the road in the same direction as he was going ; all the attendants were on horseback, and Will, to save appearances, got astride on his huge pole or staff that

he walked with. One of the mourners in attendance observed to Will—"So ye hae gotten a horse, Will; its a peaceable-like brute." "Ou ay, poor thing! its no ill to keep, its neither gi'en to flinging nor eating corn."

A Dean among the Beggars.

HAWKIE accosted a party of gentlemen one night with "Bide a blink till I tell ye something." "We have nothing for you," was the reply; "you're drunk, sir." The wit immediately replied, "I'm no half sae drunk as I wad like to be," and which honest reply arrested the party. "Now, gentlemen, mind ye that I'm nane o' your lick-my-loof beggars; I just want three bawbees to mak' up the gill, and down wi' your dust."

The Diet Deserted; or, John Bull in a Strait.

DEAR BAILIE, I got your kind present of crows,
And send our good lady's best thanks in reply;
The branchers were fat, and you cannot suppose
How nicely they ate when done up in a pie.

But, in speaking of crows, you're perhaps not aware
That a crow will be pluck'd when you show your face here;
What the deuce made you think to consign to our care
Such a tun of live-flesh as your friend, Mr. Steer?

When he gave me your note (which was done on the beach),
The people stood gaping from window and door;
So we took to the inn to be out of their reach,
And I ask'd him to dine with me next day at four.

Our friends kept their time, and the news of the day
Had just been discuss'd when we heard an odd din,
While Betty exclaim'd with a voice of dismay,
"The muckle fat gentleman canna get in!" *

Now up went the windows, and out went our heads,
When we found that our neighbours were all on the gaze;
And your friend, in the midst of some quizzical blades,
Stood scratching his head, and seem'd quite in a maze.

"I'm blow'd if this aint a strange kind of a house!
Had I know'd, why I shouldn't have come here at all:
Do you think, my good friend, that a man's like a mouse,
And can come to his meat through a chink in your wall?"

* Those who have observed the narrow doors of some of the old houses situate on the Scottish coast will not be surprised at the awkward predicament a gentleman of Mr. Steer's bulky dimensions might find himself in.

Then he look'd up and smiled like a good-natured chap,
 " You see, my dear sir; that I can't join your party;
 E'en though squeezing would do, I'd be caught in a trap,
 If, when I got in, I should chance to eat hearty."

But our half-stifled laughter soon ruffled his fur,
 And the scowl on his brow showed him stung to the quick,
 While he growl'd in a deep-toned Northumberland burr,
 " Shouldn't wonder, by goom ! though it be a Scotch trick."

Says I, " Mr. Steer, why that sounds so unkin',
 That I cannot help feeling some little surprise ;
 When yesterday morning I ask'd you to dine,
 Believe me, good sir, I ne'er thought of your size."

But to show you, in truth, that it's all a mistake,
 My friends, sir, and I will directly come down :
 The dinner within we'll give up for your sake—
 Walk over the way, and all dine at the Crown."

This adjourned the diet so pleased your fat friend,
 That the evening was spent in good humour and glee ;
 But, pray, to the width of my doorway attend,
 And measure your friends ere you send them to me.

Thom of Govan.

THE Rev. Mr. Thom, minister of the parish of Govan, was alike distinguished for his shrewd sense, his sarcastic wit, and his ultra-Whig principles. On days of national fasting, during the American war, Mr. Thom found fitting occasions for the expression of his political opinions. His church being in the vicinity of Glasgow, his well-known peculiarities generally attracted large audiences on these occasions. It is told of him that on the day appointed for public national thanksgiving at the termination of the American War he commenced his sermon after the following fashion:—" My friends, we are commanded by royal authority to meet this day for the purpose of public thanksgiving. Now, I should like to know what it is we are to give thanks for. Is it for the loss of thirteen provinces ? Is it for the slaughter of so many thousands of our countrymen ? Is it for so many millions of increased national debt ?" Looking round upon his hearers, whose risibility had been excited, he addressed them thus:—" I see, my friends, you are all laughing at me, and I am not surprised at it, for were I not standing where I am I would be laughing myself."

Balance of Evils.

MR. THOM was appointed by the Presbytery to assist at the induction of a young clergyman, of whose talents he had a very mean

opinion. Returning late in the evening, he met an aged member of his own session, near the entry to the manse, who inquired for his minister, and "Whar he had been?" Mr. T. explained. "And did you ride your poor mare a' the way and back again? you'll fell the trusty beast." "An' if it should, John, it's only felling ae brute by settling anither."

Criterion of Taste.

MR. THOM was requested to preach a sermon in the Tron Church of Glasgow on some very particular occasion, and he brought about half-a-dozen MS. sermons in his pocket, uncertain, as he said, which would best suit a Glasgow audience. He thought if he had the opinion of a few friends it might serve as a key to the taste of the Glasgowiegians. He accordingly asked a few acquaintances to join him in a pipe and tankard of ale in a favourite howff. "I'm invited to preach a sermon to you great folks in Glasgow," said he; "and really, I maun after this think myself a man of some consequence, when I have had such an honour conferred on me. But as I'm ignorant of what will please your wonderful nice preaching palates in this big toun, I have brought a few sermons with me, which I'll read over to you, that I may judge which will be the most suitable." He read over one by one, accordingly, until he came to the last, and with each they were equally well pleased; taking it up, he proceeded until he came to a passage that fairly gravelled his auditors. "Stop," said they, "read that passage over again, Mr. Thom." "Wait a wee till I get to the end," said Mr. T., and he continued until another halt was called for explanation. "I'll no tax your patience any longer," said the orator; "this will suit ye exactly; for you Glasgow folks admire most what ye least understand."

A Mis-Deal.

MR. THOM had just risen up in the pulpit to lead the congregation in prayer, when a gentleman in front of the gallery took out his handkerchief to wipe the dust from his brow, forgetting that a pack of cards were wrapped up in it; the whole pack was scattered over the breast of the gallery. Mr. T. could not resist a sarcasm, solemn as the act was in which he was about to engage. "Oh, man, man! surely your psalm-book has been ill bun" [bound]!

The Laird of Barloch.

IT would be a piece of unpardonable neglect, in a volume issued in Glasgow, to overlook the shining abilities of the ingenious and witty John Douglas, Esq. of Barloch. His well known convivial powers, and readiness in repartee, are such as claim for him a high place in our miscellany. At a late meeting of Council it was proposed that wells should be sunk in some parts of the town at the public expense, in order to supply the inhabitants with water, during the present scarcity, arising from the repairs going on at the Glasgow Water-

Works. Mr. Douglas, who was opposed to the expenditure of the public money in this way, remarked, that "As the inhabitants of the districts in question were wealthy people, he would move that the well-disposed people be allowed to sink wells at their own expense, if they thought proper."

Mathematical Question.

WHEN Mr. Robert Wallace, teacher of Mathematics, had his establishment in George's Square, he was met by Mr. Douglas, as he was passing along at some distance from home, in such a calculating mood, that he had almost passed the wit before he observed him, when Mr. D. roused him from his abstraction by jocosely asking him whether he was calculating the distance of the Square, or the square of the distance?

Precedent.

MR. DOUGLAS was one day seen emerging from a crowd, where a quarrel had arisen among some porters, respecting a form on which they were accustomed to sit while waiting for employment. On being asked by a gentleman what was the matter? he replied, "Oh, only a mere matter of form!"

Mercantile Alarm.

WHEN the popular walk on the banks of the river Clyde was thrown open to the public by a decision of the Supreme Court, after having been interrupted for a long time by the erection, on the estate of Westthorn, of what was vulgarly denominated "Harvie's Dyke," great numbers of people crowded thither, attracted by the celebrity of the case. Mr. Douglas happening, on the occasion, to meet the gentleman who had taken the most active part in conducting the plea on behalf of the public, waggishly declared to him, in the most serious manner, that he must surely be a dangerous person, as he had aimed a severe blow at the security of the mercantile world. "How?" asked the gentleman, in the utmost astonishment. "Because," said Mr. Douglas, "you have created a very great run upon the banks."

Chemical Diatribes.

CHEMISTS, natural philosophers, and mathematicians are all of the *genus irritabile*; the first class especially are remarkable for their acrimonious disputes. When Dr. Thomson's famous work on chemistry was published a very severe review of it appeared in a London magazine. Dr. Thomson, in as severe a reply, ascribed the authorship of the review to Dr. Ure. In allusion to which, Mr. Douglas said, "If this were the case, it was merely a very fine specimen of Uric acid."

Gravy before Meat.

MR. DOUGLAS dined with a party, where he happened to occupy the seat next to the hostess, to which, according to the laws of etiquette

is assigned the office of carving for the lady. Mr. D., with his usual politeness, proffered his services. The joint had not been well prepared by the butcher, and it required some strength, as well as art, to separate the parts. In pressing the carving-knife on a tough ligament, it missed, and a quantity of gravy was thrown upon the gown of the hostess. "Mr. Douglas," said she, "I beg a thousand pardons, the fault is entirely mine, the piece ought to have been better prepared for the knife." "Oh, ma'am," replied Mr. Douglas, "yours is all the grace, and mine is all the gravy."

An Ill-Used Bankrupt.

A MERCHANT, as the most petty shopkeeper is styled in the Highlands, was obliged, from losses and mismanagement, to meet his creditors; the most of whom being in Glasgow, the unfortunate bankrupt had to make a journey from home to meet them. A confidential friend had, in the mean time, been corresponded with to ascertain the real state of his affairs, in case of imposition; and it was ascertained that if some heritable property could be made available every creditor might expect payment in full. At the meeting a statement of his affairs was produced; but no notice being taken of his property, he was interrogated, when he admitted such property to be his. "But," added he, "what have you to do with that? it never was in my business at all." "Yes, Duncan, that may be," said one of the creditors, "but it must answer for your debts nevertheless." "Not at all, not at all, it never was money in my business, and therefore it is always my own; that's the law in our place, and should be everywhere in the world; and I'll make it good before every one of you—my own agent there knew this, did you?" The agent here informed him that "all his effects, real and personal, were the property of his creditors, aye and until their claims were discharged." "Never before heard of such an awful injustice," exclaimed the bankrupt; "was ever a poor man so much swindled by his creditors, not to leave me one penny to bless mysel' with!"

Logan on Chemical Analysis.

LOGAN, on a market-day in Kilmarnock, went into a tavern with a friend and ordered some whisky. The waiter, when he set down the measure, asked if they wished to have water along with the spirits? "Na," said the Laird, "had ye no better try to tak' out the water that's in't already?"

An Economical Preacher.

A PAROCHIAL incumbent, whose scene of labour bordered on the Strath of Blane, was blamed for having an erroneous opinion of the memories of his hearers, inasmuch as he frequently entertained them with "cauld kail het again," in the shape of sermons that he had previously given. On one occasion, his own memory allowed him to

make a slip, and only a Sabbath had elapsed between the giving of the sermon a second time. After the dismissal of the congregation, the beadle remarked to him, "I hae often heard ye blamed, sir, for gie'in' us auld sermons; but they'll be mislear'd folk as weel as sklent'in' frae fact, that say that o' the ane ye gied us this afternoon, for it's just a fortnicht sin' they heard it afore in the same place!"

Professional Industry.

JAMES JOHNSTONE was a wit, and like Edie Ochiltree, delighted exceedingly in exercising his talent at the expense of his betters. Besides paving the streets of the royal burgh of Lanark, Johnstone was wont to follow his vocation in the neighbouring villages. On one occasion, while repairing the streets of a small town bordering on the eastern district of Lanarkshire, he was encountered by the parish minister, whose enemies reported that "he looked mair after his pence than his pu'pit." "Well, Mr. Johnstone, what are you engaged about here?" "In troth, minister," said the paviour, "I'm trying to mend the ways [roads] o' the folk o' your parish." "Very laudable employment, James, indeed, but one which I fear is not likely to be successful; for I have been engaged in the same employment for the last five-and-twenty years with little success." "Ah, but, sir," replied Jamie, "there's a material difference between us in our way o' gaun about it; you're sair lee'd on, if you're as muckle on your knees to bring't about as I am!"

Stand by Your Order.

THE paviour was diligently exercised one day in his vocation, when an acquaintance came up, who had in charge a few pigs that he was driving to a farmer in the neighbourhood. The swine-herd was anxious to provoke a witticism from the causewayer, who, on the other hand, was as unwilling to be provoked by such an assailant; for though he followed a suppliant-like profession, he had a most unbending soul within him. Annoyed by the petulance of the pig-purveyor, he stepped upon the side-way, saying, "Just follow your friends there; a man's aye kent by the company he keeps."

An Enraged Amateur.

AN enthusiastic disciple of the old school of musical composition, who led a band of musical inamoratos in the village of Old Kilpatrick, and who entertained a supreme contempt for the namby pamby notes of some of our modern sentimentalists, had his attention directed to a certain tune in sacred music that had just been given to the world. One of his pupils was accordingly instructed to procure a copy of the work containing it, when it was discovered to be an old tune with some slight changes, and under a different name. Our hero, on the discovery, thundered his foot on the floor in indignation at such barefaced pilfering. On one of the pupils remarking that it had been murdered in the composition,—“Na,” said he, “it is dis-

composed, and not only murdered, but they hae ca'd its ghost a nick-name ! ”

Commercial Importance.

NOTHING can be more ludicrous than the importance attached by little minds to little things, and the consequence that such arrogate to themselves and their own puny avocations. A traveller from Birmingham, in the “ button line,” a perfect specimen of the thing we have just described, having all the conceit of his caste about him, with none of the gentlemanly bearing, suavity of manners, and genuine excellence of both head and heart, which we know others of them to possess, once met a friend in Glasgow, and descanted in such glowing and eloquent terms, on Birmingham and the exquisite lustre and polish of its buttons, that one would have thought the sun himself but an overgrown button, and Birmingham his chamber in the east. This led to a remark, from his friend, regarding the amount of money he might collect at each visit. “ It is very great, I assure you. Very great indeed, sir. I will,” continued he, with a knowing inclination of his knob, “ I will make Glasgow a poor town before I leave it to-day ! ”

A Friendship Worth Having.

“ WEEL, Duncan Graham,” said an old hoary slip from the same Celtic stock, “ you have always been a great patriot for your father's family and the clan of our name ; and you have now been away from us a long time, and married a wife, and all that ; and no doubt you will wish to go and live amongst her relations, though I would rather that you were amongst ourselves here in our own place, all the rest of your days.” “ Yes,” replied Duncan, “ I have come a long way north to see my native country, but I mean to return to the south to spend the remainder of my days.” “ No doubt, no doubt ; it's all right, Duncan. Now, Duncan, when you are away from us, and among strangers, should any thing befel you in the way of difficulty, always count on Dugald Graham, your own second cousin by the mother side, as a true friend ; ay, Duncan, one that will stand by you in all circumstances in the world, or any where—aye—any thing short of murder : indeed, Duncan, my dear, if it should be murder itself, I will not turn my back upon you.”

Pigs and Puppies : or, Having the Wrong Sow by the Ear.

THE Robertons of Earnock, in the parish of Hamilton, were one of the oldest families in that part of the country, and could trace their origin to a more remote antiquity than many of the noble families in their neighbourhood. The last of these lairds, who died upwards of fifty years ago, was noted for many good qualities, not unmixed with some eccentricities. Among the latter of these, was a strange fond-

ness for hunting-dogs, which he permitted to roam at large, and to live at bed and board with himself; and generally from twenty to thirty might be seen following him on his peregrinations around the country, or, if at home, snugly dozing around him on the hearth. Among the then pendicles attached to this strange establishment, was a family fool named Robert M'Math, who was perhaps the last of his species in Scotland. His neighbour, Captain Gilchrist, of Eddlewood, the maternal grandfather of the celebrated Lord Cochrane, now Earl Dundonald, frequently rallied him on these points, but in vain; the Laird of Earnock was incurable; but, at the same time, he did not think the less of his kind-hearted neighbour and disinterested adviser, and, accordingly, various small marks of attention and of mutual regard frequently passed between the two families, of which the following is an instance:—The Laird of Earnock had on one occasion a large litter of pigs of a very superior breed, and as he wished to send a couple of them to Captain Gilchrist, Robin the fool was instantly despatched with them in a pock which he carried over his shoulders, with directions to say to the family at Eddlewood, that they were “from the Laird of Earnock, and would serve for a roast, or to amuse the weans.” The weans at this time were Lord Cochrane and his brother. The distance between Earnock-house and Eddlewood is about two miles; and as ill-luck would have it, a party from Hamilton happened on the same day to be playing at quoits, and dining at a small public-house about half-way between the two mansion-houses. When Robin was seen approaching with his burden on his back they instantly “smelled a rat;” and having persuaded him to go in and take a drink of swipes or ale, they in the meantime took out the two pigs, and placed two pups in their place; and, having helped Robin on with his burden, sent him on his way rejoicing. On arriving at Eddlewood he met Captain Gilchrist himself, where, having delivered his message, he was ordered to “turn them out.” Having done so, he was confounded to see two pups, instead of two pigs, make their debut. Captain Gilchrist, thinking it was a joke of his friend, ordered Robin to re-pack his charge, and carry them back to his master. When Robin reached the fatal public-house on his return home he was again enticed to go in; and while he was partaking of another refreshment the pigs were replaced and the dogs taken out, when the simple dupe was despatched as formerly. On his arrival at Earnock he began to upbraid the Laird for having sent him on so fruitless an errand; when, being again ordered to “turn them out,” to his infinite amazement and consternation the dogs had again become pigs. His master, having questioned him where he had been, saw through the trick, ordered him again to get the pigs on his back, and to be sure and never set them down till he reached Eddlewood; but Robin was refractory, and made off as quickly as possible, remarking, with a shrug of the shoulder and a significant leer of the eye—“Na, na, maister, I’ve carried the Deil lang enough; you may carry him a bit yoursel’ noo.”

An Aberdeen Wonder.

JOHN BERVIE, an honest, industrious man, who lived in a landward parish not far from the "auld toon o' Aberdeen," had, by dint of industry and frugality, so far succeeded in his wishes as to give his only son a tolerably good education; and the young man, after being fully qualified, set off for London, where he soon got into a comfortable situation. After being properly settled, he, like a wise and grateful son, remitted to his father from time to time small sums of money, as he could spare them from his salary. On one occasion he sent by the hand of a friend a guinea to his worthy father, who kept it like the apple of his eye, and would by no means part with it, however hard he might be pressed. At this time gold was a great rarity in the "north countrie," and it was the custom of honest John to take his guinea to church with him every Sabbath day, and show it to his astonished neighbours as a "wonderfu' wonder," for which sight he was sure always to charge a penny from each individual who wished to see the "gowd guinea." But evil times came, and poor John was under the dire necessity of parting with his darling guinea. Sabbath came round, and John appeared in the church-yard as usual, but not in his wonted mood, for, alas! the precious coin was gone, and John felt as one bereaved of a friend who had long been dear to him. His neighbours flocked around him, as was their wont, wishing another sight of the guinea, but John told them, with a sorrowful heart and as sorrowful a countenance, that "he couldna let them see't ony mair, for he had been obligated to part wi't at last, and a sair partin' it was to him." His acquaintances, grieved and disappointed, both on account of John's hardship and of not having their own curiosity gratified, began to disperse, when John bethought him of a plan by which he might partly satisfy them, and likewise put a few pence into his pocket. "Come a' back, lads," cried John, "come a' back, fat are ye a' gaen awa' for? gin I canna let you see the guinea itsel' for a penny, I'll let ye see the cloutie it was row'd in for a bawbee."

The Dead Defunct.

A LEARNED weaver, in stating his case before the provost of a certain western burgh, having had occasion to speak of a party who was dead, repeatedly described him as the defunct. Irritated by the iteration of a word which he did not understand, the provost exclaimed—"What's the use o' talking sae muckle about this chield you ca' the defunct?—canna ye bring the man here and let him speak for himsel'!" "The defunct's dead, my Lord," added the weaver. "Oh! that alters the case," gravely observed the sapient provost.

An Ancient Glasgow Magistrate.

(From a Manuscript History of the Burgh.)

IN the year 16—, on the magistracy being appointed, one name appeared on the leet which gave great offence to the rest of these

functionaries. This was Bailie ———. Their objections to him were these :—He was, in the first place, a *novus homo*, and unconnected with any of the old families in the neighbourhood. In the next place, it was understood that he owed his elevation to the civic dignity, not so much to his own deserts, as to the influence which his wife possessed over the Archbishop. Thus backed, he soon, by his own industry and his grace's goodwill, rose to comparative affluence. Being ambitious himself, and his wife not behind any of her sex in vanity, she prevailed with the Archbishop to put her husband on the leet of magistrates. His civic brethren, though they could not oppose the election, determined nevertheless to make his honours as irksome to him as possible; and with this view they thwarted all the measures that he mooted in council. He was, however, not a man of very nice feelings, and, therefore, not easily put down; in short, the temper he displayed often fretted those who considered themselves his superiors in wisdom and prudence, and frequent bickerings in consequence took place. Matters were in this situation at the council board of Glasgow when the following ludicrous circumstance afforded some of the more waggish among the enemies of Bailie——— no small amusement at his expense. It chanced that a nephew of Janet Reid, a worthy hostess who kept the most distinguished house of entertainment in the burgh, returning from one of his trips to Holland—for he was skipper or captain of a trading vessel belonging to the Lord Provost—chanced to bring with him a cuckoo clock, as a present to his aunt. This, as it was a great rarity, was highly prized by the old woman, who placed it in her principal apartment; and it so fell out that two of the bailies happened to call at Janet's the same day to take their meridian, and, hearing the cuckoo, they were astonished and delighted with the contrivance, and agreed between themselves to play off a joke upon Bailie ——-. They accordingly proposed in council to dine upon an early day in Janet Reid's, and discuss some matters of importance. The motion was carried, and on the day appointed a full meeting took place. A little before the hour expired one of those in the secret entered into a discussion with Bailie ——— respecting his name, which he insisted ought to be Cuckoo, and not ——, as he called himself; this, he said, a little bird had told him. At this moment the cuckoo appeared, and repeated its usual note, when the whole party burst out into a fit of loud laughter at the silly joke. The Bailie, though surprised and discomposed at the unexpected insult, still preserved his temper, and the banter went on for another hour, at the expiry of which the bird again broke in upon their merriment with its note, when the laughter was renewed and every finger directed towards the unfortunate civic, who, inflamed with liquor and maddened by the repetition of the insult, started to his feet, sprung forward, and, wrenching the offensive piece of mechanism from its place, dashed it to atoms on the hearth; he then looked scowlingly round on the company, adjusted his cravat, called for his sword, and indignantly quitted the room.

The other civics, having by this experiment found out what would nettle their obnoxious brother, determined to persevere in the annoyance, and with this view resolved instanter to order two clocks of a similar construction—one to replace that destroyed, and the other to be put up in the council hall. The daily ridicule which was thus about to be brought on the head of the poor Bailie was likely to be such as no human patience could well stand; recourse in this emergency was therefore had to the Archbishop, who sent for the Provost and elder Bailie, and having lectured them on the impropriety of their conduct, requested that the obnoxious minute should be erased from the council-books, which was complied with next day.

Highland Hospitality, or an Odd Substitute for a Warming-Pan.

Two Paisley dandies, travelling in the Highlands, arrived at the house of a common acquaintance just as he was about to sit down to dinner. Nothing could be more gratifying to the hungry strangers than the sight which met their eyes as they entered the dining-room. The table literally groaned under the good cheer with which it was covered, and the honest Seestus, not dreaming of so much variety so far from home, were for the time in all their glory, and required little persuasion to make them wash down the whole with plentiful libations of the nectar of the country. The Seestus, in short, partook freely of every thing that appeared; and mine host of the mountains, who was one of the most benevolent as well as the most hospitable of human beings, out of pure regard for the well-being of his guests, suggested at an early hour that they should retire to rest. By this time the latter had already drowned all their cares in the bowl, and were by no means prepared for such an abrupt termination of their festivities; but the hint of the landlord was of course irresistible, and they reluctantly proceeded to their chambers. When musing there for a while on the pleasures of the entertainment, and the delights especially of the never-to-be forgotten Glenlivet, it all at once occurred to one of them that it was a very extraordinary thing to be thus sent supperless to bed, and that by means of a little Paisley jockeyship it might be still practicable, if not to get supper, at least to secure a little more drink. With this view he passed at once to the apartment of his companion and imparted his design, proposing that to punish the old cock for his want of hospitality they should yet arouse him out of bed on pretence of illness, and induce him to produce once more all the implements of jollity. Every thing seemed to favour their plan; their bed-rooms were situate in a remote and dismal part of the old Highland mansion; the wind whistled through the crevices of the shattered window-frames, and our weary travellers began to shiver in true earnest at the thought of passing a whole night in a place so cheerless. The bell was then rung for the servant, who was told to alarm his master immediately, as one of the gentleman had suddenly

become unwell after going to bed, and would certainly die unless he got something to relieve him. Mine host was instantly on the spot, full of alarm for his friends; but he had scarcely entered the room when he perceived something like a smile on the faces of both, a circumstance he could not well reconcile with the pretence of serious illness. To be brief, he penetrated the whole affair in a twinkling, and neither liking to be thus roused from his warm bed, nor relishing the idea of being quizzed after this fashion in his own house, he resolved, like Lesmahago with the mad dog, to turn upon his pursuers and fight them with their own weapons. Feigning compassion, accordingly, for the suffering Seestus, and treading softly up to the bedside, "My dear sir," exclaimed he, "I fear your quarters are not so comfortable as they should have been; but if you complain of cold I have a remedy at hand which will soon cure the shivering fit—just let me feel your pulse, my sweet sir, and all shall be right in a moment." Having so expressed himself, he seized the astonished Paisleyonian round the middle, and throwing him on his knee as if he had been an infant, he raised a fist, which, like that of Parson Adams, bore no small resemblance to a shoulder of mutton, and applied it with so much force and dexterity that the unfortunate victim of his doughty neighbour's drollery roared out most lustily for help, invoking St. Mirren, and cursing the hour he had left the Water-neb, while he ever and anon protested it was all a joke. This was only answered by the sturdy Highlander with a repetition of the dose, and he swore at the same time that he liked jokes above every thing, but that this was the only effectual substitute he had ever known for a modern warming-pan.^s He then turned to the other, who had nearly expired with laughing at the absurd predicament of his naked associate, and seizing him with the same business-like air of indifference, made him taste of the same discipline not less severely, through a pair of thin duck trowsers, the effect of which is now jocosely said, by the wags of the Sneddon, to be visible in his nose, an extra quantity of blood appearing to have retreated to that organ whenever the alarm was sounded at the opposite extremity. "And now, gentlemen," added the honest Celt, "as I am a little fatigued with the trouble that I have taken to make you so very comfortable, we shall, if you please, have a little more of the dew, and then to bed." The unlucky dandies were too much confounded with the sample of their landlord's humour, which they had just tasted, to think of thwarting him in any new proposal, and they acquiesced therefore with so much good will that morning had already dawned upon them ere they thought of departing from the second sederunt. They were puzzled next day to decide whether they should admire the more—Highland hospitality, or Highland warming-pans.

The Ruling Passion Strong in Death.

ANDREW TINNACH was a cock-laird of the west, and a man of very strong passions—those of an irascible character predominating. He

was never known to have forgiven an injury, not even after he had taken his revenge. He would reply to those who urged him to forget and forgive—"What do you know about my feelings? when ye can suit your shanks to my hose and shoon, ye may speak; so just keep your breath to cool your kail: ye dinna ken how het ye may hae to sup them yoursel yet."

Tinnach had a feud of long standing with a neighbour laird, one Peter Torrance; and although Peter was always anxious to make up matters with Andrew, yet his obstinacy withstood all advances towards a reconciliation. A serious illness, however, brought him at last to some placability of temper; and a message was despatched for Peter to come and see Andrew, who was thought to be at the point of death.

"Man, Andrew!" said Peter, "but I am vex'd to see you sae sair dung down, but keep up your heart yet—there's been mony a ane as sair forfochten, and wan ow'r't a'." "Oh, but Peter," said the dying man, "there's an awfu' death-wark at my heart, I never fand ony thing like it before; I just sent for you, because I would like to die at peace wi' you." "I'm glad to hear ye speak sae, Andrew, and ye canna be mair anxious to be at peace wi' me than I am to be wi' you; it's no seventy times, nor onything like it, that you and I hae had misunderstandings."

Andrew rallied a little, and a gleam of hope seemed to light up his pallid countenance. "But, Peter, ye ken ye did me great harm, and though I aye tried to keep down my temper, it brak out whiles; it wasna easy to put up wi' a' the provocation that ye gied me." "Weel, weel," said Peter, who, upon the whole, was more the injured than the injurer, "be it so; let us forget and forgie." "Ay, Peter, but ye aye made light o' the injury ye did to me." Peter saw matters likely to resume their old form, and bade Andrew farewell. "Weel, fareweel, Peter," said Andrew; "and though we're 'greed the now, mind, gin I get better, we'll just be as we were, for a' this."

R.

Highland Medical Prescription.

LACHLAN M'LEAN of Breadalbane sent two of his sons, Hector and Angus, to a brother-in-law, who lived in the Calton of Glasgow, to be apprenticed as hand-loom weavers.

Angus, the younger of the two, was of an exceedingly kind and obliging disposition, and endeared himself, as William Dougall, his uncle and master said, "to everybody about him; but, in regard to his brother," the same authority stated "that he had nae great brow o' him—there appears to be unco little outcome o' him; but what can be expected o' a raw callant standing sax feet twa on his stocking soles, and only saxteen year auld; thae sort o' cattle hae little mair generally than what the spoon puts in them; they grow owre fast to tak muckle judgment along wi' them; the crap o' him, too, is boeing down as fast as the body grows up, just like a saugh-wand, whilk naaks me

say to him whiles—Man, Hector, you're growing to the grund like the stirk's tail."

The aunt paid great attention to her nephews, particularly to the younger—she separated their meal-hours from those of the shop-mates, so that she might give them something over and above the ordinary run of the kitchen. Mrs. Dougall might be seen calling in her two nephews to breakfast just as the others had left. "Come awa, my braw laddies, I am sure that you are both weary and hungry now; haste you, my bairns, I hae keepit your bit egg warm and boiling for you this half hour."

The great change from climbing the hills, and assisting his father in watching the sheep, to the sedentary occupation of weaving, induced a serious swelling in the ancle joints of poor Angus, and to add to this jaundice threw its saffron hue over his countenance.

This sickness gave his aunt great anxiety. "My poor doo," would she say, "and so far from your mother, maybe never mair be able to go home on your ain feet. Betty, my little lassie, go over to John Battieson the smith—we should rather call him Dr. Battieson, though he is second cousin of my own—atweel I'll say't, he'll knew more than all the doctors that hae been brought out o' the Colledge—rin, Betty, and say that I sent you for something that's good for promoting a swell in the joint at the heel, and also for putting away a yellow face with the jaundice." Betty immediately obeyed, and delivered the message to the son of Vulcan, who put on a grave, thoughtful expression of countenance for about ten minutes, and prescribed:—"Tell Mrs. Dougall to take her own two hands and rub the laddie's legs aye down and down till the swell go away at the bottom of the foot—on no account let her draw her hands up, as she may cause the swell to go up to and go into his body, and kill him altogether; and for the jaundice, tell her to take the blankets from the laddie's bed at night when the dew is coming down, and draw them through the dew till they are wet all over, then row them about him tight all over his body, so that he will be a perspiration the whole night—and by the blessing of Providence and the cure of the medicine the laddie will do well."

Celts and the Secession.

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 Kirk and Dissent. One of them was asked what Seceders meant, as differing from the Church of Scotland. "Och, I'll thoct, tall bonny men, like the cedars on Lebanon."

Highland Synonyms.

DUNCAN M'TAVISH practised as a writer in a small town in the West Highlands, and had become familiar with the English language, chiefly through the medium of Bailey's dictionary; and Duncan,

when quizzed about his elegant English, said "it would be strange indeed if he did not know English, ay, every particle of it, when I have every year read all the dictionary, word for word, and made an observation on it too." Duncan had a young man as an apprentice, whom he was instructing in the mysteries of "Giving over land by deed, of drawing obligations between man and man, and for employing all instruments, civil and profane, for bringing criminals before justice," as the indenture ran. An uncle of this young man had paid the debt of nature, and it was necessary for the apprentice to obtain his employer's permission to go to the funeral, which was at a considerable distance. "By all means, Ian M'Dhu—by all means, my boy—go surely, and get ready your black clothes, and all that; but you must also, Ian, write your uncle's widow a letter of compliments on this melancholy occasion. Sit down, and I'll give you a letter of my own deduction. Begin and say—'My dearest madam'—yes, that will do—'I beg leave'—yes, beg leave—'to congratulate you.'" The young man, who had profited above his teacher, observed—"Don't you think, sir, condole is a better word?" "Oh yes! it is a very good word—put them both down—they are excellent words, and, moreover, synonymous terms!"

Promise versus Reform.

AN issuer of "Promises to pay," in a town of some note on the west coast of Scotland, had got himself well feathered in his vocation, the business being not only a very profitable one, but a kind of heirloom in the family.

This gentleman, though large in promise, was tardy in performance; a habit of inveterate laziness had insensibly crept in on him, and which amounted almost to disease. The good folks in his neighbourhood used to say of him—"Just let Banky sit still, and bring his pick to him, and he'll gie a bit flaffer wi' his wings now and then to keep his nest frae taking fire, an' it's a' the same to him if Bonaparte an' a' his men were at Kilmalcolm." To such a degree did the habit gain on our man of discount that he used to say to a confidant—"Man, I wish every morning as it comes round that I were a dog, for he has neither to shave his beard nor put on his claes!"

Letter from Literary Bob.

My worthy and respected old Maister,

If the past services of your late humble and affectionate loof-licker ever had any merit in your eyes, you will not be displeased if I trouble you with some account of myself, and what has fallen out since that melancholy morning we parted at the door of the "Salutation Inn." As for my new maister, though a wee short in the temper whiles—yet if I may judge from my getting plenty o' sleep and plenty o' play, and sent to bed every night wi' my middle blown out like a piper's bag, I think he is no ill pleased wi' my dog-service. In speaking o' sleep, you will no doubt think it strange when you

hear that I pass every night wi' the landlady's cat in my bosom!—this, considering my former character as a cat-worrier, is without doubt a wondrous change; but send either man or beast on their travels, they are sure to pick up something by the way, though it should only be a bit scrap of experience; and whatever I may have done in time past, it is now my settled conviction that the dog that would fight wi' a cat is the greatest fule that ever ran upon four legs. The fur of the creature is so soft, warm, and kindly, particularly to an elderly dog like me, whose coat is getting baith seedy and a little out at the elbows, that I felt as happy the first night as I had been bedded among lamb's-wool; besides, I discovered that the fleas I had brought with me from Glasgow were as much taken wi' the warmth of pussie's fur as myself, for I observed, in the grey o' the morning, my old lodgers on their march towards what they thought more comfortable quarters. "Step out, ye niggers," thought I to myself, "you're my own blood relations, and why should I prevent you from bettering your situation?" for I have always thought, maister, that whenever frien's come to regard parting as a mutual advantage the sooner they shake hands the better; and on this occasion I consoled myself with the reflection that, though in future I might not keep so much company about me, I would feel more easy in my personal circumstances. As for Mrs. Puss, I saw her during the day very busy among the new-comers, and licking hersel' frae neck to heel; for cats, like some o' the human species, hae a wonderful deal of kindness and attention to bestow upon themselves when anything happens to be the matter. In respect to myself, I felt so relieved, and so well pleased at what had taken place, that I resolved never again to curl a lip at a cat while my name remained Bob; that none of the tribe should ever have reason to stick their sharps into any of my tender bits, or ever make my nose a pincushion, as it were, for their nails as long as, by a wag of my tail and a civil lick o' my tongue, I could make their fur a sort of Upper Canada for my superfluous population.

But enough about cats; we'll now, if you please, take a squint at the rabbits. I mentioned that I was just as well off for play as I was for sleep; but my favourite amusement is, when my new maister and I happen to take a stroll among the rabbits that burrow abune Kinfauns. There I trow there is sport to be seen; then you may see me in full chase, with a dozen of these funny-looking creatures scudding before me, wi' their fuds cocked up and their lugs slouched, and looking altogether so droll, that he must be an older and a graver dog than I am that can resist having a snap at them, not for the purpose of hurting them, but merely to get a grup o' the absurd, comical-looking tufts they carry behind them, and so pull them out of their holes for a little diversion. These fuds or tufts, I may observe, though the most ludicrous-looking objects about them, they are sure to carry higher than any other part of their body. This want of tact or self-knowledge, however, is not peculiar to our frien's at Kinfauns.

Even among men I've seen that such foibles or ludicrous points of character, which their prudence ought to conceal as being most obnoxious to ridicule, are generally the very things which, like the fud of the rabbit, are most flauntingly obtruded on public notice, and in consequence are eagerly snapped at by the waggish observer for the purpose of drawing out the witless owner for the laughter and amusement of the onlookers. I admit, however, that my master always scolded on my returning from my frolics among the rabbits; but as I knew that in his professional character he was as fond of having a snap and a laugh at passing absurdities as any one, I thought it was just "sic dog, sic maister;" so, after hearing his lecture, I turned up my snout, and, giving a bark or two by way of reply, I scampered off to chase the swallows along the roadside.

Having said so much about rabbits, it will perhaps not be out of place to hae a word or two about dogs. You'll excuse me, my worthy old maister; but often, when I have heard you and some of your frien's descanting in John Anderson's about our sagacity, I've wondered within mysel, at the small degree of knowledge you seemed to possess about dogs and dogs' ideas o' things; and often when you appeared to be forgetting yoursels a' thegither on the subject, I've gotten out frae aneath the table and barked, in order to change the discourse, for fear there might be ony strange dogs within lug-length o' you, who might be whistling through their nose at your expense—a thing which I could not suffer, for I always wished that you and your friends should stand high among my fellow-dogs, as men of great learning and judgment; for to be plain with you, among dogs as among men, every one is known by the company he keeps; and so particular was I in this matter, that I could name respectable tailors in Glasgow, who would not hesitate to give a man credit for a coat, if they saw him on such a familar footing with me as indicated an acquaintance of some standing. But what often vexed me more than any thing, was, when I heard you expressing astonishment at such trifles, as my being able to tell one man from another, by putting my nose to the calf of his leg; dear me! maister, must I tell you, that a dog's nose is like a german flute, the more he practices it, the better acquainted he becomes with its powers, and the various keys and other subtilties of which it is composed;—but what am I saying? Even medical science aided by all the heartless atrocities of Majendie (I speak as a dog), have as yet made but imperfect advances towards a knowledge of its wonderful organisation. Of this, I must confess, I know as little as the merest puppy in the profession; but though thus ignorant of the internal construction of a dog's nose, I may be allowed to know something of its capabilities, and, in order that you may never again expose yourself in the presence of any dog, in my absence, I will give you a little insight into the matter. To tell a beagle from a baillie, is what any messan can do, without consulting his nose on the subject; but to distinguish one well-dressed person from another, or, for iustance, a member of the late Town Council

from one of the present, by merely nosing his calf, is, it seems with you, a very wonderful degree of sagacity. Now nothing, I assure you, is more simple; a man's calf, to us, has always the savour of what he feeds upon; and our reform councillors being all fed on plain citizen-fare, it produces a kind of general identity to a dog's nose, which would have a very perplexing effect, were it not for the interference or counteraction of the subtilties here alluded to, which lead the more delicate organs on the trace or scent of individuality. Now, the Town Councillors, under the "old order of things," having just retired after a long course of high-feeding, such as venison, green fat, rich pasties, claret, and other fine-flavoured wines, their calves make a very different impression on our olfactory nerves, and make it just as easy for us to distinguish the calves that have "left office," from the calves that are "in office," as it would be for you to tell a tallow candle from a scented taper; ay, and a great deal more so, for believe me, maister, in many cases wisdom on twa legs, is nae match for sagacity on four. Though I must confess, from the system of feeding, which I hear the new councillors have lately resorted to, the scent of their calves may soon approximate to that of their predecessors, in such a way as will go far to puzzle the dogs.

You must understand, however, that what I have said, refers only to the dogs of the west; as for the dogs in this quarter, they are in general a gude-for-naething set of mislered curs, wi' noses as useless for any good purpose, as if they were made of burned cork; indeed, from their awkwardness, I sometimes think they dinna ken which is the nose-end of themselves, and they jabber our gurry-wurry language wi' such a vile northern accent, that it often fashes me to understand them. They are very uncivil to strange dogs that seem of a better quality than themselves; but this they learn from their maisters, who think the best way to behave to a stranger, is to look as strange to him as possible. As for me, I've seen few dogs since I came here, that I would be seen smelling a door-cheek wi' in the Trongate of Glasgow, where I've a character to support; and rather than make myself familiar with such as I see in this place, I prefer, when I have leisure, taking a seat at the door of Mr. Dewar, a worthy bibliopole, who is considered by our Glasgow friends here, as the sort of D——R—— of Perth, a man kind and civil to beast and body, and as our ain Professor Brown says, is a good judge of the human countenance,—has a face that looks as broad, free, and hospitable, as if it were an open table. Speaking of the Professor, there is some of his conduct of late that I canna understand verra weel. I see him sometimes when I'm passing, sitting at a muckle wide door, wi' a great big pewter-plate before him, at least four times the size o' ony he was ever used to, and neither spoon nor spoon-meat within smell o' him. Now, it puzzles me, how a man of his good sense and shining talents, would sit a' day ahint a muckle toom dish, particularly, as I ken nane that deserves sae weel to hae a fu' ane. I have twa-three times gane up the steps, for the purpose of sitting down beside him, to lick his hand.

by way of keeping up his spirits, and sympathising with him, on what to one of his social disposition cannot but be a deep affliction ; but he either mistakes my intention, or thinks that twa are ower mony to sit a toom plate, however big it may be, for as soon as he sees me, he puts down his brows and taks up his stick, wi' such a look of determined ill-nature, that I'm glad to keep my sympathy to mysel' and trot on my way in peace. Now, maister, I'll conclude my long letter with a word about my own affairs. When you and my new governor were talking on the North Inch, I overheard you speaking about buying me a brass collar ; now this would just be throwing awa' gude siller, for really I've as little need o' a brass collar as your sark has for a side pouch, or a Hoganfield goose has for a cork jacket ; besides, a' the dogs would be makin' a fool of me, and crying "there goes literary Bob as braw's Petticraw's bull when he got his cloots gilded." Consider, maister, what a snarling pack I hae to deal wi', and dinna mak' a weel-tryed frien' a laughing-stock in his auld days ; besides, wi' a collar about my neck, I couldna get sae cleverly at the fleas ; and as ye ken there is nae scarcity o' vermin about this place, strangers require to be on the alert to keep their ain wi' them, so, between you and me, a set o' new teeth would be of more use than a dozen brass collars : just let me have fair play with the enemy, and I will keep them in as good order as ever. Wishing you may be always able to tak your frien's by the hand, and your foes by the upper-lip, for these are twa o' the best grups I ken,—the one is familiar to you, and the other has often afforded me baith safety and satisfaction,—

I remain, your humble and devoted loof-licker,

BOB.

Highland Thieves.

DUGALD M'CAUL was a professed thief in the Highlands, and sometimes took young lads into his service as apprentices to the same business. With one of these hopeful youths, who had recently engaged with him, he agreed one night to proceed upon an excursion ; the apprentice to steal a wedder, and Dugald himself to steal kale. It was also agreed that they should, after being in possession of their booty, meet in the kirk-yard, where they were pretty sure of not being molested, as it got the name of being haunted by a ghost. Dugald, as may well be supposed, arrived first at the place of rendezvous, and, sitting on a grave-stone, amused himself with eating kale-custocks until the apprentice should arrive with the wedder. In a neighbouring farm house, a cripple tailor happened to be at work, and the conversation having turned upon the story of the kirk-yard being haunted, the tailor boldly censured some young men present for not having the courage to go and speak to the supposed apparition, adding, that if he had the use of his limbs, he would have no hesitation in doing it himself. One of the young men, nettled at the tailor's remarks, proposed taking the tailor on his back to the kirk-yard ; and, as the tailor could not well recede from what he had said, off they went. The moment they entered the kirk-yard Dugald M'Caule saw

them, and thinking it was the apprentice with a wedder on his back, he said, in a low tone of voice, as they approached him, "Is he fat?" "Whether he be fat or lean," cried the young man, "there he is to ye;" and throwing down the tailor, ran off as hard as he could. On entering the farm-house, to his utter astonishment, he found the tailor close at his heels; intense fear having supplied him with the long-lost use of his limbs, which, it is said, he retained ever after.

A Scotch Mason.

THE late Mr. Douglas of Cavers, in Roxburghshire, one day walked into Cavers churchyard, where he saw a stone-mason busily engaged in carving an angel upon a grave-stone. Observing that the man was adorning the heavenly spirit, according to the costume of the age, with a grand flowing periwig, Mr. Douglas exclaimed to him, "In the name of wonder, who ever saw an angel with a wig?" "And, in the name of wonder," answered the sculptor, "wha ever saw an angel without ane?"

A Convenient Jail.

SOME time ago one of the bailies, while visiting the jail of Lanark, found the prisoners at the time to consist of a poacher, who chose to reside there in preference to paying a fine, and a wild Irishman for fire-raising, who either was mad or pretended to be so. The first visited was the poacher—"Weel, Jock," said the magistrate, "I hope ye hae naething to complain o' your treatment here?"—"Naething but the noise that Irishman makes. I havena slept for the last twa nights, and I maun just tell ye, bailie, that if ye dinna fin' means to keep him quiet, I'll stay nae langer in!"

Facetious Chambermaid.

"TELL your mistress that I have torn the curtain," said a gentleman to a domestic of his lodging-house. "Very well, sir; mistress will put it down to the rent."

Smelling Strong of the Shop.

A COMMERCIAL traveller from a great Dyeing-house in Glasgow wrote from Germany to his employers—"Elberfeldt is a most beautiful valley, and has evidently been intended by Providence for Turkey-red yarn dyeing establishments."

Sea-Bathing Extraordinary.

AN honest shawl manufacturer from the Sneddon, whose travels before this summer had never extended beyond Dumbuck, or, at farthest, Dumbarton, seriously bethought himself of repairing to the coast for the twofold purpose of bettering his health and at the same time of gratifying his curiosity by a sight of the Regatta. Largs, he had indeed heard, was nae better than it should be, and that the honest folks there thought nae mair of taking a sail on the Sabbath-

day than he would do of taking a web out of the loom on a Saturday ; yet all agreed it was a bonny spot, and he had therefore made up his mind to journey thither, deeming it of little importance who or what they were, or what they did. So resolved, Willie Walkinshaw stepped on board the Gleniffer, at the "Water-neb," and in due course of time arrived at Largs, where he soon succeeded in taking "a bit sma' room for the douking." The weather being extremely hot, honest man ! he thought it advisable to lose no time in carrying into effect his long premeditated design of dipping ; and for this purpose "dauner'd awa' by the fisherman's hut," where he soon came to a place that he thought, from the "sma'ness o' the chuckystanes, would do remarkably weel." For fear of accidents, however (for he had never been in the sea before), Willie used the precaution of taking soundings with his stick, and the water was anything but deep ; he tried the temperature of it with his hand, and he declared "in a' his born days he had never felt water sae het before." These preliminaries being settled, off went coat, waistcoat, trowsers, and shirt ; and the salt-water was just about to receive a dark, dirt-bebarkened-looking figure, that had never before felt its purifying and refreshing influence, when a shriek, and a shout, and a short prayer from the wabster, announced that the sea has bubbles as the land has, "and THAT is of them." This was no time, however, for moralising or dramatising—off hirpled Willie with all convenient speed, his hat on his head, and his "claes" under his arm, and never once looking round, until he conceived himself out of all possibility of danger. There the clothes were hurried on—thence Willie hurried off—never was a poor being so terror-struck, or so truly thankful on arriving safe at his own doorstep. "Weel, Willie," was the landlady's salutation, "hae ye been in the water ? My troth ye havena been lang about it ! It's the like o' you should come to the salt-water ; but, wae's me, man, ye look frightened like—what's the matter ? what's wrang ? what's wrang ?" "What's wrang !" responded the knight of the treadles, "ye'se ne'er catch me douking again at Largs—it's no chancy—do ye ken I was just going to make an awfu' plunge in, when a head as black as a sing't shæep's head, covered wi' short woolly hair, and wi' teeth as white as the driven snaw, appeared aboon the water, girning at me—hech me, I'm a' shaking when I think o't—thinks I, there's nae wonder the water's het when ye're here. Sae aff I ran, and how I gat on my claes, or how I gat here, I canna tell ; but I'm convinced o' ae thing, that the Deil has been douking this day at the Largs." "O man, what a gouk ye maun be, Willie, as I should ca' you sae—I'se wager ye ony thing ye like, it has just been Mr. D.'s black servant down bathing this warm forenoon." "Na, na, honest woman, it may hae been the maister o' him and o' many mae o' us ; but yon's no his servant or I'm deeply mista'en.—How much am I awn you ? for I'm going off the morn's morning again—nae mair douking at Largs for me." Suffice it to say, Willie kept his resolution ; nor could all the proof his landlady offered to bring forward in corroboration of the

truth of her conjecture induce Willie Walkinshaw to think otherwise than "that the gentleman who made the water sae warm that morning at Largs must have come from a gey het place."

Proof against Headache.

AN elderly gentleman, travelling in a stage-coach, was amused by the constant fire of words kept up between two ladies. One of them at last kindly inquired if their conversation did not make his head ache, when he answered with a great deal of naivete, "No, ma'am, I have been married twenty-eight years."

Volunteers on Service.

THE squadron of the Renfrewshire volunteers that had been raised in Paisley were sent to do duty at Beith for a period of six weeks, with a view to drill and to acquire soldier-like habits and discipline. The *Seestu gens d'armes* being quartered on the town, those who could not receive them into their houses were obliged to pay the usual billet-money. Several of the public-houses accordingly became barrack-rooms, *pro tempore*, for many of these campaigners; and at the mess of the subalterns the following three toasts were regularly given, and in the following order:—1, "Our noble sells; and wha's like us? smash't a' ane." 2, "The British army in Beith." 3, "Our commander and maister, the King."

A Lawyer's Charity.

A POOR Irish barrister, who had more brains than briefs, had, from too social habits, lost his practice, and by-and-by his health—consumption closing the record on him, and leaving nothing to defray the usual expenses attendant on interment. A warm-hearted friend of the deceased, however, set about raising a subscription amongst his acquaintances, limiting the amount to a shilling each, so that every one might have an opportunity of contributing. Having accosted one of the brethren, who was wont to complain of too great an increase in the number of practitioners, the latter saluted him with, "What are you about now, with that suspicious-looking green bag in your hand?" "You are aware, I suppose, of the death of our poor friend, O'Higgins, and without a cross to bury him; so you must give me a shilling to help to buy a turf to cover all that's left of him here." "Poor soul! and is it true? Well, I'll see what I have; troth, and I find, after searching my pockets, that I have not a shilling in any of the pockets about my body; but there's a pound-note for you, and bury twenty when you are at it."

Will Speir and the Beith Tailors.

WILL SPEIR was accustomed to assist the beadle of the church, whereof he was an unworthy member, in the discharge of some of the less important functions of his office. On one occasion, during sermon, a fight took place between two strong colliers in one of the

aisles, which interrupted the service for a time. Will ran to the scene of riot, and, belabouring the belligerents with a stick, exclaimed—"If you would pay mair attention to what the minister's saying to you, it would be muckle better for you than tearing your tousy jackets at that gait; tak better care o' you're claes, you block-heads, there's no a tailor in Beith can either mend thae or mak new anes to you when they're done."

A Promise to Balance Accounts.

WILL SPEIR, having occasion to cross a bridge where a penny toll was exacted for foot passengers, pleaded poverty, and begged to be allowed to pass free. The tollman was inexorable. Will persisted—"Weel, I canna pay you." "You cannot pass, then." "Maun I staun still here like ane o' the stoops o' your yett?" "Yes, or return the way you came, or beg a penny for the toll." "Gang back! you gouk," said Will, "would ganging back hain your brig; would it no wear't just as muckle as my coming alongst it did—I hinna time to gang back the noo—there's your penny to you, man; and the neist time I come this way I'll gang a hail day on't atween the inside o' the yett there and the tither end, and tak my pennyworth out o' your brig."

Difficulty of Raising the Wind.

THE proverb, "The drunken man aye gets the drunken penny," was probably never so truly verified as in the case of two tipplers in Lochwinnoch. They had exhausted funds and credit, yet still they might be seen describing right angles in their course towards home. One day, having failed in all their schemes for raising the necessary funds, "Gang awa in, Peter," said John, "and see gin they'll gie us credit for a gill." "Na, John, wad it no be likelier that ye wad get it, ye're far better acquaint?" "It would be useless," replied John, "I'm ower weel kent."

The Retort Courteous.

AT a late election for Perthshire, Sir John Campbell solicited a Mr. M'Gregor to use his influence with his son to give his vote for Sir George Murray. Old M'Gregor said it was useless, as his son had pledged himself to support the opposite party, at which Sir John gave expression to his displeasure by saying, "He was not a true M'Gregor; there was some bad blood in him." "I wouldna doubt but there is," replied the old man, "for his mother was a Campbell."

Highlandman and the Gas.

A HIGHLANDMAN took up his quarters in a hotel in Glasgow, and was shown into a bed-room lighted with gas. Donald being fearful of robbers, and wishing to sleep under a strong light that, as the Irishman would say, he might see while he was asleep, he allowed the gas to burn until the dawn. Next morning the landlady inquired

whether he had enjoyed a good night's rest. "I could not sleep a moment for your abomination kass smell." "You should have stopped it, sir, or called the servant to do it." "And did I'll not blew't out? but it was a great deal more worse than before."

A Clerical Antiquary.

THE late Rev. Mr. L. of L. (who was not more distinguished for his theological attainments than for his sprightly wit), in the course of one of his forenoon lectures, read that passage in 1st Kings, which relates the expedient employed by Jeroboam for preventing the tribes who adhered to him from going up to Jerusalem to worship by setting up two golden calves—one in Bethel and the other in Dan. "These," said the lecturer, "are the first Chapels of Ease that ever were erected."

A Word in Season.

MR. L. had occasion, one Sabbath, to supply the pulpit of a neighbouring brother, whose wife was distinguished for her extreme parsimony. On being asked next morning by the hospitable lady of the manse if he would eat an egg for breakfast, he replied, "Yes, madam, I always eat one when I cannot get two."

A Marriage Bell.

A MINISTER of Lochwinnoch, in the middle of the last century, had a son who was in the habit of playing off a number of practical jokes on his father and his parishioners. On one occasion a bashful couple had resolved to wear the bands imposed by "luckless Hymen," and had proceeded by different routes to the manse, so that the matter might as much as possible remain a profound secret. This became known to the witty wag, who with all speed repaired to the church-bell, and rang a fire-toll, which speedily brought a multitude to the kirk-yard, inquiring, "Where is the fire?" "At the manse," he replied; "Haste! haste to the manse!" They immediately repaired thither, and arrived just as the indissoluble knot had received the pastor's blessing. The joke was instantly perceived, and the nuptials of the blate couple were announced to the whole village by the cheers and shouts of several hundreds.

A Highland Echo.

IN the course of last summer some strangers of distinction were induced to visit a wild and unfrequented retreat in a distant part of the Highlands, chiefly from the report they heard of an echo, remarkable for the clear and distinct nature of its reverberation. On reaching the spot from whence the trial of its powers is usually made, their guide put his hand to the side of his mouth, and bawled out with the lungs of a stentor, a salutation in Gaelic, which was repeated with a precision that seemed beyond the expectations of the party. One of the gentlemen, by way of trying the strength of his

voice, put his hand to the side of his mouth, in the same manner of the guide, and called out, "How far are we from home?" These words, much to the surprise of their conductor, were also repeated, when poor Donald, with a simplicity which brought a smile over the features of all present, observed, "You may think it strange, gentlemen, but this is the first time I ever heard our echo speak English." "I have no doubt," said the gentleman, "but it can repeat other languages if put to the test," and instantly bawled out some brief questions in French, Spanish, and Italian. Donald looked more bewildered than ever. "Weel, I must say, that's very queer; my own father, and my own self, have known that echo for more than seventy years, and we never knew it use no language but the Gaelic language before." "Your echo is more learned, then, than you supposed," said the gentleman, laughing, though at a loss whether to impute Donald's remarks to archness or simplicity. "You may say that, but can you tell me sir," said the poor fellow, with an expression of earnestness, that appeared highly amusing to those present, "as the echo has never been out of the country, where can she have got all her education?"

The Cock of the Company.

HAPPILY the day is gone by, when he was cock of the walk who could pocket his tenth tumbler and keep possession of his chair; and he was the best qualified to be an elder in the church who could best comport himself under heavy draughts, from the inebriating bowl. If stomach tests obtained in the direction of the church's affairs, much more did they amongst the directors of the body politic. Before a deacon of any of our corporations could obtain the highest honour in the master-court, he had a curriculum of seasoning to undergo of at least five successive years; and if he survived the experiment, he was passed as a seasoned cask—"nae danger noo o' his springin' a leggin' girr, he's a piece o' weel seasoned timmer." Amongst the Justices of Peace in the country, when any political occasion brought them together, incredible feats of drinking were sometimes performed. At a meeting of Justices, held at the Dachal, county of Renfrew, on the occasion of a militia conscription, the business was wound up by dinner, followed by a deep bouse, which continued until morning; and one after another of the party was obliged to be carried to bed. Hamilton of Bar refused all assistance to be removed, and slept in the dining-room, the scene of drinking. In the morning, claiming victory, he shouted, "He's the best cock that keeps the field."

The Sick Minister.

A VENERABLE divine, who, in his day and generation, was remarkable for his primitive and abstinent mode of life, at length fell sick, and was visited by a kind-hearted lady from a neighbouring parish. On her proposing to make some beef-tea, he inquired what it was; and being informed he promised to drink it at his usual dinner hour.

The soup was accordingly made in the most approved manner, and the lady went home, directing him to drink a quantity every day until her return. This occurred a few days afterwards, when the lady was surprised to see the beef-tea almost undiminished, and to hear it denounced by the worthy clergyman as the worst thing he had ever tasted. She determined to try it herself, and having heated a small quantity, pronounced it excellent. "Ay, ay," quoth the divine, "it may drink well enough that way, but try it wi' the sugar and cream as I did."

"Aye the Auld Scottish Kail Brose."

THE late Dr. Cleghorn resided for a few years preceding his decease, in his beautiful villa in the immediate neighbourhood of Rutherglen, and drove into Glasgow, the scene of his labours, every morning. As he passed, the Doctor noticed a remarkably fine healthy-looking boy, with a sunny cheerfulness of aspect, regularly attending a single cow by the roadside, which appeared not to be in such good condition as her guardian. The man of prescriptive right chose one beautiful morning to walk into the city, with gold-headed cane and rose stuck in coat lapel—which emblem of the bloom of health constantly adorned the breast of him who often interpreted the duration of the running of the sands of life—and, coming up, he entered into conversation with the boy. "Well," said he, "my young man, you seem always to be remarkably cheerful; do you ever weary in such monotonous employment?" "Weary!" replied master bonnet and club, "what guid wad wearying do to me? I maun wait till the cow's time to gang hame, weary or no." "What," continued the Doctor, "do you get for breakfast, that gives you such a rosy face?" "Get! what should I get but parritch, to be sure?" "Ay, and what for dinner?" "Parritch, sin' ye maun ha'e't." "Some change for supper, surely, my little hero?" "Just parritch too, and glad to see them a' times o' the day." "Is it possible," remarked the Doctor, "that you feed on nothing but parritch morning, noon, and night?" At this point of the conversation, an acquaintance of the patron of parritch passed, to whom he called out—"Losh man, Jock, here's a man thinks every day a New'r-day!"

Captain Jones.

THE late Capt. Jones of the Mountaineer, which at present trades between the port of London and Demerara, was well known in our western port, Greenock, as perhaps one of the most spirited and skilful navigators that have ploughed the Atlantic wave, for the last half century.

"Firm as a rock in strife or storm, he stood the quarter deck."

Jones sailed the Glenbervie from Greenock to Demerara, for nearly twenty years, and in that time wore more canvas than any two ships of the same burthen. While other commanders were reefing their sheeting, preparing for the indicated tempest, the master of the Glen-

bervie, on the contrary, was unfurling his canvas, to prove the strength of his timbers, and the texture of the Dundee fabrics. "Come away, my lads," would he say, "it is as well to go to the bottom at the rate of twelve knots an hour as eight."

The captain resigned command of the *Glenbervie* about two years preceding his melancholy decease, and superintended at Greenock the building of the *Mountaineer*, in which Messrs. Anderson and Smith and himself were partners.

The timbers of the weather-beaten tar had suffered in the fearless exposure of himself in all weathers, and chances on the field of his deck, and war with the waves for such a long period, that a severe illness obliged him to cast anchor in his parlour for a considerable period, until the surgeon should make the necessary repairs; when, recovering from this attack, he wrote a letter to a friend in Glasgow, which we give as characteristic of the humorous seaman:—

"Greenock,

"DEAR FRIEND,

"I AM longing much to see you, and wondering what has become of you for such a length of time, you may surely come this far to see an old hove down tar. I am once more on my legs, and am able to take my porridge in the morning, but still very weak and unable to go out. My carpenter seems to think they have made a good job of me, and that I will soon again be as good as any new craft in the Clyde, and have no difficulty in being placed in the first letter once more, so that the *Mountaineer* and I shall have a fair start. The ship must of course be insured at Lloyd's, and I think the best insurance for me will be to get spliced. I do not mean to sheer off any longer; what is the use of my throwing all canvas aback to avoid an engagement, when I really mean at last to come to action? No, I will go and give Miss G—— a broadside, and see if she will bless me with a berth between the decks of her heart. Now is the time to launch into the matrimonial world, when both the ship and I are A. 1. I am staunch enough to bear a gale in the bay of contradiction, but of that I have little to fear. I shall push in, and you shall soon hear of my being safely moored in the harbour of matrimony. I shall then let the wife keep the keys of the grog, as it makes the understanding reel; it is slow poison some say (very slow, as Tom Finlayson said, for this reason, that he had taken it for 40 years, and was not poisoned yet), and it rakes the planks of the constitution so much, that all the sheathing in the world will never make them tight again. However, just you come down on Saturday, and get a blow out of labscouse and pepperpot, and I will tell you all about it.—I am..

"J. J."

The captain's great ambition was to have his vessel a perfect model in her architecture, and as sound at bottom as oak in the forest with rooted anchorage in the bowels of mother earth. Watching the car-

penyer's progress, morning, noon, and night—not a plank of a suspicious look would he permit to be fastened, or joining that was not likely to stand the ordinary commotions of the great deep.

The commander of the Mountaineer was only permitted to navigate the pride of his heart and eye to Demerara, and back to London; unable, indeed, part of the homeward passage, to take the usual charge. The direction of the idol Mountaineer was obliged to be given to another, which, alas! Jones was never after to resume. Captain Jones slipped cable from his last mooring, and launched into the great ocean of the Future, in the spring of 1836, and only about two months after the date of the following letter addressed to our publisher:—

“London, 13th Feb., 1836.

