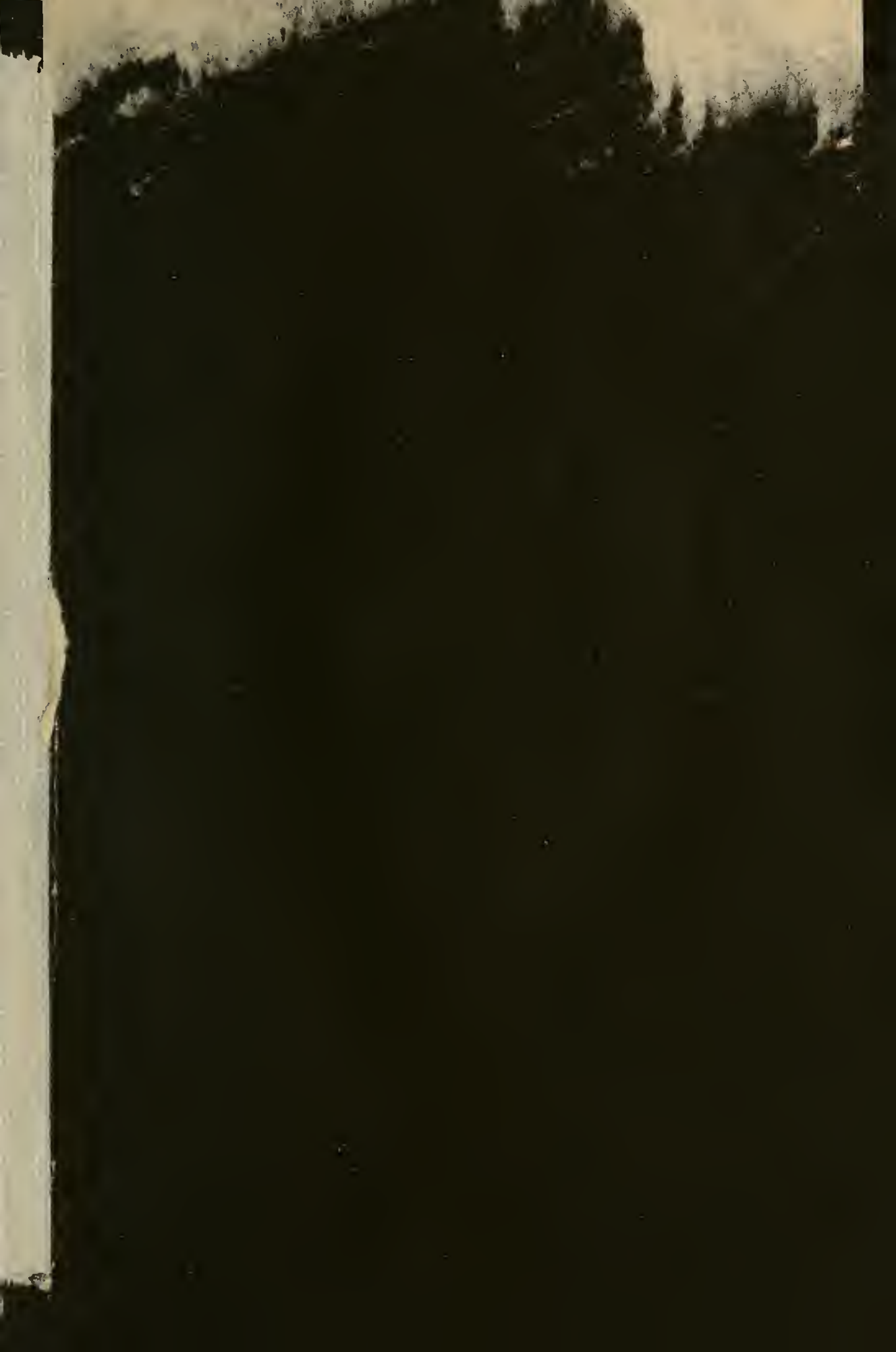

Roger S. Baldwin
from aunt Charlotte.
Jan. 17th. 1891.

NUGGETS FOR TRAVELLERS

Scottish Anecdotes

Scottish Jests and Anecdotes

Collected by

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SCOTTISH ANECDOTES.

EDINBURGH LAWYERS.

THE Edinburgh lawyers of a century ago were a race very much addicted to hard drinking. Drinking, indeed, intruded itself into every scene of their lives; and, as much of their business was necessarily performed in taverns, on account of the wretched accommodations of their own houses in the old town, the ink-glass and the claret-stoup were alike dear to them; and they could scarcely attempt to take a supply from the one, but the pen was in danger of being immersed in the other. Some anecdotes illustrating these habits may be acceptable.

A gentleman was one night engaged with a judge in a tremendous bouse, which lasted all night, and till within a single hour of the time when the court was to meet next morning. The two cronies had little more than time to wash themselves in their respective houses, when they had to meet again, in their professional capacities of judge and pleader, in the Parliament House. Mr Clerk, it appears, had, in the

hurry of his toilet, thrust the pack of cards he had been using over night into the pocket of his gown; and thus, as he was about to open the pleading, in pulling out his handkerchief, he also pulled out fifty-two witnesses of his last night's debauch, which fell scattered within the bar. 'Mr Clerk,' said his judicial associate in guilt, with the utmost coolness, 'before ye begin, I think ye had better tak up your hand.'

An equally wet and witty barrister, one Saturday encountered an equally Bacchanalian senatorial friend, in the course of a walk to Leith. Remembering that he had a good gigot of mutton roasting for dinner, he invited his friend to accompany him home; and they accordingly dined together, *secundum morem solitum*. After dinner was over, wine and cards commenced; and, as the two friends were alike fond of each of these recreations, neither ever thought of reminding the other of the advance of time, till the church bell next day disturbed them in their darkened chamber about a quarter before eleven o'clock. The judge then rising to depart, Mr —— walked behind him to the outer door, with a candle in each hand, by way of showing him out. 'Tak care, my lord, tak care,' cried the kind host, most anxiously holding the candles out of the door into the sunny streets, along which the people were pouring churchwards; 'Tak care; there's twa steps.'

The taverns to which Edinburgh lawyers of those days resorted were generally very obscure and mean—at least such they would now appear; and many of them were so peculiarly situated in the profound recesses of the old town, as to have no light from the

sun, so that the inmates had to use candles continually. A small party of legal gentlemen happened one day to drop into one of these dens; and as they sat a good while drinking, they at last forgot the time of day. Taking their impressions from the candles, they just supposed that they were enjoying an ordinary evening debauch. 'Sirs,' said one of them at last, 'it's time to rise: ye ken I'm a married man, and should be early at home.' And so they all rose, and prepared to stagger home through the lamp-lighted streets; when, lo and behold! on their emerging from the tavern, they suddenly found themselves projected into the blaze of a summer afternoon, and, at the same time, under the gaze of a thousand curious eyes, which were directed with surprise to their tipsy and negligent figures.

EXCEPTIO FORMAT REGULAM.

Soon after the publication of Mr Home's *History of the Rebellion of* 1745, a clergyman, in Roxburghshire, who had read the book, happened to mention, at a Presbytery dinner, that the author gave a very amusing account of the conduct of the volunteers who took arms for the defence of Edinburgh against Prince Charles's approaching army, none of whom, when the hour of danger arrived, could be prevailed upon, by their officer, to stir a step. Mr Patten, the minister of Crailing, here interrupted his brother, with good-humoured warmth,—'Home,' said he, 'does not play us fair there; I can attest that I was one of seven who marched *to the West Port!*'

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A TOWN AND COUNTRY PREACHER.

The gentleman who has been rendered famous by the pen of Burns, under the epithet of *Rumble John*, was one Sunday invited to preach in a parish church in the Carse of Stirling, where, as there had been a long course of dry weather, the farmers were beginning to wish for a gentle shower, for the sake of their crops, then on the eve of being ripe. Aware of this, Mr Russel introduced a petition, according to custom, into his last prayer, for a change of weather. He prayed, it is said, that the windows of heaven might be opened, and a flood fall to fatten the ground, and fulfil the hopes of the husbandman. This was asking too much; for, in reality, nothing was wanting but a series of very gentle showers. As if to show how bad a farmer he was, a thunder plump immediately came on, of so severe a character, that before the congregation was dismissed, there was not an upright bean-stalk in the whole of the Carse. The farmers, on seeing their crops so much injured, and that apparently by the ignorance of the clergyman, shook their heads to one another as they afterwards clustered about the churchyard; and one old man was heard to remark to his wife, as he trudged indignantly out, 'That lad may be very gude for the town, as they say he is, but I'm clear that he disna understan' *the kintra*.'

DAFT WILLIE LAW

Was the descendant of an ancient family, nearly related to the famous John Law of Laurieston, the

celebrated financier of France. Willie, on that account, was often spoken to, and taken notice of, by gentlemen of distinction. Posting one day through Kirkcaldy with more than ordinary speed, he was met by the late Mr Oswald of Dunnikier, who asked him where he was going in such a hurry. 'Going!' says Willie, with apparent surprise, 'I'm gaen to my cousin Lord Elgin's burial.' 'Your cousin Lord Elgin's burial, you fool; Lord Elgin's not dead!' replied Mr Oswald. 'Ah! deil ma care,' quoth Willie, 'there's sax doctors out o' Embro' at 'im, and they'll hae him dead afore I win forrit.'

CASTING REFLECTIONS.

In the late Professor Hill's class, the gilded buttons of one of the students happened to reflect the rays of the sun upon the Professor's face, who, as may be supposed, ordered the gentleman to give over throwing reflections on him. The student, totally ignorant of the matter, with the utmost simplicity said, that he would be the last in the class who would *cast reflections* on the Professor.

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE SOLVED.

After the contest betwixt Episcopacy and Presbytery in Scotland had terminated in favour of the latter, the Presbyterians got an Act passed in Parliament, which was ordered to be read from every pulpit, bearing, that whoever read it, bound themselves by an oath to be Presbyterians, and whoever refused to read the paper, were to be turned out of their

kirks. A pious Episcopalian in the Highlands, among the rest, received one of the papers, and struggled long betwixt conscience and interest, without coming to any decision; and having no person in his parish whom he could consult on the subject, except an old woman, he at last resolved to take advantage of the sage experience of this aged sibyl. Having called one day, after the usual salutations were passed, he proceeded to disclose the cause of his visit. 'Will your conscience allow you to read it to me?' says Janet. 'I dare say it may,' replied the divine. 'Weel, then I'll stop my wheel the time ye're reading it.' After the divine had read the paper, 'Weel, sir,' says Janet, 'there is just twa things to be considered; the tane is, if you read the paper, the deil gets into your conscience; and if you dinna read it, a Presbyterian gets into your kirk, an' a' the deils in hell 'll no drive him out again.' The clergyman very prudently gave the preference to the deil in his conscience.

DRY JOB.

Some time ago, an elderly matron, no way famed for her liberality, employed the village mason to make some alterations on the kitchen fireplace. During the operations, John observed several times, that it was a very *stourie* (dusty) job, and that he would no. be the worse of something to *synd* (wash) it down. The bottle was at length brought forward, along with a small thistle glass, which was filled to a genteel and respectful distance from the brim, and handed to the mason. 'Ye'll no be muckle the waur o' that, I'm thinkin', John,' says the lady, when he finished his

dram. 'Atweel no, mem,' said John, casting a contemptuous look on the dwarfish glass, 'although it had been *vitriol!*'

A KEY TO THE RESURRECTION.

Dr John Brown, author of the Brownonian System of Physic, a man of somewhat coarse manners, on passing the monument of David Hume, in the Calton Burying-ground, observed to a mason who was laying a pavement stone for it, 'Friend,' said he, 'this is a strong and massy building; but how do you think the honest gentleman can get out at the resurrection?' The mason archly replied, 'Sir, I have secured that point, for I have put the *key under the door!*'

HIGH STYLE.

The late Mr Andrew Balfour, one of the judges in the Commissary Court of Edinburgh, used to talk in a very pompous and inflated style of language Having made an appointment with the late Honourable Henry Erskine, on some particular business, and failing to attend, he apologised for it, by telling the learned barrister that his brother, the Laird of Balbirnie, in passing from one of his enclosures to another, had fallen down from the stile and sprained his ankle. This trifling accident he related in language highly pedantic and bombastical. The witty advocate, with his usual vivacity, replied, 'It was very fortunate for your brother, Andrew, that it was not from *your style* he fell, or he had broken his neck, instead of spraining his ankle!'

During the time the above gentleman presided in Court, his sister, Miss Balfour, happened to be examined as a witness in a cause then depending before the Court. Andrew began in his pompous way, by asking, 'Woman, what is thy name? what is thy age? and where is thy usual place of residence?' To which interrogatories Miss Balfour only replied, by staring him broad in the face; when the questions were again repeated, with all the grimace and pedantry he was master of. Which the lady observing, said, 'Dear me, Andrew, do ye no ken yer ain sister?' To which the judge answered, 'Woman, when I sit in this Court to administer justice, I know no one, neither father nor mother, sister nor brother!'

MR CLERK, LORD ELDIN.

This eccentric senator, so remarkable for his naïf expressions, being reminded of a remark which he had formerly made upon a picture, but which he himself had forgot, inquired, 'Did I say that?' 'Yes.' 'Then, if I said that,' quoth the self-gratified wit, 'it was *deevilish gude.*'

One day as he was limping down the High Street of Edinburgh, from the Court of Session, he overheard a young lady saying to her companion rather loudly, 'That's Mr Clerk, the lame lawyer.' Upon which he turned round, and with his usual force of expression, said, 'No, madam; I am a lame man, but not a lame lawyer.'

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN PRESBYTERY AND EPISCOPACY.

An innkeeper at St Andrews, in whose house the clergy had dined both before and after the Revolution, being asked what was the difference between the one and the other, answered: 'There was not much; in the time of Episcopacy, the dean used to call boldly for a bottle of wine: afterwards, when Presbytery came on the carpet, the moderator whispered the maid to fetch a *magnum bonum*.'

LUTHER *versus* CALVIN.

Mr Cunningham, minister of the parish of Symington in Ayrshire, was a man of singularly convivial and altogether very eccentric habits—if conviviality can be called eccentric in a clergyman. He would often mount the pulpit in a jockey-frock, a whip in his hand, and a greyhound at his heels. Notwithstanding these peculiarities, he had a most commendable zeal for the honour of the Kirk of Scotland, as the following anecdote will testify:—Being in Edinburgh at the General Assembly, he heard of a clergyman of the Church of England, who was supposed to be almost equally devoted with himself to the worship of Bacchus. Mr Cunningham invited his reverend brother to the inn where he lodged, and accosted him in the following manner:—Reverend brother, hearing that you are a clergyman of the Church of England, who have no objection to an occasional sacrifice to Bacchus, and as I am a clergyman of the Church of Scotland, of similar sentiments and disposition, I have sent for you, that, if you have no objections, we may try the strength

of the two churches by an appeal to single combat over a bottle of wine.' To this the other reverend gentleman replied, that he had not the slightest objection to settle the dispute in the manner proposed ; and to it they accordingly went. The field was long and obstinately contested ; but prelacy at last betrayed symptoms of defeat. Mr Cunningham then called in the landlord with another bottle, when the Episcopalian dropped from his seat beneath the table. Upon that, Mr Cunningham roared out to his host, 'Landlord, I take you to witness that the *jus divinum* is with me. There lies Luther ; but here sits Calvin.'

UNION OF LITERARY COMPOSITIONS.

At a large literary party in Edinburgh some years ago, it was mentioned that a certain well-known literary character had written two poems, one called 'The Bible,' the other 'The Ocean ;' that he was offering them to the booksellers, who, however, would not accede to his terms of publication ; and that the worthy author was therefore puzzled not a little as to what he should do with his productions. 'Why,' remarked a sarcastic gentleman, who was present, 'I think the doctor could not do better than throw the one into the other.'

A PUNSTER BOGGED.

Two Scotch country clergymen, one of whom was an incessant punster, were going home one night from a Presbytery dinner ; and it so happened that the place where they had to take leave of each other for the purpose of going to their several manses, was a

spot of ground little better in character than a peat moss. 'Well,' said one to the other, 'after you have made so many puns to-night, I have only to beg that you will make one more, and let it be on our parting at this moment.' 'Nay,' said the other, and as he spoke he affected to sink a little into the soft soil beneath his feet, 'you have fairly *bogged* me now.'

A CONSCIENTIOUS VALET.

A baronet in the west of Scotland, whose convivial habits were well known to all who had the happiness of his acquaintance, on one occasion, when in want of a servant, was applied to by a man highly commended for probity, good temper, etc., but who had the candour to acknowledge that he was 'fond of his glass,' in which he sometimes unhappily indulged. The baronet was altogether so well pleased with the appearance of the fellow that, notwithstanding his acknowledged failing, he agreed to hire him for six months, on the condition that he should never get drunk on the same night with himself. After twelve weeks had nearly elapsed, during which he conducted himself to the satisfaction of every member of the family, he one day came up to his master, and respectfully addressed him thus :—'I have come to tell your honour that I am obliged to leave your service.' 'For what?' inquired Sir J—. 'Why, sir,' said the valet, 'you will remember that I agreed to become your servant on the express understanding that I was never to get *fou* on the same day with your honour. I have now been nearly three months in your service, and during all that time I have not had it in my power to take an extra glass.

Sir J— was so much pleased with the honest simplicity of the fellow, that he forthwith ordered the butler to give him three bottles of whisky, with instructions that he might have to himself as many days to enjoy them.

MAKING A WIFE A NURSE.

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

HIGHLAND LAW AND JUSTICE.

During the temporary paralysis of the arm of the law at Edinburgh, in consequence of the town being possessed by Prince Charles's Highland army, the following ludicrous circumstance is said to have taken place:—The landlady of a Highland sergeant, resident in the Grassmarket, one day came into his room, exclaiming loudly against a neighbour, who, she said, owed her eight shillings, and who had taken advantage of the suspension of the laws to refuse payment. 'Confound the hale pack o' ye!' she concluded; 'ever since ye cam here, there's been neither law nor justice in the country. Charlie may be what he

likes; but he can ne'er be a gude king that prevents puir folk frae getting their ain!' 'Say ye sae?' replied the sergeant, in some little indignation, 'I can tell ye, though, Prince Charlie has petter law and chustice paith, than ever your Chordie had a' his tays. Come alang wi' me, and I'll let ye see ta cood law and chustice too!' The landlady conducted her lodger to the house of the debtor, which he entered with his drawn sword in his hand. 'Mistress!' he said to the recusant dame, 'do you pe awin this honest woman, my landlaty, ta aught shilling?' 'And what although I should?' was the answer; 'what the muckle deevil hae ye to do wi't?' 'I'll show you what I have to do with it,' said the Highlander; and mounting a cutty stool, he proceeded with great *nonchalance* to depopulate the good woman's shelves of her shining pewter plates, which he handed down one by one into his landlady's apron, saying at every successive descent of his arm, 'Tere's ta cood law and chustice too!' Pewter plates were at that time the very *penates* of a Scottish housewife of the lower order; and when the woman saw her treasured *bink* thus laid waste, she relented incontinent, and, forthwith proceeding into another room to get the money, paid the landlady her debt; in return for which she demanded back her plates. The Highland J. P. replaced all the goods in their shelves, except a few, which he desired the landlady to carry home. 'What!' exclaimed the proprietrix, 'am I no to get a' my plates back when I've paid my debt?' 'Tat you are not,' quoth the sergeant, 'unless you give me ta other twa shilling for laying the law upon you.' This additional

sum the poor woman was actually obliged to pay; and the Highlander then went home with his landlady, exclaiming all the way, 'Tere now's ta cood law and chustice paith—petter than ever your Chordie had a' his tays!'

ANECDOTE OF JAMES V.

King James the Fifth, in one of his pedestrian tours, is said to have called at the village of Markinch in Fife, and, going into the only change-house, desired to be furnished with some refreshment. The gudewife informed him that her only room was then engaged by the minister and schoolmaster, but that she believed they would have no objection to admit him into their company. He entered, was made very welcome, and began to drink with them. After a tough debauch of several hours, during which he succeeded in completely ingratiating himself with the two parochial dignitaries, the reckoning came to be paid, and James pulled out money to contribute his share. The schoolmaster, on this, proposed to the clergyman that they should pay the whole, as the other had only recently acceded to the company, and was, moreover, entitled to their hospitality as a stranger. 'Na, na,' quoth the minister, 'I see nae reason in that. This birkie maun just pay higglety-pigglety wi' oursels. That's aye the law in Markinch. Higglety-pigglety's the word.' The schoolmaster attempted to repel this selfish and unjust reasoning; but the minister remained perfectly obdurate. King James at last exclaimed, in a pet, 'Weel, weel, higglety-pigglety be't!' and he immediately made

such arrangements as ensured an equality of stipend to his two drinking companions; thus testifying his disgust at the meanness of the superior, and his admiration of the generosity of the inferior functionary. Till recent times the salaries of the minister and schoolmaster of Markinch were nearly equal,—a thing as singular as it may be surprising. Our authors for this story, as Pitscottie would say, are fifteen different clergymen, resident at different corners of the kingdom, all of whom told it in the same way, adding, as an attestation of their verity, that they heard it discussed in all its bearings, times innumerable, at the breakfasts given by the Professor of Divinity; on which occasions, it seems, probationers are duly informed of the various stipends, glebes, etc., of the parishes of Scotland, as they are instructed, at another period of the day, in the more solemn mysteries of their profession.

PUN BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

Some literary and scientific gentlemen one day dined with Mr Hogg at his farm of Mont Benger, when it was mentioned by some one, as a strange thing, that Dr Parr should have lately been married in a somewhat clandestine way, and that nobody knew who his wife was, or anything about her. 'Ah,' said the shepherd, 'I am afraid she must have been *a little below Par*.'*

CLEVER IMPROMPTU.

Mr Dewar, a shopkeeper at Edinburgh, being in

* Mr Hogg acknowledges this to be the only pun he ever made.

want of silver for a bank note, went into the shop of a neighbour of the name of Scott, whom he thus addressed :—

'Master Scott,
Can you change me a note?'

Mr Scott's reply was—

'I'm not very sure, but I'll see.'

Then going into his back-room, he immediately returned and added—

'Indeed, Mr Dewar,
It's out o' my power,
For my wife's away wi' the key.'

MARCH OF INTELLECT.

A beggar some time ago applied for alms at the door of a partizan of the Anti-begging Society. After in vain detailing his manifold sorrows, the inexorable gentleman peremptorily dismissed him. 'Go away,' said he, 'go, we canna gie ye naething.' 'You might at least,' replied the mendicant, with an air of arch dignity, 'have refused me grammatically.'

A POETICAL GRACE.

A poet being at supper where the fare was very scanty, and not of first-rate quality, said the following grace :—

'O Thou who bless'd the loaves and fishes,
Look down upon these two poor dishes ;
And though the 'tatoes be but sma',
Lord, make them large enough for a' ;
For if they do our bellies fill,
'Twill be a wondrous miracle !'

SCARCITY OF ASSES.

The Reverend Mr Thom, of Govan, riding home from Paisley, on a particular occasion, came up with two gentlemen, heritors of his parish, who had lately been made justices of the peace. They, seeing him well mounted, as usual, were determined to pass a joke on him, and accosted him thus :—'Well, Mr Thom, you are very unlike your master, for he was content to ride on an ass.' 'An ass,' says Mr Thom, 'there's no sic a beast to be gotten now-a-days.' 'Ay, how's that?' said they. 'Because,' replied Mr Thom, 'they now make them a' *justices of the peace.*'

TIMBER TO TIMBER.

At the placing of Mr F–rl–ng, minister of the Chapel of Ease, Glasgow, of whose abilities Mr Thom entertained no great opinion, when they came to that part of the ceremony where the hands are imposed, the other members of the Presbytery were making room for Mr Thom, that he might get forward his hand on the head of Mr F–rl–ng likewise ; but Mr Thom, keeping at a distance, said, 'Na, na, timmer to timmer will do weel enough,' laying his staff on the head of the new divine.

SCHOOLBOYS' QUESTIONS.

Three boys at school, learning their catechism, the one asked the other how far he had got? to which he answered, 'I'm at a state o' sin and misery.' He then asked another what length he was? to which he replied, 'I'm just at effectual calling. They were both anxious, of course, to learn how far he was himself, and having asked him, he answered, 'Past redemption.'

EXAMINATION OF A CANDIDATE.

About the middle of the 17th century, the office of schoolmaster at Dirleton becoming vacant, several of the *literati* made suit to the patron for the living. A laird then, like our ministers in state now, was accessible only through his principal servant, who was called his *gentleman*. The laird of Dirleton had a gentleman called Hugh ——, who presided over his levee service, and turned the admission of tenants and dependants into the presence chamber considerably to his pocket account. One of the candidates, not very purse-proud, but close fisted enough, often addressed Hugh for a word of the laird, but was always either very coldly received by Hugh, or industriously shifted, as he would never even so much as attempt to mumble at *speaking to the purpose*. Effectually disgusted, at last, with Hugh's indifference, the candidate watched an opportunity of the laird going abroad; and, accosting his honour becomingly, told his errand. As the benefice was to be collated on the candidate who should best acquit himself at the competition, Dirleton, being on horseback, and in a hurry, bade him explain the following rule of syntax, in *Despauter's Grammar*:—

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

And thus the candidate commented:—*En*, an like your honour; *ecce hem*, see what sad hempies are lairds' men; *semper primum quartumve requirunt*, we maun always creesh their loofs before we can get a

word of their masters; *heu*, what think you of your man Hugh? *petit et quantum*, he seeks even a fifth part of the salary; *velut O*, like a cipher as he is; *hei væque dativum*, deil tak him that gives it; *proh*, 'tis a shame for your honour to keep him in your service; *notatur*, for he's a great rascal; *tenere primum, quantum quintumque*, and is worth a thousand merks. Struck with the punster's ready humour, in turning the grammatical rule so happily to his own circumstances, Dirleton ordered Hugh to deliver the key of the school to him instantly, and to cause write out his call, maugre all postponing *interjections* whatsoever.

AYRSHIRE COURTSHIP.

A respectable farmer, in the parish of Cumnock, being a widower, went a-courting a young lady, the daughter of a neighbouring farmer, in the parish of Auchinleck. The farmer, who was no great orator, but was young, had a good person, and was in affluent circumstances, addressed his fair one rather bluntly, and proposed marriage without much ceremony. The lady replied, in the same frank and open way. 'Deed, Jamie, I'll tak ye, but ye maun gie me my dues o' courtin' for a' that.' The wedding took place accordingly.

TAKE AWAY THE FOWLS.

A certain reverend gentleman of the city of Edinburgh, dining with a friend, the lady of the house desiring the servant to take away the dish containing the *fowls*, which she pronounced *fools* (as is sometimes done in Scotland), 'I presume, madam, you mean

fowls?' said Mr R—, very pompously. 'Very well, be it so,' said the lady; 'take away the *fowls*, but let the *fool* remain!'

HINT TO MONEY LENDERS.

The following curious conversation actually occurred in a garden, attached to a lunatic asylum, near Dumfries. The interlocutors were the keeper, a very respectable man, and one of the most manageable of his patients. 'Tak it easy, tak it easy, Jamie: ye're no working against time, man; and when you come near the border, be sure and keep your feet aff the flowers.' 'The flowers! hurt the bonnie sweet flowers!' said Jamie; 'Na, na, I'm no sae daft as that comes to, neither; I wad as soon chap aff my ain fingers as crush ane o' them. There's the simmer snaw-drap already keeking through its green sheath; as weel as daisies and primroses, an' the thing they ca' rocket; although it would mak but a puir cracker on the King's birthday—He! he! he! Ay, there's heartsease and rowan-tree, sprigs o' which I aye wear next my skin; the tane to fleg awa' the witches, an' the tither to keep my heart frae beating. An' there's the genty wee flower that I gied a bit o' to Tibby Dalrymple, wha tint her wits for love, an' wha said sae muckle to me through the grating o' her cell, about the gude that the smell o' a flower wad do her, that I couldna find i' my heart to deny her, puir thing.' 'Very weel, Jamie,' replied the keeper, 'be a guid lad, an' continue to dress that little corner until I come back frae the sands.' 'Ou ay!' rejoined Jamie,' 'this is Wednesday, an'. you'll be gaun down to meet wi' some o'

your country freinds. It's changed times wi' them, I jalouse ; whaur the public-house folk used to sell a gallon o' whisky, they dinna sell a mutchkin noo, I near : but that's naething, their customers will get sooner hame to their families ; an' then they'll be fewer banes broken riding fule races. But tak care o' yoursel', Mr — , tak care that some o' them dinna come Yorkshire ower you. They'll be inviting you in to tak a dram, nae doubt, an' makin' a puir mouth about the badness o' times, trying to borrow a little siller frae you. But if I was you, I'll tell ye what I wad dae. I wad get twa purses made, and ca' ane o' them *Somebody* and the ither *A' the World ;* an' next I wad pit a' my siller in the first, and no a bawbee in the second ; and then, whan ony o' them spak o' borrowing, I wad whup out the toom purse, and shaking't before the chiel's een, swear that I hadna a ha'penny in *A' the World*, until I gat it frae *Somebody !'*

HOWLET-FACE.

Robert Burns, being informed that a little girl, in the company where he was, had been rudely designated 'Howlet-face' by a gentleman present, on account of a certain disagreeable peculiarity in her visage, which reminded him of an owl ; he immediately wrote this verse, and handed it to the person concerned :—

'And did he ca' ye Howlet-face,
The vile unseemly spectre !
Your face has been a looking-glass,
In which he's seen his picture.'

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Shortly after the commencement of the last war, a tax was laid on candles, which, as a Ricardo lecturer would prove, made them dearer. A Scottish wife, in Greenock, remarked to her chandler, Simon Macbeth, that the price was raised, and asked why? 'It's a owin' to the war,' said Simon. 'The war!' said the astonished matron, 'gracious me! are they gaun to fight by cannel licht?'

PREACHING AND PROPHESYING.

A country clergyman, who, on Sundays, is more indebted to his manuscript than to his memory, called unceremoniously at a cottage, while its possessor, a pious parishioner, was engaged (a daily exercise) in perusing a paragraph of the writings of an inspired Prophet. 'Weel, John,' familiarly inquired the clerical visitant, 'what's this you are about?' 'I am prophesying,' was the prompt reply. 'Prophesying,' exclaimed the astounded divine, 'I doubt you are only reading a prophecy.' 'Weel,' argued the religious rustic, 'giff reading a preachin' be preachin', is na reading a prophecy prophesying?'

A POOR MOUTHFUL.

At the examination of candidates for the place of schoolmaster in a Scotch parish, one man was desired to read and translate Horace's ode, beginning—

'Exegi monumentum ære perennius.'

He began thus:—'*Exegi monumentum*, I have eaten up a mountain.' 'Stop,' cried one of the examinators

'it will be needless for you to say ony mair; after eating sic a dinner, this parish wad be a puir mouthfu' t'ye. You maun try some wider sphere.'

PASSION.

Fletcher of Saltoun is well known to have possessed a most irritable temper. His footman, desiring to be dismissed, 'Why do you leave me?' said he. 'Because, to speak the truth, I cannot bear your temper.' 'To be sure, I am passionate, but my passion is no sooner on than it is off.' 'Yes,' replied the servant, 'but then it is no sooner off than it is on again.'

MAKING A SCOTCHMAN.

In the year 1797, when democratic notions ran high, it may be remembered that the king's coach was attacked as his majesty was going to the House of Peers. A gigantic Hibernian, on that occasion, was conspicuously loyal in repelling the mob. Soon after, to his no small surprise, he received a message from Mr Dundas to attend at his office. He went, and met with a gracious reception from the great man, who, after prefacing a few encomiums on his active loyalty, desired him to point out any way in which he would wish to be advanced, his majesty having particularly noticed his courageous conduct, and being desirous to reward it. Pat scratched and scraped for a while, half thunder-struck; 'The devil take me if I know what I'm fit for.' 'Nay, my good fellow,' cried Harry, 'think a moment, and dinna throw yoursel out o' the way o' fortun.' Pat hesitated a moment, smirking as if some odd idea had strayed into his noddle, 'I'll tell

you what, mister, make a *Scotchman* of me, and, by St Patrick, there'll be no fear of my getting on.' The minister gazed awhile at the *mal-apropos* wit; 'Make a *Scotchman* of you, sir! that's impossible, for I can't give you *prudence.*'

RETALIATION.

An American, General L—, was in company where there were some few Scotch. After supper, when the wine was served up, the General rose, and addressed the company in the following words:—'Gentlemen, I must inform you, that when I get a little groggish, I have an absurd custom of railing against the Scotch; I hope no gentleman in company will take it amiss.' With this he sat down. Up starts M—, a Scotch officer, and without seeming the least displeased, said, 'Gentlemen, I, when I am a little groggish, and hear any person railing against the Scotch, have an absurd custom of kicking him out of the company; I hope no gentleman will take it amiss.' It is superfluous to add, that that night he had no occasion to exert his talent.

CHURCH CANDIDATES.

At a church in Scotland, where there was a popular call, two candidates offered to preach, of the names of Adam and Low. The last preached in the morning, and took for his text, 'Adam, where art thou?' He made a most excellent discourse, and the congregation were much edified. In the evening Mr Adam preached, and took for his text, 'Lo, here am I!' The *impromptu* and his sermon gained him the church.

HIGHLAND OATH.

To prove the superior idea of sanctity which this imprecation conveys to those who have been accustomed to it, it may be sufficient to relate the expression of a Highlander, who, at the Carlisle assizes, had sworn positively, in the English mode, to a fact of consequence. His indifference, during that solemnity, having been observed by the opposite party, he was required to confirm his testimony by taking the oath of his own country to the same. 'No, no,' said the mountaineer, in the Northern dialect; 'd'ye no ken that thair is mickle odds betwix blawing on a buik, and damning ane's ain saul?'

PLEASANT PROSPECT.

An elderly lady, intending to purchase the upper flat of a house in Princes Street, opposite the West Church Burying-ground, from which the chain of Pentland Hills formed a beautiful background, after being made acquainted with all its conveniences, and the beauty of its situation, elegantly enumerated by the builder, he requested her to cast her eye on the romantic hills at a distance, on the other side of the churchyard. The lady admitted that she had 'certainly a most pleasant prospect *beyond the grave*.'

FERGUSON AND JAMES THE FIRST.

There was one Ferguson, an intimate of King James I., who, having been a playfellow with him when they were young, came with the King into England, and extending the privileges of friendship rather too far, frequently took the liberty of advising, and sometimes

admonishing, or rather reproving, his sovereign. He was a man truly honest; and his counsels were disinterested as to any view for himself, having a decent patrimony of his own. The King was, however, often vexed by his freedoms, and at length said to him, between jest and earnest, 'You are perpetually censuring my conduct; I'll make you a king some time or other, and try.' Accordingly one day, the Court being very merry, it came into his Majesty's head to execute this project; and so, calling Ferguson, he ordered him into the chair of state, bidding him 'there play the king,' while, for his part, he would personate 'Johnny Ferguson.' This farce was in the beginning very agreeable to the whole company. The mock sovereign put on the airs of royalty, and talked to those about him in a strain like that of the real one, only with less pedantry. They were infinitely pleased with the joke, and it was a perfect comedy, till the unlucky knave turned the tables, and came all of a sudden to moralise on the vanity of honour, wealth, and pleasure, talk of the insincerity, venality, and corruption of courtiers and servants of the crown; how entirely they had their own interests at heart, and how generally their pretended zeal and assiduity were the disguise of falsehood and flattery. This discourse made a change in some of their countenances, and even the real monarch did not relish it altogether; he was afraid it might have some effect on his minions, and lessen the tribute of adulation they were used to offer with great profusion, when they found how this wag observed and animadverted on it. But the monitor did not stop here, he levelled a particular satire at the King, which

put an end to the entertainment, and made his Majesty repent of his introducing it, some foreigners of distinction being present; for it painted him in his true colours, as one that never 'loved a wise man, nor rewarded an honest one,' unless they sacrificed to his vanity; while he loaded those who prostrated themselves to his will with wealth and honours. Here the mimic, pointing directly to James, who was personating Ferguson, he raised his voice, saying, 'There,' said he, 'stands a man whom I would have you imitate. The honest creature was the comrade of my childhood, and regards me with a most cordial affection to this very moment; he has testified his friendship by all the means in his power; studying my welfare, guarding me from evil counsellors, prompting me to princely actions, and warning me of every danger; for all which, however, he never asked me anything; and, by Jove! though I squandered thousands upon thousands on several of you, yet in the whole course of my life I never gave him a farthing.' The King, nettled by this sarcasm, cried out to Ferguson, 'Pugh! you pawky loun, what wad you be at? Awa' aff my throne, and let's hae nae mair o' your nonsense.'

A GENEROUS CLERGYMAN.

A clergyman, in Roxburghshire, of considerable property and eccentric manners, having the opportunity of selling a small farm to advantage, to a gentleman who wished to purchase it, applied to the farmer who had it upon lease, and sounded him upon the subject of giving it up for a consideration. To his no small delight, the farmer expressed himself willing to accom-

modate his landlord, without asking any compensation. The doctor immediately came to his intending customer, a man more able than the generality of mankind to appreciate every variety of human character, and addressed him in something like the following words: —'I have just been doun at Jock Thorburn, and he's gaun to gi'e up the farm without asking a bawbee. Od, he's a fine fallow, Jock Thorburn; he's done me a real gude turn: but he's no be without his reward; for I'll gie him something. I'll gie him something usefu'. Od, I'll gie him a gude character.'