“MY DEAR DAVID,—No doubt but you have heard long ere this, of my misfortune, being taken very ill on my arrival here, with inflammation of the lungs, having caught a severe cold on my passage home. I have been confined to my bed and room since—have been hove down and surveyed by two of the first carpenters in the port; in their report, they stated that my timbers were all sound and free from decay, but that my ceiling inside was far gone, and must be all removed, before I could be sea-worthy again. My head carpenter was a Mr. Elliotson, whom I paid off after he had completed his survey. I thought him an unco dear tradesman, for he charged four guineas, which is the general charge for surveying mid crafts—it was just the very sum that I paid Lloyd's agent for surveying the Mountaineer. I have only one man at work now, and am much afraid it will take him a long time before he completes the job, so as to make me sea-worthy. I feel much better from what has been done, but still very frail, and not able to carry any canvas yet, but I expect to be under full sail ere long, when I shall shape my course for Cheltenham, to see what kind of carpenters they have there; from thence to Scotland, my ain dear country, where I shall feed and fatten on porridge and milk, and be ready to go to sea again when the Mountaineer returns—this is the course I am at present shaping—time will tell what is to take place. I must remain where I am, in the meantime, till the job is completed, be it long or short. We had to employ another to command for the present voyage. Man, it hurt me sore to give her to a stranger, but life was at stake—she left this a week ago. I had a letter from her noble commander this morning, informing me of her being in Portsmouth; that is a long way from Demerara. I am much afraid that he will learn her bad tricks, turning her into creeks and corners, like a miller's horse.

“Tell my friends that I intend to have a crack with them ere long, that I have been hove down and scuttled several times—this was to let the bilge water out of the after peak, which eased me greatly. Compliments to Mr. Lyon and Mr. Spiers; tell the little doctor I

shall be at him yet. I expect to be at the hotch-potch in John Anderson's next season. Should you meet Willy Warren, tell him that I am undergoing heavy repairs, such as the old Glenbervie had some years ago.

"I remain, my dear David,

"Sincerely yours,

"JOHN JONES."

"P.S.—You will observe, that I am keeping up my spirits through thick and thin, although my grog has been stopped for the last three weeks—bad go for poor Jack!"

Overland Journey to Demerara.

CAPTAIN JONES had at one time two young Sawneys, passengers, going out to act as overseers, in the colony of Demerara.

The vessel had scarcely cleared Toward Point, when the two "how's-a'-wi'-ye's" became sea-sick, and had to betake themselves to their berths. The weather was very stormy, and the Glenbervie made little way for some days—she kept tacking and beating about in the channel. The two, who were under-seers during this time, taking it for granted, from the tremendous pitching of the vessel, that she must be making way at a prodigious rate, called out to the Captain one morning, when the ship was just off Lamlash Bay, "I say, Captain, are we at Madeira yet? because, ye see, we want to be pitten out there, and we'll gang the rest o't every fit."

The Route Home.

THE two young Northerns in the preceding anecdote, who had a decided predilection for a land instead of a sea passage, were overheard one day in the act of leaning over the bulwarks of the vessel, when the Glenbervie was making her way through a sea placid as glass, arranging about the best route home—"What I mean to do, Jock, is this: whan I mak' siller, and gaun hame again, is just to gang up through America—haudin aye north till I come to Hudson's Bay, and then cross the Ferry to John O'Groat's, when I may say I'm at my ain door." "Waesuck, man! is that a' ye ken about the place we're gaun to?—it disna lie that airt ava—Demerara's an island on the Continent; and we hae naething mair to do than just to step our wa's down through Spain, and France, and Portingal, and in through the back o' Ireland—syne east to Donaghadee—and we hae a shorter ferry to cross there, than frae Hudson's Bay to John O'Groat's."

Popular Preaching.

No exhibition of a public nature is so offensive or unbecoming, as showing off in the pulpit. "It is," as Dr. Chalmers said, in his first sermon in the Tron Church, Glasgow, "a sight that might make angels

weep to see your clerical coxcombs come strutting hot from the schools of philosophy, vapouring before their Maker ;” and yet, what pleases and sets a-gape the mob members of our churches, both in Establishment and Dissent, more than flash—roaring, as if the lungs of the speaker had undergone the process of tanning. These are your members who value the vegetable from the breadth of its leaf, and to whom the cabbage is the most valuable of plants. Two persons of this class went into a church in Leith one evening, to hear sermon ; on coming out, the discourse that they had been hearing, of course, became the subject of remark. “ He’s a gey frail chiel that ; hech but he’s feckless.” “ Man,” said the other, “ ye hae hit it ; poor man, he canna put his licht under a bushel, for he has nane to put there.” And who, reader, was the preacher ? Dr. Gordon !

A country woman, whilst on a visit to a large manufacturing town in the west, went to hear a celebrated divine, whose field of labour lay there, and whose fame had often been sounded in the ears of the worthy dame. On her return, she was asked her opinion of “ The star of the west,” as he is often called. “ Oh,” said she, “ he’s a wonderfu’ preacher—a great preacher.” “ Well, well, that’s all true,” said the other, “ but what do you think of his views of doctrinal points, and his powers of expounding the scriptures ?” “ Oh,” said the worthy critic, “ I dinna ken ; but he’s just a wonderfu’ man.” “ But what did he say ?” “ Oh, he just gaed on, and gaed on, and chappit on the Bible, and raised his twa hands abune his head, and then gaed on again, and gaed on again, and then he swat and rubbit his brow, and whan he stoppit, he looked as if he could have said mair than whan he began—oh, he’s a wonderfu’ grand preacher !”

A Scotch Beggar.

RAB HAMILTON was a regular Scotchman in his manner of address—moving round the object instead of making directly towards it, rather looking away from than at it, yet keeping a corner of his eye distinctly on it. If he happened to be in the presence of gentlemen who often invited him to take a dram, for the purpose of drawing him out, he would pretend to hear silver fall on the floor. “ What’s tat—deed is’t—surely it was the jingling sound o’ a shilling on the carpet—as sure’s death, deed is’t ; but I dinna see’t on the carpet—no—but ye can just gie me anither—I’m saying, deed is’t and you’ll get it yoursel’ after I’m awa.”

Courting for Cake and Pudding.

RAB HAMILTON was on regular visiting terms with the Meg Dodses of Kilmarnock, and never failed to become due in his calls, at times when fragments from the dinner table were likely to be had. One day Rab was coming out the entry from a gentleman’s house, loaded with unpicked bones, when a dog was attracted to the spoil, and addressed his petition to Rab for a share, with lick-lip language and fond looks, enforced by appropriate gesture of the tail ; but Rab was

inexorable, "Na, na," said Rab, "gae awa and court the cook as I did."

The Church in Danger.

THE mode of levying fines on offenders against the laws of the church, in some of the Highland parochial districts consists in the exaction of a certain amount of manual labour in proportion to the aggravation of the offence. The kind of labour generally imposed, is the keeping the roofs of church and manse weather-proof, by means of thatch, consisting of heather; and the quantity required to be furnished is graduated according to the nature of the offence, and the distance of the offender's residence from the church. In one of the more remote districts of the Western Highlands the punishment was changed, and money substituted; this, however, was soon found to be no improvement upon the former system, as it neither diminished crime, nor augmented the exchequer of the church. The roof of the building was consequently allowed to fall into disrepair, the rain entering at different places. One day, in particular, a very heavy drop had found its way through, directly over the head of the minister, to the great annoyance of his reverence, who, at the conclusion of his sermon, intimated a meeting of Session [office-bearers in the church], to be held after the dismissal of the congregation, on particular matters. The Session being duly constituted, the moderator introduced the business thus:—"My brethren, ever since the new law came into the parish there has been as much offence against our church as ever; and, moreover, the house itself is all coming down with wet, and nothing can be got by fine to keep it in repair—my own Bible this very day is almost destroyed. I have tried to get the landlords in the parish to repair our church, but every one of them says his neighbour ought to do it, and no one ever does it. Now, I'll just lay the matter before you, and hear what you'll say." "Very well, minister," said a member of Session, "it was always my opinion of your new law that it would come to this; and nothing but the law as it was before will do; and I move now, that it is to be as it was." Other three members, being all that were present, concurred with the mover, the old practice was forthwith ordered to be restored, and the deliverance of the court to that effect, given to the beadle, with instructions to intimate the same at the dismissal of the congregation on the following Sabbath. When the appointed time came, John took up his station at the outside of the gateway to the church-yard, and sounded his bell—ling tal ling—tal ling, tal ling—linge lingle, ling tal ling:—"This is to let you all give notice, that the church is going to ruin and desperation since ever the new law was made, and that from this time future, and for ever, all sin, abomination, impudence, or any thing whatever, against the rule of our own church, to be shust as it was before, and the church do well, and no change no more now, at the auld price, shust one or more backfuls of heather, and theek them yourself."

THE LAIRD OF LOGAN. Notice to Highland Customers.

THE following intimation was some time ago copied by the writer, from a placard on the walls of the lobby of the inn at the head of Loch-Suinart, "NOTICE—No person will get credit for whisky, in this house, but those that pay money down."

Epitaph in a Church-Yard in Inverness-shire.

" HERE lies below poor old Coghead,
As passing by some one may say ;
His constant maxim he did ever prove—
An honest man's the noblest work of God.

It was not himself, but his son, that raised this monument to his memory."

Coquetting Extraordinary.

SOME little time ago, a pair of turtles, seemingly anxious to become united in the siken bands of wedlock, made their appearance before one of the city clergymen in Glasgow, who, finding the requisite certificates all right, proceeded with the ceremony till he came to that part of it where the question is put to the bridegroom, if he "is willing to take this woman to be his wife?" To this necessary query the man, after a considerable hesitation, answered, "No." "No!" said the minister, with a look of surprise, "for what reason?" "Just," said the poor embarrassed simpleton, looking round for the door, "because I've ta'en a scunner [disgust] at her." On this, the ceremony, to the evident mortification of the fair one, was broken off, and the parties retired. A few days after, however, they again presented themselves before his reverence; and the fastidious bridegroom having declared that he had got over his objection, the ceremony was again commenced, and proceeded without interruption till a question similar to the above was put to the bride, when she in her turn replied by a negative. "What is the meaning of all this?" said the clergyman, evidently displeased at the foolish trifling of the parties. "Oh naething ava," said the blushing damsel, tossing her head with an air of resentment, "only I've just ta'en a scunner at him!" The two again retired to their lonely pillows; and lonely it would seem they had found them, for the reverend gentleman, on coming out of his house the following morning, met the foolish couple once more on their way to solicit his services. "It's a' made up noo," said the smiling fair one. "Oh yes," said her intended, "it's a' settled noo, and we want you to marry us as soon as possible." "I will do no such thing," was the grave and startling reply to the impatient request. "What for?" cried the fickle pair, speaking together in a tone of mingled surprise and disappointment. "Oh naething ava," said his Reverence, passing on his way, "but I've just ta'en a scunner at ye baith."

A Disconsolate Widow.

A CERTAIN couple had trudged on together in the pilgrimage of life for about a quarter of a century ; but Ellie, the weaker vessel, instead of being a helpmeet for her husband, was cross-grained, and always seated herself on the cross-benches when any domestic bill was brought in by the head of the house ; even in the uphill pulls of life she was apt to put on "the drag" on the laudable exertions of John. The connection at last was abruptly terminated by John's death, who was drowned in attempting to cross a ford when the river was swollen. The wife, as may be conceived, was inconsolable, and went to her father, a crusty old cake as ever was fired in the oven of social life. "Father, my man's drowned ! John's dead ! and I'll never marry again in this world, never, oh me !" "Saf' us !" quoth old crusty, "wilt thou no haud thy tongue?—you're unco soon thinking about it—wha's seeking thee?"

Self-Righteousness Reproved.

THE late Dr. Risk of Dalsersf was no less celebrated for his solid learning than for his urbanity and ready wit ; but being one of the moderates, as they are termed, some of the evangelical portion of his congregation were not altogether satisfied with his exhibitions in the pulpit ; and accordingly a meeting was called, with the view of conversing with their venerable pastor, and remonstrating with him on the subject. For this purpose, two or three, considered as qualified judges, were deputed from the whole body. The night on which they came to the manse happened to be one of the most wet and stormy which had been witnessed during the whole season. When the rap was heard at the door the minister, having been previously apprised of their intention, went to meet them himself, but at the same time took care not to permit them to enter. The first congratulations having passed, the reverend doctor asked what they might be wanting with him. They said that they had "come to converse with him." "Upon what subject?" said the doctor. "About your preaching, sir," was the reply. "About my preaching ! what have you to do with my preaching ?" "Why, sir, we think ye dinna tell us enough about renouncing our ain righteousness." "Renouncing your ain righteousness !" said the doctor ; "I never saw any ye had to renounce."

A Member of Session.

THE same rev. gentleman would never submit to the dicta of a Session, and, accordingly, represented and discharged all the duties of minister and elder in his own person. On a certain occasion he was riding from home, and was unwittingly followed by a bull stirk, which kept close by the heels of his horse. A countryman, noticing the circumstance, slyly observed, as the minister was passing him— "I'm thinking ye'll be gaun to the Presbytery to-day, sir ?" "What makes you think that ?" replied the doctor. "Just because ye hae got your ruling elder ahint ye."

THE LAIRD OF LOGAN. Much between the Cup and the Lip.

THE noted smuggling of brandy, and other excisable commodities, quaintly termed the "running trade," which arose on the union of the two kingdoms, in the beginning of the last century, was long a source of keen and paramount pursuit on the western shores of Scotland. This adventurous traffic, carried on through the singular immunities of the Isle of Man, was calculated in no ordinary degree to elicit many of the deeper energies of those engaged in it, as well as to produce scenes of the most ludicrous and grotesque nature in their unceasing warfare with the guardians of the public revenue. The following seems a happy specimen of the self-possession and intrepid spirit which marked the character of these lawless vagrants of the deep. The sequestered promontory on which the old castle of Portinercross stands, a few miles below Largs, was, it seems, their favourite resort, and the neighbouring inhabitants were of course generally interested in the trade; many of them being fishers were employed in the winter season with their boats by the "Manx dealers" to bring over "gear." One of these boatmen returning with his cargo under cover of night was quietly approaching the rock when he perceived some individuals standing whom he conceived to be his friends on the look-out to aid him: under this impression he rather hastily threw them a rope to take hold of. No sooner, however, had he done so than he perceived his untoward mistake—it was the Exciseman himself who had secured the prize! The two were well known to each other, and the officer, conceiving himself sure of his game, ironically exclaimed—"Weel, Johnny, I trow I hae gotten thee now." But Johnny, with a presence of mind which the vain-glorious gauger was by no means prepared for, instantly cut the rope, and, pushing off, dryly retorted—"Na, na, Mr. Muir, ye hae gotten the tether, but ye hae na gotten the cow yet."

An Irish Debt.

THE late Sir Walter Scott, meeting an Irish beggar in the street, who importuned him for sixpence, the then Great Unknown, not having one, gave him a shilling, adding, with a laugh—"Now, remember you owe me sixpence." "Och, sure enough," said the beggar, "and God grant you may live till I pay you."

Paying in Coin.

A PEDLAR halted at a public-house in the country, and at the landlady's request displayed nearly every article in his pack for her examination. This he did cheerfully, expecting that a large purchase would be made. On inquiring what article the landlady would like to buy, she coolly replied—"Hoot, I dinna want to buy ony thing; I merely wanted a sight o' them." "I'm sorry ye'll no buy," said the pedlar, "but never mind, let's see half-a-mutchkin o' your best whisky." The stoup was instantly filled, and a voluntary piece of

oaten cake placed beside it on the server. The pedlar kept warming himself at a brisk fire, and crumping the gratis cakes, while the landlady was allowed in courtesy to help herself and some female gossips who had also been inspectors of the pack to a tasting of the blue; having drunk his health and guid sale to him, she filled up the glass and handed it to him. "Na, na," said he, "I want nane o' your whisky; I only asked ye for a sight o't!"—so saying, he tightened his strap, and set off on the tramp.

Highland Accommodation.

A WORTHY old Highlander went to his minister one night in great anxiety, and wished the man of consolation to come and see his wife, whom he represented as just at the point of death. The clergyman happened to be engaged with some friends, and told Donald that he could not get away at present, but that he would see Janet as early as possible next morning. "Very well," said Donald, "I'll just go home and tell Janet that she must not die before you come!"

The Letter of the Law.

THE manse of Gargunnoch, some half-century ago, was "weel kent among the members o' the Presbytery to hae a' the guid things o' the season on the dinner-table upon Sacramental occasions," as Samuel Shool, the bellman, used to boast; and the neighbours believed Samuel, for he generally came in for a due share o' "what was left," from the generous-hearted mistress of the manse, on the Tuesday after the preachings.

Honest Samuel was fond of relating any thing to the credit of his benefactress in the manse:—"I mind," said he, on one occasion, "ae Sabbath morning at the summer preachings, mair than thirty years sin',—a sad pickle that the mistress was in because Betty M'Quat had forgotten to howk some early potatoes on the Saturday night, for potatoes were a great rarity at the time—what was to be done? Betty was like to gae through the yirth about it; and quo' she, 'Mistress, I'll just take the grape and slip out and howk a when—naebody will ken; and gif it come to the minister's hearing, I'll take the sin and blame o't on mysel.' 'Na, na, Betty, since I maun hae the rarity at the dinner this day, just gang awa out and pouter a few frae the roots o' the shaws wi' your hands—take nae graip wi' ye—use nae warkloom made by the hand o' man on the Day o' Rest; gif the minister sets on me about it, I'll just tell him that we only pouter'd them out the drill, there wasna a graip shank in the hand o' ony body about the house—surely a body may use their fingers without being found fau't wi'.'"

Logan and the Ayr Volunteers.

AT the time of the threatened invasion, when every little hamlet in the country was furnishing its quota of volunteers, a certain warlike Bailie met Logan in Ayr, and asked him why he was not exerting

himself to rouse the people of Cumnock to become volunteers. "Ne'er fash your thumb, Bailie," said the Laird, "there will be nae scarcity o' volunteers at Cumnock, for if the French was ance landed at Ayr we'll hae you and mae o' your volunteers up amang us than we'll ken how to gie hidings to."

Kilmarnock Thieves.

DURING the time Wombwell was exhibiting his extensive and varied collection of live stock to the natives of Kilmarnock some of the bird-fanciers of the place had taken a fancy to a lot of Chinese sparrows, which they soon managed to purloin from the very centre of the exhibition with a dexterity scarcely to be excelled by the most expert family men of the metropolis. Wombwell, after hearing the circumstance, was lamenting the loss to big Joe, one of his confidential assistants, and asking his advice. "My advice, master," said Joe, "is to get away from a town as soon as possible where the incomings will not pay the outgoings; and after what has happened, I should not wonder if such fellows would make off with the elephant's trunk, or pick the kangaroo's pocket of her whole family."

A Cheap Wife.

A WEAVER from Elderslie, happening lately to be in a public-house in Johnstone, an English tradesman was present, who was boasting to another person that he had got quit of his wife by selling her at Smithfield, and seemed happy at the good bargain he had made. The weaver, tickled at the recital, was curious to know the price he had received for his wife. "Weel, frien', an' how muckle micht ye get for her—gif it be a fair question?" "A pot of beer!" "Hech, man! she has been unco little worth, or ye hae been verra dry at the time."

A Highland Wonder.

ONE day two Highland drovers, while travelling to Paisley, were overtaken by one of the steam-carriages then plying in that direction. The Celts, who had never either seen or heard of carriages being impelled by any other power than horse, stood lost in wonderment for a time. "Pless me, Dougal, did you ever saw the likes o' that pefore—there is ta coach rin awa frae ta horse?—Run, run, Dougal, like a good lad and frecht him back."

Changed Times.

WILL SPEIR once went into a house of a clergyman in Beith famed as a skilful performer on the violin, and hearing the minister playing on the fiddle, Will began to dance, and continued in his own unmeasured style, till the clergyman was fairly tired. The practical commentator on cat-gut gave Will a shilling. "Hech," says Will, "this worl' is uncolie chang't, for in my young days the dancers aye pay't the fiddler."

LUDICROUS instances of the mal-apropos have sometimes followed the sudden elevation, for a temporary emergency, of scullion boys, to the high and haughty dignity of the full-blown footman. One who had recently been a herd-boy at a farm-house, and knew no other society all his days than that of the hinds, was once metamorphosed in this manner, in order to add to the state with which a rather dignified company was to be received. It is a custom in Scotland, when a hind or farm-servant is taking his ordinary dinner of broth and beef, to begin and end with broth; the second application of that luxury being looked upon as a kind of dessert. At the conclusion of a stiffish dinner our peasant hero, remembering the approved custom of his former associates, came up with a tureen within his left arm and a divider in his right hand, and forcing within the line of the company, said, in all the breath of his common speech, "Sirs, will ony o' ye tak' a pickle mae kail?"

The Traveller Nonplussed.

CAPTAIN BASIL HALL, whose written stories have charmed all who have read them, was one day endeavouring to enliven a remarkably stiff and dull dinner party by a few oral relations of the same kind. He concluded one of a very extraordinary character by saying, "Did you ever hear any story so wonderful as that?" and at the same moment his eye chanced to rest on a foot-boy opposite to him, who, without leaving a moment of interval, exclaimed, "Yes, man, there's a lass i' our kitchen that kens a lass that has twa thooms on ae hand!"

A Word of Caution.

THE Rev. Mr. L. of E., in going the rounds of his parish, accompanied by the elder of the district, called on a kind of half-conscientious Sawney, who, when asked if he kept worship in his family morning and evening, equivocated thus: "Ye see, Sir, I'm often awa frae hame—I maun be aff in the morning before the weans are out o' their bed, and when I come hame at night they're a' skepit again—and I maun say, sir, deed maun I, that its maistly on Sundays." "But, John, you must surely be sometimes present with your family both ends of the day, and I hope on those occasions you do not omit the performance of this duty?" John, who could not afford to tell a lie, although he could omit the duty, still waived the question. "Ay, it's a' true, very true, sir, but really ye see, sir, as I was saying afore—I maun say—its maistly on Sundays." The next person visited was an Irishman, who did or did not everything, positive and negative, as he thought might please his Reverence. "Do you read portions of Scripture, morning and evening, to your family?" "Yes, sir." "Do you inquire whether they understand what you have read to them?" "Yes, sir." "And you never omit family worship morning or night?" "Never, sir." This was all beautiful to Mr. L., but the

elder knew the world rather better ; and, after leaving the house, he remarked, " Weel, sir, if ye dinna see any difference between these twa men that ye hae visited, I do. The first canna tell ye a lie, though he would let you gang awa believing ane : the ither is every-thing, according to himsel, that ye could wish ; now, to my certain knowledge, the Bible and he seldom shake hands thegither, though he says otherwise to you ; glib i' the tongue is aye glaiket at the heart ; thae Paddies are no to ride the ford on—neither is our ain kintra folk, wha hae mae hums and ha's than usual—I wouldna speer owre mony questions ; just caution them weel."

Church-Going.

AN old man, who had walked every Sunday for many years, from Newhaven to Edinburgh, to attend the late Dr. Jones' church was complimented by that venerable clergyman, for the length and regularity of his appearance in church. The old man unconsciously evinced how little he deserved the compliment, by this reply. " Deed, sir, its very true ; but aboon a', I like to hear the sug and jingling o' the bells, and see a' the braw folk."

The Best of Things may be Abused.

AT a soiree got up by one of the churches in Glasgow, which, by late Act of General Assembly has acquired parochial honours, the band belonging to the dragoons then quartered in Glasgow barracks was employed on the occasion. An old lady remarked, with some degree of nervous tremor, that "The Kirk, as hitherto connected wi' the State, had been of great benefit to mony a ane ; but really, bringing a sodgers'-band, with their brass trumpets, and bass drums, and skirling flutes and fifes, to their help, is gaun o'er the score a' thegither."

Burns and the Glasgow Booksellers.

THE late John Smith, bookseller, long the father of "The Trade," as the booksellers par eminence are called, was employed by Burns to distribute copies of his first published volume to subscribers, and to receive payment. Mr. S., when adjusting the account with the poet, would only accept of five per cent. commission for his trouble. Burns, struck at the moderation, observed, "Ye seem to be a very decent sort o' folk, you Glasgow booksellers ; but eh, they're sair birkies in Embro'."

Auricular Translation.

DURING the reform mania, a person in a news-room at Beith read aloud, for the general benefit, an article in which the value of the franchise was strongly and repeatedly insisted on. This word he pronounced *fransheese*, which one of the quidnuncs, who was ignorant of the term, mistook for French cheese. His national pride being offended by the supposed preference given to the foreign commodity,

he exclaimed, "They hae a puir taste, that say sae muckle about fusionless French cheese; I wadna gie ane o' our ain Dunlap kebbucks for a hail cart-load o' them."

A Practical Remark.

AN eccentric old gentleman in Paisley, having had a tea party (but whether it was what is called in St. Mirren's, "a tousy tea,"—butcher wares to the bread, as well as the produce of the dairy—does not concern the reader), his servant, in removing the tea equipage, let the tray fall, by which much of it was broken. Her master having rebuked her, she assured him it was in vain to find fault with her on account of the accident, for "if it had not been fore-ordened, it would not hae come to pass." "That was fore-ordened too, then," replied he, lending her a hearty slap on the haffets.

Cockneys from Home.

Two cockneys, fresh from the academic bowers of Eton, and no doubt regarding themselves as prodigies of learning, had found their way to the "west countrie," and considering everything they saw as a fit subject for their ridicule, thus accosted a plain, unobtrusive sort of person, whom they met: "Ah! Mr. what's your name?—we have travelled thus far from Eton, in search of anything that may be good or grand in this here country of yours, but we have met with nothing but what we have got at home in much higher perfection. Your hills, and your rivers, and what not, seem to breathe little of Arcadia, and one would require a second Ariadne to supply him with a clue to guide him through your interminable labyrinth of hills, and dales, and so forth." "True," said the man in reply, "we have little here to boast of that you have not also in the south. One thing, however, we possess, which it is very evident you want." "Pray, what may it be?" "We seem, since you are a scholar, to have a sense more." "What may it be called? We see, we hear, we taste, we touch, we smell—what other sense than these have you?" "We have common sense—a thing that you seem lamentably deficient in."

A Friend at Table.

A BOY, educated to take care of cattle, got admission into a gentleman's family, for the purpose of waiting table, and other "odds and ends," where only one male servant was kept, after being rigged out, not exactly in livery, but in the less ostentatious dress of a sharpshooter—he was put to hand round bread to a sober supper of eggs; when, observing a gentleman of the company, who was a stranger, help himself to a bit of oaten cake, the dapper little waiter, either in the simplicity of his hospitality, or judging that where there was such a choice, there could be no difficulty of deciding—nided the gentleman's shoulder with the bread-basket, and whispered, "Tak' a bit laif to your egg, man."

Learned Commentators.

IN the neighbourhood of Kilbarchan there lived two men, father and son, weavers by trade, and sole inhabitants of the tenement. For years they had made family worship before going to bed, the old man praying, and the son reading the chapter. One night, the son was reading from the twelfth chapter of Revelations,—“another wonder in heaven, a great Dragoon.” “Stop, Hughcock,” says the father, “thou’s wrong—it’s no a dragoon, it’s a dragon.” “Wha should ken best,” quo’ Hughcock, “when I hae the beuk afore me?” “I’m no heeding about that I’ve read it fifty times, and I’m richt; dear me, Hughcock, did thou ever hear o’ a dragoon being in that guid place? I ne’er did.” “Ay, ay, father; but this is a won’er though.” “Weel, weel, read awa, Hughcock; it couldna be ony o’ Clavers’ bloody troopers at ony rate.”

National Partiality.

A GOOD old lady, who lived in the town of Greenock, and who had been born, brought up, and educated there, but who had never travelled beyond the precincts of Crawford’s Dyke (the limit, we believe, of Greenock royalty), and who consequently had her knowledge of the great world without through the medium of newspapers and the relations of friends. She usually read the newspapers from beginning to “Published by,” &c.; and noticing the constant recurrence of scenes of iniquity reported at Mary-le-Bonne, remarked, “She maun be an awfu’ limmer that Mary-le-Bonne—she’s ta’en to the police office, I’m sure, at least ance a-week; can they no put her in limbo, and keep her frae ae towmond’s end to the other? She canna be frae our kintra, it’s sic an out-o’-the-warld name that she has; she’ll be some o’ your blackguard Irishers, I’se warrant!”

A Sacrifice for Conscience.

ONE of the tradesmen employed at the erection of the Unitarian chapel in Glasgow went into an ironmonger’s shop to make a purchase of single-flooring nails for the wood-work; and having paid and got delivery of the nails, the shopman, struck at the quantity wanted, inquired, “wharto are ye gaun to drive a’ thae nails, man?—they nicht sair ane o’ the town-kirks.” “An’ they’re just for a kirk! though no ane o’ the town anes.” “Maybe ane o’ our meeting-houses?” “They are for the wood-work of the Unitarian chapel.” “Say ye sae?” said the man of metal, “and had ye the impudence, sin’ I maun say sae, to try to get them frae me!—there’s your siller to you, an’ gi’e me back my nails. I’ll no sell a pin to prop up the tabernacle o’ Satan!”

Logan and an English Jockey.

A WELL-KNOWN jockey from the south, higgling one day with Logan about the purchase of a horse, inquired, among other matters, if he was “honest”—a phrase, we believe, pretty well understood on the

turf. To this query a satisfactory answer being given, an agreement was made, and the purchaser rode off apparently well pleased with his bargain : it was not long, however, before he returned in a towering passion, charging the Laird with having imposed upon him. "What is the matter?" said Logan coolly. "Matter!" cried the other, "why, you told me it was an honest horse I had bought, and I had scarcely gone a mile till he began to stumble and stumble, and at last down he came smack on the road ; now, do you call that an honest horse?" "Indeed I do," said our Laird, gravely, "the horse often threatened to come down with me, and I was sure he would keep his word some time or other ; now, man or beast that keep their words," continued he, smiling in the face of his enraged customer, "I do not see what else you can ca' them than honest. Oh ! depend upon it, sir, the horse is an honest horse."

Sound not an Echo to the Sense.

A NATIVE of the kingdom of Fife, while on a visit to a friend in London, who was one of the directors of the Cutlers' Company, was requested to accompany his friend to the annual dinner, given by the members to the president and directors. After the list of toasts was exhausted, and the set of songs of the evening performed, the draft was made on the guests for volunteers, and the man from Torryburn had to exhibit in turn. "Clean peas' strae" was the selection made, and after the concluding lines of the chorus—

Sae lassie tak the lad ye like,
Whate'er your minnie say ;
Though ye should cuddle down at e'en
'Mang clean peas' strae—

the chairman, apprehending the term cuddle to be the Scotch synonyme for cuttle, "returned thanks to his friend from the north for the excellent song that he had composed and sung so admirably in honour of the Cutlers' Company !"

A Short Fall.

THE late benevolent David Dale, who was a man of short stature, and, as the Highlanders say, as "proud as he was narrow," on entering his counting-house one frosty morning, complained of the state of the streets, and mentioned that he had "fallen a' his length." "And what o' that, sir?" remarked an old bookkeeper (the Mr. Owen of our Scotch Osbaldistone), "I'm sure a gentleman o' your height couldna fa' ony great length." "Ay, but I cam doun on the sma' o' my back," said the benevolent old Mr. Dale. Queried the bookkeeper, in striking the fiscal balance, "Can ye tell me whar that part o' your back is, Sir?"

Rank at its Value.

MANY were the rencounters between Will Speir and the Earl of Eglinton, who condescended to familiarity with him, and in return

allowed the same latitude of expression to the wayward Will. The vagrant one day made a demand on his Lordship for a bottle of ale. "Deed, Will, gin ye kent it," replied the Earl, "I have not a farthing in my pocket just now; but just gang in there, to Leezie Paterson's and I'll tell her to gi'e ye't, and I'll return in a few minutes and help you to drink it." The Earl, faithful to his promise, returned in a short time, and taking a seat opposite Will, "Ye may be a proud man this day, Will," said his Lordship. "An' for what?" queried the wit. "Sitting drinking wi' an Earl." "Hech, hech, man, great cause to be proud, sitting aside an Earl that hasna a bodle in his pouch to bless himsel' wi'."

Will Speir and the Excisemen.

IN the neighbourhood of Irvine, some half-century ago, a strong trade was carried on in smuggled teas; and our witty wanderer was often employed, as being less likely to be suspected, to transport chests by back carriage, disguised by fictitious packing.

On one occasion, as Will was groaning under one of those loads, and making the best of his way to deposit it as instructed, he came up with two excisemen at the Irvine water, who were leaning over the parapet of the bridge. Our wag seemed to quicken his pace on observing them. "What's a' your haste the nicht, Will?—lay down your burden on the ledge o' the brig for a blink and give us your news," said one of them. "I havena far to gang wi' my burden at ony rate," said Will in reply, "and I needna be putting aff and on my burden to risk my rigging wi' laying down and lifting; just bide whar ye are, and I'll be back in a glif and haver a moon wi' ye, gin ye like." Will was allowed to pass on, the excise leeches not insisting on the right of search, and he returned almost immediately. "What ailed ye, Will, that ye wadna rest ye, and crack wi' us? I am sure there was little danger but that the sun would let you see hame?" "Ah, ha, lads!" replied the wily Will, "do you think that I hae nae mair sense than to stan' and claver wi' twa gaugers and a burden o' smuggled tea on my back."

Blank Verse.

"WILL ye buy this poem o' my ain, sir, that I hae published this morning?" said one of those winged bibliopoles that infest our quay, and press their publications on the attention of the passengers on board the steamers. "So," replied the object of attack, "you both make and publish your own works?" "Ony thing ye see, sir, to mak' an honest penny; and when a body finds out that they hae a talent in ony particular way, are they no right to try to turn't to some account? Just buy the production, and convince yoursel' whether I am right or no." "Poetry is no favourite species of reading with me—I cannot understand it—it is too sublime for my comprehension, and I have just to put up with plain prose." "Weel, sir, ye speak like a sensible man: you're just the customer that I like to

meet wi'. You'll find on the perusal o' my poems a fulness of expression about them that you'll no ken but that it's prose you're reading."

A Hint to the Self-Righteous.

THE late Mr. Robertson, of Kilmarnock, had occasion to preach a sermon at the opening of the Associate Synod in Glasgow, which happened about the time that the French nation was spreading its conquests over the Continent, and also threatening the invasion of Great Britain. Some few there were, however, who wrapped themselves up in fancied security, by laying the flattering unction to their souls,—that the licentious French would never be permitted by Providence to overcome this kingdom, "a nation more righteous than they." "Granting," said he, "that we are a' as guid as thae sort o' folk think, Providence is not nice sometimes in the choice of means for inflicting his vengeance for sin; ye may take an example frae amang yoursels:—your magistrates dinna ask certificates o' character for their public executioner; they are generally such a set o' folk that are selected, as hae rubbit shouthers wi' the gallows themsels."

A Family Likeness.

A PRIVATE in the — dragoons, when quartered in Hamilton, swaggering along the street one day, eloquent by the lubricating influence of the oil of barleycorn, and who thought his tongue as well furbished as the blade at his side, made up to an infirm old woman, who was picking her steps and wending towards home, and accosted her, "Well, mother, how are you?" "Weel aneugh, gin I kent wha was speerin' for me?" "Not know me?" "No, really, I dinna ken ye; maybe, gin ye had on ither claes, I would guess." "Why, I am the devil's sister's son." "Hech, man, but you're far liker your uncle than your mither!"

Two Vera Brithers.

JEAN CARRICK kept a tavern in the capital, from which the kingdom of Kippen takes its name. Jean's house was the meeting-place for all the wet gentry north of the bridge of Frew; and as sure as Davie Foster the bellman had some roup or strayed calves to cry, did Robin Buchan o' Buchquhapple, and John Percie of Netherknowe, meet on a Simmer Vees-day o' Kippen, after the fair was over, to communicate to each other the news "frae their ain town ends." Till the clock struck twelve would these worthies move, and generally by that time they were so completely intoxicated, that they often mistook one another, and answered to each other's names. The threat of Dr. Campbell and his Session, of the denial of baptism, did not deter these worthies from their potations. "Dr. Campbell no baptize your wean, Netherknowe!—set him up! just gang to the Port o' Menteith, they're no sae nice there, and you'll get it done without ony trouble." The road home for both lay for some miles in the same direction, so that they "oxtered" each other along, and when the balance inclined

too much in one direction, the other opposed an antagonist force to restore the equilibrium; all this adjustment, however, could not prevent occasional mistakes. One night in particular, Netherknowe got up to the haunches in a clay ditch, and stuck fast, the tenacious till at the bottom kept hold like glue. Buchquhapple tried one arm, then another—would not move. Netherknowe, like a laired stirk, sat motionless, and gave no aid for his own release: his anxious companion made still another effort by putting a foot on each side of the ditch, in order to have more power, but equally unsuccessful, “An’ a sorrow to you, Netherknowe, will ye no try to help yourself—push your feet frae you, man, try to move.” “Na, Johnnie, had I no better try to draw my feet to me.” “Weel, frae ye or to ye, do something man, I hear a fit comin’, we’ll be perfectly affronted!”—“Just sit thee down (quo’ Patience in mud) Robin, and put thy feet in the gott too, there’s great beauty in humility.” Robin made another desperate effort to extricate Netherknowe, and not succeeding, abandoned the attempt in utter despair.

“Weel,” says Robin, “after a’ this desperate strussel, it’s a frien’s part to stick by a frien’ in distress—I’ll just stick wi’ you, Netherknowe—are ye sure ye hae room for anither besides yourself?” “Oh ay, Robin, man, there’s room in’t, dear laddie, believe me, for twa;” and down did Robin sit, and plunged his feet in the ditch, and stuck by Netherknowe until some neighbours came up and drew the worthies out of their “Carse boots.”

A Consultation.

THE late Lord Auchinleck had several times sunk a shaft, with the expectation of getting coal on his own domains, but in every case had been disappointed; he at last invited the most experienced of his tenantry to meet together on his grounds, to give their respective opinions as to the most likely place to obtain the mineral in question. The parties met, and proceeded to inspect the places which were most likely to contain the black diamond, when Will Speir also made his appearance, and offered his counsel to his Lordship. Tapping Lord A. on the shoulder, Will began by saying, “May a daft body hae a word o’ ye, my lord?” “By all means, Will.” “Weel, my lord, you’re gaun down for coal are ye?” “Yes, Will, I mean to try again, for as often as I have been disappointed.” “I was just gaun to say, my lord, sin’ you’re set on gaun down again, do’t in Aird’s Moss east by there—gin ye shouldna get coals, ye’ll get plenty o’ guid peats at ony rate!”

The Two Donalds.

ABOUT the beginning of last century, when taking a craich (i.e. spoil) was considered as the act of a man of spirit and enterprise, two Highland cheftains laid a wager which of them would turn out, from among his tenantry, the most expert thief. Donald Roy, or Red Donald, was selected by the one, and Donald Gorm, or Blue Donald,

so called from a blue or purple disfiguration on one side of his face, was selected by the other. These worthies were to range the country for twenty-four hours, and then return to head-quarters and report progress. The district, however, had been too well poached before, and the two marauders came back to their lairds apparently empty-handed. Roy was the first to begin his report, which he did by lamenting the impoverished state of the country, and finished by declaring his inability to come at anything worth taking. Gorm was now called on, who agreed with his companion that the country was in a very poor state, but still it was not so bad but that a man, if he looked well about him, might yet get something. "And what have you got, Gorm?" said his chief, delighted with the prospect of gaining his wager. "Nothing but these," said he, holding up a pair of hose. "And where did you get them?" cried Roy. "I just cut them off your plaid, Donald, in the boothie where we slept last night." Roy's chief paid his bet, and was turning the cold shoulder to his unfortunate clansman, when the poor fellow begged to have another trial, and pledged himself, provided he was allowed to go alone (as Gorm was too cunning for him) to bring home more spoil than his companion. Gorm's chief, elated with the dexterity of his vassal, offered two to one, which was rather reluctantly accepted by the other. Our heroes again set out on their travels, and Gorm was fortunate enough to get hold of a cow; this he considered was more than his rival was likely to meet with; and, afraid of pursuit, made the best of his way home. His conduct, however, had not escaped notice, for, at a dangerous part of the road, a discharge of fire-arms obliged him to scamper off, and leave the cow to her own ruminations. Gorm felt ashamed to face his chief at the hour appointed: but his hopes revived when he saw Roy make his appearance as empty-handed as himself. "What have you got now, Gorm?" said his laird. "The tale of good and bad fortune was then recounted. The question being put to Roy, he thrust his hand into his sporan, and presenting the key of the barn to his chief, requested him to satisfy himself; on unlocking the door, a fine carcass was found suspended from a beam. "O Dhea!" cried Gorm, "where did you get that fine beef?" "Just where you left it, Donald; and when you want another pair of hose off this," lifting his plaid and shaking it, "I shall be very happy to let you have them on the same terms!"

Jock Mair and the Lawyers.

FOOLS often exercise a very ready wit on occasions when little might be expected from them. A natural in Hamilton, named Jock Mair, has been long known for an uncommon penchant for horses. Few in the middle ward of Lanarkshire have passed a greater number of those useful animals through his hands in the same number of years. But Jock being poor, his horses are seldom worth more than the skin. He had often been advised to purchase a good ass instead of the useless skeletons in which he was accustomed to deal; but to

the long-eared tribe Jock had an unconquerable aversion. A well-known Hamilton and Glasgow coach-driver, about whose stables Jock was accustomed to lounge, much to the aversion of the natural, at length purchased an ass; and two spruce writer's clerks, being aware of the circumstance, and the aversion of Jock to the assenine tribe, one day in passing said, in a quizzing manner, "Jock! Paton" (the coach proprietor) "has got an ass." Jock, looking at them with a peering gaze, indicative of great contempt, with the voice of a rook when cawing over its young, replied, "Ay! an' your maister has got twa o' them."

A Case of Distress.

JOCK MAIR, the fatuous person already alluded to, happened to pass along the road with one of his skin-and-bone horses in the year 1812, when the weavers who could not get work were employed in making the footpath which leads from Hamilton to Bothwell. The silken-handed and slender-waisted labourers, glad of any excuse for a rest, were all leaning on their spades as he and his charger were moving along, and some of them were indulging in remarks not at all to Jock's liking. At length one more pert than the rest bawled out, "Jock, what hae ye been doing wi' your horse, man, he's unco lean?" Jock screamed out in his usual eldrich, rover-like voice, "He's been at the weaving, man!"

An Heir of Entail.

THE Duke of Hamilton happening to come up on Jock when he was cutting grass for his horse in one of his Grace's plantings, challenged him, and asked "by what right he was there?" Jock responded that "he had just as muckle right to be there as his Grace had." "Who gave you that right?" said the Duke. "I got it frae your faither," said Jock. "Then," said the Duke, "if you can prove that, your right and mine is equal: I got my right from my father also."

Wishaw Post and the Weavers.

UPWARDS of twenty years ago, a feeble old man, nicknamed Post-John, for many years carried the post-office bags between Hamilton and Wishaw. On a particular occasion, when the news were supposed to be more than usually interesting, a posse of weavers were stationed at Windmill-hill, in order to intercept John, and to prevail on him, if possible, to allow them a peep into a newspaper. The runner accordingly came up in due time, and many were the solicitations, arguments, and threats used, in order to procure from him the indulgence required; but John was inflexible. At length an individual more daring than the rest threatened to proceed to more violent measures, but John was not to be terrified. Starting, or rather tottering, backwards a little, his eyes began to kindle, and, raising his faithful crummy in his right hand, he exclaimed, in a tone

between surprise and indignation, "Confound the rascals, would they rob his Majesty's mail-coach?"

Salutary Dread.

Two Irishmen were fighting in Hamilton in the midst of a ring, and at length one of them exhibited symptoms of wishing to give in. Some of the on-lookers instantly bawled out, "Ye're fear't for him, ye're fear't for him." "No," said Paddy, "I'm not a bit afraid for him, but I begin to be very much afraid for myself."

A Dog Tax.

It is well known that the surveyors of taxes have often much difficulty in getting people to make fair returns, notwithstanding all the pains and penalties which Government can invent for the purpose of enforcing their rights. A gentleman connected with this department was on one occasion making a survey of the Middle Ward of Lanarkshire, when, coming to a small country steading, the surveyor put the question to the good-wife whether or not she kept any dogs? The good woman declared that she did not. The surveyor had his suspicions notwithstanding, and, to put the matter to the test, took out an ivory call, and gave a loud shrill whistle, which in an instant brought colly out from his lurking-place, almost suffocated in a fit of barking. The good-wife was confounded, and pretended to explain, but in vain; down went colly like the rest of his shaggy brethren to swell the king's revenue. The party having lingered a moment for this purpose were about to depart, when lo, a dreadful howling took place in the house; and on the surveyor peeping in he saw that it was the indignant landlady belabouring her dog with the spurtle. An assistant, who accompanied the man of office, alarmed at the loud and clamorous notes of woe, eagerly inquired, "What is that?" "Oh," said the other, "it is only colly paying his taxes."

A Nautical Road-Maker.

CAPTAIN GILCHRIST, the maternal grandfather of the celebrated Earl Dundonald, when residing at Eddlewood, near Hamilton, took great interest in public affairs, particularly in the formation of a new road between Strathaven and Hamilton. This road, from the nature of the country, is very hilly, or, as an old woman remarked, "a' up-hill to Strathaven, and up-hill back again;" but there was formerly a very severe pull at High-cross-knoll, which some of the contractors were very anxious that the Captain would cause to be avoided by taking a little to the right. The Captain, however, was inexorable, declaring that he had tacked both to the right and the left often enough already, and was resolved to go straight forward when he could. "But," retorted the opposing party, "the place is dreadfully high and exposed." "Then," replied the Captain, "you are always sure of a good wind."

THE LAIRD OF LOGAN. Self-Protection.

AN old maiden lady, who kept house in the neighbourhood of a thriving weaving village upwards of thirty years ago, was much pestered by the young knights of the shuttle constantly entrapping her serving-women into the willing noose of matrimony. For several years she had scarcely been able to prevail on one of them to remain with her for more than six months. This, for various reasons, was not to be tolerated much longer; she was resolved therefore to have recourse to some remedy: she accordingly hired a woman sufficiently ripe in years, and of a complexion not much to be envied. On going with her the first day after the term, as usual, to make her markets, they were met by a group of strapping young weavers, who were anxious to get a peep at the leddy's new lass. One of them looking more eagerly into the face of the favoured handmaid than the rest, and then at her mistress, could not help involuntarily exclaiming, "Hech, mistress, ye hae gotten a nest-egg now!"

A Geographical Politician.

A VILLAGE politician was one day lecturing a large circle on the power and resources of France, and how easy it would be for Napoleon, who was then in his glory, to invade this country: some one remarked, that he saw no great occasion for fear, "France was a great way off." "A great way off! sir,"—said the offended haranguer, who was no great geographer,—"why, sir, don't you know that the mail between Calais and Dover passes in a few hours?" A wit, who was standing by, asked at the wise man, "what the price of a seat in the coach might be between these two places?" "Ah!" said he, "it cannot be much, you know, if they run it in two hours."

A Friend in Need.

A CLERGYMAN who read beautiful sermons, but had no knack at extemporary preaching, on a Saturday before a sacrament Sabbath, made an attempt for the first time to *pirlecue*, i.e. to repeat the substance of a sermon which had that day been preached by a friend. After proceeding a few sentences, however, he came fairly to a stand; when, after standing gaping for a considerable time, as if ready to choke, he at length stammered out, "the bell will begin to ring to-morrow at eleven o'clock,"—then instantly concluded. A wag, sitting beneath, whispered to his neighbour, "Od, if the doctor hadna got haud o' the bell-raip he would ha' fa'n."

A Scotch Query.

A BLUFF, consequential, commercial gentleman from the south, with more beef on his bones than brain in his caput, riding along the Hamilton road, near to Blantyre, asked a herd-boy on the road side, in a tone and manner evidently meant to quiz, if he were "half-way to Hamilton?" "Man," replied the boy, "I wad need to ken whar ye hae come fae, afore I could answer your question."

A Zealous Advocate for the Kitchen.

A HALF-CRAZED personage, named Jamie Brown, and who for a mess of meat, ran errands for the servants of a certain nobleman, was engaged as turnspit on one occasion. The dinner was to have been ready by a particular hour, but by some mismanagement it was too late. The bell, of course, was repeatedly rung, but still no dinner was forthcoming: the landlord and lady of the house were losing all temper, and so was Jamie Brown the turnspit; the former, because the dinner was not forward, the latter, because the servants were so much pushed when they were doing all that they could. The fearful bell rang once more, when Jamie, slipping unseen from amongst the rest, in tawdry attire, but in great wrath, marched up straightway to the drawing-room, and boldly opening the door where the splendid circle were assembled, exclaimed, "Guid saf' us, what are ye ring, ringing at, when folks are doin' a' that e'er they can!"

Beggars' and Baronets' Bairns.

A CERTAIN heir of entail, alike celebrated for his wit and for his superior talents, was one day, when in the presence of his parents, thus accosted by a ragged little urchin: "A puir wean, sir, both fatherless and motherless." The young scion of nobility, casting a sly look towards his parents, said, "Go about your business, sir, I wish I could tell the same tale."

Meat and Mustard.

THOMAS TODD o' the Winnyyetts, was a regular attendant at "diets of examination," as they are called, but as our English readers are not accustomed to diets of this description, some little explanation may be necessary. The clergyman announces from the pulpit on Sabbath, that the hearers in a certain locality will attend, at some farm-house, for the purpose of being examined as to the amount of their religious knowledge, and also for giving them religious instruction. The late Dr. Campbell, when in Kippen, was very regular in such appointments, as well as rigid in examination. One of these meetings took place at Clony, Arnprior, in Thomas's neighbourhood, and at the conclusion as usual, a somewhat stylish dinner was prepared for the minister, and such of the respectable neighbours who were present, were asked to dine with the family. The guidwife invited Thomas "to tak share o' what was gaun wi' the minister." "Oh, you maun just excuse me the day, mem," replied Winnyyetts. "Deed I'll no excuse you this day, Tam. Ye needna mind, man! You're aye sae blate, and as mim as a May paddock! Come your wa's now—naebody but your neighbours." "Oh no," still continued Thomas, "really I wish you would take my excuse; I canna come, for ye see Andrew Square is wi' us making some claes for the weans, and it wouldna be guid manners to leave Andrew to himsel." "Tuts, come out o' that wi' you—gif a' your hums and ha's were hams and

haggises, the parish o' Kippen needna fear a dearth." "Weel, mem, since you will ha'e me to be neighbour-like, ye ken, mem, that ye have aye mustard on your table—now I canna sup mustard."

A Considerate Doctor.

OLD druggist W—— of Glasgow, for many years carried on a lucrative business, and although not celebrated for just eminence in his profession, was visited by many people from the Highlands, who had the utmost confidence in his abilities. A poor woman from Lochaber once waited upon him with her child, affected with some one or other of the diseases of childhood, and as the old druggist "came from the same place," she was morally certain that the best of his abilities would be called into operation for the relief of her child—the complaint, we believe, was hooping-cough. "You'll take home the shild, my good woman," said he, with a brogue strong enough to change cambric into tartan, "and put him into a black sheep's skin, new taen frae the peast—be sure he was black, no other will do—keep him there all night, and come back and tell me in the mornin' how he'll be." Faithful to the druggist's prescription, the black sheep's skin was with difficulty obtained; but, alas! its efficacy had failed, as might have been expected, and the little sufferer died before morning. With many woful lamentations, she waited on the druggist, and the tale of misery was recorded with painful minuteness. "Very well, my good woman, we can only use the means for recovery, and no more—go home and bury the shild, and I'll charge you nothing for the cure."

Logan and his Spectacles.

ON one occasion, while staying at a friend's house, Logan lost his spectacles, and a general search was the consequence. After a good deal of bustle had been created, to the great amusement of those present, the missing glasses were discovered by one of the girls, snugly perched on the proboscis of the owner. The laugh was rather against the Laird, who, after looking a little confused at the awkwardness of the circumstance, observed, "I was sure I had put them in some safe place, where they wouldna be lost; but here," said he, addressing the girl, "I canna do less than give you half-a-crown for the ingenuity you showed in making the discovery."

Highland Notion of Tooth-Brushes.

A FAMILY in Edinburgh, not keeping a footman, engaged a Highlander to serve them during a visit from a man of fashion. Dinner having waited an unreasonable time one day for the guest, Duncan was sent into his room to inform him that it was on the table. But he not coming, Duncan was sent again; still they waited, and the lady at last said to the man, "What can the gentleman be doing?" "Please ye, madam," said Duncan, "the gentleman was only sharpening his teeth."

Repentance.

THE late Rev. Mr. G——, happening one day to go into the church-yard while the beadle was employed, neck-deep, in a grave throwing up the mould and bones to make room for another coffin, thus accosted him—"Well, Saunders, that's a work your employed in well calculated to make an old man like you thoughtful. I wonder you dinna repent o' your evil ways." The old worthy, resting himself on the head of his spade, and taking a pinch of snuff, replied—"I thought, sir, ye kent that there was no repentance in the grave."

Want of Opposition.

A HIGHLANDMAN had occasion to call at the Post-office. Finding there was no admittance, on account of the early hour, he scratched his head, and, turning to a by-stander, inquired, with an anxious look, "Is there nae ither shops that sold letters in this toun?"

Police Eloquence.

AT the last meeting of the Improvements' Commissioners, a question came under discussion as to the expenses incurred by the Magistrates in the unsuccessful application to Parliament in 1825. A commissioner of police, celebrated for "extreme economy," rose and inquired whether that was not "the expenses of obtaining the Act that was lost?"

An Irish Objection.

AT a meeting of a neighbouring curling society, called for the dispatch of business, it was proposed, as one of the future rules of the club, that on the occasion of a bonspeil a smart fine be imposed on any member who should venture, being in sound health, to absent himself. At this proposition a worthy member, one of the honourable fraternity of horticulturists, rose, and gravely "begged leave to object to the last regulation." "For," said he, "though the maist o' ye are your ain maisters, and can leave hame and wark when ye like, ye ken weel eneuch that should it happen to be saft weather at the time it'll be impossible for me to leave my garden."

Science.

TWO countrymen lately dropped into a lecture-room in the north to hear a discourse on natural philosophy. The lecture was on magnetism and electricity, in the course of which the lecturer made frequent use of the phrases, "positive body in the north" and "negative body in the south." Mr. R. touched Mr. P.'s arm, and inquired, "What do you think he means by the 'positive body' and 'negative body?'" "Ou, ye see," answered his friend, "he first means, I'm thinking, Sandy M'Bean, o' Brechin, wha's the maist positive I ever kenned in the north; and I suppose, for the nae-get-off body i' the south, he means Geordie Merchant o' Dundee, for the ne'er a' ane e'er sits down wi' him that he'll let rise again."

"Souter Johnny."

EVERY body who has lived in Glasgow for any length of time must surely have known the good-natured, simple, innocent Jock Paterson, not long deceased. For more than forty years Jock was in the habit of attending, and walking along with, Hutchesons' boys upon all occasions of a public nature. Not a Sabbath passed but Jock was to be seen at the head of the Blue-coat scholars, marching with them to church, and keeping a sharp look-out in case any of his "callants," as he called them, should be guilty of any impropriety either by the way or in the church. And at the annual procession, when all the children belonging to the public charities of Glasgow were paraded to the church in their new dresses, no man in Glasgow so proud as Jock on that day when, decked out in his new suit, he took his place at the head of his "callants," and walked with them through the public streets of the city. Jock, however, with all his innocence and all his simplicity, was fond of a glass of whisky or a cap of yill as any guzzler in the Goosedubs; and not a day passed but by some means or other he managed to get his craving for a dram satisfied in some way or other. During the time that Mr. Thom's celebrated figures of Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnny were exhibiting in Glasgow the proprietor very generously invited all the public schools in town to a gratuitous view of his figures upon a certain day, and there was Jock among the rest, along with his "callants." So tickled was he at the grotesque appearance of the "twa drouthy cronies" that he could not contain himself, but burst out into a loud laugh, which attracted the attention of the tutor (the Rev. Mr. Ferrie, now Professor of Moral Philosophy in the Academy of Belfast), who, coming up to Jock, clapped him on the shoulder, and good-naturedly inquired, "Weel, what do ye think of these queer chaps?" "Think," says Jock, "Sir, I think gif I was that ane there (pointing to Souter Johnny) I wadna sit sae lang with the cap in my hand without drinkin'."

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Too Common.

JOHN BRAEDINE, bedral to the parish church in Lochwinnoch, somewhat more than a century ago, was examined by the Presbytery of Paisley as to whether the crime of bigamy were committed in the parish. John could not comprehend what they meant by the term; and when he requested explanation the moderator told him that "it meant a man having two wives at once." "Twa wives at ance!" said the astonished minister's man; "I ken naebody that ever did sic a foolish thing; but I can tell ye o' twa-three that wad like to get quat o' ane."

Reconciled to Circumstances.

WILL SPEIR had the heel of his shoes as well armed as his pole or walking-staff—the point of one of the nails which adorned the sole of his shoe had not been carefully turned down by the shoemaker, and it never occurred to Will to apply the lapstone and hammer to

remedy the cobbler's neglect; but the vagrant wore it a considerable time, and which had wounded his heel. Some one observed him limping along the road, and, on ascertaining the cause, observed, "Man, Will, you should roove the tacket in the inside o' your shoe; tak' a hammer and beat it down." "Ou, no," replied Will, "I'm used til't now."

A Wholesale Merchant.

AN eminent cotton-yarn merchant of the present day commenced his career by retailing dyed and grey yarns in spyndles and hanks. In process of time his business had increased so much that from a shop he was obliged to remove to a capacious warehouse, and where he at the same time resolved to cut the retail trade, and sell only to manufacturers and others in the wholesale way. One day, while in close conference with an extensive cotton-spinner respecting the purchase of a lot of yarn, one of his old customers from the foot of Neilston Pad, in the shape of a gash country wife, pushed up the door, and, at the top of her shrill voice, cried—"I'm wanting twa spyn'le o' ye'r catton yarn the day, sir." Our new wholesale friend felt as if insulted before the man of spinning jennies, but, recollecting himself, he crossed the floor, and clapping the honest woman on the shoulder, "Mistress," explained he, "we're no in the wee way noo; we sell naething less than a five-pund bundell!"

The Patronage of the Cloth.

SOME of our Presbyterian ancestors were bishops in their way, and lordly ones too. Every licentiate, on receiving the official docquet, permitting him to preach in connection with the sect to which he had attached himself, in any part of the United Kingdom to which he should be sent, by appointment of the said church, bound himself to bow in obedience in all cases to the authority of the court. When what are called competing calls, or more than one vacant congregation; wished him to become their permanent minister, the choice was not left to the object of contest himself to decide, and if he did not manage members of court, or allowed the least indication of his preference to be known, the rule of contraries frequently, very frequently, guided the brethren in their decision; it was never listened to, the propriety of seeing the parties mutually affected towards each other. "No, no, they'll come to like each other in time." Thus they went a little farther than the example shown to them by Paul, who would not send Apollos in a particular direction, though strongly inclined to do so, without his own consent; thus wise were they beyond inspired example.

Might and Right.

AN old tar, who had many a time and oft come into close quarters with the enemy, returned to Scotland, and wishing to make himself useful to the church, with which his fathers had been connected—the United Secession—resolved to educate his eldest son for the

ministry. After passing the trial exercises before the presbytery, and obtaining license, he became the object of—envy shall I call it?—to some of his senior probationers, having set two or three congregations by the ears about him. To determine which of these churches should have the services of the son of the wave-worn tar, must now become the court to decide. One of the churches was very desirable—much more so than any of the others, and the young man had indicated his liking, which led the court to adjudge by the rule of contraries. The old tar, accustomed to determine by the arm of power, dissatisfied with the judgment, remarked, when he was told that it was the will o' Providence, "Talkna to me about Providence, that has been sae lang aboard a king's ship."

The Pith of the Pudding is the Stuffing.

If the poor's-houses of Scotland have a bad name for their stinted allowances to the children of misfortune—more often, we should say, improvidence and vice—they should see to it. We believe there is great abuse of the charities bestowed on out-door paupers. We have heard some of themselves say, that the occasion of the distribution of charity was a holiday in the Bridgegate of Glasgow, in the lanes and back wynds of which, domicile whole cairns of beggars. The allotment of meal is forthwith converted into whisky, and imprecations, as blessings, bestowed on the governors of the hospital, because the supply is not in amount what they say they require.

Rab Hamilton was a tenant for some time, we believe, of the Ayr Poor's House, and that class of the non-compos, whose chief care is to provide supplies for that powerful solvent, the gastric liquid, are those who are most clamorous, when the needful appears short in quantity, though more honestly given, than whipped up, to deceive the eye. The clergyman, on visiting the inmates, enquired at Rab, "If he was thankfu' for the blessings of Providence?" "Ou deed is't, I'm saying." "And how often each day are you thankfu'?" "Just nicht and morning, sir—ou ay, deed is't." "Are you perfectly sensible of the blessings bestowed on you at all times?" "I'm saying, nicht and morning, sir, I was saying; deed was I." "But why nicht and morning?" "Ye see, sir, I get my parritch at thae times, ye see, sir, and I'm verra thankfu' to Providence—deed am I, sir, ou ay; for I nae sooner tak' out a spoonfu', than the hole fills up."

Pleasures of Hope.

The following anecdote is an exercise in composition prescribed to a ladies class. The exercise was to illustrate the application of the terms "Words, strokes, blows," and a young lady not far in her teens, gave a practical illustration of them, and which was, we believe, a *bona fide* case of domestic discipline. "A worthy couple, who, before marriage, had professed great fondness for each other, not long after the expiration of the honey-moon, began to quarrel; and from words ultimately came to blows. The poor woman complaining of the

severity of the strokes she received, her amiable husband comforted her with the assurance, "O, my dear, you will soon get used with them."

Doctor Ferrier.

THE late Dr. Ferrier, of the United Secession Church, Paisley, was justly esteemed one of our western luminaries, and what compositions he has given to the world, prove him to have been possessed of great intellectual power—united with lofty conception, and a dignified simplicity, and purity of diction, which few have surpassed. If there is not the fiery volcanic energy of Robert Hall, there is something approaching him in majesty, concentration, and elegance of expression. No one relished social intercourse more than the Doctor, and his friends recollect the playful sallies of his refined wit and humour. It is said that, when a probationer, he spent a considerable portion of an evening with the celebrated Robert Burns, and that the poet had expressed himself much pleased with the young preacher's manners, and in his own paraphrastic manner, said, "He had spent twa three pleasant hours wi' a most excellent body o' divinity, elegantly bound and lettered."

A Logical Deduction.

DOCTOR FERRIER had a most thorough contempt for every expression that savoured of cant, and often found fitting opportunities amongst his flock for touching the sore with his gentle caustic. The Doctor met with a serious fracture in one of his legs,—he had taken a carriage for the purpose of escorting a party of ladies, and on returning home to the neighbourhood of the Sneddon, just as the ladies had left the carriage, and the driver was folding up the steps and fastening the carriage door, a flash of lightning scared the horses, and off they started at their utmost speed, snorting and plunging. The Doctor, knowing that some loose stones had been laid down at a new building, in the street up which they were running, and thence calculating on the certainty of being overturned when they should come up to that point, leapt out from the carriage, which was the occasion of the accident above stated. The fractured limb took a considerable time to knit together, and gain sufficient strength, so as to enable it to take a share with its brother locomotive in out or in-door duties, and, in the interim, the inquiries and sympathies of his flock were unceasing. Amongst others, one of those who are so busy in advising others as to their conduct, and pointing the uncharitable finger at every little discrepancy, real or imagined, that they have no time for the correction of their own faults, called and addressed his minister, "Weel, said this inferential member, "what lesson, do you think, Providence intends to teach you by this accident that has happened to you, in galloping up and down wi' thae young fo'ks, sir?" "I cannot say," replied the doctor, "He means, at least, I think, to teach me one thing, and that is, in future to take care of my legs."

Rendering a Reason.

DOCTOR FERRIER was once in a party of his brethren and a few of the Cameronian communion, going in one of the canal passage-boats, to join their respective Synods in Edinburgh, when there happened to be a passenger apparently much under the influence of ardent spirits. The manner, however, in which he was demeaning himself showed that a considerable portion of his behaviour was put on, and drink the mask under which he chose to assail the clergymen. Every effort was made by him to insult the cloth, but they paid no attention to his rudeness. At last he came near where a group of the ministers were standing conversing, and remarked, "Well, it is singular, yes, it is, and so I am; yes, that I never get drunk, but in the company of your sober clergymen; no never." Still no notice was taken—round again came the assailant—"Oh, yes, I never get drunk, but in the company of your sober clergymen." "Do you know," said Dr. Ferrier, turning round with a look both of pity and indignation, "what is the reason that you never get drunk but in the company you mention?" "No, I don't, but I suppose you can tell me." "Yes, I can, because there you get all the drink to yourself."

Literary Honour.

WHEN Doctor Ferrier received the literary honour of D.D. from America some ladies made it a pleasant part of their duty to call and compliment the Doctor on the academic distinction bestowed on him. Wine was offered to the visitors, when the Doctor's health was toasted with wishes how long he might be spared to be useful in the church, and wear the literary wreath that had been fairly won by him. One of the ladies complimented him on the quality of his wine. "Yes," replied the Doctor, "it is good to a Degree."

A Dry Rub.

THE portions of human nature, covered with the sober black and par- respectful eminence, denominated "the cloth," have their foibles, to call them by as soft terms as possible, and friendships are often broken up, or distances taken and measuredly kept for a time, fully as frequently as amongst the debtor and creditor children of commercial life. A distance, call it dry if you please, reader, took place betwixt Dr. Ferrier and a brother with whom he used to be on the most intimate terms, but as the Dr. was not much given to clerical pet, we suspect the blame rested not with him. The brother appearing to wish to have the distance, which had been kept up for a considerable time, abridged, addressed the Dr. "You would notice a dryness, Dr. Ferrier, that has been between us for some time?" "Ay," says the Dr., "well, I did not observe it."

A Meeting of Friends.

A MEMBER of Dr. F.'s congregation—with whom the Doctor was on the most intimate terms—was invited to an evening party to meet with his minister; and being rather late before he joined the party,

on entering volunteered an apology. Addressing himself to the Doctor—"You see, Doctor, I was engaged to dine before I received the invitation to come here, and I could not leave without taking a friendly tumbler." "Yes, yes," replied Dr. F., "friends are often meeting."

A Practical Joke.

ISAAC M'GREGOR, already known to our readers, had an inveterate prejudice against the medical profession, and only in cases of the last necessity would he permit them to be called in. This prejudice arose from a belief that when subjects could not be procured by means of exhumation, the living were drafted on for the necessary supplies, and artful stratagems employed to inveigle and secure their victims. Any person appearing to be a stranger on the street was marked, and in some quiet place, whither the object was followed, a plaster was stuck over the aperture for breath; or perhaps he was induced on some plausible pretext to adjourn to a tavern and partake of some refreshments, when the liquids offered were sure to be drugged; or, if the person were so regardless as to venture with his seducers within the precincts of the College, he was led into a small apartment which was hung round with attractive pictures, the whole floor of which was one trap-door or hatchway so contrived that, on touching a secret spring, the unsuspecting victim was in a moment precipitated into a boiling cauldron in the vaults beneath. Possessed with a strong belief in these practices, Isaac kept a sharp look-out in passing the College, which he was obliged to do every night when in Glasgow, as his quarters lay in that direction.

On one occasion, as he passed the gateway of the College rather late, he affirmed that "he heard the clinking of a chain coming skelping over the lintel o' the College entry, and that the cleeks verra nearly grippit him by his haunch buttons."

At another time Isaac had to visit a friend who lived in Castlepen's Close, a little above Blackfriar's Wynd, now Regent Place, about the hour of dismissal of one of the medical classes; and some of his friends, who knew his misgivings, said, "There's a boiling this nicht!"* at which Isaac cocked his ears, well knowing its import. "Just step east the Wynd there, Isaac," said one of the youngsters, "and satisfy yoursel; just haud your lug close to the wa' o' the College Garden, and come back and tell us what sort o' sound ye heard frae the inside." Isaac was down the stair in a moment, and made his way to the spot, his imagination heated, and prepared to hear what he believed to be transacted within the wall. When he returned he looked aghast, exclaiming, "Preserve us a'! gie me a bed wi' you this nicht—I canna gang up the street, for there's the black man † o' the

* A belief then prevailed that human bodies served for medical as well as surgical purposes—that they were literally boiled and used in compounding drugs.

† One of the Professors of the College had a man of colour as body servant.

College awa up to —; its verra becomin', I maun say, to hae a blackamoor in that den—gie me a licht to my bed, lads; I wish I may boo an e'e the nicht." The young wags, bent on practical mischief, put into the bedroom a black image, set carefully on the head of a clothes-press, in such a position that it was sure to catch Isaac's eye on the dawn of the morning. Just as the day began to break they heard Isaac muttering in horror, apparently rising out of bed; they made towards his apartment, the door of which had purposely been left a little ajar,—and there was Isaac standing in the middle of the floor, addressing the image, in an attitude of the utmost horror. "Ye black-looking savage, your maister can get naebody in this kintra wi' a white skin on his face to do his wark, but maun send to the West Indies for the like o' you—ane of the generation of worrie-cows, wi' the coom o' your kintra on your face—come down and I'll fecht ye; but fling away your plasters." The object would not consent by nod or otherwise. "Weel, weel," cries the half-dreaming Isaac, it's needless for me to streck ye, for ane that could come through a key-hole, as ye've done, could cast ane o' your brimstone scones on my mouth afore I could come within arm's length o' ye; but sin' I'm to be chokit, whan you're done wi' my body, gi'e my banes to my brither Jock to be buried at Kippen."

A Lady's Reproof.

A LADY not better known in Glasgow, and through the larger section of Scottish Dissenters, for her wit than for her benevolence—no object of distress, come from what quarter it may, but what is sure to meet with sympathy and relief, if mere human means can accomplish it; the purse-personal, and the solicitation from charitable friends, are ever put in requisition. When quite a girl, she went out to ride on a pony which her father kept for her use, accompanied by a gentleman who had not such a complete command of appropriate terms in our language, as to prevent the use of expletives, unnecessary now to mark the high-bred gentleman, since fashion, affixes, prefixes, roots and branches of words, are so thoroughly taught in our schools—the crimson-coated guardians of the public interests, too, at one time, when put in command of a given number of bayonets, had generally a very copious selection of expletives, culled from the Pandemonian Lexicon, which they considered necessary as official garnishing in giving the word of command at drills and reviews. The gentleman's horse made a fault. "Hold up you D——," was the sympathetic expression to the intelligent quadruped. The lady softly remarked, "Now, sir, my pony has a much prettier name than yours—I call it Donald."

Moral of the Arms of the Isle of Man.

THE same lady was once a passenger in a steamer, with a dignitary of the Old Light Dissenters, (Ay, Master Editor, had they dignitaries?—take care of your knowledge.—they had, though not benefited

dignitaries—but they have shewn that they have no objections how soon), when the Voluntaries came in for a due share of illiberal abuse, by this aspirant, who was just lifting his right foot to place it on the State church ladder of preferment, while some of her ladyship's friends were eulogised for remaining at home in peace, and not joining the hostile party mustered against the church. "Deed, sir," replied she, "the conduct of you Old Light Dissenters at present, brings me much in mind of the arms of the Isle of Man—you have three legs,—one to stand on,—another to walk into the church with,—and with the third, you kick your old friends."

A Perpetual President.

THE confusion, with often personal acrimony, which used to characterise the proceedings of the clergy in their courts judicatory, was proverbial. Improved as they are in their spirit and manner of addressing their brethren in public debate; yet their language is often not parliamentary, and at times more akin to the oratory of the traders in the finny tribe, who follow their calling along our streets. The multitude claiming to be heard at the same moment, in case their brilliant thoughts should be stolen, or the eloquence struggling in their bosoms for utterance, might be congealed by delay, would require extraordinary powers of attention in their President, which reminds us of an anecdote, and we give it,—it is in our way at any rate. Adjoining a certain church in Scotland, an industrious hostess kept an alehouse, which, on sacramental occasions, stood equidistant from the field or tent sermon, in an opposite direction. Though near the kirk, the hostess made not its cope-stone the saddle, and the minister passing from the church to the tent, observed Janet standing, apparently waiting for customers. "Dear me, Janet," remarked his Reverence, "neither in church nor at the tent! what are you doing?" "Doing sir," replied the handler of pewter measures, "do ye no see, sir, I'm just listening to twa grand sermons; ye say whiles that your sermons wi' us, just gang in at ae lug, and out at the ither, now sir, a sermon at baith sides o' the head will kep ane anither, and may be of some use.

On entering the church courts of some quarter of a century back, you would have thought, excepting for the matter of variety of language, that the confusion of Babel was being enacted again. There was the old stager with locks white with the produce of the flour mill, as often at least as with the buds of the almond tree of the Preacher, himself, in his own estimation, the concentration of wisdom, and who, after delivering himself ex-cathedra, sat down shaking his knowledge box as if the brain had lost its balance in the mighty effort. Then the spruce clerical stripling, newly inducted into his charge, as yet the wonder of his own locality, and to continue so until his stock of flash compositions are fired off; he too is effervescing at every point until his philippic, on which he has expended all his rhetoric, cayenned to blistering, is delivered, not doubting but his

piping-hot oration must astonish the whole kingdom. By the time that all these speakers had been heard, the period the court had to sit was nearly up, and the ultimate decision necessarily hurried, and was certain of being reversed at next meeting of court. The Church of Scotland is ahead of the Dissenters in their mode of despatching business, and also in their manner of addressing their brethren, though there are serious errata to take up with them also. The lady of whom we have already taken notice, was much pleased with the manner in which the late Mr. Smart of Paisley conducted the duties of the moderator's chair—his figure, venerable appearance and dignity, and his judicious, firm, and temperate manner in that chair, left an example for future moderators—and she advised the Synod to have a stucco bust taken of him, and fix it in the chair allotted to their president, that his successors might speak through it.

“When We Fell We Aye Got Up Again.”

NOT so sure-footed as many of her sex, in frosty weather, she has had frequent occasion to be helped up from falls on the slides, that children, ever in search of play, make on the paivé. On one of these occasions, a poor man who knew her, ran to her aid, but before tendering the helping hand, inquired, “O, Mem, are ye hurt?” “Would you just lift me up,” said she, “and I’ll tell you?” On another occasion, a gentleman ran to her assistance, and requested to be allowed to help her. “Oh, sir, ye little ken what you’re taking in hand.”

Safety in Flight.

DRIVEN home in a gig by a gentleman, who had offered her the accommodation, the horse became unmanageable, and on coming to a portion of the road broken up by deep ruts, hemmed in by loose stones on either side, laid down for building, he reared and tried all those measures which that intelligent quadruped usually does, when he wants the rein, so to speak, in his own hand—young biped colts often do the same. The gentleman leapt out to have more management, and the lady made as if she wanted to be on terra firma also. “For G—sake, mem, sit still,” said he. “Ay,” replied the collected wit, “but for your own sake you’re where you are.”

Writing for the Future.

THE late Dr. Jamieson, the Scottish lexicographer, was vain of his literary reputation, and, like many of the genus irritabile, who know not where their great strength lies, and think themselves gifted with a kind of intellectual able-to-do every thing, the doctor must needs also be a poet as well as a grub amongst the roots of language—a kind of study one would think not likely to give strength or pliancy of pinion for flights up Parnassus. The doctor published a poem, entitled “Eternity”—and we don’t suppose, reader, you so ignorant or little versant in back-letter literature, the bookseller’s science, as

not to have seen or heard of it. This poem became the subject of conversational remark soon after publication at a party where the doctor was present, and this lady was asked her opinion of it. "It's a bonny poem," said she, "and it's weel named Eternity, for it will ne'er be read in time."

A Monkey's Tail.

IN the market-place, at the Latter Fair of Doune, amongst the other usual accompaniments of a "cried fair" appeared a caravan, in front of which the canvas displayed, in sign-post likeness, a far greater number of animals than it was evident could be contained in such a receptacle—for inside there were only to be seen a crocodile on a small scale, an ostrich which, if not "very like a whale," looked very like a plucked turkey. These, with a monkey and a noisy parrot, made up the exhibition in the interior; but what was wanting in the inside was more than made up by the show outside. On the platform, flaring in tinsel finery, promenaded the ladies and gentlemen of the corps dramatique. The orchestra, however, was rather deficient in number. The fifer, having allowed "the malt to get abune the meal," was indisposed, and a well-knit little Highlander, in the full dress of his clan, with his riband-bedecked bagpipes, had, for the day, engaged to supply the fifer's place; and a thundering fellow of a Yorkshireman attempted, on a brass drum, to beat time to the piper's timeless and interminable pibrochs. This was Donald's first appearance on any stage, so he puffed and strutted as fine and as fierce as a peacock, his proud steps and haughty look bespeaking the elevation both of his body and his mind, and his whole bearing seemed to say—

"Hersel be Hieland gentlemen,
Be auld nor Bothwell prigs, man,"

when, just as "the ground and lofty tumbling" was commencing, out danced the monkey, arrayed in kilt and bonnet and a'. Donald had never seen a monkey before, and looked with wonderment on this living miniature of himself; but, recollecting his present duty, he turned his back, and was about to go on with his music and his marching when the little imp, envious, perhaps, of the piper seeming to be the observed of all observers, at a bound leaped on the Gael's shoulders; and, either in frolic or in fear, hugged the Highlander and his bagpipes in a firm embrace, twisting its long tail around the drones of the bagpipe—the chanter and drones lost the fang, Donald stood aghast, the hairs of his head, and, it is said, the very birse on his sporan, stood on end! How to extricate his pipes was his first consideration; so, slipping down his hand where his knee-buckles should have been (did a Highlander ever wear such an appendage?), drew his "skein-dhu,"* and in the twinkling of an eye severed the ligature that bound his drones by amputating the monkey's tail close by the rump. The dismembered animal screamed, and skipped like

* Small dirk usually stuck in at the top of the hose below the right limb.

winking through one of the side doors. The lamentations inside, and the roars of laughter outside the caravan, quite dumbfounded Donald. He could not, however, help observing that the drummer, instead of joining in the fun, was in the act of grasping a oudgel, and looked very like as if he wished for explanation from the piper. Donald, judging that this would be safer given on the north side of Loch Tay, looked as ferocious as a Highlander of four feet stature could possibly do, and interjected, through his clenched teeth, in the very face of the Yorkshireman, "Oich, will she no pe ta more prettier man wantin' hims tail?" and, bounding from the platform, was in the very heart of his friends and comrades, who closed around him and carried him off shoulder high, the streamers of his drones fluttering in the breeze, with the yet animated tail wriggling and writhing among the ribands, as was observed by the humourous David the Fud, "for a' the warld like a newly-catched rampar (lamprey) eel."

And it turned out as Donald had predicted; for, by sniestring the rump with a red-hot iron, Mr. Pug was in a few days again seen enacting his part in full fig—not in a greasy kilt of some whiggish clan tartan, but in a pair of true-blue Wellington pantaloons.

One of Job's Comforters.

IN the spring of 1826, during the depression of business in Glasgow, a friend of Henderson, of proverb celebrity, who had got married, advised Mr. H. to follow his example. "Na, na," said he, "saft's your horn, my frien', as the man said when he took haud of an ass's lug, instead o' a cow's horn, in the dark; single blessedness is the thing; they hae a stout heart that wad marry in thae times; I can put on my hat, and thank my Maker that it covers my hail family."

Memoirs of a Paisley Bailie.

SOBER THOUGHTS ON MEN AND THINGS BY ME, PETER PIRNIE, ESQ.,
LATE MANUFACTURER (NOW RETIRED FROM PUBLIC LIFE ON A SMA'
COMPETENCY), UMQUHYLE A BAILIE, &C., &C., &C., OF PAISLEY.

CHAPTER I.

Me and the Public.

THERE will no doubt be an uncommon clatter among the Corks of the Causeyside, as well as upon the plainstones at the Corse, and among all the members of the pap-in clubs that forgether in the Water-Wynd, now called St. Mirren-street, or in the Town's House, where the bailies and other ostensible and 'sponsible persons meet at orra times to weet their whistle, when it is known and understood that I have ta'en pen in hand to write my ain life, and to enlighten all and sindry anent my manifold experiences of men and things, seasoned with suitable reflections on passing occurrents.

The Fashes, Fykes, and Doundraughts o' Office.

WHEN I was in the Magistracy at a very troublesome time I was sair fashit with the dounricht lies that were told against me, but I had just to put a stout heart to a stey brae, and do my duty, in spite of man or devil. Hech, sirs, what an awsum weight of duty and dignity is sometimes laid upon the head and shouthers of ane efficient Magistrate in perilous times! But on this point I have a word or twa to say when in due course of time and of nature I was eleckit a Bailie, and took upon me the discharge of the duties thereunto effeiring, as the Town Clerk said when he clapt a cocked hat for the first time on my beld pow, and, shaking me by the neive, added, that I was the fountain of all justice and a ruler in the land, which was naething mair than a simple condescence of facks.

I am obligated further to remark that naebody, man, woman, or wean, can say, or allege, that I ever socht, in the lang course of my useful and busy life, to rooze mysell and my actions at the expense of my neibours. Backbiters and sicklike garbage of humanity I hold in great detestation. They think, puir born fules that they are, that, by pulling anither doun, they will rise themsells. They may be as ill-deedy as a twa hornit deel, and yet, after all, they are but sumphs and gomerils. A backbiter or cat-witted creature, that spends his time in picking out and railing against the faults and frailties of others, may jalouse that, by spitting upon their character, he is bigging up a bonny bield of goodly thochts for himsell in the minds of his hearers, but he is out of his reckoning as far as ever Captain Parry was, when he thoct to tumble the wulcat at the North Pole. He'll aye be suspekkit and keepit at arms-length. Sweet is the treason, but foul is the traitor. The backbiter is like a leper; he has aye a clapper to warn others of his infection, and that is, his ain ill scrapit and venomous tongue.

It has been my constant endeavour to sook the marrow of reflection out of every circumstance and accident of life; and, as weel as I could, to preserve, above all, an even mind and a resigned speerit. Fiery-tempered bodies aye get into a carfuffle about trifles; but I never saw any good come of losing temper about what it was out of the power of man to mend or prevent. "To jouk and let the jaw gang by" is an auld proverb, though it may not be in Davie Lindsay; and "what cannot be mendit suld be sune endit" is anither. My puir faither, that's deid and gane, and laid in the mools mony a year syne, was a deacon at proverbs, and, saving some pickles of warldly wisdom of that sort, education I never had till I wrocht to put mysell to the schule, when I got on like a house in fire, and ran thro' the wee spell like a lamplichter, which was an uncommon thing for a bairn of my years.

CHAPTER III.

Observes, mair particular on Book Inditing.

WHEN Solomon delivered his opingyon anent book-manufacturing,

with some thing mair of bitterness than a body could expeck from ane that has written meikle and no leetle himsell, has not stated his balance-sheet fairly ; for ye see he has lost sicht of the credit-side of the account a'thegither. He has forgot to balance the weariness of the flesh, with the pleasour whilk every sensible mind feels when, day by day, and page by page, it beholds the works of its individual hands prospering and increasing ; and the images, and creations, and visions of the brain assuming a tangible shape, whereby they can influence and direck other minds, and be as eternal finger-posts in the paths of learning and virtue for generations after generations, to guide them in their search after the wells of divine truth and universal benevolence. It does not come weel aff ane like me to differ with a greater and a better man than mysel—an e that was a crownit king, and ruled over a powerful and singular people ; and ane whase name rang frae the outermost end of Ethiopia to the far'est bounds of Assyria (marching, as I would jelouse, with the Chinese dyke), as renowned for natural wisdom and acquired knowledge ; while I, at the heichest pitch of my earthly dignity, was naething mair than the first Bailie of a great manufacturing and intelligent town, and wauked and slepted for full twa years with a gowd chain, significant of authority, about my neck—and my name and reputation was soundit nae far'er nor Glasgow or Embro, Manchester, or, aiblins, Lunnun.

I will confess that my ain gratification has had no inconsiderable weight with me in becoming an author. Books are a sort of passport to worldly immortality. Bairns may keep up a name, but they cannot maintain the fame of ane that has actit his part like a man in this theatre of the world. I have liked weel to hear poets and sang-writers express themsels feelingly on this natural passion of man's heart. Really, without a sark to their back, a bite in their belly, or a saxpence in their pouch, I have heard, in my time, some of them speak like Emperors about the way they wud be idoleezed by after ages. Puir creatures ! my heart bled for them and their dreams, and aften hae I stappit a sma' trifle intil their loof, just that they nicht not die of downright starvation. They aye received it as a lend, and looked as proud as gin they had obleegit me by taking it ; however, their term-day never cam roun', and I didna mind, as the siller was never posted in ony ither way in my books than as "incidents disbursed." But some of the words of these flichty creatures stuck to my memory ; for, fou or sober, they had aye some glimpses of a deep-searching wisdom into human nature and feelings, very profitable for a man of my understanding to ponder upon after warehouse hours and the cares of the day were bye.

CHAPTER IV.

Just before I hae done wi' mysell.

THERE is anither observe which I think I am enteetlit to mak, and that is—that it is an uncommon fine thing in itself for a man, in the

fall of his days, to meditate upon his bypast life, and the uncos thereof, its lights and its shadows, and all its turnings and windings. For my ain individual part, I may well repeat, as I have before observed, that meikle have I seen, and meikle have I learned, in this idle stramash, and that, being of an observing turn, my hope is that every change in the crook of my lot has not owerslided without improvement.

I will not say I would be living and life-like at this moment of time, pleesantly occupied in endyting my ain life, in my cozie back parlour, whilk looks into a pleesant bit garden weel plenished wi' vegetables, sic as leeks, cabbage, green kail, turnips and carrots, forbye pinks, sweet-williams, roses and lilies, and other savoury herbs, and sax grosset-busses as round as a bee's skep, and, without leeing, ilka ane the bouk of a rick of hay, wi' twa apple trees, a pear tree, a geen tree, and some ither bonny things that needna be named, over and above a fine sundial, standing in the centre of the middle walk, the whilk is nicely laid wi' gravel and white chucked-stanes, and bordered with bachelors' buttons, daisies, boxwood, spearmint and rosemary, the smell whereof is very pleesant and refreshing in the callerness of morning, or the saftness of the gloamin.

Such are a few of the digested reasons which have promoved me to turn authour in my auld days; and, having told the public who I am and what I mean to do, I shall cease my labours for the present, and, in my second chapter, enter at ance into particulars, like a man of business habits.

CHAPTER V.

Amang my First Public Concernments in a Magisterial Capacity.

A SHAKING o' the Feet was proposed at a County Meeting, to relieve thae pair bodies that are thrown on their ain shifts, and can neither work nor want; and also to afford a mouthfu', in the mean time, to creatures flesh and bluid, like oursels, wha are willing to work, but canna find a maister. This grand fit-shaking, or Ball, as it was phrased, was proposed at a County Meeting, and was patroneesed by all the principal folks in the toun, and there was an unco talk about this lord and that lady being sure to be there, till the hail place was in a perfect fizz, frae the east till the west toll—frae the head of the Causeyside till the Score. It's impossible to tell you the forenoon visits amang the leddies, and the bit quiet cracks amang the gentlemen ower an afternoon's glass anent it.

As for me, I keepit a gayen quiet sough for a while, no wantin' to take a lead in the matter; and, indeed, sic sights were, in comparison, naething to me, that had rubbed shouthers with the first nobility in the land, forbye seen the king, as is written in my life; but it was quite different with my wife, that hadna seen ony sic grand adoes; and as for our son, Tummas, and my auldest dochter, Miss Jean, that had just got a finishing touch at a fashionable schule in Embro, and could sing like a linty, loup like a maukin, and play on the piano

to the bargain, they were neither to haud nor bind. They insisted that they should be allowit to show aff their new steps, and they said it was expeckit by the hail respectable inhabitants of the town that Bailie Pirnie should countenance the assembly, seeing that the magistrates had sic a lang finger in the pie. Of coorse it was out of the power of flesh to stand against their chaunering, mair especially as afore they spoke I had coft four tickets, just for the credit of the thing, but no intending to gang—nor would I hae set mysell forrit on the occasion had it no been looked for by the public—this is a positive fack, and my being there was no piece of ostentation; for sic a thing is no in my hail corporation, as ye may have observed frae first to last in my written buke. To me, as the faither of a family and the head of a house, it was the soorce of no small contentment to be the means, in an honest way, of adding to the innocent pleasures of my wife and bairns; and really, when I tauld them it was my final determination that the gudwife should hae her ain way in the matter, and that the family should appear in sic state and grandeur at the ball as effeired to their station in society, I was downright worried with kindness. The young things danced round me as gin they were clean gaen gyte, and nearly grat for fainness, and the worthy and virtuous partner of my bosom and bedfellow said no a word, but just gave me ane o' the auld langsyne blinks of affection when we first forgathered as lad and lass, and used to take a bit daiker to the country to see how the gowans and the gersss were growing, and the birds singing in the woods in a simmer Saturday's afternoon. Hech, sirs! it's mony a year sinsyne; but the memories of these sweet days of youth never die in the heart that has truly and purely luv'd, as me and my wife have done.

CHAPTER VI.

Doings about the Family Braws.

KENNING fu' weel that our house would, as a matter of need-cessity, be turned upside down for a day or twa, with mantua-makers, tailors, milliners, shoemakers, bonnet-makers, and sic-like clamjamfry, making new dresses and ither necessars for our domestic establishment, I thocht it behooved me to give mysell a day's recreation or twa by visiting a freend either in Greenock or Glasgow till the house calmed again. Accordingly, I just daunered down to the Bank and drew a bit five-pund note, and with that in my pouch I thocht I need neither fear cauld nor hunger for the short time I was to be awa frae hame.

Having spent a day or twa with my auld friend, Mungo M'Wattie—ye'll aiblins ken him, a retired bachelor in the Stockwall; he was ance in the fleecy-hosiery line, and very bien in his circumstances—I returned hame just in time to see my wife's and my lassie's braws come hame, forbye a braw new blue coat with yellow buttons, a silk vest bonnily spraingit with various colours, and tight pantaloons, made to fit like a glove, for Tummas. Sic an unco wastrie in the

way of claiths, great feck o' whulk couldna look decent a second day, made me a thocht donsy I must confess; but, when I began to reflect on the matter with a mair philosophical speerit I saw there was even in this prodigality and vanity the workings out of a beautiful Providence. For, ye'll observe, that this was a Charity Ball, and operated as such in a twafald sense or degree. First, the sale of the tickets created a fund for real sufferers under the sair pinch of want and starvation; and, second, a lively impulse was given to the industry of ithers, wha were necessarily employed in the decorement and garnishing furth of them that bocht the tickets. Manufacturers of broad cloth, muslin, shawls, tailors, mantua-makers, milliners, bonnet-makers, hat-makers, shoe-makers, glove-makers, haberdashers, and shopkeepers—even the sellers o' needles and preens, and sic sma' wares—had either frae this soorce a direck or indireck gude. And when I saw that the Ball was devised, not for the mere bodily recreation of them that attended it, but to supply food and raiment to the necessitous and hungry, and that, when it did this to a certain extent, it moreover added a spur to the industry of mony a hard-working, well-meaning, and industrious body, that lives by the lawbour and skill of their ten fingers, I could not but admire the twa-handed way in whilk the milk of charity was squeezed frae the human heart, and made, like a refreshing shower, to fall ower a far wider surface than the wee clud in the sky would at first betoken.

CHAPTER VII.

I may say “Lang lookit for come at last.”

THE eventful day of the ball at last came round in due order of nature, and an unco ganging up stairs and doun stairs there was in our bit self-contented house. Wife and dochter were putting on and putting aff this and the other thing. Tummas was like to drive doun the roof of the parlour trying his new steps in the toom garret abune, and, when unwittingly I turned up my face to consider whar the din could come frae, a lump of plaister, as big as the croon of my hat, fell right in my face, and dung the fire frae my een like sparks in a smiddy. Sic things in a weel regulated family canna be tolerated in ordinar cases, but as this was a day expressly set apart for enjoyment, I owerlooked the faut, and took a turn twice round my garden to cool my blude, and see gif ony robin red-breasts were hirplin' and chitterin' about; for ever since the melancholy death of the babes in the wood, one has an uncommon sympathy for thae wee considerate creatures, on account of them theeking the perishing innocents with leaves, as is set furth at length in the auld ballat.

As ye may jalouse, there were few in our house could tak ony denner that day; but for my pairt, I may say I took my ordinary pick—mair be token, we had singed sheep's head, trotters conform, and a very 'sponsible-looking chuckie as could be, the whilk fare is no to be despised as times gang. After denner I comforted my stamach with a leetle brandy toddy, and sooked it aff hooly and fairly,

being nowise concerned like the rest of the household anent either dress or looks on the approaching grand occasion. The fact is, I had made up my mind frae the first to appear in the samen dress as that in whilk I had the honour to visit his late gracious Majesty at his palace of Holyrood, where, I can assure you, I was as civilly entreated as the first of the land, no excluding the Lord Provost of Glasgow, tho' he and his tounsfolk tried to put themselves desperately far forrit; but the King saw thro' them brawly, and kent a spoon frae a stot's horn as weel as the maist of his liege subjects.

CHAPTER VIII.

Conteens our Out-ganging.

PRECESELY as the clock chappit ten a noddy and a pair of horses drew up at our door, and out cam the hale byke of us as clean and trig as gin we had been faulded by in a bandbox. It's a fact, my heart lap to my mouth when I saw our gudewife buskit and bedinkt in a real fashionable new silk gown, and with a beautiful spreading umbrella-shapped cap, transparent as a butterfly's wings, and ornamented with gumflowers and other conceits, as natural as the life. I was just about to take her all up in my arms, and gie her a bit smack on the cheek, she looked sae bonny, but na—away she spouted into the noddy, with her good-natured "hout awa' gudeman," "behave yourself before folk," as the sang says, "do you ken that you woud birze my balloon sleeves out of a' shape." Dochter Jess was very modestly attired in a nice pink coloured robe, the fashion of which I cannot weel describe, and her hair was done up in the most approved London style by Mr. Moore the perfumer, whose fingers, no to mention his legs, running about frae morn till e'en, I'm guessing were gayen sair. It did me good to look on Tummas, he was sae straucht, slim, and perjink, tho' I thoct quietly to mysell the lad was looking mair like a sodger than a saint—but let that flee stick to the wa', seeing that his auld faither was in fact drummajor at this march to Vanity Fair.

Into the noddy we got at last, bag and baggage, and up streets and doun streets, dunting and jingling we brattled like mad. Shooting out my neb at the window, I could see chaises and noddies fleeing about in a' directions like sae mony fiery comets, which was a very enterteening and enlivening sicht; howsumer, some wandeidy weans cried "whip behind! whip behind!" and, quick as thoct, scringe cam the driver's whip alongside the noddy, and in its waganging gave me a skelp athort the chaftblade that was smarter than it was welcome, and keptit me from poking out my head again till the steps were let down. Without further misadventure we drove up in graund style to the Inn's door, and, lang or we cam there, we could hear distinctly the sounds of music, dancing, and gilravitching of all kinds; and baith my bairns were just beside themsells for fear they had lost all the fun. But I quieted their apprehensions on that score by remarking that it was not likely that anything very partecklar would

take place till we arrived, seeing that the stewards had expressly sent a carriage for the accommodation of our party. And tho' I wasna eleckit a steward, they kent fu' weel that it couldna be in my nature to tak umbrage at unintentional neglect, and bide awa frae the play like some conceity bodies, that bizz, and fizz, and spit fire like a peeoy, in spite and vexation, whenever they are no made the tongue o' the trump, and happen in ony way to be owerlookit in the making up of the lists. About the door there was an uncommon crowd of men, women, and weans, curious to see us alicht; and for a time I could not see a spot where to pit a foot, unless I made a straucht step forrit, and made a virtue of necessity by using the first head in my way for a stepping-stane. Seeing our dilemma, a police-offisher at the outer door, wha had recognised me, immediately cleared the road, right and left, in a twinkling, with his baton, crying all the time, "Mak way for the Bailie, ye born deevils, ye!—mak way, can ye no, for the Bailie?" and by his exertions we all got safe and sound within the porch, and without any of the women-folk getting their brows the least soiled or crumpled.

It's needless to tell you ony mair about Willie Tamson the town-offisher, standing at the ball-room door, in his new stand of scarlet claes with halbert in hand. Whenever he got wit of me, wide open flees the muckle door as if by magic, and in I gangs gallantly supporting my wife on my arm, while Tummas cleekit with his sister. No having been in the room for this many a year—in fact, to be plain, no since the Pitt dinners and Waterloo dinners were given up—there cam a stound to my heart, to be shoold in as it were all of a sudden into a most spacious hall, and amang a perfect hatter of unkent faces. But just as I was in a kind of swither whether to march forrit to the head of the room, or slip quietly down upon an empty firm near the door, up comes ane of the stewards, and, taking my loof in baith his, shook me heartily, saying, with a very kindly laugh,

“Oh! but ye're lang o' coming,
Lang, lang, lang o' coming!
Oh! but ye're lang o' coming—
Right welcome Bailie Pirnie!”

And then the Lord Provost and other gentlemen gathered round me, and in the twinkling of a bed-post I, seeing mysell amang kent friends and no frem faces, crackit as crouse as if I had been in my ain hoose laying doun the law anent domestic obedience ower my third tumbler of double nappy.

CHAPTER IX.

The Ball Itsel'.

A SCENE of greater splendour, beauty, and magnificence, saving and excepting, always, the royal doings at Embro', I never witnessed in my life. I am sure there was full twa hundred gentlemen and led-dies, and every ane seemed happier than anither. Then there was a perfect sea of waving plumes, and sashes, and ribands, and artificial

flowers; and sic a variety and tasty combination of brilliant colours I'll be bound to say I never saw equalled in the best India shawl-pattern that ever came through my hands, and that's no few, as the feck of my friends ken. When I was in a bewilderment of delight, looking at the fine swanlike shapes of the young leddies that were gliding up and down the room, like sae many beautifu' intelligences, or speerits from a higher world, with een glancing like diamonds, and feet sae wee and genty that when they touched the floor the sound of them was nae mair heard than if it had been a feather lichting in the water, all at once there burst forth, just abune my individual head, a particular fine concert of big fiddles and wee fiddles, horns, trumble-bumbles, trumpets, and what not, which was quite soul-stirring to hear. At first I thocht this might be out of compliment to me, and, not to be unceevil, I graciously bowed to the company; but I fand I was mistane, for it was naething mair than the music striking up for a quadrille, and, as I live, wha did I see standing up in a set but baith my chlder, son and dochter, as prejkink and genteel, or I'm far out of my reckoning, as the best born that was there! The pride of a faither's heart on sic an occasion, naebody but a paurent that likes his offspring weel can possibly conceive.

Fashions in music and dancing have suffered great changes since my young days. I cannot say that I understood either the figure of the dance or its music; but they were plesant eneuch. The quadrilles are graceful and dreamy-like motions, but they dinna bring the colour to ane's cheek and gar the heart's-blood gush, like a mill-dam, frae head till heel, like the Scotch reel or Strathspey. And then there's nae clapping of hands, and whirling round, and crying "heuch, heuch!" when the dance warms, and the fiddler's arms are fleeing faster than a weaver's shuttle, and they themselves lay down their lugs to their wark in dead earnest. Being a gae noticing kind of a body, I may observe that, in general, the leddies had the heels of the beaux in the matter of dancing. A good when of the latter, though they might slide backwards and forwards, and jee awa to this side and that side, with a bit trintle and a step weel eneuch, seemed often in a kippage to ken what to do with their shouthers and their arms and their heads. The upper and the douner man did not move in accordance, something like a bad rider that gangs wigglety-wagglety, clean contrary to the motion of the beast he is on the back of. But the feck of the leddies carried themselves like queens; frae head to heel they moved as a graceful and complete unity; and had ye seen, as I saw, their bonny modest faces glancing past ye, radiant with the sweetest-natured smiles, and their countenances presenting every variety of fine outline and expression, ye wuld have exclaimed with me and Burns the poet:

"All nature swears the lovely dears,
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her prentice haund she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses."

After the quadrilles we had country dances; but, so far as I observed, neither the Haymakers nor the Soldier's Joy formed a part of the entertainment, though there were a gude number of gentlemen connectit with the agricultural interests of the country present, and a fine show of strapping offishers frae the barracks. The scarlet coats of the offishers, with the great bobs of gowd on their shouthers, had a fine effect, and contrasted nicely with the silk, and satins, and muslins of the leddies, and the blue and black coats of the gentlemen civilians. It is out of the power of language to describe the liveliness that a sprinkling of red coats gives to a dance. Some of the offishers danced with their lang swurds at their side, and I was looking every minute for ane or twa couping heels ower head, but they keepit their feet unco weel considering all things; nevertheless I shall be bauld to mak this observe, that it is desperate difficult to gang, let abee dance, with an iron spit hinging at ane's side. But, abune a', I thoct I could see the swurds sometimes come deg against the tender shanks of the leddies, and a lick across the shins frae cauld iron is sair to bide. Our yeomanry cavalry never dance with their swurds on, and the foot soldiers should tak a pattern and example from them thereanent, from this time henceforward and forever.

The country dances blawn by, then cam waltzes, and the leddies and their partners gaed round and round about like tee-totums at sic a frichtsom rate that really I lost my presence of mind for a time on seeing our Miss Jess as forward as the lave, and twirling and sooming about like a balloon on fire. She was driving doun the room with a tall grenadier offisher, and, seeing her whirling round him and better round him, I cried, at the highest pitch of my voice, "For Gudesake, Jess, haud fast by the sash or shouter, else ye'll for a certainty flee out at the winnock-bole like a witch, and break your harn-pan on the hard causey!" There was an unco titter amang the leddies, and my wife, sidling up to me, telt me to hauld my whisht and no to mak a fule o' the lassie, for she was just under the protection of a mercifu' Providence like the lave. Be that as it may, I confess I was glad to see the waltzing at an end, and our Jess again anchored on a furn, peching and blawing, but safe and sound, lith and limb, and as red in the cheek as a peony rose.

About this time some of the principal gentry made up parties for playing at cards, and ithers gaed to the adjacent to weet their thrapples, for the stour kicked up by the dancers was like to mak' the maist of us on-lookers a wee hue hearse. Some of us had brandy toddy, ithers scaudit wine—while anither class contented themsells with sma'-stell whisky made intil toddy. When I appeared in the adjacent every ane was looder than anither in praise of my fine family; and, with faitherly pride, I telt my freends that I spared nae expense in giving my bairns a gude education, for which I received an approving nod from some gayen influential quarters that shall be nameless.

No having served an apprenticeship either to the tayloring or millinery line, I'll no pretend to give an account of the leddies'

dresses or the gentlemen's costume. In general, I may say, baith were very becoming. Some leddies were tastily, but plainly, put on; others were gorgeously bedecked, looking like Indian empresses, or princesses of the blood royal at least; some had caps, and ithers had naething but their bare heads, with a bit simple flower, or sic-like chaste ornament, stuck among their clustering ringlets. The newspapers gave but a faint idea of the Toutin Assembly, but, tak' my word for it, it was in every respeck uncommon pretty and creditable to the toun, beating by far and awa ony thing seen in the kingdom since the King's ball at Embro'. Anent the music, I shall say, Kinnikame played his pairt with great bir. In fack, I fand my auld timmers like to dance in despite of mysell, and noos and tans I crackit my thooms like a whip, for a gush of plesant remembrances conneckit with the scenes of early life, whan I mysell figured at "penny reels, bottlings," and "washing o' aprons," cam ower my heart with a fulness that even amounted to pain. I wasna then as I am now; but circumstances have naething altered the naturality of my heart, or gart me feel ashamed of the poortith of my younger days, or turn up my neb in scorn at the innocent recreations and pastimes whilk were then within my reach. It would be weel for the hale tot of our prosperous men of the world did they think and feel like me on this and mony ither important subjects.

CHAPTER X.

Conteens the Hame-coming, and Particulars thereanent.

BUT I'm spinning out the thread of my discourse, I fear, ower sma', and, lest it should break, I'll just wind up my pirn, and hae done with a remark or sae. And first, I will say, that frae beginning till end, frae the A to the Zed of this uncommon splendid concern, it was everything that a good charitable heart desired. Gaiety, elegance, good humour, and unsophisticated taste, went hand in hand throughout the nicht. Every one seemed anxious to please, and bent upon being pleased. There was nae upsetting, nae unpleasing distinctions keepit up, farder than what correck feeling and a due regard to the conventionalities of gude society required. We were, in short, as it were, all chicks of ae cleckin, cudlin close and cosily under the expansive wings of kindest sympathy and god-like charity.

All human enjoyments have an end, and sae had oor assembly. About three o'clock in the mornin' the company began to lift, and the room to get thinner and thinner. In a wee while afterwards a flunkey cam up to me and my wife, and telt us that our carriage was waiting at the door, whereupon we bundled up our things like douce sober folks, and gaed our ways down the stairs, thro' the lobby, and intil the chaise; but, there being only three insides, Tummas had to tak' an outside on the box along with the driver; but he was weel wrappit up in a camlet cloak, with a red comforter aboot his neck, besides his mother insisted that he should row her shawl ower

his head, just to keep his teeth frae chitterin', but whether he did sae or not I cannot say.

Hame we got at last without any misshanter. My wife was quite delightit with the entertainment—she is a real feeling and sensible woman; and when we were in the coach and began talking about our twa bairns, their first appearance in public, she could scarcely speak, for her motherly affection and pride were gratified to the full, but just tenderly squeezing my hand she said, "O Peter, this was a nicht!" and I had just time to reply, "Deed's I, my doo," when the coach drew up, and the hail lot of us alichtit at our ain bourock.

CHAPTER XI.

Cares of the Married Life.

IN a man's pilgrimage through the weary faucht and thoroughfare of life he meets with mony queer customers, as weel as sindry adventures, the remembrance whereof is a very pleasing recreation to a contemplative spirit like mine. One of these incidents in the variegated web of my existence I mean to endyte; but, first and foremost, I maun set forth, in due order, how and in what manner I first forgethered with the oddity it shall be my endeavour to describe.

It is weel kent to ilka bodie that has as muckle harns as will be contained in the doup of a nit, or the steely point of a woman's thimble—for, as to tailors' thimbles, they hae nae doup whatsoever—that a married man has a hantle of things to fash him that bachelors and single-living individuals are exempted from. In fack, they that are no joined in the bands of holy wedlock are a kind of landloupers, and can gang hap-stap-and-jump through life with a licht burden upon their back in comparison with us that are married men, having wife and weans, and their manifold concernments and adoes hinging at the tail of our coats, and sometimes clawing our lugs, if it durst be mentioned. Howsumever, as is very well observed by an eminent writer, no to be found in Scott's or Barry's collection of the beauties of eminent writers, that we married folks are the 'sponsible and land-biding individuals, who give hostages to society for our gude behaviour.

Nevertheless, I maun repeat, that we, married men, hae an awfu' hurl-come-gush of wee things to tout us baith within doors and without, that nane but a married man can form ony conception of, though he were to think from this day till the morn-come-never, and that is a gay lang and dreich spell, or I am aff my eggs. In this argument I scorn to mention the graver polities and bounden duties of the faither of a family, sic as the needcessity of providing, from day to day, their daily bread, of cleeding them, and schuling them, and keeping them ticht, thack and rape as we say, in everything conform to their station; and as little will I mention the local stents and public taxes that, like sae mony condies, sook the sap and substance out of ane's purse, be it ever sae weighty; but I'll just instance ane or twa of the bit sma' things that put us aff our ordinar, and mak a man like me no

that easy to be guided, unless he be cuit'erit up by some canny hand and oily tongue.

CHAPTER XII.

The Upshot o' the Fit-shaking.

THE worthy partner of my bed and bosom, ae nicht in the year 1828, when we were sitting thegither by the ingle-cheek in the parlour, after the weans were put to bed, says to me, in her ain couthy way, "Bailie, ye maun trintle aff to the country the morn, for I hae an unco big washing, the handlin' ye'll surely ken, couldna be got ower without filin' mair than ordinar, and me and the twa servants as weel as an extra hand, will be busy as bumbees amang blankets and washing-boins. Aiblins, ye can gang down and see the Provost of Arinthrow, the auld Toun Clark, or some ither respectable frien' and acquaintance." "What maun be maun be," quo I, "my bonny doo; but really ye should have let me ken o' this hurry afore the now, for the fack is, I dinna weel ken where to show my neb. Arinthrow is out of the question; for ye ken the last time I was there, I got mair drink than was good for me, and there is nae need for a man just to throw himsel in the way of temptation and mischief."

CHAPTER XIII.

What cam' o' Lookin' Out for my Pick.

THE morning, as a matter of course, came round; and, after swallowing my breakfast, consisting of tea, eggs, and ham, two penny pan-soled baps, forbye a farl of cake-bread and a thimblefu' of brandy in the last cup, by way of a lacer, I sallied furth, staff in hand, to "puss" my fortune, as the fairy tale says; and proceeded to the Causeyside, to hear what was doing in the manufacturing line, and if ony good stroke of business had been done in the spring, or ony thing worth mentioning expeckit at the fall.

Here, of course, I forgethered with an uncommon number of corks, for they were all standing at their warehouse-doors, watching for the Glasgow customers; for it was the market-day, and every one was glegger nor his neighbour in looking after the main chance. Not being in business, I was perfectly easy in my mind, and sticking my twa thoombes in my waistcoat at the oexter, chatted with this one or the other, just as it might happen, while taking a turn on the sunny side of the street, frae the head of Plunkin till the Water-Wynd. Me and some six mair had made a sort of pause opposite the Cumberland-Well, when, lo and behold! a figure turns the corner of the Wynd, and maks straucht up the Causeyside, casting a blink, now and then, up till the sign-brods on every hand. He is a merchant, says one; I'm no thinking that, says another. He is a perfect stranger, says a third: and in a jiffy, the hail tot left me, and, to my astonishment, they one by one accosted the stranger, but he seemed to be desperate short with them, for every man and mother's son of them bundled aff into their warehouses, as if they had touched a nettle. Losh preserve

us a' ! says I to mysel, this maun be a queer shaver that ventures up the Causeyside on a market-day, and neither means to buy, nor sell, nor pick, nor dab with our manufacturers. It's a desperate tempting of Providence, to say the least of it ; howsumever, we shall see the upshot of sic a reckless course.

CHAPTER XIV.

Mair anent the Come-by-luck.

WEEL, as I was saying, this figure of a man cam sauntering up the street at his ain leisure, and my curiosity was naturally roused to an uncommon degree, to get an inkling of what he was, what he wanted, and where he cam frae. It was clear and manifest in the licht of my understanding, that he was not a buyer of muslins or shawls, nor a seller of silks or cottons, from the way in which my friends, sae soon as they spoke to him, snooled into their warehouses with their tails atween their feet, and their hands in their pouches, as if they had trampit on a taid, or mistain a docken for a daisy, whilk would be foolish enouch even though they had been born stan-blin', or had lost their precious eesight blastin' rocks in a quarry, or by ony sic pitiful accident.

Seeing him bent upon making good his passage through the Causeyside—whether for profit or pleasure it was hard to say from his manner—I determined to keep a sickar look-out on his motions, and if possible to discover what his motives were in coming to pry into the iniquities and abominations of the land. Of course, I continued to stand forenent the Cumberland-Well, keeping the tail of my e'e upon him, while with the other I was pretending to overlook the erection of a new sign that some painter lads were fixing aboon a spirit-chop that had opened there the day before, and whilk, you may weel jalouse, was very conveniently situated for the commodity of water, the pump-well being just at the step of the door, and quite as handy as the bool of the pint-stoup on the comptor. Standing in this easy-osy way, and giving my stick a bit authoritative flourish noos and tans, who should mak straucht up to me but the very individual that I was quietly watching, who inquired very politely if I would have the goodness to inform him whereabouts in the city Mr. Pirnie resided.

Hearing my ain name mentioned, I felt a bit flitter at my heart, but, as he was ceevil-spoken, and in the quality of his cleedin' as weel put on as mysel, I immediately replied, that there were twa or three of that name in our gate-end, but if he would condescend on the business or profession of his frien', I thoecht it might probably be within the compass of my power and ability to put him upon the right scent, and thereby keep him frae ony mair bellwaving or wandering up and down the streets. And with that, I gied my watch-seals a bit jingle, satisfied that it was not very likely that ony ither of the Pirnies of our town was ever kent in far-awa pairts sae weel as mysel.

"Of Mr. Pirnie's profession or business," says the stranger gentleman in a very solemn and discreet tone, "I am profoundly ignorant; but the gentleman from whom I received a letter of introduction to Mr. Pirnie, informed me that he was the Lord Provost, head Bailie, or some such other municipal dignitary; and an individual of great respectability and notoriety in this city; and indeed the only gentleman who could be of service to me in my peculiar pursuits, connected, as these are, at the present moment, with local history and antiquities."

"Ye're a sma' thoct wrang, frien'," says I; "but I'm thinking the person ye want is now standing bodily present afore your een." Whenever I had said this, the thin-chafed and thoctful-looking gentleman brightened up wonderfully, and, after blessing his stars that he had met with me so readily, he claps a letter intil my loof, written by my Embro' man of business, which begged me to pay all the attention in my power to the very learned Reginald Roustythrappil, Esq. of Deafnut Hall; he having come to Paisley for the purpose of making some antiquarian researches into the nature of its pearl fisheries and shipping during the time of the Romans, forbye a hundred other odds and ends, that were set furth in such lang-nebbit words, that I really found it difficult to spell them, let alane understand them.

CHAPTER XV.

Mair anent Personal Appearance and On-put.

My new frien' and acquaintance, the laird of Deafnut-Ha', was a tall, thin, wiry man, standing on his stocking-soles I would guess about 5 feet 11, or 5 feet 11 $\frac{3}{4}$. His complexion was a sort of iron-grey, shaded off with a clearish yellow about the chafts. In the matter of a nose, he was, like mysel, ordinar weel-gifted; but his was a scent langer, as weel as heicher in the brig, and not sae braid in the neb as mine. His forehead was heich and cone-shaped, and, I may add, that though he had a gey tate of hair on his eebrow, his locks were thin about the haffets. From his looks I would have guessed him to be about forty, mair or less; but ane can never guess within aucht or ten years the real age of bany and shranky bodies. Anent his cleedin', I will say this for him, that in the quality of the claith it was good enuch, for I got an opportunity of drawing my finger over his coat-sleeve quietly and unnoticed, and it was the best superfine black, 36s. or 40s. at the least, per yard. But it was apparent to any one that had the sense of a sookin turkey, and kent what was what, that the adorning of the outward man didna form, ilka morn after leaving his nest, an essential part of his moral duty. There is an observe in an auld writer anent the wearing of our garments, which is worth rehearsing for its excellence:—"Two things in my apparel I will only aim at, commodiousness and decency; beyond these, I know not how aught may be commendable; yet I hate an effeminate spruce-ness as much as a phantasticke disorder; a neglective comeliness is a man's ornament."

Ane Adventurous Flicht, whilk nearly ended in a Douncome.

I WAS anxious to get our Antiquary harled up to the High Kirk ; for his strange figure, violent gestures, and the way that he wapped about his hands, had by this time gathered a gay pickle folk about us. What faschit me maist was some of my ain frien's, in daikering backwards and forwards in the square, with their hands in their breek-pouches, or stuck in their oxters, coming within ear-shot, and saying till ane anither, loud eneuch for Mr. Roustythrappil to hear, " Whatten a queer neighbour is that the Bailie's got in tow with ? Surely they winna cast out ; I declare they'll fecht. Weel it's a pity, the Bailie, puir bodie, demeans himsel wi' takin' ony sic chat aff the hands of that doure, doun-looking sneek-drawer. Od, if it was me, I would hand him ower to Captain Jamfray of the Police, in the dooble of nae time." This was really a tempting of Providence on their pairt, as weel as an affront to mysel, that I didna pass ower neist time we forgotten in the Bailie's club, for I gied them their ditty, het and heavy ; but after they had apologeesed, I tell't them, as in duty bound, all I kent and a wee scent mair about Mr. Roustythrappil. It was really a mercy, however, that that gentleman being a thocht deaf in his near lug, owing to his having catched a cauld while sitting at the sea-side ae stormy afternoon listening like a sea-maw or kittywake to the sough of the wind and the jaupin' of the waves. He assured me that the thundering waves of the ocean, as they dashed themselves belly-flaucht against the caverned rocks, made far grander music to his ears than all the orchestras in the world heaped together could produce. No being particularly weel skilled in musical science, never having advanced farder therein than to croon ower the " Auld Hundred," or the " Martyr's," I could not contradict him ; howsumever, I closed the business by observing that, if it wasna that good, it was at least dirt cheap, which, in a mercantile point of view, was a great object. Now, this sensible observe of mine brought on another brulzie between us that was out of a' character ; but I may keep that to speak aboot in due season ; all that I wish to have explained here is, that my fiery frien' had that great conveniency and positive advantage till a man in his progress through life, called a deaf lug.

CHAPTER XVII.

A Stout Heart to a Stey Brae.

OFF we set at last for the High Kirk, and after warsling up the brae as weel as could be, we got into the steeple, and up the stair we scrambled like twa cats after a cusheydoo or a mealy mouse. I never had ony great liking to speel up to the heichest buttlins, for a bodie's head is apt to get licht at that extraordinary altitude. Then the ladder is aye shoggy-shooring, and the idea is perfectly frichtsomesome, lest it break, and a body be tumbled down headlang and brained without

mercy upon the muckle bell. It really gats a' my flesh grou to think upon sic a catastrophe. It is weel kent that I am as bauld as my neibours, having been enrolled in the Gentle Corps of Volunteers, and having marched down to Greenock with knapsack on back, cartridge-box at my hinderlets, musquet shouldered, and bayonet fixed, determined to face and to fecht the bloody French, if they ever daured to land at the shore ; but for a' that, there is nae needcessity for ony man, by way of a boast, to put himsel in unnecessar peril. Thir were my reflections, I candidly confess, when I was climbing up the ladder after Mr. Roustythrappil. The twa sides of it were so thin and shachly, in fact they looked nae gritter than a fishing wand, and they jeed and sweed hither and thither at sic a rate that I looked for the hail concern breaking through the middle, and baith o' us losing our precious lives for a piece o' idle daurin.

Weel, we were baith creepin up the ladder like twa monkey beasts or jackey-tars, and I was beginning to look and mak my observes upon my neighbour's bumplit pouches to see whether they had a steek as I jaloused to keep a' tight, when the ladder gies such a creak and heezie up and down that I thocht it was all up, and that baith of us were on the eve of spinning heads ower heels frae top to boddum, getting a dunch here, a clour there, and a jundie everywhere, till we came clash down, twa disfigured masses of broken banes and lifeless flesh. A man of ordinar courage would have swarfed. But for me, I held a death-grip of the ladder ; and jamming my head between twa of the steps, to be out of the way, in case my frien' had lost his futting, I laid mysel as flat as possible, to let him trintle ower me in his douncome as easily as possible. In this posture I clung for some time with my een steekit ; for the fack is I couldna bide the sicht of seeing ony body, far less a frien', cutting flourishes in the air and posting aff till eternity, as a body might say, in a coach-and-four, with the deil himsel for an outrider. The sensible heart may conceive the horrór of that awsome moment. There was me, the head of a house, a married man and a faither, swinging midway between earth and heaven—the ladder creaking and jiggig under my weight, and threatening to snap richt through the middle ; and then labouring under the apprehension that poor Mr. Roustythrappil wouldna hae the benefit of a clean fall, but come bang against the back of my neck wi' a thud that might either break it or the ladder—in ony case a fatal issue—or that he in his mortal desperation (drowning men catch at straes) might mak a claucht at me in passing and harl me after him to the pit of destruction. Aboon me I heard a sair strusslin', fitterin', pechin', and grainin', though I saw naething, on account of my een being steekit, as aforesaid ; but it immediately came intil my head that this breingin and stramash must needs be atweesht my puir unfortunate frien' and the Betheral, as ilk ane was strivin' to save himsel frae destruction, at the expense of his neighbour according to law. Ane was eneuch ; but baith to tumble down upon my tap, was naething short o' dounricht murder.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Middle o' the Mishanter, with a Husband and Father's Reflections thereon.

I ROARED out to them not to get intil grips, but if they bood to come hurtling ower me, to tak time and do it, ane after the ither; and wi' that I steekit my een closer and closer thegither, jammed my head far'er and far'er through the steps, and made up my mind to die like a Roman or a real game-cock. To look doun was impossible—a bodie's head would have spun round like a peerie, to contemplate a tumble o' at least two hunder feet. About half-way doun, ane was sure to come whack against the bell, and there be clean knocked to shivers, afore reaching ane's sad and feenal landing-place in the session-house at the boddum of the steeple. Then, in the middle o' the meantime, it came to my recollection that I had seen that the wood of the ladder was sairly wormed through, which added to its desperate thinness, greatly increased my confloption, and with pure reasoning, on my imminent danger, I was just dissolved into a lump of geil. Were it a case of fire, and ane up even four stairs, and even haufins smooored wi' reek, I wouldna hae been nearlysae sair distressed; for then a bodie might get blankets and sheets, and swing themselves ower intil the feather beds, that, nae doubt, gude neibours would be spreading out, to kepp our fall, or the leeries and sklaiters and firemen would set to their ladders, and carry a bodie doun on their backs, just like—ay, just like ony thing, as Dr. Kittletext says, when he comes to a dead pause in a string of lively similitudes. But, in my case there was nae kind frien' or neibour, nae bauld sklaiter to lend me a lift in my needcessity and peril. I was a prisoner in a dreary steeple far out the hearing or help of man, and in momentary expectation of dreein a death, waur, ten thousand times waur than that of a common malefactor, that gets naething mair than a bit insignificant fall of a foot or sae, and has nae precious bane broken in his body, excepting an ugly twist in the vertebræ of his neck. All thae thochts and considerations galloped through my head like lightning, and then a deadly cauld shiver gae through my heart, when I reflecked on the distress of my puir wife and bairns—when she cried upon her husband and they cried upon their father, and the voice forever dumb that could have meased their sorrows, and put an end to their woful lamentations.

Further I needna endeavour to describe my precarious and fricht-some situation, but at ao time I was in sic a fever wi' the thoct of what might happen, that I positively cried out, "For Gudesake, Mr. Roustythrappil, dinna lay hands on me, if ye hae tint your fitting;—their's nae fun in twa Christians perishing by a miserable death if aue can serve;—catch rather at the jeists or the tackling o' the bell, grip till ony thing, but hand aff me, the faither and bread-winner of a family of small innocents."

CHAPTER XIX.

A's Weel that Ends Weel.

WEEL, I was in siccan a state, that I lost all count of time, and, having my een steekit, didna perceive that Mr. Roustythrappil, and the Betheral that led the way, had got landed safe and sound on the gallery that leads out to the buttlins, and there the twa had been cracking like pen-guns no missing me at all, till they commenced their descent, which, of course, was arrested when they saw the dreadful situation and agony of suffering that I was in. "What's come ower ye, Bailie?" cried the Betheral. "Are ye unwell?" shouted the Antiquary. "Either come up or gang down," continued the impertinent body of a Betheral, "for I'se assure ye the timmer winna carry three; it's as souple as a rash, and would scarce do for steps and stairs to a hen's bauk, let abee three ordinar-sized men."

Seeing now how the land lay, and that nae mishanter was likely to occur, saving what might arise from unnecessar apprehension, I opened my een at ance, and cried courageously, "Ou ay, talkin's easy, but how am I to get my head out frae between the twa steps that it's jammed in? I'm nearly throttled—ye maun lend a hand quickly, twa three minutes mair would have finished me. With that, I heard my frien' laughing as if he had found a mair's nest, whilk was onything but kind or considerate, considering the jeopardy I put mysel into, entirely to obleege him. "I declare, Bailie, it is the first time I ever saw a magistrate in a pillory, and I hope it shall be the last." "Sae do I mysel," quo' I rather sharply; "but if ye canna help a frien' at a dead lift wi' naething better than a bitter mock, I'm no thinking ye'll ever be axed twice, or thanked ance."

This brocht them baith to their senses, and seeing me to be really jammed atween the twa spars, and held tight and fast, without the power of thrawing my head to ae side or the ither, (a fack, I was nae mysel aware of, at first, but thocht to play it aff as a good guise, to keep them frae laughing at the posture they found me in,) Mr. Roustythrappil turned himsel round like a lamplighter, and descending on the ither side of the ladder, hinging by his hands in a wonderful way, wrenched out the step, at once relieved my head, and swung himsel down to the floor, before you could say Jack Robison. I was really thankfu' to him for his good offices, but I didna think it worth while to tell him how I had mysel to thank for that pliskie and causeless tribulation of soul and body. Fairly out o' harm's way, and safe and sound on the bottom o' my ain twa shanks, they may climb like wull-cats that are sae inclined; but as lang as I'm the father o' a family, a bane in my buik sal not again be put in jeopardy in the samen way.

The Last Laird o' the Auld Mint.*

A Canongate Croon, to be chaunted—not sung.

AULD Willie Nairn, the last Laird o' the Mint,
 Had an auld farrant pow, an' auld farrant thoughts in't;
 There ne'er was before sic a bodie in print,
 As auld Willie Nairn the last Laird o' the Mint:
 So list and ye'll find ye hae muckle to learn,
 An' ye'll still be but childer to auld Willie Nairn.

Auld Nanse, an auld maid, kept his house clean an' happy,
 For the bodie was tidy, though fond o' a drappy;
 An' aye when the Laird charged the siller-taed cappy,
 That on great occasions made caasers aye nappy.
 While the bicker gaed round, Nanny aye got a sharin'—
 There are few sic-like masters as auld Willie Nairn.