FREE TRADE TO THE LAWYERS.

A man from the country applied lately to a respectable solicitor in this town 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.'

ALLAN RAMSAY.

Allan Ramsay, the Scotch poet, walking on the Castlehill one day, was accosted by a *pretended* poor maimed sailor, who begged his charity. The poet asked him by what authority he went a-begging? 'I have a *licence* for it,' answered the sailor. '*Licence!*' cried Allan, '*Lice* you may have, but *sense* you can have none, to beg of a poet.'

PEOPLE WITHOUT GRANDFATHERS.

An old Scotch landed proprietor, or *laird*, who piqued himself much upon his pedigree, and had a

sovereign contempt for men who had come to greatness through successful industry, was one night in a company where a young lady from Glasgow happened to descant a little upon what her father, her grandfathers, and her great-grandfathers, had done as civil rulers in that city. After enduring this for a little, the laird at last tapped the fair speaker gently on the shoulder, and said to her, in an emphatic but good-humoured tone, 'Wheest, my woman; nae Glasgow folk ever had grandfaithers.'

A LAD IN HIS DAY.

When Dr Thomson (father of Dr Andrew Thomson, of Edinburgh) was minister of Markinch, he happened to preach from the text, '*Look not upon wine when it is red in the cup;*' from which he made a most eloquent and impressive discourse against drunkenness, stating its fatal effects on the head, heart, and purse. Several of his observations were levelled at two cronies, with whom he was well acquainted, who frequently poured out libations to the rosy god. At the dismissal of the congregation, the two friends met, the doctor being close behind them. 'Did you hear yon, Johnnie?' quoth the one. 'Did I hear't! Wha didna hear't? I ne'er winked an e'e the hale sermon.' 'Aweel, an' what thought ye o't?' 'Adeed, Davie, I think he's been a lad in his day, or he couldna ken'd sae weel about it. Ah, he's been a slee hand, the minister!'

ONE GLASS AT A TIME.

Dr Thomson took occasion to exhort the same Davie, who was a namesake of his own, to abstain

from excessive drinking, otherwise he would bring his grey hairs prematurely to the grave. 'Tak my advice, David,' says the minister, 'and never take more than one glass at a time.' 'Neither I do, sir,' says David, 'neither I do; but I care unco little how short time be atween the twa.'

GOOD REASON FOR ABSTINENCE.

A party of volunteers in the royal service, being taken prisoners by the Highland army, at the battle of Falkirk, in 1746, were put into a barn at a neighbouring village of St Ninians, where, during the whole evening, they remained without meat or drink. At length an exciseman, one of the Glasgow militia, undertook to speak for himself and companions, to a Celtic sergeant, who had the command of the guard. 'Sergeant,' said he, 'do you mean to starve us to death? If it's our turn to-day, it may be yours to-morrow; though we be prisoners of war, are we to get neither victuals nor drink?' 'What the muckle deevil,' replied the Highlander, with great state, 'do you want wi' ta vittal and drink? you hang ta morn whether or no.'

THE EARL OF KELLIE.

The witty and convivial Lord Kellie being, in his early years, much addicted to dissipation, his mother advised him to take example of a gentleman, whose constant food was herbs, and his drink water. 'What, madam,' said he, 'would you have me imitate a man who *eats like a beast*, and *drinks like a fish!*'

Lord Kellie was, like his prototype Falstaff, 'not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in other men.' Mr A— B—, the Scottish advocate, a man of considerable humour, accompanied by great formality of manners, happened to be one of a convivial party, when his lordship was at the head of the table. After dinner he was asked to sing, but absolutely refused to comply with the pressing solicitation of the company. At length Lord Kellie told him that he should not *escape*, he must either sing a song, tell a story, or drink a pint bumper. Mr B—, being an abstemious man, chose rather to tell a story than incur the forfeit. 'One day,' said he, in his pompous manner, 'a thief, in the course of his rounds, saw the door of a church invitingly open. He walked in, thinking that even there he might lay hold of something useful. Having secured the pulpit cloth, he was retreating, when, lo! he found the door shut. After some consideration, he adopted the only means of escape left, namely, to let himself down by the bell-rope. The bell of course rang; the people were alarmed, and the thief was taken, just as he reached the ground. When they were dragging him away, he looked up, and emphatically addressed the bell, *as I now address your lordship*, "Had it not been," said he, "for your *long tongue* and your *empty head*, I had made my *escape*."'

Lord Kellie was once amusing his company with an account of a sermon he had heard in a church in Italy, in which the priest related the miracle of St Anthony, when preaching on ship-board, attracting the fishes, which, in order to listen to his pious discourse, held

their heads out of the water. 'I can perfectly well believe the miracle,' said Mr Henry Erskine. 'How so?' 'When your lordship was at church, there was at least *one fish out of the water.*'

VERY LIKE YOUR MEAT.

Hugo Arnot, author of the History of Edinburgh, was a perfect walking skeleton. One day he was eating a split dried haddock, or, as it is called in Scotland, a *speldring*, when Harry Erskine came in. 'You see,' said Hugo, 'I am not starving.' 'I must own,' replied the other, 'that you are *very like your meat.*' *

FACE OF BRASS.

The house of Mr Dundas, Lord President of the Court of Session in Scotland, and the elder brother of Mr Secretary Dundas, having, after his death, been converted into a smith's shop, a gentleman wrote upon its door the following *impromptu* :—

'This house a *lawyer* once enjoy'd,
A *smith* does now possess;
How naturally the *iron age*,
Succeeds the *age of brass!*'

TRAVELLING ON FOOTE.

There being a lawsuit between Mr Foote and Mr Ross respecting the Edinburgh theatre, let by the latter to the former, which came by appeal before the

* It may be necessary to inform the English reader that this is a Scotch phrase, to express that a person looks as if he lived well.

House of Lords, the matter was terminated in favour of Mr Ross, and Foote was saddled with the costs. When he had paid the bill to Mr Walter Ross, Mr Ross's Scotch solicitor, he said to him, 'Now, Walter, when do you go to Scotland?' 'To-morrow.' 'And how do you travel? I suppose, like the rest of your countrymen, you will do it in the most economical manner.' 'Yes,' replied he, 'I shall travel *on Foote!*'

NO SINECURE.

Colonel M—, of the Perthshire cavalry, was complaining that, from the ignorance and inattention of his officers, he was obliged to do the whole duty of the regiment. 'I am,' said he, 'my own captain, my own lieutenant, my own cornet,'—'and *trumpeter*, I presume,' said a lady present.

MARGAROT.

Margarot, one of the English members of the British Convention, which met at Edinburgh in the year 1792, for the avowed purpose of revolutionising the British nation, a man pre-eminent in effrontery and profligacy, was, on the day of his trial before the High Court of Justiciary, accompanied by the lowest rabble of Edinburgh, who took the horses from the carriage in which he was conveyed, and dragged him to the Parliament House. On entering the court he was complaining bitterly of a blow he had received on one of his legs. 'Poh, man! be comforted,' cried one of the macers that accompanied him, 'I suppose 'tis only one of your *horses* has given you a kick.'

HIGHLAND CHRISTIANITY.

A Highlander was visited on his deathbed by his clergyman, who exhorted Donald to prepare himself for another world, by a sincere repentance of all the crimes he had committed on earth; and strongly urged the absolute necessity of forgiving his enemies. Donald shrugged up his shoulders at this hard request, yet he at last agreed to forgive every person who had injured him, except one, who had long been the Highlander's mortal foe, and of whom Donald hoped the parson would make an exception. The holy man, however, insisted so much on this point, that Donald at last said, 'Weel, weel, sir, since there be no help for it, Donald maun forgive her; but,' turning to his two sons, 'may G—d d—n you, Duncan and Rory, if you forgive her!'*

THE YEUK.

A young Highland officer, recently caught on the hills of Morven, was dining with a gentleman in England. His landlord having a lobster before him, begged to know if the officer chose to have a *claw*.† 'No, I thank you, sir, I have got quite free of the *yeuk*.'‡

PSALM SINGING.

When Corri, the musicseller, lived at Edinburgh, he happened one Sunday to pass by the Tron Church while the congregation was singing psalms. Confounded at the discordant sounds, he asked a man with

* Highlanders very frequently use the word *her* for *him*.

† To *claw*, in Scotland, means to *scratch*.

‡ *Yeuk* means the *itch*.

a long puritanical face, who was going in, what was the matter? The other, astonished at the question, answered, that the people were 'praising God Almighty.' 'Santa Maria!' exclaimed Corri, shrugging up his shoulders, 'God Almighty must have one very bad ear!'

TAK TENT.

The Scotch phrase for *take heed*, is *tak tent*. This being once used by a Scotch physician to an English lady, who was his patient, occasioned a mistake which had nearly proved fatal. The physician always repeated to her, 'Abune a' things, madam, *tak tent*.' Unfortunately the lady understood him that she was to drink *tent wine* regularly after her meals; and she suffered very materially from following his supposed prescription.

THE MAD MINISTER OF MOFFAT.

Dr Walker, Professor of Natural History at Edinburgh, a man of great science, and also of great worth, was not a little finical in dress. His hairdressing was, till afterwards that he got a wig, the work of two or three hours every day. Once when he was travelling from Moffat, where he was then minister, to pay a visit to the late Sir James Clerk of Pennycuick, he stopped at a country barber's on the way, in order to have his hair dressed. The barber, who, although he had often heard of his customer, was unacquainted with his person, did all that he could to obey the numerous directions which he received: with astonishing patience did he, for three hours, curl, uncurl, friz, and labour at the doctor's hair. At length, however, he could not avoid

exclaiming, 'In all my life, I never heard of a man so ill to please as you, *except the mad minister of Moffat.*'

HEARING THE EVIDENCE.

Robert Burns dined in Edinburgh with a large party, in company with the late Lord Swinton and the Honourable Henry Erskine. Honest Lord Swinton had become extremely deaf. From time to time he observed the company convulsed with laughter; but his deafness prevented him enjoying the exquisite humour of Mr Erskine. That, however, was of little consequence: he inquired at his next neighbour, 'Is that my friend Harry?' being answered in the affirmative, he burst out into as hearty a laugh as the best of them; and in this manner partook in the general hilarity the whole evening. Burns next day mentioning the circumstance to a lady of his acquaintance, she expressed her astonishment that a man who could act so absurdly should sit as judge on the lives and fortunes of his fellow-subjects. 'My dear madam,' answered Burns, 'you wrong the honest man, he acts exactly as a good judge ought; he does not *decide* before he has *heard* the *evidence*.'

HUMOROUS REPROOF.

A late nobleman, in whose character vanity and parsimony were the most remarkable features, was, for a long time before he died, in the habit of retailing the produce of his dairy and his orchard to the children and poor people of his neighbourhood. It is told, that one day, observing a very pretty little female child tripping through his grounds with a milk-pipkin, he

stooped to kiss her; after which he said, in a pompous tone, 'Now, my dear, you may tell your grandchildren, and tell them in their turn to tell their grandchildren, that you had once the honour of receiving a kiss from the Right Honourable the Earl of ——.' The girl looked up in his face, and, with a strange mixture of simplicity and archness, remarked, 'But ye took the penny for the milk, though!'

NEW METAMORPHOSIS.

Mr S—de, of S—de, in Berwickshire, some years ago resolved to improve a quantity of his waste land; which was looked upon by his neighbours as a mad sort of project, the prospect of profit being somewhat disproportioned to the present outlay. He was, however, determined to carry his favourite scheme into effect, *malgré* the sneers of his friends. One day, as he was standing with bent brows surveying the operations, very much like a man who knows he is wrong, but has, nevertheless, determined to go through with what he has taken in hand, an old stupid woman came up, and, leaning over an enclosure, said to him, 'But, dear me, Mr S—de, an ye tak in a' the land this gate, what's to become o' the puir muir-fowl?' The sensitive proprietor answered, in a voice which admitted of no reply, 'Let them turn paitricks, and be d—d to them!'

ANTIQUITY OF THE CAMPBELLS.

An old woman of the name of Gordon, in the North of Scotland, was listening to the account given in Scripture of Solomon's glory, which was read to her

by a little female grandchild. When the girl came to tell of the *thousand camels*, which formed part of the Jewish sovereign's live stock, 'Eh, lassie,' cried the old woman, 'a thousand Campbells, say ye? The Campbells (*pronounced Cammils*) are an auld clan, sure eneuch; but look an ye dinna see the Gordons too.'

JOHNSTONES AND JARDINES.

Particular districts and villages on the borders of the two kingdoms are still, as of old, in a great measure the exclusive property and residence of people of a certain name. An exciseman arrived late one night at a village in the lower part of Dumfriesshire, when, although the night was of the stormiest, and himself excessively fatigued, he could neither find an open door nor knock any of the inhabitants up. At length, when his patience was fairly exhausted, he cried with a loud voice, 'Oh, is there nae Christian in this town that'll gie shelter to a puir benighted traveller?' 'Na,' answered an old woman, who at that moment opened an attic window, and who remembered the fact that Christian is a common surname on the opposite coast of Cumberland; 'We're a' Johnstones and Jardines here!'

RUSTIC NOTION OF THE RESURRECTION.

It is the custom in Scotland for the elders to assist the minister in visiting the sick; and on such occasions they give the patient and the surrounding gossips the benefit of prayers. Being generally well acquainted in the different families, they often sit an hour or two after the sacred rites, to chat with those who are in health, and to receive the benefit of a dram. On one

of these occasions, at the house of Donald M'Intyre, whose wife had been confined to her fireside and arm-chair for many years, the elder and Donald grew *unco gracious*. Glass after glass was filled from the bottle, and the elder entered into a number of metaphysical discussions, which he had heard from the minister. Among other topics was the Resurrection. The elder was strenuous in support of the rising of the same body; but Donald could not comprehend how a body once dissolved in the dust could be re-animated. At last, catching what he thought a glimpse of the subject, he exclaimed, 'Weel, weel, Sandy, ye're richt sae far; you and me, that are strong, healthy folk, *may* rise again; but that *peer* thing there *far* she sits' (that poor thing there where she sits) '*she'll* ne'er rise again.'

LORD BRACO.

Lord Braco, an immediate ancestor of a most respectable peer, whose title is different, was noted for his excessive appetite for money. Walking one day down the avenue that led from his house, he saw a farthing lying at his feet, which he took up, and carefully cleaned. A beggar, happening to pass at the time, saw what his Lordship was about, and preferred a request to have the farthing, observing that so small a sum was not worth a nobleman's attention. 'Fin' a farthing to yoursel, puir body,' replied his Lordship, carefully putting the tiny coin into his breeches-pocket.

USELESSNESS OF AVARICE.

Lord Braco was his own factor, and collected his

own rents; in which duties he is said to have been so rigorously exact, that, a farmer being one rent-day deficient in a single farthing, he caused him to trudge to a considerable distance to procure that little sum before he would grant a discharge. When the business was adjusted, the countryman said to his Lordship, 'Now, Braco, I wad gie ye a shilling for a sight o' a' the gowd and siller ye hae.' 'Weel, man,' answered the miser, 'it's no cost ye ony mair;' and accordingly he exhibited to the farmer several iron boxes full of gold and silver coin. 'Now,' said the farmer, 'I'm as rich as yoursel, Braco.' 'Ay, man,' said his Lordship, 'how can that be?' 'Because I've seen it,' replied the countryman, 'and ye can do nae mair.'

MR SKENE OF CARISTON.

About the beginning of the reign of George III., the county of Forfar was strongly contested at an election by the families of Strathmore and Douglas; and one county gentleman, Mr Skene of Cariston, was generally supposed to have deserted the interest of Douglas for that of Strathmore, without a sufficient cause. This same gentleman, dining soon after with the Earl of Strathmore, the Countess, who was an Englishwoman, and unacquainted with the phraseology of Scotland, said to him, 'Mr Skene, I hear a great many people make a very strange observation regarding you, which I cannot understand: they say *you are not to ride the water upon.* Pray, what may they mean?' This was the most unfortunate *malaprop*, perhaps, that her ladyship could have uttered; for, in Scotland, to say of a man that he is not to ride the water upon, is as much

as likening him to a horse which will deceitfully carry his rider into the middle of a stream, and then throw him off. However, Cariston relieved himself from his embarrassing situation by a very clever vault of wit. 'Oh, my lady,' said he, looking down at his short limbs; 'they mean that my legs are so short, that, if they were to cross a river on my back, they would get themselves all over wet!' He never went back to dine at Glammis Castle.

A SHEEP'S-EYE VIEW.

A gentleman of Edinburgh, being in love with a lady at Portobello (a sea-bathing town two miles from the capital), used to take walks along with a friend to the top of Arthur's Seat, for no other purpose than to get a distant peep at the residence of the dear object. This his friend called, 'Taking a *sheep's-eye view* of Portobello.'

RHYMING LETTER ON THE CORN LAWS.

During the agitation which was produced in all parts of the country by the proceedings of the Addington Administration in regard to the corn laws, Mr Reid, a bookseller in Glasgow, endowed with a singular gift of *impromptu* rhyming, sent to the Prime Minister the following laconic but most expressive epistle:—

'For Godsake, Mr Addington,
Look to the prices at Haddington!'

The same person is said to have thus docqueted a parcel of law papers:—

'Anent the hobble
With Joshua Noble.'

TAX ON BACHELORS.

A lady having remarked in company that she thought there should be a tax on the single state; 'Yes, madam,' rejoined Colonel —— of —— (in Berwickshire), who was present, and who was a most notable specimen of the uncompromising old bachelor, 'as on all other luxuries.'

LITERARY GUZZLEMENT.

Hume, Smith, and other *literati* of the last century used to frequent a tavern in a low street in Edinburgh called the Potterrow; where, if their accommodations were not of the first order, they had at least no cause to complain of the scantiness of their victuals. One day, as the landlady was bringing in a *third* supply of some particularly good dish, she thus addressed them:— 'They ca' ye the *literawti*, I believe; od, if they were to ca' ye the *eaterawti*, they would be nearer the mark.'

ANECDOTE OF THE SHORTER CATECHISM.

A Scotch clergyman was one day catechising his flock in the church. The bedral, or church-officer, being somewhat ill-read in the Catechism, thought it best to keep a modest place near the door, in the hope of escaping the inquisition. But the clergyman observed, and called him forward. 'John,' said he, 'what is baptism?' 'Ou, sir,' answered John, scratching his head, 'ye ken, it's just saxpence to me, and fifteenpence to the precentor.'

THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY.

Mrs Murray Keith, a venerable Scotch lady, from whom Sir Walter Scott derived many of the traditionary stories and anecdotes wrought up in his admirable fictions, taxed him one day with the authorship, which he as usual stoutly denied. 'What,' exclaimed the old lady, 'd'ye think I dinna ken my ain groats among other folk's kail?'

REASONS FOR THE SCOTCH BEING GREAT SMUGGLERS.

An Englishman once expressed great surprise in a company of *literati* at Edinburgh, that the Scotch should be so much addicted to smuggling, seeing that they are a remarkably sober and moral people. He thought it must be much against their conscience. 'Oh, not at all, sir,' said Mr R—d, a noted punster, who was present; 'what is conscience but a *small still* voice.' 'Farther,' added Professor W—, 'it is the *worm* that never dies.'

VIXERAT CHRISTO.

In the epitaph of the Reverend James Sword, an Episcopalian minister at St Andrews, who died in 1657, and whose monument is still to be seen in the burial-ground which surrounds the ruins of the cathedral, the phrase occurs, 'Vixerat Christo,' *he lived in Christ.* It so happens that, according to an old fashion, there is a dot or full stop betwixt every word in the epitaph, which has given occasion to a strange piece of waggery, on the part, it is said, of a Presby-

terian, who regarded Sword and his religion with equal abhorrence. By inserting a dot betwixt the first and second syllables of the word 'vixerat,' this person has caused the passage to be read thus,—'Vix . erat . Christo,' *he scarcely was in Christ!*

TOAST OF A SCOTCH PEER.

Lord K—, dining at Provost S—'s, and being the only Peer present, one of the company gave a toast, 'The Duke of Buccleuch. So the peerage went round till it came to Lord K—, who said he would give them a peer, which, although not toasted, was of more use than the whole. His Lordship gave, 'The Pier of Leith.'

ANOTHER PEAR OF THE SAME TREE.

During a late jury trial at Jedburgh, in which three of the first luminaries of the bar (Messrs Moncreiff, Jeffrey, and Cockburn) were engaged as counsel; while the former was addressing the jury, Mr Jeffrey passed a slip of paper to Mr Cockburn with the following case for his opinion:—'A legacy was lately left by an old lady to the *Peer* of Aberdeen. As the will was written by the dowager herself, and by no means distinguished for correctness of orthography or expression, a dispute has arisen as to the intent of the testator; and the following claimants have appeared for the legacy,—1*st*, The Earl of Aberdeen; 2*d*, The Commissioners for erecting the Pier at Aberdeen; and, 3*d*, the Manager of the Charity Workhouse, who grounds his right on the fact that the old lady was in the habit, *more majorum*, of pronouncing poor *peer*. To which of the parties

does the money belong?' Mr Cockburn immediately wrote in answer—'To none of the three; but to the Horticultural Society of Scotland for the purpose of promoting the culture of a sort of fruit called, or to be called, the Pear of Aberdeen.'

ETYMOLOGY.

Dr Dalgleish, minister of Peebles, in giving a statistical account of that parish for Sir John Sinclair's immense compilation, simply stated, that the place must have derived its name from the pebbles which are found there in great quantity. The more elaborate antiquary George Chalmers, by a tolerable pun for a man of his stamp, remarks in his 'Caledonia,' that the worthy clergyman of Peebles, in seeking for the etymology of the word, is content to look no further than to *the stones beneath his feet!*'

BON MOT OF JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND.

When this prince was at Dunfermline, the monks of the abbey showed him the tomb of his ancestor David I., who is noted in Scottish history for his benefactions to the Church. On its being remarked to the living king that the dead one had been a perfect saint,—'Ay,' said he, 'he was ane sair sanct for the Crown.'

THE PERPETUAL MOTION.

Upwards of thirty years ago, there lived in King Street, Glasgow, a very eccentric character, of the name of Richard Witherspoon, a barber; he was likewise not a bad painter. Richard had wit, and a considerable share of humour; his chief fault was rather too frequent

offerings to the shrine of Bacchus. One fine afternoon in summer, he appeared in his breeches and waistcoat, wanting his shoes, with a night-cap on his head, in the market, jumping and skipping about, exclaiming,—'God be praised, I've found it! I've found it! my bread's baken! my bread's baken!' The people of the market immediately gathered about Richard, crying,—'What's this, Richie? What hae ye found?'—'What hae I found? I've discovered the *perpetual movement!* ye'll ne'er see Richie Witherspoon scum the chafts o' the ungodly for a bawbee a' ye're days again! Twenty thousand pound! twenty thousand pound! My bread's baken! I'm gaun up to Lunon the morn.' 'Ay, Richie, that's fortunate, we wad like to see't.' 'O weel I wat ye may see't, and hear't too,' says Richie; 'it's our gudewife's *tongue*, it's gaen sax weeks, night an' day, an' it 'ill ne'er stop mair!'

BON MOT OF JAMES VI.

In the course of James VI.'s progress from Edinburgh to London, when he went to assume the sovereignty of his new empire, he was treated with a splendid entertainment by the mayor of an English town, whose liberality was such that he kept open house, in honour of the new sovereign, for several days. Some of the English courtiers took occasion from this to hint that such examples of munificence must be very rare among the civic dignitaries of a certain other kingdom. 'Fient a bit o' that are they!' cried King James. 'The provost o' my burgh of Forfar, whilk is by nae means the largest town in Scotland, keeps open house a' the year round, and aye the mae that comes the wel-

comer!' The secret was, that the chief magistrate of Forfar kept an ale-house.

EASY MODE OF CHANGING A MINISTRY.

At the time when Lord Liverpool's retirement from public life occasioned so many revolutions in the Cabinet, a girl at Perth one day expressed great surprise at what she heard regarding the king's dissatisfaction with his ministers. 'Dear me!' said she, 'canna he just gang to another kirk?'

LONG CREDIT.

Soon after the battle of Preston, two Highlanders, in roaming through the south of Mid-Lothian, entered the farm-house of Swanston, near the Pentland Hills, where they found no one at home but an old woman. They immediately proceeded to search the house, and soon finding a web of coarse, home-spun cloth, made no scruple to unroll and cut off as much as they thought would make a coat to each. The woman was exceedingly incensed at their rapacity, and even had the hardihood to invoke divine vengeance upon their heads. 'Ye villains!' she cried, 'ye'll ha'e to account for this yet! ye'll ha'e to account for this yet!' 'And whan will we pe account for't?' asked one of the Highlanders. 'At the last day, ye blackguards!' exclaimed the woman. 'Ta last tay!' replied the Highlander: 'tat pee cood long credit—we'll e'en pe tak a waistcoat too!' at the same time cutting off a few additional yards of the cloth.

AT MY WIT'S END.

A gentleman in the west of Scotland, celebrated for his wit, was conversing with a lady; who, at last quite overpowered by the brilliance and frequency of his *bon mots*, exclaimed, 'Stop, sir; there is really no end to your wit.'—'God forbid, madam,' replied the humorist, 'that I should ever be at my wit's end.'

GOOD FOR TRADE.

The late well-known Sandy Wood, surgeon in Edinburgh, was walking through the streets of that city during the time of an illumination, when he observed a young rascal breaking every window he could reach, with as much industry as if he had been doing the most commendable action in the world. Enraged at this mischievous disposition, Sandy seized him by the collar, and asked him what he meant by thus destroying the honest people's windows. 'Why, it's all for the good of trade,' replied the young urchin, 'I am a *glazier*.' 'All for the good of trade, is it?' said Sandy, raising his cane and breaking the boy's head. 'There, then, that's for the good of *my* trade—I am a *surgeon*.'

ALLAN RAMSAY.

Ramsay's patroness, Susanna, Countess of Eglintoun, to whom he dedicates his immortal 'Gentle Shepherd,' once sent him a present of a basket of fine fruit. No poet of the last century could let such a circumstance pass unsung; accordingly, honest Allan composed the following complimentary epigram, which he returned in his note of acknowledgment to the Countess:—

'Now, Priam's son, ye may be mute;
For I can bauldly brag with thee:
Thou to the fairest gave the fruit—
The fairest gave the fruit to me.'

Not content with sending this to the person for whom it was most particularly intended, he enclosed a copy to his friend Budgell, who soon sent him back the following comment upon it :—

'As Juno fair, as Venus kind,
She may have been who gave the fruit;
But had she had Minerva's mind,
She'd ne'er have given't to such a brute.'

THE NEW CUT.

An old Scotch clergyman, who had an old tailor for his *man*, was one day riding home from a neighbouring parish, where he had been assisting in the celebration of the sacrament. 'John,' cried he, 'how comes it, do you think, that my young brother there should have such great assemblages of people hearing him, when I, for instance, although preaching the same sermons I ever preached, am losing my hearers daily?' 'Lord bless ye, sir,' answered his sage valet, 'it's jist wi' you as it's wi' mysel. I sew jist as weel as ever I did; yet that puir elf —— has ta'en my business maist clean awa. It's no the sewing that'll do, sir; it's the new cut; it's jist the new cut.'

EBENEZER ERSKINE.

The Scottish peasantry are remarkable at once for the great reverence they pay to their clergymen, and the freedom with which they discuss the merits and

demerits of these personages. In no country, perhaps, is the church so entirely an establishment for the poorer classes; in no country does the poor man feel so strong an interest in his spiritual guide. It might almost be said of a Scottish country clergyman, that he is the slave of his parishioners. Even the meanest of them, the merest old wife, the most wretched pauper, will affect a right of supervision over his doctrine and conduct, and will institute inquiries into both, which he sometimes finds it difficult to parry.

The Reverend Ebenezer Erskine, one of the fathers of the Secession Church, was, in early life, minister of the poor moorland parish of Portmoak, in the county of Kinross. Having at length got a *call*, or appointment, to a better living at Stirling, he prepared to remove; but thought it expedient for some time to conceal his intention from the people of Portmoak. The matter, however, took wind; and an old wife one day accosted him with, 'Weel, sir, I'm tauld ye're gaun to leave us.' 'Wha tauld ye that?' said the minister. 'Wha tauld me, sir! It's e'en the clash o' the kintry, sir.' 'Ay, but, Margaret,' quoth the clergyman, 'the clash o' the kintry's no to be depended on. We shouldna lend an ear to idle rumours. Hae ye nae better authority for saying that I'm gaun to leave ye than kintry clash?' 'Ay, hae I, sir,' responded the incontrovertible old lady; 'it's been a gey dry simmer this; and yet ye haena casten ony peats yet; *that's* no like as ye had been gaun to winter wi' us.' 'Weel, Margaret,' said poor Ebenezer, fairly brought to his marrow-bones by this thrust, 'ye ken we are the Lord's servants, and it behoves us to obey

His call; if He has work for me in Stirling, you know it is my duty to perform it.' 'Feuch!' cried Margaret; 'call here, call there: I've heard that Stirling has a great muckle stipend; and I'm thinking if the Lord had gi'en ye a ca' ower bye to Auchtertool' (a neighbouring poor parish), 'ye wad ne'er hae lutten on ye heard Him!'

BENEFIT OF OBEYING A WIFE.

A clergyman, travelling through the village of Kettle, in Fife, was called into an inn to officiate at a marriage, instead of the parish minister, who, from some accident, was unable to attend, and had caused the company to wait for a considerable time. While the reverend gentleman was pronouncing the admonition, and just as he had told the bridegroom to love and honour his wife, the said bridegroom interjected the words, 'and obey,' which he thought had been omitted from oversight, though that is part of the rule laid down solely to the wife. The minister, surprised to find a husband willing to be henpecked by anticipation, did not take advantage of the proposed amendment; on which the bridegroom again reminded him of the omission,—'Ay, *and obey*, sir,—love, honour and obey, ye ken!' and he seemed seriously discomposed at finding that his hint was not taken. Some years after, the same clergyman was riding once more through this village of the culinary name, when the same man came out and stopped him, addressing him in the following remarkable words:—'D'ye mind, sir, yon day when ye married me, and when I wad insist upon vowing to *obey* my wife? Weel, ye may now see that I was in

the richt. Whether ye wad or no, I *hae* obeyed my wife; and, behold, I am now the only man that has a *twa-storey house* in the hale toun!'

ABANDONED HABITS.

A *jeu-de-mot* in the comedy of 'Pride shall have a Fall,' has been much admired; it is the answer of Torrento to the Colonel, when the latter offers him his wardrobe, which he refuses, saying, 'My clothes shall sit yet lighter on me before I take up *the abandoned habits of the Hussars.*' The following, however, if not the better, is, at least, the more original of the two:—On the formation of what was called the Coalition Ministry, Mr Erskine was appointed to succeed Mr Dundas (afterwards Lord Melville) in the important situation of Lord Advocate for Scotland. On the morning of receiving his appointment, he had an interview with Mr Dundas in the Outer Parliament-House; when, observing that the latter gentleman had already resumed the ordinary stuff gown, which all the practitioners at the Scottish Bar, except the Lord Advocate and the Solicitor-General for the time being, are in the custom of wearing, he said gaily, that he 'must leave off talking,' and go and order his 'silk gown to be made.' 'It is hardly worth while,' said Mr Dundas, drily, 'for the time you will want it, you had better borrow mine.' Mr Erskine replied, 'From the readiness with which you made the offer, Mr Dundas, I have no doubt that yours is a gown made *to fit any party;* but, however short my time in office may be, it shall never be said of Henry Erskine that he put on the *abandoned habits* of his predecessor.'

LORD JUSTICE-CLERK.

The Lord Justice-Clerk is the chief judge of the Scottish Criminal Court, in addition to which dignity he sits at the head of one division of the great Civil Court of the country. It will thus be imagined by a southern reader that he is a personage of no small local dignity. A bearer of this office was once shooting over the grounds of a friend in Ayrshire by himself, when a game-keeper, who was unacquainted with his person, came up and demanded to see his licence, or card of permission. His Lordship had unfortunately nothing of the sort about his person; but, secure in his high character and dignity, he made very light of the omission, and was preparing to renew his sport. The man, however, was zealous in his trust, and sternly forbad him to proceed any farther over the fields. 'What, sirrah,' cried his Lordship; 'do you know whom you are speaking to? I am the Lord Justice-Clerk!'—'I dinna care,' replied the man, 'whase clerk ye are; but ye maun shank aff thir grounds; or, by my saul, I'll lay your feet fast.' The reader is left to conceive the astonishment of the unfortunate judge at finding himself treated in a style so different from his wont.

A similar story is told of a member of the Scottish Faculty of Advocates, distinguished for his literary attainments. One day presenting himself on horseback at a toll, he found, on searching his pockets, that he had not a farthing in his possession wherewith to purchase a right of passage. He disclosed his circumstances to the man who kept the bar, and requested

that he might have credit till the next time he came back; but the fellow was deaf to all entreaties, representing how often he had been bilked by persons pretending the same thing. The advocate was offended at this insinuation, and, drawing himself up in the saddle, exclaimed, 'Look in my face, sir, and say if you think I am likely to cheat you?' The man looked as he was desired, but answered, with a shake of his head, 'I'll thank you for the twopence, sir.' Mr —— was obliged to turn back.

TWO CROPS IN THE YEAR.

A Scotch clergyman in a moorland parish received a visit from an English friend in the month of December. From an unkindly season, operating on an ungenial soil, it so happened that the little crop of the glebe was only then under the sickle—or rather under the scythe—of honest John Fairweather, the minister's man. In spite of sundry small artifices to turn the Englishman's attention another way, and prevent him from spying the nakedness of the land, he one day stumbled upon John busy in his operations, to whom he expressed his surprise at what he saw. John, whose zeal for the honour of his country was quite equal to his master's, assured him that this was the second crop within the year; and the Englishman shortly after went away, grudging Scotland her more fortunate climate. When John was reproved by his master for practising a deception, he said, 'Sir, it's as true as the Gospel; ye ken yoursel, the last crop wasna aff the ground till Januar this blessed year.'

SPINNING A TEXT.

A clergyman in Banffshire, more celebrated for his eloquence than his prudence, being solicited to officiate one Sabbath day for a brother of the same profession, who was indisposed, was so obliging as to comply with the request. When the exercises of the day were ended, he thought proper to indulge in a hearty refreshment, in order to renovate his exhausted spirits. Going home at night he met a gentleman of his acquaintance, who inquired how he was, and where he had been? To which he answered, 'He had been *spinning* out a text.' 'Yes,' says the gentleman, 'and you are now *reeling* it home.'

GOOD REASON.

An old bed-rid peasant in Fife one day called to his grandson, a little boy, 'Jock, bring me a drink o' cauld water.' Jock, who remembered that there was no water in the house, except a small quantity at the bottom of a pitcher, which had become muddy, asked his venerable relation if he would prefer it with what he called 'a flitcher o' meal on the tap o't?' 'No,' answered the old man, 'bring it by itself' 'Then,' said Jock, in a tone of evident chagrin, 'I'll hae to gang to the wall for't.'

A GOOD CUSTOMER.

When the son of a certain London banker had eloped to Scotland with a great heiress, whom he married, still retaining a paternal taste for parsimony, he objected to the demand of two guineas made by the priest at Gretna Green, stating that Captain —— had re-

ported the canonical charge to be only five shillings! 'True,' replied Vulcan, 'but Captain —— is an Irishman, and I have married him five times; so I consider him as a good customer; but, perhaps, I may never see your face again.'

STRANGE PRAYER.

A Presbyterian minister, in the reign of King William III., performing public worship in the Tron Church of Edinburgh, used this remarkable expression in his prayer:—'Lord, have mercy upon all fools and idiots, and particularly upon the Town Council of Edinburgh.'

ANOTHER.

Mr John Dickson, a clergyman of the same age and country, praying for grace, said, 'Lord, dibble thou the kale-seed of thy grace in our hearts, and if we grow not up good kale, Lord, make us good sprouts at least.'

THE UNLUCKY PRESENT: A TALE.

A Lanarkshire minister (who died within the present century) was one of those unhappy persons who, to use the words of a well-known Scottish adage, 'can never see green cheese but their een waters.' He was *extremely covetous*, and that not only of nice articles of food, but of many other things which do not generally excite the cupidity of the human heart. The following story is in corroboration of this assertion:—being on a visit one day at the house of one of his parishioners, a poor lonely widow, living in a moorland part of the parish, he became fascinated by the charms of

a little cast-iron pot, which happened at the time to be lying on the hearth, full of potatoes for the poor woman's dinner, and that of her children. He had never in his life seen such a nice little pot—it was a perfect conceit of a thing—it was a gem—no pot on earth could match it in symmetry—it was an object altogether perfectly lovely. 'Dear sake! minister,' said the widow, quite overpowered by the reverend man's commendations of her pot; 'if ye like the pat sae weel as a' that, I beg ye'll let me send it to the manse. It's a kind o' orra' (*superfluous*) 'pat wi' us; for we've a bigger ane, that we use for ordinar, and that's mair convenient every way for us. Sae ye'll just tak a present o't. I'll send it ower the morn wi' Jamie, when he gangs to the schule.' 'Oh!' said the minister, 'I can, by no means, permit you to be at so much trouble. Since you are so good as to give me the pot, I'll just carry it home with me in my hand. I'm so much taken with it, indeed, that I would really prefer carrying it myself.' After much altercation between the minister and the widow, on this delicate point of politeness, it was agreed that he should carry home the pot himself.