He'd twa muckle tabbies, ane black an' ane white,
 That purred by his side, at the fire, ilka night,
 And gazed in the embers wi' sage-like delight,
 While he ne'er took a meal, but they baith gat a bite:
 For baith beast an' bodie aye gat their full sairin—
 He could ne'er feed alane, couthy auld Willie Nairn.

He had mony auld queer things, frae queer places brought—
 He had rusty auld swords, whilk Ferrara had wrought—
 He had axes, wi' whilk Bruce an' Wallace had fought—
 An' auld Roman bauchles, wi' auld bawbees bought;
 For aye in the Cowgate, for auld nick-nacks stairin',
 Day after day, daundered auld, sage Willie Nairn.

There are gross gadding gluttons, and pimping wine-bibbers,
 That are fed for their scandal, and called pleasant fibbers;
 But the only thanks Willie gae them for their labours,
 Were, "We cam nae here to speak ill o' our neighbours."
 O! truth wad be bolder, an' falsehood less darin',
 Gin ilk ane wad treat them like auld Willie Nairn.

His snaw-flaiket locks, an' his lang pouthered queu,
 Commaned assent to ilk word frae his mou';
 Though a leer in his e'e, an' a lurk in his brow,
 Made ye ferlie, gin he thocht his ain stories true:
 But he minded o' Charlie when he'd been a bairn,
 An' wha, but Bob Chambers, could thraw Willie Nairn.

Gin ye speered him anent ony auld hoary house,
 He cocked his head heigh, an' he set his staff crouse,

* The Old Mint of Scotland, in which this eccentric philanthropist and antiquarian resided, is situated in South Gray's Close, and forms one of the most remarkable curiosities to the visitor of the Scottish metropolis.

Syne gazed through his specks, till his heart-strings brak loose,
 Then, 'mid tears in saft whispers, wad scarce wauk mouse ;
 He told ye some tale o't, wad mak your heart yearn,
 To hear mair auld stories frae auld Willie Nairn.

E'en wee snarling dogs gae a kind yowffin bark
 As he daundered doun closes baith ourie and dark ;
 For he kend ilka doorstane and auld warld mark,
 An' even amid darkness his love lit a spark :
 For mony sad scene that wad melted cauld airn
 Was relieved by the kind heart o' auld Willie Nairn.

The laddies ran to him to redd ilka quarrel,
 An' he southered a' up wi' a snap or a farl ;
 While vice that had daured to stain virtue's pure laurel
 Shrunk cowed frae the glance o' the stalwart auld carl :
 Wi' the weak he was wae, wi' the strong he was stern—
 For dear, dear was virtue to auld Willie Nairn.

To spend his last shilling auld Willie had vowed ;
 But ae stormy night, in a coarse rauchan rowed,
 At his door a wee wean skirled lusty and loud,
 An' the Laird left him heir to his lands an' his gowd !
 Some are fond o' a name, some are fond o' a cairn,
 But auld Will was fonder o' young Willie Nairn.

O ! we'll ne'er see his like again, now he's awa !
 There are hunders mair rich, there are thousands mair braw,
 But he gae a' his gifts, an' they whiles werena sma',
 Wi' a grace made them lightly on puir shouthers fa' :
 An' he gae in the dark, when nae rude e'e was glarin'—
 There was deep hidden pathos in auld Willie Nairn.

JAMES BALLANTINE.

Fighting Men.

IN the far-famed town of Paisley it has been the custom from time immemorial, and which prevails over Scotland, for friends and neighbours to hold merry-meetings during the New-year holidays, generally designated "New'r-day haunlins," and at which are produced all the good things come-at-able by the entertainers.

At one of these haunlins, not long ago, when the parties were getting pretty hearty, and after song, toast, jest, and round of Scotch proverbs had each made the circuit of the table, the landlord, by way of variety, proposed that the company should give a round of "fighting men." The glasses were again charged, and each in their turn gave the memory or the health of some favourite hero, dead or living. Marlborough, Charles XII., Moore, Nelson, Duncan, Abercromby, Napoleon, Ney, Wellington, &c., &c., were all given and loudly

responded to. At last it came to a worthy woman's turn to give a toast, but she, good woman, had never read "the history of the wars," and was consequently unacquainted with the names and murdering merits of heroes and "fighting men!"—the toast was brought to a dead stand. "What's the matter, Mrs. Wabster?" cries one. "Are ye gaun to stick the toast?" cries another. "Havena ye mind o' ony fechtin' men?" cries a third. "Weel I wat," quoth she, "I hae just mind o' ane, an' I'll gie ye him gin ye like. Here's to that worthless, drucken, daidlin', dyvour o' a body, Davie Drawloom, he's the only quarrelsome body that I ken, for he fechts wi' his wife everlastingly."

Not Mincing the Matter.

THE Rev. Mr. Robertson, Kilmarnock, was often annoyed by one of those busy bodies who take the charge of every one's business but their own. One day, when preaching upon the besetting sins of different men, he remarked, using a well-known Scottish saying—"Every ane, my frien's, has their draff-pock. Some hae their draff-pock hinging afore them; ithers, again, hae their draff-pock hinging ahint them; but I ken a man that sits in my ain kirk that has draff-pocks hinging a' aroun' him. An' wha do you think that is? A' body kens wha I mean—nae ither than Andro Oliphant."

In the Key of "F" Sharp.

MR. R.'s precentor displeased him much by his loud singing, and accordingly was often not only reproved, but even stopped by him after commencing the psalm. One morning the said individual had started upon a key a little higher even than ordinary, when Mr. R. rose up in the pulpit, and, tapping the musical worthy on the head, thus addressed him—"Andro, Andro, man does thou no ken that a toom barrel aye sounds loudest?"

A Scotch Bull.

IRISHMEN are not the only perpetrators of bulls; even Sawners, canny Sawners, with all his shrewdness and circumspection, occasionally lets slip as egregious a bull as his brother Pat from the Emerald Isle. William Lang, constable and town-crier of Strathaven, was on one occasion crying a roup of farm stock when, after having enumerated a great variety of articles, such as horses, carts, harrows, ploughs, &c., he concluded in the following ridiculous strain—"Furthermore, saxteen kye, and ane o' them a bill."

A Man of Letters.

A JOLLY landlord of an extensive and respectable inn, more remarkable for his good cheer and agreeable humour than for his clerkship or skill in reading or orthography, on one occasion sent a letter to a friend on some pressing business, which was very faulty in orthography. The wag to whom the letter was sent took an

opportunity of challenging it in the presence of the writer when enjoying himself with some of his boon companions. The good-humoured author of the repudiated epistle, however, was not to be put back in this way. "Weel, weel," said he, "maybe the letters are 'no pitt'n thegither as you grammar folks would say is right, but they're a' there at ony rate."

Dunning Dogs.

THE following broad hint to tardy subscribers lately appeared in a Scottish provincial paper:—"One of our subscribers who had been reading an account of a child that had lately been born with the name and surname of its reputed father in small letters round the iris of one of its eyes, was struck with such wonder and astonishment at so surprising a phenomenon that on retiring to rest his imagination set to work, and, amidst the strange vagaries that were presented to him in the course of his dreams, one of the most *outré* was the return of a favourite collie he had lost, with six very handsome full-grown ones, which she had littered during her absence. Round both eyes of each of the litter appeared the following words, in small light-coloured capitals:—'PLEASE PAY YOUR SUBSCRIPTION TO THE ——— ADVERTISER.' Each of the dogs appeared in rotation, and laying its fore paws on the front of the bed, gazed in the most expressive manner in the face of our 'constant reader,' who, as circumstances would have it, happened to be rather in arrears. Next morning he felt so strongly impressed with what he had seen the preceding night, that he called upon us, narrated the affair, and settled his account. For ourselves, we could scarcely help expressing our regret that a few more 'collies' of the same litter were not at present on the tramp about the country. We think some of our friends who have been in arrears with us ever since our first number, would feel rather at a loss how to look the poor creatures in the face."

CARRICK.

Recipe for speaking English.

A SERVANT girl in Edinburgh, who spoke Scotch so broadly—though a native of Ayrshire, the vernacular Scotch of which county is admitted to be purer than that of any other in Scotland—as at times hardly to be comprehended even by her mistress—on being asked how she contrived to make herself understood when in service in England, where she had previously been, replied,—“Ou, it's quite easy; ye've naething to do but leave out a' the R's, and gie the words a bit chow in the middle.”

Dog-English.

SOME time ago, a trial took place at the justiciary circuit court, Glasgow, of a girl, for inflicting a serious wound on an aged female. It was suspected that the whole affair was got up with a view to ruin the culprit. The evidence of the person who had suffered the injury was first taken. In the cross-examination she was asked,—“Well,

you say it was the prisoner who inflicted the wound?" "Yes, I did." "You're sure of that now?" "Sure, as my name is what it is." "Did any body see her do it?" "My own tochter Mary heard the loudest noise, and she might have seen it, but she was away to the barn forstrae to the cow." "Did you not make an noise?" "Oh yes, made a noise as loud as I'll cried, but nobody was hearing me."—"Was there no dog in the house to protect you,—in the farm-houses you usually have dogs?" "Oh yes, there was a tog, and a very good tog he was too; but he was an English tog, and did na understood the language."

How to Regulate the Tongue.

A HANDSOME spire was erected, some years ago, in the town of Kirkintilloch, which towers as near the clouds and "glowing lord of day," as the funds of the town and pockets of the subscribers would permit. About the same time, a very handsome new church was set down in a very advantageous position at Kilsyth. The worthy lieges of both places had each a bell cast for their towers; and not long after they were got home and hung up in their respective places, it was discovered that the Kirkintilloch bell was heard at Kilsyth, but that the Kilsyth bell was never heard at Kirkintilloch. This was cause of sad vexation and annoyance to the men of the east, and of no small degree of exultation to the men of the west—the Kilsyth bellman, in particular, was like to "sink through the grun" for very shame and vexation. The heritors, at their meetings, were frequently importuned, the doctors were consulted; and the minister was worried to death; but in vain—no human wisdom could devise means to make the Kilsyth bell be heard at Kirkintilloch. At length, a thought came into the head of the sorely afflicted bellman:—without telling any one, he took out the tongue of the bell, carried it to the smith's, and made him add the weight of two old horse-shoes to it; which being duly done, the tongue was replaced. The next day happened to be the King's Birth-day, on which occasion the bell was to be rung as a mark of rejoicing. At the appointed hour, accordingly, the bellman went up and began to ring; but, to his great horror and mortification, the clapper had not given half-a-dozen strokes on the iron ribs of the bell till it was shivered from top to bottom. "Why did you increase the weight of the tongue, sir?" said his Reverence, the minster; "did you not know that it would crack the bell?" Clinkum boldly replied, "No, sir, I did not, for I see that folk that hae big tongues in their heads are aye sober sensible men; but your folk wi' wee tongues that gang like a miller's clapper are aye crackit."

Sacrifice for Conscience.

Two humble, but honest and devout Cameronians, were in the habit of leaving D——, their native village, and travelling to Glasgow, a distance of more than twenty miles, for the purpose of hearing a minister of their own persuasion. In the evening they travelled back half way; but were obliged to sleep in a moorland cot until the suc-

ceeding morning would fit them for their journey. On one occasion, being more than usually fatigued, one of them awaking about the middle of the night, thus addressed his friend:—"John, I'll tell you ae thing and that's no twa, if thae kirk folk get to heaven at last, they'll get there a hantle easier than we do."

Deference to the Ladies.

THE young ladies of Gilmilnscoft had made an engagement to drink tea at the manse of Sorn, with Dr. Logan, the then incumbent; and, in order to abridge the distance, had resolved to cross the river Ayr on the ice, but they feared to experiment on its strength, the frost having been but of short duration. As they knew the soundings of the river, they determined, if possible, to induce Will Speir to venture on a shallow, where he should run no greater risk than that of a wetting. They prevailed on him to accompany them to the banks of the stream, without informing him of their purpose. "Now," said they to Will, "we're no very sure-footed folks, and we are afraid that the ice may be slippery; would you just walk over before us, and we shall follow?" "Na, na," said Will, "I ne'er was sae ill-bred as to gang before leddies, and I'll no begin till't now."

Not Known Upon 'Change.

AN old money-grub, in the city of Glasgow, who discounted bills for his friends, when the "Promise to pay" held good back security in the shape of indorsations, and the per centage was sufficiently liberal, was applied to by a friend to cash a small bill for him, when old Discount required an additional security. The friend, who little expected a request of the kind, got into a violent rage. "Security, sir!—security, sir!—don't you know me?" "Perfectly—and that's just the reason that I'm seeking another name." "Will you take the devil for the other indorser?" "Just produce him; and, as I ne'er hae seen the gentleman's handwriting, get twa decent men to say that it's really his holograph, and ye'll get the siller."

A Conjugal Hint.

IN former days, Mr. Graham was session-clerk and parochial teacher of ———, and although he faithfully and ably discharged all the duties of his double office, still he occasionally fell into the sin of drinking a little too much. His spouse, as a matter of course, was sorry to witness this failing of her gudeman, and often remonstrated with him on the impropriety of his conduct. But the husband turned the point of her rebuke, by simply exclaiming, "True, I put mysel whiles aff the perpendicular, an' it taks a wee to bring me to the plum again; but, do ye no ken, my dear, that if it hadna been for that bit fau't, ye ne'er wad hae been Mrs. Graham?"

The Doctor at a Discount.

THE late Dr. Young, while practising in Neilston, had an infirm old man as a patient, who had required a great deal of advice as well as

medicine, to enable him to contend with the debilities of old age; by dint, however, of bleeding, blistering, and plastering, the crazy timbers of the old man were made comparatively weather-tight and road-worthy for a time. The patient inquired at the doctor “what he wad hae to gie him for the twa-three visits, and ither sma’ things that he had done for him?” “Why, John,” replied the doctor, “were I to charge you in a regular, and even moderate way, for I suppose at least two-score of visits, and the great quantity of medicine that you have required, it would be six guineas; but as you are not over-rich, more than myself, I’ll say four.” “Is’t four guineas, ye said? man, doctor, though the half o’ N—— parish had been laid down, ye nicht ha’e set them on their end again for that sum! hae, there’s sax shillings, and score your pen through’t—ye’re far abler to want it than I am to gie’t.”

“Three Merry Boys.”

SCENE—ANDERSON’S TAVERN.

PARTIES—*Andrew Henderson—Easel; William Motherwell—Editor.*

EASEL.—Ring the bell, Willie; I got payment for a picture this forenoon, and I’m going to stand captain to-night.

EDITOR.—No such things, Andrew; let every man pay for his own potations.

EASEL.—Haud your tongue, ye auld sniggling Tory; do you ken, man, that twa or three bits o’ god-sends hae happened to me the day? and when a man’s heart is like a weel-filled aumrie, will ye no let him open it a wee to his friends?

EDITOR.—But hear me, Andrew; I’m expecting some gentlemen here to-night; among others, Mr. ——, from Paisley, him they call Bailie Pirnie, ye ken; and it would not do to hae a confused reckoning; so, if you please, “let every herring hing by its ain head;” besides, you’ve been dining, Andrew; so you’ll better ca’ cannie, and keep yourself up for what may happen. The Antiquary is to be here, too; and no doubt we’ll hae a dissertation upon auld ballads and auld proverbs.

EASEL.—Weel, Willie, you’re right; so I’ll not confuse the lawin’. Here, lassie, there’s a shilling; that pays for what’s in. Now, after this, let every man soop the ice wi’ his ain besom.

EDITOR.—Man, Andrew, you should not be so obstinate; you know you was captain last night.

EASEL.—[Laying back his head and singing]

“ There lived a lady in Scotland,
 Hey my love, and ho my joy;
 There lived a lady in Scotland
 That dearly loved me.
 There lived a lady in Scotland,
 And she’s fa’n in love wi’ an Englishman—
 O bonny Susie Cleland
 Was burn’d at Dundee!”

EDITOR.—Weel, Andrew, I never hear you sing that simple, heart-breaking melody without wishing myself in a corner where I could lay down my head and weep.

EASEL.—You're right; the air is one of the most plaintive in the whole range of Scottish melody, and it comes over my own feelings when I either sing it or hear it sung, with a cadence as mournful as the sigh of the evening wind among the long rank grass that waves over the concealed grave of one who, though dead, has still an abiding-place in our affections.

EDITOR.—Yes, Andrew, it sounds as mournful and solemn as if the midnight wind had made an Æolian harp of a poet's skull, and was discoursing moral harmonies to the frail and erring children of men, to reclaim them from the downward paths of the destroyer.

EASEL.—Just that, just that; man, Willie, you've said it. Often when taking sketches in the country have I sat down on the ruinous dyke of an auld kirkyard, and croon'd to myself,

“ O bonnie Susie Cleland
Was burn'd at Dundee.”

The concluding notes of the air always struck like the dead-bell on my ear, and I never rose from my seat without resolving to be a better man. There's a heart-subduing lesson to be learned in an auld kirkyard, wi' its crumbling monuments, its faintly-traced tear-marks, its ruinous chapel, broken coffins, and tongueless bell, now as silent as those worshippers who once obeyed its summons, but now lie mouldering around, regardless of every passing event. Yes, there's a lesson to be learned in a country churchyard which I could never regard with indifference.

EDITOR.—I have observed, Andrew, that when you've been dining you're always in best trim either for a row or a religious conversation.

EASEL.—Man, Willie, you're an auld sneck-drawer! But wha's this? (*Enter Mr. ——.*) Come awa, Bailie Pirnie.

B. P.—Weel, gentlemen, I see you're driving awa at the screech. Here, lassie, bring me a dribble o' drink, too; and see and be whuppy in your way, for I want to mak' up to my frien's, and keep step wi' them.

EDITOR.—We're not far ahead of you yet, Bailie. Friend Andrew has been talking poetry this half-hour, and I've been listening to him.

B. P.—Poetry! man, that's a waff shot. Some of your poets, nae doubt were clever chieles; there was John Milton, and John Bunyan, and John Pope—na, I believe I'm wrang—it was Sawners Pope they ca'd him; he was a wee body, but the creature had a wonnerfu' hash o' brains. The man, Milton, to be sure, had a great harl of harns too; but John Bunyan pleases me best of a' your poets, for he's aye speaking about his bit bundle, a thing that comes hame to the heart of a Paisley man, for we've a great wark wi' bundles and umbrellas—but John had naething ado wi' umbrellas—he was afore their time.

Sawners, by the bye, carried a bit bundle on his back, such as it was, but he wasna fond of saying muckle about it. John, however, wasna sae doon proud, but went on his way, bundle and a', rejoicing. Our wife and I are wonnerfu' diverted wi' John, for he just puts us in mind of the wee corks langsyne, when they gaed into Glasgow wi' their wabs on their backs, and cam hame rejoicing wi' the cash in their hands and back-loads o' new work, trudging a' the way. My certie! these were the days!—there were nae canal boats nor Lyon's coaches driving like fly-shuttles between the twa touns then!

EASEL.—Gore! man, Bailie, but your tongue's just like a weel-filled bobbin of water-twist! you rin on and on, and neither lose nor break the thread of your discourse; but it's a lang lane that has nae turning, and a dry tale that doesna end in a drink—here's to ye, Bailie.

B. P.—Thank you, Andrew; but what was you saying about poetry?

EDITOR.—He was singing about Susie Cleland.

B. P.—What! our Susie, that sat in our green ware-room?

EDITOR.—I suppose so. [Rubbing his hands, and looking somewhat quizzical.]

B. P.—I kent her! she darned twa years wi' us; a clean-shanked, weelfaur'd hizzie, wi' a bit cast in her left e'e—oh, man! and hae ye been making a sang about Susie? She married, and gaed awa about Dundee, where she had a great hash o' weans; but she's dead now, I hear.

EDITOR.—Now, you see, Andrew, ye must alter your sang, and, instead of “burned at Dundee,” you must say “buried at Dundee.”

EASEL.—Kellie! Hoo, lads! I'm no to be done! Willie, you're a waggish wee scounrel; ye wad make the Bailie believe that “bonny Susie Cleland” was a danner in Paisley? You might as well say that Mary Queen o' Scots was a yarn-washer at Ru'glin dye-work. Ye maun ken, Bailie, that “bonny Susie Cleland” was burned more than three hunder year syne.

B. P.—Oh, ho! then she canna be the Susie Cleland that worked to Pirnie, Pennyent, & Co.; but it was the Editor that put me wrang, for he kent the lassie as weel as mysel; and hearing you speak about Dundee, and seeing him laughing, I was sure I was right, for she married a rope-spinner about that quarter. So, Andrew, I beg your pardon for the mistake; but it's a' the Editor's fau't.

EASEL.—Hoo, man! I'm up to his tricks: the wee sly rascal, see how he sits rubbing his hands, and chuckling there, as if he had found a nest. Man, Willie! you're sma'-drawn the night, but I'm ower auld a cat to draw a strae before. Hoo, hoo! my lad, I'm no to be done.

EDITOR.—What's the use o' you making such a noise about naething? If it's a mistake, let it be a mistake; and if Miss Susan Cleland got a bit scouter at Dundee about three hunder years syne,

what needs you sit hoo-hooing there about it, like a sweep in a lum, at this time o' day?

EASEL.—Weel, Willie, you're a regular auld mouilly. Before you cam' in, Bailie, the Editor looked as demure as an auld cat, and was almost at the greeting about Susie; but it's always his way. At a twa-handed crack he's as grave and sedate as a Cameronian elder, but the moment a third party joins the company there's naething but fun and frolic and quizzical remarks to be gotten from him.

B. P.—'Deed, Andrew, to be plain wi' you, I think you're baith tarred wi' the same stick, or, as we say in Paisley, you baith get your dressin' laid on wi' the same brush; but this affair o' Susie, gentlemen, just puts me in mind of another mistake, or hoax, or call it what you will, that happened to a wee cork in our quarter. John was a wonnerfu' bodie for news, and ae sunny Saturday, after I had thrawn the key in our warehouse-door, I was standing at the Cross, looking frae me, wi' my hands in my breek pouches, when I saw John crossing the street towards me, as if he had something important to say. "It's a fine afternoon, John," said I. "It's a' that, sir; but could I speak a word wi' you, if you please?" "Surely, say awa." "Weel, if you'll gie me a wee time, I'll tell you what I want wi' you," says John, placing his feet in what he considered a conversable position, and taking hold of his chin between his finger and thumb, for many of our folks can neither think nor feel themselves at ease unless they hae their chins fairly lodged between these two members of the hand; indeed, they seem to think there's a power of attraction in the finger and thumb that draws down any kind of gumption or smeddum that may be lurking about the upper part of their heads till it comes within grup o' the tongue; at least I could never see ony ither reason for the habit—but that's nae part of our story. "Do you mind, sir," said John to me, turning up ae side o' his faoe, and looking as wise as a grey-headed parrot, "do you mind a Heeland lass that was servant wi' you about twelve years ago? You'll perhaps recollect her from the circumstance that she had not a word of English when she came to you, and answered every body that spoke to her in Gaelic, whether they understood her or no. Weel, if you mind, Gaelic Nanny, as we used to call her, turned out a clever throughgaun hizzy, and took up the English and ony ither schooling she could fa' in wi' just wonnerful fast, like; and, if you mind, she married a millwright that had to flee the kintra for forging a bill on a grocer in the Causeyside—now, sir, did you ever hear what cam' o' them?" "No, John; I can really say nothing about them." "Weel, sir, I was just hearing frae a Paisley man that's come hame frae abroad what baith pleased and surprised me—the twa, it seems, had got fairly awa' frae Scotland, but the ship they were in, being driven into Calais by stress of weather, the twa took a dauner awa' up through France, and as he had a pair o' guid hands, and a capital head for machinery, it wasna long before a rich company took him by the hand; but as he was aye frichted the French beagles would be after him about the bill, he took his wife's auld

Paisley name ; for you ken, sir, when a man's in a strait, he has just as guid a right to use his wife's name as her property ; weel, sir, he got on, and on, and better on, till in time, between deaths among the partners, and ae thing or another, he got the hank in his ain han', and was just wonnerfu' lucky, till he died, an' left an immensity o' property to his widow, who lives in a fine mansion, a wee bit in the country just twa-three cat-loups frae Paris, where she troubles hersel wi' nae business, except managing a newspaper that her husband left to her among the rest o' his property. Now, sir, as my son, Peter, who, you ken, served his time as a setter o' teeps in the Paisley Advertiser Office wi' honest John Neilson, is now out o' his time, and has tane a wonnerfu' notion to see Paris, would you just gie me a bit scrape o' your pen, by way of an introduction to your auld servant ? I'm sure it would get him baith wark and a warm reception, for she was a kind-hearted quean.” “'Deed, John,” said I, “I'm no verra fond about asking favours frae auld servants, besides I'm no verra sure of her name ; I believe it was Agnes M'Phadrick, or something like that.” “Oh no, sir, that'll no do ; nae Frenchman wad ever get his tongue about that ; besides, it's no the name she's kent by—you maun ca' her Mrs. or Madame Gaelic Nanny—there's the address.” “Let me see't, John,” said I, taking a dirty-looking bit of paper from his hand, on which I found the following :—“Galignani, at the office of Galignani's Messenger, Paris.” : “Hout, tout, John, man,” said I, “somebody's been trying to hae a bit skit at your expense—this is no our Gaelic Nanny at a', the names are quite different.” “No sae far different, sir,” said John, evidently piqued, “ye ken there's aye a difference between French spelling and Paisley spelling.” “Nae doubt, nae doubt, John ; but before I write ony I'll tak' a sleep on the head o't.” “'Deed, sir, you may sleep as long as you like, but you'll find that Gaelic Nanny, or Galignani of Galignani's Messenger, is neither mair nor less than your auld servant frae Mull—us Paisley folk hae a natural turn for getting up in the world, particularly among strangers.” “True, John,” said I, “but Nanny was a Highland lass.” “That may be, sir ; but it was her Paisley breeding did it, though.”

EASEL.—Weel, Bailie, you're a strange set about Paisley—like the Jews, you're a peculiar people, and your peculiarities are so marked that though there is no denying they are Scotch in the main, yet there is something about them that every one can tell they are Paisley Scotch. A distinction is made between a Scot and a Scotch Highlander ; but I think there is as great need for the distinction of Scot and Paisley Scot. Who, for instance, but a Paisley Scot, would ever dream of finding a countrywoman in France under the name of Gaelic Nanny ?

B. P.—I'm no wishing you to believe what I hae some doubts about mysel ; but, can you tell me the country where a Paisley man has not shown his neb in, or where he hasna made discoveries, either useful to himsel or ithers ?

EASEL.—Oh, nae doubt, you're a' great travellers, if we tak your ain words for't. I met a Paisley man lately, who said he had just returned frae Constantinople, where he found a cousin o' his head gardener to the Grand Sultan!

B. P.—I ken, Andrew, ye like to hae a bit side-wipe at us Paisley folks for the sort o' clannish hing-the-gither kind of feeling that's amang us; but I ken the man ye speak of; he told me that he met his cousin as he was taking a daiker about the Harbour or Basin, that's the kind o' Sneddon o' Constantinople, like: and that he afterwards took him all over the gardens of the seraglio, where he saw grapes swelled out to the size of oranges; and as for the green peas, they were just wonnerfu'; but what surprised him mair than ony thing was the singing birds, 'od! he said they cow'd a'. The canaries were as big and as fat as weel-fed turkeys!—and such pipes! The Sultan had ordered the master of the aviary, or singing kavie, as we wad call it, to teach them some Scotch tunes—for it seems, the head of the singing-birds, is a Paisley man, too—weel, the tune they took up best, was “Auld lang syne,” and when half-a-dozen o' thae thumpin canaries set till't, there was a sky-racket with a vengeance!—'od! he said ye might hae heard them half-way down the Bosphorous, and that's a guid deal farther than frae Paisley to the Water-neb.

EASEL.—[Drawing his finger up the side of his nose] I say, Bailie, when there happens to be sae mony bien berths about the Sultan's hand, could you no get your frien' to write about me? I'm qualified, ye ken, either to be his painter or his proverbialist. But, above all, I would prefer teaching the parrots of the Sublime Porte to repeat Scotch proverbs; you know, I've a capital class-book for the purpose.

EDITOR.—But if the canaries are as big as turkeys, I fear you would be no match for the parrots—they would soon get the upper hand of the poor proverbialist. Man, the parrots there will hae beaks like the horns o' a Heelan' stot; and should they once begin, you would find the truth of the auld proverb, “It's a far cry to Loch Awe.”

EASEL.—Never fear, Willie; if I had once the Sublime's parrots under my thumb, I would soon show them that it wasna a parcel of greenhorns like them that would do Andrew Easel. Na, Willie, I'm no to be done; I would not only teach them proverbs, but I would make them dance shan-trews on a het girdle, if they didna behave themselves.

B. P.—Gentlemen, ye may think I gaed awee ower the score, when I said the canaries were as big as turkeys; but the man told me it was a perfect fact, and I had nae reason to doubt his word. Now, only think, gentlemen, of half-a-dozen canaries as big as turkeys, sitting singing “Auld lang syne,” to amuse the Grand Turk and his ladies, and all taught by a Paisley man! Does that not do honour baith to our town and our country? and hasna St. Mirren reason to be proud of her bairns?—no to mention Wilson the Ornithologist, nor yet Wilson the Professor—twa names that are themselves enough to confer immortality upon any ordinary town.

EASEL.—As to the canaries, Bailie, my frien' the Editor and I are no in the habit of measuring a man's words wi' a pair of compasses; but, by the hoky! you should keep a calm sough about your twa Wilsons, for though you've no reason to think shame of them, they've great reason to think shame of you. The one, after putting his name in your black-book, you made him burn his poems at the Cross with his own hand! And as for the other, what notice have you taken of him!—I dare say, were he coming among you to-morrow, your Magistrates would not have the discretion to say, "Have ye a mouth?"

BAILIE.—Na, na, Andrew, you're wrang there; if the great Christopher was coming to Paisley, the first thing they would do, would be to confer the freedom of the town upon him; what they would do afterwards, I have no doubt, would be worthy of baith him and them.

EASEL.—That is to say, in the first place, you would put his name on the list of your burgesses. Weel, Bailie, time tries a'; in these Radical days you have conferred the freedom of your town on twa three characters, which, Radical as I am, I cannot much approve of; and should the Professor happen to come, if you don't take the opportunity of making him a freeman—if it were only to keep up the respectability of your burgess list—you need not be surprised if strangers should take up the opinion, that the list where the name of the Ornithologist was put is the less disreputable of the twa.

B. P.—Andrew! be canny now—be canny in your way. In the mean time, let's hae some mair screigh. [Enter waiter.] Here, lassie, I was going to ring the bell, but you've just come to our hand like the boul of a pint-stoup. Bring mair drink.

WAITER.—I would do that, sir, but there are some gentlemen of your acquaintance up stairs, that told me to give you their compliments, and say that they were going to play a game at Rumelgumpy, and they would be glad of your company.

B. P.—Wha are they, my woman? Your smiling; I see you dinna like to tell.

EDITOR.—Oh, Bailie, you needna be afraid for the dignity of your office, they are a' weel-ken't friends. Shall we go, Andrew?

EASEL.—To be sure. And if uncle Duncan's there, I'll hing on his flanks like a butcher's dog—I'll do him—I'm in fine fettle for the Highlanders the night—I'll do him—I'll make him claw where he's no yukie.

EDITOR.—Andrew, ye seem to scent the battle from afar. Step on, gentlemen. [Exit omnes.]

SCENE SECOND.

"Aye the Mae the Merrier."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—*Easel—Editor—Bailie Pirnie—Uncle Duncan, (Mr. Carrick)—Harley, Mr. —.*

UNCLE DUNCAN.—What did you'll spoke about Highlandmen just now, Mister Easdale? I can tell you, Mister Easdale, that I've

known to my own knowledge a petter man than you, as proud as Lucifer because he was a Highlandman's bastard. Now, Mister Easdale, pit tat in your pouch, and tak it for your morning.

EASEL.—They say they're scant o' news that tells his father was hanged; and I think they would be as scant o' a connexion that would claim a Heelan ane. Man, do I no ken them? hae I no seen the lazy deevils hurklin about the peat-fires o' Aberfoyle, huntin' what-de-ye-ca'ts, the only thing they seem to be guid for?—Gore, lad, ye manna speak to me about Heelan folks—I ken them ower weel.

UNCLE DUNCAN.—All true Highlandmen don't fear being kent, and weel kent too; but it appears to me that you are either too well kent, or not kent or known at all, when you was obliged to hurkle in with the dregs of our peoples. If it was to see "what did you'll ca'ts," that you wented to the Highlands, I think you made a fool's errand of it; for it appears to my suspicious mind, that you would have seen a great many more if you had stayed at home. And for you, Mister Easdale, to abuse the ancientest people in all the terrestrial territory of this globular world, shows me that you are either a very ignorant, or a very malicious personage.

EASEL.—O, by the hoky, frien' Duncan, ye needna get on yer heich horse—I'm no to be done! I ken them ower weel. And what's their antiquity? Gore, man, what is't? They cam into the kintra, as rats come into a ship, naebody can tell whan, and naebody can tell frae whaur? And what guid hae they dune to the kintra? What hae they invented? Naething but the tartan; and they pretend they took the idea frae the rainbow! heich flicht, by the hoky! It's a pity but collie had a gravat—rainbow! It's mair reasonable to suppose they took the hint frae their ain mizzled shanks; it's there the clans got the different sets o' their tartan. Man, dinna talk to me; I'm no to be done!

UNCLE DUNCAN.—Od dam'ort a baest moiseach, Dam'ort a cach na diabhoil!

EASEL.—Ye may "cach and deol" awa' as lang's ye like; I'm no to be done!

EDITOR.—Gentlemen, I must really call you to order.

UNCLE DUNCAN.—For my own self, Mr. Editor, I beg your pardon; but when I see Mister Easdale turning up his nose to the roof, and screechen like a water-kelpy against a people that's an honour and an approbation to the British nation, both by land and sea, I canna keep my blood from coming to the boil; there's nobody that hears me just now but what has a high respect for Highlanders; and I would just advise Mister Easdale to read what Sir Walter Scott says about them, before he makes any more of his foolish remarks.

EASEL.—Ou, man, is that a' ye can say? Sir Walter has wasted a great deal o' fine writing about them—but what's that? Man, what is't? It's just like washing a pig wi' lavender water.

UNCLE DUNCAN.—On a what, Mr. Easdale? Od, dam'ort, put a mouth upon that words if you dare.

EASEL.—Daur! I'm no obliged to daur ony thing about it—I tell ye, frien Duncan, I'm no to be done, man, I'm no to be done!

EDITOR.—Mr. Easel, I must call you to order; I cannot allow you to indulge in these remarks.

EASEL.—Weel, weel, Mr. Editor, I'll tak my mouth in my hand for a wee—here's to you a', lads; and may comfort come to you in creel-fu's, and sackfu's o' siller come hurlin' doun about your lugs like cartfu's o' stanes;—never heed Uncle Duncan and me; I hope I'll dance at his weddin' yet.

UNCLE DUNCAN.—I'm certainly obliged to you, Mr. Easdale; but I intend to invite none but gentlemen to my wedding; and your pretensions to that character, from what has come under my observations to-night, are very small; now, Mr. Easdale, I'm just telling that upon your face.

EASEL.—Come, come, frien' Duncan, ye manna rin awa wi' the harrows that way; I'm just as good a man as you, and maybe better, if the truth were kent.

UNCLE DUNCAN.—Petter's a pauld man's word; but, I can tell you, my father was just as worthy a gentleman as ever put foot upon heather; and my mother was a lady, that no one could say to her, “black is the nose on your face.”

EASEL.—“Black was the e'e in her head,” ye mean. You Highlanders are a' come o' great folk, nae doubt. Man, I've seen bands o' your captains and colonels, and great men's sons, coming doun to the Eastland shearin', wi' their lang, bare, skybald shanks, looking as skranky as if they had been fed on craps o' heather like muircocks; but ance let them get their nose inside o' an eating-house in the Nether-Bow—then there's dignity at a cheap rate!—“a mutchkin o' kail and nine spoons—no gentleman will grudge expenses on a feast-day!” Och, to be sure no; and to see these lofty kail-suppers takin' their walk after dinner, wi' mair wind on their stomach than siller in their pouch, staring at the gildin' o' the signs on the street, as if they would tear them frae the wa's to mak' guineas o' them. Man, Duncan, but you're a queer cock, and your blood relations are like the turnips, the best o' them below the ground.

HARLEY.—To change the subject a little, gentlemen—what do you think of the prospectus of the new work upon the genealogies of the Munroes and of other Highland clans?

UNCLE DUNCAN.—Now, that, Mr. Harley, is a subject worth all true gentlemen's considerations, because it embraces, as it were, the very origin of gentlemen. My mother was a Munroe, and I'll tell you what she told me about their genealogy, and I'm sure, if the author is a man of good sense and proper understanding of the matter, he'll no put a contradiction upon my mother.

EASEL.—That's to say, he'll no ca' her nose black.

UNCLE DUNCAN.—Well, you must know that the word Munroe, in our Gaelic phraseology, means to put water on a wheel; and the Munroes were a respectable family in the Highlands long before the

Roman invasions, but they were not called Munroes then, because they had not put the water on the wheel then : well, how they came to put water on the wheel, as my mother, decent woman, told me, was just this : at that great battle, when the Scots King Caractacus was taken prisoner, a gentleman of the name of Munroe was one of his generals, but he was not called Munroe then, because he had not put the water on the wheel then. Well, when Caractacus was flying away in his chariot from the Romans, General Munroe was running alongside of his chariot ; but he was not called General Munroe then, because he had not put the water on the wheel then. Well, from the great velocity of speed at which the chariot was flying, one of the wheels took fire, and nearly set Munroe's kilt in a great inflammation ; but, as I said before, he was not called Munroe then, because he had not put the water on the wheel then. But, my faith ! he was not long about it—for he was a general of great presence of mind ; and, in a moment of time, he put the water on the wheel, and out went the bleeze, and the chariot continued driving away. But what would you have of it, General Munroe (for he was General Munroe now) had not observed that the other wheel of the chariot was in flame too, and down the chariot came, and a Roman soldier came up and caught Caractacus by the cuff of the neck—and the honest man, the decent worthy king that he was, turned round to the General—“General, General,” says he, “if you had put water on both wheels, this would not have happened !”

ENTER WAITER.—There's a servant with a lanthorn waiting in the passage for Mr. ——.

UNCLE DUNCAN.—Weel, gentlemen, that's our Florie come for me ——I did not think it was so late ; here, waiter, help me on with my great coat, like a decent lad ; and, gentlemen, I'll just take a glass o' prandy to keep away the Cholera Morpheus. Your good health, and good night, gentlemen, all of you that be gentlemen, I'm na inclined to make mony exceptions (nodding to Easel).

EASEL.—We'll a' be gentlemen here, frien' Duncan, as soon as you've drawn the door after you ; so tak' that on the top of your brandy.

UNCLE DUNCAN.—You—you—born impudence, you're no worth a gentleman's foot-notice.—(Exit Uncle Duncan with an indignant snort.)

EASEL.—Weel, that's a clavering auld idiot. By the hoky ! I think his back's the best o' him, and that's a cordial.

HARLEY.—Mr. Easel, I cannot but help feeling much dissatisfaction with your reiterated attacks upon the worthy old man who has left us : he has his peculiarities, it is true, but you should remember that he has served his king and country in an honourable and becoming manner ; he is, also, to be met with in the first circles of society.

EASEL.—Ou, that's a' very fine ; I'm to be met in the first circles sometimes myself, and would be there aftener if I would condescend to the fit-licking tricks o' our frien'.

HARLEY.—Not at all, Mr. Easel; as to “fit-licking,” as you call it, it is in perfect keeping with that natural politeness peculiar to the Highland character, which induces them to speak with a tender and delicate consideration of the infirmities of their fellow-creatures.

EASEL.—Ou ay, Mr. Harley—great stots in Ireland! But oh, man, just look at the pride o’ the creature to have his servant coming to a tavern for him with a lanthorn—Now, I’m just as guid a man as him, but deevil a lanthorn would come for me, if I were to sit here for a blue moon, unless it were a police ane.

B. P.—Lads, it’s time we were lifting, and I’ll gie a parting say, as our wab’s out, “Mair the morn.”

Highland Determination.

ONE day lately a poor Celt, having had the misfortune to be robbed in a public-house, came into the street to seek redress, when a crowd gathered around him to listen to his story, which he narrated in the following characteristic manner:—“You see, I was up there in that house, and two or three more lads from our own place; and I was play a tune or two on my pipes; and my friends, and some other lads, and the lasses about the doors come in and began a dance; and aye I’ll play, till my friend Danie, who cannot play so good as me, but he can do very well for all that, say—‘Now, I’ll put my hands to the pipes for a while, and give you a shake of your foot’—which I’ll did in a moment; but when I was done, my money in my pocket was all taken away—seven shillings and sixpence, every penny that I’ll got.” The crowd increased; and some one observed to Donald that he “had better just go away, and put up with his loss, as the police might come round and take him to the office.” Donald replied, with the fire flashing from his eyes, “I don’t care for your Polish-office; I’ll not go there, no, not for the Lord Provost himsel, till I’ll got my seven and sixpence shilling!”

Hawkie on Trial by Jury.

HAWKIE has ground of complaint against the law as it exists for choosing jurymen: we give his, what is, and what should be, and leave these for the due consideration of our legislators, the Bentham, Broughams, Macintoshes, and Romileys, of a future generation. “Your jurymen, at least the maist o’ them that I hae seen—and I’m thankfu’ that I ne’er was afore ony—nicht hae been born and brought up in a cabbage bed; ye may see, ony day, as mony sensible-looking kail-stocks, wi’ their curly heads looking ower the creels in the green-market—and your special jury are nae better—they only differ in the length o’ their shanks. Every man worth twa hundred pounds is fit to sit on a man, and murder, transport him, or put him to gang up a wooden turnpike for a month, and get nae farer up than twa or three steps; for though he’s gaun up a’ the time, he getsna out o’ the bit, which maks a perfect fool o’ a reasonable creature. It’s no the rent o’ a house that a man lives in that should qualify him for the

jury, for there's mony a twa-legged calf that owns a castle; its no the number o' his acres, for mony o' your lairds are of as muckle value to the community aneath the earth as aboon't. They cam' out o' yird—a' they were worth was yird—and they gaed to yird at last, when death had done his darg wi' them: so "Yird aboon what else can they be below?" ye micht put on their tomb-stanes for an epitaph, for they're able to pay for a stane, but it should hae been yird too. It's no the claith that covers the carcase; the tailor wi' his shears, needle, and goose, can thus qualify for office, for if this be a' that's necessary a cuddy ass can carry claes—nor is't being able to jabber Greek and Latin—being brought up at a college; for they come out wi' heads as naked as a sheep aff the shears. I would advise a' thae numskulls to be made writers o', if they can sign their ain name; they'll take care o' themselves—and there's nae animal that I ken grips the grass sae near the grund as a goose. So it's nane o' thae possessions or adornments that, wi' justice and humanity to poor criminals, should ever determine between guilt and innocence; but it's the man that has heart and head, that kens his ain heart, and what crimes are there, though uncommitted—depend on't, it's no his fault that they werena—a man wha's tongue keeps within the teeth when he does guid to his neighbour—happin' the naked, and fillin' the mouth o' the hungry—and instead o' wishing poor wretches on the tread-mill, or to let hangie put a rinnin' knot round their neck, would help to hide the poor wretch if they thocht that he wouldna do't again. Were such like fo'k to be set up as judges o' right and wrang, innocence and guilt, in our kintra, from the Lord Chancellor, wha's head is whiles nae better filled than his seat, to a Magistrate o' the Canongate, wi' some feasibility it micht be said that justice and judgment had their place amang us."

A Royal Pun.

WHEN a noble Admiral of the White, well known for his gallant spirit, gentlemanly manners, and real goodness of heart, was introduced to William the Fourth, to return thanks for his promotion, the cheerful and affable Monarch, looking at his hair, which was almost as white as the newly-fallen snow, jocosely exclaimed, "White at the main, Admiral! white at the main!"

A Prospect of Relief.

IT is not fair argument in bachelors to adduce domestic strifes as the necessary result of matrimony; we have entered our protest against this already; but these incorrigibles require to be frequently reminded that the fault arises generally from the incongruous tempers, tastes, and habits of the parties, blinded passion, the inexperience of youth, or a sordid mammonising spirit in the parties contracting; consequently, they must just, as the proverb goes, "Drink the browst that they hae brewed." An ill-assorted pair had for forty years blistered each other, day after day, with jibes and taunts, and as

often wished that the circumference of mother earth were imposed between them. The better half was of a very infirm constitution, and the treatment from "the lord of creation" was not calculated to invigorate her feeble frame. Often had she proclaimed that the grim tyrant was about to remove her, and her consort as often believed what he made no secret of wishing were true. He had so often repeated to his acquaintances, "That she wasna to be lang here," that he got at last ashamed of his prognostications, and generally waved the question with, "Ay, she's aye yonder yet, and I kenna how she is, and I'm thinking she's little wiser hersel." However, her complaint indicated an immediate and fatal crisis, and her sympathising partner went abroad to proclaim that his fears were about to be removed; meeting a friend he announced, "Fact, she's deeing noo."

Hawkie on Professional Modesty.

"Hae, Hawkie," said one of his almoners, "there's a penny to you, and gae wa', man, and get your beard taken off; ye nicht draw lint through't for a heckle; I am perfectly ashamed to see you gaun about like a Jew." "Oh!" replied Hawkie, "but you forget, friend, that it disna suit a beggar to be bare-faced."

An Accident Anticipated.

AMIDST the evolutions of the Glasgow Volunteers one morning on the Glasgow Green, their commander, the late Samuel Hunter,* was thrown from his horse. He was immediately surrounded by a crowd of sympathising friends, who eagerly inquired if he had been hurt; the Col. quickly allayed their anxiety by crying—"Oh, never mind, I was coming off at any rate."

*The late Mr. Samuel Hunter, Editor of the Herald, was born in 1769 at Stoncykirk, Wigtownshire, of which parish his father was minister. He attended the classes in the University of Glasgow, being destined for the medical profession, and was for some time a surgeon in the army. He appears, however, from some unexplained cause, to have relinquished the medical profession, for we find him afterwards a captain in the North Lowland Fencibles. In the beginning of 1803 he became a proprietor in the Glasgow Herald and Advertiser, and at the same time Editor, and from that time to the year 1837 he conducted this Journal with equal ability and success on Conservative, but at the same time moderate, principles. He had the merit of raising this Journal from a limited circulation, until it attained its present commanding position, both as a mercantile and political paper. This was mainly owing to the firm, clear-sighted, and temperate character which he impressed upon its politics, local and general. In part, too, this well-conducted newspaper derived its success and popularity from the genial and popular character of its Editor. Few men were more extensively sought after, not merely for convivial and companionable qualities, but for soundness and temperance of judgment, for general and extensive information, and for a large effusion of public spirit—unrestricted and unclouded by party spirit or extreme opinions. A pleasant and a safe companion at the social board—a shrewd and long-sighted person in public affairs—a dignified and upright magistrate—few men have left behind them a wider circle of regrets, or a vacant space in society more difficult to fill up—with a larger amount of pithy

Two persons belonging to a neighbouring clachan, being on a visit at Glasgow, to see the lions, as they are called, went, among other places, to the College. On looking up to the clock-dial, they were astonished to observe only one hand, which was an hour behind. One of them, thinking that nothing could be wrong about the College, observed, in a flippant, apologetic tone, "Hoot man, that's naething ava; od, man, I've seen our toon clock aught days wrang."

A Peerless Country.

MISS SUSY LOGAN, sister to the Major, was present at a dinner-party given by ———, who was also honoured by the presence of the Marquis of A———. The Marquis was proprietor of the extensive estate of ———, in the west of Scotland. He was, however, from ———, in America; and, though abundantly aristocratic in his habits and manners, had more than a Yankee predilection for everything connected with Jonathan's country, and he did not fail to launch out in praise of her political institutions, the morality and intelligence of her population, and from that to the products of her soil. Taking up an apple which had been imported from thence, "Where," said he "could such an apple be produced, but in America?" Miss L—— remarked rather drily, "Yes! indeed, sir, we have often heard America celebrated for her apples, but who ever heard of her peers?" [Anglice pears.]

The Translation Accommodated.

THE late Dr. Hutcheson of Hamilton was visiting at a house where there was a young girl, who was a great toast among the country beaux, but had hitherto failed to attain her object, marriage. The Doctor asked a few questions, and then requested her to repeat some verses of a psalm. She fixed upon the 72nd psalm, which ends, "Amen, so let it be;" but partly from the confusion into which she was thrown by the visitation of the minister, and partly from the broad drawling accent so common among country people, she pronounced the words "A man, so let it be." The Doctor, smiling, remarked, "Very well, my woman, I daresay that is the conclusion of many a young maiden's prayer."

Statu Quo.

A MANUFACTURER consigned goods to a house in New York, which and pleasant personal anecdotes. During the late war, when yeomanry corps were so numerous in Scotland, and of which Glasgow had her full complement, Mr. Hunter commanded successively two or three of these; and many there are who still recollect his *garçie* and stately person in the full costume of the Highland Corps of Glasgow Volunteers, with his broad jolly face, redolent of sense and humour, looking askance from under the Highland bonnet, as amongst the most pleasant memorabilia of past times. He died at Kilwinning, in Ayrshire, on 9th June, 1839, and his decease caused as lively a sensation in the metropolis of the west as that of any citizen of our day that one can remember.

lay a long time in their hands undisposed of. At length, he received a letter from the consignees, intimating that the goods were in statu quo; and mistaking this for the name of a place, he joyfully informed a neighbour, that the goods were now in Statu Quo, where he hoped they would speedily find a purchaser. "But I never heard of that place," said his neighbour. "Nor I either," replied the manufacturer; "I looked at the map, but couldna find it; and I just conclude it's a sma' toun up the kintra."

Brevity in Business.

A VENERABLE and much respected pedagogue in the west, lately deceased, having required a supply of porter, entered the shop of a dealer in that commodity, when the following brief dialogue ensued. "Porter?"—"Yes, sir." "Good?"—"Yes, sir." "Six dozen."

"Passing Strange."

Two gentlemen belonging to our good city, who had been made acquainted with each other at a jollification, and who, for a long time, had never met, except on similar occasions, were one night talking over their cups about the commencement and length of their acquaintance, when one of them took the other to task about passing him for a long time on the street without recognition. "Well, Mr. Tippleton," said the offending party, "you may have thought it queer, but if you reflect for a moment, you will not be surprised; for I was two or three years acquainted with you before I chanced to see you sober, and how was I to know you in business hours?—even yet, when I happen to see you sober, I dinna think you look like the same man ava."

Advice from a High Quarter.

A REVEREND gentleman in the neighbourhood of Perth, who used to be very ready on all suitable occasions to give his friends what he called "a word of advice," happened to be returning one summer morning from a convivial party, where the festivities had been prolonged even beyond what is usually termed elders' hours, when he observed, as he came in sight of his own house, a big black-looking figure on the top of the chimney, equipped with rope and bullet, busy cleaning the vents. His Reverence paused a little, not wishing to be seen entering his house at such an hour; for though disguised in liquor, he had doubts that he was not so completely en masque as to escape the observation of the sweep—determined, however, to put a bold face on the matter, and to show that though the hour was unseasonable, there was nothing wrong with the man. With this intention, he thought it best to address the black inspector of his walk. "I say, my friend, he observed, looking up and reeling backwards a few steps as he spoke, "I'll give you a word of advice: take care of your feet; for if you slip, you'll get a vile fa', and may be hae broken banes to lift." "If your Reverence," returned the sweep, looking down with a smile to

his unsteady counsellor, "will try and manage your feet as weel as I can do mine, the broken banes will be very soon lifted."

A Shotts Summer.

Two persons were conversing learnedly on Noah's flood, and on the immense mass of water which must have been required to cover the whole earth, and even reach the tops of the highest mountains. Various attempts were made to account for it, but at last they agreed that the only explanation that could be given was that held out by Moses himself, who assures us that it rained "forty days and forty nights, without ceasing." A man from the Shotts was sitting by, and when he heard the conclusion, he exclaimed in astonishment, "Forty days! 'od, I've kent it rain a hail Simmer at the Shotts, and yet Samuel Muros could visit every house in the parish without wetting his shoe-mouth."

Literal Obedience.

A LADY having for several mornings had reason to complain of the state in which the eggs were boiled to breakfast, had more than once ordered the servant to be more careful, and to boil them with the glass. One morning, when there was every reason to believe that this had been neglected, the servant was called in to get a scolding for her negligence. "Why were they not boiled with the glass, Mary?" "So they were, Mem; but the glass flew a' to pieces whenever the pan cam' a-boil," said the poor girl.

Not in Harmony.

JOHN W——N was the bellman of a certain village not far from Glasgow, and not over sober in his habits. One Saturday evening, he happened to get rather much of the barley-bree, and left his house early next morning, to be out of the road of Bell, his wife, "whose tongue," he said, "ne'er lay still, but was aye wag, wagging." Bell gave him only a short creed on Saturday evening, deferring her long lecture till the next morning; but behold, when she awoke, John was gone! However, she quickly put on her clothes, and went straight to the steeple, where she found John; it being his constant place of resort on Sunday mornings. John heard her lecture with patience for some time, but seeing there would be no end of her clattering, commenced ringing the bell with such a tremendous fury, that it put the whole village in an uproar. A great concourse of the villagers having come to the church, whence the sound proceeded, asked John how he had rung the bell so loud and early. "To tell ye the truth," said John, "I tried if the tongue o' the kirk bell would drown the sound o' the lang tongue o' my ain Bell; besides, I thought that some o' ye would like to hear a morning lecture."

"Parties not Agreed."

MAJOR LOGAN one summer day called at the head inn of a town in Ayrshire, and directed the waiter to decant a bottle of ale for him.

The landlord himself immediately bustled into the parlour, and after making his salaam, proceeded to pour the liquor into a capacious tumbler; but as it exhibited no sign of life, he apologised for its flatness by saying, "it had not yet ta'en wi' the bottle." "And it wad hae been a low mean-speerited bottle if it had been ta'en wi' it!" replied the sarcastic Major.

"As You Were!"

A GENTLEMAN mistaking a very small lady—who was picking her way over a dirty channel—for a very young one, snatched her up in his arms, and landed her safely on the other side; when she indignantly turned up a face expressive of the anger of fifty winters, and demanded why he dared to take such a liberty? "Oh! I humbly beg your pardon," said the gentleman; "I have only one amends to make;" he again took her up, and placed her where he first found her.

Bills Payable.

ONE beautiful summer morning, as two boon companions, well known in our city, were piloting each other home, after rather a tedious sederunt at the cold punch, one of them, whose attention was attracted by the early melody of the larks, stopped short, and turning his face upwards, thus apostrophised the airy warblers of the sky: "Ay, you're singing, are ye?—my faith, ye may weel sing, ye hae nae bills to pay." "Hout, tout, Geordie," said his companion, "you're wrang there, the larks, poor things, hae their bills to provide for as weel as oursels."

A Real Veteran.

A LATE colonel in the army, who had served his country honourably and actively, for a period not much less than fifty years, having ordered one of his men, named Gray, "to be turned out of the service," for some misdemeanour, an officer observed to his companion, "The colonel has both turned grey in the service, and turned Gray out of it."

Maternal Solitude.

AN old Highland woman, whose son-in-law was much addicted to intemperance, lecturing him one day on his misconduct, concluded with the following grave advice:—"Man, Ringan, I would like that you would behave yoursel, and gather as muckle as would buy you a new suit o' black claes, for I would like to hear tell o' you being decent at my burial."

A Good Salesman.

A VENDER of buttons, buckles, and other small wares, who occupied a small shop at the head of the street in Glasgow, in which erewhile, the notable Bailie Jarvie domiciled, noticed a country lout standing

at his window one day, with an undecided kind of want-to-buy expression on his face, and after having taken stock of the contents of the window, he walked into the shop, and inquired whether they had "Ony pistals to sell?" The shopman had long studied the logic of the counter, which consists in endeavouring to persuade a customer to buy what you may have on sale, rather than what the customer may ask for. "Man," said he, "what wad be the use o' a pistal to you?—lame yoursel an' maybe some ither body wi't! You should buy a flute; see, there's ane, an' it's no sae dear as a pistal; just stop an' open, finger about, thae sax wee holes, and blaw in at the big ane, and ye can hae ony tune ye like after a wee while's practice; besides, you'll maybe blaw a tune into the heart o' some blythe lassie that'll bring to you the worth o' a thousand pistals or German flutes either." "Man," said the simpleton, "I'm glad that I've met wi' you thi' day—just tie't up;" and paying down the price asked, and bidding guid day, with a significant nod of the head remarked, "It'll no be my fau't gin ye getna an opportunity of riding the broose at my waddin', sin' he hae learned me to be my ain piper."

Bearding the Lion.

AT A late examination before a Commission at Beith, for obtaining evidence in reference to the Crawford Peerage, Mrs. Margaret Kerr, about eighty years of age, daughter to the late Mr. Orr, whose father had been brought up from a boy with the late Earl, and latterly rented several farms about Kilbirnie, underwent a harassing cross-examination of nearly eight hours, by Mr. Neaves, advocate, with a view to bamboozle old Margaret, and mar her evidence. About an hour before the examination was finished, she was asked whether she would have a cup of tea, which she declined. "Perhaps you would rather have a glass of wine?" "Na," said the matron, "ane wad be nane the waur o' twa, at this time o' nicht." They were immediately handed to her. "Now, sir," said she, to the learned barrister, "are you nearly done?" "In about an hour hence, I think I shall have done." "Til't then," said the heroine, holding up both hands clenched,

"Nievy, nievy, nick nack,
Whilk han' will ye tak'?"

Every Man to his Trade.

A RESPECTABLE professional man of Edinburgh, well known as an early friend of Burns, having been called to the country, had, as his only fellow-traveller, a worthy leather-merchant. In the course of the journey, Mr. A——, with his usual readiness, poured out a variety of information on every topic that suggested itself, while all that he could extract from his companion in exchange, was merely an occasional "Ay, ay; just so; indeed sir!" Irritated by his incommunicativeness, the lawyer at length exclaimed in a passion, "In the

name of all that's good, sir, is there anything on earth ye can speak about?" "Ou ay," coolly replied the dealer in hides, "I'm weel acquaintit wi' ben'-leather."

Painting from Nature.

A RUDE, ignorant fellow called on the late James Howe, the painter, who was so well known by his spirited representations of the lower animals, and inquired whether he was "The man that drew the pictures o' brute beasts?" "I am," replied Howe, "shall I take your likeness?"

Double Vision.

A GENTLEMAN residing in Glasgow, who usually indulges himself with an afternoon walk in the country, when the state of the weather permits, called at the house of an acquaintance on his way home, and was ushered into the parlour, where one of the daughters, scarcely out of her teens—tall, pretty, and handsome—was busily plying her needle on a piece of embroidery. After the ceremonies usual on such occasions had been gone through, and while they were engaged in discussing the merits of a pencil sketch, which had just been finished by an elder sister, and lay on the table, the door flew open, and in skipped the daughter of a neighbour, a lively little urchin, with beautiful auburn ringlets flowing gracefully down her neck, and dimpled rosy cheeks, the very picture of health, whom the young lady beckoned to her, and laying her hand upon the child's head, said, "Mr. C., what lovely black eyes Jane has got!" To which the gentleman yielded a ready assent; at the same time adding, "Would you like to have such a pair?" "Yes, certainly," she instantly rejoined. "And what would you do with them suppose you had them?" "Why, sir," after a moment's pause, she significantly replied,—“I would give them to you!" at the same time exhibiting a face which might have vied with the rose in the richness and depth of its colour.

A Female Chancellor.

"DEAR me, mem," said a lady to her friend, "did you hear that Mr. —— had committed suicide?" "I heard he had committed something or other, and that it was unca serious; but you, mem, that kens everything, what'll be done to him, think ye?" "Done to him! if he does not flee the country, he'll be banished, as sure's he's living."

A Doctrinal Preacher.

THE metaphysical Scotch are keen and rather unmerciful critics on sermons. A clergyman had been suspected of leaning to Arminianism, or of being a Rationalist, and much anxiety in consequence was felt by the flock he was called on to superintend. He put their fears to flight, for he turned out to be a sound divine, as well as a good man. On the Monday after his first sermon had been delivered, he was accosted in his walks by a decent old man, who after thanking him

for his able discourse, went on—"O sir! the story gaed that you were a rational preacher; but glad am I, and a' the parish, to find that you are no a rational preacher after a'."

Brandy Twist.

SOME time ago, one of the itinerating knights of the thimble, who board and bed, night and day, in the houses of their customers, had been employed in an alehouse; the guidwife, by mistake, handed him a bottle of brandy along with his porridge, instead of small beer. Snip had not proceeded far in the process of mastication, when he discovered the error, but recollecting the usual niggard disposition of his hostess, continued to ply the cuttie with his wonted dexterity, although the poignancy of the liquor caused him occasionally to make wry faces. The landlady, observing his distorted features, exclaimed, "Fat ails your parridge the night, Lourie, that you're thrawin' your face, an' lookin' sae ill pleased like?" "Ou, gin ye kent that," replied the tailor, "ye wadna be very weel pleased, mair than me."

A Dangerous Shot.

AT the dinner which usually takes place at Fort-William fair, the conversation on one occasion happened to turn on deer-shooting, when a gentleman present stated, that a friend of his who had lately been in Ireland, discovered, while out one day in pursuit of game, a fine large red deer coming down a hill in front of him; the object was inviting; he raised his piece, instantly the quarry dropped, and what is rather singular to be told, the ball, he said, was found, on examination, to have entered at one of the eyes of the animal, and made its escape by the other, so that the one eye was knocked in and the other was knocked out. All present agreed to the singularity of the circumstance, and some, among whom was the Laird of Glengarry, appeared much at a loss to account for the matter, when the difficulty was instantly solved to the satisfaction of all, save the narrator, by one of the company, who observed, "You're aware, gentlemen, it has been said that an Irish gun has the power of shooting round a corner, and I do not see why an Irish ball should not also be allowed at times to take a sly turn."

The Language of Tears.

RESPECTING a certain worthy clergyman who was remarkable for the lachrymose effect which his preaching always had on himself, a friend of Logan's one day observed, that it was very odd the doctor always cried when he preached. "Not at all," said Logan, "for if they put you up yonder, and you found you had as little to say—my sang! you would greet too."

Before Elders' Hours.

"If I'm not home from the party to-night at ten o'clock," said a husband to his better half, "don't wait for me." "That I wout,"

said the lady, significantly—"I wont wait, but I'll come for you." He returned at ten precisely.

An Irish Exception.

A CERTAIN society of Scottish gardeners have an annual procession, which takes place at the season when the most gaudy display of flowers can be made, so that, in fact, it is regulated by the propitious or adverse state of the weather. A few years ago, the committee met for the purpose of fixing the day for the festival; after considerable discussion, a very worthy man, named Grant, submitted the following resolution:—"That the members of this society do walk in procession, and afterwards dine together, on the first Tuesday in August, unless it should happen on a Sunday."

A Scottish Cæsar attempting to Cross the Rubicon.

A GENTLEMAN very jealous lest his associates should consider him henpecked, asked a party to his house, more for the purpose of showing that he was master at home, than for any great regard he had for the virtue of hospitality. Before, however, venturing on so ticklish an experiment, he thought it advisable to have a previous understanding with his better half—who, being one of those women who, though habitually irascible, are occasionally blessed with lucid intervals of good nature, an arrangement was gone into, by which the sceptre of authority was to pass, for one night, into the unpractised hands of the goodman of the house. His friends kept their time—the conviviality commenced, bowl after bowl was replenished, and "the night drave on wi' sangs and clatter," till the sma' hours began to announce themselves. The company now proposed to move, but the landlord, proud of his newly-acquired authority, would not hear of it; it was in vain he was told Mrs. — was gone to bed, and no hot water could be had. "If she was," quoth the northern Caius, "she must get up again, for he always had been, and ever would be, Julius Cæsar in his own house, and hot water and another bowl he was determined to have before one of them moved a foot." The company were about to accede to the determination of their kind host, when their ears were suddenly assailed by a voice from the next room (Calphurnia loquitur), fretful and discordant as that of a pea-hen—"There's no anither drap shall be drank in this house the night; and as for you, Julius Cæsar, if ye hae ony regard for your ain lugs, come awa' to your bed."

The Ass Turned Gentleman.

IN the year 17—, before the light of literature and science had made such progress among the peasantry of this country—when our less enlightened forefathers ascribed every phenomenon of nature which they did not understand to some supernatural agency, either benevolent or malevolent, as the case might be; and an avowal of disbelief in the existence of witchcraft, necromancy, the black art, hobgoblins, fairies, brownies, &c., would have subjected a person to

more annoyance and persecution than an open avowal of infidelity would do at present—three young men of family set out from Edinburgh on a pleasure excursion into the country. After visiting Linlithgow, Falkirk, Stirling, and Glasgow, they took up their quarters at the head inn in Midcalder, on their way back to Auld Reekie. Finding a set of youthful revellers there to their mind, they spent several days and nights in drinking and carousing, never dreaming of the heavy bill they were running up with the “kind landlady.” The truth flashed upon them at last; and they discovered, when it was too late, that they had not wherewithal to clear their heavy score. A consultation was held by the trio, and many plans for getting rid of their disagreeable situation were proposed and rejected. At last one of them, more fertile in expedients than the other two, hit upon the following method, which good fortune seemed to favour, of extricating both himself and his brethren:—

“Don’t you see yon cadger’s ass standing at the door over the way?” said he.

“Yes; but what of that?”

“Come along with me—loose the ass—unburden him of his creels—disengage him from his sunks and branks—put me in his place—equip me with his harness—hang the creels likewise upon me—tie me to the door with his own halter—get another for him—lead him away to the next town—you will get him easily sold—return with the money—pay the bill—and leave me to get out of the halter the best way I can.”

The plan was instantly put in practice; the youth was soon accounted in the ass’s furniture, and away went the other two to sell the ass.

In the mean time out comes the honest cadger from the house, where he had been making a contract with the guidwife for eggs; but the moment he beheld, as he supposed, his ass transformed into a fine gentleman he held up his hands in the utmost wonder, exclaiming at the same time, “Guid hae a care o’ us! what means a’ this o’t? Speak, in the name o’ Gude, an’ tell me what ye are—are ye an earthly creature, or the auld thief himsel’?”

“Alas!” responded the youth, putting on a sad countenance, “hae ye forgotten yer ain ass? Do ye no ken me now?—me! that has served you sae lang and sae faithfu’; that has truded and toiled through wat and through dry, mid cauld and hunger; hooted at by blackguard callants—lashed by yoursel’—and yet ye dinna ken me! Waes me, that ever I becam’ your ass! that ever I should, by my ain disobedience, hae cast out wi’ my father, an’ provoked him to turn me into a stupid creature sic as ye now see me!”

“Sic as I now see ye!—instead o’ an ass, I now see a braw young gentleman.”

“A braw young gentleman!—O Gude be praised that my father has at last been pleased to restore me to my ain shape, and that I can now see wi’ the een an’ speak wi’ the tongue o’ a man!”

"But wha are ye, my braw lad, and wha is your father?"

"Oh, did you never hear o' Maister James Sandilands, the third son o' the Earl of Torpichen?"

"Heard o' him! ay, an' kent him, too, when he was a bairn, but he was sent awa' abroad when he was young, an' I ne'er heard tell o' him sin' syne."

"Weel, I'm that same Maister James; and ye maun ken that my father learned the black art at the college, an' that I happened to anger him by makin' love to a fine young leddy against his will, an' that, in short, when he faund out that I was still in love wi' her he turned me into an ass for my disobedience."

"Weel, weel, my man, since that is the case, gae awa hame, an' gree wi' your father, tak' my blessing wi' you, an' I will e'en try to get anither ass, whether your father send me as muckle siller as buy anither ane or no; fare ye weel, an' my blessing gang wi' you."

Away went the youth, released from his bondage, and, soon meeting with his comrades, related, to their joint gratification, his strange adventure with the honest cadger. Suffice it to say that the ass was sold, the bill paid, and the youths got safely back to Edinburgh.

So soon as they got matters arranged, they sent a sum to the worthy cadger sufficient to purchase three asses. On receiving the money he lost no time in looking out for another ass, and as next week was "Calder fair," he repaired thither with the full intention of making a purchase. He was not long in the fair looking about for an animal to suit his purpose, when, behold! he saw, with new wonder and astonishment, his own identical old ass! The dumb brute knew him also, and made signs of recognition in the best manner he could. The honest cadger could not contain himself, the tears gushed from his eyes, he looked wistfully in the creature's face, and anxiously cried out, "Gude have a care o' us! hae you and your father cuisten out again?"

ALEX. RODGER.

A Bute Toast.

THE meetings of the Farmers' Society of the island of Bute have long been noted for the display of good feelings and that joyous spirit of conviviality which gives such a zest to our social intercourse. To promote this desirable state of things, the toast, the song, and the merry tale, were never found wanting, till the "roof and rafters" of M'Corkindale's well-frequented howf have actually dirdled with the noise of the excitement.

On one occasion the annual dinner of the society was appointed to take place in a large barn, five miles from Rothesay; and to this sojourn the worthy tillers of the ground made their way. The night was spent in the usual agreeable manner till towards the close, when a few narrow-minded prejudices were beginning to peep out. Everything of this sort, however, was quickly suppressed by the tact of a

sensible old farmer, who, after craving a bumper, thus expressed himself—"I'll give you, gentlemen—Our friends in the neighbouring island of Great Britain; and may we never look upon them as strangers, but always remember that if it had not been for the bit jaw o' water that comes through the Kyles they would-a' hae belonged to Bute as weel as ourselves."*

Female Generalship.

A FEW years ago, a female, who resides in a town in Ayrshire, had the misfortune to be married to a sottish husband. Every night, his professional labours over, he repaired to a certain tavern where he met a set of companions, drouthy as himself, and devoted the whole evening to drinking. His wife saw the brink on which he was standing, and, prompted by parental and connubial affection, was unceasing in her efforts to wean him from the tavern, and reconcile him to the comforts of his own quiet domicile. But her labour of love was entirely thrown away; in place of becoming better he grew gradually worse; seldom went to bed before one or two in the morning, rose late, neglected his business, and, in short, was on the high road to ruin. His temper became frightfully irascible, and, in place of soothing his broken-hearted wife, he found fault with everything, and rarely approached her but with abuse on his lips and a frown on his brow. The poor woman's looks, to those who could read them, told a very dismal tale; and in her despair she hit on the following expedient, which, we understand, has been attended with the happiest effects. One night, after dark, she repaired to the tavern her husband frequented, persuaded a knot of tradesmen to accompany her, ordered in a huge bowl of toddy, compounded the materials secundum artem, sent the glasses round, got one man to sing, a second to laugh, and a third to joke; and, in short, acted her part so well, that she looked the very picture of a female toper. When the charm was thus far wound, she sent for her husband, and invited him to take a seat and taste her toddy. At first the man stared as if he had seen a ghost; and it was observed that his colour went and came when he heard his spouse declare, that judging from the example of some of her friends, she had come to a conclusion, that a tavern must be the happiest place in the world, and was determined for the future to share its pleasures. Frequently she stirred the bowl and replenished the glasses, and when the vessel became dry, rang the bell, commissioning materials for a fresh browst. But here the husband, who had been silently forecasting the shape of future events, remonstrated so earnestly that the lady consented to abridge her revels and accompany him home. By the way, they conversed long and seriously; certain promises were voluntarily made—promises which have been kept to the very letter—and the result of the wife's

*This toast was actually given by the late Mr. Carrick, who had been invited to dine with the Bute agriculturists. Those who knew Mr. Carrick's powers in this way will not doubt its paternity.

stratagem is, that her husband has become one of the soberest men in the parish, and is indebted for his reformation less to a temperate than an intemperate society.

Memoir of a Military Goose.

IN giving the following biographical sketch of a singular character, belonging to one of the inferior tribes of animated nature, we trust no silly witling will attempt to force more expression into his face than nature intended, in order to insinuate that our doing so is for the purpose of throwing any thing like ridicule or disrespect, on an honourable, and, we are sorry to say, often too useful profession. So far from this being our object, it has long been our fixed opinion; that there are more bipeds among the human race, deserving of the name of "goose," in love with the gaudy trappings of military parade, than have spirit to join the ranks in the hour of danger. But whatever our opinion may be on the subject, the pen from which the following article emanates will be a sufficient guarantee not only for the good feeling which originally dictated the narrative, but likewise for that which prompted its insertion in this work.—EDITOR.

Who, among the good folks of the west, has not seen, or at least heard of, the loyal goose of Paisley—the chivalrous and the warlike goose of the years 1819 and 1820? In these years, during the radical turmoils in this neighbourhood, this strange and venerable bird attracted universal attention by its devoted affection to the soldiery, and its aptitude and vigilance in walking sentry before the jail. Of its previous history we know little, save that it had been an inmate of the stable-yard of the Saracen's Head Inn for upwards of twenty years before; and had, till the year first noticed, comported itself like a grave and well-ordered member of its own species. In a heavy spate, one winter, thirty years ago, it had come floating down the Cart, floundering in the rush of waters, and cackling lustily in the storm. Whence it came, or where and when born, remains matter of mystery and conjecture to this day. Certain it is, the adventurous voyager was stranded at the foot of the Dyers' Wynd, and being there seized by some of the minor authorities of the town, as a waif or a wreck, was forthwith lodged in the Town's Inn, as a victim to be immolated at the next Christmas, or first civic feast. But age secured it from the vulgar indignity of being eaten. The cook declared it was too old by half a century, and that nothing but an ostrich stomach could digest its iron frame; and after her judgment had been confirmed by other authorities skilled in gastronomic science, it was dismissed, and allowed the full and uncontrolled walk of the stable-yard. Here it vegetated till 1819, being handed over by each successive host of the Saracen's Head to the next tenant, as a part and portion of the premises. In the eventful years of 1819 and 1820, it gave its first indication of an attachment to a military life. The sight of a red coat and musket were attractions it could not resist, and the roll of

the drum or bugle-call were sure to find a willing listener in this plumaged hero. Every day, for many months in these years, it was seen parading slowly and stately, with measured waddle, before the jail, following closely the heels of the sentinel, stopping when he stopped, and pacing when he paced. Night and day this loyal bird was found at its post. When it slept, none could tell—its vigils were so unremitting; and often have we seen the soldier share his brown loaf with his new brother in arms. Thus did it continue in the faithful discharge of its military duties, so long as a red coat and musket gleamed before the jail. From these singular habits, it became as well known to the townsmen as their Cross steeple, and often formed the topic of their conversation. It was revered as if it had been one of that sacred brood which preserved the Capitol. When sentinels were discontinued, the goose still paced over its old haunt, in sullen majesty, dreaming of other and more turbulent days, and glorying in the recollection of how itself had stood in the front of danger, unappalled and firm, in its unshaken loyalty to the crown and constitution. At length it forsook this station, finding its services there no longer useful, and speedily associated itself to the sergeant or corporal of each succeeding recruiting party that came to town. At the heels of some sergeant who, morning and evening, wore out his shoes on the Plainstones, for lack of other employment, the goose was found acting as orderly, keeping behind him at the distance, as nearly as we could guess, of "three paces and a stride." When one sergeant left the town, the goose soon ingratiated itself with his successor; and when knots of these gentlemen assembled on the street, the goose was ever found, in dignified silence, thrusting its neck between their legs, and with elevated crest, listening to their councils of war, and stories of battles won in distant lands. Besides this, it paid stated visits to sundry individuals whom it had favoured with its friendship. It could not chat; but it bade them good morning with a most affectionate gabble. When soldiers had to be billeted, by a species of prescience almost unaccountable, it waddled with friendly eagerness to the door of the Chamberlain's office, and there walked to and fro till the billets were distributed. To horse and foot—to regular and volunteer corps—it was alike kind and attentive. Whoever wore his Majesty's uniform was sure to be graciously recognized by this strange bird. Many a time have we seen a military officer, if he chanced to walk near the Cross, start, when he found the goose dogging him as diligently as if it were his shadow. To men in authority he showed a becoming deference, and even condescended occasionally to pick up a slight acquaintance with the subordinate officers of justice, choosing however those most remarkable for their size, as especial favourites. For the last year, it was evident to the eyes of all that our feathered eccentric was fast sinking, under age and its accompanying infirmities. It had become almost blind, and very lame. Its drumsticks were overgrown with knotty excrescences, and many of its toes had been broken off by its previous campaigning;

while the lustre of its once snowy plumage was irretrievably gone. Yet to the last it continued to hirple over its wonted haunts, and to visit its early friends. When age-worn nature refused longer to obey the impulses of its heroic spirit, it shook off the burden of a life no more of use, in the fulness of its age, with a feeble sibillation and a slight flutter of its wings, one morning in the stable-yard of the Saracen's Head Inn. Many, who, like the writer, have, under the weight of a musket, been amused by observing the habits of this bird, and found it his sole companion in the dreary watch at night, will regret its death, and sympathise in the feelings under which this slight piece of animal biography has been penned. The death of this feathered Nestor, it is not abusing the term to say, created a general sensation in the town—nay, even general regret. Its age has been variously computed, but most are of opinion, that at the time of its demise, it must have been within a few years of one hundred.

MOTHERWELL.

The Disadvantages of having a Too Indulgent Wife.

OF all the amiable varieties of the human character, none, perhaps, have called forth so many eulogists as that of the “woman devoted to her husband;” in her is said to centre all that is sweet, praiseworthy, and desirable in her sex. This enthusiasm, however, we suspect, may often arise as much from the selfish feelings of interested man as from any innate love he possesses of what is virtuous and noble in the female mind. We have also thought, at times, that the devotion, or rather the indulgence, of a wife may, on some occasions, be carried too far; or, we would rather say, to a troublesome extent. Our experience, however, in these matters is not great: in recording, therefore, the following little anecdote the reader is not to suppose that we thereby mean to establish any favourite opinion we may have on the subject.

The Rev. Mr. M'Gelp, a tall, thin, lank-jawed incumbent of a landward parish in the north of Scotland, happened to be wedded to a lady, who, in spite of his ugainly appearance, entertained for him the most unbounded attachment. Her stature was short, her figure dumpy and round to excess; but though in some respects they were an amusing contrast to each other, yet in other matters they were not dissimilar. While his Reverence, for instance, when in dudgeon (which was nothing uncommon), sat hanging his head like a bulrush, she instantly became infected with the same complaint, and her chin drooped in sullen dignity on her bosom; but though these pettish humours sometimes prevailed, as they will do in every family, the lady still kept close by the skirts of her “dear Mungo,” waiting till the matrimonial horizon would clear up; and as on these occasions they invariably sat back-to-back, they exhibited in their wrathful moments no bad representation of the diphthong æ, for albeit they were joined together, each looked their own way, and though inwardly fretting, their union, even in their sulks, appeared equally lasting as that of the two unfortunate vowels above, who, by-the-by, may be said to be among the few of the

children of the alphabet who have ventured upon matrimony, or what in their case may be called the indissoluble connexion. It is not, however, our intention to indulge a smile at the expense of these inanimate diphthongs, in case some of the more important of the animated diphthongs, among our readers, should take it amiss. Suffice it to say, that in fair weather Mrs. M'Gelp, in her attempts to anticipate the wishes of her "Mungo," as she usually called her Reverend helpmate, often subjected him to the ridicule of the cloth; and it not unfrequently happened that little stories of her extreme care and indulgence afforded subjects of merriment at the dinners of the Presbytery. The following circumstance is at present the standing joke among the black coats. In the neighbourhood of the manse there happened to be situated the game-preserve of one of the heritors of the parish, and from which the feathered stragglers would sometimes find their way to the garden of the manse: on these occasions his Reverence, who in his youth had been considered a good shot, felt a strong inclination to indulge his early propensity: the fear, however, of detection, and the idea of being reckoned a poacher, for a long time deterred him from drawing a trigger. The birds, grown bold by impunity, repeated their visits so often that the fears of his Reverence at last gave way to the temptation, and he ventured stealthily out with his gun to have a sly shot at the intruders, who were generally pheasants, and in high plumage; they were, however, always too alert and strong on the wing to allow him to come within reach. Mrs. M'Gelp saw, with her usual anxiety, the repeated attempts and the tantalising disappointments of her "dear Mungo," and she determined, if possible, to aid him in obtaining what he seemed so much to have set his heart upon. It was in vain, however, that handfuls of her finest barley were strewed as an inducement to make the birds sit; they partook of the bribe, but always retired in time from the approaching danger. The lady persevered (for what will a lady not do for the Mungo of her affections?), and her perseverance was at last crowned with success. One Saturday morning her Reverend helpmate saw, from the window of his dressing-room, a bird of the richest plumage in one of the finest positions that any sportsman could possibly have wished. The moments were precious, his Reverence started to his feet, and in his gown and slippers, with his face half-covered with soap suds, stole forth to try his fortune once more. He approached crouching almost to the ground, eyeing with intense anxiety the object before him; the bird, however, stood calm and steady as a mile-stone. Mungo drew nearer and nearer—still calm and steady as a mile-stone stood the bird—his trembling hand now rested on the trigger, his heart fluttered, but there was no fluttering about the bird; 'tis a bold bird, thought Mungo to himself, and off went the piece. The smoke soon cleared away, and his Reverence saw with pleasure, mingled with apprehension, his beautiful quarry stretched lifeless on the ground; he hastily huddled it under his dressing-gown, and hurried home with his prize. Mrs. M'Gelp, happy in having at last gratified her husband with a

shot, met him with smiles at the door : Mungo, however, was in no smiling humour. In a state of alarming trepidation, he exclaimed, "For the love of all that's good, let not this morning's work be known, or my character and usefulness as a minister is gone! I've shot a bird, and for gudeness-sake hide it, for I've no license." "Nae license, and you a minister!" said Mrs. M'Gelp. "I've no license to shoot game, foolish woman," cried the minister impatiently, "so hide the bird instantly." "Hide the bird!" exclaimed the lady, getting petted in her turn, "I'll do nae sic thing—foolish woman, indeed! is that a' a poor wife gets for trying to gratify the whims o' a thankless gudeman?—hide the bird, my certie! ye needna care wha kens about the bird; ye had a gude right to shoot the bird, for it's your ain cock pheasant that has stood on your ain side-board for these eighteen months past!"

CARRICK.

The Benighted Minister.

SOME time ago a reverend doctor, not far from this, happened one evening to be out at a social party; and on returning home, the night being dark and the way intricate, he carried in his hand a lantern. He had not proceeded far when a farm-servant on horseback came up to him. The horse, on perceiving the light, became restive, and reared and plunged so furiously that the rustic went topsy-turvy to the ground. On getting up from his horizontal position, still keeping hold of the reins, he saluted the doctor with "Od, sir! is this you?" and, looking Jolly in the face, remarked, "O ye donnert, do itit idiot, to mak' a bogle o' yer minister! Am sure a' the parish kens him!"

"All the Honours."

THE death of Provost Aird occurred about fourteen years after the erection of the Ramshorn Church, which was built under his dictatorship. The Provost, with his brethren of the Council, were wont to assemble at the house of Neps Denny, at the head of Saltmarket, who kept one of the most comfortable hostelries which Glasgow could at that time boast of. At one of the meetings shortly after the good man's decease it was proposed that an epitaph should be composed by one of the members of the club; but whether it was that the magistrates of those days were less poetical than their successors, or that this is an office not easily assimilated to the ordinary duties of a civic functionary, it was found that the assistance of the buxom landlady was necessary. Perfectly familiar with her subject, and under no fears of severe criticism, Neps produced the following lines:—

"Here lies Provost Aird,
 He was neither a merchant nor a great laird;
 At bigging o' kirks he had right gude skill;
 He was twice Lord Provost, and three times Dean o' Gill."

THE LAIRD OF LOGAN.
Randy Nanny.

*A skelping sang to a scolding tune, for the behoof o' a' flyting wives
and fighting men.*

I SING o' a wife
Wha carried a' our water ;
Cause o' muckle strife
Was her clashin' clatter.
Ilka wee bit faut
A' the warld kenned o't ;
Gin ye gat your maut,
Ye ne'er heard the end o't.
Aye clashin', clashin',
Nanny was nae canny ;
Wives plashin', washin',
Matched nae Water Nanny.

Nanny had a man,
A drunken market cuddy ;
Connaught cock-nosed Dan,
A swearin', tearin' Paddy.
Sic a knuckled han'—
Sic an arm o' vigour ;
Nan might scold an' ban,
But brawly could he swigg her.
Aye smashin', smashin',
Danny was nae canny ;
Few could stand a thrashin'
Frae stieve-fisted Danny.

They lived up a stair
In the Laigh Calton ;
Siccan shines were there—
Siccan noisy peltin' ;
Danny with his rung
Steekin' ilka wizen ;
Nanny wi' her tongue
Nineteen to the dizen.
Aye clashin', crashin',
Trowth it was nae canny ;
Ony fashin', fashin',
Danny an' Nanny.

Bodies round about
Couldna thole nor bide them ;
Fairly flitted out,
Nane were left beside them ;
Their bink was their ain,
Nane could meddle wi' them,—

Neighbour lairds were fain,
 A' the land to lea' them.
 Some gae hashin' smashin',
 Makin' siller canny,
 But few get rich by clashin',
 Like Danny an' Nanny.

They'd a bonny lassie,
 Tonguey as her mither ;
 Yet as game an' gaucie
 As her fightin' faither.
 O ! her waist was sma',
 O ! her cheeks were rosy,
 Wi' a shower o' snaw—
 Flaiket owre her bozy.
 Sun rays brightly flashin'
 Owre the waters bonny,
 Glanced nae like the lashin',
 Sparklin' een o' Anny.

Sight ye never saw,
 Like the Laird an' Leddy,
 Wi' their daughter braw,
 An' themsels sae tidy ;
 Wi' their armies crost,
 On their ain stair muntit ;
 Gin ye daured to host,
 How their pipies luntit.
 Wooers e'er sae dashin',
 Durst nae ca' on Anny,
 Scaur'd wi' the clashin'
 O' her mither Nanny.

Beauty blooming fair,
 Aye sets hearts a bleezing ;
 Lovers' wits are rare,
 Lovers' tongues are wheezing.
 Barr'd out at the door,
 A loon scaled the skylight,
 An' drappit on the floor,
 Afore the auld folks' eyesight.
 In a flaming passion,
 Maul'd by faither Danny,
 Aff to lead the fashion,
 Scampered bonny Anny.

THE LAIRD OF LOGAN. Readings by the Roadside.

Near the village of Yoker, on the Glasgow and Dumbarton road, a wayside preacher took his stand, and set down his stool, placing on it the felt-box that protected the seat of intellect from accidents and vicissitudes of the weather, to receive the offering. The subject chosen was one in sacred geography—one that has puzzled all the describers of earth's divisions and sub-divisions in ancient or modern times, and on which, much fruitless as well as useless speculation has been expended—viz., the locality of the scene of Adam's labours—before the sentence of banishment and laborious industry was imposed on him. "Regarding," said he, "the situation of Paradise and the Garden of Eden, much has been said and written, to little purpose, and some of the authorities, both ancient and modern, that I have consulted (and many of whom have obtained a great name for their laborious investigations), have gone wide of the site of Paradise; had they looked nearer home, they might have saved a great part of their labour, and come to the identical spot. I have given, need I again say, much anxious and scrutinising inquiry, both in physical and political geography, and I have come to the decided conviction, that it is in no other corner of the world, than just in the "East Neuk o' Fife."*

Lifting the Stipend.

DURING the delivery of the learned discourse on the locality of the scene of the first transgression, a violent gust of wind blew away the hat from its resting-place, and scattered the copper offerings; on which the geographical expositor intermitted and shifted his longitude, running after the hat, carefully gathering up the tithes in his progress. A gentleman, who had been both an eye and ear witness, was relating the lecture and accident in a large party, when a Churchman remarked, "Ay, that's a specimen o' the Voluntaries." "Voluntaries!" replied a wit, "rather a Churchman pursuing for his stipend."

An Audible Witness.

SOME years ago Lord —— was presiding at a circuit trial in Glasgow, where several females were, in succession, examined as witnesses. Whether it arose from their unusual exposure in the witness' box (a square structure in the centre of the Court Hall, elevated considerably above the floor) from fear of their expressions being laughed at, or from whatever cause, certain it is they spoke so inaudibly and indistinctly that the jury, again and again, complained, and his lordship as often admonished them to speak out; but, notwithstanding repeated admonitions, they again and again resumed their under tone till of new reminded;—on this account the patience of the Judge was most severely tried, and by the time the examination was finished he was visibly suppressing great irritation. At this juncture

* Need we inform our Scottish geographical readers, that the river Eden flows through this part of "The Kingdom of Fife," as it is named?

there approached through the crowd, towards the witness box, a tall, stout fellow, with a fustian sleeved jacket, capacious corduroy inexpressibles, blue rig-and-fur hose, and strong lumps of shoes, well supplied with tackets—who, with pavier-like thumps, tramped up the wooden steps into the box, laid his bonnet on the seat, and sousing himself down on it, stared about with seeming indifference, as if he had had nothing more to do. This uncommon nonchalance his Lordship eyed with surprise, and having promptly ordered him to stand up, and administered the oath, he, with a fearful scowl and gruff manner, addressed him : “ Witness, let me tell you that my brother (meaning the other Judge) and I have this day been put to great trouble examining witnesses who would not, or could not, speak above their breath ;—now, sir, I see you’re a strong young man, and, being a carter, as I understand, and accustomed to speak out to your horses, you can have no such apology ; and therefore, let me tell you, once for all, that if you speak not at the top of your voice, you shall be sent down to jail in an instant.” Ere this volley was well over, the witness, unconscious of wrong by him to call for such a threat, changed colour—stared wildly around—hitched up the headband of his small clothes—and betrayed such strange symptoms that his Lordship, imputing them to disrespect or indifference, called out, “ stand still, sir—mind what I’ve said to you.” This acted like an electric shock on the witness, for he instantly grasped the bar before him, stood stock-still, gaping as petrified. His Lordship then resumed his seat, and called out to the witness, “ What’s your name ? ”—“ Bauldy M’Luckie ” was instantly roared out in a voice more resembling the discharge of a piece of artillery than the ordinary action of the vocal organs. The amazement was succeeded by a burst of irrepressible laughter from the audience, and the lengthened bawl of “ Si—lence ” by the macer, while the effect of it on his Lordship was such, that, instinctively dropping the pen, clapping both hands to his ears, and looking daggers at Bauldy, he exclaimed, “ What’s the meaning of that, sir.” Bauldy, who thought his Lordship now meant to quarrel with him for not speaking loud enough, immediately answered in the same tone, “ I never spoke louder to the brutes in my life.” A perfect explosion of laughter succeeded, which, for some time, defied every effort of the macer and the court to get repressed ; even his Lordship, whose kindness of heart was well known, smilingly observed, “ Surely you don’t consider us your brutes, sir—you should know there’s a difference betwixt roaring and speaking. Remember where you’re standing, sir.” This memento wrought on Bauldy prodigiously—his hands clenched convulsively the bar in front—the perspiration broke in drops on his face—his eyes seemed fixed, and his whole frame fearfully agitated. In vain were questions put to him from both sides of the bar—fruitless were expostulations or threats—his answers were all of the non mi recordo class, except two, to which no importance seemed attached by any one, unless Bauldy, namely, “ That he staid wi’ his mither in the Briggate ; and he kent she was alder than

himself." Seeing, therefore, that nothing further could be elicited from Bauldy, his Lordship, imputing it to Bauldy's wish to conceal the truth, in a surly manner ordered him to get away. This operated like a charm; Bauldy and bonnet were instantly in motion. His precipitate tramp down the narrow steps, however, ended rather ungracefully, for, having tripped himself, down he came, at length, on the top of a man, whose rueful gestures and looks, under the weight and desperate grasp of Bauldy, found no consolation or apology other than the convulsive laughter of the audience and the hasty remark of Bauldy at striding away—"Did ye e'er see sick a cankry buffer as that." On getting outside the court, Bauldy's mother and some cronies were overheard asking him how he had come on. "Come on," said he, "I thought the auld buffer would hae worried me; he said he would send me down to jail whaur I stood—I lost my sight—and gaed clean doited—I was like to swarf, but I held firm by the bauk, for fear they might knock the boddom frae neath my feet, and send me below in an instant, as he said—yon's nae fun ava. Come awa, lads, my throat's as dry as a whistle, and gi'e me a dram to draik the dust."

Profession and Practice, an Epitaph.

Here lie the banes o' Tammy Messer,
Of tarry woo he was a dresser;
He had some fau'ts, and mony merits,
And died of drinking ardent spirits.

An Irish Survivorship.

IN the commercial room of one of the Belfast hotels a party of bagmen took up, for the discussion of the evening, the much agitated question of the effect that capital punishment had on the community. Solitary confinement for life, it was advocated, was the most abhorrent to human feelings that could be imagined—the rope—the faggot—the edge of the axe—the blade of the guillotine—"the leaden messenger on the violent speed of fire," were proved to be comparatively momentary in the apprehension of the sufferer contrasted with the desolation and annihilation of every social and relative feeling; and the mere physical portion preserved in vitality, and the only idea of motion or animated existence—were the turns in his apartment and the working of the "wheel at the cistern" in his own bosom. "Yes, and you may say so," replied a bagman from the bogs of Erin. "So horrible is it, solitary confinement, with never a one to speak to but yourself, that in the United States of America, where criminals are imprisoned for life in a round apartment with never a corner in it for a mouse to creep into, going round and round, yesterday and to-day, and for-ever alike, just the light of the sun from above. Out of one hundred poor wretches condemned for life in this livin' grave, I'm tould, only fifteen survived it."

Tax on Absentees.

HAWKIE, on one of the Glasgow half-yearly fasts, took his beat on the Dumbarton road, between Glasgow and Partick. As the day happened to be fine (not commonly the case on these misnamed days), the "collector of poor rates," as he calls himself, justly calculated that this beautiful approach to Glasgow from the west would be well frequented. "I am sent out here this afternoon," said the ever-fertile Hawkie to the objects of his assessment, "by the clergy in Glasgow to put a tax on a' you gentry that hae mistaen the kintra for the kirk this afternoon."

A Press of Business.

SAID an importation from the Green Isle to the street orator, as he observed him draining off a glass of aqua, "Don't take any more of that vile stuff, Hawkie, it will kill ye, man; every glass of it is just another nail to your Norway jacket; and the carpenter will be takin' your lings very soon, at any rate." "Hech, man, Paddie," retorted Hawkie, "your coffin would be as thick set with thae nails, if ye had the bawbees to pay for them, as the scales on a herring. Gae hame wi' you, our hangman can scarcely get time to tak' his dinner for you bairns o' the Bog."

Nursery Rhymes.

A SINGULAR exemplification of the force of professional habit over our thoughts and feelings is given in the following anecdote, although the instance afforded is by one of no note in society, and the scene cast in the humble, yet noisy, atmosphere of a family nursery.

A lady having occasion for the services of a nurse, had one recommended to her as well qualified for the situation, and being moreover of a very cheerful turn of mind (a very necessary qualification for those who have the charge of infants). This good woman was eminently favoured with a good "gift of the gab;" but as she never used said "gift" to the prejudice of any one, her mistress frequently gave her an opportunity of indulging her favourite propensity. One day, as the tender object of her care lay extended on her knee, partially lulled by "Nature's soft nurse," she entered into conversation with her mistress on the various hardships and trials she had met with in her own little family (and who has not a little history of their own to relate?); the health o' the "gudeman" seemed to be a source of great grief to her—he had been ailing, she said, for many years; but of late his little stock of health seemed to be diminishing rapidly, and the poor woman dwelt with much feeling upon the helpless condition she must necessarily be reduced to when deprived of her worthy partner. But the rest of our tale must be told in her own words, as she alternately depicted the horrors of her approaching widowhood and hushed or sung to the infant on her knee. "Ou, ay, mem, I doubt I maun mak up my mind to part wi' John, he's sair

wasted awa' since New'rday, an' hasna been fit for his wark this aughteen months." Then, breaking into song to her little charge, "Hushie my baby, your sire is a knight—your mother"—"wee lambie, what ails ye nou? hush, hush," "he's sair forfoughten at times wi' breathlessness; hush, hushie, bonnie doo;" "deed ay, mem," resuming her croon, "I doubt he'll ne'er get weel, get weel, I doubt he'll ne'er get weel—ae night just afore I cam' to you he gaed awa' in a faint, an' I thocht he had departed, but his time, ye see, hadna just come." Then, addressing her wakerife charge in anything but a melancholy note—

"Last May a braw wooer cam' down the lang glen,
An' sair wi' his luve he did deave me."

"Hoot toot, what ails my doo; h-u-s-h, but, as I was saying, mem, his end is no far aff, he's dreed a weary weird, and sair, sair, I fear the fa'in' o' the leaf, he'll ne'er pit bye it; when it fa's, he'll fa'; and as he aften says himsel', wha'll help the widow and the fatherless, unless, indeed—

Duncan Gray cam here to woo,
Ha ha the wooing o't."

"And now I'm getting auld mysel', and no very able to gang out, as I was wont to do, and the wee thocht o' siller that I hae scrapit thegither maun gang to gi'e John a decent burial, for he's weel wordy o't; a gude man he's been to me!" Then, as if her sorrows suggested early recollections, she chanted—

"Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride;
But saving a crown he had naething else beside."

But here the impatience of the little one became so great that the voice of the poor nurse's alternate song and complaint was silenced in the loud wailings of infant helplessness, and the feelings, which would not be stifled, were for a moment forgotten in the active bustling duties of her vocation.

A Self-Righteous Seceder.

THE following anecdote strikingly defines the light in which we are too apt to view those who differ from us in religious opinion. A tailor who was a member of the Secession Church at Dunbarrow, parish of Dunnichen, where he had long resided, having occasion to remove with his family to a place considerably distant, where he was little known, and where there were but few Seceders, was, some time after his removal, kindly waited on by his former minister, who inquired, among other things, how he was doing for work in his new situation. "Ou, deed, sir," said the tailor gravely, "I canna be enough thankfu': I'm doin' verra weel for wark here. I sew to a' our ain folk, an' to some o' the civillest o' the profane."

"Up" and "Down" for once the same.

A GENTLEMAN, who with his family was in the habit of frequenting one of our fashionable watering places, employed every summer an

old woman to reside in the house during their absence, and attend to himself when he had occasion to come to town. He was also in the habit of purchasing a large beef ham, so that the good dame might not be destitute of something tasty to her tea in the morning. On one of these short visits he happened to enter the kitchen, and on looking up to the roof said, "I think, Margaret, our ham's coming down," meaning thereby that it was diminishing in size. "Na, sir," said Margaret, "I think it's rather gaun up"

A Scotch Hint.

A LABOURER who was very partial to "the usquebae," having performed a piece of work for a gentleman in the parish of Laneston, was presented, after receiving payment, with a glass of his favourite beverage, which he swallowed in an instant, and looked as if he would have said, "please give me another." The gentleman not feeling inclined to take his meaning in this light, and anxious to get quit of him, asked if he would choose a glass of cold water to put the taste of the whisky away. "Eh, na, na," said the drouthie ditcher, "I winna do that; the taste o't gaes ower sune awa'. I would rather tak' anither ane to help to keep it."

A Well-timed Reproof.

THE late Rev. Mr. Foote, of Fettercairn, having occasion to attend a marriage party on a Saturday evening, was about to retire at an early hour, and had bidden the company good night, when one of his own parishioners, a farmer who seldom attended church, and who had always something to say, remarked, "Ay, ay, sir, ye'll be gaun awa' hame to thresh your Sunday strae." "Indeed, Mr. S——," replied the worthy clergyman, "ye require so little fodder, I think I might even give you a sheaf without threshing it."

Colour versus Courage.

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

Hawkie on Professional Consistency.

"OICH man, Willie," said a Highland benefactress of Hawkie's, "but it's a perfect vext to see you going about with a coat all broken

out at every corner—deed is it. I'm sure there's plenty shentlemans in our big town o' Glasgow here, that you will got you a gooter coat nor that—waur they couldna gie you, ay just for a word to them." "Weel, lady," replied Will, "it wouldna be discreet if I didna thank you for the hint; and I think there's scores in Glasgow would gie Hawkie a coat—and they hae done't, too—they're no to blame; but a coat that's worth a gill canna be aboon a day on my back, and I'm no sure if I could succeed in my calling sae weel, in a better coat—it behoves a man aye to be like his profession."

"It's an Ill Thow (Thaw) that comes frae the North."

THIS saying, which is often in the mouths of our Lowland farmers, during the months of winter and spring, is supposed to have had its origin in the following circumstance:—The Rev. Mr. B.—, of B.—, who lived about the middle of last century, was as eminent for his wit and humour, as for his learning and piety. On one occasion, before concluding an annual country diet of examination, he asked, as usual, if any person had joined the company since he commenced, or if any one was present for the first time, that he might examine them before parting. A stranger immediately stood up, and told Mr. B.— that he had lately become his parishioner, and as he resided within the bounds of the present diet, he had attended along with his neighbours. The worthy minister highly approved of his conduct, and proceeded to try his knowledge. Finding his new scholar, however, uncommonly dull and ignorant, Mr. B.— remarked that, however he may have been fed, he had been but poorly taught, and inquired where he came from, and what was his name. "My name, sir," said his new parishioner, "is David Thow, an' I come frae Aberdeen." "David Thow frae Aberdeen!" retorted Mr. B.—, "ay, ay, man, it's an ill thow that comes frae the North."

Dogged Resistance.

AN Irishman was engaged in arguing with his dog the propriety of his taking a cold bath in the almost unprecedentedly hot weather of May, 1840. An acquaintance came up, and seeing the obstinacy of the dog resisting argument, entreaty, and the inducement which generally takes with every sensible "Luath or Cæsar," a piece of thick plank was also, if not cast to the wind, certainly to the waters. "Weel now, Jamie, what's the use of bothering yourself and the dumb cratur, that cannot spak for himself; may be, if you was knowing his raison, you wouldn't take the water naither." Hawkie came behind the parties, "I say, gin ony body wauld fling a handfu' o' meal on the water baith o' them would tak' it."

Rights of Property.

A CERTAIN Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland, famed for his exploits in the field, with a gun at his shoulder, and a fair covey of partridges in his eye, was led one beautiful sporting day, in the too keen pursuit

of game, to violate the laws he administered, and commit a trespass. So true is it, however, that the law is no respecter of persons, our dignitary, if not arraigned according to the laws of the realm, was most summarily assailed per legem terræ. The prosecutor in this instance was one of the kindly tenants of Lochmaben—"a lone woman," into whose luxuriant preserve of turnips his Lordship had strayed beyond the bounds of the friends' estates over which he was shooting. "Man," cried the pursuer, "I wish ye wad come oot amo' ma neeps." Astounded at the irreverence of such an address, his Lordship authoritatively demanded whether the woman knew who he was? "A dinna care wha ye are," was her answer; "but a wish ye wad come out frae amo' ma neeps!" "Woman!" said his Lordship, still more emphatically, "I'm the Lord Justice Clerk!"—"Hech," cried the imperturbable dame, with a faint, angry laugh, "a dinna care wha's clerk ye are; but I would thank ye to come oot frae amo' ma neeps."

A Tale for the Malthusians.

A FRENCH gentleman, residing in 1819, in Suffolk Street, London, then a popular sojourn for Scotchmen and foreigners, had a wife who was on the tiptoe of expectation as to her confinement. Symptoms appeared—so did the accoucheur; and Monsieur Quelquechose (or whatever his name might be) adjourned to the Orange Coffee-house, at the corner of the Haymarket (where Mr. Matthews, the modern Aristophanes discovered the very "gentilman, whose hair came a leetle through his hat") and nervously anxious about the welfare of his better-half, yet unable to remain in his anxiety at home, directed the maid servant to come the instant that Madame Quelquechose was out of her trouble, and tell him.

Quelquechose sat himself down in the Coffee-house, and ordered a glass of brandy and water—he reclined in a box, sipped his beverage, and thought of his wife. At about half-past nine he heard a sort of scuffle in the passage—in came the maid, and regardless of forms or maccaroni (there famous), ran up to the place where her master was seated.

"Well," said Monsieur, "is him over?"

"Yes, sir," said Sally, "my Missus has got as fine a boy as ever you clapped your two eyes upon."

"Bravo!" said Monsieur, "dere is half-a-crown for de news—ron away vith you back. Waiter, bring me a pint of claret—I shall drink to my wife's good healt's."

He was pleased—he did drink almost all his pint of wine; but before he could get to the end of it, he heard another scuffle in the passage—bang went the door—in came the maid—

"What is de matter?" exclaimed Quelquechose, "Amelie Josephine Seraphine, my beloved Adele ill?"

"Ill!" cried the girl—"La! no, sir, Missus has got a fine girl, besides the little boy."

"Vat!" exclaims Quelquechose—"Tvins!—Bravo—happy me!—

hey?—here, Sally—dere is a five shillin' for you—good girl, ron away to your dear mis'ress—my love—you know—and all dat. Waiter—a bottle of champagne—voila, mon cher—Tvins!—ha! ha! ha!

'Malbrouk, se vat en guerre.'

—Oh! how happy I am."

The maid went, the moussu came, and with it some biscuit "hot like de fire,"—*Quelquechose* enjoyed it,—when, scarcely had he finished three glasses—*coronella*-looking things, with long legs and small waists—he heard another scuffle, and in again rushed the maid.

"Sir," said she, without waiting to be questioned, "my Missus has got a third baby, a beautiful little girl!"—and this she said, expecting at least a guinea.

"Vat you say?" exclaimed *Quelquechose*, "anoder! Oh, dis vay shall not do—all dis is too much. I must go home and put a stop to dis!"

I'll Make them Sing.

THE precentor of one of our city churches, during the life of a late incumbent, having requested a day from a professional brother in Paisley, thought it but fair to state that as the congregation esteemed the service of the lips a thing of no moment, he was not unfrequently allowed (*i.e.*, obliged) to sing a solo of sixteen or twenty lines. Undaunted, though surprised at a practice at once so heterodox on the part of the congregation and trying to its leader, the Paisley brother entered the bench uttering the emphatic and portentous words, "I'll make them sing." The opportunity was soon afforded to him, and his voice, clear and shrill, passed from note to note along the two first lines of the psalm without receiving the slightest assistance from the congregation. Determined, however, not to be thwarted, he paused, and said, "The congregation do not seem to understand this tune, I'll try another;" but again did he sing the two first lines, and again the echo of his own voice was the only sound that reached his ear. He paused once more, and said, "You don't understand this one either, I'll try another." No sooner, however, did he commence the two first lines of the psalm for the third time than the tongues of the congregation were loosed, and a thousand voices swelled the notes of praise.

A Deep Cut.

IN a small collection of poems, entitled "Gloaming Amusements," from the classic press of Beith, we find the following first-rate bull:—

"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!"

Testing the Matter.

THE Presbytery of Dumbarton had sustained the application of one of their clerical brethren for a new manse, and gave instructions to that effect. The graduated assessment was either in money or labour to a certain amount; and the farmers were required, in terms of their lease, to deliver, carriage free, a certain number of carts of stones. Although his Reverence was very particular in seeing that every one discharged the portion of service required of him, it is doubtful whether he were as scrupulous in enforcing the obligation of the Sinaic code of laws as those which regarded the privileges of his order. He challenged one of his members, a farmer, for what he considered a very light load of stones, and refused to allow it to pass muster. "Ye see, minister," said the farmer, "that it's but a cowt (colt) that's atween the trams, an' it micht hurt his back to lade him sair: but I'm sure, for ane ye get heavier than what's on his back, ye hae four lichter." "I must have it weighed," said his Reverence; and, after adjusting the apparatus, and subjecting the load to the test of the scales, he found it less deficient than he expected. The farmer retorted, "Weel, sir, I tell'd ye it was na far short o' the thing: gin we were a' as doubtfu' about what you say, what wad come o' us?—ye hae been weighting and weighting at the mountains in scales every Sabbath-day sin' ye cam' amang us, but I ne'er saw ye putting up the bauks till this day."

A Cautious Adviser.

THE Rev. Mr. Fullarton had his servants employed on his glebe in carrying some stooks of corn from a hollow to an adjoining knoll that they might be more speedily prepared for the barn-yard. Will Speir passed, when his Reverence inquired at him if "the day would keep up, as it looked a wee cloudy like?" "I canna say the noo," said Will, "but I'm coming back this way at nicht, I'll ca' and tell you."

"A Collieshangie"—Anglice, Dog Quarrel.

No place is more likely to be favourable for seeing the above term practically illustrated on an extensive scale than a parish church in the pastoral districts of our country. The hearers are generally composed of shepherds and their retinue; amongst whom is a due complement of dogs. To prohibit the bringing of these animals to church were also to forbid their owners; for, in coming to the place of worship, a circuit is taken amongst the cattle as on week-days to see whether any are amissing or ailing, and collie consequently must be present to sound the muster-note. These shaggy guardians of the fold congregate in the church-yard in summer, while in winter they take shelter in the lobby; and the presence of the minister's dog, who is generally privileged with a seat on the pulpit-stair, draws some of his less-favoured brethren towards him to exchange nose-civilities; a regular dog-riot, or "Collieshangie," is then sure to take place. A scene of this description took place in a church near Muirkirk. The

minister's dog, who was as social as any member of the Presbytery, observed some of his acquaintances, and looked as significantly as he could for them to come up his way. The hint was immediately taken, and by more, too, than collie had bargained for : all and sundry made their way for the pulpit-stair ; the minister's dog had no accommodation for the half ; besides, not desiring acquaintanceship with some that were not so well put on as himself, he unceremoniously began to show his teeth, and in a moment every one was in the throat of his neighbour.

Robin Park, the betheral—who was always on the look-out for disturbances, and often, poor man ! as he said, “lost a head or twa o’ the discourse, though maybe they could be spared whiles, keeping down din”—advanced with a long pole, or rather tree, which had been very roughly branched, and assailed the combatants : the belligerents fled towards the door, the betheral following along the narrow passage ; but, instead of taking the door, up stairs they went into the gallery, Robin still pursuing ; and after following up all the turnings and windings of the straight, curved, and angular passages, he fairly got them without the walls—the minister all this time not uttering a syllable until peace should be restored. The indefatigable Robin now returned, panting like an over-driven wheeler, and coming up opposite to the pulpit, observed the favoured tenant of the stair looking at him, as he thought, with a leer on his nose, though he was really the sole cause of the hurly-burly. The expression of his lengthy phiz seemed to convey to Robin the words, “Hech, man, but you’re sair pitten to !” Robin looked up to his Reverence, and, with head turned three inches off the perpendicular, inquired, “Noo, sir, will I put out your ain ?”

A Careful Walk.

A REVEREND Doctor in the Kirk, who is sometimes very homely in scripture elucidations, preaching lately on Christian circumspection, thus illustrated the care with which the Christian ever should select his steps in life:—“You have all, my hearers, seen, or any that have not may, without much trouble, a tom-cat walking along the garden wall amidst pieces of broken bottle-glass—see how carefully he picks his steps, even a fright will not make him forget his propriety.”

Scotch Pertinacity.

THE late John Neilson of the Claremont Tavern, Glasgow, when waiter with Mrs. Pollock, Prince's Street, was ordered by a party of conceited puppies to bring them some London porter ; on presenting which he was taken to task by the lords of the parlour for the time being. “That is not London porter, sir ; take it away—some of your nasty home-brewed stuff that has been in the house for an age.” “I say it is London porter,” replied John ; “but maybe you’re not verra guid judges.” “Take it away, sir, and none of your insolence.” John stuck to his point, till Mrs. Pollock, attracted by the disturb-

ance, entered the room. Order was soon restored, each party relating, and looking to her for a decision in favour of their respective case. She asked John where he took it from; he answered; she said that was where it stood, but that a bottle of Scotch porter might have been placed there by mistake, and she ordered him to bring another. He brought it; and, at his mistress' earnest solicitation offered an apology for his conduct. John lingered however behind his mistress in the room, under pretence of doing something, and when he thought her fairly out of hearing, he again resumed the discussion:—"Ye see, gentlemen, I had to say yon to please my mistress; yet, for my own sake, I maun say it was London porter for a' that."

A Wet Sunday in the Highlands.

(From the Note-Book of a Traveller.)

"The rageand stormes our welterand wally seis,
Ryuris ran rede on spate with wattir broun,
And burnis harlis all thare bankis doun."

GAWINE DOUGLAS.

A WET Sunday, exclaims the cit, that is nothing new of late. True, my dear friend, but a wet Sunday among the mountains is quite a different affair to one of the same quality in town. No doubt you have your disagreeables—such as flooded streets, dripping eyes, damsels scudding before the wind with inverted umbrellas, hat and wig hunting by elderly gentlemen not much addicted to the chase. In the Highlands, however, it assumes a wilder and more sublime appearance. The dark misty glen, whose rocky barriers, obscured by the vapours that sail along in endless array, gives the first intimation of the coming storm; while here and there the mountain-torrent bursts through the haze, and seems to the startled eye as if it dropped from some mighty reservoir in the clouds. The waves, driven by the howling blast, sweep along the bosom of the Loch, appearing in the distance like wreaths of snow weltering amid the dark and troubled abyss; while, on those precipices more exposed to the winds, the cataracts are driven upwards by the fury of the gale, till they seem to the distant eye like pillars of light trembling on the verge of their frightful steep—the streams descending from the deeper and more sheltered ravines, swollen by the continued rain, spread over the roads, and present to the ill-starred wight who happens to be abroad, one lengthened sheet of water, through which, if he should be a pedestrian, he must splash forward on his weary way.

'Twas late on a Saturday night, such as above described, when the writer, wet and exhausted with buffeting the storm reached the comfortable little inn at the head of Loch——. Good viands, a rousing fire, with the luxury of a clean, dry, and refreshing bed, soon spread oblivion over the discomforts of the day. The morning, however, set in with even a more unpromising aspect than that which closed the preceding night. The storm was more violent, and the

rain battered against the window with increased fury—the mist on the hills was dark, dense and threatening, and the wind had gathered up the Loch, till its whitened ridges mingled with the cloudy masses of vapour which had been driven downwards from the mountains—not a sail was unfurled—every boat was drawn up on the beach—and the tempest, as if disappointed, raved over the face of nature, seeking for objects on which to wreak its vengeance. Such was the prospect without. Within, a cheerful fire, a clean hearth, a table replenished with all the delicate as well as substantial accompaniments of a Highland breakfast, allured the eye from the turmoil of the elements without, and, very pleasingly for the time, concentrated the ideas of enjoyment within the walls of the comfortable little apartment. But, alas! the pleasures of the table, like the rest of our joys, are fleeting as the thready current of the sandglass—the lovely vision pleased, palled and disappeared.

The thought of sitting all day, listening to the howling of the winds, and the lashing of the rain, though agreeable enough at first, from the sense of security which a comfortable shelter afforded, made the monotonous confinement extremely irksome. My attention, however, was soon withdrawn from the state of the weather, by the appearance of a travelling cart making for the inn; from which, on reaching the door, descended a tall thin figure, buttoned up to the chin in a white great-coat, and swathed over mouth and nose with a plentiful assortment of various coloured handkerchiefs, which were still insufficient to protect him from the water that streamed from the battered and almost shapeless piece of felt which covered his head. After him, carrying a shabby-looking portmanteau, came his Highland gillie, or driver, in his little blue bonnet and pepper-and-salt great-coat, the tails of which were carefully tucked through the holes in the skirts to keep them from the mud.

Here is at least the chance of company, thought I, as I heard the double footsteps on the stair. I was disappointed, however; they turned away, and were disposed of in some other part of the house.

Left to my own meditations, I stood gazing through the dim and bedrizzled glass at the scene without, endeavouring, if possible, to discover the prospect of some other arrival—till the pleasing announcement that dinner was ready, sounded in my ears, accompanied by the no less welcome intimation, that the gentleman who had lately arrived would be happy to join me.

On his appearance, he gave his “How do you do?” in a tone of familiarity that smacked of acquaintanceship; and I quickly recognised the features of one I had frequently met on the road, and with whom I have occasionally spent an agreeable evening.—Before I had time to reply to his salutation, “what weather! I have never been so near drowning in my life—three stages since daybreak—part of the road the horse would have swam, if it had not been for the weight of the cart—three times I stopped to get myself dried, and every time I raised a smoke as if I had been burning kelp. After

all I came here with half a tun of water in the pockets of my great-coat, and I have left a perfect inundation in the room above; I hope it will not come down upon us before dinner." "I hope not, nor after it either," said I.

But before proceeding farther, I may give the reader what little information I possess respecting the individual thus brought under his notice. My tall friend, who, for good reasons, shall be nameless, is a native of the Emerald Isle, and, according to his own account, has seen every capital in Europe, and been in every clime from "Indus to the Pole." Engrossed in commercial pursuits, he has for a long time been a familiar and well known character in almost every town in Scotland. In his journeys he is frequent and regular as the tides—that is to say, he always makes his appearance among the customers on the day announced in the circulars of the house he represents; and though sometimes peevish in his manner, and eccentric in his ideas, yet his convivial talents, his varied collection of amusing stories, and marvellous relations of hairbreadth escapes which he has experienced in his various journeyings, have rendered him so great a favourite among the friends of the house, that his arrival is looked forward to in every town as a sort of festival. It must, however, be allowed, that, like most of the votaries of Momus, his stories and personal adventures are told at a discount, something similar to that at which he sells certain descriptions of his goods, varying from 5 to 25 per cent. on his stories, while his adventures may be fairly entitled to an abatement equal to that made on Paisley thread, viz. 50, 60, 75, or what you please. But let it be mentioned to his credit, that in all relations where confidence is implied, integrity requisite, or the character of a gentleman concerned, the terms are NET. Possessed of a sound, discriminating mind, aided by the advantages of education, and improved by continual intercourse with the world, with all his petty humours, his predilection for throwing the hatchet, and the use of little unmeaning expletives with which he interlarded his conversation, he was a very decent, companionable sort of fellow.

To my inquiries after dinner respecting his peregrinations, he gave me, among other little stories, the following, which, as it is in some degree illustrative of the Highland character, as well as of the class of anecdotes that form honest Pat's collection, I shall give it as nearly in his own words as possible, leaving the reader, however, to put in the expletives where he feels disposed.

"You may think it a lie," said he, "but I have scarcely had any rest these six nights. Two nights ago I was at Ardrisraig, where I expected to have slept like one of the seven; but just about daybreak I was waked by a yell that might have raised the dead. Starting up, I made one jump from my bed into my trousers, and hastened down to the kitchen, where I found a great yahoo of a Highlandman standing on the middle of the floor in a state of nudity, with his hair erect, his teeth chattering, and every part of his body quivering and

shaking as if he had got the ague. I snatched up a petticoat that lay on a chair (Highlanders of his grade seldom sleep in their shirts), threw it over his head, and inquired the cause of his alarm. By this time the kitchen was crowded, and all the answer we could get was something which he mumbled in Gaelic, with the look and tone of a maniac, that served rather to puzzle than explain the affair. After a good deal of investigation, however, the mystery was unravelled. The poor fellow, it seems, had come from the braes of Lochaber for the purpose of emigrating to Canada, and being tired had gone to bed at an early hour. It happened that a merchant who was proceeding to Oban, or some other town in that direction, with a general assortment of goods in order to open shop, had arrived by one of the Inverary boats, and, being obliged to wait for a northern conveyance, he had his goods taken to the inn. Among the various articles which composed the miscellaneous collection was a carved head of a Blackamoor, which he intended to put over his door as a sign to attract the snuff and tobacco fanciers of his neighbourhood. It chanced, either by accident or design, that the ominous head was taken to the bed-room of the poor emigrant, and placed on the top of a chest of drawers, where blacky had a full view of the unconscious sleeper. In the dusk of the morning, when every object assumes a dubious appearance, the eyes of the shirtless Celt, who had never beheld a sable complexion before, were fixed in horror on the awful apparition; and he gazed in silent agony on what he very reasonably believed to be the grand enemy of his soul. At last, raising himself on his hands and knees, and keeping his eyes immovably fixed on the object of his terror, he crawled, crab-like, over the opposite side of the bed, and continued his judicious method of retreat till his hand came in contact with a heavy poker; this he grasped as a drowning man would a straw, and, making a rush at the foe, he, in the desperate energy which his fear inspired, let fall a blow which sent the demon in splinters about the room. Without waiting to renew the conflict, he sprung screaming from the room down stairs to the kitchen, at a hop-skip-and-leap pace, clearing a distance that would have gained him the prize at any of the Strathfillan games. His mumbling became intelligible, and his exclamation, "Mharbh mi an Diabhol!"* was perfectly understood, and excited roars of laughter from the bystanders. How the merchant and he settled about the damage I did not wait to inquire; but I thought to myself what consternation would have taken place among the clergy if Donald had turned out a man of his word—they would no doubt have dreaded that, "Othello's occupation being gone," they must expect to be placed on the peace establishment.

Highland Economy.

IN the thinly-populated parts of the Highlands his Majesty's face, as taken by the Master of the Mint, whether in silver or copper (gold

* I have killed the devil!

is seldom seen), is in great request. The possessor of a few of those miniatures of Majesty will think nothing of performing a journey of a hundred miles to effect the most paltry saving. The line of conveyance is usually not the most direct, but circuitous, and resembles tacking at sea; the stages are from the house of one friend or relation to another; and thus they are often franked to the journey's end.

A couple of industrious men, father and son, made "a business of it," as they phrase it, in a small town on the West Coast; at any rate, they made it their business to become possessed of a portion of the treasures of the Mint. The mother, old and infirm, being seized with water in the chest, her life was despaired of by the medical attendant; and the prospect of a funeral in the family put Malcolm and his son to their arithmetic; and how to lessen the expenses of interment was the subject of serious consultation. "You see," said the father, "Danie, my son, it's an awfu' money that they'll take here for coffin-mounting, and they'll always put more in the charge for that than five times the price in Glasgow; so you will just go away there to-morrow; and stay wi' your second cousin, Alister M'Phedron, the morn's nicht, and cross the ferry in the morning—the ferryman is acquaintance wi' Alister, and he'll no charge for the boat, you see, and you'll be in the town itsel' next nicht."

The obedient son accordingly set off for Glasgow in the morning, and followed the directions given by his father. In buying the gilded insignia of woe he speculated a little on his own account, and showed that, like an observing son, he had profited by paternal example. "You have purchased two sets of mounting," said his friend with whom he lodged; "you have not also heard of your father's death?" "Och, no; not yet, though he has more age than my mother; you see I'll bocht two sets here cheaper nor one set at Duachdrinnan." "But what can you do with two sets?—you'll be going to lay it past for your own use?" "Pugh no, man, I'm but a young lad; it's no my time yet; but some other body will make use of it—since you will have it, the old boy himself will no maybe be long after my mother."

Female Astronomers.

DURING the annular eclipse of 1836 two old female worthies were heard discussing the merits of the two luminaries who were the principal performers on that occasion. Kirsty (who had all along been loud in praise of the moon), at the time of the greatest phase, was in raptures at the thought of her favourite beating the sun; but her neighbour, Janet, not being so sure of the advantage, asked her, "What way in a' the world hae ye cast out wi' the sun? My certie! I'm sure you're gay an' muckle obliged to it, and it ill becomes you, or any ither body, to say ought against sic an auld and faithfu' frien'." "Oh, dear me, Janet, you're awfu' ignorant; o' what use has the sun

been to either you or me? the moon g'ies us light in thae dark Saturday eens, but the sun never shines but when it's daylight."

The Laird of Dribbledriech and the Blue Monkey.

THE Laird of Dribbledriech affords a pretty fair specimen of a certain class of landed proprietors in the West of Scotland; though not over-refined in his manners, yet his goodness of heart and the respectability of his connexions ensure him a pretty general reception in what is considered genteel society. It is common for those who wish to excuse or extenuate the peccadilloes of their favourites, to say that "every man has his fault." Though our Laird moves in a circle of as indulgent, good-natured friends as any of the poor erring sons of Adam need be blessed with, yet they are frequently compelled to admit, that in his case the remark will not literally hold good, as he is well known to carry at least two faults or blots on his moral escutcheon, and these are of such a nature that it is much to be feared the "recording angel," even were he inclined, would require to hold the "onion to her eye," before she could muster sufficient moisture to obliterate the record. The faults referred to may be briefly described. The one is a leech-like propensity towards the bottle, to which he will stick with the most persevering assiduity from the drawing of the cloth till the crowing of the cock, when our Laird is generally found in that state which, in the language of the excise, is termed "full to the bung;" being then heavy, as may naturally be supposed, he relaxes his efforts, and, like the little blood-sucker alluded to, when similarly saturated, quits his hold, and rolls over. The other fault is an inveterate habit, while in the company of ladies, of giving utterance to innuendoes, and other little freedoms of speech happily now banished from society, more calculated to raise the blush than the smile on the faces of those of the fair sex who may chance to be within earshot. On one occasion, being invited to dine with the Laird of Lownhowf, Dribbledriech thought proper to indulge his predilections to the utmost, and was ultimately successful in driving the ladies from the room. The carousal continued till the "witching time o' night," when Lownhowf,

"A fine, fat, fodgeg wight,"

assisted him to zig-zag his way through the mazes of the old-fashioned fabric to his bedroom, where, left to himself, he managed to uncase, and having clapped his red worsted extinguisher on his head, he "dowsed the glim," and proceeded to bed.