Off then he trudged, bearing this curious little culinary article, alternately in his hand and under his arm, as seemed most convenient to him. Unfortunately the day was warm, the way long, and the minister fat; so that he became heartily tired of his burden before he got half-way home. Under these distressing circumstances it struck him, that if, instead of carrying the pot awkwardly at one side of his person, he were to carry it on his head, the burden would be greatly

lightened ; the principles of natural philosophy, which he had learned at college, informing him, that when a load presses directly and immediately upon any object, it is far less onerous than when it hangs at the remote end of a lever. Accordingly, doffing his hat, which he resolved to carry home in his hand, and having applied his handkerchief to his brow, he clapped the pot, in inverted fashion, upon his head, where, as the reader may suppose, it figured much like Mambrino's helmet, upon the crazed capital of Don Quixotte, only a great deal more magnificent in shape and dimensions. There was, at first, much relief and much comfort in this new mode of carrying the pot : but mark the result. The unfortunate minister having taken a by-path, to escape observation, found himself, when still a good way from home, under the necessity of leaping over a ditch, which intercepted him, in passing from one field to another. He jumped ; but surely no jump was ever taken so completely *in*, or, at least *into*, the dark as this. The concussion given to his person in descending, caused the helmet to become a hood ; the pot slipped down over his face, and resting with the rim upon his neck, stuck fast there ; enclosing his whole head as completely as ever that of a new-born child was enclosed by the filmy bag, with which nature, as an indication of future good fortune, sometimes invests the noddles of her favourite offspring. What was worst of all, the nose, which had permitted the pot to slip down over it, withstood every desperate attempt, on the part of its proprietor, to make it slip back again ; the contracted part, or neck, of the *patera*, being of such a peculiar formation as to cling fast to

the base of the nose, although it had found no difficulty in gliding along its hypothenuse. Was ever minister in a worse plight? Was there ever *contretemps* so unlucky? Did ever any man—did ever any minister, so effectually hoodwink himself, or so thoroughly shut his eyes to the plain light of nature? What was to be done? The place was lonely; the way difficult and dangerous; human relief was remote, almost beyond reach. It was impossible even to cry for help; or, if a cry could be uttered, it might reach, in deafening reverberation, the ear of the utterer; but it would not travel twelve inches farther in any direction. To add to the distresses of the case, the unhappy sufferer soon found great difficulty in breathing. What with the heat occasioned by the beating of the sun on the metal, and what with the frequent return of the same heated air to his lungs, he was in the utmost danger of suffoca tion. Everything considered, it seemed likely that, if he did not chanced to be relieved by some accidental wayfarer, there would soon be *death in the pot.*

The instinctive love of life, however, is omni-prevalent; and even very stupid people have been found, when put to the push by strong and imminent peril, to exhibit a degree of presence of mind, and exert a degree of energy, far above what might have been expected from them, or what they were ever known to exhibit, or exert, under ordinary circumstances. So it was with the pot-ensconced minister. Pressed by the urgency of his distresses, he fortunately recollected that there was a smith's shop at the distance of about a mile across the fields, where, if he could reach it before the period of suffocation, he might possibly find

relief. Deprived of his eyesight, he acted only as a man of feeling, and went on as cautiously as he could with his hat in his hand. Half crawling, half sliding, over ridge and furrow, ditch and hedge, somewhat like Satan floundering over chaos, the unhappy minister travelled, with all possible speed, as nearly as he could guess, in the direction of the place of refuge. I leave it to the reader to conceive the surprise, the mirth, the infinite amusement of the smith, and all the hangers-on of the *smiddy*, when, at length, torn and worn, faint and exhausted, blind and breathless, the unfortunate man arrived at the place, and let them know (rather by signs than by words) the circumstances of his case. In the words of an old Scottish song,—

'Out cam the gudeman, and high he shouted ;
Out cam the gudewife, and low she louted ;
And a' the town neighbours were gather'd about it ;
And there was he, I trow.'

The merriment of the company, however, soon gave way to considerations of humanity. Ludicrous as was the minister, with such an object where his head should have been, and with the feet of the pot pointing upwards, like the horns of the great Enemy, it was, nevertheless, necessary that he should be speedily restored to his ordinary condition, if it were for no other reason than that he might continue to live. He was, accordingly, at his own request, led into the smithy, multitudes flocking around to tender him their kindest offices, or to witness the process of release ; and, having laid down his head upon the anvil, the smith lost no time in seizing and poising his goodly

forehammer. 'Will I come sair on, minister?' exclaimed the considerate man of iron in at the brink of the pot. 'As sair as ye like,' was the minister's answer; 'better a chap i' the chafts than die for want of breath.' Thus permitted, the man let fall a blow, which fortunately broke the pot in pieces, without hurting the head which it enclosed, as the cook-maid breaks the shell of the lobster, without bruising the delicate food within. A few minutes of the clear air, and a glass from the gudewife's bottle, restored the unfortunate man of prayer; but, assuredly, the incident is one which will long live in the memory of the parishioners of C—.

EXPORTED AND TRANSPORTED DEFINED.

A gentleman recently married, was enjoying, with his fair one, an evening walk along the beach at Musselburgh. 'Pray, my dear,' said the lady, 'what is the difference between *exported* and *transported?*' At that moment a vessel left the harbour, bound for a foreign port. 'Were you, my love,' returned the gentleman, 'aboard that vessel, you would be *exported*, and I would be *transported*.'

A COUNSEL'S OPINION OF THE FOLLY OF GOING TO LAW.

Counsellor M—t, being in company one day, after he had retired from practice, the glorious uncertainty of the law became the subject of conversation. He was appealed to for his opinion, when he laconically observed, 'If any man was to claim the *coat* upon my back, and threaten me with a lawsuit, in case of

a refusal to give it him, he certainly should have it, lest, in *defending* my coat, I should find out, too late, that I was deprived of my waistcoat also!'

A SHAVING PUN.

At one period, the corporation of skinners, in the burgh of Lanark, before its total extinction, was threatened with self dissolution; when, in order to keep up the show of a body corporate, the fast expiring remnant bethought themselves of admitting into their number members who knew nothing of the craft. The measure was strenuously opposed by the magistrates, and the matter was carried to the Court of Session. During one of the pleadings before the Lord Ordinary, the counsel for the magistrates observed that a *barber* had been admitted,—at the same time adding, with dignified emphasis,—'And sure my Lord, he is no skinner.' His Lordship, with an arch smile, briefly interrupted him with, 'I am not sure of that; perhaps he is *skinner* enough.'

A WORD TO SNUFF TAKERS.

A lady asked her physician whether snuff was injurious to the brain? 'No,' said he, 'for nobody who has any *brains* ever takes snuff.'

TWO POETS TO ONE COUPLET.

A young student, walking with another round the Calton Hill at Edinburgh, began to expatiate on the matchless beauties and infinite variety of the views which were to be obtained from that site; and he at length confessed, that, inspired by the admirable pro-

spect of the coast of Fife, on the opposite side of the Firth of Forth, he had commenced a poem in its praise; but he had, somehow, failed to get beyond the first line:—

'Again we see upon the northern shore,'—

'Why, man,' answered his companion, 'I think it would be no difficult matter to make that a couplet. Let me see,—

"Kinghorn still standing where it stood before."'

ALEXANDER HENDERSON.

Of this celebrated divine (the leading clergyman of the Church of Scotland during the earlier part of the civil war, when clergymen were almost all statesmen), the Episcopalians tell the following traditionary anecdote:—When Charles I. was confined in Carisbrook Castle, he was attended by Mr Henderson, who was the only divine of the Scottish Church whom this unfortunate monarch could ever bear to be in his presence. Mr Henderson used to entreat that the King would permit him to pray before him; but the King, who was extremely averse to extemporaneous prayers, constantly refused that favour, telling Mr Henderson that he had chaplains of his own, and did not require any other help in the performance of his spiritual exercises. At length the Presbyterian divine intreated permission so warmly, that Charles did consent to give him a hearing. Before the commencement, however, of the prayer, his majesty caused an amanuensis to take his station behind the arras, and commit to paper, in shorthand, a correct copy of all that Mr Henderson should say. This was done; and, in the course of a

few days, Charles took out a paper from his pocket, and, handing it to Mr Henderson, asked what he thought of this strange religious rhapsody. 'Why,' answered the divine, after having perused the paper deliberately, 'this is a tissue of rank blasphemy.' 'Well,' replied Charles, 'I assure you, Mr Henderson, upon my faith as a Christian, and my honour as a King, *that is your own prayer!*'

HIGHLAND BAPTISM.

A Highland baptism once took place under the following very strange circumstances :—The minister had appointed the father, with his child and the attendant train, to meet him at a particular spot, half way betwixt the residences of both ; the whole distance being too great for the minister to travel. It happened, however, that a mountain stream, near the place of rendezvous, had swollen in such a way that it was impossible for either party to cross. Under these distressing circumstances, a debate ensued betwixt the minister on one side, and the man on the other, as to how they should manage manners without the disagreeable necessity of deferring the ceremony ; and it was at last determined that the man should hold out his child, and the minister attempt to throw across some water upon its face. The distance being somewhat considerable, it was not without great difficulty that the necessary ablution was performed. 'Hae ye got ony o' that?' cried the minister at every successive lash. 'Deil a spairge,' replied Donald. At last some few splashes were communicated to the infant's visage ; and the ceremony was then concluded as usual. It is

not upon record, however, that Donald found it possible to throw over to the minister, in return for his exertions, any of the whisky which he had brought with him for the entertainment of the party.

READ SERMONS.

The antipathy entertained by the Scotch of the lower orders against *read sermons*, is the subject of various good jokes in the present collection, but of none, perhaps, better than the following. A country clergyman, on the north side of the Forth, who had a most zealous respect for true religion and sound Toryism, was guilty of this fault to a great degree—was, indeed, as his parishioners said, *a perfect slave to the paper.* At the acquittal of the pure and lovely Queen Caroline, in 1821, the inhabitants of the village where this clergyman's manse stood, resolved on having an illumination as well as their neighbours; and the bellman was sent round to announce the event. In the course of his peregrinations, John stopped opposite the manse, and read his proclamation. The news of a Radical illumination in the parish alarmed the minister extremely; he ran out, crying, 'Stop, John; wha bad ye cry that? Ye souldna cry that, John.' 'Deed, sir,' answered John, 'I'll just cry what I'm paid for, and ne'er speir wha gies me the paper.' The minister, seeing that no good was to be done in this way, made up to John, and, snatching the paper from him, ran off. 'Hoot, man,' cried the sardonic Scot, 'ye needna rin sae fast; though ye canna tell your story wanting your paper, d'ye think I canna do wanting mine?'

THE TWO STORY-TELLERS.

The clergymen of two adjoining parishes in Forfarshire (about the end of the last century) were both alike remarkable for an infinite fund of anecdote, as well as for a prodigious willingness, or rather eagerness, to disclose it. When one of them happened to be present in any company he generally monopolised, or rather prevented, all conversation; when both were present, there was a constant and keenly contested struggle for the first place. It fell out on a certain morning that they breakfasted together, without any other company; when the host, having a kind of right of precedence, in virtue of his place, commenced an excellent, but very long-winded, story, which his guest was compelled to listen to, though disposed, at the end of every sentence, to strike in with his parallel, and far more interesting, tale. As the host proceeded with his story, he poured hot water into the teapot; and, so completely was he absorbed in the interest of what he was relating, or rather perhaps so intent was he to engage the attention of his listener, that he took no note of what he was doing, but permitted the water first to overflow the vessel into which he was pouring it, then the table, and finally the floor. The guest observed what was going on; but, being resolved for once to give his rival ample scope and verge enough, never indicated by word, or look, or gesture, that he perceived it, till at last, as the speaker brought his voice to a cadence, for the purpose of finishing the tale, he quietly remarked, 'Ay, ye may stop noo—it's rinnin' oot at the door!'

WATER VERSUS WAITER.

The inhabitants of the Border, particularly in the upper part of Roxburghshire, have a peculiar way of sounding the vowel *a*, which, as the English use it in *gall*, they generally pronounce as in *gale*. The following dialogue, which passed a few years ago at Tower Inn in Hawick, between a gentleman travelling for a mercantile house in London, and a female servant who had just conducted him to the traveller's room, will serve as an illustration :—

Traveller. Send the waiter here.

Girl. Yes, sir ; [*goes out but returns almost immediately*] what kind o' waiter do ye want, sir ?

Traveller. Kind of waiter ! Why, how many kinds have you ?

Girl. Twae, sir,—waiter-waiter and wōal-waiter.

Traveller. Waiter-waiter and wōal-waiter ! And pray what is the particular distinction ?

Girl. Distinction, sir ? Ou, the tane is soft and gude for washin', and the tother hard and pleesant for drinkin'.

Our traveller was at a stand-still ; he was literally done up. At last, he desired the girl to send both the waiter-waiter and the wōal-waiter before him, that he might judge for himself. But his surprise came to a climax when she presented him with two large jugs, which she said contained the waiters he desired. After no little trouble, he discovered that the good people of Hawick pronounced the words water and waiter alike ; and that the only difference between waiter-waiter and wōal-waiter was, that the one was drawn from the Slitridge, which they call 'the waiter,' and

the other from the well. As for 'waiting-waiters,' they had 'nane;' they were 'a' waitin'-maids.'

DR HUGH BLAIR.

Dr Blair used to tell the following anecdote of his precentor with a great deal of glee. Happening to preach one day at a distance from town, he next day met that official as he was returning to his house in town. 'Well,' said the doctor, 'how did matters proceed yesterday at church in my absence?' 'Deed,' said the man of song, who was a very vain fellow, but withal a good deal of a humorist, 'I darsay, no very weel: I wasna there, doctor, ony mair than yoursel.'

It will perhaps be believed with difficulty that Blair was himself a very vain man. A gentleman one day met him on the street, and, in the course of conversation, mentioned that his friend, Mr Donald Smith, banker, was anxious to secure a seat in the High Church, that he might become one of Dr Blair's congregation. 'Indeed,' continued this person, 'my friend is quite anxious on this subject. He has tried many preachers, but he finds your sermons, doctor, so superior in the graces of oratory, and so full of pointed observation of the world, that he cannot think of settling under any other than you.' 'I am very glad to hear that I am to have Mr Smith for a hearer,' said the preacher, with unconscious self-gratulation; '*he is a very sensible man.*'

Vanity, however, is perhaps not so much an infirmity of genius, as it is its cause, or at least the cause why it is displayed; it being so evident, in many cases where men transcend their fellows in intellectual

display, that they are only employing their better and higher faculties for the gratification of this and other mean passions. But Blair was a man of the humblest species of vanity,—that of person. His taste and accuracy in dress were absolutely ridiculous. There was a correctness in his wig, for instance—a literally *hair-breadth* exactness—compared with which, the smooth lank locks of a Methodist are as those of the Gorgon, and the tresses of Edward Irving as pine-tops tossed in a storm. The surface of it was like that of an egg rather than anything else, and that both in reference to general outline and smoothness. He was so careful about his coats, too, that, not content with merely looking at himself in a mirror, to see how it fitted in general, he would cause the tailor to lay the looking-glass on the floor, and then, standing a-tip-toe over it, he would peep athwart his shoulder, *to see how the skirts hung.*

It is also yet remembered in Edinburgh, with what a self-satisfied and finical air this great divine used to walk between his house and the church every Sunday morning, when about to perform service; his wig prigged and powdered so nicely, his gown so scrupulously arranged on his shoulders, his *bands* so pure and clean, and everything about him in such exquisite taste and neatness. Surely, if he had not had the feeling of his own and the public approbation strong upon him, he could not have made such a strange display on the open streets of a crowded capital.

During the latter part of his life, almost all strangers of distinction who visited Edinburgh brought letters of introduction to Dr Blair; and, as he was quite at

ease in point of worldly circumstances, and had then, in a great measure, ceased to study vigorously, he in general entertained them frequently and well. On one of these occasions, when he had collected a considerable party to meet an English clergyman at dinner, a Scotsman present, proud of the doctor's fame, indiscreetly asked the stranger what was thought of *the Sermons* by his professional brethren. To his horror, and to the mortification of Mrs Blair, who sat near, and who looked upon her husband as a sort of divinity, the Englishman answered, 'Why, they are not partial to them at all.' 'How, sir?' faltered out the querist; 'how should that be?' 'Why,' replied the Southron, 'because they're so much read and so generally known, that they can't borrow from them.' The whole company, hitherto in a state of the highest alarm and embarrassment, were, at this ingenious compliment, thrown into a perfect convulsion of laughter.

DR G——E.

An old woman in Fife, observing an immense and long continued crowd of people one day passing the door of her lonely cot, at last asked some one what was the object of attraction. 'We're a' gaun,' he replied, 'to see Mr —— settled;' and he mentioned the name of a clergyman, equally remarkable for his volatility and his genius, who was that day to be placed, or *settled*, as it is called in Scotland, in the parish church of Cults. 'Aweel I wat,' said the old woman, 'ye may see him placed; but it's no this Presbytery, nor ony other in a' Scotland, that'll ever see him *settled!*'

DRY IN CHURCH.

The Rev. Doctors H— and M— were colleagues in the Old Church of Edinburgh. One Sunday, when it was Dr M—'s turn to preach, he had got himself very much wetted by a heavy rain, and was standing before the session-room fire, drying his clothes, when Dr H— came in, whom he requested would that day take his place, as he had escaped the shower. 'Oh, by no means,' replied the doctor; 'gang up to the poopit, ye'll be *dry eneuch there*.'

LIVING WITHOUT BRAINS.

As the late Professor H— was walking near Edinburgh, he met one of those beings usually called fools. 'Pray,' says the professor, accosting him, 'how long can a person live without brains?' 'I dinna ken,' replied the fellow, scratching his head; 'how long have you lived yoursel, sir?'

THE LORD SAID UNTO MOSES.

A late minister of Crossmichael, in Galloway, was one of those primitive pastors, formerly numerous in Scotland, who did not disdain to illustrate their subjects with such images and allusions as were within the comprehension of their homely hearers. Indeed, his sermons were very much in the style of an easy conversation, interspersed with occasional parentheses, applicable to individual characters, or to the circumstances which arose before his eyes in the church, as the sleeping of the aged and the fat, or the ogling of the young and the amorous, or any impropriety of a

similarly venial nature. To give the reader an idea of this gentleman's manner in the pulpit, we may recount what he said one Sunday morning, in reading a verse from the Book of Exodus. '*And the Lord said unto Moses*—steek that door; I'm thinking, if ye had to sit beside the door yoursel, ye wadna be sae ready leaving it open: it was just beside that door that Yedam Tamson, the bellman, gat his death o' cauld; and I'm sure, honest man, *he* didna let it stay muckle open. *And the Lord said unto Moses*—put oot that doug; wha is't that brings dougs to the kirk, yaff-yaffin? Let me never see ye bring your dougs here ony mair, or I'll put you and them baith out. *And the Lord said unto Moses*—I see a man aneath that laft wi' his hat on: I'm sure ye're clean out o' the soogh o' the door: keep aff your bannat, Tammas; and, if your bare pow be cauld, ye maun just get a grey worset wig like mysel; they're no sae dear; plenty o' them at Rob Gillespie's for tenpence.' He again began the verse, and at last made out the instructions for Moses in a manner more strictly accordant with the text and with decency.

DR M'CRIE'S LIFE OF KNOX.

When the Life of John Knox was first published, as nothing was expected, *à priori*, from the work of a seceding clergyman, its great merit was not perceived for some time, especially by the *literati*. The way in which it first fell under the notice of the author's illustrious contemporary, Professor Dugald Stewart, was very remarkable. The Professor, one Sunday

being confined at home with illness, and all the family at church, except his man-servant, he had occasion to ring his bell, to call up this faithful old attendant. To his surprise, John did not make his appearance. Again he rung the bell; but still without effect. After ringing a third time, he thought it necessary to step down stairs, to see what could possibly be the occasion of John's apparent negligence. On opening the door of the old man's apartment, he found him sitting at a little table, his eyes bent attentively upon a book, and his whole soul apparently engrossed by what he was reading. It was only on being shaken by the shoulder that he rose from the trance of rapture in which he had been held by the book. Mr Stewart was, of course, much surprised at the sudden turn which John's mind seemed to have taken in favour of literature; and he had the curiosity to ask what book it was which had captivated him so wonderfully. 'Why, sir,' said John, 'it's a book that *my minister* has written, and really it's a grand ane.' The Professor said he would take it up with him to his room, and try what he could make of it. He accordingly did so, and being once commenced, he found it fairly impossible to withdraw himself till he had completed the perusal of its whole contents. He next day waited upon Dr M'Crie, to express the admiration he entertained for his performance; which he did in the highest possible terms. The author bowed to Mr Stewart's praises with the modesty of real genius, and replied by a compliment as exquisite as it was brief, 'Pulchrum est laudari à laudato,'—It is delightful to be praised by one who has himself gained the praise of mankind.

LORD MONBODDO.

When one of Lord Monboddo's friends proposed to solicit for him the office of a judge in the Scotch Criminal Court, his Lordship said,—'No; I have more pleasure in looking after my little farm, in the vacation of the Court of Session, than I should have in running about the country hanging people.'

THE MINISTER'S MAN.

The minister's man-servant, or as he is more generally termed, the minister's man, is often a very curious and amusing personage; the edges of his character, as it were, being sometimes tinged with a clerical hue, that gives an admirable finish to the secular main body. A neighbouring clergyman on one occasion remarked to one of these odd personages, who had been twenty-five years in his situation, that by this time he must almost be a minister himself, and able to preach nearly as well as his master. 'Indeed, sir,' answered John, 'I'll no just say that; but I believe I can sometimes make a gude inference.'* 'Weel, John,' replied the clergyman, willing to draw him out a little; 'inferences are very gude in their way. What inference, pray, wad ye mak frae that passage, "Ephraim snuffeth up the east wind, and is not satisfied?"' 'Atweel, sir,' quoth John, with a sly glance at the figure of his interrogator, which happened to be of the portliest, 'the inference that I wad mak frae that passage is, that, if he had naething else to live on, he wadna be very fat.'

* This is a system of commenting on certain passages of Scripture very common among the pious peasantry of Scotland.

SIR GEORGE MACKENZIE.

This great man left his estates to an heiress, who was married to the Earl of Bute. It is said that the Earl married that young lady under very extraordinary circumstances, and after having practised a most laughable *ruse* upon her father. Entertaining no hope of procuring Sir George's consent to the match, his lordship went to him, in the capacity of a client wishing to consult a lawyer, related to him all the circumstances of the case, with the exception of the name of the young lady, and asked, in conclusion, how he should proceed, and if, in the event of their being married without the father's consent, they might be disappointed in enjoying his estates after his death. Sir George, totally unconscious that himself and his daughter were the persons concerned, gave an advice which tended to the very event he was expected to be adverse to—the clandestine marriage of his daughter to the Earl of Bute.

THE REV. MR SHERRA, OF KIRKCALDY.

Innumerable characteristic anecdotes are told of this celebrated clergyman, who, for native humour and unrestrained freedom of speech, never perhaps had his equal in the Church of Scotland. It was one of his many eccentricities to speak of secular, and even familiar things in the time of divine service, so as sometimes to overset the gravity of his congregation. In the year 1794, when a number of volunteer corps were raised throughout the country for the defence of Government, a Kirkcaldy weaver, who had got himself newly decked out in the flaming uniform of the Kirkcaldy brigade, came one Sunday into church, after the com-

mencement of divine service, and kept lounging about for some time in the passage, to show himself in his new attire, although repeatedly offered accommodation in the pews. Mr Sherra was only prevented from immediately reprehending his vanity by his being engaged in prayer; but, when that was concluded, he looked over the pulpit and said to the new soldier, 'Sit doon, lad: we ken ye've gotten new breeks, and we'll tak a leuk at them when the kirk skails.'

ANTICHRIST.

It was formerly a custom among the Scottish clergy to make perpetual allusions in their prayers to the Pope, whom they always characterised by the epithet *Antichrist.* At the time, however, of the French Revolution, the good old hatred of Popery gave way before a still more dreadful subject of antipathy and horror,—the mingled infidelity and Jacobinism propagated in consequence of that tremendous event; and it then became customary to pray for the altar and the throne. Soon after this material change in the prayers had taken place a poor woman one day said to the Rev. Mr M—, of Montrose, 'Sir, I hae something to speir at ye; but ye maunna tak it ill.' 'Na, na,' returned Mr M—, 'I'll no tak it ill.' 'Ou, dear me! then,' rejoined the old woman, 'is yon Annie Christie dead, or is she better, that ye prayed sae lang aboot, for I ne'er hear ye speak about her noo?'

LEARNED DIVINE.

The equivocality of many of the names of places in Scotland has given occasion to a very amusing saying

regarding a clergyman. 'He was born in the parish of *Dull*, brought up at the school of *Dunse*' (*quasi* Dunce), 'and finally settled minister in the parish of *Dron!*'

PAROCHIAL VISITATIONS.

It was once a prevalent custom with the Scotch clergy to call their parishioners together, and catechise them on the Christian doctrines. On such an occasion the late Rev. Mr J—, minister of Coldingham in Berwickshire, asked a simple country wife, who resided at the farm of Coldingham Law (there always styled 'The Law' for brevity's sake), 'How many tables, Janet, are there in the law?' 'Indeed, sir, I canna just be certain,' answered Janet, 'but I think there's ane in the fore-room, and ane in the back-room, and another upstairs!'

A Scotch clergyman, who owed his situation rather to a titled patron than to his abilities, in visiting his parishioners for the purpose of catechising them, asked one old stern Presbysterian, 'Who made Paul a preacher?' 'It wasna the Duke of Queensberry,' replied the old man with a grim smile.

Another clergyman, who was performing this part of his duty, had called a great number of persons for convenience into the barn of one of his most respectable parishioners, where he proceeded to examine them by rotation. During the progress of the business, a ploughman, who had great reason to fear that he should be found grossly ignorant, thought it his best

course to steal up to the top of a great pile of grain at the end of the barn, and there ensconce himself. On the clergyman, however, coming to his place, and finding him absent, some one was malicious enough to point out his place of concealment, and he was obliged to come forth. Just as he was descending to the floor, the minister pronounced the question, 'What doth every sin deserve?' David, stumbling at that moment on an empty firlot measure, which broke his shins, exclaimed, in his agony, 'God's curse!' 'Very well answered, indeed, David,' said the clergyman, and passed on to another.

On another such occasion, the clergyman addressed the father of the family he was visiting. 'Well, John, I hope you keep family worship regularly?' 'Ay, sir,' answered John, 'in the time o' year o't.' 'In the time o' year o't, John! What do you mean?' 'Ye ken, sir, we canna see in winter.' 'But, John, you should buy candles.' 'Ay, sir,' replied John, 'but in that case, I'm afraid the cost might owergang the profit.'

FORENOON SERMON ENOUGH.

When the famous Claverhouse approached the scene of his skirmish with the Conventiclers at Loudon Hill, he carried with him a recusant minister of the name of King, whom he had taken the day before in an act of rebellion. Him he placed with a couple of dragoons in the rear; but when the royal troops were defeated, the guard also took to flight, leaving the minister at liberty to join his victorious friends. It is related that

when Claverhouse fled past the place where he was standing, King, recollecting that the object of the expedition had been to disturb a forenoon meeting for public worship, cried tauntingly after him, to '*stay and get the afternoon's sermon.*'

GOOD RETORT.

Lord Gardenstone, who was an enthusiastic admirer of the fair sex, was one day met at the door of the Parliament House by Lord Kames, who was equally addicted to the vice of gathering money. Kames, rallying Gardenstone for some anecdotes of his gallantries which had lately come to light, 'Gang to the deil, my lord,' cried the amoroso, 'my faut's aye growing the langer the less; but your's is aye the langer the waur.'

COOKERY.

A Scotch family, lately removed to London, wished to have a sheep's head prepared as they were accustomed to it at home, and sent a servant to the butcher's to procure one. 'My gude man,' said she to the butcher, 'I want a sheep's head.' 'There's plenty of them,' replied he; 'choose which you will.' 'Na,' said she, 'that winna do; I want a sheep's head that will *sing*' (singe). 'Go, you idiot,' said he; 'who ever heard of a sheep's head that could sing?' 'Why,' replied she in wrath, 'it's ye that are the idiot; for a sheep's head in Scotland can sing: but I jalouse yer English sheep are just as grit fules as their owners, and they can do naething as they ocht.'

KEEPING A GOOD HOUSE.

The following dialogue took place betwixt a clergyman and a man who called on him for a certificate of good character :—'They tell me, John, you dinna keep a good house.' 'Na, sir,' said John, 'it's no sae weel keepit as yours, but it's no to be expeckit ; we ha'ena sae muckle to keep it wi'.'

A GOOD REASON.

In a manse in Fife, the conversation of a large party one evening turned on a volume of sermons, which had just been published with considerable success, and was supposed to have brought a round sum into the hands of the author. When the minister's wife heard of what had been made by the volume, her imagination was excited, and, turning to her husband, who sat a little aside, she said, 'My dear, I see naething to hinder you to print a few of your sermons, too.' 'They were a' printed lang syne,' said the candid minister in his wife's ear.

BON MOTS OF DR PITCAIRNE.

Dr Alexander Pitcairne, who died in 1713, but who is yet remembered for his strong Jacobitism, his keen wit, and his eminence as a physician, studied his profession in Holland, where he was for some time the preceptor of Boerhaave. His political principles causing him to be no friend to the Republican Dutch, he wrote the following execrative couplet upon them, as he was leaving the country :—

'Amphibious wretches, sudden be your fall ;
May man undam you, and God damn you all !'

Dull, however, as the Dutch are generally esteemed, they had once paid him very smartly in his own coin. Pitcairne, it seems, took great offence at the facility with which the University of Leyden conferred degrees upon those applying for them. To ridicule them, he sent for a diploma for his footman, which was granted. He next sent for another for his horse. This, however, was too gross an affront for even a Dutchman to swallow. In a spirit of resentment, an answer was returned, to the effect that, search having been made in the books of the University, they could find no instance of the degree of doctor having been ever conferred upon a horse, although, in the instance of Dr Pitcairne, it appeared that the degree had once been conferred upon an ass.

He one Sunday stumbled into a Scotch kirk, where the minister, completely overpowered by the affecting nature of his subject, was half crying. 'What the deevil makes the man greet?' said Pitcairne to a fellow that stood near him. 'By my faith, sir,' answered the man, 'ye wad maybe greet too, if ye were in his place, and had as little to say.' The facetious doctor, quite delighted with the man's wit, took him away to a tavern, for the purpose of cultivating his acquaintance; but, it is generally said, that he never got another good thing out of him: the man had expended the whole power of his mind on one saying—he was a man of one *bon mot*.

BLIND FOU.

A late reverend gentleman, in Aberdeenshire, being summoned before his Presbytery for tippling, one of

his elders, the constant participator of his orgies, was summoned to appear as a witness against him. 'Weel, John,' said a member of the reverend court, 'did you ever see Mr C— the worse of drink?' 'Weel I wat, no,' answered John; 'I've mony time seen him the better o't, but never seen him the waur o't.' 'But did you never see him drunk?' 'That's what I'll never see,' replied the elder; 'for lang before he's half slokened, I'm aye *blind fou*.'

MEMORY WITHOUT JUDGMENT.

The late Rev. Thomas W—, minister of the parish of Rescobie, in Angus, a man somewhat remarkable for the singularity of his opinions in theological matters, was one day riding abroad, when, coming suddenly to a boggy part of the road, called in that part of the country a *spout*, his mare plunged in, and stuck so fast, that it was not without considerable difficulty and danger she could be extricated. About a year after, he had occasion to travel by the same way, and his old mare was still the companion of his journey. The road was now mended, and in excellent condition; but, on approaching the spot where her former disaster happened, the mare suddenly stood still, snorted, pricked her ears, neither blows nor entreaties could induce her to go forward. The parson was obliged to dismount; and leading the refractory animal along he exclaimed, 'Ah, you old fool! you are like mony ane o' my flock—you have a good memory, but nae judgment!'

DR GREGORY.

When the Royal Edinburgh Volunteers were raised.

during the French revolutionary war, Dr Gregory, Professor of the Practice of Physic in the University, was one of the first to enrol himself in the corps. Such was the zeal, indeed, with which this eminent philosopher entered upon his duty, that, besides paying the most punctual attendance on all regimental field-days, he had the sergeant-major at home with him for some time every day, to instruct him in the exercise. On one of these occasions, the martinet, out of all patience with the awkwardness of his learned pupil, exclaimed in a rage, 'By God, sir, I would rather teach *ten fools* than *one philosopher!*'

STILL YOUR PARISH MINISTER.

The late Dr Hardy, of Edinburgh, was for some time minister of a country parish in Fife, the manse and offices of which had been so much neglected, and were in such a state of dilapidation, that he found it necessary to sue for repairs. One heritor, either from parsimony or poverty, most strenuously opposed the measure; and, being at last forced into compliance, it produced such irritation of mind, that he could not behave to Mr Hardy with common civility. The necessary repairs being finished, a meeting of the heritors took place, at which the minister was present. The angry man's wrath not having yet subsided, and being no longer able to restrain his vituperative propensities, he concluded some observations thus:—'Now, Mr Hardy, you and your manse may go to hell! I am sure I should think myself well quit of both.' The minister calmly replied, 'Oh, sir, al

though you had the power to send me there, you would soon find that I would still be your parish minister!'

THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN SLEEP.

An old female alehouse-keeper of the parish of Lunan, in Forfarshire (who greatly resembled the browster-wife in 'The Bride of Lammermoor,' of whom Johnnie Mortheuch said that she was 'deaf to every thing but the clink o' the siller'), fell asleep one Sunday in the time of sermon, and, notwithstanding several strong admonitory hints from the elbow of a neighbour, would not awake. The minister, an eccentric, old-fashioned clergyman, observed the efforts of that neighbour, and, leaning over the pulpit, said, 'Let her alone, Elspeth; I'll waken her mysel mair easily than ye'll do.—Phew! Phew!' (*Here he whistled*). 'A bottle o' yill and a dram, Janet!' 'Coming, sir,' she instantly replied.

THEY'RE ALL OUT.

On the memorable day when it was first known at Edinburgh that Lord Granville's Administration was dismissed, a certain learned law lord was seen posting along the Earthen Mound to the Parliament House, displaying with his arms and stick the most violent gestures, and loudly exclaiming, 'They're all out—they're all out, by God!' An elderly lady passing his lordship at that instant, formed the alarming but very natural idea, that all the wild beasts then displayed in a menagerie on the Earthen Mound were broken loose; and she vehemently exclaimed, seizing his lordship at the same moment by the arm, 'All out! then may the

Lord have mercy upon my poor soul! In five minutes I shall be devoured alive!'

BON MOT OF JAMES BOSWELL.

James Boswell, distinguished in literature as the biographer of Dr Johnson, was equally distinguished in private life by his humour and power of repartee.

As he was pleading one day at the Scotch bar before his father, Lord Auchinleck, who was at that time what is called Ordinary on the Bills (Judge of cases in the first stage), the testy old senator, offended at something his son said, peevishly exclaimed, 'Jamie, ye're an ass, man.' 'Not exactly, my Lord,' answered the junior; 'only a colt, the foal of an ass.'

LIGHT AS POSSIBLE.

A lady going into a tea shop in Leith, and buying a pound of tea, the merchant said he would send it home. 'Oh, no,' said she; 'it is not inconvenient, as it is light.' 'Why,' said he, 'it is as light as I could possibly make it.'

FOREIGN AND BRITISH.

Mr D—, a well-known Glasgow wit, walking along the Trongate one night rather muzzy, was accosted by an acquaintance, who, in a tone of reproof, said to him, 'Mr D—, you will go to h—l yet, and there will be no spirits there.' 'You're quite wrong,' retorted Mr D—, 'for there will be both *Foreign and British*.'

RUSTIC IGNORANCE.

When Dr Johnson was travelling in the Highlands of Scotland, he came up to a peasant who was em-

ployed in paring turf to cover his hut—in other words, *casting divots*. 'Pray, sir,' cried the lexicographer, 'can you point out the way to the most contiguous village, for we are dreadfully fatigued, having deviated from our road these two hours?' 'You tired wi' *divoting* twa hours!' replied the rustic, scornfully; 'I have been divoting since four o'clock this morning, and must do so as lang as I can see, tired or not.'

WE THREE HIGHLANDMEN.

Three young Highlanders, about fifty years ago, set out from their native hills, to seek a livelihood amongst their countrymen in the Lowlands. They had hardly learnt any English. One of them could say, 'We three Highlandmen:' the second, 'For the purse and penny siller:' and the third had very properly learnt, 'And our just right too;' intending thus to explain the motives of their journey. They trudged along; when, in a lonely glen, they saw the body of a man who had been recently murdered: the Highlanders stopped to deplore the fate of the unhappy man, when a gentleman, with his servant, came up to the spot. 'Who murdered this poor man?' said the gentleman; 'We three Highlandmen,' answered the eldest of the brothers (thinking the gentleman inquired what they were). 'What could induce you to commit so horrid a crime?' continued the gentleman. 'For the purse and the penny siller,' replied the second of the travellers. 'You will be hanged, you miscreants!' 'And our just right too,' returned the third Highlander. And the poor men were, on their own evidence and presumption of guilt, condemned and executed.