It is said there is much between the "cup and the lip;" it may also be said, there is much between the pillow and the snooze. This night, one of those bottle-imps, vulgarly called blue devils, took it into his head to pay his FIRST visit to his Lairdship. Far amid the darkness (for the moonlight had been carefully excluded) appeared a flickering blue light, which, to the terrified imagination of the Laird, gradually arranged itself into the form of a monkey, so small at first that it might with ease have danced the "tippler's reel" inside the

tumbler that had lately been drained. Increasing in size as it advanced, the straining eyes of the poor Laird beheld with horror the frightful blue monster, now as large as a baboon, perch upon the foot of his bed, where it commenced skipping from side to side with as much quickness and regularity of motion, as if impelled from behind by the practised hand of a Paisley shuttle-driver. After performing its gambols for some time, it ceased, and the features, ugly enough before, began slowly to exhibit, a la kaleidoscope, all the horrible variety of the family gallery of pandemonium. The distracted Laird now bolted up on his centre joint, like a Dutch toy, and found himself nez a nez to the horrible apparition, which laying his ugly mug to his ear, breathed into it the following appalling intimation: "Your double entendres, your innuendos, and your female-offending indelicacies, are all put down against you in my uncle's night-book and your sentence is this:—your amiable and too indulgent rib is to be taken from your side—you are also to be driven from the society of ladies, and in future to have no company o' nights but uncle and I, till you make sufficient atonement for your past offences." The poor culprit instantly fell back like a log to his former position, and the blue fiend again amused himself with a few shuttle skips across the bed, and emitting a hissing sound, disappeared like a streamer amid the darkness of the room.

The bewildered Laird being now left to himself, recovered his recollection so far as to stretch forth his hands on all sides to feel for his help-mate. Finding her place vacant, he jumped out of bed in great terror, and groped about the room for the fair absentee. After a fruitless search, and a few rude repulses from bed-posts, chairs, and other articles of furniture, in a fit of consternation and despair, he commenced drumming with hands and feet against a nailed-up door which had formerly been an entry to an adjoining bedroom, and bawled out the name of the lost one, in a strain equally plaintive, though rather more audible than the wailing of the turtle. The noise alarmed one of the ladies of the "place," who happened to occupy the room in question, and who, thinking the disturbance was occasioned by housebreakers, hastily rose and threw open the shutters, when our forlorn "Celebs in search of a wife," seeing the light through a chink, he applied his ogler to the aperture, and under the influence of an already overheated imagination, beheld with dismay, the tall, thin, white figure of the lady standing in a flood of moonlight. One peep was enough, the horror-struck Laird sprung in terror to the opposite side of the room, where he came in contact with a real door, and again began to hammer and to howl. The old house of Lownhowf was now one scene of confusion; landlord, guests, men and maids, cook and scullion, were hurrying with lights from one place to another, while along the passages, the ladies in their interesting night-dresses might be seen popping out and popping into their bedrooms, anxious to learn what all the hurly-burly was about.

'Twas the landlord himself that opened the bedroom door of his

panic-struck guest, whom he found in a fearful state of trepidation, the perspiration breaking from every pore of his body—his hair like a heckle—his eyes strained to the size of oyster-shells, and his face distorted almost beyond the power of recognition. “Where am I?” and “Where is Mrs. ——?” roared the terrified disturber of the peace, as soon as the light flashed upon him. “You are,” said his host, with a gravity becoming the occasion, “in the mansion-house of Lownhowf, and this is called the minister’s room.” It was not enough: “Where am I?” and “Where is Mrs. ——?” he continued to exclaim, beating the floor violently with his hoofs. “I have told you where you are,” replied the other rather pettishly; “as you did not bring Mrs. —— here, you can best answer the latter question yourself.” “Oh! I see it all,” cried the troublesome guest, his fears beginning to abate as the well-known faces of his evening associates presented themselves. “G— bless you,” he cried, wringing the hand of his host, “you’ve relieved my mind from a fearful state of anxiety. I know I’ve been much to blame; but make my peace with the ladies, and say, I will sooner bite off my tongue, than say a word again to offend them. Good night, good night, I’ll to bed in peace now.”

J. D. CARRICK.

Beginning at the Wrong End.

AT a little select party of “bien bodies,” there was an ancient couple present, who had made a competency in a small shop in Aberdeen, and retired from business, leaving their only son as successor in the shop, with a stock free from every incumbrance. But John, after a few years, failed in the world, and his misfortunes became the theme of discourse.

Mrs. A.—Dear me, Mrs. K., I wonder how your Johnnie did sae ill in the same shop you did sae weel in?

Mrs. K.—Hoot, woman, it’s nae wonder at a’.

Mrs. A.—Weel, how did it happen?

Mrs. K.—I’ll tell you how it happened. Ye maun ken, when Tam and me began to merchandise, we took parritch night and morning, and kail to our dinner: when things grew better, we took tea to our breakfast. A-weel, woman, they aye mended, and we sometimes coft a lamb-leg, for a Sunday dinner; and before we gae up, we sometimes coft a chuckie, we were doing so weel. Noo, ye maun ken, when Johnnie began to merchandise, he began at the chuckie.

A Good-Natured Client.

A CERTAIN Scotch magistrate, well known for his pleasantry and good humour, stepped into the chambers of a law-agent, to inquire into the progress of a law-plea; he was told defences had been given in; that it was next necessary to lodge replies; and that after that, probably duplies would be ordered. “And after that, I suppose,” rejoined the magistrate, “comes the money-plies, which, nae doubt, ye’ll reckon the best o’ a’ plies.”

Hints to Emigrants.

AN acquaintance of Bailie M'G—— of D—— made a grievous complaint to him one day of the hard times, and the impossibility of scraping together a livelihood in this wretched country. The Bailie's own experience ran directly counter to these dolorous croakings, for his industry had realised a handsome competence; but he knew too much of the world to attempt proving to the complainer that his ill success might be partly his own fault. He contented himself with remarking that it was surely possible for a tradesman to draw together a tolerable business. "Not in this country," his friend repeated. "Weel, then," said the Bailie, "what say ye to emigration? I have heard that some push their way gayan weel at Hobart Town or the Cape." "Yes," replied his desponding townsman, "that might be the case ance in a day, but if there is business there, mae folk are there than can get a share o't." "Weel, it may be true ye say," rejoined the Bailie, whose policy it was never to contradict any man directly, "but ye might gang further—ye might gang up into the interior." "There's naebody there," said the inveterate grumbler, "but kangaroos." The worthy magistrate was something nettled at this pertinacious hopelessness, and concluding that kangaroos were a tribe of native savages among whom a careful pedlar might make indifferent good bargains, he replied hastily, "Weel-a-weel, and isna a kangaroo's siller as guid as anither man's?"

Bauchie Lee.

BEFORE the bridge of Dalserf, in Lanarkshire, was built, about forty years ago, a ferry-boat was kept there by Bauchie Lee, a very eccentric character, possessed of great shrewdness and humour. The Earl of Hyndford (the last of the title) had occasion very frequently to pass the ferry, when he generally gave Bauchie a shilling, although the charge was only one penny. His Lordship cracked many a joke with Bauchie, who, in return, used a good deal of freedom; but the former, on a particular occasion, determined to puzzle the ferryman, and, having got across the river, his Lordship leaped out of the boat, without so much as putting his hand into his pocket. Bauchie, apparently thunderstruck at the occurrence, for a while eyed the Earl, who, before he had gone many paces, was interrupted with the vehement vociferation of "Min', my Lord, gin ye hae lost your purse, it wasna in my boat." The good Earl, laughing heartily, retraced his steps, and rewarded Bauchie with a double gift.

About the same time, when the Rev. Mr. Risk was minister of the parish, it used to be infested with innumerable gangs of beggars. The reverend gentleman, anxious to put a stop to the nuisance, gave strict injunctions to Bauchie not to take any mendicants across the water. This was not at all relished by the boatman—that class being generally his best customers; for, besides paying the ferry, they often held merry doings in his house. Bauchie durst not disobey; but, at

all hazards, he determined on having his revenge ; and it was not long before an opportunity occurred when he might inflict his retributive vengeance. One day the clergyman had occasion to cross for the purpose of dining with some of his parishioners ; he had not been long on the opposite shore when the rain began to fall in torrents. He was accordingly under the necessity of borrowing an old great-coat to save his clothes ; and, in order that his hat might not be damaged, it was laid aside, and the minister's head enshrouded in a napkin. Thus metamorphosed, he regained the side of the river, and in vain bawled lustily for Bauchie's assistance. The cunning boatman well knew the voice ; but, recollecting his minister's injunctions, sat still in the house, chuckling over the exasperated clergyman. At length he came out, and, with voice stentorian, responded, " I tell ye, frien', I canna tak' ony beggars ower in my boat—the minister winna alloo me." After this had been repeated several times, " and after," as Bauchie used to tell the story, " I saw he was weel druckit, an' as hoarse as a crow, I pretended to recognise him. Tut, is't possible, I took ye for ane o' the beggars, minister—wha wad hae thocht o' ane o' your station comin' ower in such a dress !"

A Glasgow Blow-Out.

PERHAPS no class of men derive so much advantage from letters of introduction as the fraternity to which I belong ; and as these advantages may be gleaned more or less in almost every grade of society except the lowest, it ought to be a matter of consideration with all dependents on the PALETTE to have their letters of as miscellaneous a character as possible. For myself, I was particularly attentive as to this matter ; so much so, that I have been dining in Blythswood Square on turtle, turkey poul, and roast venison, with the accompaniment of hock or champagne ; and the same evening, supping in a back land in the Trongate, with a frank, laughter-loving, mottled-faced butcher and his jolly double-chinned helpmate, on minced collops, black puddings, and whisky toddy ; and I will honestly admit that I have found greater benefit in my profession from the vulgar, straightforward, wish-to-be-friendly sort of conduct of the latter, who would often banter his neighbours and their wives into a sitting, than from any fashionable friend at the west end, who would too often consider that by having my feet under his mahogany for an afternoon he had sufficiently honoured the draft which I held on his good offices. It must, however, be acknowledged that a letter of introduction is, in the present age, generally considered to mean little more than a passport to the table of the person to whom it is addressed, at some one of the stated feeding hours of the day, and these hours are chiefly regulated by the circumstances, temper, and profession of the individual. For instance, if any of my readers have such a letter to a clergyman, or a person connected with missionary or temperance societies, I would advise him not to expect anything more than an invitation to breakfast ; and really an invitation of this kind, particularly if it should be

given in winter, must appear to every reflecting mind rather as an infliction than an act of courtesy; but as such an act the unfortunate letter-carrier is bound to receive it. If the letter happens to be addressed to a manufacturer, a merchant, a lawyer, or a substantial housekeeping bachelor, the hope of an invite to "pot luck" may be very rationally entertained. If to a family-man, with more than one daughter, a card to tea is sure to be the result, when the bearer will find (provided he happens to be a single man) a whole circle of elegant, fascinating creatures, with their intelligent mammas, awaiting his arrival.

It was to a party of this kind that I made my first bow in Glasgow, and though I could not consider those present entitled to rank first in the list of fashionables, yet the affair, so far as unceasing loquacity among the ladies was concerned, went off with considerable eclat. The eldest daughter of our host presided at the tea-table—that is to say, she poured out the fragrant beverage, and kept a sharp look-out on the ladies and gentlemen to whom the various cups were appropriated. This is reckoned a most important duty, which no young lady with any pretensions to good breeding will ever neglect.

The formalities being gone through, and the kind, considerate mistress of the ceremonies having, in the usual set phrases of tea-table politeness, pressed the ladies and gentlemen to take out their spoons "for another cup, half-cup, or quarter," "the tea things" were removed, and the buzz of suppressed conversation gradually spread round the room, and waxed louder and louder as the parties engaged found themselves getting more at their ease with each other. The old lady proposed that the two daughters of our host should favour the company with a duet. I was rather surprised at the request, as one of the girls had a burr and the other a snivel, and how these would harmonise I was at a loss to know. I was, however, told that the ladies were "terrible fine singers," and a number of the gentlemen, who appeared to be no strangers to the vocal powers of the fair ones, exerted their eloquence in urging them to commence. To these importunities papa and mamma added their parental injunctions; "a slight cold," "hoarseness," "headache," "inability," were all severally pleaded, according to the usual form; but, not being sustained by the company, after a good deal of ill-affected reluctance, the same old lady, who had been instrumental in bringing forward the talents of the ladies to the notice and applause of the company, now proposed that "our Geordie," as she called a tall, awkward-looking figure, who sat with his hands a-la-muff in the recesses of his trowsers, should amuse the company with a piece of recitation. "Our Geordie," after a few excuses, lurched forward towards a vacant space in the room, and, spreading forth a pair of hands like a brace of fire-shovels, commenced to give "Mary the Maid of the Inn."

The toddy-bowl was at length introduced, and our hospitable landlord assumed the wooden sceptre; the glasses circulated with effective

rapidity, while toast, song, and recitation came spontaneously forth from the different quarters of the room. In the intervals between the display of melody and eloquence the gossip of the ladies became amusingly loud, while the disjointed snatches of their conversation, as they fell upon the ear, produced an effect sufficiently absurd; it is scarcely possible to give even a faint idea of the confused tittle-tattle in which the terms "marriage," "silk gown," "nice man," "pink saucers," "new boa," "fine girl," "coral and bells," "splendid coffin," "dress cap," "Prussian bracelets," "pious woman," "box ticket," "muff and tippet," "steam-boat," "venison," "haberdashery," "Dr. Chalmers," "tooth powder," "baby linen," "strawberry jam," "handsome sideboard," and a thousand others, fell in ridiculous disorder on the ear. Tired with listening to the noisy fragments of a conversation which I could not understand, I drew towards a little coterie of intelligent matrons, who seemed to have formed a conversational party in a recess where the annoyance was not so great; here I had the gossip of the evening more in detail, which was proceeding thus as I came within ear-shot—"O, mem! speaking about butter, did ye hear what happened to me in the butter-market the ither day?" "No, mem, dear me, what happened?" "I'll tell ye that, mem—it was just the other night I was thinking to mysel, and, thinks I to mysel, in these hard times if I could get a bargain o' some butter, although it was a wee auld-tasted, or mottie, it might do weel enough for servants, as they might pick the motes out o't at night when they werena thrang; so I gaes awa' to the bazaar next day, and I asked a woman if she had ony dirty butter for servants, and she answered in a gay thieveless-like way; and I goes awa to twa or three, asking if they had ony dirty butter for servants, and I was never dreaming o' onything wrang, but when I looks roun' there's a great band o' idle-like hizzies, wi' their baskets, and they a' began to abuse me; and I says to them, quo' I, ye idle-like women, quo' I, is that the way to speak to ane that might be your mistress; so I turns and comes awa, and the hale tot followed me down the Candleriggs, crying, 'dirty butter, dirty butter,' after me. I declare I never was sae muckle afronted in the hail course o' my life." "Ah! Mrs. Petticraw, nae wonder ye was afronted—servants hae gane aff at the nail a' thegither now: I'll tell ye how I was served the ither day. Our gudeman's gay and fond o' a sheep's head, ye see, mem, and I took ane o' the lasses wi' me to the market to buy a sheep's head, and twa three odds and ends that I wanted, and when I came back there's some ladies waiting for me in the parlour, and I gaes awa ben to gi'e the ladies a dram—ladies look for something o' that kind when they come into a house, ye see, mem—weel, when the ladies gaed awa I gaed ben to the kitchen, to see how the lass was comin' on wi' the head—weel, what do you think she's doin', mem?—she has a skewer in her hand, and she's picking the een out o' the sheep's head—dear me, quo' I, lassie, quo' I, are ye picking the een out o' the beast's head? 'O,' quo' she, 'mistress, I didna ken

they were for eating.' 'Didna ken they were for eating!' quo' I, 'the very best bit in a' the beast!' Now, Mrs. Petticraw, could ony livin' flesh endure the like o' that?" Mrs. Petticraw was about to reply when silence was called from the chair, and it was announced that Mr. Momus M'Phun was going to favour the company with his "Granny." Mr. Momus was the wag of the company; for be it known unto thee, gentle reader, that no "real convivial" party is considered complete in Glasgow unless there is a "wag," "an original," or a "droll fish" in attendance. Mr. Momus M'Phun commenced his exhibition by dressing his hand with the assistance of his handkerchief and a burned cork, so as to appear as the face of a little old woman, and the resemblance, it must be confessed, was ludicrously like; he then proceeded to hold a colloquy with it. Mimicking, with considerable effect, the toothless garrulity of age, his imitation called forth quite a tempest of applause; and when the uproarious mirth which he excited had a little subsided, the glasses were filled, and the host, after ringing a peal on the edge of the bowl, called upon the company to drink a bumper to Mr. Momus M'Phun and his Granny.

The door now opened, and a servant entered, bearing a tray loaded with sandwiches, cold fowl, tongue, cheese, cake, and other little items of confectionery. With these she proceeded slowly round the room, which was now crowded to excess; and a little way behind her came Mr. Momus M'Phun, in his character of wag, or clown of the evening, carrying a mustard-pot and spoon, with which he played off some excellent practical jokes, that told with great effect on the younger portion of the ladies. Behind him came "our Geordie," bearing a large goblet of porter.

The repast being over, the bowl was resumed, and the amusements of the evening proceeded, till one of the elderly matrons observed it was "time the ladies should get on their things." The fair ones instantly took flight, and the gentlemen gathered round the bowl, and drank the health of the absentees with praiseworthy enthusiasm. After a reasonable absence, the ladies, at the urgent entreaties of our hostess, returned, and all the company, having formed a circle round the bowl, joined in singing "Auld langsyne." "Deuch an dorus" was then handed round, after which, the ladies being committed to the charge of the different gentlemen, we were lighted down stairs. On reaching the street a general shaking of hands took place; on exchanging this civility with Mrs. Petticraw, I received a very kind invitation to a party which she intended giving the ensuing week.

J. D. CARRICK.

JOTTINGS FROM THE JOURNAL OF A PAISLEY MANUFACTURER DURING HIS FIRST VISIT TO LONDON, AND PASSAGE THITHER.

The Clippers.

WE cam' to a remarkable beacon called the Shears, which is placed on a bank near the entrance o' the river Thames, where an awfu'

calamity had at one period taken place. It seems a Scotch vessel, loadened with three hundred tailors, going to London, either for work or to see the fashions, struck upon this bank on a dark wintry night, and every soul o' them perished. The mate, who told me the story, said it was so far fortunate they were tailors, as it reduced to one-ninth part the number of men's lives lost on the occasion; but I thocht the joke was ill-timed. Howsomever, to warn ither vessels o' the danger, a most gigantic pair of Shears are set up (from which the town of Sheerness, close by, has its name), in commemoration of the event, and of the loss that the tailor craft sustained on this melancholy occasion. Indeed, it is a wonder it did not produce a strike amang the knights o' the lawbrod, seeing it must have thinned their ranks considerably.

The Thames and the kinds o' Crafts thereon.

It is clean ayont the power o' man to describe the river Thames. I might, aiblins, gi'e a sma' inkling o' its uncos, its turnings and windings, the number o' the ships, brigs, barques, hoys, smacks, and ither craft, that were sailing up and down here and there and everywhere; but the fact is, no idea can be formed of the grandeur of the whole without being bodily present in the flesh. Besides this, I was so often dunfooned with the vessel taking frae side to side, in consequence of an adverse wind, that my head was frequently turned; and which had the effect of jumbling my seven senses on more occasions than one. The captain also keepit up a vile rackit for twa or three hours, crying and shouting to the sailors; indeed, I thocht at one time he wad hae lippen out o' his little jacket when a coal vessel gied us a dungel in passing. The marvellous variety on baith sides o' the river, such as windmills, towns, villages, fortifications, and what not, to which falls to be added the outpouring and inpouring o' the wealth o' nations on the river itself, and all on so grand a scale—I say, taking the tottle of the whole, it will not be surprising if I should adopt the language of the worthy Dr. Kittletext, who, when he wishes to get quat o' a knotty point in his sermon, says, “the time would fail me to illustrate the third division o' the second head;” so that, in imitation of my respected pastor, we will just mak a skip frae Gravesend to Wapping without alluding to Woolwich or Greenwich, saving and excepting that between the twa places I saw four men hanging in chains, the whilk I wish I never had seen, inasmuch as they spoiled my rest for mony a night afterwards by appearing verily and bodily present whenever I attempted to steek my een.

We at length arrived at the wharf. It being a Saturday night there was an unco bustle and hurry-scurry to get ashore wi' the feck o' the folks. I had before this soonded the steward if I micht sleep on my auld bunker, seeing I was an entire stranger to the metropolis, to which he readily consented. Having thus got to the end of our journey, and a quiet sough established in the vessel, we thocht we were entitled to weet our wizzens, and drink the Saturday night's toast,

conform to use and wont. In this conveyial labour we were ere long joined by the captain, who had also got his bit brattle over, and who, I must say, had acted his pairt like a man during the whole o' the voyage. We had a great spate o' clatter as weel as a spate o' drink, till at length we were a' getting reezy, when the steward hinted that it was time for us to be trintling aff to our bunkers, which advice was adopted by one and all of us.

The Kirks in the South and their Imagery—and How the Sundays are observed there.

THE next morning, being Sunday, my companion during the voyage, the Hosier, proposed that we should tak a quiet dauner up the town, and gang to some kirk, and aiblins we might see some ferlies amang hands. So, after breakfast, we started, speering all the way for St. Paul's. Having got there, we ventured in, and listened for a while to the organ; but my neebour was mair fond of attending to the images set up round the walls than to the service o' the Church o' England. Such unchristian sights as these marble idols in a church I looked upon as most unseemly, and considered the whole to smell strongly of rank heathenish Popery; but here, it appeared, I was out at the elbows in my notions, for my fleecy hosiery frien' proved to me, by the inscriptions belonging to ilk ane o' them, that there was neither a saint nor a Virgin Mary amang the hale tot before us; but, on the contrair, they were all great warriors who had fallen in battle, with the exception of a philosopher here and there, such as Dr. Johnson, who had spoken ill o' the Hielans, and the rest o' our calf kintra, in former times. Having made up our minds to visit St. Paul's on a week-day, we thocht we would tak a daiker the length o' St. James's, thinking that perhaps we might see some of the Royal Family gaun to the kirk in the afternoon like ither humble Christians. Accordingly, me and the Hosier took the road; but sic a wearifu' tramp I never had a' my days. Some folks did not understand what we said to them; and in many instances we understood them as ill; besides, I am of opinion that some ill-deedy bodies set us aff the road now and then, just for a ploy to themsels. At lang and length we got to the palace; but, dear o' me, there was naething to be seen there but a great muckle brick house, and twa or three sodgers walking sentry in front of it. All being so still and quiet, I inquired in a hamely and condescendin way at ane o' the sodgers if there was ony thing wrang, and if the King and his family were at hame; and, above all things, gif ony o' them were expeckit out here ere lang? The ill-bred ne'er-do-weel gied a nicher o' a laugh, and telt us "we had better be inquiring our way for the Scotchman's mark as quick as we could," without ever deigning to gi'e us ony information touching the King or his bairns. I had no correck notion o' the sodger's meaning at the time; but I learned afterwards that St. Paul's is understood in London to be the Scotchman's mark on all occasions. By this time o' the day we had become rather yawp, and

were much in want o' something to refresh the inner man; but an eating-house was a commodity not to be found all hereabouts. It came into my mind that, as the big gentry would for the maist pairt tak' their pick at hame, it stood to reason that there would be little trade for eating-shops in that neighbourhood; we accordingly ventured into some of the back streets, and soon got ourselves housed. Instead, however, of getting a private room, we were shown into a place where every one saw what his neebour was eating, and heard what he was saying. At this we were no little commoved, knowing that all and sundry would scent us out to be Scotchmen. The Hosier, therefore, to try his hand, made one attempt to speak fine English in ordering our bit feed; but in consequence of lugging in some Embro words, the fack is, he spoiled the effect of the whole.

On the strength of our melteith, and also having comforted our stamacks wi' a tass o' brandy, we sallied furth to see Hyde-Park, and a' the grandeur and splendour connekit therewith. It is out o' the power o' mortal man to gi'e ony idea o' the numbers that were riding in coaches and on horseback, besides the thousan's that were dauner-ing about on their feet. Indeed, I did not think there were so many great folks in the hale warld as what we saw on that occasion. The leddies lookit like princesses o' the blood royal, and the feck o' the gentlemen like dukes, at the verra least. There were also some puir empty taid's o' bodies whisking aboot in rickety gigs, and lots o' ribband measurers on scranky hacks, a' setting themsels desperately forrit to attract attention; but, with all my inexperience o' such gatherings, I could easily see that the gentleman was the gentleman all the world over. Having seen so much, and being by this time a wee thing tired, as weel as being nearly chokit with the cluds o' stour that were kickit up noos and tans, I thocht it behoved us to set our neb hamewards. Accordingly, we turned our backs on this vanity-fair, and took the sodger's advice by speiring for St. Paul's.

Anent these Outcasts, as yet the Jews.

BESIDES the aff-fa'ings o' a' nations that congregate here, I found that several tribes o' the children o' Israel have made London their abiding-place, and, wi' their pickles o' warldly wisdom, are making siller like slate-stanes. I learned, however, that they will not lawbour wi' their twa hands at ony trade or handycraft occupation, but, for the maist pairt, are in the mercantile way. They do extensively in the old clothes trade, which, I believe, is their staple branch. They are also the principal venders of oranges, apples, penknives, pencils, and other siclike small wares. There ought, however, to be an Act of Parliament to have their beards shaven, and their noses less hooked. I was put into an unco carfuffle one morning, in turning the corner o' a lonely street, when I came bump against one of those hooked-nosed Hebrews, with black beard, and bushy eye-brows, sufficient to frighten ony man out o' his propriety. As we hear much about bringing in the Jews, I hope this will be borne in

mind among other items, before they are allowed to settle fairly down in the length and breadth o' the land.

A Washing Day—whilk ended in ravelling the Hosier's Hesp.

I WENT one day to the Royal Exchange, and there I saw people o' a' nations and tongues, on the face o' the whole earth. What noise, and what confusion! Indeed, had I not known better, I might have taken it for granted, that they were about to lay the foundation-stone of a new Tower of Babel. I there foregathered with my old friend the Hosier, who told me he was going next day to the Tower, at twelve o'clock, to see the lions washed, as at that hour they were regularly brought out for the purpose. I agreed to join him. The next day, soon after eleven o'clock, we marched off to the great Tower of London. When we arrived at the gate, we inquired at a sodger when the lions would be brought out to be washed? he desired us to ask at the next sentry to him; we did so, and he sent us to a third; till at last we saw all the rascals laughing at us. I then began to jalouse that some wag had been rowing the Hosier's tail, by sending him on a thieveless errand; and forthwith made up to an old grey-headed man, and speirt at him anent the lions, who soon let the cat out o' the pock. Howsomever, as we were in the Tower any way, we made up our minds to see all that was to be seen; and as my friend in the woollen trade had improved mightily in his English since he landed, I allowed him to be the chief speaker. Accordingly we got one of the beef-eaters to be our guide, and a braw buirdly beef-eating looking man he was, and seemed to regard us as though he felt baith honoured and happy in our company; but I maun say, he was maist taen up wi' the Hosier, whose high English seemed to impress him with the belief, that it was nae common folk he had ado wi'. Indeed, my frien' had made such progress in getting quat o' his former way o' speaking, that he not only gave the English tongue a higher tone than the English themselves were able to do, but he had Englified the Scotch in such a way, that sometimes I could neither make buff nor sty o' what he was saying, so I left him and the beef-eater to share the crack atween them; and, my certie! if our fat guide didna blaw in his lug about his fine style o' language, though I couldna help laughing in my sleeve, when he took him for a Dublin gentleman, then for an American, and last o' a', for a gentleman from Oxford or Cambridge! od! thinks I, the Hosier's a clever chiel, and thae Cockneys are a set o' thick-headed gouks; but this was ower fast o' me, for the beef-eater had mair smeddom about him than he let on, and kent mair about us than we had ony inkling o'; for on shaking hands wi' him at the Tower yett, he says to me, wi' a kind, auld farrant-like smirk on his face, "Guid day wi' ye, and seestu, tak' care o' theesel' in this muckle waff toun o' ours; and I wish ye weel hame to the Causeyside again;" and, turning to the Hosier, who was thrang pulling up his white neckcloth ower his chin, and looking wonnerfu'

prejince and smiling at the beef-eater's parting salute to me; but I trow his triumph was a short ane, for the keeper o' the lions laying his heavy fat hand on the Hosier's shouter, observed, "By-the-by, I forgot to speir hoo's a' the folk about Kilmalcolm? I'se warrant they'll be a' hinging thegither about the Cranachburn like a when wat peats." On hearing this, the Hosier opened a mouth at the beef-eater as wide as one of his ain stockings; and I trow he wasna lang in finding himsel' on the ither side o' the drawbrig. Seeing my frien' was a wee dumfounded, I stopped to thank the beef-eater wi' half-a-crown for his trouble, and said I would be glad to show him our Paisley lions, when he came to the Causeyside, although, like his own, it shouldna be washing-day wi' them when he came; wi' that he gave a bit hamely laugh, and I did the same, and set out after my frien', but I found the poor Hosier unco doun in the mouth, and had very little to say for a guid while; at last, quo' he, in a sort o' dry way, "I'm certainly obliged to you for telling the man I come from Kilmalcolm." "Me tell him! I didna ken mysel' you came aff that airt; you said you were from Edinburgh." "Some officious body must have told, else he would never have taken me for a Scotchman—but I'll take care after this who I go to see public places with." My corruption, as weel it might, began to rise at the impudence and vanity of the body. "Mr. what-do-they-ca'-ye?" says I, "if you've gotten a dirl ower the fingers frae the beef-eater, wyte yoursel' for't, but dinna wyte me." From which I inferred and drew my moral—"there are just three things he could hae taen you for, a Scotchman, a fule, or a bubbly-jock—that he took you for the first, is a higher compliment than either your conduct or breeding deserves; and as for knowing those you go to see public places with, you are quite right, and that your mind may be at rest on the present occasion, I may tell you, that you have had the company of a man who is neither ashamed of his country, nor has his country any reason to be ashamed of him; but if that's not the society you wish," said I, wi' my brows maybe a thocht farther doun than I intended, "you'd better lose no time in fitting yoursel' wi' society more to your mind." He stood still for a moment, looking very snuffy-like; at last, says he, "Guid day to ye." "Guid day to yoursel', frien'," quo' I; so he took the one side o' the Minories, and I took the other, but from that day to this, I have never seen my Kilmalcolm Englishman. As I daunert awa' into the city, wi' my hands abint my back, I could not help making the reflection in my ain mind, that when a man tries to pass himself off for what he is not, he seldom in the end finds the exchange to his advantage; for though the folks, for guid manners' sake, dinna tell him to his face that he's a fule, they are sure to think him ane.

Two Halves make a Whole.

THE late Dr. Muir, surgeon in Paisley, in one of his visiting rounds, called upon a lady, well known for her parsimony. The lady, previous to the Doctor taking leave, presented two very small glasses on a sal-

ver, each about one third filled with wine, saying, as she handed the salver to him, "port or white, Doctor!" Upon which the Doctor, lifting one of the glasses, poured its contents into the other, and drank the whole off, saying with great gravity, as he smacked his lips, and returned the empty glasses, "I generally take both!"

Payment in Kind.

"I SHALL endeavour to provoke Hawkie into retort," said a gentleman who was well known to this "fact-manufacturer," to a friend, and passing the wit with head turned away to avoid recognition, remarked in a voice sufficiently audible, "He's a perfect blackguard and impostor, that Hawkie, he should be sent to Bridewell!" "A hey, man!" retorted Hawkie, "you're the only neighbour-like person I hae seen the day."

Facts and Fiction.

HAWKIE having been put on his guard as to some statements he was making, which he did in a more hesitating manner than usual with this improviser in facts, the person to whom he was addressing himself, knew that the unities of persons, places, and circumstances could not have happened, and therefore challenged the truth of the statement, mentioning, moreover, that the orator hesitated too much for the relation to be true. "Oh, man," said the latter, "is that a' ye ken?—if it had been lees, I would hae been at nae loss."

Highland Banishment.

DANIEL SINCLAIR was a fish-curer in Oban; and to this branch of honest industry Daniel added another of more questionable character—illicit distillation. Daniel had long been suspected, but had always contrived to elude the utmost vigilance of the excise. He was, however, despite of all his precautions, caught at last, and a great quantity of aqua put under the ban of the broad arrow. Daniel, though much chagrined at the loss of his whisky, put up with it as quietly as possible, never dreaming of ulterior measures. The seizure was, however, immediately followed up by an Exchequer summons, claiming a smart penalty for the offence. The summons was served on Sinclair, by Feedle M'Dhu, a little pompous, officious, red-haired Celt, accompanied by two "persons," as witnesses "to prove," as Feedle said, "personal citation."

Daniel was engaged in shovelling some salt that he had just laid in, into a heap at the end of his barn, and did not observe the entrance of M'Dhu, until he was tapped on the shoulder by a baton, and asked by M'Dhu "If his name was Daniel Sinclair, fish-curer in this place?" "Yes it is," said Daniel, putting his right foot on the rest of his spade, leaning with his arm on the handle. "Well, I serve upon you the summons, in the presence of these two gentlemen." "Well, what's for all this? You'll knew my name very well before, Feedle; and I don't want to be made acquaintance with all the people you'll

procht here—shuss go away home, and teuk your certificates of character with you, I don't want your paper." "But this," replied the server of summonses, "is no certificate of character; but a summons for a breach of the Excise-laws, and which must be delivered to you in the presence of witnesses." "And did I'll not lost all my whisky already for that? and what more would you have?" "It is all stated in the summons, which you can read at your leisure." "Is your paper printed in the language of your red-coat English?" "It is in good English, very easy to be understood," and he made as if to go away. Daniel peremptorily ordered Feedle to stop, and to read his paper himself, for he did not know a word of his English. "And maybe," said he, "you would say, M'Dhu, some other day, my lad, that there was more in the paper than what you gied to me."

The messenger read the preamble, Whereas, &c., George Fourth, greeting, &c., Daniel Sinclair has been detected, &c., and incurred penalty of forty pounds, &c. Daniel drew a long breath, and spoke in a tone of utter astonishment—"Tak' all my whisky, and greet at me for forty pounds, moreover! what an impudence! I'll thocht that I should greet at him!—there's the forty pounds, and don't trouble me no more."

The Exciseman, of course, refused the proffered amount of libelled damages, and told Daniel that he must appear before the court, as summons ordered. Daniel appeared before the justices, who inflicted a heavy fine for the offence.

"Well," said Daniel to himself, "I'll did it yet—yes, and more;"—and he was as good as his word, for he engaged more extensively than ever in illicit traffic. "Yes," his own authority, "I'll did more smuggle in one week, than I'll did in a month before he'll greeted at me!"

A second seizure took place, and a second Exchequer summons was served on him by the same messenger.

"Well, Feedle, are you here again with your papers, and your Greeting Sheorge the Fourths, and all that? you smukit gauger's colley that you are." "It's only eighty pounds this time, Daniel; and for the next breach of our good law, you'll be panish beyont all the sea for your life, or for fourteen year of kalendar months."

"I hae eighty pounds yet for all your poaking—you hungry leeches, that you are. There is your money to you again, and not plague me with your Shustices—what's use when I'll paid all you'll socht, eh! and stood where you are in a moment, or I'll knock your head through your shouther before you'll thocht where you was. Now, M'Dhu, heard what I'll say? Will you told the king, Sheordy Fourths? (I wonder there ever was a Sheordy First!) from me?" "Yes," said Feedle, "I'll told him all;" for he feared Daniel would inflict what he threatened. "Well, told him from me, that Daniel Sinclair, fish-curer in Oban, says that he's a poor yowling singit bubbly whalp—greeting at me for money this twa year; an' if it had been our own Sharlie, he would be hack by the elbow and knee first!"

"No more will I yet pe giving over my smuggle!" said Daniel. "no, but shust maybe look better before and behind me!"

The fish-curer could not cure himself of the irresistible propensity to take liberties with the excise laws; got deeply engaged a third time in contraband traffic, and for all his cunning, the lynx-eyed governors of spiggots, detected him, and served for a third time, the hateful exchequer document.

The senior presiding Justice in the court to which Sinclair was cited to appear, happened to be Daniel's own landlord, who knew that the habit and repute smuggler had a large family to provide for, and that if a third conviction followed, a serious punishment would be awarded to him, which would necessarily deprive his family of his services.

The moment Daniel was brought to the bar, his Laird got into a most tremendous passion, and burst out in a perfect hurricane of abuse, ordering him out of court in a moment. Daniel, perfectly unprepared for such a reception from "his good Laird," begged to be heard. "My Lord Shudge, you'll knew me, and I'll spoke." "Away, sir, away, sir, or I'll hang you up where you are!" The other junior justices, perfectly panic-struck at the violent, and, as they thought, too severe manner in which he had treated the culprit, offered no remarks, but allowed the prisoner to go away. Some time afterwards, Sinclair met his landlord, and expressed himself, "How, or what's for his Honor made an abuse of him in the court, and I always pay him his rent, and never did him no harm?" "Go home, sir, go home, better banish the court nor the country, you fool."

A Scotch Nickname.

IN the Justice of Peace Court, Paisley, Davie Drawloom, an honest weaver, was summoned to appear, to answer for a debt which he was sure had been paid, but for which he had omitted to take a receipt. The pursuer was well known in the neighbourhood to be a "loopy customer," and he used so many specious arguments against poor Davie, before "their honours," that Davie lost all patience, and cried out, in the bitterness of his wrath, "Haud thy tongue, noo, Tam, haud thy tongue, else I'll gi'e thee a name that nae ither body in Paisley will gi'e thee, seestu." "What dare you call me, you worthless creature; I defy you to call me any thing that's bad." "Haud thy tongue, noo, or I'se let it oot. I'll gi'e thee a name that nae ither that kens thee will gi'e thee." "What name dare you give me, sir?" "Honest man—but I'm no obleeg'd to gar the folk believe it."

Better to Haud than to Draw.

THE late Jamie Fleming, the laird of Udney's fool, was one day applied to by a company of gangrel bodies to help them to a night's quarters, when he was at Slains Castle. Jamie, who was always ready to help a friend in need, went to the barn, and was carrying a great quantity of straw to make the beggars warm, when he met the

Earl of Errol, who asked him thus—"Well, James, what are you going to do with all the straw?" "To dight my sheen, my lord." "But you will not require all that." "Better leave than want, my lord," was his reply, and he walked on.

A Highland Caution.

DUGALD M'TAVISH, who brings cattle from the north to the Edinburgh market, was crossing by steam at the Burntisland ferry, and, being a very "gueded scholar," was spelling away at the board, "whilk, like the auld stave in the song of Peter M'Graw, tells a' wha read it," that "Any person going abaft this will be charged cabin fare."—In the course of the passage a gentleman from the cabin end was walking forward to view the machinery, and just when crossing, where Dugald was standing beside the board, found himself suddenly seized by the coat-tail, and, looking round, Dugald exclaimed, with a countenance expressing great consternation, "Noo, my goot lat, teuk care where you'll go, or you'll be brought in for the steerage fare."

Those Who Find Keep.

THIS appropriation clause of the schoolboy was pled by Rab Hamilton when a gentleman by mistake had given him a shilling instead of a halfpenny. On discovering his mistake, he asked restoration in the ordinary way when such mistakes are committed. "Hech, man, Rab, but I hae gi'en you a bad shilling; just return it to me, and I'll give you another." "Ou no," replied the wise Rab, "I'll try to get it awa' mysel'; it wouldna suit you to be putting awa' ill siller."

Popping the Question.

"I'm gaun to be married, Peggy," said a bashful youth to a lady with whom he had taken long walks "for a towmond guid," but a falter at the fountain-head of feeling always stopped him short when the important question should have been put. "I am gaun to be married, Peggy," said he a second time. "Ay, are you, and to whom, if I may dare to ask?" "To yoursel', and nae ither." "Are you? I wish I had kenn'd sooner!"

A Grave Concern.

PARTIES doing business as silk mercers in the capital some time ago, in the locality of St. Paul's Churchyard, took to themselves the gloomy firm of Mains's Greengrave Churchyard, Coffin, and Ghost.

Sir Walter Scott and the King of Saxony.

WHEN the present Sir Walter Scott was abroad he was introduced to the King of Saxony, who, after silently gazing on the major, who is very tall, broke silence thus—"Well, Major Scott, of all your father's works which I have seen, you are the largest—quite a folio."

Beasts of Burden.

THE late Mr. Bell, minister of one of the dissenting churches in Glasgow, was a man of vigorous intellect, very peculiar in the style of his expressions, and fearless in his exposures of vice, or the semblance of sanctity; nor could any excel him in taking the wind out of the sails of clerical foplings. Instead of eulogising indiscriminately the sermons of those who might occasionally occupy his pulpit, he would mount the rostrum after the service was concluded, and point out what he considered defects, expose errors, and give additional emphasis to passages that met with his approbation.

Mr. Bell was one day lecturing his audience on improper indulgences in their social entertainments. He remarked—"Nay, my friends, to such a height has it become in our time, indulgence in inebriating liquors, that it is a common boast with many, how much liquor they can carry without affecting their reason; this is a boast, my friends, that might come well from the mouth of a brewer's horse."

A Passing Remark.

MR. BELL took for lecture one forenoon a passage from one of the evangelists on the birth of our Saviour. Quoting with emphasis the words, "Because there was no room in the inn," he said—"My brethren, I may be allowed to remark in passing, that there is in the inns as little room for Him yet as there was then."

A Physician's Apology.

A MEDICAL practitioner, not quite so celebrated as Galen, undertook to cure a person of deafness, with which he was sadly afflicted. One lotion after another had been prescribed, but still the patient was shut out from hearing his fellow-man. "I've just come ance mair to ye, doctor," said his wife, "to see if ye can gi'e John something better, for the last bottle ye gave him did him nae gude ava." "Dear me," said the doctor, "did it no? I'm surprised at that; but it matters little, for there's naething gaun worth the hearing just now."

No Returns.

WILL SPEIR, famous in this and other veritable histories, called at a farmer's house one morning, and found the family just finishing breakfast. A goodly basin of porridge, however, was still in reserve, and of size enough to satisfy Will's appetite, and that of any other of equal calibre. It was accordingly set before him; but, like other good Christians, he would not partake of it without saying grace, in the midst of which the servant-maid approached, and was in the act of pouring milk upon the porridge, which Will eyed through his fingers, which were held before his eyes in a very devotional manner, till, thinking she had given him enough, she was about to withdraw her hand, when Will suspended his devotions, and whispered, "Just pour't a' on, your wa's!"

SOME years ago, when the Board of Customs held its sittings in Edinburgh, one of the landing waiters at Leith, a Mr. Andrew M'Kerrell, an eccentric man, and a bit of a humourist, was dismissed the service by the Board for some neglect or error in duty. Andrew, finding all chance of being restored hopeless, set about devising in what other way he could make the "pot boil." At last he fixed on commencing commission agent, or foreign broker, and among the first of his adventures imported a parcel of Dutch cheese; but, having committed some blunder or informality in the entry, the whole was seized and lodged in the King's warehouse. The usual way in such circumstances was to memorialize the Board, craving redress; but Andrew, forgetting all sense of decorum, hurried up to Edinburgh, and knowing the hour when the Board would be assembled, rushed in in a state of high excitement, and exclaimed in the midst of them, "Gentlemen, you first took my bread from me, and now ye have taken my cheese!"—The ludicrousness of the scene, and quaintness of the remark, destroyed for a moment the gravity of the Court, who, after requesting Andrew to withdraw, and indulging in another fit of laughter, ordered his cheese to be restored to him without exacting the penalties incurred.

Highland Negatives.

Two Highland skippers meeting on the quay of Leith, the one hailed the other with—"Weel Donald, are you going for to sail to-night?"—Donald immediately answered with regular norlan' berr, "Perhaps no, and perhaps not!"

A Highland Charge.

A FRUITFUL source of annoyance to all Frenchmen up to this day is, when it is asserted that the English army, and not theirs, were the victors at Waterloo. That the glory of the day belonged to the triumphant arms of Wellington, they will not allow, and are thrown into violent rage when such is declared. A French gentleman, residing not many leagues from the western metropolis of Scotland, bore arms in his country's cause on that eventful day, fought manfully for her, and carries on his body the marks that it was no bloodless fight to him. High-minded and generous, he nevertheless partakes of the universal mistake of his countrymen, and lays claim to the palm of victory. One day, conversing with some gentlemen about travelling in the Highlands, and the heavy charges which the sons of the mist lay upon their neighbours of the low country, when they get them in their power, he said, "Vell, gentlemens, you may all say so, but ven I vas in de Highlands, they did not scharge me mutch; var leetel, indeed." "I can well suppose that," said a well-known wit, "for, having made such a heavy charge on you at Waterloo, they now, if you do not again run from them, let you off Scot-free."

Ready, Aye Ready.

NEIL Gow, the famed composer and performer on the violin, possessed a great share of mother wit and readiness of retort, and was never the least put about in any company. Neil having borrowed some money from Mr. Murray of Abercairny, Mr. M. took a bet that he would for once put Neil to the blush, and just when a large party had assembled, and Neil had been placed at the head of his orchestra, Mr. M. addressed the leader, "I say, Neil, are you not going to pay me that five pounds you owe me?" Neil very calmly exclaimed, "Eh! eh! eh! if ye had held your tongue I would ha'e been the last to speak o't."

The Grey Mare the Better Horse.

NEIL leading his band at a musical party at Sir A. Muir M'Kenzie's of Delvine, in the course of the following day, wished Sir A. to give him some conveyance home, which he promised to do, and accordingly ordered out his own riding mare, a beautiful spirited dapple grey. When Neil saw the animal, he shrugged up his shoulders, and said, "Na! na! Sir Alexander, I doubt the grey mare would foal the fiddler."

Macadam and General Wade Outdone.

THE celebrated Sheridan, when on a visit to Blair Athole Castle, set out one morning, mounted on a Highland pony, along the banks of the Tilt, the road winding through the steep rugged cliffs, and often on the verge of a dreadful precipice, the roaring torrent fretting against its base. So narrow was the roadway that only two could ride abreast. Sheridan, in the utmost horror lest the animal should swerve and plunge him into the yawning gulf below, kept away from the bank, and rode cautiously up the glen. On his arrival at Tilt Lodge, he expressed his wonder to the Duke of Athole, that any person would risk his life on horseback on such a dangerous road. The Duke only smiled at his timidity. On returning from the deer forest in the evening, where they had been enjoying themselves all day, his Grace ordered some Athole brose, which the dramatist relishing, partook of rather freely. The effects of such potent beverage* soon told upon the uninitiated Sheridan, who mounted his pony, dashed down the declivity at a fearless gallop, as if he had been traversing the bowling-green roadways of the south, saw not one of the dangerous turns of the road or precipice, and arrived in safety at the Castle, the first of the party. After dinner, his Grace asked him for a toast, when he gave, "Athole brose, the best road-maker in Scotland."

Bound or Free.

SOME of the civic dignitaries in the suburban districts of Glasgow, are given to display of official trapping, as if there were no place of

* Athole brose, a compound of Highland whisky and honey.

safety to deposit the golden neck-trinket, but wear it abroad as well as at home. Even as far as Dumfries, not officially, but on Sabbath in the church, did one of these functionaries exhibit the ensign of office. "Ye dinna put on chains on ony occasion?" said one of these to another who ruled in an adjoining burgh. "Oh! no," replied the brother bailie, "we a' gang loose."

A Highland Apology.

"BETTY," said the mistress of a Highland domestic who was most attentive to the duties of her situation, with but two Scotch exceptions, "working and running errands" "I am going to visit a distant friend, and cannot return before Thursday, so you will take care that nothing goes wrong, and that your master is attended to just as when I am present." "Oh! yes, mem; surely, all that, and yes, too, as I'll did when my mistress was said to me." Out of sight out of mind, as usual, Betty kept herself at ease, and thought it was time enough to prepare the household for her mistresses reception on the morning of her promised return. The mistress, however, finding the friend absent, returned much sooner than was expected, and gave the single tap at the knocker, but no answer; the double rap-rap-tap-tap, but Betty's answer was only,—"Shust shap awa'—always bother wi' beggars, shust a' tither doors!" The third rap-rap-rap, tap-tap-tap, however, which indicated authority, followed in almost breathless succession, when Betty was overheard trotting down stairs in double quick time, and on opening the door, panic-struck at the sight of her mistress, she exclaimed, "Oh! mem, is it you? I didna hear the twa first shaps till the noo!"

According to Rule.

THE late Rev. Dr. M., of the parish of West Calder, had a great fund of sarcastic humour. His man servant, who happened to have but a short memory, was accustomed, when he had two messages to carry, or two pieces of business to manage for his master, to forget the first, whilst the last was generally executed with precision. One day he was sent a distance of five miles with a couple of despatches, about which he was enjoined to be particularly accurate. On his return, however, it was found, as usual, that the second transaction was correctly managed, but when the Doctor inquired if he had attended to the first, "O!" said he, "I quite forgot that." On this Dr. M. turned to a student who was in the room, and repeated the rule of Latin syntax, "The passives of such active verbs as govern two cases, do still retain the last of them."

A Paisley Toast.

PEACE and Plenty, and nae killing;
Beef at a groat, and meal at a shilling.

The Hard Bargain.

OF all the sons of canny Scotland, the canniest and most cautious are the inhabitants of Aberdeen. Scotchmen in general, when they wish to purchase anything, content themselves with offering the half of what is asked, but a real Aberdonian seldom offers above a fourth, and never in any case more than a third. An Aberdonian, who had been to the "sooth kintra" with some cattle, had got as far as Perth on his way home. In passing through that city his attention was attracted by some walking-sticks which he saw at a shop door. He went up and examined the whole parcel with great care. At last, finding one to his mind, he drew it out, and, presenting it to the shopman, asked, "Weel, frien', fat 'ill ye be seeking for that bit thing, neh?" "Sixpence," was the reply. "Hoot, awa', man, ye're sheerly jokan; sixpence for a bit thing like that! its jeist an auld reet, I'll gi'e ye twopence for't." At this point in the bargain an Englishman entered, drew out a stick from the very same parcel, asked the price and paid it, and turned away. "You see now," said the shopman, "that sixpence is the real price of it, and that I was not overcharging you!" "I see nae sic thing; I only see that a feel an' his money's soon parted, a thing I kent weel eneuch afore; but that's no to say that I'm gaun to paert wi' mine the same way. I'll jeist gi'e ye twopence for't, an' gien it wur for mysell, I wadna gi'e ye abun a bawbee, for I cud get as gweed a yane ony day out'n a hedge at the road-side; bit ye see I was wanten to mak a bit present to my maester, an' I thocht he wad think mair o't if I tell't him I had gotten it out'n a shop." "Well," said the merchant, "as you're going to make a present of it, I'll let you have it at prime cost, that's fourpence." "Na, na, naen o' yere prime costs for me, am ower auld for that; I ken brawly that prime cost's just ony thing ye like to caw't, I wanna gi'e a bawbee mere nor the twopence." The merchant then told him that if that was the case, he was afraid they would not agree about it. "Fourpence! it's out'n a' bounds! it's just an auld reet, no worth a bawbee." At last, in order to get rid of him, the shopkeeper offered to divide the difference, and to let him have it for threepence. Our generous Aberdonian then drew out a long greasy leather purse, and extracted with considerable difficulty the sum of twopence halfpenny, and, laying it down on the counter, continued to cheapen. "He sheerly wadna cast out wi' him about a bawbee." Seeing, however, that the merchant was beginning to get thoroughly wearied, he at last laid down the halfpenny, and then putting on one of his most winning looks, he said, "Weel, noo that we've got awthing settled, ye'll sheerly come an' gie's a share o' a bottle o' yill." The shopkeeper excused himself, as he had none to leave behind him in the shop. The Aberdonian offered, if he would give him the "bawbees," to go and bring a bottle to the shop. This social proposal was, however, positively refused, and, seeing he could make no more of the shopkeeper, he threw his plaid over his shoulder, and, with the purchased cudgel in

his fist, took leave, observing, "Aweel, frien', guid day to ye, but gin I had kent that ye wadna ha'e gi'en me a share o' the bit bottle o' yill, ye shudna ha'e gotten a bawbee mair nor the twopence."

Sent Home.

AN ingenious defence of her country was lately made by a young Scotch lady, when it was vilified by an English gentleman for some delinquency committed by a Scotchman. The gentleman, instead of confining his vengeful observations to the individual who had wronged him, thought fit to indulge in bitter invective against Scotchmen generally in terms not quite fitted for ears polite, and sufficient to rouse the most dormant feelings of the love of country. "We are here in England infested with them," concluded he; "our land is overrun with them, as Egypt was with the plague of unclean animals, madam." "We know," observed the lady, calmly, "that Satan himself came from heaven, and was sent for his crimes to a place better fitted for him; why may not this person also have been sent from his country, being unworthy of it, to fitter associates in this?"

To a Jolly Bachelor,

ON HIS BEING PRESENTED BY A FEW FRIENDS WITH AN ELEGANT
TEA KETTLE.

DEAR SIR,—as you're a man of mettle,
And generous with your tea and toddy,
Your friends present you with this kettle,
To keep in sap your single body.

But as 'tis time you now should settle,
And lead a doubly sober life;
Get one APPENDAGE to your kettle—
That useful ornament—a wife.

And would you live in harmony?—
Then, teach her this important matter—
To use this gift just twice a-day,
Nor keep you ever in—hot water.

A. RODGER.

Adult Baptism.

"MEM," said a servant, dressing up the fire-place on a Sunday afternoon, "we had a young man, eighteen years of age, baptised in our church this afternoon." "Ay, had you, Jenny? that would be a very interesting sight to you; we had a young girl, fifteen years of age, lately in our church also; but these might be very worthy persons, Jenny, although they had not been baptised when young—possibly their parents were Baptists, or they themselves may have doubted the propriety of infant baptism." "Ah, na, mem," replied Jenny, "the young man couldna be that, for our minister said he was an adult."

A Determined Debater.

MR. ROBERTSON of Kilmarnock, of whom we have related a few anecdotes, was a party in a case appealed to the Synod of his church for judgment. His opponent was in great heat, and made up by noise and action what was lacking in argument. Mr. R. more than once burst into a loud laugh during his opponent's defence, and though this breach of decorum was passed over once or twice, he was at last called to order, and a reprimand given by the Moderator. "I will not be restrained, Sir," replied Mr. R.; "I shall laugh at nonsense wherever I hear it, for evermore and amen."

A Highland Husband.

DONALD MACALPINE rose from the ranks to be a sergeant in the Paisley Town Guard; and no epauletted official in his Majesty's service strutted the pavement with more consequence than did Donald in his blue coat with crimson collar. He was a very careful person, and contrived, one way or other, to become possessed of a tolerably well furnished house, and a cow, the crowning point of his ambition; for Donald could never stomach the blue water-milk supplied from the dairies.

Mrs. Macalpine was a very infirm personage, and had, for many years preceding her decease, been confined to bed. None of the family survived her. This event was the beginning of a climax of misfortunes to the poor sergeant. His house was soon after burned to the ground; and scarcely had his spirits mastered this calamity, when, what he set his heart most on, his poor cow, fell a victim to inflammation. The latter event nearly paralysed the conservator of the peace.

A friend called on Donald to sympathise with him in his bereavement and losses, but Donald refused to be comforted. "Ou yes," replied he, to the various arguments employed by his friend to induce submission to what had been allotted him, "I'll got plenty o' house to stay in, and plenty o' wife too, if I'll socht her;—that's all very well, —but wha will gi'e me eight pounds to buy another cow?"

Going and Coming.

ARCHIE CAMPBELL, a well known city officer in Auld Reekie, was celebrated for his cunning and wit. His mother having died in Edinburgh, Archie hired a hearse, and carried her to the family burial-place in the Highlands. He returned, it is said, with the hearse full of smuggled whisky, and being teased about it by a friend, he said, "Wow, man, there's nae harm done; I only took awa' the body and brought back the speerit."

Church Accommodation.

A GENTLEMAN in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, having at a great expense erected a silk factory, and attached to it a large school-room,

for the benefit of the young people connected with the works, considered that the whole matter was not complete, without accommodation for them and their parents in the church. He therefore rented a number of pews, and going to each man individually, informed him of what he had done. By some, much thankfulness was expressed; while others, by the great indifference exhibited, were something similar to the men, who, upon their master promising them, that they would be paid their wages, the same as on another day, if they attended church on a fast-day, would not consent, unless they were paid for it as over-hours; or the valet who hoped, if he attended prayers, his master would consider it in his wages. Addressing one of them, he said, "John, I have taken seats in the church here for myself, and the people attending the factory; and I shall be glad to see you there as often as possible." "Oh yes, sir," said John, "I'll tak my turn o't, wi' the rest o' the men."

Entertainment for Men and Horses.

"Mrs. R——, a single widow lady in the village of M——h——, has a parlour and bed-room to let three miles from Glasgow, Bull-land, second flat, fronting the canal basin, all oil-painted in the neatest manner; and a two-horse stable is just at hand."

Beginning in Time.

A YOUNG lady on the eve of her marriage, and the very reverse of what the following anecdote would lead to be supposed, was told by her brother that he had just been to bespeak a carriage and pair for her use during the matrimonial jaunt; "and," continued he, "I have the choice of a pair of beautiful bay horses, or a pair of greys; which of them would you prefer?" "As it is best to begin," said she, "as we intend to end, I shall have the greys; for I am resolved the grey mare shall continue the better horse."

A Discriminating Eater.

A HERD boy belonging to the village of Torrance, as he sat eating his pottage on the green sward, was accosted by the minister of the neighbouring parish, who, among other questions, asked him, "Well, my good fellow, do you crave blessing before you take breakfast?" "Yes, sir," said the boy, with the utmost simplicity, "when it's tea."

Æsop Illustrated.

"I HAVE come to ask of you a favour," said an old friend one day to the cautious Mr. —; "I am a little put about for money just now, and I would take it kind if you will let me have your bill for a hundred pounds, for a short time." "I have no doubt of your taking it kind," returned the cool sarcastic man of business, "but I have made up my mind never to give my bill except for value received." "Indeed!" said the indignant applicant, "you seem to have forgot, sir, that when you were in distress, I gave you my bill for a similar

sum, and though you have now got rich, you should not forget old friends." "I remember the circumstance you allude to, but really, my dear sir, if you thought me in distress, your doing the needful was no great proof of your wisdom; however, as I paid the bill, you had reason to be thankful that you were no sufferer, by doing what you now wish me to consider an obligation. In the mean time, in return for your favour," continued the good man, "I will give you a word of advice:—read the fable of the Fox and the Crane; be thankful for your escape, and never again attempt to relieve a friend in distress with your bill."

A Critical Elder.

AN uninitiated elder was deputed from Strathaven session, to attend with the minister a meeting of the Hamilton Presbytery. A young man came before them, and delivered a trial discourse on a subject that had been prescribed to him, and the reverend incumbent from Strathaven was the first to offer remarks upon it. "The discourse that we have just heard," said he, addressing the Moderator, "does credit to our young friend for his proficiency in the English language, but it occurs to me, that he has, in his illustrations, entirely missed the scope of the Apostle's meaning." The elder thought it not only his incumbent duty to give his opinion, but also to coincide with his minister, and accordingly followed immediately, lest he should forget exactly what his minister had said: "I perfectly agree wi' my minister in what he has said anent the young man's discourse, that it had been weel aneuch putten thegither, but that he has missed the scope of the Apostle." Some of his neighbours, who knew that John was ready on the slightest occasion to "throw bye his beuk and speak about beasts," questioned him about his opinion, after the meeting had been dissolved. "We're glad to see you sae learned amang the ministers; but how did you ken that the lad had missed the scope o' his text?" "Was I no richt to side wi' my minister? he couldna be wrang—I aye gang along wi' him, and I ne'er found mysel' wrang yet." "But suppose the Moderator had asked ye what ye understood by the scope o' the Apostle?" "Ay, but he didna do't, and gin he had, I wad soon hae scop'it mysel' out at the door."

Meat and Drink.

THE late Mr. Henderson, compiler of the volume of Scottish Proverbs, had a peculiar knack of giving a humorous turn to every thing he said or did. In the ceremony of introducing his friends to new acquaintances, usually so stiff and formal, Mr. H., by his off-hand way, made the parties on as easy terms in three minutes, as if they had been acquainted for as many months. The Proverbialist introduced our Publisher at Mrs. S.'s, North Woodside, "My frien' Mr. R." "I am glad at all times to see any friend of yours," replied Mrs. S. "Weel, my lady," continued he, "just see, when you're on your feet, gin there's onything in the bottle; the day's gey and warm." "It's at your service; but whether will you have whisky, rum, or brandy?"

inquired Mrs. S., with characteristic frankness. "Just bring the first that comes to your hand,—ony thing out'n a bottle 'grees wi' me; and when you're at the press at ony rate bring the bread and cheese in your ither han', as my frien' Daavit here is a wee like the Kilbarchan calves, wha aye like to drink wi' a rip in their mouth."

The Rival Clubs.

IN the little town of Maybole there are no less than two clubs instituted in honour of John Knox, and, as both have a dinner on the anniversary of the Reformer's birthday, the innkeepers are sometimes at a loss to procure the necessary supply of vivers. On one occasion, the whole stock of fish belonging to Janet M'Cringle, an old woman who generally supplied the inns with that delicacy, was bought up by the caterer for one of the dinners. The bargain was no sooner struck than the landlord of the rival house made his appearance for a supply of the same article. Janet declared she was sold out. "Sold out or not!" cried Boniface, "I must have fish, Janet; I have Knox's dinner to provide for, and I canna do without it." "Dear me!" cried Janet, "a' my fish thegither was bought for Knox's dinner; wha's this Knox that needs sae monie grand dinners?" "It was him that took the roof aff Crossraguel Abbey." "Crossraguel Abbey!" exclaimed the poor woman in astonishment; "there has na been a roof on Crossraguel since I ha'e mind. He maun surely be an unca auld man; but auld or no," quoth Janet, reverting to business, "he maun be an awfu' bodie for fish!"

A Drunkard's Apology.

WILLIAM LITT lived "near or about," as Paisley folks say, "the Dyster's Dipping," and followed the profession from which the locality takes its name. Willie, when he went to church, sat under the late Dr. Boog, but was absent every alternate Sabbath, as regularly as the fortnightly pay came round. His mother was distressed at the inebriety of her son, and gave him many a sad lecture, but without effect. Said Willie, "Mither, ye may just gie't ower now, for I canna dispense wi' the drap." Dr. Boog met him one Sunday morning reeling home in a state of intoxication. The Doctor took the opportunity of giving him a serious lecture on the shameful exhibition he was making of himself. "Dear me, William, is it possible that I see *you—you*, brought up by sober and respectable parents, intoxicated on the Sabbath morning?" "'Deed ay, seestu, Doctor, it's true ye see me on the Sabbath morning; but ye needna mak the thing waur than it is—I ken my way hame; and naebody that's intoxicate, as ye ca't, can ken that." "Ah, William," said the Doctor, "how degrading is it to see a rational being in the condition in which you now are. Did you ever see the brute beast drink more than was sufficient to satisfy the cravings of nature?" "Ah ha, but, Doctor, do ye think that if the beast ye speak o' had a comrade on the ither side o' the dam to say 'Here's to ye,' he wadna tak anither waught?"

Skin and Bone.