BON MOTS OF THE HONOURABLE HENRY ERSKINE.

This celebrated wit, of whom it might be said more truly, perhaps, than of any other man that ever breathed, that

'———— he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope.'

was one day at a large dinner party, where Miss Henrietta —— was also present. This lady had been the most admired beauty of her day in Edinburgh; but, at the time in question, was a little past the meridian of life. It must also be premised of her, that her name was usually abbreviated into *Hennie*. 'Mr Erskine,' said the lady, as the wine was beginning to circulate, 'they say that ye're a great man for making puns; could ye mak a pun, d'ye think, on me?' 'Od, Hennie,' the wit instantly replied, 'you might be making puns yourself now; I'm sure, *Hennie* though ye be, ye're *nae chicken*.'

Being one day in London, in company with the Duchess of Gordon, he asked her, 'Are we never again to enjoy the honour and pleasure of your Grace's society at Edinburgh?' 'Oh!' said she, 'Edinburgh is a vile, dull place; I hate it.' 'Madam,' replied the gallant barrister, 'the sun might as well say, There's a vile, dark morning, I won't rise to-day.'

Being told that *Knox*, who had long derived his livelihood by keeping the door of the Parliament House, had been killed by a shot from a small *cannon*, on the king's birth-day, he observed, that 'it was remarkable a man should *live* by the *civil*, and *die* by the *canon law*.'

Mr Erskine placed two of his sons at the academy of Mr Laing, teacher in Edinburgh, whose school house is lighted from the roof. At one of the public examinations Mr Erskine was present, who, observing some drops of rain falling on the floor, in consequence of a broken pane in the window, said, 'Mr Laing, I perceive you spare no *panes* upon your scholars.'

A gentleman observed one day to Mr Erskine, that punning is the lowest sort of wit. 'It is so,' answered he: and therefore the foundation of all wit.'

The same gentleman having one day entered the Parliament House, found it full of smoke: on which he remarked, 'Gentlemen, what shall be done?—It's all over with us if they *smoke* us.'

Mr Erskine of Alva, afterwards a senator of the College of Justice, under the title of Lord Bargaig, was a man of very diminutive stature. Being retained as counsel in a case where the Honourable Henry Erskine appeared on the opposite side, he was obliged, on account of the press of the crowd, to have a chair brought forward, on which he might raise himself, when addressing the bench. 'This,' the wit remarked, 'was one way of rising at the Bar.'

The Prince of Wales's tradesmen at Edinburgh generally dined together on the anniversary of his Royal Highness's birth-day. At one meeting, Mr Erskine was in the chair. While a gentleman was singing after dinner, the Prince's tobacconist accompanied the song

with his fingers upon the *wainscoting* of the room in a very accurate manner. When the music finished, the chairman said, he thought 'the Prince's tobacconist might be a very excellent *King's Counsel.*' On being asked why? the wit replied, 'Because I never heard a man make so much of a *panel.*'

AN ANATOMY.

Hugo Arnot, happening to come into Mr Creech's shop one day when an old woman was finding fault with the printing and paper of a Bible she was about to purchase, said, looking over her shoulder, that both were 'good enough for the subject.'—'Oh, ye monster!' exclaimed the woman; when, turning round, and observing his miserably meagre figure, she added, 'and he's an *anatomy* too!'

PLEASING THE YOUNG LAIRD.

A man being tried for his life in the court of a Highland chieftain, before the abolition of those petty jurisdictions, the jury for a long time hesitated to give a verdict, and displayed an inclination to acquit the panel. Just as they were about to decide, somebody whispered, 'The Young Laird (that is, the eldest son of the chieftain) has never seen an execution.' Upon which a verdict of guilty was given, purely to gratify the young gentleman with a spectacle.

HANGING TO PLEASE THE LAIRD.

During the reign of the feudal system amongst the Highlanders, the Laird of Grant had condemned one

of his vassals to be hanged. When Donald came to the gallows, accompanied by Janet his faithful wife, he seemed very reluctant to mount the ladder, and stood a long time below the fatal tree, shrugging his shoulders. 'Hoot awa, Donald,' said Janet, clapping her dear spouse's cheek, 'gang up like a man, and please the laird.' Donald could not resist such a powerful motive to obedience, but gallantly sprung to meet the reward of his loyalty.

A TOAST.

At a dinner party one day, Sir John H—, whose character was considered to be not altogether unexceptionable, said he would give them a toast; and, looking hard in the face of Mrs M—, who was more celebrated for wit than beauty, gave—'Honest men an' bonnie lasses!' 'With all my heart, Sir John,' said Mrs M—, 'for it neither applies to you nor me.'

CUNNING.

A Mid-Lothian farmer, observing to his ploughboy, that there was a fly in the milk, 'Oh, ne'er mind, sir,' said the boy, 'it winna droon, there's no sae meikle o't.' 'Gudewife,' said the farmer, 'Jock says he has o'er little milk.' 'There's milk enough for a' my bread,' replied the sly rogue.

THE LAIRD OF D—.

A crusty tenant of the late Laird of D—, pressing him to complete some piece of work which had long stood over, the laird craved farther delay, adding, that he would give his word of honour—nay, his written

bond, to have the thing done before a certain day. 'Your word!' exclaimed the tenant, 'it's weel kenn'd that will do me little guid; and as for your writing naebody can read it.'

NEW TITLE FOR NOBILITY.

As the Duke of Argyle was one day taking a ride, he observed a poor man, who, at school, had been his playfellow and equal, but was now tending two poor lean horses, which were feeding by the wayside. His Grace asked the man how he was, and if he had a comfortable livelihood. The poor man assured him that he and his livelihood were but so-so, as both himself and his horses indicated. His Grace then put his hand into his pocket, and gave the man a crown; who, at a loss to express his gratitude for such an unexpected benefit, exclaimed, 'God bless your Grace's glory: you're ower big a man to be ca'd the *Duik;* * you should be ca'd the *Goose* now.'

ABSURDITIES ON SIGN AND FINGER-POSTS.

Not long ago, there was a sign over a close in the North Back of the Canongate, Edinburgh, with the very plain annunciation, no doubt agreeable to many, 'Deafness cured down this close, every morning, between six and eight.'

There used to be a sign in Rose Street, in the same city, with the words, 'Parritch here, every day, from nine to ten, for mason and plumber lads.'

* Duck and Duke are pronounced the same by the Scotch peasantry.

Everybody has heard of the finger-post, which, after some important directions regarding the roads, bore the useful postscript, 'If you cannot read, ask at the blacksmith's shop.' But this was scarcely a match in absurdity for another which was of late years exhibited on an English road, bearing, 'When this post is under water, the bridge at —— cannot be passed.'

It is as yet a very few years since there was a board on the wall of the park at Newbattle House, near Edinburgh, bearing the tremendous sentence, 'Any person entering these enclosures, will be *shot* and *prosecuted*.'

MISPELLING OF SIGNPOSTS.

Some one remarking that whenever the signs over shop doors were misspelt, it was almost invariably by there being too many letters, and very seldom by there being too few. [Observation will show this to be a fact.] 'Oh,' said another of the company, 'the painters do that to show that they belong to a *liberal* profession.'

GOOD REASON FOR NOT HERDING COWS.

There lately lived in the south of Scotland a poor wandering creature, of imperfect intellects, named John Gray, who was perpetually roaming through the country, in an idle fashion, and was a burden, moreover, on the poor's funds of the parish of Yarrow. The minister of that parish one day accosted him: 'John,' said he, 'you're an idle fellow; you do nothing the whole day but go about from house to house: I think you might at least herd a few cows.' 'Me

herd kye! sir,' answered John; 'how could I herd kye? I dinna ken corn weel bye gerss.' He meant that, not knowing the difference betwixt growing grain and ordinary herbage, he would, if intrusted with the charge of cattle, be as apt to drive them into cornfields as into pasturage. The best intellect could not have suggested a better excuse for idleness.

DAVIE LINDSAY.

'David Lindsay was once a most popular author in Scotland; witness the proverb, "It's no in Davie Lindsay," meaning anything out of the common road. He was in great celebrity in his own lifetime, about the period of the Reformation. A story is told of an honest farmer, who being on his death-bed, a pious neighbour brought him an English Bible to read to him. The dying man had to that day never seen such a book, and, upon hearing some of its miraculous contents, cried out, "Hout awa! Bring me Davie Lindsay. That's a made story."' *

SAYING OF JAMES THE SIXTH.

When the Spanish Armada was on its way to Britain, he said to the English ambassador, that all the favour he expected from the invaders was the courtesy of Polypheme to Ulysses, *to be the last devoured.*

ALLAN RAMSAY.

Allan Ramsay, when a young obscure man, and a wigmaker, was sometimes straitened a good deal for

* Pinkerton's *Tragic Ballads*, vol. ii. p. 184

want of money, and in particular, was one year unable to pay his Martinmas rent. Just before the time when the rent ought to have been paid, and when Hallow Fair was held in the town, poor Allan was walking one forenoon, in a very disconsolate manner, up the Castle Hill, when whom should he meet but the very man that of all others he least wished to meet,—his landlord, a jolly farmer, who had been brought into town partly to attend the fair, and partly to collect his rents. The poet would willingly have given him the slip, and put off the conference till another day; but the farmer accosted him ere he was aware, and kindly asking after his welfare, desired his company in a neighbouring tavern. Here the dreadful subject of 'the rent' came immediately on the carpet, and Ramsay, with shame and grief, confessed his inability to satisfy his creditor. To his great relief, however, the farmer expressed perfect indifference upon that subject; for, having observed Ramsay's genius, he was unwilling to distress him for so paltry a matter, and which he could so easily afford to remit. He even went the length of saying, that if Ramsay could give him a rhyming answer to four questions which he should ask, in as many minutes, he would quit him of his rent altogether, as a reward for so much quickness of mind. Allan professed his willingness to try what he could, and, a watch being laid upon the table, the good farmer propounded his questions, which were,—'What does God love? What does the Devil love? What does the world love? What do I love?' The poet, within the specified time, gave the proper answers as follows:—

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

DAVID HUME.

This distinguished philosopher was one day passing along a narrow footpath which formerly winded through a boggy piece of ground at the back of Edinburgh Castle, when he had the misfortune to tumble in, and stick fast in the mud. Observing a woman approaching, he civilly requested her to lend him a helping hand out of his disagreeable situation ; but she, casting one hurried glance at his abbreviated figure, passed on without regarding his request. He then shouted lustily after her ; and she was at last prevailed upon by his cries to approach. 'Are na ye Hume the Deist?' inquired she, in a tone which implied that an answer in the affirmative would decide her against lend-

* Ramsay is generally supposed to have been pretty well acquainted with the language and manners of the Scottish rustics, but an anecdote is told which would seem to prove that his early removal to the city had rendered his knowledge, upon at least one of these points, somewhat imperfect. A countryman was in his shop one Saturday night, trying on a new wig, when, pleased with the improvement which it made in his appearance, he observed, as he surveyed himself in a glass, 'Od, I'll be as braw as our *lettergae* the morn.' Ramsay inquired who the lettergae was, and, on learning that that was the ordinary country appellation of a precentor, expressed the highest rapture at the acquisition of so curious a word, and even insisted upon giving the man his wig in a present, as a testimony of his satisfaction. He introduces the word in his 'Christ Kirk on the Green.'

'The lettergae of haly rhyme,' etc

ing him her assistance. 'Well, well,' said Mr Hume, 'no matter; you know, good woman, Christian charity commands you to do good, even to your enemies.' 'Christian charity here, Christian charity there,' replied the woman, 'I'll do naething for ye till ye turn a Christian yoursel; ye maun first repeat baith the Lord's Prayer and the Creed, or faith I'll let ye groffle there as I faund ye.' The sceptic was actually obliged to accede to the woman's terms, ere she would give him her help. He himself used to tell the story with great relish.

Hume one night came too late to one of the little supper parties given by his friend Mrs Cockburn (authoress of a fine song to the tune of the 'Flowers of the Forest'), and it so happened that the good lady's slender pantry had been almost completely desolated before he arrived. Mrs Cockburn informed him of this fact; but, at the same time, told him she would do her best. 'Oh, trouble yourself very little,' said the metaphysician, 'about what you have, or how it appears; you know I am no *epicure*, but only a *glutton*.'

ABSENCE OF MIND.

Mr Imlach, late minister of the Muirhouse, near Dundee, was remarkable for his absence of mind. In his prayer one day he said, 'O Lord! bless all ranks and degrees of persons, from the king on the dunghill to the beggar on the throne.' Then recollecting himself, he added, 'I mean from the beggar on the throne to the king on the dunghill!'

'Pray sir,' said Lady Wallace to David Hume, 'I am often asked of what age I am—what answer should I make?' Mr Hume, immediately guessing her ladyship's meaning, said, 'Madam, when you are asked that question again, answer, that you are not yet come to years of discretion.'

David Hume and Lady Wallace once crossed the Firth from Kinghorn to Leith together, when a violent storm rendered the passengers apprehensive of a salt-water death; and her ladyship's terrors induced her to seek consolation from her friend, who, with infinite *sang froid*, assured her he thought there was great probability of their becoming food for fishes. 'And pray, my dear friend,' said Lady Wallace, 'which do you think they will eat first?' 'Those that are gluttons,' replied Hume, 'will undoubtedly fall foul of me, but the epicures will attack your ladyship.'

During Hume's last illness, he was waited on by a female member of the Berean Congregation, who supposed she had a message from heaven to deliver to him, regarding the state of his soul. On learning her object, the good-natured philosopher ordered a bottle of wine and some other refreshments to be brought in, observing, that they could not well proceed to discuss a matter of such importance 'dry-lippit.' The woman was prevailed upon to take two glasses of wine; and, as she was sipping it, Mr Hume questioned her about her situation and business in life. Understanding that her husband was a candlemaker at Leith, he desired her to send him two stone weight of

his best moulded candles, for which the money would be paid on delivery. The lady thought no more of the high commission she had been intrusted with, but hastened home to inform her husband of the order she had received, and quite forgot the conversion of Mr Hume.

When the New Town had reached that street which since bears the name of the tutelar saint of Wales, the house at the south-west corner of St Andrew Square, but entering from the street, was first occupied by David Hume. One day when passing, the Rev. Dr W— waggishly chalked on the corner, *Saint David* Street. The housekeeper having noticed this mark, with eyes like saucers, ran into her master's study, and told him how he had been quizzed. 'Never mind, Jenny,' quoth David, 'a better man than I am hath been made a saint of before me.'

A MATRIMONIAL PAIR OF ANECDOTES OF CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

As an old man of the name of Michael Young, who lived at the bottom of the West Lomond Hill in Fife, was breathing his last, his wife, somewhat tired with her long vigils over his latter illness, breathed the following affectionate hints into his ear :—'Be wearin, Michaelie; be wearin (*going*). Ye ken the candle's wastin, and the folk's wearyin. Be wearin, Michaelie, my man.'

The wife of a small farmer in Aberdeenshire having been long confined to bed before the time when her

last moment approached, the husband, who was of a very niggardly disposition, at length grudged to let her have so much as a light by the side of her bed. One night, when in this dark condition, she exclaimed, 'Oh, isna this an unco thing, that a puir body can get nae licht to see to dee wi' !' The husband instantly rose up, lighted a candle, and, bringing it forward hastily to the bottom of the bed, said, 'There ! dee noo.'

DELICATE CONSCIENCE.

Duncan M'Iver, a Highland clergyman, having raised what is called an action for augmentation of stipend before the Court of Session, thought proper next Sunday to apologise to his parishioners for what he had done, in the following manner :—'In the day of joodgment, the gude Lord'll say to me, "Wha's this ye hae wi' ye the day, Duncan? Ye hae mony ane there, Duncan." Then I'll pe say to the gude Lord, "They're a' your ain pairns, I hae brought up for ye, gude Lord." He'll pe say, "That's weel dune, Duncan : they'll nae doubt hae paid ye weel for that?" But I'll joost gie a fidge, and draw up my shouthers ; for Duncan M'Iver disna like to tell lees.'

CURIOUS TYPOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTE.

It is well known to literary people, that, in preparing works for the press, it is usual for the printer, after the proof sheets have been seen by the author, to go over them again, and clear them of what are called typographical errors, such as wrong spellings, inaccuracies of punctuation, and similar imperfections

In performing this office for a celebrated northern critic and editor, a printer, now dead, was in the habit of introducing a much greater number of commas than it appeared to the author the sense required. The case was provoking, but did not produce a formal remonstrance, until Mr W—n himself accidentally afforded the learned editor an opportunity of signifying his dissatisfaction with the plethora of punctuation under which his compositions were made to labour. The worthy printer, coming to a passage one day which he did not understand, very naturally took it into his head that it was unintelligible, and transmitted it to his employer, with a remark on the margin, that there appeared some 'obscurity in it.' The sheet was immediately returned, with this reply, which we give *verbatim* :—'Mr J. sees no obscurity here, except such as arises from the d—d quantity of commas, which Mr W—n seems to keep in a pepper-box beside him, for the purpose of dusting all his proofs with.'

EXCELLENT REPARTEE.

The Reverend Dr M'C—, minister of Douglas, in Clydesdale, was one day dining in a large party, where the Honourable Henry Erskine and some other lawyers were present. A great dish of cresses being presented after dinner, Dr M'C—, who was extravagantly fond of vegetables, helped himself much more largely than any other person, and, as he ate with his fingers, and with a peculiar voracity of manner, Mr Erskine was struck with the idea that he resembled Nebuchadnezzar in his state of condemnation. Resolved to give him a hit for the apparent grossness of his taste and

manner of eating, the wit addressed him with, 'Dr M'C—, ye bring me in mind of the great king Nebuchadnezzar;' and the company were beginning to titter at the ludicrous allusion; when the reverend vegetable devourer replied, 'Ay! do I mind ye o' Nebuchadnezzar? That'll be because I'm eating *amang the brutes!*'

Dr M'C— was on another occasion dining at Douglas Castle, the seat of Lord Douglas, along with the facetious Lord Justice-Clerk Braxfield; when, Lord Douglas having neglected the cellars of the house for some time, in consequence of very rarely residing at it, no wine was produced at first, except port. Braxfield at length asked his lordship if there was no claret in the castle; and his lordship answered that he believed there was; but the butler had informed him that it was not very good. 'Let's *pree* it' (taste it), said the Justice-Clerk, in his favourite dialect; and a bottle was instantly produced, which unexpectedly turned out to be very good. 'Doctor,' said Braxfield to M'C—, as it was passing round the table; 'there has gone forth a *fama clamosa* against this wine; I propose that you *absolve* it.' These were phrases appropriate to the ecclesiastical law of Scotland, in regard to church censure. 'Why,' replied Mr M'C—, 'I have no objection to that; but, though you are well skilled, my lord, in the civil and criminal law, I perceive you do not know the laws of the church: we never absolve *till after three several appearances.*' Nobody could relish better than Lord Braxfield the wit, or the conditions of the absolution.

MOTS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

An English lady and gentleman, who, in travelling through Scotland, had come to the neighbourhood of Abbotsford, without providing themselves with an introduction to Sir Walter Scott, and who felt, when there, an irresistible inclination to intrude upon him, could think of no expedient by which to gratify their curiosity but that of throwing themselves upon his mercy, and begging the favour of an interview. In their card to him they said that, in coming to Scotland, their chief object had been to see 'the great Lion of the North, Sir Walter Scott;' and they begged him to consider how hard it would be if, after all their travels, they should have to go home disappointed. Sir Walter immediately returned an answer, couched in the most polite terms, and concluding with a request that they would come that day to dine with him, as he had some reason to believe 'the Lion of the North,' like his friends at Exeter 'Change, was '*best worth seeing at feeding time.*'

GOOD BOOK KEEPERS.

Sir Walter, in lending a book one day to a friend, cautioned him to be punctual in returning it. 'This is really necessary,' said the poet in apology; 'for though many of my friends are bad *arithmeticians*, I observe almost all of them to be good *book keepers*.'

ANOTHER GLASS, AND THEN.

A minister having been appointed to preach before his Majesty's Commissioner at Edinburgh, the Earl of

Airlie thought it would be a good joke to fill him drunk, so as to incapacitate him. Accordingly, on the day before the sermon was to be preached, his lordship invited the clergyman to dinner, and plied the bottle as hard as he could. Notwithstanding all the entreaties of the preacher, he could not get away till long past midnight. When he reminded my lord that he was to preach next day, and had not composed a word of his sermon, the answer constantly was, 'Well, *another glass, and then.*' Being, however, such a divine as the one described by his countryman Thomson,* he at length laid the noble lord under the table, and walked off. He appeared in his place at church, where Lord Airlie and a number of other noblemen and gentlemen attended the Lord High Commissioner. His text was, 'The wicked shall be punished, and *that right early*,' which he took care to repeat often enough in the midst of his discourse, accompanied always with a motion of his fist, showing that he did not forget the trick attempted the preceding evening. It was then a custom in the Scotch churches for the clerk, or precentor, as he is there called, to set up a half-hour sand-glass to warn the preacher when it was time to give over. Our doctor was no more sparing of his oratory than Lord Airlie had, on the preceding evening, been of his wine; whenever the precentor looked up to admonish him that the glass was near out, he coolly told him, loud

* 'Perhaps some doctor of tremendous paunch,
Awful and deep, a black abyss of drink,
Outlives them all, and, from his buried flock
Retiring, full of rumination sad,
Laments the weakness of these latter times.'

enough for Lord Airlie to hear, '*Another glass, and then.*'

DR JOHNSON'S PUDDING.

(*From the Reminiscences of Henry Angelo.*)

Last summer I made another excursion to Scotland, with the intention of completing my series of views, and went over the same ground described by the learned tourists Dr Johnson and Boswell. I am in the habit of taking very long walks on these occasions, and, perceiving a storm threaten, I made the best of my way to a small building. I arrived in time at a neat little inn, and was received by a respectable-looking man and his wife, who did all in their power to make me comfortable. After eating some excellent fried mutton-chops, and drinking a quart of ale, I asked the landlord to sit down, and partake of a bowl of whisky punch. I found him, as the Scotch generally are, very intelligent, and full of anecdote, of which the following may serve as a specimen :—

'Sir,' said the landlord, 'this inn was formerly kept by Andrew Macgregor, a relation of mine; and these hard-bottomed chairs, in which we are now sitting, were years ago filled by the great tourists Doctor Johnson and Boswell, travelling like the lion and jackal. Boswell generally preceded the doctor in search of food, and being much pleased with the look of the house, followed his nose into the larder, where he saw a fine leg of mutton. He ordered it to be roasted with the utmost expedition, and gave particular orders for a nice pudding. "Now," says he, make the best of all puddings." Elated with his

good luck, he immediately went out in search of his friend, and saw the giant of learning slowly advancing on a pony. "My dear sir," said Boswell, out of breath with joy, "good news! I have just bespoke, at a comfortable, clean inn here, a delicious leg of mutton; it is now getting ready, and I flatter myself we shall make an excellent meal." Johnson looked pleased—"And I hope," said he, "you have bespoke a pudding." "Sir, you will have your favourite pudding," replied the other. Johnson got off the pony, and the poor animal, relieved from the giant, smelt his way into the stable. Boswell ushered the doctor into the house, and left him to prepare for this delicious treat. Johnson feeling his coat rather damp, from the mist of the mountains, went into the kitchen, and threw his upper garment on a chair before the fire: he sat on the hob, near a little boy who was very busy attending the meat. Johnson occasionally peeped from behind his coat, while the boy kept basting the mutton. Johnson did not like the appearance of his head; when he shifted the basting ladle from one hand, the other hand was never idle, and the doctor thought at the same time he saw something fall on the meat; upon which he determined to eat no mutton that day. The dinner announced, Boswell exclaimed, "My dear doctor, here comes the mutton; what a picture! done to a turn, and looks so beautifully brown!" The doctor tittered. After a short grace, Boswell said, "I suppose, sir, I am to carve, as usual;—what part shall I help you to?" The doctor replied, "My dear Bozzy, I did not like to tell you before, but I am determined to abstain from meat to-day." "Oh dear!

this is a great disappointment," said Bozzy. "Say no more; I shall make myself ample amends with the pudding." Boswell commenced the attack, and made the first cut at the mutton. "How the gravy runs! what fine-flavoured fat!—so nice and brown, too! Oh, sir, you would have relished this prime piece of mutton." The meat being removed, in came the long wished-for pudding. The doctor looked joyous, fell eagerly to, and in a few minutes nearly *finished all the pudding.* The table was cleared, and Boswell said, "Doctor, while I was eating the mutton, you seemed frequently inclined to laugh; pray, tell me, what tickled your fancy?" The doctor then literally told him all that had passed at the kitchen fire, about the boy and the basting. Boswell turned as pale as a parsnip, and, sick of himself and the company, darted out of the room. Somewhat relieved, on returning, he insisted on seeing the dirty little rascally boy, whom he severely reprimanded before Johnson. The poor boy cried: the doctor laughed. "You little, filthy, snivelling hound," said Boswell, "when you *basted the meat*, why did you not put on the cap I saw you in this morning?" "I couldn't sir," said the boy. "No! why couldn't you?" said Boswell. "Because my mammy took it from me to boil the pudding in!" The doctor gathered up his Herculean frame, stood erect, touched the ceiling with his wig, stared or squinted—indeed, looked any way but the *right way.* At last with mouth wide open, (none of the smallest), and stomach heaving, he with some difficulty recovered his breath, and looking at Boswell with dignified contempt, he roared out, with the lungs of a Stentor, "Mr Boswell, sir, leave off

laughing ; and under pain of my eternal displeasure, never utter a single syllable of this abominable adventure to any soul living, while you breathe." 'And so, sir,' said mine host, 'you have the positive fact from the simple mouth of your humble servant.'

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A SCOT AND A SOT.

Hoveden, a writer of the thirteenth century, informs us, that Joannes Scotus, the early Scotch philosopher, being in company with Charles the Bold, King of France, that monarch asked him good humouredly, what was the difference between a Scot and a Sot. Scotus, who sat opposite the king, answered, 'Only the breadth of the table.'

SMUGGLED SCOTSMAN.

A nobleman at Paris asked Lady R— why it was in general remarked by foreigners, that the Scotch who travelled were men of parts and learning, while the English were generally wanting in both. Her ladyship, with her usual vivacity, replied, that only fools went out of England, but for Scotland, none but fools would stay in it. A Scottish nobleman, famous for neither parts nor learning, observed, her ladyship was right with regard to the Scotch ; 'for,' says he, 'there are offices established in Scotland, where every Scotsman must apply for a passport before he can leave the country ; and, previous to granting these, he is examined with regard to his intellects and education, and, should he not arrive at the standard fixed for each, no passport is granted, but he is sent back for improvement ; on a second application, the same form

is observed; but should he apply a third time, and then be found wanting, he is remanded for life. By this,' continued his lordship, 'you will see none but men of sense and learning can legally leave Scotland.' 'Then,' replied Lady R—, 'I am sure your lordship was *smuggled*.'

QUID PRO QUO.

A Highlander, who sold brooms, went into a barber's shop in Glasgow to be shaved. The barber bought one of his brooms, and, after he had shaved him, asked the price. 'Twopence,' said the Highlander. 'No, no,' said the barber, 'I'll give you a penny; if that does not satisfy you, take your broom again, and we'll not make a bargain.' The Highlander took it, and asked what he had to pay. 'A penny,' says Mr Razor. 'No, by my faith, now,' says Duncan, 'I'll give you a halfpenny; if that does not satisfy you, put on my beard as it was before, and we'll na mak a bargain.'

LIVING IN AN OVEN.

A gentleman having occasion to call for Mr Joseph Gullan, found him at home in his writing chamber. He remarked the great heat of the apartment, and said, 'It was hot as an oven.' 'So it ought,' replied Mr G., 'for 'tis here I *make my bread*.'

ANECDOTE OF BURNS.

One Sunday morning, some time before Burns commenced author, when he and his brother Gilbert were going to the parish church of Tarbolton, they got into company with an old man, a Moravian, travelling to Ayr. It was at that time when the dispute between

the Old and New Light Burghers was making a great noise in the country; and Burns and the old man, entering into conversation on the subject, differed in their opinions about it, the old man defending the principles of the Old Light, and Burns those of the New Light. The disputants at length grew very warm in the debate, and Burns, finding that with all his eloquence he could make nothing of his antagonist, became a little acrimonious, and tauntingly exclaimed, 'Oh! I suppose I have met with the Apostle Paul this morning!' 'No,' replied the old Moravian, coolly, 'you have not met the Apostle Paul; but I think I have met one of those wild beasts which he says he fought with when at Ephesus.'

METAPHYSICS.

A Scotch blacksmith being asked the meaning of metaphysics, explained it as follows:—'When the party who listens disna ken what the party who speaks means; and when the party who speaks disna ken what he means himsel—that is metaphysics.'

BACK AGAIN.

A poor fellow in Scotland, creeping through the hedge of an orchard, with an intention to rob it, was seen by the owner, who called out to him, 'Sawney, hoot man, where are you gangin'?' '*Back again*,' said Sawney.

DOCTOR MACK NIGHT.

The Rev. Doctors Henry and M'Knight of Edinburgh used occasionally to meet in the evening at an old lady's house in Merchant Street, where, after tea,

the newspapers were commonly produced. On one of these nights, while Dr H. was reading, he desired Dr M'K. to snuff the candle, which in the attempt he extinguished, 'Well done, Dr Mack-*night*,' said Dr H. ironically.

ANECDOTE OF SIBBALD, EDITOR OF 'CHRONICLES OF SCOTTISH POETRY.'

Mr James Sibbald, editor of the 'Chronicles of Scottish Poetry,' was a man of eccentricity and humour. For three or four years he resided in London, without ever letting his Scotch friends know anything of his proceedings, or even where he lived. At last his brother, a Leith merchant, found means to get a letter conveyed to him, the object of which was to inquire into his circumstances, and to ask where he resided. Sibbald sent the following laconic reply :—

'Dear Brother,—I live in So-ho, and my business is so-so.—Yours, James Sibbald.'

SCOTCH DELIBERATION.

'Shoulder arms!' exclaimed the captain, in a voice intended to resemble thunder. But the execution of the order was anything but simultaneous; and one man, it was observed, was standing still at ease. Upon being challenged by the captain why he had not shouldered along with the rest. 'What the deil's a' the haste?' quoth he; 'canna ye wait till a body tak a snuff?'

HANGING TOGETHER.

A Scotch clergyman, in the great rebellion, said in his prayer, 'Lord bless the Grand Council the Parlia-

ment, and grant they may all hang together!' A country fellow, standing by, said, 'Amen, with all my heart, and the sooner the better; and I am sure 'tis the prayer of all good people!' 'Friends,' says Mess John, 'I don't mean as that fellow means; but pray that they may all hang together in accord and concord!' 'No matter what cord,' answered the rustic, 'so 'tis but a strong cord.'

A GOOD EXCUSE.

The Judges of the Court of Session, in case of their being unable to attend, always send an excuse to the Lord President. On one occasion, when Lord Stonefield sent an apologetic note, Lord Braxfield asked the President, in his broad dialect, 'What excuse can a stout fellow like him hae?' 'My lord,' answered the President, 'he has lost his wife.' 'Lost his wife!' exclaimed Braxfield, whose connubial lot was not the most happy; 'that is a good excuse truly; I wish we had a' the same!'

TWO MINDS TO A BARGAIN.

A Dr L—, physician at Queensferry, was once threatened with a challenge; to which he replied, in an incontrovertible syllogism,—'Weel, ye may challenge me; but, whether or no, there'll be nae fecht, *unless I gang out!*'

SCOTCH MAGISTRATES.

The magistrates of the Scottish burghs are generally among the best-informed and most respectable men in their respective communities. But it sometimes hap-

pens, in the case of very poor and very remote burghs that persons of an inferior station alone can be induced to accept the uneasy dignity of the curule chair. An amusing story in point is told regarding the town of L—, in B—shire, which is generally considered as a peculiarly miserable specimen of these privileged townships. An English gentleman approaching L— one day in a gig, his horse started at a great heap of dry wood and decayed branches of trees, which a very poor-looking old man was accumulating upon the road, apparently with the intention of conveying them to town for sale as firewood. The stranger immediately cried to the old man, desiring him, in no very civil terms, to clear the road, that his horse might pass. The old man, offended at the disrespectful language of the complainant, took no notice of him, but continued to hew away at his trees. 'You old dog,' the gentleman then exclaimed, 'I'll have you brought before the provost, and put into prison for your disregard of the laws of the road.' 'Gang to the deil, man, wi' your provosts!' the woodcutter contemptuously replied; '*I'm provost mysel.*'

An equally amusing instance of the illiterate character of some of these dignitaries is told regarding a bailie of Lochmaben, in Dumfriesshire, which is decidedly at the bottom of the list of Scottish burghs, unless Dornoch, the capital of Sutherlandshire, a town which can boast of only five shops, be excepted. A gentleman, who wished to serve his country, and was generous enough, solely for that purpose, to pay for a seat in Parliament, sent his servant, on the eve of an

approaching election. with a letter to the bailie, desiring his vote and influence. The bailie opened the letter. 'Sir,' said the servant, 'you hold the letter by the wrong end.' 'Hoot, man,' replied the bailie, 'gie yoursel nae trouble about that; d'ye think I wad be fit to be a bailie o' Lochmaben, gin I couldna read a letter at ony end?'

A DOVETAILER OF SERMONS.

The Rev. Dr B— was what is commonly termed 'a popular preacher;' not, however, by drawing on his own stores, but by the knack which he possessed of appropriating the thoughts and language of other great divines who had gone before him, to his own use. and by a skilful splicing and dovetailing of passages, so as to make a whole. Fortunately for him, those who composed his audience were not deeply skilled in pulpit lore, and with such he passed for a wonder of erudition. It happened, however, that the doctor was detected in his literary larcenies. One Sunday, a grave old gentleman seated himself close to the pulpit, and listened with profound attention. The doctor had scarcely finished his third sentence, before the old gentleman said, loud enough to be heard by those near him, 'That's Sherlock.' The doctor frowned, but went on. He had not proceeded much farther, when his grave auditor broke out with, 'That's Tillotson.' The doctor bit his lips, and paused, but again went on. At a third exclamation of, 'That's Blair,' the doctor lost all patience, and, leaning over the side of the pulpit, 'Fellow,' he cried, 'if you do not hold your tongue

you will be turned out.' Without altering a muscle, the old cynic, looking the doctor full in the face, says, 'That's his own.'

MANY MANSIONS.

A young Scottish clergyman, having occasion to preach in a church a few miles distant from his native place, an old woman, who had known him in his infancy, went to hear him. The text was,—'In my Father's house there are many mansions;' which phrase he repeated very often in the course of his sermon. The old woman, ignorant of the allegorical meaning of the expression, was quite indignant at what she considered the vainglory of the young man; and at length, unable to sit longer, rose up, and exclaimed, 'My troth, lad, ye're no blate' (modest), 'to come here and tell the like o' that! D'ye think I dinna ken the Braehead House?—a butt and a ben, a story and a half high, wi' a garret aboon. That's mony mansions for ye! I think ye've a gude stock o' impidence!'

TAVERN INSCRIPTION.

The following philosophical quatrain is copied from the walls of a public-house, at the little village of Darnick, near Melrose, where, in all probability, it was first inscribed by some maudlin poet, whose cash had run short, and who then found the insubstantiality of all other resources:—

'This is a good world to live in,
To lend, to spend, and to give in;
But to get, or to borrow, or keep what's one's own,
'Tis the very worst world that ever was known.'

CONJUGAL LOVE.

The Rev. Mr P— (minister of the parish of Markinch in Fife, about fifty years ago) did not nearly so much resemble Socrates in his character and intellect, as his wife resembled Xantippe. On the Monday after a celebration of the sacrament, when it is customary for all the clergymen who have been assisting the parish official to dine in his manse, one of them happened before dinner to cross a dark passage towards the dining-room, when, to his great surprise, he received from an unseen hand a vehement blow upon the ear. 'What's that for?' exclaimed the reverend gentleman. 'Oh! I beg your pardon, Mr S—,' cried the minister's wife; 'I thought it had been my ain dear John P—.' 'Why,' answered the sufferer, 'if these are the marks of affection you bestow on your dear John, I must say I had rather dispense with them.'

SNUFF AND WHISKY.

Somebody once asked a Highlander what he would wish to have, in case of some kind divinity purposing to give him the three things he liked best. For the first he said, he should ask for 'a Loch Lomond o' gude whisky!' 'And what for the second?' inquired his friend. 'A Ben Lomond o' gude sneeshin,' replied Donald. 'And what for the third?' He hesitated a long time at this; but at last, after his face had assumed many contortive expressions of thought, he answered, 'Oo, just *anither* Loch Lomond o' gude whisky.'

These articles are indeed the meat and drink of the poor Highlanders; and it would appear to be utterly out of their power to conceive, or suppose, or imagine anything better. A poor old mountaineer, who had served Prince Charles Stuart through the whole of his adventurous career in 1745, was once asked, in advanced life, what sort of a man Prince Charles was. 'Och, sir,' replied the enthusiastic Celt, 'he was just like a good sneeshin, or a good dram o' whisky!'

A LACHRYMOSE MAJOR.