AT the time Andrew M'Farlane lived and drove the shuttle, hand-loom weaving was the most lucrative of the handicrafts, the result of four days' labour sufficing to keep a family for a week, and with those who were provident it left something over and above. Andrew was rather particular in his living; animal food was generally present on his table at dinner; on Sabbath it was never absent, and, if possible, of a superior quality. "I like," said Andrew, "to comfort myself and family on the day of rest, and to see the kail-pot prinkling on the head as gin lammer-beeds had been sawn on't; my stamack is aye mair thankfu' after a platefu' or twa o' them—no sae wi' your thin blue-ruin-looking kail that look just like meltit whunstone." Mrs. M'Farlane was not so particular; she looked more to the sum total in the expenditure, and the saving that could be effected, than the quality of the butcher's wares. One day the thought struck her, and, like many a rib since the days of Eve, she broke out into an exclamation against Andrew, because, forsooth, he had not a thought of the thing that previously had not occurred to herself. "Man, Andrew, I wonder at you—you an eident, carefu' man, that are aye sae particular about the meat that ye get, and disna think o' the price—gin it please ye, winna ye gang out to Ruglen and buy a mart, the verra brock o' the beast wad sair our family for a hail month?" "Weel, gudewife, I'se tak your bidding for ance, and see what gude comes o't." Some time afterwards, Andrew was passing his butcher's stall, and was hailed by the man of the cleaver, who naturally inquired what had become of his customer? "It's nae fau't o' mine, I can assure ye. To tell you the truth, I was advised by a frien' to gang to Ruglen and buy a mart for mysel'; so I gaed out and coft a carcass wi' a hide on't; nae doubt I got a living beast, but when my mart was hung up and hided ye nicht ha'e read Josephus through the ribs o't."

A Slice of Cold Tongue.

AN eccentric banker was eyeing with suspicious vision a bill presented to him for discount. "You need not fear," said the palpitating customer, "one of the parties keeps his carriage." "Ay," rejoined the banker, "I shall be glad if he keep his feet."

The Banker at a Discount.

A BANKER in Glasgow, equally well known for his wealth and his miserly habits, was addicted to taking a dram of whisky in the morning, and another at mid-day—in Scotch phrase, his morning and meridian. His business bringing him at all times into contact with people of consideration, he felt that the practice, sure to be detected by the flavour of his breath, might seriously injure his respectability. He, therefore, consulted with a kindred spirit, who pledged himself to discover some effectual antidote to the spirituous aroma. Meeting the banker one morning a few days afterwards, he accosted him,

“I’ve found out at last a grand cure for the smell of whisky.” “I’m glad to hear that,” quoth the man of discount, “for the smell’s unco strong upon me just now, and I’m on my way to the counting-house.” “But will ye gi’e me a half-mutchkin o’ good Jamaica rum if I tell you?” After many demurrers and attempts to beat down his friend’s demand to a gill, he consented to the proposal. Away then they went to the nearest tavern, and the half-mutchkin of rum was set on the table, when the possessor of the invaluable secret, after liberally helping himself, poured out a glassful, saying, “Noo, tak’ you that, and I’se warrant it will cure you o’ a’ smell o’ whisky.”

The Bar and the Bench.

WE have often heard the following sarcastic remark attributed to the late John Clerk; we deem it but an act of justice to restore it to the original proprietor:—When Mr. Ferguson, afterwards Lord Pitfour, was Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, a young advocate, in pleading a cause for his client before the Inner House of the Court of Session, took occasion to inveigh with equal boldness and asperity against a regulation which their lordships had recently passed, as being an unconstitutional stretch of authority, and even went so far as to exclaim, “I am surprised that your lordships dared to pass such an act!” The court fired at this remark, and proceeded to deliberate upon the propriety of committing the orator for contempt of court, when the Dean humanely interposed in his behalf. He ascribed his indiscretion to youth and inexperience, of which the surprise he had expressed might well be considered a proof; “for,” added the Dean, “had he kenned your lordships as long as I have done, he could not be surprised at anything your lordships would do.”

The Weary Piece o’ Tow!

IN “the olden time,” before heritable jurisdictions in Scotland were abolished, the town piper of Falkirk was sentenced to be hanged for horse-stealing. On the night before his execution he obtained, as an indulgence, the company of some of his brother pipers; and, as the liquor was abundant and their instruments in tune, the noise and fun “grew fast and furious.” The execution was to be at eight o’clock in the morning. The poor piper, in the midst of his revelry, was recalled to a sense of his situation by the morning light dawning on the window. He suddenly silenced his pipe, and exclaimed, “O! but that wearyfu’ hangin’ rings in my lug like a new tune.”

See and Believe.

MR. BUIST, the present minister of Tannadice, and father of the presbytery of Forfar, is well known for his vagaries in the pulpit. Speaking one Sunday of the desolation of Babylon, he pictured in the most gorgeous colours the greatness and glory of the mighty city. He said that, when in its zenith, it had innumerable baths, fountains,

splendid palaces, and the temple of Bel unequalled in the whole world. "The city," said Mr. B., "contained nearly five millions of inhabitants, and it was watered by the great Euphrates, one of the finest rivers in the world. Now," continued he, "instead of baths, fountains, palaces, and temples, it is a heap of ruins, and instead of millions of people, not a single soul inhabits them; none remain there but the panther, and the tiger, and the jackal, and the serpent. I am perfectly well aware that some of you may dispute my word, but if you have any doubts on the subject you may go and see for yourselves."

Northern Shibboleths.

THE same reverend gentleman was lecturing his parishioners on their vulgarity and their abominable manner of pronouncing words. "When I studied," said he, "at the University of St. Andrews, I made it a point to attend all the fairs and markets in the county of Fife—such as Cupar, Fruchie, Auchtermuchty, &c., and there I always found out the Forfar folk by their fats, and their fars, and their fans (whats, wheres, whens).

Hard Arguments.

THE Reverend John Muir, of St. Vigeans, Forfarshire, took a prominent part in the deposition of one of his brethren, and, on the production of the libel, made the following preamble to a lengthened speech:—"I do not speak well myself, Moderator; my expressions are coarse and homely, and they come off round and rough as from the quarry, but I can only tell you if you get on the side of the head with one of those rough-dressed quarry chaps you will find them pretty ugly customers."

Parchments and Plaster.

EVERY country village has its oracle; and poor, indeed, must that place be which has not a "wiseacre" of whom it can boast. It not unfrequently happens that wisdom in her gay and frolicsome humours—if ever, indeed, that beatific mood of mind is found in her—selects as her representative the barber or tailor of the hamlet or parish, and through this avenue she imparts of her stores sufficient to regulate the lives and fortunes of all in that locality. When, let me ask, will a man give more undivided attention to scraps of morality and wisdom than he will as the barber holds him by the snout and sports about his throat with his instrument? A certain procurator fiscal, by way of investing his means in heritable property, bethought him of building a house. This gave occasion to much remark and satirical observation around the barber's ingle. "Ay, ay," said Strap, "there will be nae en' o' prosecutions afore the Justice Court till the Fiscal's house is biggit."

Clerical Candour.

A LATE Episcopalian minister at Brechin preached other sermons than his own when occasion required, and made no mystery of the

affair. Giving out a text one Sabbath, he said, "My brethren, the sermon I am about to give is not my own; but it is a better one than any I ever composed in my life," and delivered it accordingly.

A Highland Chronometer.

A LADY ordered her servant one morning to prepare eggs for her master's breakfast.

Nelly.—"How lang will she boil them?"

Lady.—"Three minutes."

N.—"Ay, and who'll she ken about the minutes?"

L.—"You will see by the house clock."

N.—"Weel, noo, mem, that'll no do; did she'll not knew that oor knock's twenty minutes afore the toon."

Taking for Granted.

THE late John Clerk, when at the bar, was waited on by one of the civic dignitaries of Hawick to take advice about the rights of the burgh, which were attempted to be infringed on by a selfish lord of the soil in the neighbourhood. The magistrate, in explaining his case, stated it exactly as Dandie Dinmont did to Pleydell; in other words, took the most favourable points, and in effect just pled his own case, and tried the patience of the sarcastic counsel by his prosy harangue. Mr. Clerk heard him to the end with as much patience as he could command, and changed the subject by remarking, "You'll be grand breeders o' nowt about Hawick, nae doubt?"

A Beggar's Entry.

HAWKIE's readiness of reply has already been exemplified by many instances. Calling at a shop, the proprietor, who was well acquainted with him through the medium of this publication, thus addressed him—"I'm sorry, Hawkie, I cannot help you to-day, I have not a copper in the house." "Verra weel," said Hawkie, "I suppose I maun just gi'e ye credit, though it's sair against my will."

Three Strings to the Bow.

A PARAGRAPH in an Edinburgh paper announced that Mr. Wilson, the celebrated vocalist, had met with a serious accident by the upsetting of his carriage. The same authority shortly after announced that he had so far recovered as to be able to appear before the public the following evening *in three pieces*.

A Scotch Advice.

A PARTY wishing the proclamation of banns made, as a preliminary to marriage, waited on the Session Clerk at Alloa, and inquiring "what he took for crying't a' in ae day?" was answered, "Thirty shillings." "An' how muckle for twa?" "A guinea." "Ay, verra weel; and gin three days were ta'en?" "Only seven shillings and sixpence." "It ay grows less, I see; my name is —, just cry awa' till ye ha'e paid yoursel';" and left the official without giving any deposit.

The Highland Fling.

To be the means of causing a Highlander to emigrate from one locality to another, by either purchasing the property on which he resides, or obtaining a lease without his concurrence, is a sin scarcely to be forgiven. A Glasgow gentleman wished to feu the patch of ground on which the Bellman's house stood at Kilmun, with the stripe of garden attached to it, at which the Highland ire of the latter could scarcely be restrained. "Did you'll knew?" queried he at an acquaintance, "a fellow, gentleman he is not; no, nor his mother before him—from your Glasgow, is going to put me away from my wee placie, where I was for all my days, an' they'll call her Macsmall, eh?" "No," replied the Glasgowiegian, "I don't." "I was thocht so, nor no decent man, weel maybe ay and maybe no, whether a stane will put up his house or put it down: I'll never did a mischief to no bodie, and I'll not put my hand to a murder noo, but you see there's mony friend in the glen, will tak' a friend's part—and they'll be taking walks up the hill, an' there's mony a more big stane there nor a house itsel', and they'll just be in the way, so they will; a bit dunch wi' the fit will made them come down without ony carts and wheels, they're heavy—very heavy, teet are they, and no easy to put a stop when rinnin' poor dumb creatures, and they canna help though they were taking the house o' this *trouster mosach** wi' her. I wad just like, quietly between oursels, to see his house, six weeks after it was biggit, and the sclates on't, ay would I."

Bell the Cat.

"You are not more nor your clothes of a gentleman," retorted the old Bellman, above quoted, his Celtic wrath like to choke the expression, "nor your fathers, too, for all the education you'll got: I'll spoke more grammar myself nor you both put in one, for all the fool you'll made of my language, Shames MacSimpson, as tey'll call you, but it should have been MacImpudence: I'll just told you in twa half of a moment, if you'll spoken one word more to made a sport of me, I'll knock you on the dyke amang Duncan Douglass's potatoes, down on your head whar you'll stand."

Highland Distinctions.

"HAVE you had a goot sport to-day, Sir?" said the Bellman to a gentleman with whom he was acquainted, returning from lashing the stream, with the basket slung over back. "No, Archie, I can't say I have." "Ay, I am vex for that; but did you'll not catch nothing?" "Only a few small pars, and a tolerably fine grilse." "A grulse, did you? it's a ponny fish a grulse, teet is't; would you let me see it, Sir? I like to see a grulse always." "Most certainly—there it is." "It's a ponny fish, and, as I'll guess from my eye, six pounds weight, a little more maybe if you were putting it on a weight to try; but

* Dirty scoundrel.

I'll thocht you was knew better; it's no a grulse, it's a trout." "A trout, is it? how do you know?" "How I knew?—ken in a moment." "Yes, but how do you know?" "Weel, will you hearken till I was explain? You see, a grulse and a trout is of a perfect difference; it's not the same fish at all, and if you was seen a trout and a grulse just before you there, you would say tat fish is not the tother; but that's a trout, and tother is a grulse." "Yes! yes! you can say that, Archie, but in what way am I to distinguish between the two?" "Is it possible noo that you'll no understood? It's a trout, as I'm telling you ay, an' it's no a trout out o' the water down there, the Echeck* beside oursels neither, but a Messon† trouts; teet is it." "That's all very well, but tell me the colour, form, or point, that I may know again, and how you know that to be a Messon trout?" "Know't in a moment, mony a tog dee sin' Archie was a whalp;—the burn down gaun by, you see, is a bigger burn nor the Messon, and consequence the trouts are better made, thicker at the shouthers, more stronger to mak' their way through the water, as I would say, and I'll just try again to explain—I will made you knew the difference, plain as if you was a fish yourself, and put your nose to your brither fish, as you will see the kindly cratures in the water when they're meeting wi' them they ken; ay, more than some of our brithers and sisters will do amang themsels, for all that's told them in the kirk, deet ay. I was going to explain to you the perfect difference that there is between a trout and a grulse. You see, if the two were laid down before you there this moment, you would observe, ay before just you would look again, and no pody would need to tell you that they're not the same fish; you would say that a trout and a grulse would be here and there, if they happen to be put down, and you knew that's a trout, ay a trout's not a bit of a grulse about it." "But, Archie, I am just as wise as I was, you have yet given me no idea whatever of the points in which the trout and grilse differ from each other." "After that, now, it's a perfect astonishment to me, that you'll not understood what I'll made as plain as the shild's A B C to the school laddie. What I'll say in a word to made you ken, I don't know! you see, for I want you to knew, for it's importance to a gentleman like you that's often fish—a grulse and trout belong to a different family, and their father nor mother is not the same, and their offspring canna be the same, but just resemble their father and mother like oursels—a perfect, altogether difference, never possible to be mistake by any body that will knew a trout; you see, I say again, there noo, that's a trout lying down, you'll say in a moment when you'll saw, well that's a trout, and you'll knew it; a grulse is a difference now, and you look at it too, because it's there, and though they just be awa' from one another, not far, you'll just say yourself, they're not the same fish at all. Now you are satisfied that it's no possible to

* The stream of the Echeck issues from the Loch from which it takes its name, and discharges its waters into the Holy Loch opposite Kilmnn.

† Glen Messon, in Argyllshire, behind Dunoon.

be the same, because they are, as I'm saying as perfect plain, not the same; if you'll not understand now, you are a stupid more nor I'll thoct, and I canna put words into your head."

In the Nick of Time.

Two spinsters who tenanted the attics of a house in Paisley, had long blazed in all the attractions that silks, bombazines, and ribbons could give. Rouge also was tried to aid in restoring the rosy tints of youth, but in vain; the sisters were evidently withering on the stalk. In despair, they made a confidant of an experienced match-maker, who advised them to repair to the coast at the bathing season—the place where bachelors most do congregate—and take care to have daily ablutions in Neptune's element, which would help to give the rose's hue to the fading cheek. Away, then, did the anxious couple hie to secure lodgings in a fashionable watering-place on the Clyde. A good many preparations were however necessary before all the et ceteras of dress and family arrangements could be made, so as to enable them to leave home. The younger of the two was impatient, and counted every moment lost, until the advice was put in practice. Her more systematic sister would not move until the arrangements were complete. "Come awa', now, I'm sure we hae eneuch o' claes," said the younger, "and we can see our friends when we come back; haste you now, a' the fine weather will be by, an' we'll not get out owre a door." "Well then," replied the elder, "to-morrow be the day, foul or fair." When they arrived at bathing quarters, old Neptune had landed all his goods on the wharf early in the day, and had taken out the flood with him, so that what appeared a sheet of fluid miles in breadth, when the lodging had been secured, was now a field of mud, and the briny element, like a line of silver, seemed just to touch the horizon. "Noo, do you see that," exclaimed the younger, "wi' your taigling and preinjunctness; if we had pitten aff ony langer, there wadna been a drap left."

Question and Answer.

THE last century drew to a close the labours of John Ronald, an eccentric preacher on the Burgher side of the Secession Church.

John obtained his license from the Presbytery of Aberdeen, of which city he was a native. Whether the sarcasm uttered by the Edinburgh Review on the power of an Aberdeen medical degree or diploma, that it suspended the obligation of the sixth commandment from John O'Groat's to Land's End, be as applicable to Presbyteries, as to dispensing with intellect as a qualification for the ministry, we are not prepared to affirm; but this licentiate had certainly need rather to be taught himself than to be an instructor of others.

John's was a squat figure, "as much hither and yont as up and down," so that he might have been cubed by measurement in one direction, an inch and half depth of forehead, flat over the ridge of the

caput, with rather an excess of development at caution and acquisitiveness—a broad, round disc, capacious mouth, piercing eyes, deep in the socket, the expression of which indicated that the most of the light they enjoyed came from the orb of day; these visual apertures were protected above by an array of bristles thrusting out their points in defence. His costume corresponded with the physical fabric—

“ With coat of no new-fangled trim,
And hat of slouched umbrella brim.”

He had got the leading doctrines of his creed, Calvinism, thoroughly engraved on memory's tablet. His manner was awkward and embarrassed; his pronunciation broad with the ordinary accentuation of the Aberdonians; his voice rasping and reedy, with a cough, which he had nursed from his youth, and had influence enough with to persuade to become chronic, and which, like an obedient child, came always opportunely to his relief on every emergency.

Ronald came round, in the course of his appointments, to Falkirk, during the incumbency of the father of the late Dr. Belfrage. The itinerant instructor, after putting his pony into the stable of the inn to be fed, proceeded to Mr. Belfrage's. Mr. B., who was a plain, warm-hearted minister, much beloved by his people, held out the brotherly hand to the preacher, “Come awa, Mr. Ronald, I am glad to see you. You'll stay and tak' your kail with us, and before that time I happen to have a diet of examination, and you'll tak' the second floorfu'.” “Na, na,” replied Mr. Ronald, “I'll no dee that; na, na; I jeest left Donald, puir thing, ower at the inn to eat his bit cappyfu' o' oats, and cam ower to see you and the ladies, and you ken, Mr. Beveridge, I ha'e a lang road afore me, and it would be ill thocht o' me to hurt my bit beastie that has carried me foul day and fair for nearly a score o' years.” “Tuts,” resumed Mr. Belfrage, “a' palaver; plenty o' time to tak' a floorfu' for me, and your dinner, and gang a' the road you have to go. You'll need to tak' your dinner somewhere ony way, so you'll just stop.” “O na, Mr. Beveridge, 'deed ye maun exceese me, for I'm no prepar't.” “Prepared! what preparation does it need to ask a few simple questions at country folk; prepared! I wonder to hear you.” “Weel, since you will insist, you'll gi'e me time to look ower twa sermons on Faith and Repentance.” “Faith and Repentance! what's the use o' looking at auld sermons on particular doctrines to enable you, as I was saying, to put a few questions to country folk?” “Ay, but I maun deet, Mr. Beveridge, I canna trust mysel' without'n preparation; I micht be pit out, and it disna dee for a minister to be pit out by his hearers; it hurts releegion, Mr. Beveridge.” “Weel, weel, look ower your notes for half an hour, and come to the schoolhouse, and by that time I'll be done with the first floorfu', and you'll take the second.” Away Mr. R. hied with breathless anxiety to master again two of his stock sermons on the above doctrines.

Mr. Belfrage had just finished his portion, when the northern

divine entered the schoolhouse, looking fearfully solemn, his lengthened visage enough to frighten the subjects of his interrogation out of their propriety. Mr. Belfrage then called up in succession those of his members whom he wished Mr. R. to examine, and it was thought Mr. B. did not select the worst informed members present; and in those days, we may be allowed in passing to remark, members of the Secession Church were generally well informed on high doctrinal points, and were hair-splitting on points of comparatively little importance. "William Grosart, stand up and answer in your own way any questions regarding faith, doctrine, or practice, that my brother, Mr. Ronald, may be pleased to put."

"Weel, William," began Mr. R., "ye'll be sae obleeing as to answer whether faith or repentance is first?" Which question was answered in the true Scotch way, by a cross interrogatory. "The order of time, sir, or the order of grace, do you mean?"

Here Mr. Ronald's chronic cough came seasonably to his relief. When it subsided, he continued—"John, I'm asking whether is faith or repentance first?" "Weel, sir, I heard it, but is't in the order of time or the order of grace you mean?" Here again the interruption in the windpipe prevented further inquiry for a time. Mr. Belfrage, seeing his brother puzzled, became daysman. "The order of grace, to be sure, William." "Jeest, jeest," interjected the Aberdonian, recovering from his cough; "ay, ay, the order of grace I mean." "A weel, sir," rejoined the imperturbable William, "if you meant that, I think faith is the first; Zechareeah twalt and tenth, 'They shall,' &c., that's faith, sir, as I tak' it, and then, sir, in my mind, comes the exercise of repentance, 'They shall mourn.'"

John Christie was next called up. "What's the best way, John, to resist the temptation of Satan?" "Just to keep him in short grips, sir," immediately replied the pithy John, keeping the muscles of his face as rigid as cordage on the stretch. A paroxysm of coughing again seized the examiner, and John was allowed to resume his seat without any more questioning.

The next was a change of sex, seeing Mr. Ronald had been so sadly put out by the two previous. "Janet Stark, Janet, what's the penalty of the covenant of grace?" "Penalty o' the covenant o' grace, sir!—penalty o' the covenant o' grace! How can there be ony penalty when nane o' the parties are fallible?" The chronic affection in the throat became again excited; Janet was permitted to resume her seat, and during the remaining part of the examination John stuck close to the formula of the Westminster divines—the Shorter Catechism.

Mr. R., in leaving the school-room, put in a solemn caveat against future appearance as an interrogator at Falkirk. "I ha'e ance examined for you in Falkirk, Mr. Beveridge, but I'll ne'er de'et again as long as my name is John Ronald, for sic folk as ye ha'e here I ne'er saw the like o'; they're up to the system as well as yoursel'."

A CURIOUS boy in Lochwinnoch parish questioning his mother about the origin of man, &c., was answered "that we are all made of clay." "Are the horses made of clay, too?" he asked. "O! yes," was the reply, "all of clay." "Then, mither, Duncan Davidson having but ae leg, has the clay been done, d'ye think, when he has to gang wi' a timmer ane?"

Parenthesis in Prayer.

A PASTOR of a small congregation of Dissenters in the west of Scotland who, in prayer, often employed terms of familiarity towards the great Being whom he invoked, was addressing his petition in the season of an apparently doubtful harvest, that He would grant such weather as was necessary for ripening and gathering in the fruits of the ground, when, pausing suddenly, he added, "But what need I talk, when I was up at the Shotts the other day every thing was as green as leeks?"

A Clerical Nurse.

A COLLIER'S wife, at whose house the worthy minister was intimate, was seated, with her child, one Sunday in the front of the gallery. The child, perhaps not more tired, but less in the habit of suppressing its feelings than the grown up part of the congregation, began to get fidgetty, and at last burst out into a squall. The reverend gentleman, wishing to soothe his young acquaintance, stopped his discourse, and to the great amusement of the audience, called out, "Ou noo, Jenny, lass, I see ye!"

A Clerical Cook.

ON another occasion he was rating the female part of his hearers for the irregularity of their attendance at church. "But," says he, "some of you will make an excuse, that we maun stay at hame and mak' the kail." To that I answer, "mak' them on Saturday." "Aye," but say ye, "the kail winna keep—they'll be sour gin Sunday." My reply to that is, "put ye neither sybos nor leeks in them, and I'll ca'tion them."

Off Taking and Taking Off.

Two boys in Dalry being at their pastimes, the one remarked to the other, "My faither whan he gangs to his bed tak's aff his leg an' lay'st by." The other rejoined, "he canna do that; how can ony body tak' aff their leg?" "But he can," was the reply, "for my faither's leg's a wooden ane, an' he tak's't aff at night an' puts't on in the morning." The boy seeing the force of the assertion added, "Ou ay, I daresay that, but he does na tak' aff his real leg." "No, no," was the reply, "because it's aff already."

A Scotch Hint.

MR. PULLAR, minister of the Secession Church in the Holm of Balfron, perhaps one of the most learned clergymen in that body, was

possessed of great simplicity of manners and benevolence of heart. Mr. Pullar died in the spring of 1810. The manse had a garden attached to it well stocked with pear trees of a superior quality, which was a temptation too strong to be resisted by some of his neighbours. Every year his orchard was mercilessly plundered of the choicest of his favourite pear; and, though carefully watched, the plunderer eluded the utmost vigilance. Circumstances at length transpired to fix strong suspicion on one of the neighbours. The minister after conversing with the suspected person on other matters, remarked at parting, "By the bye, John, the pear tree at the north corner of the garden, will be quite ready next week." The minister's garden was unmolested afterwards.

Doctrine and Practice.

ONE of Mr. Pullar's flock was much given to fault-finding with his minister's pulpit appearances. He took offence at Mr. P.'s divisions of his subjects. "Ye," said he, "lay out your discourse a' into heads and particulars—now, in my mind, you should, Sir, first raise a Doctrine out o' your text, and then lay out your heads and particulars: the marrow, Sir, is the Doctrine." "Yes," replied the really humble Mr. P., for his was not the affectation of humility, "but it is sometimes difficult to raise a Doctriue, as ye call it, out of certain subjects." "Difficult, said ye!—you that has sae muckle lair, and as many books as would build a rick like a hay stack. I think, little wit as I ha'e, and far less lair, I could do't—a' Scripture, ye ken, is given for Doctrine as well as Reproof, as I tak' it." "Well, then, William, what Doctrine would you raise from the passage, 'Jesus I know, and Paul I know; but who art thou?'"

Determined Opposition.

THE dislike that clergymen generally entertain towards colleagues, is proverbial. An instance was given in the case of Mr. Morrison, settled somewhere on the borders in the south. He was long the clerk to the party in the body of Seceders who made a stand against the imposition of the burgess oath, and hence were denominated Anti-burghers—the opposition party, Burghers. Mr. M. became infirm, having got beyond the ordinary ultimatum, "three-score-and-ten," and his flock wished to give him an assistant shepherd, to which he stoutly objected. The members of his church did not press their desire very nrgently at first, but never lost sight of their object. At last they insisted on a meeting of the congregation being called, to ascertain the feeling of the people. Mr. M. could not object to the meeting, but determined still to oppose. His *understandings*, unable to support, or transport their load of the frail tenement of which they had been the buttresses, were actually carried in a hand-barrow to the church, to declare that they required no assistance.

THE LAIRD OF LOGAN. Putting Through Work.

DEACON M——, of Dumbarton, was in the habit of sacrificing very freely to the jolly god. One forenoon, being "Bacchi plenus," he accidentally thrust his elbow through the minister's window. The clergyman was out instantly, and lectured him on the sin and folly of his conduct, and the ruin of health and character that would follow his perseverance in it. "Ay, ay," said the Deacon, "that's a' very fine—my plan is to pit by a' my drinkin' when I'm young and strong, and no to be seen gaun stottin' about, aye half fu', when my head's as white as the snaw."

A Great Noise and Little Wool.

THERE is a lady of whom we have related several anecdotes in preceding pages—the wife of a much esteemed clergyman amongst those who have seceded from the kirk. On one occasion, the Doctor having got some one to preach for him, who was possessed of great strength of lungs, the lady, on coming home, where there was a company of ministers, addressed the preacher—"A great deal o' thunder this day!—great deal o' thunder." "Ay, Mem," said he, "I did not hear it; was there any light'ning?" "No, no; no muckle o' that."

Beating the Air.

On another occasion one of the same physical-force men was preaching for the Doctor, to whom she remarked, "Well, Sir, I think we had fully mair din than doctrine this day—our folk are best acquainted with the 'still small voice.'"

Not in Tune.

WHEN those aids to singing, called musical pitchforks, were first introduced, the precentor of Carnock parish, a few miles from Dunfermline, thought he might not be the worse of one, and accordingly ordered the Edinburgh carrier to bring it over. The honest carrier, who never heard of any other pitchfork but that used in the barn-yard, purchased one at least ten feet long. It was late in the Saturday evening before he came home, and as a message had been left to bring it up when he came to church next day, he marched into the churchyard before the bell rung, where the master of song was standing amid a group of villagers. "Aweel, John, here's the pitchfork you wanted; but I can tell you, I ne'er thought muckle o' your singing before, and I'm sair mista'en if ye'll sing any better now!"

The Accident Accommodating.

THE late Bailie ——, of Inverkeithing, was dining one day with a brother magistrate, whose dwelling was approached by an outside stair without a railing. About seven o'clock, in a fine summer evening, the Bailie, in making his exit, took the wrong side of the stair, and came down, not in the most elegant position, and lighted upon a

dunghill at the corner of the house. "Eh! Sirs," cried an old wife from her window opposite, "is that you, Bailie?" "Deed, Janet, it is me," said the Bailie, "but I was gaun wast the street at ony rate!"

Nature's Rhetoric.

MANY of our local readers will recollect of a manager of the Glasgow Theatre Royal, some quarter of a century ago, who cared little what exhibitions were got up, if they only tended to fill the house. A person he was who used to make the masters and misses laugh to convulsive side-shaking, exclaiming, "Oh, prodigious!—stop—murder," while he unlocked his ponderous jaws, showing a capacious mouth, opening to the ears. This buffoon was prevailed on to cobble up an affair of his own, and the boards which had been trod by Cooke, Sidons, Kemble, Kean, &c., were obliged to submit to the hoofs and carter-like pacing of this mountebank. His epitaph we give, written by himself—

"When I am dead, 'twill come to pass,
Each feeling tree, and shrub, and spire of grass,
That decks my tomb, will cry, alas!"

"Cripples are Great Boasters—Break Your Leg and Try."

ANOTHER of the same class, to whom Nature unfortunately had given figure and feature similar to the then monarch in the acted drama—Edmund Kean—who had taken his attitudes and intonations of that great master from the upper gallery, and rehearsed behind his own counter, and shed the blood of King Henry, apostrophising his sword, reeking with well dried oatmeal, which article the tragedian retailed—this harlequin was also induced to appear, a la Kean, in Richard III., when the utter burlesque of such an exhibition was sure to bring a house. A few wags of his acquaintance took the box nearest to the stage for the purpose of applauding or otherwise, as might best produce amusement. At a certain part, when the meal-dealer was drawing on his gauntlet glove, and putting his body in a rocking motion, after the manner of his model, a complete burst of laughter came pealing from the box mentioned, which nearly put out the actor, who, looking at the box, thus addressed them—"Just come on and try't yoursel's, lads—you'll find it nae easy job."

Passages from the Diary of a Ventriloquist.

WE have elsewhere in this work related from memory a ventriloquial adventure which occurred about ten years ago in the island of Bute. Since the part containing it appeared we have been favoured with the perusal of a MS. entitled, "Some Passages from the Diary of a late Ventriloquist," in which we find the story alluded to very graphically detailed. As we must confess it was sadly mangled by us in the telling, we shall take the liberty of here inserting the correct version. We shall also extract the ventriloquist's account of another

adventure which we find entered in the Diary; and having made this satisfaction, we hope that the manes of the great Carmichael will now be propitiated by this amende.

‘ 7th Nov., 1829.

“The few tricks I have hitherto played in this quarter are so similar in their nature to some of those which I have already recorded that it would be mere iteration to insert them. This day, however, has been unusually productive of fun, and that, too, of rather a novel description. As I was quietly sauntering along a footpath which leads over a hill towards the west side of the island I saw a man and several women rush confusedly out of a small thatched farm house with anguish and consternation in their looks. On inquiring what was the matter, they told me they had heard a strange voice in the loft and below the hearth, and they were sure there was something no canny about the house. An old woman said ‘it was just like a dead man’s voice,’ and then added, with a most piteous look, ‘It’s a fortnicht the day since Colin gaed to the sea.’ My surprise and curiosity being a good deal excited, I entered the house, where I found, standing on the floor, and laughing heartily, a stalwart youth, whose stature and strength, as well as the meteoric splendour of his mane, seemed to proclaim him of the ‘red-haired sons of Fingal.’ I immediately recognised in him one of the most diligent frequenters of M’Corkindale’s hall—the scene of my performances. He at once explained the mysterious conduct of the rustics by informing me that he had, a few days before, made the joyful discovery that he possessed the gift of ventriloquism, and that the deception he had just practised was one of his first attempts to exercise it. He then proposed that I should accompany him to a distillery in the neighbourhood, which had the reputation of being haunted. We accordingly proceeded to visit the knights of malt, whom we found intently busied about their various operations. An old man, whose name I ascertained to be John M’Lean, was occupied, shovel in hand, at one of the furnaces. While we were engaged in conversation with the distiller, who happened to be present, I pronounced the old man’s name with a most unearthly twang. He immediately grounded his fire-arm, made an awkward reverence, and stammered out, ‘What’s your wull, sir?’ But as there was no person in the direction towards which he turned, he probably fancied that he had made a mistake, and, muttering ‘Peg pardon,’ he plunged his shovel again into the ashes. At this moment I advanced to the furnace, and desired him to open it. He had no sooner done so than a voice, as of a spirit in agony, issued forth and ‘syllabled his name’ with appalling distinctness. The old man was for a second or two stunned with horror at this preternatural summons; he then looked round in stupid bewilderment, when his eye fell on the door, which stood wide open, and he was in the act of mustering all his energies, in order to make a precipitate retreat, when I seized him by the collar, and hinting my suspicions that he had done ‘a deed of dreadful note,’ assured him of my determination to sift the

mystery of iniquity to the bottom. The distiller, who was, as might naturally be expected, a man of spirits, speedily discovered the spurious quality of the one I had called up; but the maltman, although he was scarcely so terror-struck and amazed as his fellow workman, seemed to have no doubt whatever that it was perfectly genuine. Eunsconcing himself cautiously behind us, he questioned it thus:—‘Bheil Gaelic agad?’ (Do you speak Gaelic?) The spirit having, through the interposition of my new confederate, answered in the affirmative, the Celt was further emboldened to ask its name, ‘C’ainm a ’thort?’ The voice responded in the same wailing and lugubrious tone, ‘Hamish MacChomish,’ which, being interpreted, signifies ‘James Thomson.’ This is the name of a man who either drowned himself, or was accidentally drowned, in the beautiful lake on the banks of which Mr. Kean’s cottage is so romantically situated. It was now my turn to address the spirit of the furnace. ‘Who are you?’ ‘I’m James Thomson’s ghost.’ ‘What do you want here?’ ‘I want John M’Lean.’ ‘Why do you want John M’Lean?’ ‘He threw me into Lochfad.’ Honest John was overwhelmed with dismay on hearing so dreadful a crime brought to his charge in a manner so awful and supernatural. He threw down his shovel, lifted his hands in a deprecatory attitude, ejaculated three times, with increasing fervour and vehemence, ‘O Dhia!’ (O God!), struggled out of my grasp, and rushed wildly out into the fields. He did not stop till his breath failed him. We soon overtook him, when he burst into the most solemn protestations of innocence, assuring us by all that was sacred that he had never touched a hair of Hamish M’Chomish’s head. We then thought it high time to disclose the secret, and told him it was all a trick; but he stubbornly refused to believe us, and expressed his determination never to enter the distillery again.

“I next proceeded towards several cottages on the top of a neighbouring hill in company with my young Oicerone, who seemed well acquainted with the people, as well as the localities. We entered one of these huts, and found it tenanted by a tall and brawny Highlander from Lismore, whom, notwithstanding his carroty locks, my fellow-adventurer hailed by the name of Ian Dhu. He was, together with his wife, several children, and a pretty little seamstress, busily engaged in discussing a mess of potatoes which were served up, together with some slender accompaniments, on a huge buffet-stool. Ian, whose visage was naturally none of the blithest, looked rather sulky at our intrusion, and answered our salutation with a gruffness of manner for which we determined to punish him. After asking for a drink of water, seating ourselves beside the fire, and exchanging a few remarks about the weather, I quietly began the works of darkness. They took effect first upon Ian’s wife, who, looking towards the chimney, remarked, ‘The wund maks a droll noise in the lum the day.’ Her husband, who now listened attentively for a few seconds, fancying that he could distinguish the voice of a child, rose from his seat, saying, ‘I think it’s ane o’ Rob Johnston’s weans

greetin'. They're a' oot at the peats, and maybe they ha'e left the bairn in the hoose.' Whereupon he went out to ascertain whether this was the case, and returned immediately with the information that there 'wasna a sowl in Rob's hoose.' Meanwhile, there was a brief cessation of the mysterious sounds; but, a few minutes after Ian resumed his seat, the song of 'Roy's wife of Aldivalloch' was suddenly struck up in the peat loft. The rapid change in the direction of the voice, as well as the unearthliness of its tones, and the quick transition from accents of grief and lamentation to sounds of merriment, would have appalled many a stout heart. But Ian seemed not to have the slightest suspicion of supernatural agency, and, therefore, after an ineffectual summons to the invisible singer to make his appearance, he boldly scrambled up into the loft, and rummaged among the peats. His search having of course proved unsuccessful, he came down, evidently not a little surprised and irritated. No sooner had he made his descent than the voice again took up its position in the chimney, but much farther down than before, and bawled out lustily for aid, sputtering, coughing, groaning, and sobbing by turns. Ian applied his head close to the fire-place, and called out, 'What the deevil are ye doin' in the lum?' 'Put out the fire, or I'll be choked,' was the reply. He looked for water, but the water-stoups were empty. He then seized a frying-pan, as the best expedient he could hit upon at the moment, and pressed it down upon the burning embers with tremendous energy, in order to extinguish the fire. The voice, nevertheless, continued as clamorous as ever for assistance. Ian stood on the floor for a few seconds in a state of utter bamboozlement and perplexity, and then rushed out at the door as if in desperation. In his haste he overturned an old woman, whom the noise had attracted. After briefly explaining to her in Gaelic what was the matter, he disappeared. A minute afterwards I looked out at the window, and saw the old woman scouring the fields as if the foul fiend were in pursuit of her. The house was by this time in an indescribable state of uproar and confusion. The cottar's wife shrieked, beat her bosom, and exclaimed, 'O Dhia!' (O God!), and the children squalled as if for a wager. I now began to think that the sport had proceeded far enough, when I heard a voice, much more natural than any I could by art produce, bellowing in the chimney with stentorian power. I looked to the ventriloquial neophyte, and congratulated him on his wonderfully rapid progress. He smiled, and asked what I meant. 'Why,' said I, 'I would give any money to be able to do what you have just done.' He still, however, looked perfectly unconscious, and I was quite at a loss what to think. Again the same sounds were repeated during our conversation, and my confederate's astonishment knew no bounds when he discovered that I was not the author of them, but that they proceeded from a 'neutral voice.' We were both utterly nonplussed, and, rising with one accord, we rushed out, in order to seek for a

solution of the mystery. The clamour outside was now equal to the hubbub which reigned within. A crowd of people came running towards us from all directions, uttering cries and making gestures which were to us perfectly inexplicable, until we raised our eyes to the house top. Our perplexity now gave place to uncontrollable laughter at the extraordinary plight in which we found our friend Ian Dhu. There he was with his nether man high up in air, and his head and shoulders stuck fast in the chimney. It seems that, having mounted the 'rigging' by means of a ladder, he had attempted to extricate the poor fellow in the chimney—which was only, as one of the bystanders expressed it, 'a rickle o' stanes wi' a big hole in't'—but, in his humane efforts to do so, had overreached himself, and thus become a fixture, until we rushed to his rescue, and restored him to his natural position. When his feet were once more on the solid earth, his neighbours surrounded him, and assailed him with questions; and, as the eclaireissement might prove anything but pleasant to us, we quietly stole away; and well it was that we did so, for our secret was soon discovered, and Ian, seizing a hatchet, gave us chase, with the fixed determination to take summary vengeance. Having, however, had the start of him by several hundred yards, we easily managed to get clear off. We learned afterwards that the seamstress I have already mentioned had been to witness my performances in M'Corkindale's, and immediately recognised me on entering, but did not venture to betray my incognito until I left the house."

In another portion of the MS. we find the following entry, written during a subsequent visit to Rothesay:—

"15th July, 1831.

"This morning I stumbled on the old man whom I terrified so much two years ago in one of the distilleries. I met him on the road leading to it, and I think it likely, notwithstanding the determination in which we left him, that he subdued his terrors, and returned to his work. I accosted him with the usual salutation, 'A fine morning, John.' 'A fine ceevil wather, sur.' 'Do you remember the fright I gave you two years ago in the distillery?' 'Me!' exclaimed John with feigned astonishment, but evidently recalling in an instant every circumstance of the dreadful scene, 'I was na nane frichtet.' 'Why then did you run away so quickly?' This was rather a difficult question to answer. He evaded it therefore very adroitly with the following bravado: 'I was on board a man o' war for seven years, an' its no very likely I wad be frichtet for the like o' yon. Guid morning, sur.' Saying this, he shuffled off with strong symptoms of disgust at the subject."

Birds of a Feather.

DR. F—— and his heritors, as has been noticed in our pages, were not on the best of terms, and we believe it is equally difficult, perhaps more so, to obtain from these men of acres the assessment for stipend, and the amount necessary for repairs, &c., &c., on church

and manse, as among the dissenters. In the year 1826, when trade was much depressed, and a great number of the Doctor's hearers, who were hand-loom weavers, could not obtain work, and consequently were unable to pay for seats in the church, he insisted that the heritors ought to provide accommodation for the poor, and without taking any seat rents from them as an indemnification. The heritors then applied to the Sheriff for an interdict, which they obtained, prohibiting all and sundry from entering the seats of the church without their permission; upon which the Doctor and his hearers betook themselves to the churchyard, where, from a tent, summer and winter, "in seed-time and harvest," for nearly nine years, did he preach to his parishioners, while most of the heritors sought accommodation in the adjoining dissenting place of worship, which a predecessor of Dr. F.'s had denominated the "Jaw-hole." On one occasion, a supposed partisan of the heritors sent a goose into the churchyard, which, setting up a wild gabble, disturbed the worshippers. Dr. F. intermitted his discourse, and sarcastically exclaimed,—“What a pity that they did not send it down the hill, with the other geese, to gabble in the “Jaw-hole!” On the following Sabbath the goose was again sent into the churchyard, screaming most fearfully, having been deprived of part of its feathery coat. The minister paused, and satirically remarked, “It is so far pleasant to think that its owners are not unmindful of ordinances; for, since they have not come themselves, they have had the grace to send their representative.”

The Cut Clerical.

THE same clergyman, who is a keen and skilful debater in church courts, having got into collision with Dr. B., the latter in a passion exclaimed, “I believe, Moderator, that that man will drive every honest person out of this house.” “If so,” observed the former, “I am sure the Rev. Doctor will remain.”

A Qualified Legal Practitioner.

CERTAIN localities in Scotland are in bad odour with the bench for their habitual litigiousness, and the numerous cases of doubtful character that are brought from them by appeal from the lower courts. A country practitioner, who had a case under debate before Lord Eldin, in the Court of Session, frequently interrupted the course of the debate by thrusting himself forward, and making suggestions to his counsel. At length this system of intrusive impertinence became intolerable, and his Lordship in his usual pawky manner addressed the countryman of parchments thus:—“Gin I may speir, my man, whar do ye belang to?” “My Lord, I practise in Beith.” “Ay, and whar were ye brought up?” “I served my time, my Lord, in Kilwinning.” “Ou ay, and sin’ ye ha’e been sae free, ye’ll maybe tell us whar ye were born?” “Deed, my Lord, I was born in Kilmaurs.” “Born in Kilmaurs, bred in Kilwinning, and practising in Beith. It’s my opinion, lad, ye would stand a gude chance if ye would put up as candidate for procurator to the deevil!”

WILL MILLER, a well known humourist in the district of Kyle, having taken a trip to the "land of liberty" and slave-holders, was taken to visit, among other sights, the Falls of Niagara. "Well, Mr. Miller," said a full-blown Yankee, after allowing time for the contemplation of the scene, "is not that wonderful? In your country you never saw anything like that." "Like that!" quoth Will, "there's a far mair wonderfu' concern no twa miles frae whar I was born. Man, at the Kaimshill there's a peacock wi' a timmer leg!"

Scotch Accommodation.

IN the west country it is the custom in farm houses to give a draught of milk to every visitor, immediately after dinner. Will Miller, who was working as a joiner at a country house, where the people were somewhat parsimonious, had, for a few days, been presented for his after-dinner drink, with whey instead of milk, the liquid usually given to the pigs. At length, Will grew tired of his thin potatoes, and, on the mistress setting down his old bicker of whey, he remarked, in his usual *naive* manner, to her—"Now, mistress, keep mind, ye needna hamper the swine, poor beasts, o' their meat for me. I could tak' a drink o' milk ony day, gin it were to oblige you."

A Liberal Offer.

A CLERGYMAN was presented to a living in the vicinity of Glasgow, who had a protuberance between his shoulders, arising from diseased spine and a corresponding protrusion of the chest. The parishioners were opposed to a person of such an ungainly appearance occupying their pulpit. The presentee heard of the dissatisfaction, and, being a personage of some humour and tact, convened a meeting of the malcontents, in order to ascertain their objections. "I have heard," said he, "that my settlement amongst you is not likely to be agreeable—now, as I am not aware of any objection to my opinions or practice—my slender abilities for such a charge I admit—I should just like, as we are all friends and brethren, and have only one object to serve, that you would state your objections." One glanced to another, which was as significantly returned almost round the vetoists, and silence prevailed for some time. "Speak out," said the presentee, "don't be afraid; I am not ready to take offence," when one stammered out, "Sir, you see! we—you see—Sir—sin' I maun speak for my brethren here—dinna like your bodily appearance." "Neither do I," was the reply, "and if ye can get it repaired, I'll be at half the expense mysel'."

Highland Packing.

WHEN the local militia were in training, during the war with Bonaparte, they were often sent to country quarters to drill, and to give them the habits of soldiers. The landed magnates in the neigh-

bourhood vied with each other in the frequency and magnificence of their hospitalities to the officers. At one of those entertainments, given by a certain nobleman, a Highland captain, who occupied the right of the hostess, was pressed to partake of dish after dish, which he did in right good earnest. Her ladyship still continued her suit, and pressed the captain to partake of a piece of delicious veal. Unable farther to comply, he apologised, putting both his hands on his chest with appropriate action—"Na, na, my lord's lady, na, na; I'm as fu's a partan."

A Modern Oracle.

ANY of our readers who have been deposited at Gibb's Hotel, in the royal burgh of Stirling, must have seen a half-witted creature named Daft Dawson, looking after largesses from the stagecoach passengers. One day a shilling was tossed to him by a liberal John Bull; Scotchmen deal more in the brown. Dawson looked at the gift with astonishment, and exclaimed, "Man, you're maist as daft as Dawson." This eccentric had, as a set-off against the want of intellect, a considerable portion of cunning and sarcasm, with a very peculiar mode of shifting the responsibility of his sarcasms on a third party. Dawson pretended to have a familiar spirit which he consulted on all occasions of difficulty. His mode of consulting the oracle, was putting his bonnet over his face and muttering some incoherences, and then giving the response which he himself had previously manufactured. Two ladies gave him twopence, when Dawson addressed himself immediately to his oracle. The ladies struck at the singular attitude, inquired at him what he was doing. "I was just inquiring," he replied, "whether I should tak' what ye gied me." "Ay; and what answer did ye get?" "Ou, just to tak' it, but it wasna what micht ha'e been expectit."

GLOSSARY

OF

SCOTTISH TERMS AND PHRASES.

A.

A.—A contraction of *hae*, have.

“Out there cam a wee hen,
Seekan for its meat;
Rab liftit up a muckle stane,
And dang her aff her feet—
And dang her aff her feet,
And she ne'er spak' a word;
And ilka egg the wee hen laid,
It micht a been a burd.”

X. *MS. Ballad.*

A B brod.—A board having the alphabet pasted on it for the use of children at school.

“They gied me first the *A B brod*,
Whilk ser't for shool, for book and rod.”

Sillar.

AFF, *adv.*—Off, away; “aff at the nail,” to act like one deranged; to caricature any subject by extravagant illustration, which is often characterised by another phrase, “running awa' wi' the harrows”—“aff your legs and on potatoes;” unwittingly in a mistake; you don't know what you are about; to “tak' aff” to take off, to remove any force, to jibe, to drink off the contents of a glass.

A gentleman, one morning in summer, passing along the road towards Tarbert, on the southern bank of Lochlomond, observed a Highlander lying down flat on his breast, and quenching his thirst at the loch, called out, “Donald, tak' aff your mornin'!” “Oich, oich,” replied Donald, “if she was a ouskie (whisky), she wad try.”

AIRT to.—To direct, to aim, to point out a certain course, to urge forward.

“Na our rede speils the hindmost breath,
And skinkles like the starn of ev'n,
And lichts the eerie glen o' death,
And *airts* to the seilfu' beild in heaven.”

X. *MS. Verses.*

AISLE, AIZIL, or EIZEL, *n.*—Cinder, a hot ember.

“The sunnie knowes that ance were dear,
I taigle on and fondly view;
The spunk o' life that low't sae clear
Is cryn't into an *aisle* now.”

X. *MS. Verses.*

AS LIGHT A GREEN,—A saying current in the district of Menteith, Perthshire; we cannot account for the circumstances of its origin; the meaning is, “I have seen as unlikely a thing happen.”

Will Shore, a person of disordered intellect, who wandered in the strath of Menteith, from Ben-Lomond to Kippen, and who only died in 1837, though of a robust form, was lazy, and when labour was imposed on him, always contrived to make his escape as soon as possible. Will had quartered in winter, at a farm-house, for the night; and the servant, resolving to have his assistance in thrashing some oats, to make the morning as long as possible, started him at a very early hour, when they commenced handling the flail. Every now and then, Will went to the door to see if the lord of day were sending his rosy tints over the eastern sky. The strokes from the flail became more frequent as Will appeared to tire. At last, he went and looked over the half-door;—still dark—no streak of light to be seen. “Preserve us a’!” quoth Will, “I ha’e seen as light a green as it would ne’er be day-light.”

AUGENT.—A factor, a doer, a manager for another.

A carter in Port-Glasgow had occasion frequently to dun a gentleman for a small account that he owed him. The gentleman, annoyed at his importunity, ordered him to go to —. The carter replied, “Weel, Sir, if I’m to gang there for’t, will ye gi’e me the name o’ your *augent*?” X.

AUSE, *n.*—Ashes, cinders. Ess, north of England.

“I gathert the *ause*, and I carry’t it hame,
And laid it aneath my bowster wi’ care;
An’ I trow’d, tho’ my joe I downa name,
I wad dream o’ my love and see her fair.”

X. *MS. Poem.*

B.

BAIBLE, *v. n.*—To drink carelessly, so as to spill a portion of the liquor on the breast; to drink like a child.

BAIRDIE, BEARDIE, or BLATHERAN TAM, *n.*—A small fish; the white throat; the three-spined stikeback.

“The guttie lo’es the glancin’ burn,
The *bairdie* lies aneth the stane,
The unskaith’t maid may rant about,
While in the neuk I sit alane.”

X. *MS. Poem.*

BALDEIRIE, *n.*—The orchis, a plant, the genus *orchis*.

Our rustics ascribe a mysterious power to the *baldeirie* over the human affections, and a spell in swaying the passion of love. In popular belief, one of the tubers or knags of the root of this plant, given in powder, as a potion, without the knowledge of the receiver, is believed to excite the passion of love to almost frenzy. X.

BANES, *n.*—Bones; the substantial portion of anything; the framework of a piece of mechanism; the skeleton of an animal.

Andrew Henderson was at an evening party, where the company were so numerous that they could not be accommodated at the table, and had to make the knee the substitute. Andrew, after having picked the bones of the portion of fowl given him by the host, was about to return his plate, when he proffered to hand in, at the same time, that of the lady who sat next to him—“My dear Miss —, will ye let me lay my *banes* aside yours?”

BEISTIE-MILK, *n.*—The first milk of a cow after she has calved, boiled to a consistence like new-made cheese.

Dr. Jamieson gives it under the Mearnshire orthography, *Beast-milk*; but our version is the one adopted in the West of Scotland.

BEITING-BAND, n.—Bandage of a sheaf of flax or lint, made of thrushes dried in the sun, and beaten on a flat stone.

BIGGING, n.—A building, a dwelling-house, the process of building.

A cobbler in Kilbarchan, alarmed at a storm of wind, that shook the frail tenement in which he and his wife dwelt, prayed "that the win' micht be made to put out a ca'mer souch, as it is like to bring down the auld *bigging* about us."

BINK, n.—A long narrow chest, the lid of which served as a form or seat.

The fiddler's seat at merry-makings; hence, Whistle-binkie.

BIRSLE, v.—To broil, to roast, to toast, to parch.

"We sleepit at e'en amang the sacks o' aits;

When the mill gaed we pray't an' sang;

We birslit taties in the howe killogie,

And howpit that things wad mend ere lang."

X. *Ballad of the Sufferings of the "Remnant."*

BIZZ, v. n.—Sound of steam escaping through a confined aperture; also, when cold and hot bodies come into contact. The tailor knows the temper of his goose by the fiercer or more subdued *bizz* that his saliva causes when squirted on the hot goose, and when the cloth is not in danger of being singed.

A Paisley matron, during her first voyage down the Clyde by steam, listened anxiously to a conversation that was going on between the helmsman and a stranger. The stranger inquired, "What was the reason that so many floating casks with painted circles of different colours, were set down in the channel?" "These are buoys to mark the course for vessels." The old lady, who never heard of the term, or saw a buoy before, mistook the sound for that of a boy in a boyne; and having her sympathy strongly excited she addressed the director of the steamer—"Save us! what can the callan be doin' out in a boyne? he'll be drowned, poor thing; he's aye somebody's bairn—oh, man, haud the handle o' your boat, and let aff the *bizz*, and tak' him up."

BIZZIE, adj.—Officious, meddling.

A pedant in Lochwinnoch, passing along the road, jeeringly accosted a young lass who was leaning on the handle of her hoe in a potato-field—"Well, you are very *busy*?" She smartly replied, "The Deil's *bizzie*—I am only thrang."

BLEDDING.—From the verb to *blade* or *bledd*, the act of taking off the leaves of kail or cabbage.

Willie King, an eccentric character, who was born in Port-Glasgow about the middle of last century, and died only within these few years, was possessed of a very fertile imagination, and excelled in hyperbole, once dined at Finlayston, with the Earl of Glencairn and a few of the neighbouring Lairds. Willie was Munchausening as usual, when one of the guests, who had never been on a "whaling voyage," doubted the veracity of King. Another of the guests defended him. "Doubt him! I saw King on my way frae Greenock this very day, *bledding* a cabbage stock up fifteen steps of a ladder."

BLUITER, n.—A senseless talker, an outspoken, inconsiderate person, a cuif. The Scots diphthong *ui* has the sound of the Greek *v*, or the French *u*. *Bluiter, n.*—The bird called the bittern; heather-bluitter, myre-bumper, loch-bluitter, the same bird.

BRAID, adj.—Broad, opposed to narrow.

Mr. Bell, a Dissenting minister in Glasgow, of whom we have related some anecdotes, was dining on an occasion with a parsimonious brother in Hamilton. When the toddy-bowl was produced, though capacious enough, only a small

quantity was compounded—the bowl about half-full. The host launched out on the extravagant style in which books were got up—with such *braid* margins. “Weel,” replies Mr. Bell, “I am perfectly of your opinion in that respect, for I neither like to see *braid* margins about types, nor the insides o’ toddy bowls!”

BRAT, *n.*—An impertinent, disobedient child; contemptuous term applied by persons of mushroom growth themselves in society, to the children of those in the lower grades; a short apron worn by female domestics; clothing; “*bit and brat*,” or food and clothing.

Dr. Jamieson is very defective in his illustration of this term.

A little carpenter, with a shaving tied round as a hatband, and observing Hawkie standing at a corner, accosted the orator, “Man, Hawkie, do ye see I’m gaun in mournings for you?” “Is’t no,” replied Hawkie, “a poor account o’ presbyterian Glasgow, that a *brat* like that is permitted to gang about in mournings for a man before he’s dead?”

BRATTIE, *n.*—A plaid, such as shepherds use for protection against the weather.

Jamie Gibb, the heckler (flax-dresser), over whose head the sward has waved for a few summers, was well known in the districts of Menteith, Perthshire. Jamie was a man of witty invention, and had been on many “whaling expeditions, both on sea and dry land,” as Pat would say.

The besetting sin of the heckler was inebriety, and to obtain this gratification, every thing that he either possessed himself or could borrow of others was made away with. He once borrowed a plaid from a friend, until he should return from Stirling, whither he required to go and see a friend. When he returned, the plaid was missing, and Jamie took shelter under his taste for music. “Ye see,” said he, “I maun aye, when I’m a Sabbath-day in Stirling, gang to hear Bishop Gleig. I’m fond o’ the organ ye ken; so I sat as near’t as I could get, and as they were turnan round the wheel, the teeth o’ grippit your *brattie*, and ere I could say stop your bumming, it made Highland music o’t.”

BRED, *n.*, often erroneously pronounced *brod*.—The plate set on a stool at the entrance to the church, in which the gifts of charity to the poor are deposited, and on which one of the elders or deacons attends. This word is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *bred*, a table; is used for a plank in Dumfries-shire, and for a plate or pan in Roxburghshire.

An elder who had just been promoted to official honours, took his son with him to assist in superintending the gifts. The boy wishing to make himself as useful as possible, noticed some passing into the church without putting any thing into the treasury, and cried out—“Faither, thae fock are gaun bye the *bred* without paying.”

One of the heritors in the parish of Old Moukland was appointed, on the occasion of a collection for repairs requiring to be made on the church, to superintend the deposits. A wealthy heritor and his guidwife passing, threw in a paltry sum. “Come back, laird,” quoth the superintendent, “ye maun do mair for the *brod*; I’ll no tak that aff your hand.”

BREITHER, plural, *n.* **BRITHER**, singular.—Brothers, a long sound is given to the diphthong *ei*, as breither.

“O hae ye heard o’ bonnie Jean,
The pink o’ Cochran’s Lea,
Or hae ye heard o’ her breither twa,
Wha facht at the warlock tree.”

BROSE, s.—A kind of pudding, made of oat or pease meal, on which boiling water is poured, and then stirred about until the water and meal are thoroughly incorporated.

“Sowens is watery meat,
And kail a blash o’ brue;
Parritch is meat for a man,
And brose is ‘clag’in too.’”

X. *Old Rhyme.*

BROUNIES, n.—Spirits, a species of witch or warlock who made themselves very useful to farmers by executing drudgery work. In the Highlands in times gone by, a bason of cream was set out for the Witch or Brounie. Olothes were sometimes added. These beings, in grateful return, thrashed out the oats in the barn, or executed other work about the doors.

X.

BRUE or Broo.—Soup, juice, sauce, broth, a decoction, a boiling, a seething, a diet-drink, made of herbs boiled. “The bit is like the brue,” applied to a poor, worthless, or faulty match.

The vowel *u* sounds like the Greek *v*, and the French *u*. “Ye sall get brue out o’ the lee side o’ the pat,” a proverbial phrase for a promised favour, alluding to the skimming of the fat brue from the calm side of the pot during the ebullition.

X.

BRUME, n.—Broom, a plant, *genista scoparia*.

According to the Lochwinnoch mythology, the witches ride upon *bindweeds* or *brumesticks*, through the lift, and sometimes sail over the Loch to the Peil, in a riddle, with an oar of brume. Occasionally, the witch substitutes a brume-besom in the bed beside her husband, during her “cantrips with the Meikle Thief.”—*Annals of Lochwinnoch*.

X.

BUCKING, v.—Sound of liquid escaping through a narrow passage or neck, such as a bottle or jar.

Will Miller had been one day at Kilmarnock for a jar of whisky, of which he had partaken so freely on the road home that at length the giant spirit of usqueba stretched him on the footpath. The jar having rolled away from him, the cork came out, and the liquor was poured out on the pathway. Will, listening to the unwelcome process that was going on, and unable to move, addressed the jar—“Ou ay, I hear ye *buck, buck, bucking*, but I canna win near enough you, or I wad soon fin’ a cork for your mouth wi’ my ain.”

BURROCH, n.—A band put round the hinder legs of a vicious cow when milking to prevent her from kicking. Dr. Jamieson has gone into error with the above word; he spells it *bourach*, *borrach*, or *bonach*; it is derived from the Gaelic *baurach*, a milking fetter. *Burrochit, pret.*—Restrained. *Burrochles, adj.*—Wild, untractable, without restraint.

X.

BUSS, n.—A bush, a clump of dwarfish trees.

An old dame, who had a son that ploughed the salt wave, and when he returned from his journeyings on the perilous deep, amidst many inquiries as to the sea, asked him, “Jock, when ye gang to your bed at nicht, do you tie your gabbart to a *buss*?”

X.

BUTTIL, BUTTLE, n.—A quantity of hay, grass, or straw bundled.—English, a bottle.

“There wons an old wife in Pomillan,
She rides on a *buttil* o’ strae.”

X.

C.

CAFF, n.—The small leaves that stand like scales round the top of the seed separated from it by the process of winnowing.

Dr. Jamieson's definition of chaff is too loose for botanists—it is not the true husk, or the coat of corn which remains still after the process of winnowing, which sends off the *caff*.

A reverend gentleman, who, like many of the present generation, "baith i' the Kirk and out o't," made a thought go as far as a gold-beater does a guinea, delivered a very lengthy pulpit oration to an audience, on whom he himself thought he had made some impression. Inquiring afterwards at one of the auditors, "whether he thought the introduction, or the doctrinal, or practical part of the discourse was best," the person, who was an oldish sparrow, replied, "Just put the hail discourse, in a' its parts, through the fanners, and ye'll see whar the *caff* and the corn is; but, to be sure, gin the grain was licht, ye gied us guid measure."

Two old gash critics, on their way home from the church one Sabbath, remarked to each other—"Man, the minister has gi'en us a wonderfu' lang discourse this afternoon; it will be mirk afore we get hame, and, i' my opinion, there was unco little in't." "Ou ay, man," replied the other, "*caff* is aye mair bulky than corn."

CAIRIE, n.—The motion of the clouds in stormy weather.

Tannahill, in his song of "Sleeping Maggy," has employed this term for the heavens or firmament, or sky, which is not the usual acceptation. X.

CAPERNOYTIT, adj.—Superannuated, ill-tempered, imbecile, crazed, whimsical.

Dr. Jamieson's definition is defective; he explains the word as crabbed, peevish, irritable. It is very often applied to irritability, but always where common sense or reason is less or more wanting.

"Did ye hear what auld Dominie Napier says about the mirk Mununday?" quoth an old wife to a cronie; "he says that it's a yeclips—the sin and the mun fechtin' for the upper han'; but he's a poor *capernoytit* creature. I trow Deacon Lang-whang gied him his answer, honest man! 'Hout, dominie,' said the deacon, 'we wad hae licht, galore, gif it be as ye say, that the mune has nae mair licht than my lap-stane.'" X.

CAR, n.—A sledge; a cart wanting the wheels, the bottom made of open spars, having no ledges, sides, nor front, with back made of upright spars, and of considerable depth; the points of the shafts projecting behind are the support, on which the weight of the vehicle is borne. *Car* also signifies left—as *car*-handed, left-handed.