Before the accession of the late Duke of York to the office of Commander-in-Chief, when the army abounded in abuses of all kinds, children were sometimes gifted with commissions, in acknowledgment of the services of their fathers, or for worse reasons. A late Scotch judge had a son who, before he was eleven years of age, rose to the rank of major. One morning, the mother of this valiant officer, hearing a noise in the nursery, rang to know the cause of it. 'It's naething,' answered the servant, 'but *the Major greetin*'' (crying) '*for his parritch.*'

BALANCING OF BOOKS.

About the time when flax-spinning by machinery was first introduced into Scotland, an industrious and sober, but enterprising man, erected a small mill of five or six frames. After the work had been employed something more than a year, he made up a state of affairs, that he might see whether his speculation had been prosperous or adverse. Having ascertained the result, when he came home at night, he addressed his wife thus:—'Put on the kettle, Eppie, an' gar a drap

broo seithe.' When the kettle was boiling, his spouse called, 'The kettle's seething now, Johnnie.' 'Very weel, Eppie, hand me in bye the bottle, an' I'll mak a jug o' toddy, an' ye'll come and sit doon beside me, Eppie, an' we'll tak oor gless an' be happy; an' dinna forget to be thankfu' to Providence; for it has prospered the labour o' oor hands. The callant an' me hae been makin' up the mill accounts, and how d'ye think they stand?' 'I coudna say, Johnnie.' 'Weel, Eppie, the whurlies hae only run about a towmont, and she has fairly cleared a' the outlay, ay, an' something mair.' 'That's very weel, indeed, Johnnie, an' I'm unco happy to hear't. 'Ay, Eppie, we've toiled sair, an' lived canny; but we'll noo eat oor white bread in oor auld days!' The toddy and the good news had procured for Eppie sound sleep and pleasant dreams; and next night, when her husband came in, she said, 'I'll put on the kettle, Johnnie?' 'Na, na, ye needna be at the fash—nae mair kettling here; an' I'll tell you mair, Eppie, ye needna be mocking Providence wi' your thanks!' Looking in her husband's face, she saw that the curves at the corners of his mouth had taken a contrary direction to that which they had held during the preceding night. Anxious to know the cause, she said, 'What's the maitter, what's wrang noo, Johnnie?' John, shrugging his shoulders, replied, 'Ah, that rackless, stupid laddie, Jamie, no half tenty, when he was summing up the pounds o' the mill yesterday, *he added in the year o' God wi' them.*'

SECURITY.

A countryman having read in the newspapers ac-

counts of different bank failures, and having one hundred pounds deposited with a respectable banking company in Aberdeen, he became alarmed for its safety, hastened to town, and calling at the bank presented his deposit receipt, and, on demanding his money was paid, as is customary, with notes of the bank; he grasped them in his hand, and having got within reach of the door turned round, and exclaimed, 'Noo, sir, ye may braik when ye like.'

CALCULATION.

At the sale of an antiquarian gentleman's effects in Roxburghshire, which Sir Walter Scott happened to attend, there was one little article, a Roman patera, which occasioned a good deal of competition, and was eventually knocked down to the distinguished baronet at a high price. Sir Walter was excessively amused, during the time of the bidding, to observe how much it excited the astonishment of an old woman, who had evidently come there to buy culinary utensils on a more economical principle. 'If the parritch-pan,' she at length burst out, 'if the *parritch-pan* gangs at that, what will the *kail-pat* gang for!'

LUDICROUS ATTEMPT AT SACRED POETRY.

When the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland determined on extending their body of psalmody, they addressed a circular to the clergy, praying that those who were so inclined would compose paraphrases of Scripture, and transmit them to Edinburgh for the inspection of the Assembly, that a proper selection might be made for use. A very old and very primitive

minister in Caithness was roused by this request from the prosaic lethargy of a whole lifetime, and felt a latent spark of poesy suddenly arise in his bosom. So instantaneous was the effect of this inspiration, that, on the very Sunday after he had received the Assembly's circular, he had prepared a paraphrase which he determined to read aloud to his congregation. The first verse was as follows :—

'The deil shall ryve them a' in rags,
That wicked are and vain ;
But if they're gude and do repent,
They shall be sew'd again.'

But this was quite enough, the audience bursting out into such a transport of laughter on hearing it, that the ingenious author saw fit to suppress the rest, and abandon his poetical attempt.

GOOD REASON FOR DELIBERATION.

The minister of what is called a Relief Congregation, at Edinburgh, tells the following story to his friends :— He was one day assisting a country clergyman on a sacramental occasion, in a town where a congregation of what are called Burghers held the sacrament on the same Sunday. Mr —— is extremely rapid in his elocution, and generally displays no little expeditiousness in performing the ceremonies of the church. He was *serving* the tables—that is, preaching to persons who were receiving the communion — with his customary despatch, and everything was going on swimmingly, when an aged elder, rather scandalised at his indecorous haste, sidled quietly up to him, tugged him gently by the skirts, and softly whispered into his ear,—

'Tak time, sir, tak time, if ye gang on at this rate, *we'll be oot before the Burghers.*' He meant that the service would be over and the congregation dismissed before that of the rival sect; a matter which would have been considered scandalous, in a country where piety is too often measured by the power of enduring long sermons and prayers.

A JEWELLER'S SIGN.

A jeweller, in Edinburgh, who, with many better qualities, was noted for the care he could take of his wealth, was once getting his sign painted. The inscription was to be simply, '——, Jeweller.' By a strange chance, the painter was called away to a more pressing job, just as he had completed the letter W in the second word. Accordingly, it stood for a whole afternoon as '——, Jew,' to the great amusement of every beholder, but more particularly to all who were acquainted with the character of the individual libelled.

THE MINISTER OF TIPPERMUIR.

It is remembered by tradition at Perth, that the minister of the neighbouring parish of Tippermuir entertained the Marquis of Montrose at breakfast, in his manse, on the morning before the battle which was fought there, September 1, 1644. Some time after the battle, when Montrose and all his wild Highlanders had left that part of the country, the Presbytery called the minister of Tippermuir before them, to answer for the heinous offence of having entertained that dreadful enemy to the interests of the Covenant. The charge being fully brought home to the offender, and

he being desired to speak in his own defence—in particular to state how he had come to think of giving a breakfast to such an antichristian personage — the worthy clergyman rose, and delivered himself in the following brief, but emphatic and truly eloquent terms : —'My brethren, I'll no deny that it was a terrible thing to gie James Graham his breakfast, on the very morning before he was to play sic mischief wi' the saints o' the Lord ; but let me tell ye jist this,—if the haill kirk had seen his face that mornin' as I saw it, gude faith the haill kirk wad hae jist gien him his breakfast too.'

AS DEEP IN THE MUD AS I WAS IN THE MIRE.

A country gentleman, who had been out with Montrose, retiring to his own parish after the war was done, was taken through hands by the Presbyterian clergyman of the place, and ordained to sit for a certain time on the cutty-stool, as a penance for his dreadful offence. 'Ye should set my mare there too, man,' cried the intractable cavalier to the clergyman who delivered the sentence ; 'I'll be hanged if she wasna as deep i' the mud as I was i' the mire ! '

OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

Lord Kaimes, in one of his circuits, as a Lord of Justiciary in Scotland, having crossed the ferry to Kinghorn, the boatman, to his lordship's surprise, refused to take any money for the service he had rendered him, in consequence of their being old acquaintances. On being desired to explain, the boatman observed that his name was Tom Clark, and that he

and his wife Bett had both been tried for sheep-stealing, and if it had not been for his lordship's *jaw*, both Bett and himself had either been hanged or transported. His lordship, smiling, bade him be more honest in future, as the consequence might be fatal to him, should their acquaintance ever be renewed.

ONE OF THEM SHERRY.

The clergyman of a parish, in the district of Carrick, Ayrshire, dining one day, about the year 1820, with a farmers' club at the head burgh of the district, drank so much wine as to astonish even the members of that bacchanalian fraternity. Some time after, one of them remarked to another, whom he accidentally met, 'What an awfu' thing o' port the doctor drank yon day!' 'How much did he take?' inquired the other. 'Just sax bottles o' port.' 'It's no possible!' 'It is possible, though, and true too.' 'I'll bet the price o't, he didna drink so much.' 'Done!' cried the first speaker; and it was agreed to refer the dispute to the reverend man himself. Away they both went to the manse, which lay at the distance of several miles, and, being introduced to the presence of the divine in his study, the man who had laid the bet began, after many a hem, to lay the business before him. 'We've come, doctor, to ask a gaye queer question; but I hope ye'll no tak it amiss.' 'Oh, surely I cannot,' said the doctor: 'at least, I hope not. Let us hear.' 'Oh, it's just, ye see, to ask how muckle port ye drank the other day at the dinner. I've wagered that ye drank sax bottles, and John Williamson says ye didna drink sae muckle. What say ye,

doctor?' 'You've lost your bet,' answered the minister, with the utmost gravity, and, at the same time, abundance of good nature; 'you're right as to the number of bottles; but one of them was sherry!'

PREACHING UP THE TIMES.

In the unhappy days of the religious troubles in Scotland, the popular clergy were much in the habit of *preaching up the times*, as they called it; that is discussing the business of the State in the pulpit. The neglect of this duty in any brother they styled sinful silence; and they, on one occasion, openly reproved the famous Leighton, at a public synod, for this strange fault. 'Who preach up the times?' inquired Leighton. It was answered, that all the brethren did it. 'Then,' said Leighton, 'if all of you preach up the times, you may allow one poor brother to preach up Jesus Christ and eternity.'

WHERE DO DRINKERS GO TO?

The late Mr Neil M'Vicar, minister of St Cuthbert's, near Edinburgh, was taking a walk one afternoon, when he discovered a woman, one of his parishioners, sitting by the road-side in a state of intoxication, while her burden lay in the mud before her. 'Oh, will ye help me up wi' my bundle?' said she to the minister, as he approached. 'Fie! fie! Janet,' said he, 'to see the like o' you in such a plight! Do you know where all drinkers go to?' 'Help me up wi' my bundle, sir, and I'll tell ye.' 'Well, well,' said the clergyman, 'I shall. Now, answer my question.' 'Weel, to tell you the truth, sir, just *whaur the drap o' gude drink is to be gotten!*'

THE LAIGH GREEN.

Some years ago, a poor boy went into a shop in Glasgow, which belonged to one of the bailies. The boy having an interesting appearance, the magistrate put some question to him respecting his education and moral instruction. Upon these points he found the boy very ignorant, as might be expected, The magistrate also inquired of him how he was employed on Sunday, and was told that he begged on the week days, and played himself on the Sabbath day. 'What!' says the bailie, 'is that the way you spend the Sabbath day? Do you know, my lad, where all those go that play themselves on the Sabbath day?' 'Ay, sir,' says the boy; 'they gang to the Laigh Green.'

EMENDATION OF SCRIPTURE.

At the time when Episcopacy was struggling for a place in Scotland, much to the disgust of the common people, a girl in Fife, the daughter of a non-conforming clergyman, looking over the New Testament, and finding the phrase, 'Christ, the Bishop of our souls,' blotted out the Bishop, and inserted the word Presbyterian; so that it read, 'Christ, the *Presbyterian* of our souls.'

DOG FISH.

Some short time after the Reverend Mr Telford was settled minister of the Dissenting congregation in Buckhaven, a brother clergyman paid him a visit, and, to give the stranger a specimen of the knowledge and manners of the place, Mr Telford took a walk with his friend along the shore, and coming up to a fisherman

who was clearing his line, Mr Telford addressed him thus:—'Weel, John, hae you had a gude line shot this morning?' 'Very ordinar; very ordinar; an' gotten a' ma line *ted* (entangled) to the bargain wi' thae *brutes*,' replied the fisherman, pointing to some large dog-fish. 'Are these fish so very troublesome?' replied the minister: 'God, who made all things, made them too, for some wise purpose, nae doubt.' 'Eh go! I ne'er cud see ony sense in makin' *brutes* like thae,' says John. 'What!' replied Mr Telford, 'did not God in His wisdom make all things right?' 'Eh go! He did no that, sir,' says John, 'he did not do that; better to me, for my ain hand, to hae gien him a pound note that mornin' He made the first doug-fish!'

NO PAY NO PLAY.

When the first Musical Festival took place at Edinburgh, there was a great bustle, for some time before, among the musicians, and much fear was expressed lest there should not be a sufficent number of *violin players* in town to fill that department of the orchestra. An old woman, who conducted a wretched performer, her husband, through the streets, and who thought, perhaps, that the Musical Festival would be an affair little better than a penny wedding, hearing of the great demand for fiddlers, remarked one day to a friend,—'Faith, they'll no get oor John, unless they *pay him weel!*'

CAPITULATION.

Some years ago, a gentleman in Galloway, when

walking on his estate, observed a country boy rapidly mounting to the top of a very high tree, in search, no doubt, of a crow or pyet's nest. Being concerned for the little fellow's safety, as well as anxious to banish such mischievous intruders from his plantations, he bawled out,—'Ho, ye little scoundrel! what are you about there? Come down immediately, and never let me see your face in this place again.' The climber, nowise alarmed at this address, rested himself on a branch, and answered very laconically, 'Na; if I was to come doon, you would lick me.' 'No,' said the gentleman, 'although you well deserve to be punished, I won't beat you for this offence; so come down immediately.' 'Say as sure's death, ye'll no lick me,' rejoined the culprit, 'and I'll come doon.' 'What! you impudent rogue, do you presume to doubt my word, and treat me like one of your schoolboys? 'I dinna ken,' whimpered the pertinacious boy; 'but unless you say as sure's death, I'll no come doon the day.' The gentleman, who was a distinguished humourist, had now great difficulty in preserving his gravity; and, finding farther remonstrance vain, he at last fairly capitulated with the enemy, and agreed to grant him his own terms, and to let him march off with all the honours of war.

AN EDIFYING SERMON.

Mr Johnston, minister of the parish of Lyne and Megget, was a man of a singular character. The two parishes, which are twenty miles distant, are very thinly inhabited, both containing only 160 souls. In winter, Mr Johnston used to assemble the few that could

attend, being so widely scattered, in his own kitchen, and set down before them a bottle or two of whisky, saying, 'Ye'll no be the waur o' a wee drap o' that, as this is an unco cauld day, an' ye hae a gaye bit till gang; joost tak an administer every ane o' ye to ye're ain necessity.' They accordingly handed the bottle round, every one taking as much as he thought his necessity required, as the minister thought a glass wholly unnecessary. It is needless to say, the congregation were greatly edified.

PROPER PRECAUTION.

One night, as a great number of lads and lasses were holding what Burns calls 'a rocking,' in the house of a weaver at Paisley, the conversation happened to turn on a set of depredators, who had lately taken away a great number of out-of-door articles during the night, and to guard against whom it was now necessary to take every possible precaution. When the conversation was at that crisis, an aged bed-rid grandfather of the family, whose voice had not been heard the whole night, rose like a ghost in his bed, his mind seriously disturbed by fears for the safety of an immense disabled cast-iron pot, which had lain for years useless in the court. 'I'll tell thee what, Eppie,' he said to his daughter-in-law, in the peculiar dialect of his native town; 'tu had better tak in ta mickle pat, or aiblins it'll be nippit up too.'

A HIGHLAND BULL.

About the time umbrellas were first introduced, a Highlander making some purchases at a grocer's shop

in Dundee, was about to depart for his lodgings, when one of those heavy showers, so frequent in summer, came on. The grocer very obligingly invited Donald to stay till the shower 'wad blaw by;' but, seeing him bent on going, kindly offered to lend him an umbrella. 'Thank you, thank you,' said the Celt; 'she'll shust rin hame for her nain.'

NAE MOTIVE.

Everybody is aware of the indolent character of the author of 'The Seasons;' of his being found once in a garden, eating fruit off a tree with his hands in his pockets, etc. A friend one day entered his room, and, finding him in bed, although the day was far spent, asked him in the name of wonder why he did not get up. 'Man, I hae nae motive,' replied the poet.

LOSS OF 'THIRDLY.'

The Rev. Mr P—, minister of ——, had a custom of writing the heads of his discourse on small slips of paper, which he placed on the open Bible before him, to be used in succession. One day, when he was explaining the second head, he got a little warm in the harness, and came down with such a thump upon the Bible with his hand, that the ensuing slip fell over the edge of the pulpit, though unperceived by himself. On reaching the end of his second head, he looked down for the third slip; but, alas, it was not to be found. 'Thirdly,' he cried, looking round him with great anxiety. After a little pause, 'Thirdly,' again he exclaimed; but still no Thirdly appeared. 'Thirdly, I say, my brethren,' pursued the bewildered clergyman: but not

another word could he utter. At this point, while the congregation were partly sympathising in his distress, and partly rejoicing in such a decisive instance of the impropriety of using notes in preaching—which has always been an unpopular thing in the Scotch clergy,—an old woman rose up and thus addressed the preacher: 'If I'm no mista'en, sir, I saw *Thirdly* flee oot at the east window a quarter of an hour syne.' It is impossible for any but a Scotchman to conceive how much this account of the loss of *Thirdly* was relished by that part of the congregation which condemned the use of notes.

DR ADAM SMITH.

This distinguished philosopher was remarkable for absence of mind, for simplicity of character, and for muttering to himself as he walked along the streets. As an anecdote of the first peculiarity, it is related of him, that, having one Sunday morning walked into his garden at Kirkcaldy, dressed in little besides than his night-gown, he gradually fell into a reverie, from which he did not awaken till he found himself in the streets of Dunfermline, a town at least twelve miles off. He had, in reality, trudged along the king's highway all that distance, in the *pursuit* of a certain train of ideas; and he was only eventually stopped in his progress by the bells of Dunfermline, which happened at the time to be ringing the people to church. His appearance, in a crowded street, on a Scotch Sunday morning, without clothes, is left to the imagination of the reader.

It is told, as an example of the second peculiarity,

that, on the evenings of those very days which he had devoted to the composition of the *Wealth of Nations*, he would sometimes walk backwards and forwards through his parlour, waiting for an opportunity when he might abstract a lump of sugar from the tea-table, unobserved by his housekeeper, who exercised a kind of control over him.

It used to be related of him, that one day as he was muttering very violently to himself, in passing along the streets of Edinburgh, he passed close to a couple of fishwomen, who were sitting at their stalls. At once putting him down for a madman at large, one remarked to the other, in a pathetic tone, 'Hech! and he's weel put on too;' *id est*, well dressed; the idea of his being a gentleman having, of course, much increased her sympathy.

ELEGANCE BY ACCIDENT.

The following curious anecdote is told of Lady Wallace, famed, in her maiden days, as Miss Eglintoune Maxwell of Monteith, and the sister of the Duchess of Gordon. The young lady's family was about to attend the races at Leith, and the coach was just at the stairfoot, ready to take them away, when it was discovered that Miss Eglintoune was not ready, on account of wanting her head-dress, which she was expecting the milliner to appear with every moment. It so happened, that as the milliner was coming along the street with the dress in her hand, she permitted some part of it to catch the knee-buckle of a street porter, by which it was torn, and, as she thought

completely spoilt. However, she took it to Miss Eglintoune, and told her the story, with many protestations of regret. The volatile young lady took the dress from her hands, and, running to her glass, proceeded to put it on, torn as it was, only arranging it upon her head in such a way as to conceal the misfortune. She then joined her friends in the carriage, and at Leith, attracting, as usual, much attention, the ladies, instead of ridiculing the awkward appearance of her cap, admired it exceedingly, and came back to Edinburgh, full cry, in the afternoon, to get caps of the same description. Of course it was soon known that it was the manufacture of the milliner, who forthwith was completely overwhelmed with orders for similar caps; and we believe, was obliged to tear them with a nail in her counter, in order to complete their resemblance to the original.

A YOUNG MAN IN GREAT DISTRESS.

A young clergyman one day holding forth in a chapel of ease at Edinburgh, became unusually animated towards the conclusion of his discourse; but, all at once, as he did not use notes, and had a somewhat treacherous memory, he stopped short, became confused, and seemed utterly unable to proceed. In this dilemma, he thought it would be best to go back a little; as a man who has been unable to clear a bar at one jump, would repeat his attempt, and hope to be successful, by dint of a longer race. Even this expedient failed him, however; for, after repeating a passage of considerable length over again, he stopped exactly at the same point. At that moment, to the great amusement

of the audience, the precentor awoke from a profound sleep; and, thinking the sermon at an end, read out a line which had been put into his hands before, according to a common custom, 'Remember in prayer, a young man in great distress of body and mind.'

PIEBALD EPITAPH.

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

'Hic jacet Joannes Anderson, Aberdoniensis.'

Here his latinity failed him, and the sequel was in English,

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

ROBERT BURNS.

Burns was one day in a gentleman's library. The collection was very fine; but the owner happened to be a man not the most able in the world to appreciate the contents. After some conversation with Burns, he expressed himself as being particularly anxious about the bindings of his books: he liked to see books with a handsome exterior. Next morning, the wicked poet was found to have left the following couplet on the library table :—

'Free through these books, ye maggots, make your winding;
But, for the owner's sake, oh spare the binding!'

LONGEVITY.

A vender of brooms, named John Tait, died some years ago in the parish of Gladsmuir, Haddingtonshire, at the age of one hundred and twenty-five. He used to say that he had had five-and-twenty children, who *suffered baptism*. His wife was a woman of about sixty, at the time when he had long passed his hundredth year. Whenever she did anything which excited the derision of her neighbours, he used to say, 'Never mind her, puir thing, *she's young and thochtless*.

PRICE OF A CADGER'S SUPPER.

Upon the wild road betwixt Edinburgh and Lanark, and nearly half way between these towns, there is a lonely place called Corset-hill, where, for a long time, towards the end of the last century, a poor old widow woman kept a house of entertainment for the humbler class of wayfarers. The minister of the parish, one day calling upon this person, when on a professional tour among his flock, put to her the question from the Shorter Catechism, 'What is the Lord's Supper?' The hostel-wife, more accustomed, it would appear, to cast her thoughts upon temporal than upon spiritual matters, answered with great readiness, 'Deed, sir, there's nae lords come hereawa; but I'se tell ye what a cadger's is. It's just a groat; and what they leave at nicht, they tak away in their pouch wi' them i' the morning!'

CHELSEA PENSIONER.

A Chelsea pensioner who was sick, and refused

payment of his pension unless he was personally present, at length, with some difficulty, made his appearance before the collector of excise (one Lawrence Angus), in Caithness, who had a most remarkably ugly face. The collector, on the old veteran's coming in, said, 'He was sure he couldna be very ill, for he leuked as weel as he did.' 'As weel as you!' said the soldier, 'I expect to leuk as weel as you seven years efter I'm dead!'

CLERICAL WIT.

The facetious Watty Morrison, as he was commonly called, was entreating the commanding officer of a regiment at Fort George to pardon a poor fellow sent to the halberds. The officer granted his petition, on condition that Mr Morrison should accord with the first favour he asked; the favour was to perform the ceremony of baptism for a young puppy. A merry party of gentlemen were invited to the christening. Mr Morrison desired Major —— to hold up the dog. 'As I am a minister of the Kirk of Scotland,' said Mr M., 'I must proceed accordingly.' Major —— said he asked no more. 'Well, then, major, I begin with the usual question, "You acknowledge yourself the father of this puppy?"' The major understood the joke, and threw away the animal. Thus did Mr Morrison turn the laugh against the ensnarer, who intended to deride a sacred ordinance.

On another occasion, a young officer scoffed at the parade of study, to which clergymen assigned their right to remuneration for labour; and he offered to

take a bet he would preach half-an-hour upon any verse or section of a verse, in the Old or New Testament. Mr Morrison took the bet, and pointed out, 'And the ass opened his mouth, and he spoke.' The officer declined employing his eloquence on that text. Mr Morrison won the wager, and silenced the scorner.

MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

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

SCOTCH JUDGE.

A judge of the Court of Session, well-known for speaking his mother tongue in its broadest accent, as well on the bench as in common discourse, on a particular occasion was addressed by a barrister, equally noted for the elegance and purity of his style, as his lordship was the reverse, who opened the case of his client in the following words :—'My lord, the pursuer, my client, is an itinerant violin player.' 'What's that?' said his lordship; 'is that what ye ca' a blin' fiddler?' '*Vulgarly so called,*' said the lawyer.

WRITER'S CLERK.

Two writer's clerks, or apprentices, in Edinburgh, were one day wending their way towards the Parliament House, when a gust of wind carried a bunch of

papers out of the hand of one of them, and caused it to spin for a little distance along the street before him, so that he had to make all the haste he could to regain it. On returning to the side of his companion, 'What kind of process,' he cried, 'do you think that was, which I have had such hard work to overtake?' 'Why,' replied the other, 'I don't exactly know; but from appearances I should think *in meditatione fugæ*.'

MR PETER GLASS.

Mr Peter Glass, minister of Crail, in Fife, about the middle of the eighteenth century, was one of the old school of Scottish Presbyterian clergymen,—addressed himself in familiar terms to the Almighty,—spoke to individuals of his congregation during public worship,—and invariably preached in good broad Scotch, using all the homely technical terms appropriate to the subjects he happened to have in hand. His parishioners being mostly fishermen, he was praying one day that the Lord would fill the men's boats wi' herrin, up to the very tow-holes,—that is, we suppose, up to the spaces in which the oars work,—when one of the persons concerned roared out, 'Na, no that far, sir, or we wad a' be sunk!'

One of his landward parishioners, a farmer of the name of Cowan, was remarkable above all the rest for the irreverent and unpolite habit of sleeping during the sermon. Whenever Mr Glass observed him to sleep, he invariably stopped his sermon, and desired a neighbour of the guilty person to awake him. Mr Cowan was very much annoyed by this practice on the

part of the clergyman; and at last, one day, meeting him on the street, ventured to remonstrate against it as at once cruel and insulting. Mr Glass argued stoutly in favour of the necessity of enforcing public ordinances in such a fashion, and seemed quite inexorable; when, at length, the good farmer said he would willingly cause his horses to drive all the minister's coal gratis, provided he would permit him to get his customary nap, which he said was truly necessary to him, on account of his incessant labours during the week. To this the minister assented, though only with the intention of keeping his word of promise to the ear, and breaking it to the hope. Next Sunday, on Mr Cowan proceeding to sleep as usual, the preacher stopped, and cried out, 'Waken Robin Cowan in the wast laft.' On the poor man being roused accordingly, he fell a-rubbing his head with an air of great concern, and exclaimed, 'Minister, d'ye no mind oor bargain?' 'Oh, brawly do I mind oor bargain,' answered the minister; 'but, ye ken, Robin, although I agreed to let ye sleep, I didna gie ye permission to *snore*.'

COMPARATIVE IMPORTANCE OF A MOTHER AND A COW.

'Weel, Sandy,' said a neighbour to a little boy in the south of Fife, whose mother had been seriously indisposed, 'how is your mother to-day?' 'Deed I dinna ken very weel hoo she is,' replied Sandy, scratching his head; 'but the cow's taen ill, and that's waur nir my mither.'

WHO WAS JESSE?

An old schoolmaster, who usually heard his pupils

once a-week through Watts' Scripture History, and afterwards asked them promiscuously such questions as suggested themselves to his mind, one day desired a young urchin to tell him who Jesse was? when the boy briskly replied, 'The Flower o' Dunblane, sir.'

NAEBODY LIKE OOR AIN FOLK.

The inhabitants of Buckhaven have been long esteemed the most illiterate and rude of all the population of Fife; but their own ideas are very different: they look upon their town as a school for politeness and learning. One of the townsmen, talking to a stranger, said, 'Be whaur I like, or gang whaur I like, I see naebody hae the *sense* and *havens* (manners) that the fouk o' oor ain town hae!'

HIGHLAND PATIENCE.

A Highlander was one day brought before his chief, being accused of sheep-stealing. The crime being fully proved, Donald was sentenced to be hanged. It, however, happened that a singular indulgence was given to criminals in those days, viz., the choice of any particular tree they might wish to be hanged on. Accordingly, the person in office went up to Donald to inquire of him which tree he should prefer to be tucked up to. Donald, with a rueful countenance, shrugging up his shoulders, grunted out, 'Oich! oich! for I would like a grossart bush.' 'A grossart bush, you fool! a grossart bush is not large enough to hang you.' 'Oh, oich, but I'm in no hurry; I will just wait till it grow.'

TIT FOR TAT.

The passengers on board an Aberdeen smack were most grievously annoyed by the nocturnal visitations of myriads of hungry bugs. These little blood-suckers were so incessant in their attacks, that to close an eye was utterly out of the question; nay, so severely did some suffer, that in the morning, when all hands were mustered in the cabin, their physiognomies were to be recognised with considerable difficulty! One night their agonies became so intolerable, that they bellowed out to the master of the vessel, 'Oh, maister! maister! they're biting us!' 'Wha the deil's biting ye?' cries the master. 'Oh, sir, the bugs.' The response of the master, if not consolatory, was admirably laconic, 'Weel, mair feil ye; canna ye *bite them again?*'

MARCH OF INTELLECT.

A gentleman visiting Mr Wood's school in Edinburgh, had a book put into his hand for the purpose of examining a class. The word *inheritance* occurring in the verse, the querist interrogated the youngster as follows:— 'What is inheritance?' 'Patrimony.' 'What is patrimony?' 'Something left by a father.' 'What would you call it if left by a mother?' '*Matrimony.*'

GOOD BREEDING.

As a boy, son of one of the colliers of Bonnyrigg (a small town south of Edinburgh, chiefly inhabited by people of that description, nowise famed for their erudition or good breeding), was returning from Dalkeith on a Wednesday with groceries and other

necessaries for the family, he was met by the minister, who, among other questions, put to the boy, asked him what he had paid for the goods. The boy, a little surprised at the question (being in the habit of paying only on Saturday), after looking the minister straight in the face, 'Gae, ye havering b—h ! wha has siller i' the middle o' the owk?'

LUDICROUS EPITAPH ON THOMAS TYRE.

In the churchyard of the parish of Kilbride, Ayrshire, the following epitaph is found inscribed on an upright grave-stone. It was composed by a naval officer, and, strange to say, corrected by the minister of the parish. The deceased was a poor old man who carried messages.

'Here lye the banes of Thamas Tyre,
Wha lang had trudged through dub and mire,
In carrying bundles, and sic lyke,
His task performing wi' sma' fyke.
To deal his snuff he aye was free,
And served his friends for little fee.
His life obscure was naething new;
Yet we must own his faults were few.
Although at Yule he sipp'd a drap,
And in the kirk whyles took a nap,*
True to his word in every case,
Tam scorn'd to cheat for lucre base.
Now, he is gone to taste the fare,
Which only honest men will share.'

He died 1795, aged 72.

* We should think this line was exclusively the composition of the minister.

A SCOTCH MUNCHAUSEN.

Mr Finlayson, town-clerk of Stirling in the latter part of the seventeenth century, was noted for the marvellous in conversation. He was on a visit to the last Earl of Monteith, in his castle of Talla, and was about taking leave, when he was asked by the Earl whether he had seen the Sailing Cherry Tree. 'No,' said Finlayson, 'what sort of thing is it?' 'It is,' replied the Earl, 'a tree that has grown out at a goose's mouth, from a stone the bird had swallowed, and which she bears about with her in her voyages round the loch: it is now in full fruit of the most exquisite flavour. Now, Finlayson,' he added, 'can you, with all your powers of memory and fancy, match my story of the Cherry Tree?' 'Perhaps I can,' said Finlayson, clearing his throat, and adding,—'When Oliver Cromwell was at Airth, one of his cannon sent a ball to Stirling, and lodged it in the mouth of a trumpet which one of the men in the castle was sounding in defiance.' 'Was the trumpeter killed?' inquired the Earl. 'No, my lord,' said Finlayson; 'he blew the ball back, and killed the artilleryman who had fired it.'

KIND PERMISSION.

A candidate for the honour of representing four Fife burghs in Parliament, calling upon an honest shoemaker for his vote and influence, took the liberty of kissing the gudewife, who was a middle-aged woman; and, in doing so, he took the farther liberty of slipping a couple of guineas out of his own mouth into that of the matron. Instead of being offended by such a breach of decorum, the lady slyly said, as she pocketed

the two shining pieces, 'Gin ye like, sir, ye may *kiss my dochter too.*'

HUGO ARNOT.

This very acute metaphysician—*acute*, as somebody remarked, since he resembled a *needle* more than anything else—published a small work under the title of 'An Essay on Nothing.' He remarks in it, with ingenious sarcasm, that 'the tree of knowledge might have been *safely intrusted to the present generation.*'

His essay occasioned the following epigram by the Honourable Andrew Erskine, brother to the musical Earl of Kelly :—

'To find out where the bent of one's genius lies,
Oft puzzles the witty, and sometimes the wise ;
Your discernment in this all true critics must find,
Since the subject's so pat to your body and mind.'

This was not said at all in ill nature, but was merely one of those friendly pieces of raillery, which were so common among men of the best breeding in the last age.

The Honourable Henry Erskine was once disputing with Arnot about the disposition which the Deity manifests in the Holy Scriptures to pardon the errors of the flesh,—the metaphysician insisting for a liberal code, and the wit taking a rather more confined and Calvinistic view of the case. At last, on Arnot avowing his resolution to live in the hope of pardon, Erskine wrote an epigram, where, after conceding that allowance is made in the Bible for the *flesh*, he concludes with,—

'But I've searched the whole Scriptures, and texts I find none,
Extending that mercy *to skin and to bone!*'

A PRACTICAL VIEW OF AN IMPORTANT CONSTITUTIONAL QUESTION.

At the time when the friends of Radical Reform were producing so much popular disturbance (1818-19-20), some of the Scotch clergy took great pains to impress their congregations with a conviction of the excellence of the established order of things. A minister, in Galloway, had one day held forth, with political knowledge equal to that of a Blackstone or a De Lolme, and with all the eloquence of a fervid Demosthenes, upon our finely-poised constitution—our triplex government, with the duties of all its several branches—the protection of our property—the important right of being taxed only by our own representatives—and, above all, upon what he was pleased, in the agony of a climax, to call OUR NOBLE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS! It was one of those Scottish country *kirks*, in which, as is said, there are often more colleys than men; and, as may be well supposed, most of the plaided audience made but sad work in their own minds of the learned eloquence of their minister. The latter part, however, as we can show, was intelligible enough to at least a part of the hearers. Two country lasses, servants to a neighbouring farmer, in stumping home after the sermon, fell a talking, like good girls, about the preaching they had heard. 'Weel,' says the one to the other, 'what did ye think o' the end o' the discourse, where he spoke sae grandly

aboot the liberty o' the press?' 'Ay,' quoth the other, 'what wad *our gudewife* say till't—her that never lets the key o't oot o' her pouch!'

ANECDOTE OF BURNS.

Burns was standing one day upon the quay at Greenock, when a wealthy merchant, belonging to the town, had misfortune to fall into the harbour. He was no swimmer; and his death would have been inevitable, had not a sailor, who happened to be passing at the time, immediately plunged in, and at the risk of his own life, rescued him from his dangerous situation. The Greenock merchant, upon recovering a little from his fright, put his hand into his pocket, and generously presented the sailor with a shilling. The crowd, who were by this time collected, loudly protested against the contemptible insignificance of the sum; but Burns, with a smile of ineffable scorn, entreated them to restrain their clamour, 'For,' said he, 'the gentleman is of course the best judge of the value of his own life.'

A DOMINIE OVERTAKEN.

An incident worthy of being noticed, but not of so serious a nature as many others which have resulted from the same cause, took place in a parish in Peebles-shire, within the last few years. The schoolmaster, an ancient votary of Bacchus, was observed one day, after holding jubilee on what he termed 'the great and glorious reduction of duty upon whisky,' to approach a farm-house, as he plodded his weary way homeward. The good people, who had seen him come in sight, thought the time long before he passed

the door, and at last they went out, for the purpose of ascertaining what had become of him. The first object that presented itself was the person of the identical instructor of youth, lying prostrate under an ever-running spout that supplied the family with water; while a duck, scared thence by his fall, was squalling, 'Quack! quack! quack!' most obstreporously upon the top of an adjoining dunghill. The clamour of the duck, and the gushing of the little cataract were, it would appear, mistaken by the hapless pedagogue,—the one for the voice of a companion urging him to longer draughts, and the other for the actual outpouring of the liquor offered; for he held on remonstrating, 'No more, I thank you, sir! no more, I thank you, sir!' with the utmost eagerness, till relieved by the bystanders from his ludicrous situation.

KIRKCALDY.

The people of Kirkcaldy, a seaport in Scotland, tell the following story, which will remind the reader of two anecdotes related in English jest-books, regarding the *Stones* and the *Dams*.—There was once a vessel belonging to this port; 'twas called 'The Cat-luggit Sow of Kirkcaldy.' The master's name was Willie Willison, and the mate's, Jamie Jamieson. The master, getting drunk one day at a foreign port, was rowed out to his vessel in a state of mental obnubilation. Just upon being towed up, he awoke, and, seeing his vessel without recognising it, called out, 'What ship, a-hoy?' 'The Cat-luggit Sow of Kirkcaldy,' replied a voice from the gangway. 'The master's name?' 'Willie Willison.' 'The mate's?' 'Jamie Jamieson.'

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

STYLE OF DR JOHNSON.

Dr Johnson's style one night became the subject of conversation, in a company where Sir Walter Scott was present. Some individuals asserted that it had been often imitated very successfully; indeed, so successfully, that the copy sounded quite as well as the original. 'Ay, *sounded*,' said Sir Walter; 'but sound only: most of them have his report, but which of them carries his bullet?'