CARLE, or CARL, n.—Every man under the rank of a gentleman in blood, such as a working man, a merchant, a vassal, a feuar.

Jamieson, in his fourth meaning of *carl*, is wrong when he says he has the manners of a boor. Chalmers defines a *carle* to be a churl, a miser. But if he have these characteristics, it is accidental. X.

CAUK, n.—Chalk.

An old snip, who threaded his way through the world, near West Calder, had apprenticed to him the son of a neighbouring cottager. The cottager's son took not well with soldering fragments of raiment together, and resolved to make off from his master, and to betake himself to some profession, more in the perpendicular, physically, perhaps morally also, than that of the cross-legged, cabbaging fraternity are thought to do. Old whip-the-cat, being called from home to make clothes at the house of a customer, left a pair of breeches to repair with his apprentice, enjoining him to have them ready by a certain

time, as the owner required them. "An' what cloth will I tak' to do them wi'?" inquired young wax-ball. "Tou, never mind," replied the master, "tak' the first piece that's at hand." The youngster, taking advantage of the vague directions, and wishing to try the temper of his master's goose, though it should burn through the stitches of the indenture, laid hold of a new pair of small clothes, and cut out as much of the back settlements as suited the breach to be repaired. When his master returned home, and saw what had been done, his passion was so much excited that he seized the laboard, and would have felled master buttons had he not taken to his heels. The latter was trying the pliancy of his joints, the old goose with heavier pinion considerably in the rear, when an acquaintance met him, "What, what," said he, "is the matter?" "Ou, naething," replied young snip, "but my master has gotten an order for a big cutting job in a hurry, and I'm rinning afore wi' the cauk, and he is comin' with the shears."

CHISSAT, or CHIZAT, n.—A cheese vat, a vessel, or round wooden box, either of solid wood chiselled out, or moulds made of staves; the bottom is perforated with small holes to allow the more fluid portion to escape; the curd is submitted to the pressure of a heavy stone let down by a screw, called the cheese press.

"Keep within the *chissat* ye were stan'd in."—*Proverb.* X.

CHUCKIE-STANES, n.—Small fragments of quartz; so called from being found in the *craps* (stomachs) of chuckies or hens.

"Your stamack wad grun *chuckie-stanes*."

X. Proverbial Saying.

CLANJAMFRIE, n.—The Scotch synonyme for the "tag-rag-and-bob-tail," or dregs of the people.

Jaffrey's Close enters from the Goosedubbs in Glasgow, and contains a very considerable number of inhabitants, many of whom are of questionable character. The waggish gentleman from whom this close derived its name was once in company with a Highlandman of the name of Campbell, who was lording it over some of the Macs, &c., in the company, and boasting of the antiquity, great names, and numbers belonging to his clan. Mr. Jaffrey at once offered to take a bet with the Celt that the clan to which he belonged was more numerous than his. "Your clan! *your* clan! who ever heard before now of the Clan-Jaffrey?" "Donald, I'll let your friends here be the judges." "Very well, then, five pounds to a shilling." "I belong to the *Clan-Jamfrie*, so down wi' your dust." The name is vulgarly pronounced *Jamphrie*."

CLUDS, n.—The clouds; the vapours floating in the atmosphere; "cludy skye," betokening rain.

The Seceders from the Church of Scotland held their brethren, who had sought Relief in dissent on account of patronage in anything but respectful estimation. One reason was, they had not given to the world a formal creed; "naebody could ken what they war, for they had neither wa', roof, nor riggin'."

An old woman who, foul weather and fair, travelled from Kilmaronock, near Drymen, to Balfron, a distance of twelve or fourteen miles, to attend the Seceding place of worship under Mr. Pullar, was passed on her way by some of the members of the Relief, who were going to the parish church, as there happened to be no service in their own. They accosted the staunch Seceder in passing, "*Cluddy* day, Janet." "Nae wunner than it's *cluddy*," was the reply, "when sae mony o' you gentry are on the road."

CLUNK, n.—The hollow sound which water makes under a vessel at sea, or in a jar or barrel which is not full.

An honest farmer from Kilbirnie, having undertaken a sea voyage to Arran,

had the pleasant variety of a storm as he returned. On reaching Saltcoats he leaped ashore with great agility, marched through the town, and never looked behind him till he reached the heights from which the last view of the sea is to be had; he then ventured to look back on the mighty ocean, and, with a sage nod of his head, said, "Ca' me a fule if ye ever play *clunk, chunk*, at my lug again." X.

COFT *v.*—Bought, did buy.

A country woman accosted the late Rev. Dr. Ranken, the historian of France, while he was standing at the shop-door of the late Messrs. Brash & Reid, reading a newspaper, with, "Was't here, man, that I *coft* the wab o' plaidin', wat ye?" "I really cannot say, my good woman," replied the Doctor. "Tuts, that's odd now—it was hereawa' somewhere; but whether it was *up* a stair or *down* a stair, an' tak' my life for't, I canna say."

COMMENTAUTOR, *n.*—Generally applied to one who expounds Scripture.

Mr. James Crawford, minister at Lochwinnoch, piqued himself on his critical knowledge, and often found fault with the glosses or readings of commentators—a practice which we wish had expired with the rev. pedant in Renfrewshire.

The Rev. Mr. Brisbane, of Dunlop, dined where Mr. Crawford was present, with others of the cloth, when Mr. Brisbane, who had a knack of throwing off squibs, was asked to compose Mr. Crawford's epitaph, upon which he extemporised—

"Come! *commentautors*, bring your beuks,
And honour Jamie's fa';
Lay on his grave wi' a' your micht,
For he laid on ye a'." X.

COSIE, *adj.*—Snug, bien, comfortable.

A Highland shoemaker, who believed most devoutly in the authenticity of Ossian, and in the Gaelic language originating immediately after the dispersion of Babel, wrote a poem attempting to prove that the dress, or coat of many colours in which Jacob clothed his favourite son, was a tartan fabric—

"Auld Jacob made his dautit Josie
A tartan coat to keep him *cosie*,
Says he, 'Gin e'er ye leave my bosie,
This coat I'll ken;'
This tale we hae frae honest Mosie,
The best o' men."

COUP, *v.*—To invert, to turn upside down, synonyme of the Scotch term *whummle*; also, to sell or exchange, a horse couper, a dealer in horses.

A vessel from the Clyde, in her voyage to the West Indies, had on board a young man going out under indenture, who belonged to Paisley.

Being his first trip, and a stiff head-wind agitating the sea, the inexperienced voyager got exceedingly sick, and came on deck to see if fresh air would relieve him. Seeing the billows rolling mountain high, the vessel now, as it were, in a deep valley, and anon on the mountain top, he thought of giving directions to the man at the tiller. "Haud her in the howe; man! can ye no haud her in the howe, or she'll *coup*."

CREEL, *adj.*—Worth preserving; a term used by fishers in reference to small fish, synonymous with "is worth house-room," and used also by mineralogists in the same sense.

CRUIKIT, *part pa.*—Crooked, lame; humph-backed is said to be crooked-back't.

An unfortunate who had his spine injured, which left the projection at the

back above defined, annoyed a Highlander, who, following the genders of the Gaelic, gave sex to inanimate objects. Quoth little crook-back, with a little impertinence, "Donald, why do a' you folk in the Highlands ca' every thing he or she?" "Man!" said Donald, "I'll not call you neither one nor both—you impertinent impudence as you are, wi' your burden on your back always nicht and day; if you were amang the Highlands, they would neither call you he nor she, you broken back—they would call you *it*, you *cruikit back* that you are of an impudence."

CRUISIE, *n.*—The Scots form of *cruise*; an oil, or ulie lamp.

"Coll the aizle aff the cruise, Kate."

ALSO,

"The cruise hung by the chimla-lug,
A flichteran deathlike licht it flang;

The leddie harkit cosie i' the neuk,

While the laird outspak i' the English tongue."

X. *M.S. Verse.*

CRUNE, to *v.* or **CRUIN**.—To low; to howl; to moan:—*n.* a menacing tone, as bull or a cow in anger; to moan; a monotonous tune.—Cognates, *Kreunen* (Belgic), to whimper:—*Hryna* (Icelandic), to groan; and *Coranach* (Gaelic), a dirge; a lamentation for the dead.

"Your bill's *cruinan*, you may leuk for a charge o' horning;"—said when a bill is over due, and diligence threatened.

X.

CUITIE, *adj.*—(A totally different and distinct word from its derivation and way of pronouncing, for *ui*, like *v* Greek.) A *cuttie-boyn*, a small tub, diminutive of *boyn*, for washing the feet, which holds as much water as will cover the ancles. It derives its name from the *cute*, or *cuit*, the ancle.

"He wi' a whittle scrapit his snout,

And syn't in the *cuttie-boyn*,

Wi' a strae-rape tye't up his hose,

And wasna Wattie wondrous fine?"

X. *M.S.*

CUTTIE, *n.*—A short lassie; a term of reprobation applied to disobedient girls, entering, or below, their teens. "Ah! ye *cuttie*, I'll gar your lugs ring, if I come to you."

CUTTIE, *adj.*—Short. *Cuttie* is from the Gaelic *cutag*, or *cutach*, little or short; such as *cuttie-stool*, *cuttie-spune*, *cuttie-pipe*, and *cuttie-sark*.

CUTTOCH, *n.*—A cow between the age of a stirk one year, and a quey two years old.

"The kye's gane to the birken wood,

The *cuttochs* to the broom;

The sheep are to the high, high hills,

They'll no be hame till noon."

X. *M.S.*

D.

DAICH, *n.*—Dough, the paste of bread before being dried in the oven.

DED, or **DEAD-KIST**, *n.*—A coffin.

The laird of the Linthills, about eighty years ago, ran to pigs and whistles.

His only daughter, reflecting on her father's conduct, bitterly said, "It wadna gie me muckle sorrow to see him carried across the craft, and a *fir kist* ower his rigging."

An old maiden lady died at Barr Castle while on a visit to the family. The bedroom that she had occupied was in one of the turrets, the ascent to which was by a narrow, dark, winding stair. The minister took an early opportunity of calling at Barr to condole with the family. On his approach he met the laird walking hurriedly near the gateway, apparently in deep sorrow, and thus administered ghostly consolation: "Miss Jabbish had long been spared to her friends, was well stricken in years, and had gone the way of all living, like a shock of corn that is gathered home in full maturity: all of them should be thankful for the past, submissive under unavoidable privations." "Man," quoth the laird, "what's a' this long palaver for? I ken weel eneuch she's dead, and kent she was diein'; it's no that I care for, it's no that ava; but how are we to get up wi' the *deid-kist*, or down wi' the corp? Can ye tel me that?"

X.

DIRDUM, *n.*—An achievement, a deed, an heroic action. Used ironically, a rebuke. "Sic a *dirdum* about naething."

DOLESS, or **DOWLESS**, *adj.*—Want of action, spiritless, unenergetic.

Dr. Jamieson adds unhealthy in his Supplement; this supplementary meaning might have been spared.

DORTOUR, *n.*—A repast; a refreshment; a slight meal; a lunch serving the present need; not a full meal.

A herd, in the parish of Beith, complained "that other herds got a *dortour* like a *dortour*, but I get a dochtless *dortour*."

DOUR, *adj.*—Stubborn, obstinate, severe, inflexible.

The guidwife of the Langlie came to see the curate of Lochwinnoch parish, in the reign of King Charles II., and made a sad complaint against the weather. "It is unco drouthy weather; our guidman and me are thinking if the drouth should continue it will soon dry up a' the sap of the yirth, and scaud the corn, and fell our beasts—now, wad ye put up twa words for rain?" But the curate reasoned with her thus: "Now, Eppie, dinna ye ken the eistlan win is unco *dour*, and gin it haud frae this airt, nae feck wad come o' our prayers; but thole, Eppie, a wee, and lippen to His ain cannie cast."—*Lochwinnoch Legends*.

X.

DRAIGLE, *v.*—To bespatter, to drabble.

A rill in the Tandlemuir runs into the water of Calder, which is called the Draiglan Burn. It is the march between the cultivated and muirland country. There is an old saying in the neighbourhood, "The Sunday comes nae farther than the Draiglan Burn."

X.

DRYSTER, *n.*—A person who has the charge of turning and drying grain on the heated plates of the kiln, preparatory to grinding.

Dr. Jamieson has added a fanciful meaning to the above term—one whose business it is to dry cloth at a bleachfield.

X.

DUST AND GRAY MEIL.—A phrase signifying a mixture of dust and stour floating in the atmosphere of a mill. *Gray meil*—Dirty meal for feeding poultry.

John Braedine, in Kilbirnie, was called before the Presbytery of Irvine, 1647, for calling his minister's doctrines *Dust and Gray Meil*; was ordained, first, to make confession of his fault on his knees in presence of the Presbytery; and also before his own congregation, in the place of public repentance.

X.

E.

EXAMIN, n.—An examination by a clergyman of the theological knowledge of his parishioners.

It is principally applied to a practice of the clergy, who appoint that their hearers residing in a certain locality shall attend at a given place, generally a school-house, or barn of some farmer, to answer such questions as the minister may think proper to test their attainments.

Mr. Fullarton had advertised from his pulpit that he was to have a diet of examination in a certain district of his parish, Dalry; meeting Will Speir gathering eggs, he inquired why he never appeared at the diets? Quo' Will, "Ye dinna gi'e fair play." "Why?" said the minister. "Ye sou'd gi'e question about," answered Will. This point was agreed by the parties, and Will appeared at the first diet held afterward. Mr. Fullarton—"How many Gods are there, Mr. William?" Will—"There is but only one, the living and true God." Mr. F. was proceeding with the second question, "How many persons," &c., when he was interrupted by Will—"Na, na; a bargain's a bargain: How many devils are there?" Mr. Fullarton—"I cannot tell." "Is that the gate o' ye already?" said Will; and made off with himself as quickly as possible.

F.

FA'EN, pret. of the verb *to fall, fallen*.

A young lady tightly corseted, and of sandglass form, is said to be like Jock Broun's grew, *fa'en* through the middle wi' gentleness. Jock was a poacher in the county of Ayr, and kept a greyhound which he starved to death: hence the saying quoted above. X.

FANNERS, n.—Machine for winnowing grain.

The superstitious objections entertained against this machine were as strong as against inoculation, or the employment of the spinning wheel, instead of the distaff. The fanners were denominated "the Deil's win' for dighting corn." Old Beltrees, in the vicinity of Lochwinnoch, had the first fanners in that part of the country; and exhibiting them in operation to a neighbour, he was called "a maggotie fule." X.

FARL, n.—Third part of an oaten cake.

There was a wee waddin'
Doun in the Kirktown;
There were few fo'k bidden,
And fewer fo'k cam'.
They had a *farl* o' scone,
And it wantit a crum,
"Och," quo' the sillie brydegrume,
"I pray ye lads lea' sum."

X. *MS. Ballad.*

FECHT, v. To fight;—*n.* A battle, a conflict.

A laird in the parish of Cardross, Dumbartonshire, who lived about the middle of last century, and was the last of his race, was married to a lady in temper something like what Mrs. Job is generally understood to have been. They had no issue, and the ill-matched pair were constantly at variance, and indeed lived separately for several years previous to the death of the laird. His widow came back to Cardross after his interment, and, standing by his tomb, gave vent to her contentious spirit thus: "Gin thou wad rise out o' thy graff (grave), I wad *fecht* wi' thee for a haill hour." X.

FELL, adj.—Hot, biting, savoury to the taste.

FEIR A RIG, To, phrase.—The first furrow drawn by the plough to

form the rig. Sometimes this furrow is cut on the highest part of the field, and sometimes alongside of the main furrow, which divides one ridge from another.

FERN-YEIR, *n.*—Last year; *ere fern-yeir*, year before last.

The late Mr. Fogo of Killorn, near Kippen, was a keen sportsman. Following his dogs one day to the west of Arnprior, on some grounds that seemed rather barren of game, he inquired at an old resident in the locality, whether he ever saw any hares in his neighbourhood? "Ou, 'deed ay, sir; I saw ane *fern-yeir*, or *ere fern-yeir*, or the year before—gaun bye wi' a pickle fog in her mouth: I had nae doubt but her nest was about the wall-shot up there."

FIDDLERS, *n.*—Performers on the violin.

It is customary at fairs in Cowal, for any lad who is fond of dancing, to bargain with the fiddler to give him liberty to dance as many reels as he pleases during the night for sixpence, instead of a penny each reel. Hence the phrase, when meeting with a person flush of sixpences, "Ye hae had dealings wi' the *fiddlers*." X.

FORGATHER, *v.*—To meet, to fall in with.

Dr. Montgomerie, a medical man in Beith, was standing in his shop door one morning when Will Pollock passed. This person was a fellow-lodger, as has been already mentioned in our preliminary notices, with Will Speir. Pollock made a pretended claim on the Doctor: "Your faither was aun my faither 50 merks." "Is your father dead, Will?" queried the Doctor. "Troth is he," answered the claimant. "My father is dead also," replied the physician, "and the twa can settle their accounts themselves when they *forgather*."

FOUR-HOURS, *n.*—An afternoon repast, so named from the time when it was served up; it often consists of a substantial meal, cheese and butcher-meat being added to the usual accompaniments of tea. The Paisley folks call this "A *tousie* tea." X.

FRIDAY-NIGHT, *n.*—The courting-night or wooing time.

In the Scandinavian mythology, the goddess Freya was the spouse of Odin. She was the same with Venus, and, like her, favourable to lovers. Accordingly, in the West of Scotland, Friday-night was the time for the lads to go a-court-ing, with persons who introduced the lovers, and were termed *blackfits*; and Friday is the day usually chosen by the country people for marriage. X.

FYRE-FLAUCHT, *n.*—Lightning, luminous meteors, Will o' the Wisp,

Spunkie, ignis fatuus; a vapoury, ill-tempered, empty person.

"Now I ride on a gliff o' the *fyreflaucht* o' nicht,

At orra times on the horse's mane;

Now the gangrel sees shinan my cruizie bricht,

And now my low's blawn out again."—*MS.* X.

G.

GAUN.—Walking; from the verb *to go*.

A fiddler who scraped his catgut to the sympathetic heels of the people of Biggar, had got himself *screwed up*, in other words, tipsy, one night at a marriage-party, and in addressing himself homeward, found his limbs as incapable of performing their offices as his fingers were for traversing the strings on the finger-board, and was obliged to lie down on the roadside; he was not, however, so far gone, as not to feel a stiffness creeping over him, and consequent cramps. "Weel," says he to himself, "I'll try to gi'e my pins anither screw, though the catgut should crack wi' the twist; as weel to die *gaun* as lying, at ony rate."

Phrase of "*Gaun by the grip*," applied to children beginning to walk, supported by the hand; morally, not able to think or act for one's self." Mr. Bell, author of *System of Geography*, was once employed by a young clergyman as

his amanuensis. "Volumes of sermons, by various authors," said Mr. Bell, "were spread out before me on the table; and a bit for extract marked here, and another bit there; and 'you'll tak nae mair here from this author, but gang to such another.'" "Is that (said Mr. Bell to him) the way ye mean to mak up your discourses?" "Surely," quoth he. "Man, you'll be a poor soul in a pulpit! Your brains might hae been as weel in the inside o' a sheep's head! You'll just be *gaun by the grip* to the end o' your days."

GIE OWER, v.—To leave off, cease to be troublesome.

Will Shore was engaged one day in lifting some manure within an enclosure where cattle had been fed during the winter. The treading of the horned tribe had rendered the manure almost as hard as the pavement; and Will put the strength of the grape-handle frequently to the test, but as often did the obstinate material resist his efforts. Said Will in anger to the manure,—“Rise! will ye, rise? you're sae fu' o' your ain opinion, that ye'll no *gie ower!*”

GIE, conj.—Suppose, on condition, if.

The fourth Duke of Atholl, who died in 1830, being on a visit to Mr. Drummond of Pitkilney, was partaking of a glass of wine in the drawing-room, when an old Highlander passed the window, whose appearance struck his Grace, and he inquired who he was. "His name," replied Mr. D., "is Donald Cameron, and he is employed as my cowherd; he is a singular character, an enthusiastic admirer of the Stuarts, and showed his attachment to them by taking the field in *Forty-five*;—he knew your Grace's uncle well," "I should like to see him," replied his Grace. Donald being called in, the Duke asked him a great many questions; and when Donald was about to retire, his master filled up a glass, requesting him to drink the health of the Duke, which Donald immediately did. A second glass was filled up, and he was requested to empty it in honour of the King. Donald's features assumed a different character, and looking archly, he asked "Fat King?" "King George, certainly—the present King." "Weel, weel," replied Donald, with a most expressive shrug of the shoulder, "*gif* that be the Kings you understood, Donald's no dry,"

GLED, n.—The kite.

"Fa'un frae the *gled*," applied to a person who is disordered, dishevelled, confused, ruffled, as if rescued from the claws of a bird of prey. Also applied to a sloven, or slut. X.

GRIP, n. v.—Hold; to hold; tenacious, as glue is said to hold the *grip*.

Will Shore could not conceive how it was that, when he was drunk, "his feet wadna haud the *grip*."

GRULE, or GRUIL, n.—(*The vowel u sounded like the French u*) A sort of peat.

Peat is prepared in the *grule* fashion thus:—the moss from which it is made wants consistency if dug in the usual way; a quantity is puddled in water till it assume a sufficient consistence, when it is formed into convenient pieces and spread abroad to dry.

"Sweet art thou, Kilmalcolm, my hamely clime,
And sweet the blackboyds on thy sunny braes;
Sweet are thy maidens in their virgin prime,
And sweet thy butter-milk and half-grown slaes.
Dear art thou still to me, thou land of *grule*,
Blithely the trouties in thy burnies play,
Crouselie thy puddocks croak, thy whelpies youl,
And loud thy cocks craw at the skreich o' day." MS.
X.

GINNLE, v.—To grip, to catch any thing; generally applied to a mode

of catching fish by the hand beneath the edge of the turf-bank on the stream, where the larger trout lodge.

GLOAMING, n.—Twilight, period between sunset and dark; this term has no equivalent in English for tenderness and beauty. The Anglo-Saxon has it *glomung*.

H.

HAG, v.—To hack, to wound by cutting;—*n.* A stump, a notch, a nick; a wicked old woman or witch. "A *hag* in the post," a phrase used in irony, for a great wonder.

HANDLINGS, n.—Merry-makings.

HARL, v.—To drag, to trail along the ground roughly, to draw by main force; also, to do a turn quickly and carelessly, to make a rough job, to rough-cast a dyke or wall;—*n.* An instrument for collecting the mud on the street.

Robert Semple, who was Sheriff-Depute of Renfrewshire, about the beginning of the eighteenth century, possessed a small property, called Balgrein, in the parish of Lochwinnoch. His lady, observing the shearing was very roughly performed, remarked, "It was *harlit*." The grievance replied, "The field is to be gane ower again." The lady was contented with this answer, being totally ignorant of rural affairs. It became a common say in the neighbourhood—"An ill-dune turn wad be aneuch for the Shirra's lady."—*Lochwinnoch Legends*. X.

HEN-LAFT, n.—The *bauks*; the place where poultry perch at night.

"Blythe sall thy welcom frae Dame Bubby be;
Picture o' happiness,
Blest be thy dwelling place;
Och, to klok up in the *hen-laft* wi' thee."—*MS.* X.

HODDLE, n.—A step, a walk, a gait, a jog-trot. To hune the hoddle is to walk or work a little slower than usual.

Miss Jabez Hamilton, daughter of the laird of Barr, in Renfrewshire, was born in 1707, and died unmarried, well stricken in years. She was very intimate with the family of Castlesemple, who were much amused with her droll, antiquated expressions. On one occasion, telling Mrs. M'Dowall of a journey she had performed on foot from Lochwinnoch to Port-Glasgow, she said, "My leddie, I teuk up my tail ower my rigging, and ne'er hun't my *hoddle*."—*Lochwinnoch Legends*. X.

HUDDRON, adj.—Tawdrily dressed, slovenly, ill assorted.

HUNKER, To, v.—To squat down.

Dr. Jamieson's second application of the phrase, "The lowly appearance of a hut," is one that we have never heard applied.

HURKIE, adj.—Unworkable, lazy, confused, out of order.

HURL-CUM-GUSH, n.—Used to describe a mountain torrent after a heavy thunder-shower; also, in reference to a person who has poured out a torrent of words.

J.

JACKER, n.—An unsteady person; one who works with a slack hand.

JAWP, *n. v.*—A portion of fluid thrown up by a blow, a dash; to soil.

The family of Riddel, to whom belonged the lands and ancient castle of Glengarnock, in Ayrshire, were concerned in the apprehension of the good Earl of Argyle, who was beheaded in 1688. Not long after his martyrdom, a young lady, one of the Riddels, was married, and her bridal garb was the wonder of the place. A female servant of Robin Blackburn, farmer, had seen the wedding party passing along the road, and was describing to the family the splendour of the satin gown worn by the bride. "Ay," says Robin, "and did thou no see ony *jawps* o' the Yirl's blood on the braw satin gown?"

X.

K.

KIRK-REEKIT, *adj.*—Applied to bigotted churchmen; also to persons who have ill-will against sectaries.

KNOCKING-STANE, *n.*—A stone used for beating linens on after being bleached; a kind of mangling.

A large whinstone, worn smooth by the action of water, and called the *knocking-stane*, used to be at almost every house door throughout Scotland—for every house-wife was the manufacturer of the woollen, linen, and harn stuffs worn in her household. Old William Kirkwood and his wife, Mary Orr, had one of these. Mary kept her husband very uneasy by an exercise in which she indulged, called *yammering* (that is, querulousness). When any mischance happened, she would exclaim—"I tauld ye, guidman, that would be the gait o't." One day her husband, being annoyed by the frequent repetition of this phrase, ran into the house in seeming consternation, saying, "What sall I tell you, guidwife, our auld mare has eaten the *knocking-stane*, stoup and roup (the whole)!" The usual remark was her reply, "I tauld ye, guidman, that wad be the gait o't—ye soud hae keepit it out o' the auld runt's gate."

L.

LAIR, *n.*—Learning, knowledge.

Dr. Jamieson spells this word, *lare*, *lear*, *lere*, different from the pronunciation. "To *lair*," is to teach, to learn, both active and passive.

Motherwell uses both the verb and the noun in the following passage of his admired ballad of "Jeanie Morrison;"—

'Twas then we sat on æ laigh bink,
To *leir* ilk ither *lear*.

LAIR-MAISTER, *n.*—A teacher; a dominie; a ludimagister. An instructor or teacher, in Yorkshire dialect, is a *layer-father*.

"A B Buff,
Gie the *lair-maister* a cuff,
Gie him ane, gie him twa,
Ding his head to the stane wa'."—*School Rhyme.* X.

LAIRIE, or **LEIRIE-HAW**.—A cock; *cock-a-leirie-haw*, when pronounced, is thought to resemble the sound of the cock crowing; and in mimicking the President of the hen-roost this is the language used.

LET ON, *v.*—To feign.

Will Speir once ran great hazard of being impaled on the horns of a bull in crossing a field. The bull left the herd, and came toward the trespasser on his domains. Will, in self-defence, shook his stick and flapped his plaid, and made a kind of bellowing noise, in order to disguise himself. The animal stood still, and Will got clear outside the fence; when he was accosted by an onlooker, "What sort o' noise was yon you were making, Will?" "I was just *lettan on* I was a cow till I would get out o' the bill's gate."

LOG, to, *v. n.*—To lie, to recline.

“For since I’m dung ayont my daddy’s hallan,
Nae mair for me his chanticleer may craw;
My mither’s dead, and (waesacks! her wee callan),
—A second wife *ligs* wi’ him neist the wa’.”—*MS.* X.

LOWPING ON-STANE, *n.*—A flight of steps of masonry to assist females or infirm persons to get on horse-back.

When an ambitious person is aiming at honours or intellectual eminence beyond his abilities, it is said—“Ay, he wad fain be up, but he’ll need to tak’ the help o’ a *lowping-on-stane*.” X.

M.

MAUKIN, *n.*—A hare.

A *maukin* crossing the road in the morning is considered an omen of some mischance to befall the person who sees it.

MEIR, *n.*—A female horse, a mason’s *meir*, a hod; the vowel sound is the same exactly as the English *ee*.

Dr. Jamieson, Galt, and Tennant, spell it *mare*, which is erroneous—it is a pure Scots word. X.

MELL WI.—To associate with; sometimes applied to the conduct of those who forget their position, and lower themselves by associating with menials.

Mr. Oliphant, minister of Dumbarton, once delivered a sermon in Port-Glasgow on the denial by the Apostle Peter, in the course of which he asked, “What could Peter mean by *melling* wi’ flunkies?”

MICHT, *n.*—Power, strength; “*wi’ a’ my micht*”—with the utmost energy, mental and physical.

Will Speir was seated in the bench below the pulpit one Sabbath, and joined in the psalmody with such noisy zeal that Mr. Fullarton, the minister, tapped him on the head, saying, “Not so loud.” “What, sir!” quoth Will, “will I no praise Guid *wi’ a’ my micht*.”

MIDDLE-TE-MOY, *n.*—A term applied to cauldron ale that is neither strong nor weak, but in a middling state. The old fourpenny *yill* is the true *middle-te-moy*.

MIRLIE, *adj.*—Speckled, variegated.

Dr. Jamieson has explained this term as flecked, or spotted with large spots; but *mirlie* means the spots running into each other, or very minute.

MISK, or MISKING, *n.*—A piece of low-lying, swampy ground; a bog; a wet meadow never ploughed yielding hay or rushes. Jamieson’s definition is imperfect, viz.—“ground with coarse grass or peats.” X.

MOULLIE-HEILS, *n.*—The kibes, chilblains.

Superstition has a cure for these painful affections of the extremities. Go to a strange door at night, and tap gently; when questioned from within, “Wha’s there?” answer, “*Moullie-heils*, tak’ ye them there,” when the complaint is immediately transferred to the person within.

MUGGANS, *n.*—A plant. *Artemisia vulgaris*. *Mugger*, Ayrshire. *Muggans*, Renfrewshire. *Mugart*, Galloway. *Bulwand*, Caithness. *Mugwort* or *Southernwood*, English.

“Drink nettles in March,
And eat *muggans* in May,

And there wadna sae monie
Braw maidens gang to the clay."—*Tradition.*

X.

MULLOCK, n.—A cow without horns.

"And she's fause, but nae mair
I'll sing, whistle, and dancce upon the green,
Like a young roe before its head is horn't—
Horns! horns! kye and bills hae horns,
A stag has horns, a *mullock* it has nane:
Oh that I were a *mullock*!"—*MS.*

X.

NAT'RAL, adj.—According to nature.

Jamie Ryburn, an eccentric character in the West of Scotland, had a most inveterate prejudice against Paisley. "I wad," says he, "rather be hanged in Glasgow than dee a *nat'ral* death in Paisley."—To prevent the Glaswegians from being too proud of their city of smoke, we will inform them of a tradesman in Edinburgh, who had tried every shift to get on in the world, but failed. Said he, "Noo, I hae determined to lea the kintra, and gang to Glasgow."

NEB.—The beak of a fowl, the nose, any sharp point.

The cock prematurely crowing is considered a sign of ill tidings by believers in omens in Renfrewshire. They look to the direction of his *neb*, and forthwith expect bad news from the quarter to which it points. In the same district the point of land at which the river Cart joins the Clyde is called the *water-neb*.

X.

NEIVE, n.—A fist. *Nevels*—blows with the clenched fist.

"Ye hae nae mair wit than a hen would haud in her faulded *neive*."—*Proverb.*

NICKS, n.—Notches or rings on the horn of a cow, one of which is the growth of every year, thus marking the age of the animal.

When an aged lass is to be married, her neighbours count her age by this phrase, "Mony a day she has stood in the fair; she has (so many) *nicks* in her horn."

X.

NIP, v.—To pinch with the fingers, or bite with the teeth.

"She confessed that at that time the Devil *nippit* her upon the right side, whilk was very painful for a time! but thereafter he straked it with his hand and healed it.—This she confessed to be his mark."—*Confession of Mary Lamont, one of the Innerkip witches in 1662.*

X.

NYAFFET, n.—A diminutive, conceited chatterer. The *n* and *y* are conjoined in pronunciation with a smart action of the tongue. The word is a dissyllable.

X.

NYAFFING, n.—Trifling talk.

NIR, n.—A little, ill-natured cur, always snarling; a crabbed, decrepit creature, full of talk and discontent.

X.

O.

ORT, v.—To mar, to spoil, to hurt, to injure, to waste.

"*Ort* the man's dochtors;" a saw, signifying to make Jacob's selection in the order of a family—to pass the elder, and marry the younger.

X.

P.

PARRITCH, n.—A common dish in Scotland, made of oatmeal boiled in water or milk.

"Gin ye forgather wi' him in your *parritch*, ye winna ken him," a phrase

From this man's life let mortals speer
 What way in duty's path to steer,
 Virtue to chase, and keep in rear
 The path o' shame,
 Then on death's bunk ye'll save a tear,
 And lead to fame."

R.

RABYATOUR, n.—A robber, a spoiler, a rude, unfeeling person; a greedy eater; a loose, debauched fellow.

Galt, in his glossary, gives a very erroneous definition of this word; it is derived from the Italian *rubatore*. X.

RACH-MA-REESHIL, ad.—In confusion, mixed; heads-and-tails, 'a' thruther.' Scotch phrases, equivalent in meaning.

RANT, To, v.—To romp, to play boisterously. To frequent fairs, dances, and other merry-makings.

"Yet ithers now are very thrang,
 An' up and down are rantan';
 At yon room door, see what a bang
 O' lads the lasses wantin'."—*M.S.* X.

ROW-CHOW TOBACCO.—A game among boys, who, from the top of an eminence, roll themselves down the slope, with arms laid close to the sides. There is another game, with the same name, the boys performing which, place one of their number in the centre, then join hands, and gradually roll themselves spirally round the centre.

X.

ROWN-TREE, n.—The mountain ash, *pyrus aucuparia*.

A Lochwinnoch expression runs thus:—*Piece be here, and rown tree.* The rown-tree is supposed by the vulgar to be a specific against witchcraft; hence the couplet,

"Rown-tree and red thread
 Put the witches to their speed." X.

A branch of this tree plaited and fixed above the byre door, prevents mischief to the cattle from witchcraft.

RUCH RYDER, n.—A horseman; a performer of feats on horseback.

Dr. Jamieson is perfectly erroneous in his definition. X.

RYDE, To, v.—To travel either on horseback or in a carriage. "To ride the beille," is to walk while the party accompanying are on horseback.

"Was ye at the fair;
 Saw ye mony people;
 Saw ye our guidman,
 Ridin' on the beille."—*Old Rhyme.* X.

S.

SAISON, adj.—Season, in proper condition.

Will Miller was notoriously lazy, and, consequently, slow in completing any order with which he might be entrusted. A farmer's wife, who was bespeaking an article of furniture, laid her injunctions on him to be sure to make it of seasoned wood. "I'll be sure to do that, mistress," said Will, "but I wunner to hear folk aye crying about their wrichts no gieing them *saison* timmer; my wood aye *saisons* itsel' before I can get dune wi' ony job."

SCAUD, *v.*—To scald, to burn with boiling fluid.

The laird of Millbank, county of Renfrew, had a daughter of mean, contracted habits. No appeal could reach her heart that was likely to touch her purse. In the matter of food for the servants, every expedient to effect a saving was adopted. In making the porridge, the servants were instructed “to boil them aye weel, and no to put in a handful o’ meal till the ane before was fairly meltit; an’ gie them to the lads braw an’ het, for when they’re het the mouth disna ken whether they’re thick or thin;” which made it a common saying in the country, “Like laird Millbank’s parritch, wad rin nine feet on a fir deal, and *scaud* the Deil.” X.

SCONE, *n.*—Unleavened bread, made of flour, bear, or pease-meal, sometimes with the addition of potatoes.

“Ae *scone* o’ the same baking is enuech,”—is a proverb used when friends object to another alliance with a family with which they were connected before. X.

SCREID, *n.*—A somewhat lengthy dissertation, a harangue, a discourse; —*v.* to repeat readily from memory.

Dr. Jamieson has restricted the term to “a poetical effusion;” whereas it applies equally to both prose and poetry. X.

SHAUCH-MA-TRAM.—The shafts of a cart or car long exposed to the sun; from the warping of the wood the cross bars start from the mortices, and the shafts or trams are loosened from the body of the cart. Said of a lean, crank-legged person, “He’s a real *shauch-ma-tram*.”

SHINS, *n.*—The bone of the leg immediately above the ankle-joint; morally, to “gie him ower the *shins*,” is to get the better of an opponent.

Andrew Henderson used to oppose himself to all party men. “I hate,” said he, “a’ you party folk, that think every body’s wrang but yoursels. I like to gie every man credit for the guid that is in him. I’m nane o’ your whinging Voluntaries, or kirk-reekit Churchmen. Radical, Whig, and Tory, there a’ ae swine’s pick. I like to stand on a hicht by mysel aboon them a’, and to get a *kick* at their *shins* as they *gae* by.”

SHINTY, *n.*—A game in Scotland like the golf.

The victors at a game of *shinty* used to triumph over the discomfited party with lordly pomp. Provost Brown, at Inveraray, about the beginning of the last century, headed a party at this game, and carried the town’s colours in the victorious procession afterwards. X.

SHIRP, To, *v.*—To shrink, to shrivel. *Shirpit*, *adj.* shrunk, shrivelled, diminished. “A *shirpit* leg,” a leg withered up from disease.

Jamieson has defined the term, “tapering to a point,” which is not correct. X.

SHIRRAMUIR, *n.*—A confused and irregular battle or quarrel; from the battle that was fought at Sheriffmuir, in 1715, between the rebels and the King’s troops. “*Sic a Shirra-muir*,” such a quarrel. X.

SHUILIE-FITIT, *adj.*—Plain-soled, accompanied by a raking action with the feet.

“He’s a poor *shuilie-fittit* thing; they should mak’ him a scavenger, he wad hain clauts to them.”

SINGLE CARRITCH, v.—The Shorter Catechism agreed upon by the Assembly of Divines at Westminster in the year 1649, and still forming the creed of the Scottish Presbyterians.

A countryman, seeing a placard in a bookseller's window, "Just Published, the Westminster Review," went in and asked, "Gif it had anything to do wi' the *Single Carritch*?"

SKAIL, v.—To spill, to scatter, to disperse.

Will Shore, the half-witted personage already noticed, was exceedingly fond of pictures; scarcely could a greater favour be conferred on him than the gift of cuts from newspapers or ballad vignettes. In his periodical wanderings he came to the house of Mr. Isaac Buchanan, farmer, Gartfern. Mr. Buchanan being from home, and the whole of the family out at hay-making, Will took the liberty of thoroughly examining the premises. In the parlour up stairs he tried a desk, and, finding it open, he took out a bunch of one pound notes, amounting to about one hundred. "What," says Will, "can he be doin' wi' sae many pictures laid by in a kist? Troth, I'll let the wind among the auld fule's pictures, it will I;" and, throwing up the sash of the window, he deliberately tossed them, one by one, over the window to a smart breeze that was blowing at the time, saying, "Win' tak' ye that the noo, and come back for mair! what could he be doin' wi' sae many pictures?—there's anither to you—ye look, wind, as gin ye hadna got your breakfast like mysel this day—come back an you'll get your dinner too; I'll *skail* the auld fule's pictures."

SKAITH, n.—Hurt, damage, loss; injury caused by witches; a disease of cattle, particularly milk cows, supposed to be inflicted by a witch from malice or revenge entertained against the owner.

X.

SKIRGE, n.—A termagant; a furious, brawling woman.

SMIDDLE, To, v.—To hide, to conceal in a childish-like manner.

Children who steal sweetmeats, and assume innocence, but betray symptoms of guilt, are charged, "Aye, what are ye *smiddlan* at? ye are licking your lips, my lad; I dout ye hae been at the cream wi' the cat."

X.

SNYTE, v.—To taunt, to jibe.

"Dicht that couter [coulter or ploughshare] o' a nose o' thine, Nanse." "Nane o' your *snyting*, Jamie! had it no been for my braw tocher, ye wadna *snyte* sae muckle."—*Lochwinnoch Legends*.

X.

SPAINING-BRASH, n.—Milk-fever; a fit of illness to which children are subject to when weaning, induced by the change of food.

At an evening party Andrew Henderson was opposed in politics (and Andrew always seated himself on the cross-benches when any person appeared to claim more than his share of knowledge or talent) by a recent convert from radicalism, who was abusing, in no measured language, the party with whom he had lately associated. "Just," said Andrew, "let him alane, lads, till he come to himsel—he's ill wi' the *spaining-brash*."

SPATE, n.—A flood, a deluge, an inundation. "A *spate* of clatter" is a common phrase, signifying a torrent of foolish talk or eloquence.

"May the yill be as plentiful as gin it were a *spate*."

Drunkard's Wish.

STEIPENS, n.—A stipend, a clergyman's salary.

The late Dr. Steven, minister of Kilwinning, was afflicted with the gout, and when under a very severe attack he inquired at Mr. Smith, Antiburgher minister in the same town, "If he knew any cure for this dire pest?" "Yes," said Mr. Smith, "my cure is almost infallible—an Antiburgher *steipen*."

X.

STEP, *n.*—In cooerage, a stave.

A mother says to her children, when they find fault with their food, "Gin ye fa' into a stepmither's hands, she'll tak a *step* out o' your cog"—*i.e.*, contract or lessen the cog or dish out of which they take their food. X.

STEPMITHER'S SCONE, *n.*—The stepmother's allowance to her poor wards; the thin skin of the common scones (made of bear-meal) raised up by heat, having no substance. X.

STOTT, To, *v.*—To rebound, to beat back, to reverberate.

"A kebbuck that was thocht secure,
Richt frae the skelf fell down,
And teuck cuif Rab a filthie clour,
Upon the verra crown.

"Nor did the kebbuck's race end here,
It *stottit* aff his pow,
And, like a girr in wild career,
Richt through the dance did row."—*M.S.* X.

STRACHT, To, *v.*—To make straight or even.

Andrew Henderson, at an evening party in the house of Mr. Wm. Whyte, cabinet-maker, Glasgow, got into a very animated debate, a situation frequent with him. Forgetting to pay respect to the glossy French polish of the dining table, he shook and spilled the contents of his tumbler, when Mr. Whyte, who was a very particular polisher of the Honduras log, addressed him, "Andrew, mind the table, ye'll gie the servants something to do." "Tables!" replied the proverbialist, "I wadna gie a custock for a table if I coudna *stracht* a nail on't."

STRUISHLE, To, *v.*—To make little progress under great difficulties.

A tradesman employed to execute a very difficult piece of carved work, being asked how he was getting on? answered, "*struishling* awa like a writer tryan to be honest." X.

SUCKER, *n.*—Sugar.

Will Speir once drew on the Earl of Eglinton, on the score of a dream, that he affirmed he had. "I dreamt," said Will, "that ye had gien me a pund o' *sucker*, and the Countess a pund o' tea." "Ah! but Will," replied his Lordship, "dreams are always contrary." "Weel," replied the claimant, "it wad be you that gied me the tea, and the Countess the *sucker*; my memory's no sae gude as it ance was." X.

SWEIRT, *adj.*—Unwilling, averse to.

Ned Turner lived in the little village of Thornhill, county of Perth, and led his way through life at a horse's head. Ned should have been located between the tropics—he gloried in sunshine. "Man!" said he to an acquaintance, "a body is *sweirt*, *sweirt* to die in summer!—fine wather and the lang days!"

SWIFF AWA, *v. n.*—To faint. "*To swarf*" is to swoon.

"When she had read it I thocht she was gaun to *swiff awa*, for she turn't as white as the gills o' a haddock new taen out o' a cod's mou."

T.

TETHER, *v.* To bind;—*n.* A rope made of straw or hemp, with which cattle are tied in the field, that they may not graze too wide.

"Ye sit na langer than a cat *tether't* wi' a pudding,"—a Lochwinnoch saying, signifying impatience or restlessness. X.

THOLE, To, *v.*—To bear, to submit to, to suffer, to permit, to require; as, when a tradesman is asked his charge, he says, "I wad *thole* a groat."

A carter, who lived in Port-Glasgow, used to come home tipsy. To prevent

war with his wife, he gave a caution as to the result himself: "Kate," said he, "I am verra fou', thou maun be canny wi' thy tongue, and I sall *thole* as weel as I can." X.

THRAPPLE, n.—The throat.

Will Shore annually got a suit of clothes from the late Duke of Montrose; and when his Grace was longer than usual in returning from his Parliamentary duties Will became very impatient. The Rev. Mr. B. of Drymen, observing him one day in a shop, walked in and inquired whether the Duke had come home yet to give him his clothes? "Hame!" quo' Will impatiently, "he's no hame, nor like to come—I carena though he had the hail water o' Endrick rinnan through the *thrapple* o' him." X.

THUD, n.—A sudden blow from a large soft object, forcible impression made by a tempestuous wind.

TOD, n.—The fox.

"Hech, sirs, send for the *tod* to gie him lair;" said of a cunning person who pretends to require advice.

TOUT, To, v.—To blow; to blow a trumpet; sometimes it is applied to a person who has partaken heartily of an intoxicating liquid.

"Ay, he's taen a hearty *tout* o't—as may be seen on him."

Mr. Bell gave an account of a sermon that he once heard delivered by a minister who was fond of metaphor, a practice too common.—"The subject," said Mr. Bell, "was the taking of Jericho under Joshua, when Israel entered Palestine. 'Weel,' says I, 'what meaning will ye screw out o' your text, frien?'" 'My brethren,' said he, 'you are not to imagine that no more is meant than the Jericho that Israel invested: it has another and a spiritual meaning; it is to adumbrate or shadow forth New Testament times. It has also a hidden and allegorical meaning, and refers to the human heart, and the wall that encircles it is the wall of sin, which is around every heart.' And then the minister went on, said Mr. Bell, paraphrasing in his own way—'An' the *toutan* o' the tup's horns, at the sound o' which the stanes o' the wa's cam rattling down, is the sound o' the ministers preaching the Gospel, and the noise brings down the wa' about the sinner's heart.'"

TUME, a.—Empty.

Andrew Henderson used to say of any lank person, "He's like laird Murdie's grews (greyhounds), unca *tume* about the pouch-lids."

TUMPH, or TUMFIE, n.—A stupid and dull fellow, a blockhead.

James Anderson, commonly cailed Lang Jamie, a hanger-on about inns at Beith, was employed in trifling jobs. His chief occupation, however, was holding horses during fairs and market-days for farmers and horse-coupers. He was asked "What is your charge?" He replied, "I hae nae rule; sometimes a *tumph* gies me twa bawbees, but a clever fallow like you aye gies a white saxpence."

W.

WALLEE, n.—A bog or quagmire, covered with turf, which trembles or quakes when walked on.

"The first o' his sons they hae hang't on a tree,

Afore the guidman's ain ee sicht;

The second they lair't in the deep *wallee*,

An' a' in the clear moon licht."—*M.S.* X.

WARSALL, To, v.—To wrestle; to contend; to struggle with difficulties.

Mr. Bell, whose advice to young aspirants after clerical honours we have

already given, thus described the action and manner of a popular divine, whom he had heard :—" I was perfectly vex't for him—he jumpit and joukit up and down in the pupit, and then yerkit frae this side to that, and squeel't till he was crawling like a roupie cock ; I really wish't somebody had squeez't an orange in his throat ; and he *warsall't* as muckle in his subject as he did wi' himsel', and at last it fairly cuist him."

WARTH, n.—An unnatural likeness of a person ; it is the same as *wraith*, which orthography is adopted by Jamieson ; it is often pronounced as we have given it.

" So ye hae lost your friend o' the Birkbraes, Will," said a person to Will Shore ; " it seems he put hand to himsel' " (committed suicide). " Ou aye, deed did he ; if he had gi'en me the auld coat he promis't me afore he did it, I wadna ha'e cared ; they say his *warth's* gaun about the house."

WAT YE? Do you know or wot ? "*Weel I wat,*" term of affirmation ; for certain, well I know.

Will Jamieson, a cronie of Will Speir, but rather lower in the scale of intellect, received twopence from a person at a fair in Mauchline with instructions to give it to Will, well knowing that the wit was too proud to receive charity in this way. When offered the gift, Will, as was expected, refused, saying, " Na, na, I'll hae nane of your tippenie, for *weel I wat*, thou'll be needant thyself, puir sillie daft thing." X.

WAUR, To.—To vanquish, to get the better of.

A native of Saltcoats, on a very windy day, was carrying a long flooring plank upon his head, with difficulty keeping his feet. A heavy gust catching the plank nearly blew him down. Regaining his balance, and clenching his teeth, he said, " Hech, man, dis't ou think to *waur* me ; I could carry ye to Ecclefechan."

WEE, adj.—Small, diminutive ; *wee body*, dwarfish person ; *wee mannie*, manly proportions, but boyish in stature.

Andrew Henderson was one night at a party much annoyed by a young medical gentleman, who had just returned from completing his education at Paris, and who, though small in stature, was large in discourse, and kept up a constant chatter the whole evening with some females similarly gifted. No subject almost was left untouched by him ; one would have thought that the contents of the Encyclopedia had been compressed within the walls of the brain.

After supper, and during the consumption of the first tumbler, Andrew suppressed his feelings, though every one saw that they were like the cords holding down an inflated balloon. At the end of a long run of small talk, Andrew struck in, " Are you done now ? " " What were you asking, Mr. Henderson ? " " I was asking if you were done ; because the tongue o' ye has gane this hail nicht like the clapper o' a mill, as little music and less meal ; naebody could get in a word edge-wise for you ; pictures at the Louvre, pianos and fifes, French and fiddle-strings, and as muckle real knowledge o' ony o' them as a hen wad laud in her steekit *nieve* ; ' we hounds slew the hare, ' quo' the messan ; la, lad ! we're no to be done. ' Kelly law over the whin buss, ' as the Fife fishers say, ye may puff lang at Paris, my lad, or ye dicht corn at Dumbarton. No a word about your ain profession though—no a word ; stick to your phleems and your physic, and let painting alane, for ye ken as muckle about it as a cow does about her cloots." Here the hero of the lancet retorted, using the argumentum ad hominem, attempting to caricature Andrew's person and voice, the one rather large, the other partaking of the falsetto. " When I was standing at the door this evening, ladies and gentlemen, a large elephan-

the object came up to it, which appeared like a man, but when I addressed him a small thin voice like that of a child's replied to me. I thought it might have been an attempt at ventriloquism, but when I came in who should this be but my friend, Mr. Henderson." Andrew sounded out—"Cock-a-leirie-law."

"I saw a wee bit doggie barking at the moon,
Sing ye your sang, mine's done."

"It's a' true, ladies; a' true, a' true; that's mair than can be said o' the half o' what our young friend has spoken this nicht! His hail discourse, ladies, minded me o' a lump o' sugar candy—a thread o' truth in't a' hung round wi' lees. Ou ay, when I came up to the door there was a bit ctercap o' a creature loup, loupin' to get up to the knocker, an' as ill-natured-like as if he wad hae bitten the bowl aft. 'Will ye touch the knocker for me, sir?' said *it*, very respectfully, very respectfully I must say; the voice o't was like the sound o' a bass drum comin' out a tea-kettle, and says I, 'My *wee mannie*, will I chap for you, or will I put ye in my pouch, and carry ye in?'"

WEE JOCK, *n.*—A cant term, denoting a mixture of intoxicating liquors administered to an individual without his knowledge.

"To gie *Wee Jock*," a trick well understood in Paisley. A landlord wishing to dispose of a disagreeable guest, or to practise on some simpleton, skims the toddy-bowl of the volatile or spirituous portion which floats on the surface, without disturbing the body of the fluid, with which he fills the glass of the object of the trick. Another mode is for one of the party, unperceived, to pour pure alcohol into the glass or tumbler, from which the victim doomed to *Wee Jock* is drinking.

WEIR, *s.*—War; also applied to doubt, fear, tempest, debate; rainy weather.

"Cloke Sorrow Mill has nae fear,
She cours aneath a heuch,
An' a' the warl's at the *weir*,
When she has water aneuch."—*MS.* X.

WHISSEL, *n. v.*—Flute or fife; a whistle; the organs of taste.

The Rev. Robert Duncan, who was minister of Dundonald about the beginning of this century, was as well known for his piety as his talent for repartee. In his youth he had been a sergeant in the army. One day, as he entered the presbyterial court, he was addressed by a clerical brother, who was notorious for his attachment to his bottle, with—"Come away, captain; if you had still been a soldier, what situation would you have given me in your company? As I live by the wind of my mouth, I think I would have made a capital fifer?" "No, no," said the wit, "that would never have done, for the pay would not have been half enough to have kept your *whissel wet!*"

WIN, *n.*—Wind; breath; noise; *v.* to earn—as, by such a profession he *wins* his bread.

A tradesman having rudely interrupted Hawkie in the midst of a harangue on the street, the indignant orator turned on him—"Man! ye are ane o' the human creatures that ha'ena the head to earn their bread by the *win* o' their mouth, but ha'e to strip their jackets til't."

WUDDLE, To, *v.*—To make slow progress through inability or difficulties; to struggle.

"But wi' hearts sae leal and true,
We hope to *wuddle* through
Life's link't and ravel't clew,
At our ain fireside."—*Song.* X.

YAUP, *v.*—To thirst for, to hunger, to yawn.

Hawkie's lament for the spirit-dealers in the prospect of ruin to their trade from the progress of Temperance Societies:—

“Hing a' your cellar-doors wi' crape,
The spirit trade 'll no escape;
For mony a gizzard cask may gape,
As weel they may,
For beggar weans will nae mair *yaup*
For usquebae.

Lament, ye sergeants at the cross,
In lengthened rhymes lament your loss,
For whar ye wont to get a gross
O' clever lads,
Ye'll get fient hate but just the dross
To wear cockades.”

YILL, *n.*—Beer; ale.

A person who had been bereaved of his wife complained to Jamie Ryburn, who was unfortunately connected in marriage, “that death had suddenly deprived him of his wife.” “Tuts, man,” said Jamie, “I'll gie ye a livin' ane for a dead ane, an' a bottle o' *yill* to the bargain.”

YOUFF, *n.*—Suppressed bark of a dog; the barking of a whelp.

“Puir creature, ye maun *youff* too when colly sets up his bark;” said to a silly, conceited person ready to give his opinion on subjects of which he knows little.

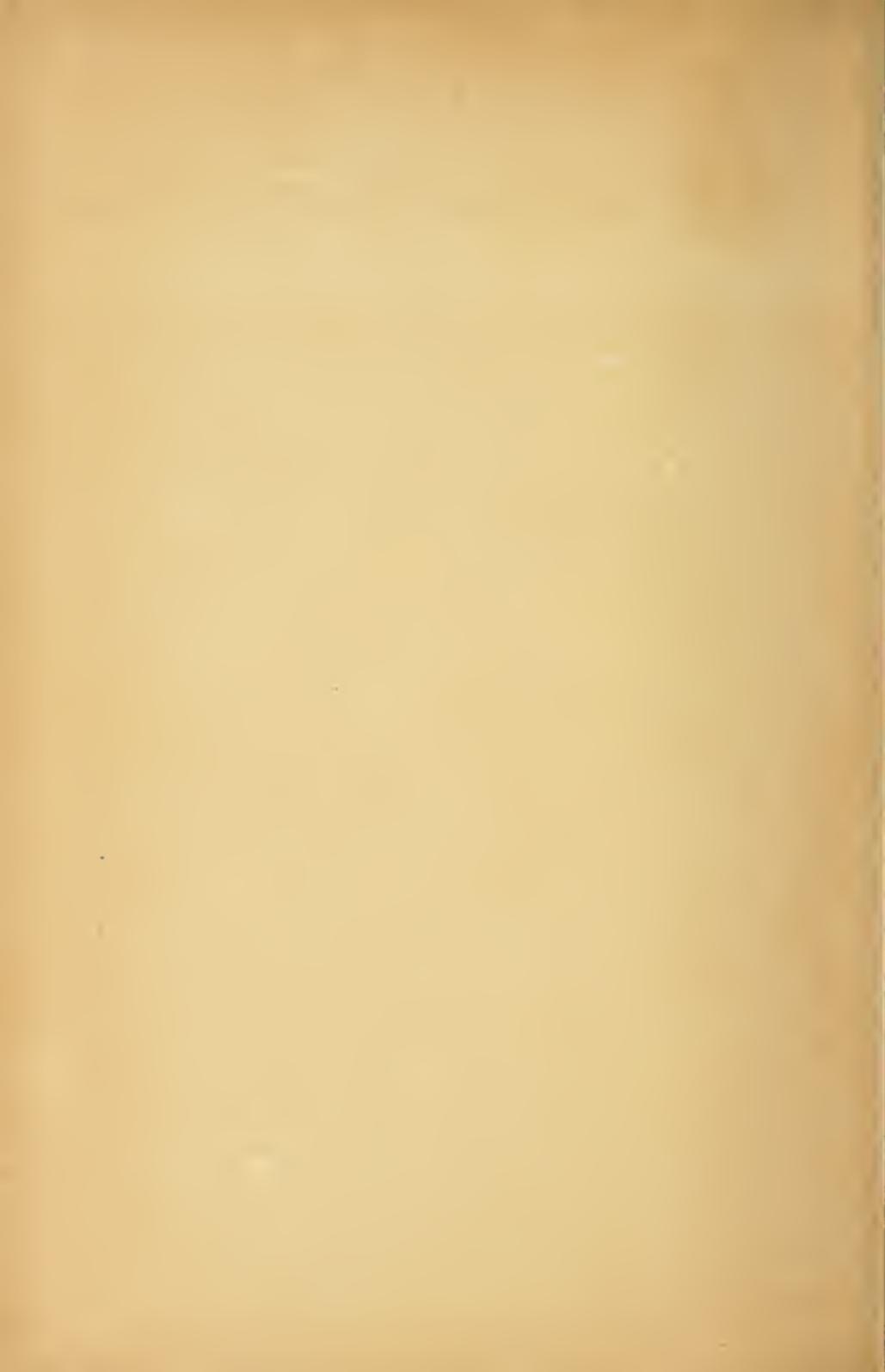
YOULL, *n.*—Cry of a dog when stricken; to whimper, to weep.

“He's a puir *youllan* whelp; his mither's milk is at the grund o' his stamack yet;” said of a discontented person, complaining under little ailments.

“I think I'll no be lang on this yirth,” said a person, overheard in an adjoining room, whose stutter indicated inebriety. “What's the matter noo wi' ye, Robin,” replied the other, who was not so far gone, “will ye tell me whar you're gaun, and if it's a better place I'll gang wi' you man?” “Dinna joke about it, Willie, for it's true; I had an awfu' dream.” “Dream! ye taverit fool! wha cares about dreams?” “Ay, but this is a real true dream.” “How do you ken it's true? hast been fulfill'd already? that's the only way I can ken whether dreams are true or no; maybe it's a ghost that I'm speakin' to: if sae, it's the first o' the kind that I ha'e heard o' that could stan' sax gills at a sittin'.” “Will you just haud your tongue and I'll tell ye a' about it? I dream't that I was in a kirkyard, and I saw a great big open grave?” “Man, that's frightsome, Robin; but say awa'.” “An' there was an auld hat lying at the boddom o' the grave, an' an auld bauchle at the mouth o't, and the twa were crackin' to ane anither.” “Hout! tout! tout! tout! havers, blethers, how could a bauchle speak to a hat, or a hat to a bauchle? we a' ken that there's tongues in heads, but I ne'er heard o' ony in hats or bauchles afore; there's gae lang tongues whiles aneath nutches, as *ye* ken.” “It's a dream, ye stupid blockhead, will ye no keep your ain tongue within your teeth till I tell't to you.” “The bauchle was lookin' down, as I thought, mae ways than ane on the puir hat, and it was sayin', ‘Friend, you're low aneuch i' the world now—chang't days wi' you, wha like you wi' your birse up when you were cockin' on the baillie's pou?’” “Ay,” said the hat, “it's chang't days wi' me, nae doubt.” “What brought ye to sic a waefu' plicht?” said the bauchle. “Whan the baillie brought me hame, my skin was sleekit as the otter's, and they were sae carefu' about me, that they would scarcely let sin or win light on me—put umbrellas aboon me when the least smur o' rain cam'on, an' when the baillie was on the bench, there was I lying aside him on the velvet cushion, as crouse as a newly kam'd cat; but I got out o' fashion, an' anither ane was

brought hame, and they would scarcely gi'e me a nail to hing on, but gied my braw brass pin to the new comer, an' I was ta'en out at nichts, and in wat wather to save it, and after they had sairt themselves wi' me, they selt me to an Eerish broker, and he selt me again to a Paddie: he got himsel' drunk ae nicht, and fell and clour't his ain croon, and knockit out mine; then they shew'd me up and fill'd me wi' saun, and carried me frae house to house fu' o' brayed stanes to saund their floors wi', as lang as the steeks would haud my croon thegither, and then they threw me out into the closs, and a blackguard callan tied me to a dog's tail, and he ran into the kirkyard wi' me, and I was tumbled in here. Ye seem to be sair forfochten yoursel, bauchle—you're aboon me noo in the warl', time aboot, its aye the way o't: sin I hae tel't ye my sorrowfu' history, ye nicht let me hear yours." "It's something like your ain, beaver; we may shake hands owre our misfortunes; when I cam out o' the souter's hands, wha like me, ye nicht ha'e ta'en aff your beard at me, instead o' a glass, wi' real reflection. Mony a bottle o' Day and Martin was poured on my outside, to gar me glitter. I was a real cordivan slipper, and my lady, when she brought me hame, wad only gang on carpets wi' me, and as canny as if she were gaun on velvet. In a while she put me on to balls and routs, and my sides pay't for't there; but the worst thing for me was the kicking and flinging at Highlan reels; twa o' them did me mair damage than sax weeks, nicht after nicht, o' your scrapen, bowing, and becking at quadrilles. If I had my life to begin again, and had it in my power, I ne'er would gang wi' ony person to a place whar they were likely to dance reels; my lady dang out my sides wi' her kicking and flingin', and put hersel in sic a puff o' heat, that a gliff o' win', as she gaed through the lobby, catch't her by the throat, and sat down on her lungs, puir thing, and we were baith thrown on the shelf at the same time, she was busket in her deadal dress in less than three months after; the servants i' the house took me up next, and their big trampers soon finished my career; they coost me o'er the window, up there; it looks into the kirkyard, and here I am;" that's my dream. "Oh! man, Will, I believe I am gaun to dec, it's just a warnin' to me, wow! wow!" "Havers, man, Robin, what are ye youllin' at—it's just a sicht o' the ups and downs o' the warl'. Our ain bodies—Bailies' beavers and ladies' slippers—a' below the beaver or aboon the bauchle. The doctor may plaster and cuiter us up for a while, but the steeks that haud the fabric thegither, will gi'e way, rosin them as ye may; asunder ye come like the poor bauchle, an' a' the art aneath the sun canna put the pieces in their places, and steek them thegither again."

THE END.



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