COMEDY AND TRAGEDY EXCHANGED.

Foote once came to Edinburgh with a complete company of comedians, but did not receive much encouragement. At length, after he had pined a month, a nobleman residing in town ordered a tragedy, and insisted on Foote and all his comedians performing in it, notwithstanding their being not at all adapted for that branch of dramatic representation. The thing took well, on account of its absurdity, and the execrable acting; and, after a fortnight of crowded houses, Foote returned in good spirits, remarking, that if comedy had become tragedy with him in one respect, tragedy, or something very like it, had become comedy in another.

LORD LOVAT AND LORD KAMES.

When Henry Home, afterwards Lord Kames, was a young man, Lovat observed his talents, and conceiv-

ing, from his success at the bar, that he might, in the course of time, become serviceable to himself, resolved to make him his friend. Lovat then lived in a villa somewhere about the head of Leith Walk, and often observed the rising advocate pass up and down between Edinburgh and Leith. Presuming upon a very slight acquaintance, his lordship one day ran out, and, getting Home all in his arms, began to administer some of those flattering compliments, which he used to call his *weapons*. 'My dear Henry,' he cried, 'how heartily I rejoice in this rencontre! How does it come to pass,' he continued, 'that you never look in upon me? Almost every day I see you go past my windows, as if for the very purpose of inflaming me with a more and more passionate desire of your company. You ought really to consider that, in proportion as you have the power of charming, so you ought to have the will. The most beautiful women are, providentially, the most kind. Now you are so fine-looking, so tall, and altogether so delightful in your aspect, that, unless you will vouchsafe me some favour, I must absolutely die of unrequited passion.' 'My Lord,' cried Home, endeavouring to extricate himself from his admirer's arms, 'this is quite intolerable. I ken very weel I am the coarsest and most black-avised bitch in a' the Court of Session. Ye needna think to impose upon me with your fair-fashioned speeches. Hae dune—hae dune.' 'Well, Henry,' said Lovat in an altered tone, 'you are the first man I have ever met with who had the understanding to withstand flattery.' 'My dear lord,' said Home, 'I am glad to hear you say so.' *Rem acu tetigerat.*

HACKSTOUN OF RATHILLET.

The son of this celebrated Covenanter was a Jacobite, and turned out in the Fifteen. A future representative married into the family of Hay of Naughton, which was unfortunately tainted with a strain of madness. The offspring of this marriage was a son, named Helenus, who, along with the talent inherent in his father's family, had, moreover, a great portion of the insanity of his other parent. Old Hackstoun used to say to this youth, on observing any symptom of extravagance, 'Helenus, Helenus, ma man, I doot ye've owre muckle mither wit.'

This Helenus married a lady, who had previously had two husbands; and he was never after free from quarrels and lawsuits with his wife's various families and connections. In the course of one of these suits he published an account of his family, with an appendix, containing letters that passed between himself and his opponents' party—the names all in blanks, and therefore the whole quite unintelligible except to himself. He used to come to Edinburgh, and ride through the streets in a carriage, the panels of which were all covered over with devices in the shape of coats-armorial, allusive to the circumstances of his lawsuits. These were of his own invention; and, if we are not mistaken, he also painted them himself. One may serve as a specimen of the whole. He had a gentleman, of the name of Baillie, one of his wife's sons, represented sitting in the corner of a room upon a large egg, titled with the word 'Plot.' This was one of his enemies, he said, hatching a plot against him. In

such drivel ended the line of the stern murderer of Archbishop Sharpe.

Old Hackstoun one day said to Mr Smibert, the minister of Cupar, who was also blessed with a foolish or rather wild youth for a son, 'D'ye ken, sir, you and I are wiser than Solomon.' 'How can that be, Rathillet?' inquired the startled clergyman. 'Oo, ye see,' replied Hackstoun, 'Solomon didna ken whether his son was to be a fool or a wise man; but baith you and I are quite sure that *our sons are fools*.'

CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENT.

The following singular advertisement appeared in the year 1783, in a Scotch newspaper:—'To be let, a Beggar's Stand, in a good, charitable neighbourhood, bringing in about 30s. a week. Some good-will is required.

'*N.B.*—A dog for a blind man to be disposed of.'

HUMILITY.

A Stirling weaver had been exalted to the distinguished rank of Convener of the Trades in that ancient royal burgh. On the Sunday immediately subsequent to his exaltation, he went to the parish church with the magistrates. Arrayed in a goodly suit of black cloth, decked with a golden chain, and placed in the front seat of the gallery, he felt his mind overwhelmed by such splendid distinction. Uncertain whether he might not have been somehow or other translated to a seat in the council of the gods, he rose up in his place, before the minister had made his appearance, and

gravely cried out to the assembled congregation, 'Good people! am I indeed a *mortal man?*'

THE FALL OF ADAM.

In the village of Newhaven, there lived a fisherman of the name of Adam L—, who, upon the birth of his first child, called upon Dr Johnston, the late worthy minister of the parish, who, as is usual on such occasions, interrogated him about his religious knowledge, which was very slender indeed. This deficiency elicited a pretty severe reproof from the reverend doctor; and the next time he went on his parochial visitation to Newhaven, he left a Catechism in the house for their perusal, with instructions to get it by heart. The wife being again in the family way, occasioned sad forebodings to the poor fisher of the ordeal he was to pass through. In the meantime, another parochial visitation took place; and, after visiting the one side of the street, intimation was given the day before, that to-morrow the minister would visit the other. This intelligence horrified Adam; the idea of being questioned upon his religious acquirements struck him with terror. The day the visitation took place, Adam constantly kept the other side of the causeway; but, unluckily falling in with some companions, got so drunk, that after several falls, he was carried home and put to bed. Upon the minister calling he inquired of Jenny the wife for her husband, who, to excuse his not appearing, said he was at the fishing. The doctor then asked her if she had read with care the Catechism he left with her the last visit, and how she had improved in knowledge. 'Ay hae I, I've read it mony a

time,' was the answer. 'Weel, Jenny,' says the minister, 'what was the cause of Adam's fall?' 'Clashin' neighbours, sir,' says Jenny. 'Sin, Jenny,' quoth the doctor, 'was the cause of Adam's fall.' 'It's no true, sir, it was sin nane—it was drink,' replied Jenny; and calling to her husband, 'Adam, ye may as weel rise; he kens a' about it; the clashin' deevils o' neighbours hae tauld a'.' Immediately the poor fisherman appeared on the floor, to the no small astonishment of the doctor.

VOLUNTEER COURAGE.

In an Edinburgh newspaper, of the 9th of July 1796, was the following paragraph:—'An indictment has been preferred before the Sheriff against a *breeches maker*, for a violent assault on *three* of the *Royal Edinburgh* volunteers.'

THOMSON THE POET.

When the first edition of the *Seasons* came out, the poet sent a copy, handsomely bound, to Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto, afterwards Lord Justice-Clerk, who had shown the poet great kindness. Sir Gilbert showed the book to his gardener, a relation of James Thomson, who took it into his hands, and turning it over and over, and gazing on it with admiration, Sir Gilbert said to him, 'Weel, David, what do you think of your friend James Thomson now? There's a book will make him famous all the world over, and immortalise his name.' David, looking now at Sir Gilbert, and then at the book, said, 'In troth, sir, it *is* a grand book; I didna think the lad had ingenuity enough to hae done sic a neat piece o' handicraft.'

A BLACK PUDDING.

A country woman, who was very anxious to hear a certain clergyman preach, at some distance from her place of residence, put a black pudding into her bosom to serve as a refreshment. The clergyman, happening to preach on our darling sins, used the expression so often, 'Pull them out of your bosom,' that the woman, in a pet, pulled out the pudding and threw it at him, saying, 'There, tak it; what need for makin' a' this noise about a bit black puddin'?'

DEFINITION OF LOVE.

At a parochial examination, the minister asked a sort of half-crazy woman what love was, which the string of his former questions led him to. 'What's love, Nanny?' 'Hoot fye, sir,' says Nanny, 'dinna speer sic daft-like questions as that, when I'm sure ye ken that love's joost an unco *fykiness* i' mind; an' what mair can me or ony other body say about it?'

GOING TO RAMOTH GILEAD.

A sailor, who had served the king so long at sea that he almost forgot the usages of civilised society on shore, went one day into the church at his native town of Kirkcaldy, in Fife, where it happened that the minister chose for his text the well-known passage, 'Who will go up with us to Ramoth Gilead?' This emphatic appeal being read a second time, and in a still more impressive tone of voice, the thoughtless tar crammed a quid of tobacco into his cheek, rose up, put on his hat; then, looking around him, and seeing nobody moving, he exclaimed, 'You cowardly lub-

bers! will none of you go with the old gentleman? Damn my eyes, I'll go for one.' So out he went, giving three cheers at the door, to the amazement of all present.

ANECDOTE OF THE CELEBRATED MR RALPH ERSKINE, THE FATHER OF THE SCOTTISH SECESSION.

The only amusement in which this celebrated man indulged was playing on the violin. He was so great a proficient on this instrument, and so often beguiled his leisure hours with it, that the people of Dunfermline believed he composed his sermons to its tones, as a poet writes a song to a particular air. They also tell the following traditionary anecdote connected with the subject:—A poor man, in one of the neighbouring parishes, having a child to baptise, resolved not to employ his own clergyman, with whom he was at issue on certain points of doctrine, but to have the office performed by some minister of whose tenets fame gave a better report. With the child in his arms, therefore, and attended by the full complement of old and young women who usually minister on such occasions, he proceeded to the manse of ——, some miles off (not that of Mr Erskine), where he inquired if the clergyman was at home. 'Na; he's no at hame ye noo,' answered the servant lass; 'he's doon the burn fishing: but I can soon cry him in.' 'Ye needna gie yoursel the trouble,' replied the man, quite shocked at this account of the minister's habits; 'nane o' your fishin' ministers shall bapteeze my bairn.' Off he then trudged, followed by his whole train, to the residence of another parochial clergyman, at the distance of

some miles. Here, on his inquiring if the minister was at home, the lass answered, ''Deed, he's no at hame the day; he's been oot since sax i' the mornin' at the shootin'. Ye needna wait, neither; for he'll be sae made-out' (fatigued) 'when he comes back, that he'll no be able to say boo to a calf, let-a-be kirsen a wean!' 'Wait, lassie!' cried the man, in a tone of indignant scorn; 'wad I wait, d'ye think, to haud up my bairn before a minister that gangs oot at sax i' the mornin' to shoot God's creatures? I'll awa doon to gude Mr Erskine at Dunfermline; and he'll be neither oot at the fishin' nor shootin', I think.' The whole baptismal train then set off for Dunfermline, sure that the father of the Secession, although not now a placed minister, would at least be engaged in no unclerical sports, to incapacitate him for performing the sacred ordinance in question. On their arriving, however, at the house of the clergyman, which they did not do till late in the evening, the man, on rapping at the door, anticipated that he would not be at home any more than his brethren, as he heard the strains of a fiddle proceeding from the upper chamber. 'The minister 'ill no be at hame,' he said with a sly smile to the girl who came to the door, 'or your lad (sweetheart) wadna be playin' that gate t'ye on the fiddle.' 'The minister *is* at hame,' quoth the girl, 'mair by token it's himsel that's playin', honest man: he aye takes a tune at night, before gangin to bed. Faith, there's nae lad o' mine can play that gate: it wad be something to tell if ony o' them could.' '*That* the minister playing!' cried the man, in a degree of astonishment and horror far transcending what he had expressed on

either of the former occasions. 'If *he* does this, what may the rest no do! Weel, I fairly gie them up a'thegither. I have travelled this haill day in search o' a godly minister, and never man met wi' mair disappointment in a day's journey. I'll tell ye what, gudewife,' he added, turning to the disconsolate party behind, 'we'll just awa back to our ain minister after a'! He's no a'thegither sound, it's true; but, let him be what he likes in doctrine, deil hae me if ever I kenned him fish, shoot, or play on the fiddle a' his days!'

IMPLICIT FAITH.

The celebrated Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, to his other qualities, added the most inordinate vanity. In 1736, he erected a monument (still extant) in the old church of Kirkhill, within a few miles of Castle Dounie, to the memory of his father, in which he took occasion to say of himself, that 'both at home and abroad, by his eminent actions in the war and the state, he had acquired great honours and reputation.' Sir Robert Munro, who fell at Falkirk, being on a visit to Lord Lovat, they went together to view this monument. Sir Robert upon reading the inscription, in a free manner, said, 'Simon, how the devil came you to put up such boasting romantic stuff?' To which the wary Jacobite replied, 'The monument and inscription are chiefly for the Frasers, who must believe whatever I, their chief, require of them, and their posterity will think it as true as the gospel.'

DUKE OF ARGYLL.

John, Duke of Argyll, having been with some ladies

in the opera-house in London, an English squire, puffing, blowing, and sweating, entered the box in which they were seated, with his hunting boots on, and whip in hand. The Duke instantly rose up, and making a low bow, exclaimed, 'Sir, I am very much obliged to you.' 'Oh! why?—how?—for what?' '*For not bringing your horse here.*'

AMOR PATRIÆ.

A gentleman from the Highlands of Scotland, attended by his trusty servant Donald, a native of the wild and mountainous district of Lochaber in Inverness-shire, when travelling through the fertile and delightful plains of Italy, asked Donald what he would do if he possessed an estate there? Donald instantly replied, 'Please your honour, I would sell him, and buy an estate in Lochaber!'

POOR MAN OF MUTTON.

A leg of mutton, in its last stage of scraggism, is sometimes (in Scotland) devilled, or otherwise prepared for the table, and then bears the familiar title of 'a poor man of mutton,' or more briefly, 'a poor man.' It is related by Dr Jamieson, in his Dictionary, that a Scotch nobleman entering an inn at London, after a long journey, and being asked by the landlord what he would please to have, answered with a yawn, 'I daresay I could take a bit of a poor man.' 'A bit of what?' inquired the landlord. 'A bit of a poor man,' repeated his lordship. 'The Lord have a care of my poor soul!' cried mine host, and made but one step from the top of the stair to the bottom; nor could he

he prevailed upon, till the phrase was explained by the nobleman's valet, to make his appearance again in the parlour.

THE BLACK BITCH.

Dr Jamieson, in his elaborate and most amusing Lexicon, tells a similar story regarding the misapprehension of another familiar Scotch phrase. It used to be no uncommon thing, it seems, for millers to have a small bag, which they hung underneath a hole in the channel through which the meal runs ; by which means they, as it were, cut the throat of any bag of grain submitted to their hands, and enriched themselves at the expense of their customers. This bag was metaphorically and commonly entitled 'The Black Bitch.' One day, a miller in the south of Scotland, being in terms with a landed proprietor for the lease of a mill, and complaining that the stated rent was too high, 'Oh,' said a legal gentleman who was to draw the lease, 'you will make it all up with the Black Bitch.' 'Black Bitch!' cried the proprietor of the mill, not alarmed at the prospect of his tenants suffering from the species of robbery described, but at the idea that his new miller was a poacher, 'if you keep a sporting dog, I will have nothing to do with you.' And it was not till after a good deal of explanation that this stickler for the preservation of game could be persuaded to complete the negotiation.

HARD TERMS.

A Fife clergyman, of very gentle disposition, one Sunday came upon a pair of Borrowstownness colliers,

who had come over the Firth of Forth, and made a piratical descent upon one of his bean-fields. Disposed to take pacific measures with the offenders, the worthy man began to represent to them, in the first place, the sin of thus violating the sanctity of the Sabbath ; in the second, the wickedness of destroying so much of his property while in an unripe state, and when it could be of so little service to themselves, 'Stay,' he entreated, 'till the beans are ripe, and, if you will not steal any before that time, I shall willingly give you a whole peck as a sort of reward for your patience and honesty.' 'A peck!' cried one of the wretches, in a tone of mingled astonishment and scorn ; 'a peck ! Lord, man, we wadna tak your bow!' (We would not take a boll as the purchase of our honesty.)

JOKES OF THE JACOBITES.

[This celebrated party exhibited, at least so far as Scotland was concerned, all that propensity to wit and sarcasm which generally characterises a depressed faction, who dare not well appear either in arms or in letters. They had, indeed, a sort of armoury of jests, which they used in defect of better weapons, as a means of annoying the enemy ; while many possessed a genuine talent for *impromptu repartee.* It is hoped that the following specimens of their wit and humour will be esteemed worthy of the space they occupy, — if not, in all cases, for the success of the sally, at least as commemorating the moral peculiarities of a party, formerly important, but now completely extinct. The specimens are, almost to a joke, original.]

NEW WARK AND AULD WARK.

The old Presbyterian General, David Leslie, it is well known, chose, at the Restoration, to repent of all the deeds of his youth, and express himself a sound and zealous Loyalist. Charles II., it is also well known, made him a peer, under the title of Lord Newark. A Loyalist of older standing, and who had, perhaps, experienced some sound blows from Leslie's troopers in his younger days, is said to have remonstrated with the King upon a proceeding which showed so much disrespect for his old friends. 'By my soul,' said this

bold cavalier, 'instead o' raising him to the peerage for his new wark, there wad hae been mair justice if your Majesty had raised him to the gallows for his auld wark.'

EARL OF R—.

The Earl of R—, eighty years ago, was so weak in his mind, or rather so unmanageable, that his relations had to confine him in the Canongate Jail,—there being then no other asylum for the reception of lunatics at Edinburgh. Some English officers, belonging to the Duke of Cumberland's army, happening to visit the prison, and being informed that it had no less distinguished a tenant than an Earl, asked his lordship, in much surprise, how he got into such a place as this? ''Deed, gentlemen,' replied the lunatic, whose mind, like that of other idiots, occasionally gave forth strange flashes of wit, as the darkest nights are illuminated by the brightest lightning. 'I got in here in somewhat the same manner that you got into the army,—less by my ain deserts than by the interest of my friends.'

His lordship, being brother-in-law to Lord Lovat, was suspected of Jacobitism, and, after the Highland army had gone to England, was examined, on that account, by some of the State officers. On its being imputed to him that he had wished well to the rebels while they remained in Edinburgh,—'*Me!*' he cried, '*me* wish them weel! a pack o' nasty, lousy, low-lifed scoundrels,—as I tell'd them they were,—that wad never do ony gude in this world, but gang to the next on

a widdy.' 'How?' cried the examinators, 'did you really tell them so, my Lord?' 'That I did,' said the Earl; 'only I loot them be twa mile awa first.'

BARE-FACED REBELLION.

The Hon. Andrew Erskine, wit and poet, was, like his brother, the musical Earl of Kelly, an enthusiastic Jacobite. He was one night in a miscellaneous com pany at Edinburgh, when a Whig lady began to inveigh, with great bitterness, against the principles which had urged, and the men who had acted, in the late insurrection. It was then the customary cant of the House of Commons, and of the well-affected part of the nation at large, to call Prince Charles's campaign, 'that wicked and unnatural rebellion.' But this lady, with still greater absurdity, termed it not only wicked and unnatural, but also a *bare*-faced rebellion. After she had several times come over the epithet 'bare-faced,' Mr Erskine edged his chair towards her a little, and speaking sideways, in his peculiar and sly manner, said,—'I dinna pretend, madam, to see how it can well be ca'd a bare-*faced* rebellion; but weel I wat, I'm sure it was a bare-*doupit* ane!'—alluding to the dress of the Highlanders.

NOT OUR LAWFUL SOVEREIGN.

An English regiment, stationed at Peterhead not long after the Rebellion of 1745, received such polite attentions from the inhabitants, that the colonel determined, by way of expressing his gratitude, to invite the principal inhabitants to dinner. Among those selected for invitation was Bishop Dunbar; but some one, on

being told so by the colonel, remarked, that that person was only a Scotch Bishop, and perhaps unworthy of the honour he designed to confer upon him. 'Oh, never mind that,' cried the Englishman, 'my father was a bishop, and I respect the title, by whatever countryman it may be borne.' Not satisfied with this, he called upon the Bishop in person, and requested, in very respectful terms, the honour of his company. The Bishop, who was a man of a very modest and retired mode of life, desired to be excused, on the plea of his age and infirmities; and also represented to the colonel, that, as his principles forbade him to join in certain public toasts, it would perhaps be just as agreeable to all parties that he should not attend. The colonel would by no means listen to any excuses; and, at last, succeeded in obtaining the old man's consent, though not before he had promised, that no toast should be given at all calculated to offend the feelings of the guest. At dinner everything proceeded well; but on 'The King' being given, after the withdrawal of the cloth, and the Bishop drinking it with the preliminary addition of the word 'rightful,' a cornet swore a violent oath, and exclaimed, 'That is not King George, sir.' 'I take you all to witness,' said the old clergyman, placidly, but with triumph beaming in his eye; 'this young gentleman says, King George is not our rightful sovereign!' This good thing was hailed by a burst of laughter, at the cornet's expense.

MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

A coach horse belonging to President Dalrymple, whose share in this odious transaction is well known,

happening to *hang itself*, as the stable phrase goes, in the stall, an old testy coachman, of the name of John, was deputed from the stable to acquaint his lordship with the fact. The President, unable to comprehend how the animal should have accomplished its own death, and perhaps suspicious of negligence on the part of its attendants, questioned the man a good deal as to the manner of the accident; the great burden of his inquiries being,—'But how, John, should the horse have hanged himself?' Quite out of patience with so many frivolous questions, John at length exclaimed,—'It certainly *is* a strange thing, my Lord, that the puir beast should hae hanged himsel: I'm sure he had nae-thing to do wi' either the Revolution * or the Massacre o' Glenco!' †

* The Revolution was, of course, an unfailing subject of rage and ridicule among the Jacobites. We have heard, that, soon after it happened, an adherent of the expatriated king, resident at Edinburgh, expressed his opinion of its consequences, by constructing a house clock, in which the *indices* moved backwards, and the dial-plate was put at the bottom instead of the top. This he called a *Revolution Clock*, and it was visited and laughed at by thousands of curious persons. It was sold within the memory of an old friend of our informant, for a large sum, at an auction of the ingenious mechanist's effects. The purchaser was a zealous Jacobite.

† John seems to have been not only a Jacobite, but one of that old-fashioned description of servants, who had been so long in their master's service, that they could take any liberty without fear of dismissal. About sixty or seventy years ago, when the relation of master and servant was of this sort, and not the mere matter of *quid pro quo* which it now is, Mr Erskine of Dun, a gentleman of Angus, had an ancient valet, named Gabriel, whose petulance and licence of speech went so far as to be almost intolerable. One day, as Dun was sitting at dinner, and conversing

JONAH THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN.

There lived, about the beginning of the last century, an Episcopalian clergyman of the name of Robert Calder, who was considered an extraordinary wit, and who, at least, must be allowed to have used very extraordinary expressions. He published a *jeu-a'esprit* under the form of a catechism, in which a person is made to ask, 'Who was the first Presbyterian?' The answer is, 'Jonah.' 'How do ye make Jonah out to have been the first Presbyterian?' is again asked. 'Why,' answers the other, 'because the Lord wanted him to gang east, and he gaed wast!'

PRESBYTERIANS PROVED TO BE CHRISTIANS.

At another place, it is asked, 'Are the Presbyterians Christians?' The answer is, 'Yes.' 'How do you make them out to be Christians?' is again asked.—Answer: 'Because they love their enemies.' Question again: 'Who are the enemies they love?' Answer: 'The Devil, the World, and the Flesh!'

SARCASM AT SIR GILBERT ELLIOT OF MINTO.

The same person, at a particular occurrence of Whitsuntide, during the reign of Queen Anne, was preaching upon the subject so commonly handled at

with a mixed company of friends, Gabriel took the liberty of calling something which he said, 'a great lee.' 'Well,' said the laird, really offended, and rising from the table, 'this will do no longer, Gabriel—we must part at last.' 'Hoot toot, laird,' said Gabriel, pressing his master again into his chair, 'whare wad your honour be better than in your ain house?' not conceiving the possibility of *his* being the moving party

that time, the influence of the Holy Spirit. He had, like many of his brethren and party, a strong ill-will to Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto, who, by political dexterity and great parsimony, had attained a large fortune, and who must certainly be allowed to have merited very little friendship from the Jacobites. By way of a wipe at the talents which Sir Gilbert displayed for the acquisition of money, Calder introduced this strange expression into his sermon, 'I'll tell ye what, my friends, if the Holy Spirit had consisted in gude goold doubloons, it wad ha' been a' clinking by this time in Gibbie Elliot's pouch.'

CARNEGY OF BALNAMOON.

It was the custom of old Balnamoon, instead of going to church, which he could not do with good conscience, to read prayers every Sunday to his family at home. One Sunday, a gentleman of his acquaintance happened to call upon him, along with a friend, who came from a lowland part of the country, and who was at once unacquainted with the manners of the Braes of Angus, and with Balnamoon's character. As it was early in the forenoon, Balnamoon invited the two gentleman to stay and dine with him; which invitation being accepted, they, as a matter of course, joined in the devotional exercises of the family. Balnamoon himself read out the whole regular service of the Episcopal Church, in such a style as impressed the stranger with a high sense of his piety; and, as the two were afterwards taking a walk near the house before dinner, the low-country gentleman could not help expressing his sense of the impression which

Balnamoon had made upon him to his friend, who, anticipating a joke, did not attempt to undeceive him. It was Balnamoon's custom, although he was generally temperate, never to permit a guest to escape from table till he was thoroughly drunk. He was a landlord of the right old stamp, and in particular of that stamp which prevailed to so remarkable a degree in the Braes of Angus. If anybody could dine with him, and afterwards muster legs to crawl to bed, it was a perfect wonder. The general case was, that the whole had to be transported to their bedrooms, on the backs of servants, in a state of utter insensibility. And all this, although Balnamoon was so devout as to read prayers regularly every Sunday. The lowland gentleman approaching his table with such a high sense of his piety, it may be conceived how much he was surprised next morning, when he recollected that he had fallen asleep on his chair from utter intoxication, while Balnamoon and his friend were sitting in a condition little short of his own; that, in fact, the whole party had spent the evening in a most riotous debauch. His surprise was beyond bounds, and he began to entertain a very strange idea of the inconsistency of character which his host had displayed; acting the part of a clergyman in the forenoon, and before night playing that of a thorough Bacchanal. His friend guessed what was passing in his mind; and after they had taken leave of their singular host in the forenoon, he asked what was his opinion of the Laird of Balnamoon. 'Why, really,' said the perplexed Lowlander, 'sic a speat o' prayin', and sic a speat o' drinkin', I never knew in the whole course of my life.'

It was Balnamoon's custom, when out drinking at a friend's house, only to go home in case that he was able to sit upon his horse. If, when brought out and planted on horseback, he at once tumbled off, he remained all night where he was; but, if he still preserved sufficient strength to enable him to sit upright, or even to hold by the mane, he trotted off. On such occasions, he was always attended by a faithful old man-servant, who rode behind him, and observed that he did not drop himself by the way. One night, as the loving pair were going home in this way, Balnamoon tumbled off into a bog, from which it required unusual efforts on the part of John to extricate him. When he was fished out, a new difficulty arose,—he had lost his wig. John immediately began an elaborate search through the neighbouring quagmires for Balnamoon's wig; and at last he was so fortunate as to find it. He instantly clapped it at random upon his master's head, and, as it afterwards appeared, with the back part foremost. He was then proceeding to mount his own horse, in order to pursue the way home, when Balnamoon's voice was heard faintly to exclaim through the dripping curls which hung round his face, 'Oh John, man, this is surely no my wig; for it does na fit me ava.' 'Deil care, Bonnymoon,' cried John; 'ye maun just be content wi' what ye've got. *There's nae wale o' wigs here;*' an expression which has since become proverbial in the country.

A QUEEN IN THE TOLBOOTH.

It may be seen from the popular song entitled, 'The wee, wee German Lairdie,' with how much contempt

the Jacobites beheld the first prince of the Brunswick dynasty. Unfortunately, his majesty's domestic circumstances supplied them with an incident which gave ample scope to their satire. This was the alleged infidelity of his consort, who, on account of a supposed intrigue with a German count, was said, at the period of King George's accession, to be suffering imprisonment in one of his foreign castles. The frequent allusions to this affair in their songs, go far to induce a supposition that they almost revenged, by its means, the absurd, but annoying, state fiction which asserted their own King to be a supposititious child. They have been heard to relate, with peculiar satisfaction, a remark which an Aberdeen magistrate is said to have made upon King's George's consort. At the first occurrence of the King's birth-day, after his accession, the public functionaries of this ancient city being assembled to drink his health, one of them, who, it appeared, was ignorant of the domestic history of the royal family, rose up and asked, in his peculiar dialect, 'Phat was to hinder them to drink the Queen's health tee?' 'Hoot, awa, man,' replied the Provost, pulling him back into his seat, '*she's i' the Towbeeth!*'

CONTEMPT OF HANOVER.

The smallness and unimportance of George the First's paternal dominions, as compared with the great empire to which he acceded, was an unfailing subject of ridicule with the Jacobites. They actually appear to have considered Hanover as little better than what their songs metaphorically represent it to have been, —a mere farm, or lairdship. The late Mr Moir of

Leckie, in Stirlingshire, an enthusiastic Jacobite, and who had succeeded to that estate by marriage, used to take a most ingenious way of expressing his contempt for the Electorate. In showing his grounds to people of his own way of thinking, he used to point out from a prominent situation a little farm at the distance of several miles, which had formed his patrimony, and from which he had removed on his marriage with the heiress of Leckie. 'Now, gentleman,' he would say, 'these lands which you have just seen form my chief dominions. Yon wee bit over bye, that ye can scarcely see—it's sae little—yon is my Hanover.'

This contempt of Hanover amounted, in some individuals, to a perfect loathing or horror for the very word: and some amusing anecdotes are told of their irritability on this particular. In the house of a Jacobite family in Fife, the conversation turned one night on a strange deformed dwarf which was then exhibited at Edinburgh, and which was said to have come from Germany. 'Whaur did ye say it comes frae?' cried a deaf old gentlewoman of peculiarly acrimonious feelings, who had heard the conversation but imperfectly, but whose ears were startled at a word which suggested so many disagreeable associations. The word was repeated to her by some person present; on which her face darkened into a frown of horror and disgust, and she turned away, exclaiming, 'Germany! I daur say that's the native kintra o' a kinds o' monsters.'

The late Mr Gladstanes of Whitelaw, who died a number of years ago at Hawick, in Roxburghshire,

appears to have been impressed to an uncommon degree with this antipathy to Hanover. He had been an officer in the army of Prince Charles, and was, both by birth and manners, a gentleman. The sourness of disappointed political feeling being added in his latter years to the pain arising from rheumatism and ague, with which he was simultaneously afflicted, there never was perhaps a better specimen of the testy old Jacobite. He could never, during his whole life, hear any one pronounce the words, '*King* George,' without expressing the keenest indignation. Even when worn to the bone by disease, and obliged to go upon crutches, he still maintained a system of uncompromising hostility against the reigning monarch and all his adherents. He even contrived to make his ailments in some measure an excuse for expressing his sentiments upon that subject. The east wind acquired all that peculiar virulence, which enabled it to distress him so severely, *by blowing over Hanover.* When asked how he did, he would answer, with an air of bitter agony, 'Oh, very well, would these damned Hanoverian winds but let me alone!' or else, 'Why, sir, but poorly; these cruel east winds have confined me to bed for a fortnight: can any good thing come out of Nazareth?' At another time, his answer would be, 'Oh, sir, I have been in bed for upwards of a month; that ominous weathercock has been pointing to Hanover all that time, and my rheumatism has been pointing to the churchyard: they will finish me between them, I believe, before Christmas.'

THE JACOBITE POET, MESTON.

Soon after the accession of King George the First,

Meston, an Aberdeenshire poet, whose works are by no means destitute of talent, and who was a man of such learning that he would have been appointed to a chair in the Marischal College, but for the attainder of his pupil and patron, the Earl of Marischal, was induced to take up his residence in the manse of a clergyman of the Established Church, who had been his school-fellow, and who pitied the condition to which a change of times had reduced him. The only stipulation which poor Meston made, previously to accepting his friend's kindness, was, that the name of the reigning sovereign should never be mentioned in his presence, more especially in the family prayers, which his host gave every night before retiring to rest. For about a fortnight this treaty was scrupulously observed, but, at last, the clergyman one night forgot it, and prayed with his customary fervour for the proscribed king. Meston took no notice at the time; but next morning was found by his host in the act of packing up his clothes, and about to leave the house. 'What, what's the matter?' hastily inquired the minister. Meston reminded him that he had broke faith, and declared his intention of instantly quitting a house where his ears had been so shamefully insulted. The minister used all his eloquence to procure the testy poet's forgiveness; and at last, with great difficulty, and many promises of circumspection for the future, prevailed upon him to relax at once his knapsack and his anger, and consent to remain where he was. When the altercation was concluded, the poet turned upon his friend, with a smiling countenance, and characteristically remarked, 'Really, after a', Sandy, the prayer

was but a little matter to me ; for, to tell ye the plain truth, a' the time ye was invoking blessings, I was praying "Deil swarbit on him!"' *Deil swarbit* is a bitter execration, peculiar to Buchan, Meston's native district.

CUMBERLAND, THE BUTCHER.

At a meeting of the Fife Justices of the Peace at Colinsburgh, soon after the Forty-five, a Whig gentleman gave the Duke of Cumberland as a toast. A Jacobite gentleman present, David Beatoun, of Kilconquhar, being asked to give a toast, proposed one Sibbald, a butcher in Colinsburgh. This gave great offence to many of the company, but especially to the Whig, who absolutely refused the toast, saying he would rather do anything than drink the health of a low tradesman. 'Sir,' said Kilconquhar, sternly, 'I've drunk your butcher ; you'll either drink mine, or consent to be put over the window.'

HAMILTON OF KILBRACKMONT.

Robert Hamilton of Kilbrackmont, in Fife, who died about thirty years ago, was another of these 'good haters.' He was one day paying a visit to Thirdpart House, in the east of Fife, where the Honourable Misses Murray, daughters of Viscount Stormont, and sisters of the Earl of Mansfield, resided,—ladies who had originally been enthusiastic Jacobites (insomuch that one of them *made down* Prince Charles's bed, in her father's house at Perth, with her own hands), but who now considered it necessary to treat with respect

the sovereign under whom their brother bore so distinguished an office. The room was hung with pictures of the royal family, which had been sent to them by their illustrious kinsman; and Miss Nicky could not help pointing out these conspicuous ornaments to Mr Hamilton. Some conversation ensued regarding them, during which she frequently termed the originals 'the people above.' Kilbrackmont, at length tired beyond all patience by the nature of the conversation, and, in particular, by hearing that adulatory phrase so often repeated, burst out with, 'People *above*, Miss Nicky! What the deil wad I care though they were a' up the lum?' and flung out of the room in an agony of Jacobite passion.

Old Kilbrackmont is said to have been a complete specimen of the ancient Jacobite humorist. He had been out at the Forty-five, and, by a long course of hard living, the result, probably, of disappointed hopes, personal and political, became latterly very poor. Such, however, was the natural buoyancy of his spirits, that in no circumstances did he ever lose the power of creating or enjoying a joke. He was one night lying in his old, solitary, half-desolate mansion-house, when a band of youthful depredators entered by the window and began to rummage for spoil through a dilapidated chest of drawers which stood in his bedroom. The good old man, not in the least degree alarmed about his property, leaned quietly over the bed, and addressed the robbers in these words:—'Haud ye busy, lads! Haud ye busy! An ye find onything there i' the dark, it's mair than I can do in daylicht.'

Towards the end of his life, he had so completely exhausted all his resources, that he was at last obliged to fell a few trees which surrounded his house, in order to procure the means of what he called 'day and way;' that is, daily subsistence. Before the sale commenced, some friends who had assembled to make purchases, advised that he should 'bring out a few bottles of brandy, to encourage the multitude to bid briskly.' 'Lord have a care o' your daft heads!' was the unfortunate Kilbrackmont's affecting reply; 'if I had twa or three bottles o' brandy, d'ye think I wad sell my trees?'

PRINCE CHARLES.

It has been often asserted, that Prince Charles was by no means the romantic being, the great soldier, or the exalted character, which the nature of his adventures, and the partiality of his political partisans have led the world to suppose. The following anecdote, derived from a grandson of the chieftain mentioned in it, rather tends to confirm the assertion than otherwise:—

Immediately after the Prince had fixed his headquarters at Holyrood House, and before he had yet fought the battle of Prestonpans, Grant of Glenmorriston, proprietor of a considerable estate in the Highlands, and head of a sept of the Grants, arrived in great haste at Edinburgh, with an hundred and thirty retainers, who, like himself, were determined to live or die with their prince. With the characteristic ardour of his countrymen, this brave man had made all the haste he could in marching towards the insurgent camp,

anxious, it might be, to partake in the blows which were expected soon to fall betwixt the Highlanders and Cope's army. He had that morning made a long march through Fife, crossed the Firth of Forth at Kinghorn, and immediately hasted up from Leith to Holyrood House, to present his sword, his troth, and his little band of clansmen to the prince of his heart. Perhaps his personal appearance, after such a march, was not exactly such as might have suited the air of a legitimate and gazettable court; but, in that of Prince Charles Stuart, an adventurer, who might as yet be supposed anxious rather to see men than clothes, he never imagined that any objection would be made to him on that account. Without waiting a moment in the court-yard, except to draw up his men in rank, he rushed upstairs, hastily commanded his name to be announced, and at once entered the presence-chamber. Charles went up to embrace him; but, on seeing his travel-worn appearance, started back, and contented himself with suggesting that Glenmorriston should *retire and trim his beard.* The pride of the Highlander was at once roused by this unfortunate expression, which, to say the least of it, was unworthy the leader of such an army, though, perhaps, excusable as only the unpremeditated remark of a very young man. He turned about, as he left the room, and surveying the prince's youthful and handsome face with an air of mingled scorn and vexation, exclaimed, 'Beard! Let me tell your Royal Highness, it is not beardless boys who are to do your business.'

EQUIVOCAL CLEMENCY.

Perhaps one of the best sarcasms ever uttered by

any Jacobite against the family which had pushed the Stuarts from their stools, was said to have been pronounced by the old Laird of Mackinnon, in the presence of majesty itself. This venerable person, for his concern in the escape of Prince Charles from Skye, was confined for a long time subsequent to the year 1746, in a messenger's house at London, along with Flora Macdonald, and other persons of equivocal criminality. There is a legend among the relics of the Jacobite party, that the King, when about to order the liberation of these individuals, condescended to see them in person, conversed with them for some time, and finally gave the order from his own mouth which restored them to freedom. According to this tradition, his Majesty took the prisoners seriously, but good-humouredly to task, regarding their preposterous attachment to 'the Pretender;' and, after pointing out to them the injury which they had done to their country and to himself, he put this case to old Mackinnon: 'Supposing that you were King George and I the Laird of Mackinnon, and that, after having acted in a way so contrary to your interests, I had fallen into your power, as you have now fallen into mine, what would you, as King George, have done to me, as Mackinnon?' 'Indeed, sir,' said the old Islesman, with admirable readiness, 'I would just have done as I now wish you to do by me,—I would have sent you back to *your own country* again.'

A JACOBITE EPIGRAM.

It was formerly a custom of the magistrates of Edinburgh, on the king's birth-day, to erect a stage, or

theatre, as it was called, at the Cross, upon which they assembled, and, in solemn style, drank his majesty's health. During the performance of this ceremony, in the year 1748, it happened that there came on a dreadful thunder-storm, which compelled the company to make a hasty retreat into one of the neighbouring houses, where they remained till the air again became clear. On their returning to complete the interrupted solemnity, it was found that the rain, in their absence, had dabbled all the wine out of their glasses, leaving only water behind. Upon this incident, a Jacobite wrote an epigram, the first stanza of which recounted the miracle of the water converted into wine at the marriage of Cana, and the second proceeded thus :—

'But when, to drink great Brunswick's health,
Our tribunes mounted *le theatre*,
Heaven would not countenance their mirth,
But turned their claret into water.'

LORD NAIRN.

Lord Nairn took refuge, after the Forty-five, in some small French town where there was no other Scotsman but himself. Having been all his life accustomed to the deep drinking of his native country, and now requiring more than ever perhaps to amuse himself by that means, he took very ill with the sobriety of the French, none of whom he could ever prevail upon to sit a single moment after dinner. At last, it fortunately happened that a few more of his unhappy countrymen came to reside at the same place, and supplied him with company to his mind. The first day they dined together his lordship felt quite in

ecstasy, and, on handing the bottle down the table to his friends, said, 'I canna express to ye, gentlemen, the satisfaction I feel in ance mair getting some men o' sense aboot me, after being plagued for a twelvemonth wi' a set o' fools, nae better than brute beasts, that winna drink mair than what serves them.'

POLITICAL PRUDENCE.

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

LIBERALITY.

An Episcopalian lady at Alloa had a Presbyterian husband, on whose death she applied to her own clergyman to have the burial service read over him, He refused to do so; which being reported to old Skinner the poet, he remarked,—'Hoot, sic a stiff ass! If it had been me, I wad hae said, "Aye the mae the merrier."'

A similar anecdote is told of a Jacobite gentleman, of the name of Cochrane, who, being applied to for permission to take a stone from his quarry, near Falkirk, to serve as a headstone for Sir Robert Monro of Foulis, answered,—'Od, I'll gie ye heidstanes for them a', an ye like;' meaning all Sir Robert's party.

TASTE IN PICKLES.

Lord Sinclair (the elder brother of General Sinclair, who, while abroad as an ambassador, employed David

Hume as his secretary) had been out in *the Fifteen*, but was afterwards restored to his estates, though not without finding his fortune greatly embarrassed. In order to pay off his debts, he lived in a very economical style at Dysart, in Fife, where the family residence of the Sinclairs is yet to be seen. He also carried on a large manufactory of salt at Dysart. One day a neighbouring gentleman, a great gourmand, came to be entertained at his meagre and economical table. During dinner, this person entered into a long disquisition about pickles, in which he was a great connoisseur, while Lord Sinclair neither knew nor cared anything about them. Tired at last with the 'damnable iteration' of *pickles*, *pickles*, *pickles*, his lordship testily exclaimed, 'I'll tell ye what, Pitillock, I ken o' nae pickles like a *pickle saut*.'

PETER LOGIE.

Old Bonnymoon, as Mr Carnegy of Balnamoon was always called, used to tell a tale of a Peter Logie, a little man with a club-foot, who exercised so much agility in flying from Culloden, that he got home to the lowlands of Angus thirty-six hours before Bonnymoon himself, with all his legs. He was afterwards taken up, and questioned about his share in the Rebellion. 'Were you at Gladsmuir, sir?' 'Yes.' 'Were you at Falkirk?' 'Yes.' 'Were you at Culloden?' 'Yes.' 'And pray what station did you hold all that time in the rebel army?' 'I was his Royal Highness's dancing-master,' was the contemptuous reply. He was not executed, but survived to keep an inn upon one of the great north roads. A

Lady Grant happening to visit his house, was so much struck with his appearance, that her next child was born with a club-foot. But it had also a strange nose, or rather want of nose, which seemed to be derived from the father. That gentleman, next time he visited the house, took the liberty of upbraiding Peter with having given the child its awkward foot. 'Od, ye canna say I gae't its nose though,' said the unrespective Peter.

CLERICAL BAGPIPER.

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

HYPOCRITICAL HYPOCRISY.

Old Grant of Rothiemurchus was a devout Jacobite, though prudence would never permit him to declare

his principles openly. When Marshal Wade first came to put the Highlands into order, he thought he could not please one, who appeared so good a Whig, better than by honouring him pretty frequently with his company, even to the length of staying weeks in his house at a time. Rothie could not bear this, both hating the Hanoverian general, and grudging the expense which he occasioned. He at last resolved to get quit of the annoyance; and this was the plan he took: One day, when honoured with the General's company at dinner, he rose, after all had retired but themselves, and locking the dining-room door, with an appearance of great caution, came back to the table, and said,—'General, it's needless for you and me to play fause to ane another ony langer. We baith ken very weel what ane anither is in reality, whatever he may see fit to pretend. Sae, I propose that we now drink the health of King James the Eighth on our bended knees!' The General was not long in leaving the house, and he never more troubled Rothie with his company.

A CLERGYMAN CORRECTED.

A gentleman connected with the custom-house at Anstruther, whose name was David Rae, joined Prince Charles in the year 1745, was taken prisoner, tried, condemned, and hanged at Carlisle. The Rev. Mr Nairn, minister of the parish, very humanely called on the widow, and, for the pious purposes of consolation, stated, that the hand of God was evident in the dispensation. 'Na, na,' said the honest woman, 'there was nae hand in it but the deil's and the Duke o' Cumberland's.'

JACOBITE TOASTS.

An acquaintance of the editor remembers three old aunts of a violently Jacobite complexion, who met on the 10th of June every year, to celebrate the birth-day of the old Pretender. He was present at their orgies one year, and, after dinner, heard the mistress of the house give this toast:—

'Here's the king, oor *nain* king!'

The second old lady gave,—

'Here's to him that has the right,
And yet received the wrang,
Has five shillings in his pouch,
And yet he wants a crown.'

Lastly, the third, who was more enthusiastic in Jacobitism than the rest, gave the following:—

'Here's to him that's oot,
And no to him that pits him oot;
And deil turn a' their insides oot,
That disna drink this toast aboot.'

INGENIOUS EVASION.

The Jacobite lairds of Fife were once, on the occasion of an election, induced to sign the oath of abjuration in great numbers, in order to vote for a friend of their party. It was much against their conscience; but the case was such as to make them wink pretty hard. During the carousal which followed, Mr Balfour of Forrat, a Jacobite of the old stamp, began, to their great surprise, to inveigh against them as a set of perjured rascals, not remembering, apparently, that he had signed as well as the rest. They burst out with

one universal question: 'How can you speak this way, Forrat, since you are just as guilty as ony o' us?' 'That am I no,' said Forrat, with a triumphant air of innocence and waggery; 'look ye the list of oor names, and ye'll see the word *witness* at the end of mine. I just signed as witness to your perjury!'

RUNNING NOTES ON GILBERT BURNET.

An old Jacobite gentleman of Aberdeenshire was one day reading Burnet's Memoirs of his own Times, which he had just got into his hands for the first time. This was more than a century ago, and soon after the book had come out. He had not read much when he found matter to displease him, and at one passage he pointed his finger emphatically down upon the book, and, with an expressive bend of the person, exclaimed, 'That's a lee, Gibbie!' On he read, and presently coming to another passage of the same kind, burst out with, 'Ah, Gibbie, there's another!' On he still read, till coming to one much worse than the two former, he cried, with still higher emphasis, 'Weel, Gibbie, there's the warst o' a'!' By-and-by he alighted upon a passage of a nature infinitely more heinous than any of the rest, when, altogether losing patience, he cried out, 'Now, Gibbie, ye *ken* ye're leein' there; I'll read nae mair o' ye;' and he shut the book.

STEALING CANNON.

Soon after the battle of Falkirk, some Jacobite gentlemen, among whom Hamilton of Bangour was one, happened to be reading the official, or gazette

account of that conflict; which contains two strangely contradictory statements: First, that the royal army kept possession of the field; and, secondly, that they lost all their cannon. 'How the deil could that be?' said one gentleman to Mr Hamilton: 'Can ye divine, Bangour, how they baith cam to stay on the field and lose their cannon?' 'Deed,' answered the poet, 'it is a puzzling question; but I suppose the Hielandmen had *stown them.*'

A JACOBITE PHYSICIAN.

Hugo Arnot, himself a Jacobite, used to say of a certain Jacobite physician, who flourished in Edinburgh half a century ago, that he had slain more of his own party in a professional way, than the sword and gallows united.

FATE ASSIGNED BY THE JACOBITES TO GILBERT BURNET.

Charles Wightman, who had originally been *gentleman* to the Earl of Kelly, and who was, as a matter of course, an intense Jacobite, spent the latter and leisure years of his life at Anstruther, in Fife. To show how completely the children of such persons become impregnated with the same spirit, it is told that the minister of Anstruther, one day calling upon the family when one of the children was unwell, the first words he heard on entering the room were, 'Gibbie Burnet's hinging in hell by the ee-brees,' which the boy was rhyming over in his bed, by way of amusing himself.

DR PITCAIRNE.

On one occasion the infant child of Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh, being seized with a dangerous disorder, was attended by a Dr Eccles, who was at that early period considered the best physician in Edinburgh. As, however, the disease did not appear to be giving way under his applications, it was proposed to call in additional advice, and Dr Pitcairne, then a young and comparatively unknown practitioner, was mentioned. Dr Eccles hinted his fear that Dr Pitcairne could not be prevailed on to join him in a consultation, as there was a strong ill will betwixt them. It was nevertheless resolved to apply to Dr Pitcairne, and a person was sent to state the case, and inquire if he would visit the patient under the circumstances mentioned. Pitcairne sent back for answer, as he prepared to set forward in person, that he would come to consult upon the case of a child of Sir George Mackenzie, 'although it was with the muckle horned deil himsel!'

ERSKINE OF CAMBO.

A younger brother of the family of Erskine of Cambo (and uncle of the late Earl of Kelly), who had been out in the Forty-five, survived till times not very remote, a complete specimen of the testy old Jacobite. Two young friends of his, having accepted of commissions as ensigns in the service of the reigning family, and being on a leave-taking visit at the house where he resided, were put to bed, after a night's hard drinking, in a chamber adjacent to that in which he was to sleep. During the night he happened to awake, and

seized with a strange Jacobite whimsy, rose and staggered into the room of the two young officers. He there seized a vessel, the contents of which he poured fully over their heads, as they lay in one bed. When asked next morning how he came to think of such a strange act, he said, 'Od, lads, I just thought I wad seal your commissions to ye.'

The same old gentleman, once nearing that a son of his had accepted from Government the office of Superintendent of the Hulks, caustically observed, that if the lad had but told him he wanted a place, he thought he might have had interest to get him made hangman of Perth.

A GENERAL TOAST.

About the time of the Forty-five, and for many years after it, the spirit of Jacobitism was so general throughout the country—or rather, perhaps, Whiggery was so merely confined to the official classes—that, in almost all public places, the former reigned triumphant. The Jacobites everywhere had their own way; everywhere too, the shine, as the saying is, off the Whigs. This was once particularly remarkable at an open dinner party, at a watering-place in the south country, where a single Jacobite lady, a Lady Hamilton, by her wit and her lively spirit, fairly assumed the lead in the conversation. After she had drank a great number of Jacobite toasts and sentiments, everyone of them more satirical upon the opposite party than another, and when she had almost exhausted the spirits of the company by downright laughter, a gentleman, feeling quite

fatigued with this 'sameness of splendour,' interfered with a request, that, now she had drank so many party toasts, she would at length favour them with a general one. 'A general one?' cried she, with great readiness; 'sae be't—here's General Keith.' General Keith was a younger brother of the Earl Marischal; had been out in the Fifteen; and, though now in the Prussian service, was understood to be still a great friend of the British Jacobite party. The remonstrator gave her up as incorrigible.

GUARDS RELIEVED.

A gentleman, going round the walls of Edinburgh, the day after its capture by Prince Charlie, saw a Highlander sitting astride upon a cannon at one of the gates; and, anxious to hear what the man thought of the affair, remarked to him, that these certainly were not the troops he had seen here yesterday. 'No,' quoth the Gael, 'she'll be relieved.'

HOW TO MAKE A GOOD CHRISTIAN.

Mr Menzies of Woodend, in Fife, was condemned for his share in the 1745, but afterwards reprieved. The reprieve was committed to the charge of Lord Townshend, who put it into his pocket, and soon after forgot it. Fortunately, he was reminded of the important deposit, by putting his hand accidentally into his pocket, on the night before the execution was to have taken place. He immediately despatched his secretary with it, with orders to communicate it to the prisoner in as gentle a manner as possible. Woodend was so elated with the news, that he made the secre-

tary stay and drink with him; and, as he was about to take his leave, bade him tell his master, that 'he lived in hope of seeing the time when he should make Lord Townshend as good a Christian as Lord Townshend had now made him.'

JACOBITISM WITH A VENGEANCE.

Such was the enthusiastic Jacobitism of Murray of Polmaise, that, in allusion to the marked resemblance which his second son (afterwards Polmaise himself) bore to the Chevalier, he said, if he could believe anything disrespectful to his wife, he would disinherit his eldest son, and give the estate to the other.

THE KING AGAIN.

Oliphant of Gask, a Jacobite gentleman of Perthshire, had two toasts, which he never, upon any account whatever, failed to drink at dinner. One was 'The King;' the other 'The Restoration.' Upon one occasion, having invited to his house an officer of high rank in the King's service, quartered in Perth, he felt dreadfully perplexed as to the toasts, one of which was quite impracticable, but which, nevertheless, he could not be induced, by any consideration, to suppress. When the time arrived, however, he hit upon an ingenious expedient, by which his principles and politeness were nicely compromised. After giving 'The King,'—in which there was no difficulty, because, while his guest understood the king *de facto*, he meant the king *de jure*,—he said to the officer, 'Weel, sir, *The King* AGAIN; ye can hae nae objection to that.'

THE UNDERTAKER OF THE DECAPITATED REBEL LORDS.

Sir Michael Malcolm of Lochore, in Fife, a personage well remembered in popular tradition and song, was undertaker to the unfortunate Lords Kilmarnock and Balmarino. Being a younger son, he had originally been bred to the trade of a joiner, according to a practice in Scotland, during the age which succeeded the Union, when it was thought proper, by many country gentlemen, to bring up their younger children to different trades and arts, for the encouragement of these sources of wealth in the country. Being a Jacobite, he was employed by the condemned noblemen to purvey their coffins, and conduct their funerals. When standing on the scaffold in that capacity, his fine tall figure and interesting appearance attracted the regard of a young lady, niece to Earl Bathurst, who sat at a neighbouring window to behold the execution. This person afterwards became his wife, and he eventually succeeded to the family title, by the death of his elder brother.

Though Sir Michael was a handsome man, he was by no means distinguished for abilities, or learning. He was even ignorant of what almost all Scotchmen know a little of—the Latin language. Once, when sitting on the bench, as a Justice of Peace, at Kirkcaldy, a witty shoemaker was tried for some trifling offence,—poaching, perhaps,—and sentenced to a fortnight's confinement in the Tolbooth. The mittimus being summed up by the clerk with some Latin words, the fellow, who knew Sir Michael's ignorance of that tongue pleaded that, as he did not understand the

language in which he had been condemned, he thought it but fair it should be Englished, and he point blank asked Sir Michael to do so. 'Give this fellow other two months of the Tolbooth,' cried the conscience-struck justice, 'for contempt of court.'

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

It happened that George III. took his unfortunate illness in 1789, very soon after the Nonjuring clergy began to pray for him. 'Ye see what ye've done,' said an old stickler one day to his clergyman; 'the honest man has never been a day to do weel sin' ever ye took him by the han'.'

SUPERIORITY OF THE SCOTTISH PEASANTRY.

Two English gentlemen, about sixty years ago, happened to have a dispute respecting the character of the Scottish peasantry; one party maintaining the superiority of the natives of Scotland, as compared with those of England, in point of intellect and information, while the other espoused the contrary opinion,—contending that, amongst the lowest classes of bumpkins in any country, the degree of knowledge must be nearly on a par. A wager was the result; and, governed perhaps by a whim of visiting Scotland—a portion of the empire at that period very little known or thought of—more than by any other consideration, our two gentlemen, who, it seems, were men of considerable opulence, were not long in reaching Edinburgh; and thereafter, as a matter of course, found their way to Clirehugh's

Tavern, in Writer's Court, as the most respectable house of entertainment which at that time graced the Scottish metropolis, although, in the present day, a house of such a bearing would be most decidedly and emphatically sneered at, by anyone having the slightest pretensions to *haut ton.* Our travellers, after having visited the few lions then worth seeing in the northern capital, bethought themselves of the main object of their trip; and, no better means of coming to their point occurring, they resolved to impart the secret to their host, who, withal, appeared a shrewd, sensible fellow, and likely to aid them in the matter in hand.

Clirehugh instantly comprehended the affair; and, after a pause, recollected, as it were accidentally, that *Coal John,* a Gilmerton carter, who served the house in the way of his calling, and whom he did not fail to describe as the most rustic clown extant within ten miles of the city, would be there, with a cartful of his commodity, early in the course of the morrow. It was therefore settled, that, as the said John was just the kind of man the gentlemen were in quest of, he should, by some means or other, be introduced to them on his arrival. In the meantime, Clirehugh, who had begun to get a good deal interested in the result of the wager, as a matter involving a point of national honour, had come to the resolution not to trust its issue to the 'real Simon Pure,' but to one who should personate John, and who could be more relied on.

The individual pitched upon by Mr Clirehugh was one admirably adapted to sustain the character,—a true type of the genus *Driver,*—a character at that time by no means uncommon in Edinburgh; a shabby

subaltern of the law; one of those queer, reckless, drink-and-drown-care sort of fellows, whom a periodical acquaintance with toddy and oysters, when these could be got, and at least a diurnal acquaintance with the gill-stoup and small ale, in less propitious seasons, —with the help, at all times, of a select junto of drouthy brother cronies,—reconciled to the business of the day, without imparting much disquietude as to the cares of the morrow. Such was the individual who undertook the part of John the coalman; a wight of 'shrewd parts and pregnant humour.' At the appointed time, therefore, our hero betook himself to what might be styled the Rialto of the Carbonari; in other words, to that quarter of the city where the gentlemen of that profession were 'wont most to congregate,'—namely, St Mary's Wynd,—the thoroughfare by which the great bulk of the coal for the consumption of the city at that time was accustomed to pass. There, by virtue of a suitable parole and countersign, given to the *bona fide* John, who was soon *spoke* on that highway, he easily furnished himself with the appropriate costume and other adjuncts of the character, including, of course, the cart with its contents.

Endued, therefore, in one of the most conspicuous *habits de corps* of the coal fraternity—consisting *inter alia*, of blue-ribbed stockings, shoes with soles rather thicker than what the Cockneys call Vauxhall slices, studded, moreover, with nails which might have served for the decoration of the postern gate of *Front de Bœuf's* castle, corduroy jacket and trousers, with dubious-coloured plush vest, and other *et ceteras*, not omitting a *quan. suff.* of *coom* on his face—the self-

elected John wended his way up the High Street of Auld Reekie.

The shrill hilloa of Tom Pipes, when announcing to Tunley, the landlord, the august approach of the naval duumvirate, Trunnion and Hatchway, could not be more astounding than the intimation given to Mr Clirehugh's establishment, of the arrival of the coals —said intimation conveyed, of course, in the choicest and most prolonged cadence of Gilmerton,—a *patois*, by the way, it may safely be said, which is, of all other Doric dialects, the most offensive to an English ear: 'Hollo, the coals!'

The inmates of the house were, of course, advertised beforehand; and the next question was, to drag John into the presence of the two English gentlemen. In suffering himself to be hauled along, he protested, with abundance of noise and vociferation, that it was altogether impossible the gentlemen could have anything to say to him; while the Englishmen themselves, on the other hand, were encouraging John to come up by all means, professing they only wished to have a little conversation with him. At last, our hero made his appearance at the landing-place; and here was another demur. 'Sik gran' gentlemen,' with well-feigned awe and astonishment, he declared, 'could never hae onything to say till the like o' him.' At last, however, being urged and entreated by the gentlemen, on the one hand, and jogged on by Clirehugh at his elbow, on the other, John did venture into 'the presence'; but first stooped down for a hold of the flap of the carpet, which he forthwith began, with much deliberation and humility, to roll before him. 'The deuce

take the fellow! exclaimed one of the Englishmen to Clirehugh, on observing this proceeding; 'although we wished you to procure us an interview with one of the clowns of your country, we did not intend you should introduce to us an absolute fool.' 'Dear sir, I'm nae better than a fule, as ye may say; but, anent the caurpet, wad ye hae me come into so grand a chaumer, without either rowin' up the claith or casting aff my shoon?' 'Well, well, John, we won't quarrel with you on that matter; only just sit down now, and take a glass of something.' This proposal, we may suppose, was to the point, whether addressed to John *in propria persona* or *quoad* his fictitious character. At last, after some general and desultory conversation, in all of which our hero acquitted himself *à merveille*, and when John was supposed to be, by the aid of an elevating glass, considerably more at his ease, the question was propounded which was to decide the bet; and, after an introduction as to what they had heard of the superior education of John's countrymen, it came out in this shape,—'Pray, John, can you tell us who was Adam's father?' 'Adam's faither?' said John, 'eh, ay; let's see:' then, recollecting the catechetical table he had learned at school, after a short pause,—'Ou, ay; Noah was the son o' Lamech, who was the son o' Methusaleh, who was the son o' Enoch, who was the son o' Jared, who was the son o' Mahalaleel, who was the son o' Cainan, who was the son o' Enos, who was the son o' Seth, who was the son o' Adam, who was the son o' *God*.' 'Well done!' exclaimed the Englishman; 'John, you are a clever fellow, and have gained the bet;' which was perfectly

acquiesced in by the other party; neither of whom, by-the-bye, had any idea of the logical ratiocination which John was to make to bear on the question.

This matter being settled, after the glass had been pushed round pretty swiftly, and our hero had treated the strangers with a great many jokes and shrewd remarks, which raised him still higher in their estimation, he said, 'Weel, gentlemen, I dinna ken weel what to say to you for yer extraordinar kindness, or hoo to thank ye; and I maun noo be stappin'. But, as I hae gotten a gowd guinea frae ye, for answering the bit question ye speired, wad ye no tak it amiss, if I was to speir ane at ye, which will no be muckle langer than yer ain; and, as I maun say, ye hae been sae very frank, and haena taen amiss my want o' havins, if ye like I'll pit down my guinea again, for a wad against yours.' 'Oh, most certainly, John; most certainly; and we shall be very glad to answer your question, in place of taking it amiss.' 'Then,' says John, 'can ye tell me wha *my faither* wes?' 'D—n the fellow!' exclaimed both the Englishmen; and, it is almost needless to add, that John was permitted to withdraw himself as quickly as he chose, with his three guineas, without being troubled, for that time, with any more questions.

A PUN WHISTLED.

A young Scotchman visiting London with his father, and being much given to punning, his father often reproved him for it, and expressed a wish that he would endeavour to leave it off entirely, and, if possible, display a little genuine wit. One day, taking a walk

together, they passed Newgate, where a man was confined in the stocks, with his head firmly jammed in between two ponderous blocks of wood. An excellent pun, strictly in point, instantly occurred to the young man; but, his father being present, he durst not come out with it; so he contented himself with whistling the tune of '*Through the wood, Laddie.*'

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 kail. It was also agreed that they should, after being in possession of their booty, meet in the kirkyard, 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 gravestone, amused himself with eating kail-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 kirkyard 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 kirkyard;

and, as the tailor could not well recede from what he had said, off they went. The moment they entered the kirkyard, Dugald M'Caul 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 you;' and, throwing down the tailor, ran off as hard as he could. To his utter astonishment, he found the tailor close at his heels, on entering the farm-house; intense fear having supplied him with the long-lost use of his limbs, which it is said he retained ever after.

MUTATIS MUTANDIS.

An elderly fat gentleman, in discussing a warm beefsteak at a Highland inn, called to the waiting boy, 'Donald, bring me more bread, for I eat a great deal of bread to my steak.' Donald answered, with much modest simplicity, 'Ay, and please yer honour, and ye eat a great deal o' steak to yer breid.'

HUGO ARNOT.

Hugo Arnot one day, while panting with asthma, was almost deafened by the noise of a brawling fellow who was selling oysters below his window. 'The extravagant rascal!' said Hugo, 'he has wasted as much breath as would have served me for a month!'

EARL OF BALCARRAS.

The grandfather of the present Earl of Balcarras was a benevolent person, with more of what the French call *bon-hommie* than most men, as the following fact will show:--His lordship was a skilful agriculturist,

and, among other fruits of his skill, he was particularly proud of a field of turnips, which were of unusual size. One day, while walking in this field, and admiring its produce, he discerned, close to the hedge, a woman, who was a pensioner of the family, but who, forgetting her duty and obligations, had stolen a large sackful of the precious turnips, and was making the best of her way home, when she was thus caught in the manner, as the lawyers say. The worthy nobleman very justly reproached the woman with her dishonesty and ingratitude, reminding her that she would have received a sackful of turnips had she asked for it in a proper way, instead of stealing his favourites. The woman silently courtesied at every sentence, and confessed her offence, but pleaded her large family. The good peer was at last mollified, and was leaving the field, when the woman, who had dropped her prize on his lordship's first accosting her, and was now with difficulty endeavouring to lift it on her back again, called to him, 'Oh, my lord, my lord, do ye gie me a haund, and help the poke on my back, for it's unco heavy, and I canna get it up by mysel!' Thus she bespoke the earl, who actually turned back, and *did* assist the woman to load herself with the stolen turnips.

MACNAB IN ONE OF HIS ALTITUDES.

This remarkable personage was perfectly insane on the subject of family rank. 'There were, questionless, mony *Maister* Macnabs; but the auld black laad may hae my saul if I ken but *ae Macnab*.' It was quite enough to put him in a frenzy, to dignify with the title of chieftain anyone, however high in title or fortune,

who, he thought, had no claim to that super-imperial rank. It is not to be supposed that this was ever done for the pleasure of beholding the laird in one of those passions, which resembled one of his mountain storms. No; he was by no means the man to hazard such a joke upon; and could he have suspected for a moment (a supposition, indeed, almost impossible) that any person whatever attempted to play upon him, miserable would have been the fate of the unhappy wight who made the experiment. The narrator of this anecdote had a narrow escape from the overwhelming indignation of this genuine Gaelic worthy. It occurred after dinner, the good laird being a little mellow,—for as to being drunk, oceans of liquor would have failed to produce that effect—at least to the length of prostration. The party, on whose account the chief's bile was so powerfully excited, was indeed blessed with an infinitely more lofty and sonorous cognomen than himself. If it did not indisputably stamp the owner as an ancient feudal baron, an ignorant Lowlander might well be excused for thinking so. We shall suppose it to be Macloran of Dronascandlich—a name trying enough, certes, for the utterance of any common pair of jaws. Thus commenced the unlucky querist :—'Macnab, are you acquainted with Macloran, who has lately purchased so many thousand acres in —shire?' This was more than sufficient to set the laird off in furious tilt on his genealogical steed. 'Ken wha? the paddock-stool o' a creature they ca' Dronascandlich, wha, no far bygane, dawred, an' be d—d till him! to offer siller, sir, for an auld ancient estate, sir,—an estate as auld as the Flude, sir,—a d—d deal aulder, sir,—siller, sir, scrapit thegither by the

meeserable deevil in India, sir; not in an offisher or gentleman-like way, sir, but, Satan burst him! making cart wheels, and trams, sir, and barrows, and the like o' that wretched handywork. Ken him, sir? I ken the creature weel, and wha he comes frae, sir; and so I ken that dumb tyke, sir—a better brute by half than a score o' him!' 'Mercy on us! Macnab, you surprise me; I thought, from the sublime sound of his name and title, he had been a chief of at least ten centuries' standing.' The instant this remark was made, the visage of the laird grew ghastly with rage; he snorted in the true Gaelic style; his eyes caught fire; he alternately raised and depressed the skin of his awful front, while every muscle of the whole man quivered with indignation. A fearful tornado was naturally expected; but, restraining himself with a convulsive effort, thus he cried, or rather bellowed out, 'By the saul o' the Macnabs, sir, naething but yer deeabolical Lowland ignorance can excuse ye for sic damnable profanation! Hear ye me, sir:—it's fifty year and mair bygane, ae time I was at Glasgow, wanting some tyking, or Osenbrugs, or what the fiend ca' ye them, what ye mak pillows and bowsters o'? Weel, sir, I was recommendit to an au'd decent creature o' a wabster, wha pickit up a meeserable subsistence in the Gallowgate. I gaed up ae pair o' stairs—twa, three, syne four pair o' stairs—a perfit Toor o' Babel in meenature, sir. At last, I quat the regions o' stane and lime, and cam to *timmer*, sir, aboot twenty or thretty rotten boords, that were a perfit temptation o' Providence to venture the foot of a five-year-auld bairn on. I gaed in at a hole—door it could na be ca'd, sir; and there I found a meeserable deevil, the

perfit picture of famine, sir, wi' a face as white as a clout, an auld red Kilmarnock on his puir grey pow, and treddle treddling awa wi' his pitifu' wizened trotters. Wha think ye, sir, was this abortion o' a creature —this threadbare, pennyless, and parritchless scrap o' an antediluvian wabster? This was Macloran's grandfaither, sir' (in a voice of thunder). 'That was the origin o' Dronascandlich, sir' (in a lower tone, accompanied with a truly diabolical *grin*), 'and a bonny origin for a Highland chief.'

BAUCHIE LEE.

Before the Bridge of Dalserf, in Lanarkshire, was built, about forty years ago, a ferry boat was kept there by one Bauchie Lee, a rough uncultivated being, but possessed of great shrewdness and humour. The late 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 give the ferryman a puzzler. So, accordingly, having got across the river, his lordship leapt 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, 'My lord, I have only to say to your lordship, that if you have lost your purse, recollect it has not been 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, which 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—the beggars being generally his best customers; for, besides paying the ferry, they often regaled themselves heartily in his house. However, he durst not disobey; but, at all hazards, determined on having his revenge; and it was not long before he was gratified to his heart's content. One day, the clergyman had occasion to cross, for the purpose of dining with some of his parishioners; but he had not been long on the opposite shore, when the rain began to fall in torrents; and, at the hour of his departure, it was still very wet. He was, accordingly, under the necessity of borrowing an old greatcoat 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 knew well the voice; but, recollecting the clergyman's injunction, he for a while sat in the house, chuckling over the incident. At length he came out, and, with voice stentorian, responded, 'I tell ye, frien', I canna tak ony beggars owre in my boat —the minister winna aloo me.' After this had been repeated several times, and after, as Bauchie used to tell the story, 'I saw he was weel dreepit, an' as hearse as a craw, I pretended to recognise him. Lord, I took ye for ane o' the beggars, minister—wha wad hae

thocht o' ane o' yoor station comin' owre in sic a dress!' The minister was much disconcerted; but Bauchie enjoyed the joke with great relish.

PLAGIARISM.

One legal gentleman of Edinburgh having showed another a quantity of poems which he had written, and of which he wished to have the opinion of his friend, the referee glanced over the manuscript, but was quickly struck with the extensive and wholesale plagiarisms which he saw had been committed upon the classical writers of Greece and Rome. Pointing out this to his friend, 'Oh,' said the poet, 'I am something of Fielding's opinion, as expressed in *Tom Jones*, that the ancients are a commonty, where every modern poet is entitled to pasture his Pegasus.' 'Ay, man,' responded the critic, with a happiness of thought which, unfortunately, none but a Scotch lawyer can appreciate to its full extent, 'your title may give you a *servitude of pasturage* upon the commonty of the ancients; but, surely, ye never gat ane of *feal and divot*.'*

BON MOT OF A SCOTCH PIPER.

James Ritchie, who flourished as piper to the cor-

* By a *servitude of pasturage*, as it is expressed in Scots law phraseology, a right is acquired of pasturing cattle, or sheep, on the grounds of a neighbour; but, by the servitude of *feal and divot* (the antithesis of the other) one is at liberty to pare off the turf from the ground, for firing, covering cottages, and other purposes. The critic meant, that the modern author might cultivate his mind by the study of the ancients, but not appropriate whole passages from their works.

poration of Peebles till the beginning of the present century, and who was remarkable as having been first cousin to that extraordinary creature David Ritchie, the original of the *Black Dwarf*, was a sort of wit in his way. His wife had one day to communicate to him the distressing intelligence, that a flood in the Tweed had carried away their family cow, which was the fruit of his laborious earnings. 'Weel,' said he, after a good deal of condolence, 'deil may care, after a'; it cam wi' the *wind*, let it gang wi' the *water*.'

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 gravestone. 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?'

PUNS AND BON MOTS OF A COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

A country clergyman, who had the honour to dine with the Magistrates and Town Council of Edinburgh, chanced to be placed at the right hand of the Right Honourable the Lord Provost. After fish, flesh, and fowl had successively disappeared, and fruits in their season had followed their example, Bailie —— asked the minister if he thought the company entitled to a

second dram? 'I am of opinion,' says he, 'that you would be much the better for it; but I am afraid his lordship my interdict it, as being above your *dessert*.'

The same divine was once walking with a country laird amid his pleasure grounds. The laird valued himself on having planted 200,000 trees; but added that, in one part of the wood, there was too great a proportion of oaks. 'That,' says his clerical friend, 'may be easily remedied.' 'How?' inquires his lairdship. 'Did you never study the method of converting oaks into ashes?' 'Poo, poo; impossible.' 'The simplest process imaginable; you have nothing to do but to burn them.'

A painter of animals was dining, for the first time, in company with the same ecclesiastic, when the wine began to awaken loquacity. The painter asked his neighbour if he could throw a job in his way? 'What is your forte?' says his companion. 'I draw horses, you know.' 'I could devise employment for you, and all the painters in Edinburgh, if you would come out about the end of harvest and draw carts.' 'I doubt,' replied the artist, 'we wad be ill to corn.' 'Ye would be waur to water, if one may judge from appearances.'

The same clergyman was once dining with an advocate in Queen Street, Edinburgh. Several punsters were present, and something like wit was beginning to sparkle. The landlord, addressing himself to the priest, said, 'The game's up.' 'Not yet; but it will be immediately, for there's a doo gaun to Hunt.'

A gentleman was at that moment helping a Miss Hunt to a pigeon.

A brother clergyman was driving his gig, in which he was accompanied by his daughter, Grace. The gig came in contact with a large stone, and was in danger of being overturned. The father, anxious for the safety of his child, threw her out upon a plot of grass, and she escaped unhurt; but in attemping to jump out himself, his great coat became entangled with the wheel of the carriage, by which he received considerable injury. His friend, observing him halt, asked him if he had met with an accident? 'I got myself severely injured,' says he, 'by saving Grace.' 'It is the first time,' replied the punster, 'I ever heard of saving grace hurting anybody, especially a clergyman of the Church of Scotland.'

A band of young empty divinity students paid a visit to the manse: a flock of turkeys followed them to the door. 'Sir,' says one of the probationers, 'do you allow the turkeys to come into your house?' 'Sometimes,' replied the minister; 'but I will not permit them at this time, for I never suffer turkeys and geese to enter at the same time.'

Mr Pitt having made a moving speech in the House of Commons on the subject of the French invasion, the minister remarked, in a large dinner party, which happened soon after, that it was very right in the Premier to alarm us. 'How so?' was universally asked. 'Why, our whole safety lies in our being *all-armed*.'

On another occasion, the chaplain was placed near a baronet, who was a cavalry officer. The gentleman on the right, and the gentleman on the left of the chaplain, quitted the mess-room soon after dinner. The chaplain asked the baronet, who was a first-rate wit, 'How comes it that I am the river Tiber?' 'We have not time just now,' says the baronet, 'for thinking deeply, as we are drinking deeply: pray explain.' 'I have *room* on each side.'

Walking in a meadow with some ladies, he had the impudence to snatch a kiss from one, unperceived by the rest. She said, indignantly, 'Sir, I am not accustomed to such freedoms.' 'It will be the greater rarity, then, madam.' She flew from him, and ran towards her mother, who, alarmed at her seeming terror, inquired what was the cause. 'She has taken fright at a rash buss,' says the minister. 'Oh, ye idiot,' quoth the mother, 'go back this instant.' She returned, smiling, and said, 'Do't again's no' forbidden.'

A maiden lady, of threescore and ten, sent him the following message:—'A party of young ladies are going to the country to dine, and stay all night: they wish you to go with them. The carriage is to be at the door in a quarter of an hour.' It was nearly half-an-hour before he reached the spot. On his entering the drawing-room, the old lady, who was reclining on a sofa, said, 'I am very angry with you. My horses are spirited animals; they have been prancing on the street, and champing the bits for these ten minutes, waiting for you.' He advanced towards the sofa, and

aiming to salute the lady, said, with humility of accent, 'Madam, I am a true Christian, and, when chastised, I always kiss the rod.'

When on a visit to a friend, the ladies proposed playing at a game called hot cockles, or something like it. When it came to his turn to kneel down before the sofa, blindfolded, one of the ladies gave him a smart blow with her shoe or slipper. He sighed, and ejaculated, 'A striking proof, this, of the materiality of the sole.'

'You are beside yourself,' says a beautiful young lady who sat next him at dinner, and was tired of his badinage. 'I am glad of it,' he replied, 'for then we two are one.'

On entering a room where some ladies were sorting wool, one of them said, 'Will you come and tease woo?' (w.) 'I prefer a vowel to a consonant, and would rather teaze u.'

Having entered a room where a number of young ladies were assembled, one of them offered him the half of her chair, as there was a scarcity of that article of furniture in the place. She was handsome; and he enclosed her waist with his left arm, to keep her from sliding off the armless chair. 'What would you say,' whispers the fair one, 'if I were to fall to the floor?' 'I would look at you with compassion, and say,—"There's a fallen angel."'

At the celebration of the birthday of a neighbouring

gentleman, the minister, on the hospitable entertainer proposing a bumper to the health of the King, testified his loyalty by joining in the demonstration of it; but stated his hope that such a toast should not be very frequently repeated, for, adds he, 'if you drink many such bumpers to the health of the King, you will assuredly injure the Constitution.'

A lady, who was a parishioner, was on the eve of marriage. A preacher, devoted to the vice of drinking too-freely, happened to be dining at the manse. The conversation naturally turned on the topic of the day,—the approaching nuptials. The minister, on the preacher's hinting at an intention of acting like young Lochinvar, said gravely, 'If you should prevent the marriage, the folk will say, "The swine has run through't."'

At a meeting of heritors and presbytery, respecting the repairs of a manse, some of the heritors took offence at the arbitrary proceedings of the Presbytery, and left the meeting. The brother before alluded to, encountering two of the dissatisfied on the street, one of them said, 'You of the Presbytery have made complete fools of the heritors.' 'That, sir, was impossible, your Maker had the start of us there.'

When attending the General Assembly, he stayed with the Professor of Divinity, Argyle Square. A member of the Presbytery of Stirling was also a lodger in the venerable Doctor's house. One morning, about seven o'clock, the Professor said to his guest, who had

risen betimes, 'Let us go and see what the minister of —— is about.' They found him still a-bed, with a book in his hand. 'Get up, you lazy dog,' cries the Doctor, shaking his snow-white locks. 'Oh,' says the other, 'I have been reading since five o'clock; I am not a great sleeper.' 'If you are not a great sleeper,' replied his polite brother, 'you are a great lier.'

On returning to his native place, from the university, he fell in with a party of old schoolfellows, who pressed him to dine with them at an inn. They were addicted to swearing, and, during the evening, several oaths flew from their mouths, but every time they begged pardon of the colleginer, as they called him. He replied, 'Treat me in regard to swearing, as I hope you will treat me in respect to drinking,—use your freedom, but don't ask me to join you.' There was not a profane word uttered by any of the company during the remainder of the sederunt.

A certain laird, in whose family the wit was tutor, had made an appointment to go to the moors next day with a neighbour, but changed his mind. He desired the tutor to write to his friend, that he did not intend to shoot himself to-morrow; but if he would come to breakfast, the gamekeeper, with the other dogs, would go with him to the moors. The tutor wrote as follows:—

'My dear Sir,—I am happy to inform you, that the laird does not mean *to shoot himself to-morrow;* but he says, if you come to breakfast, the gamekeeper will accompany you, and the *rest* of the dogs, to the hill.

If the *moor game* be scarce in the field, it is expected you will find more game with the laird at dinner.'

The answer was couched in these terms :—

'My dear Sir,—I rejoice to learn that the laird is not to *shoot himself* to-morrow. I shall certainly be with you at breakfast ; and we shall never want *game* as long as the laird is to the fore.'

A gentleman of an ancient family was boasting of the strength of his arm. 'With a plain snaffle, I could lay the strongest horse I ever crossed on his back.' 'You are, then,' said the tutor, 'the completest horse-couper in the kingdom.'

A young lady received a card of invitation to a ball. 'I cannot go,' quoth she, 'as I want a beau.' The minister said he would go with her ; 'for,' added he, '*am-a-bo.*'

He was to dine at a baronet's. There was to be a ball in the neighbourhood that night. When dinner was announced, the parish minister gave his arm to her ladyship, but his brother pastor clownishly neglected his duty. 'You go to a ball !' said the baronet, 'when you will not give my daughter your arm.' He offered his arm to the young lady, and whispered to her, in crossing the lobby, 'I am a mountain in the wilderness ; I am Ne-bo.'

Walking arm in-arm with a lady who carried a white muff, some of the down adhered to his black coat, so as to attract the notice of an old lady on

whom the pair were calling. 'Sir,' says the aged matron, 'there's some woo on your coat.' 'No wonder, madam; for I have been wooing all this forenoon.'

A family of rank paid a visit to the manse, some in a jaunting car, some on horseback, and the younger branches, with the governess, whose sirname was Wright, in a cart. When they were going away, the minister, without waiting till a chair was brought, or the cart door taken off, lifted the young ladies in his arms, and put them into the cart. The governess declared she would not be lifted in that manner. He took her up and placed her in the cart beside her pupils, saying, 'Madam, might overcomes right.'

After dinner, at a country gentleman's, where he met with the captain of a vessel lately returned from a voyage to the Baltic, a dish of birsled pease was introduced as an accompaniment to the bottle. The captain, whose dialect was interspersed with a little of the Scandinavian accent, remarked, that 'Peeter the Greet was very fond of birstled pease.' 'Yes,' added the preacher, 'and hence his title, the Great Pea-eater.'

'What kind of wine are you drinking?' said a reverend doctor to the preacher, who was at the foot of the table, with an empty decanter before him; 'is it red or white?' 'Neither the one nor the other, doctor; it is done.'

ANECDOTES OF SPEAKING OUT IN KIRKS.

A most amusing instance of *speaking out* in church

occurred some years ago, in the parish of ——. The minister, in preaching upon the story of Jonah, uttered a piece of declamatory rhetoric, to something like the following effect :—'And what sort of a fish was it, my brethren, that God had appointed thus to execute his holy will? Was it a shark, my brethren? No—it could not be a shark; for God could never have ventured the person of his beloved Prophet amongst the deadly teeth of that ravenous fish. What fish was it, then, my brethren? Was it a salmon, think ye? Ah, no; that were too narrow a lodging. There's no ae salmon i' the deepest pule o' a' Tweed could swallow a man. Besides, ye ken, it's mair natural for men to swallow salmon, than for salmon to swallow men. What, then, was it? Was it a sea lion, or a sea horse, or a sea dog, or the great rhinoceros? Oh, no! These are not Scripter beasts ava. Ye're as far aff't as ever. Which of the monsters of the great deep was it, can ye tell me?'—Here an old spectacled dame, who had an eleemosynary seat on the pulpit stair, thinking that the minister was in a real perplexity about the name of the fish, interrupted him with, 'Hoot, sir, it was a whale, ye ken.' 'Out upon ye, you graceless wife that you are?' cried the orator, so enraged as almost to fly out of the pulpit at her; 'thus to take the word out of the mouth of God's minister!'

Another amusing instance of a similar piece of indecorum occurred at Biggar. It must be well known to our readers, that the more ignorant and zealous congregations of the Scottish Church, in common with those belonging to what is called the *Secession*, en-

tertain a very strong prejudice against the use of written notes in the pulpit. The contempt with which clergymen are sometimes treated on this account, would astonish the liberal minds of our English neighbours. In one case, which has come within our knowledge, this contempt proceeded so far as to occasion a *speaking out*. The minister of Biggar, in Lanarkshire, whose abilities, whatever they might be, were held in the utmost scorn on account of his *reading*, was one day concluding his discourse, as an old woman of the true old leaven was leaving the church. He closed the leaves of his sermon, and those of the Bible at the same time, saying, with emphasis, intended as a sort of clencher to his argument, 'I add no more.' 'Because ye canna!' cried the old woman.

BONNY KINGS.

At the time of the French Revolution, when many of the common people of Scotland, as well as other countries, became inspired with very ambitious views, a clergyman in the North ended a political discourse one day with the following excellent peroration:—'My friends, some of you are fond of kings, and others of you would be kings yourselves; but, in the language of your own country, I must tell you, "*Bonny* kings ye wad mak!"'

FOLLOWING THE LAW.

Balfour, who kept an eminent coffee-house at Edinburgh—eminent, as being up two pair of stairs at the Cross—was at one time much embarrassed in his circumstances, and therefore an object of request occa-

sionally among the myrmidons of the law. One day some messengers coming to his house in search of him he made his way quietly downstairs, and took refuge amongst a group of legal gentlemen in the Parliament Close. The Lord Linton of that time was an advocate, and formed one of this congregation. Seeing Balfour in such society, he said to him in a bantering way, 'Oh ho, Jamie, I did not know that you had taken to following the law.' 'I'm doing nae sic thing, my lord,' answered Balfour; 'its only the law that's following me!'

MEN WITH TAILS.

Everybody in Scotland has heard of the single absurdity which deformed the philosophical character of Lord Monboddo,—his belief that the human race were originally gifted with tails, which were only pinched off by the midwifes. Lord Kaimes was a complete contrast in manners to this learned judge, being plain and blunt in speech, with a strong Scottish accent; while Monboddo was quite a courtier of the *ancien regime*, well-bred, and ceremonious. On one occasion in Edinburgh, when Kaimes and Monboddo went to dine with a friend, a girl of six or seven years old, who was in the drawing-room, archly and slyly attached a fox's brush to Monboddo's skirt; and the ceremony of who should first proceed to the dining-room, as usual, produced some demur, Monboddo insisting that he could not possibly *precede a senior* lord, till Kaimes, spying the trick which had been played on his friend, exclaimed, 'Gang in, man, and shaw's your tail!' pushing him forward. Of course the laugh was irre-

sistible, but Monboddo could not enjoy it, as through fear of giving him offence, he was not informed of the joke.

WIT OF A MADMAN.

Laird Robertson, a crazed but harmless old man, who lived many years ago in Edinburgh, and was generally known by the name of Daft Laird Robertson, one day meeting with Sandy Wood, an eminent surgeon and most worthy denizen of the same city, accosted him thus,—'*Cousin*, I rejoice to see you looking so well this morning.' 'I am very happy to see you, laird,' answered Mr Wood, 'but did not know that I had the honour of being a relation.' 'You're *wud*'* (Wood), replied the laird, 'and ilka body kens *I'm no wise.*'

BANNOCKBURN.

Two English gentlemen visited the field of Bannockburn, so celebrated for the total defeat of the English army, by Robert the Bruce. A country blacksmith pointed out the positions of both armies, the stone where the Bruce's standard was fixed during the battle, etc. Highly satisfied with his attention, the gentlemen, on leaving him, pressed his acceptance of a crown-piece; 'Na, na,' said Vulcan, drawing himself up, and adding with emphasis, 'it has cost ye eneuch already.'

HUGO ARNOT.

Hugo Arnot was for a long time afflicted with a very bad cough. One day, after a severe fit, meeting

* *Wud* in the Scottish language means *insane.*

Mr Tytler of Woodhouselee, he remarked to him, that this d—d cough would certainly carry him off 'some day *like a rocket*.' 'Ay, ay, Mr Arnot,' observed Mr Tytler; 'it's my opinion, however, if you dinna mend your manners, ye'll tak a *contrary direction*.'

MISS FLINT.

'Who is that gentleman walking with Miss Flint?' said a wag to his companion, as they walked along Princes Street. 'Oh,' replied the other, 'that is a *spark* which she has *struck*.'

CESSIO BONORUM.

A debtor, who had obtained a *cessio bonorum* at a prodigious expense, from the opposition to the measure on the part of his creditors, was asked, when the final sentence was given in his favour, if he had gained his cause? 'Yes,' said the debtor, 'I have obtained the *cessio*, but the lawyers got the *bonorum!*'

PLEASURE AND PAIN.

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

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

INTEGER PRESTANTIOR PARTE.

The Honourable Henry Erskine meeting, by accident, a friend who had come to Edinburgh from the country for a few hours, asked him the reason of his

haste, and the object of his journey; to which his friend replied, 'I only came to town for a *coat.*' 'I would much rather,' observed Mr E., 'it had been for a *suit.*'

DR PITCAIRN.

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

DONALD M'GREGOR.

Donald M'Gregor, a notorious sheep-lifter (*alias* sheepstealer) in the North Highlands, being at last overtaken by the grim tyrant of the human race, was visited by the minister of the parish, whose appearance, however, was by no means agreeable to him. The holy man warmly exhorted the dying Highlander to reflect upon the long and black catalogue of his sins, before it was too late, otherwise he would have a tremendous account to give at the great day of retribution, when all the crimes he had committed in this world would appear in dreadful array, as evidence of his guilt. 'Och! sir,' cries the dying man, 'and will a' the sheeps, and the cows, and ilka thing Donald has helped hersel to, be there?' 'Undoubtedly,' replied

the parson. 'Then let ilka shentleman tak her nain, and Donald will be an honest man again.'

RATHER TOO FREE.

A Leith shipmaster, having gone ashore, some years ago, in the Highlands of Scotland, on a Sunday morning, went to hear divine service. It was a very wet summer: the rain had poured down incessantly for some weeks, and the hope of the husbandman had well-nigh failed. The parson mounted the pulpit, and began to wrestle most powerfully with the Lord in prayer. A transient blink of sunshine inspired the pious man with holy confidence, and he felt conscious of being the favourite of Heaven,—when lo! on a sudden, the heavens were darkened, the thunder roared, and the impetuous torrents seemed to threaten a second deluge. Unable to restrain his vexation, the disappointed preacher cried out, in a transport of holy rage,—'Weel, weel, pelt on, good Lord, and spoil all the puir folk's corn, as you did last year;—you'll hae meikle mense by your handy-wark!'

DIFFERENCE OF RELIGIONS.

A Highlander, having gone with his master into the church of Notre-Dame at Paris, to hear high mass, was very much delighted with the magnificence of the edifice, the splendour of the clergymen's dresses, and the divine harmony of the music. On leaving church, his master asked him how he liked the performance. 'Och, sir, 'twas wondrous fine,' replied the mountaineer; 'God is served here like a shentilman; but in my country (with reverence be it spoken) he i treated little better than as a scoundrel.'

GOOD REASON TO FEAR.

Dr Farquharson, having been sent for to a gentle man who had received a slight wound in a rencounter, gave orders to his servant to go home in all haste imaginable, and fetch a certain plaster: the patient, turning a little pale, 'Doctor,' said he, 'I hope there is no danger?' 'Yes, indeed,' answered the doctor, 'for if the fellow don't show a good pair of heels, the wound will heal before he returns.'

DR JOHNSON.

When James Boswell took Dr Johnson to his father's house in Scotland, old Boswell, astonished at the singularity of his manners, remarked that Jamie had brought an odd chiel along with him. 'Sir,' said Boswell, 'he is the grand luminary of our hemisphere: quite a constellation, sir!' '*Ursa Major*, I suppose,' said the old gentleman.

MOTHER WIT.

The celebrated Lady Wallace, when a very young girl, was romping with some other little misses, near a milldam, and was often very incautiously approaching the brink of the water, when Lady Maxwell, her mother, called out to her,—'For God's sake, girl, be more cautious, or you will most certainly tumble into the water and be drowned.' 'I'll be *dammed* if I do, mamma,' replied the young punster. 'Oh! child, remarked her mother, 'that wit of yours will one day prove your ruin.' 'I'm sure, then, it won't be *mother-wit*,' retorted the little minx.

TIT FOR TAT.

Dr M'Knight, formerly one of the clergymen of

Edinburgh, a worthy and pious pastor, and author of a very learned and useful work, was applied to by one of his parishioners, a blacksmith by profession, for the loan of a copy of it, promising, at the same time to use much care in perusal. The doctor told him, that he would not lend the book out of his house, but that the smith might come to his study and read it at his leisure. This, however, did not suit the student. A short time after this happened, the doctor having occasion to go to the country, one Sunday, to officiate for a friend, found, on sending for his horse, that the key of the stable was lost. The doctor desired his man to run instantly for the smith, and desire him to bring his hammer and picklocks to open the door; when honest Vulcan retorted, that the doctor was very welcome to use his hammer and picklocks in his smithy, but that he 'never lent them out o' his hoose.'

OS TUUM.

In the humanity class of Glasgow, it is a practice amongst the students, to call out to any of their companions who leave the class-room door open,—

'Claude *ostium*, puer.'

Once, during the time of Professor Muirhead, on a student being very forward in vociferating this injunction, the Professor exclaimed,—

'Claude *os-tuum*, puer!'

PUN UPON PUN.

The Hon. Henry Erskine, observing a spot of grease upon a friend's coat, said, that he was at present in

the same situation with his horse. 'How is that?' the gentleman asked. 'Because,' replied Mr E., 'you are *greased.* 'Oh, Harry,' said his friend, 'that wit is *far-fetched.*' 'By no means,' exclaimed Mr E., 'it is *made upon the spot.*'

STAYMAKERS.

The Honourable Henry Erskine being retained as counsel for a body of *shoemakers*, in a question before the Court of Session, in Scotland, the cause was repeatedly called before the Lord Ordinary; but, after waiting a considerable time, the other party's counsel not appearing, Mr E. observed to his Lordship, 'that the present was certainly a cause of *stay-makers.*'

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN HIC AND HOC.

Mr Creech, an eminent bookseller of Edinburgh, possessed a delightful villa on the banks of the Firth of Forth, two miles from Edinburgh, where he retired during the summer, and, like another Cicero, enjoyed *otium cum dignitate;* and here his hospitable board was spread for his friends and brethren of the trade. On one of these occasions, while the worthy landlord was entertaining his guests with an account of his stock of wines, and dwelling with peculiar delight on the excellencies of his *hock*, Mr Ballantyne, a brother in trade of the same city, tired of his long harangue, whilst the admirable wine never made its appearance, exclaimed,—'Creech! why tantalise us with your *hoc* when it is not *hic?*'

A POOR MOUTHFUL FOR A GOURMAND.

It was once observed, in the Parliament House at

Edinburgh, that a gentleman, who was known to have a pretty good appetite, had eaten away his *senses*. 'Poh!' replied Henry Erskine, 'they would not be a *mouthful* to him.'

KING JAMES I.

Among the addresses presented upon the accession of that Solomon of Great Britain, James the First, was one from the ancient town of Shrewsbury, wishing his Majesty might reign as long as the sun, moon, and stars endured. 'In troth, man,' said the king to the person who presented it, 'if I do, my son must reign by candle-light.'

The King mounting a horse that was unruly, said, 'The deil tak my saul, sirrah, an ye be na quiet, I'll send ye to the five hundred kings in the Hoose o' Commons. They'll soon tame you.'

A very abusive satirical libel, in verse, against James and some of the nobility and gentry, being brought to his Majesty, he desired to hear it read; in a short time he showed evident marks of discomposure; and, as the reader proceeded, the strokes becoming more acute, the King often exclaimed, 'that, were there no more men in England, the rogue should hang for it;' but coming to the two concluding lines,

'Now God preserve the King, the Queen, and peers,
And grant the author long may wear his ears!'

they pleased the King so well, that he broke out into a fit of laughter, and said,—'By my saul! and so thou

shalt for me ; for though a bitter, thou art a very witty knave.'

THE GREY MARE.

Sir George Mackenzie, the distinguished lawyer, had for his country residence, the Shank, an old house near Dalhousie, now belonging to Mr Dundas of Arniston. The Marquis of Tweeddale, having occasion for advice on some law case, visited Sir George here, one morning before the lawyer was up. As his lordship was in a great hurry, he was taken up to Sir George's bedroom, where he soon unfolded his business, and received the advice he wanted. He then took out his purse, and approached the bed to pay the fee ; when, to his great surprise and amusement, a *female hand* was thrust from the bed to receive his money. This hand, it is needless to say, belonged to Sir George's wife, who, as we may argue from the story, was chancellor of her husband's exchequer, if not also his tyrant in more important matters. It is curious thus to find, that even those men who act the boldest and most energetic parts in public life, may, in private, be just as weak as their neighbours in regard to petticoat domination.

A FEW *GRAVE* JOKES.

[Grave-diggers are a peculiar people—differing from the rest of mankind in character and personal appearance. Yet, what is strange, a grave-digger *fit, non nascitur*—the reverse of the poet. The secret of the distinction must consist in this, that it requires to be of a peculiar character, as well as figure, to become a grave-digger. A person may be destined to be, though not born, a grave-digger. He may have in him, from conception, the germs of the qualities of a grave-digger; he comes into the world with them; he bears them about with him during his boyhood, youth, maturity, and middle age; and when he arrives at the full ripeness of *grave-diggerism*, the place falls vacant, and he steps into the dead man's shoes, as naturally as a son succeeds a father in an entailed estate. Though you know that a grave-digger is a mortal like yourself, and may die long before you, it is impossible to help feeling an antipathy to the animal, on the score that he is to handle your precious person with his ignoble hands, when you shall be passive and powerless. One looks upon a grave-digger, especially the grave-digger of one's own parish—supposing you to be a settler—as a sort of executioner. You think you are destined to fall into his hands, and cannot resist the feeling of horror with which one must always contemplate, if not death itself, at least what Bacon calls the adjuncts of death. A grave-digger is not more widely divided from the rest of mankind in character than in interests. Death is

death to you; but it is life to him. You are happy in recovering, or in hearing of the recovery of a neighbour, from a desperate illness; but such news is like that of blasted corn, or rising markets, to him. He can have no sympathy with what throws all the rest of the town into anxiety and sorrow,—the prevalence of an epidemic disease. The wind of March, which takes away old men's breaths, brings breath and health to him. Cold is as warmth to him, and the genial heat of May as the destructive chill of November. As some English divine has emphatically said of the gamester, his business is decidedly unnatural; for he cannot pray for a blessing upon it, without breaking the law which enjoins good-will to men. Like Satan, he has said, 'Evil, be thou my good!'

Out of curiosity respecting so singular a people, we have collected some anecdotes of various individuals of the species, which may perhaps be found illustrative of their character and manners.]

John Prentice, the grave-digger of Carnwarth, in Lanarkshire, had a pleasant equivoque, which he constantly used on hearing of the death of any person. 'Hech, whow!' he would say; 'is —— deid? I wad raither it had been *other twa.*'

A person once asked John Prentice if he considered himself at liberty to pray for his daily bread. 'Dear sake, sir,' he answered, 'the Lord's Prayer tells us that ye ken.' 'Ay, but,' said the querist, 'do you think you can do that, consistently with the command which enjoins us to wish no evil to our neighbours?' 'Dear

sake, sirs,' cried John, rather puzzled, 'ye ken fouk maun be buriet!' This was quite natural, and very conclusive.

The grave-digger ot Sorn, in Ayrshire, was as selfish and mean a wretch as ever handled mattock or carried mortcloth. He was a very querulous and discontented old man, with a voice like the whistle of the wind through a keyhole, on a bleak Sunday afternoon in the country. An acquaintance from a neighbouring parish accosted him one day, and asked how the world was standing with him. 'Oh, very puirly, sir —very puirly, indeed!' was the answer; 'the yaird has dune naething ava for us this simmer. If ye like to believe me, I havena buriet a leevin' soul this sax weeks!'

John Somerville, the bellman and sexton of Manor, in Peebles-shire, a singularly greedy old man, used to haunt people who were likely soon to require his services, like a shark following a fever-ship at sea. Whenever he heard of any person, throughout that extensive parish, having been seized with anything like mortal illness, he would draw towards the house, inquire with great apparent concern for the sufferer, and repeat his visits every day, till the event of either death or recovery. If admitted to see the sick, or informed of the particulars of the disorder, no physician could draw more accurate conclusions as to the result than he. He tracked disease in all its steps, with as much fidelity as the vulture or the carrion-crow follows an army, and with the same purpose. A death was a

good thing to him, both *in prospectu* and *in esse*. He lived upon it before as well as after its occurrence. John, it must be understood, was very fond of broth and fat meat, and kept a register in his mind of every person's day for *having the pot on* in the parish. Now, this predilection of his was prodigiously gratified by these visitations to the houses of the sick; for the people always gave him a share of the food which they might have in preparation, as a sort of part-payment beforehand for his services. He had a trick, independently of these professional visits, of dropping into people's houses about the dinner hour, and was endowed with what might be called a natural propensity for pot-lucking; but, though the hospitality of his hosts could not have permitted him, under any circumstances, to fare poorly, it was quite remarkable that, when his official services were likely to be necessary, he was always better treated than at other times.

On a family having removed from the neighbouring parish of Stobo to that of Manor, John was rejoiced to hear, that among the new settlers there was one who, in all probability, would soon require his assistance. A single customer procured in this unexpected way was, to John, as good as other ninety-nine, who could not have gone past him. Yet the joy of his mind was not altogether unalloyed. Busy fancy suggested to him the possibility of the family retaining an affection for the burying ground of their former parish, which might, perhaps, prove the means of depriving him of his victim, after all. To settle the important point, he one day made bold to step up to Caverhill, where the family in question resided. He asked for Mrs S—,

of whom he had some previous acquaintance, and was shown into a room. Mrs S. was too unwell to see him, but Miss S., her daughter, came in her place. John introduced himself with a thousand bows and scrapes, and began a long string of well-learned condolences upon the subject of Mr Walter's illness. How did she think he was? Was 'there ony chance o' his *winnin' through?*' What hopes did the doctor give them? etc., etc. After half-an-hour of tiresome common-place, and when the young man's illness had been amply discussed, and considerable hopes of his recovery expressed by his sister, John terminated the conversation with the decisive question,—'But, dear me, Miss S., whar do ye bury? Hae ye grund in Stobo, or do ye intend to tak up wi' Manor?' Miss S. was confounded at the atrocious impudence of the wretch, and permitted him to depart, without gratifying his inquiries.

Robert Fairgrieve, for many years bedral and gravedigger to the parish of Ancrum, in Roxburghshire, was a man of some humour. The minister one day met him coming home, sooner than was to be expected, from Jedburgh fair, and inquired the reason for such strange conduct, since most of his fellow parishioners would probably stay till midnight, if not till next morning. 'Oh, sir,' said Robert, 'huz that are *office-bearers*' (meaning the minister and himself) 'should be ensamples to the flock.'

When this strange person was on his deathbed, the minister visited him for the purpose of administering

some ghostly offices to his soul. He was surprised to find him in a somewhat restless and discontented humour, and not comporting himself exactly as a dying man ought to do. On the clergyman inquiring into the cause of his uneasiness, 'Oh, sir,' said Robert, 'I was just mindin' that I've buriet five hunder and ninety-eight folk since I was first made bedral o' Ancrum, and I was anxious that, if it were His holy will, I might be spaired to mak it the sax hunder.'

Robin Hannah, who, for nearly half a century, exercised the trade of grave-digger in the burial-ground attached to the Secession meeting-house at Falkirk, had many of the professional peculiarities of his tribe. For instance, Robin would exert himself in accommodating a good person, or one for whom he entertained sentiments of friendship; and proportionally grudged his labours in behalf of persons comparatively worthless. Somebody one day remarked to him, that the sod upon a particular grave was very fresh and green. 'Ay, it's a bonnie turr,' he answered emphatically; 'but it's a pity to see it putten down on the tap o' sic a skemp.' On another occasion, some one observed him suddenly stop in the newly begun work of forming a grave, and take his way towards the place where his implements were deposited, from which he selected one, and then returned, with a face lighted by a peculiar expression. On being questioned as to his motive for this proceeding, he answered, 'Od, he was sic a fine chiel' (meaning the individual for whom he was digging the grave), 'that I just thocht I wad howk his grave wi' the new spade.'

It may perhaps be supposed, by people of a superficial way of thinking, that there is no particular art or craft to be exercised in grave-digging, and consequently no gradation in the merits of grave-diggers. There could not be a greater mistake. We believe it quite possible that grave-digging may be looked upon by the profession itself—and they only give the subject that *deep* attention it deserves—as one of the *fine arts*, or at least as an art which, in its best productions may yield to the contemplative observer a certain degree of pleasure. A lady of our acquaintance, when a girl, was drawn by childish curiosity to spend much of her time in overlooking the operations of Robin Hannah. Often, on these occasions, he would say to her, for the purpose of getting quit of her surveillance, which somehow or other was disagreeable to the old man, 'Gang awa, my leddie, gang awa the noo, and if ye're a gude bairn, I'll maybe let ye see the grave when it's dune.' We make no doubt that Robin considered this a sufficient recompense for any act of self-denial he could have called upon her to perform. Another fills Robin's place, and he now reposes quietly beneath the green sod he so often spread for others.

MR DURHAM OF LARGO.

A Scottish nobleman, whose two younger brothers distinguished themselves very eminently in public life, but who was himself chiefly known by his extraordinary self-approbation, remarked one day, in conversation with Mr Durham of Largo, that his mother had left a large fortune to her children. 'Is it possible?' said

Mr Durham; 'I never heard that she had a large fortune to leave.' 'Yes, sir,' said his lordship gravely, 'a large intellectual fortune!' 'True, my lord,' replied Mr Durham; 'I now perfectly understand you; and she acted as every prudent mother ought,—she left her whole fortune to her younger children.'

MATRIMONIAL PREPARATIONS.

One of these younger brothers met Mr Durham, and told him that he was just making preparations, by painting (pronounced in Scotland, *penting*) his house, etc., for bringing home a second wife, whom he was on the point of marrying. 'Weel, weel, Harry,' quoth the witty laird, 'ye may pent away—and ye may also *re-pent*.'

RANDOM TRANSLATION.

The nobleman above mentioned was remarkable for two other things besides a disposition to self-applause—penuriousness, and a turn for daubing all the objects around his house with classical inscriptions. At the end of the avenue leading up to one of his country houses, he had the following upon one of the piers of the gateway:—

'Placidam sub libertate quietem.'

A countryman, who one day stood gazing on the mystic words, was accosted by his lordship, with a question if he understood what he was reading. 'Ou ay,' replied the rustic, 'it means that travellers are far mair welcome to gang by than to ride up the avenue.'

THE CREAM OF THE JEST.

At the time of the joint-stock mania in 1825, a com

pany was established in Edinburgh for the purpose of supplying the town with milk. Nothing could have been more unnecessary, as, supposing that it had been better to purchase this household article from a company than from individuals, it might have been quite properly and naturally allied to the *Water* Company, which already existed. However, at the time so confident were the hopes of the directors of the concern, that they bought a small property in the neighbourhood of the town, for the purpose of carrying on their business, for which they paid a sum far above its value. After their concern was set agoing, they were so polite towards the former proprietor, the late Provost Alexander Henderson, as to send him a present of some milk, by way of first-fruits. In returning his best thanks for this attention, he added, with much good-humour, that he believed they might have spared themselves the trouble, as he suspected he had already had the *cream of the jest.* The event has proved the worthy provost to be a prophet as well as a wit.

CHOOSING A PROFESSION.

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

SONS *versus* DAUGHTERS.

A gentleman of the same genus was once in a company where it came to be disputed, whether it was better for a man to have sons or daughters? When asked for his opinion, he gave the following sage response:—'I hae had three lads and three lasses; I watna whilk o' them I liked best, sae lang as they sookit their mother; but deil hae my share o' the callants when they began to *sook their faither!*'

REPENTANCE TOWER—AN IMPROVED VERSION.

Sir Richard Steele is said to have once been travelling through Dumfriesshire, along with a companion as lively and *regardless* as himself, when they came up to a little shepherd boy, who sat by the wayside reading his Bible, not far from Repentance Tower. Determined to quiz the young Christian, one of the party said to him, 'Pray, my lad, can you tell us, after reading that book so attentively, which is the road to Heaven?' 'Ou, ay,' answered the boy: 'ye'll hae to haud ower by that toor.' Being previously acquainted with the tower and its strange name, they felt the hit, but, resolved still to prosecute the joke, asked the boy if he could now tell them the way to Hell? 'Ay,' replied he, 'ye've just to haud straucht on the same road ye're gaun ye now, instead o' turnin' yont by the toor, and ye're sure to come till't.' [This witty youth was in reality a gentleman's son, set, *secundum morem Scoticum*, to herd cattle, and his family are still in possession of large estates in Dumfriesshire.]

HIGHLAND QUARTER.

A Highlander (whose regiment having been surrounded, had cut their way out with the broad sword, with the loss of half their number), being the last in retreating, and highly chafed, was stopped by a forward Frenchman returning from the pursuit, who charged him with his bayonet; but soon finding the disadvantage of his weapon, cried out '*Quarter!*' '*Quarter ye,*' said Donald, 'te muckle teefil may *quarter* ye for me! Py my soul I'se nae time to *quarter* ye; ye maun e'en be contentit to be cuttit in *twa!*' making his head fly from his shoulders.

A MORE-ALE STORY.

It is a current story in Teviotdale, that, in the house of an ancient family of distinction, much addicted to the Presbyterian cause, a Bible was always put into the sleeping apartment of the guests, along with a strong bottle of ale. On some occasion there was a meeting of the clergymen in the vicinity of the castle, all of whom were invited to dinner by the worthy baronet, and several abode all night. According to the fashion of the times, several of the reverend guests were allotted to one large barrack-room, which was used on such occasions of extended hospitality. The butler took care that the divines were presented, according to custom, each with a Bible and a bottle of ale. But after a little consultation among themselves, they are said to have recalled the domestic as he was leaving the apartment. 'My friend,' said one of the venerable guests, 'you must know, when we meet together as brethren, the youngest minister reads aloud

a portion of the Scriptures to the rest; only one Bible, therefore, is necessary; take away the other six, and, in their place, bring six more bottles of ale.'

ANECDOTE OF THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

Nothing galls the national pride of a true-blue Scot more than the liberties that have been taken with that article of the Union which expressly declared that Britain should be the only recognised designation of the United Kingdoms of Scotland and England. The King of England, the English Ambassador, the English Army, the English Fleet, etc., are therefore terms particularly offensive to a Scottish ear. An instance of this feeling occurred at the battle of Trafalgar. Two Scotchmen, messmates and bosom cronies, from the same little clachan, happened to be stationed near each other, when the celebrated intimation was displayed from the Admiral's ship. 'For Gudsake, look up, and read yon, Jock,' said the one to the other; "England expects every man to do his duty"—no a word frae puir auld Scotland on this occasion.' Jock cocked his eye at the object for a moment, and turning to his companion, thus addressed him:—'Man, Geordie, is that a' your sense?—Scotland kens weel enough that her bairns will do their duty—*that's just a hint to the Englishers.*'

MOCK TESTAMENT.

An old gentleman was one evening amusing the junior branches of his family, and a number of their young acquaintances, by making up a sort of imaginary will, in which he destined so much to one and so

much to another; the eight-day clock to this niece or nephew, the bed to that, the table to a third, and so on. 'But what will ye leave to me, Mr K—d?' said a lady who felt impatient to know what was to be her lot. 'I'll leave you *out*,' replied the testator.

THORUS AUT PATIBULUM.

Everybody is familiar with the mode of life practised some two or three hundred years ago on the Scottish borders. When a housewife ran out of butcher-meat, she either presented a pair of spurs under cover at dinner, as a hint that her sons and husband should ride out to obtain a supply, or, if inclined to be a little more provident, informed them in the forenoon that the 'hough was in the pot,' thereby insinuating that her beef-barrel was reduced to its last and worst fragment.

It is told that Scott of Harden, the ancestor of a very respectable family, which still flourishes on the border, was one day coming home with a large drove of cattle, which he had lifted, as the phrase went, in some of the dales of Cumberland, when he happened to espy a large haystack in a farm-yard by the wayside, which appeared to him as if it could have foddered his prey for half the winter. Vexed to think that this could not also be lifted, the chieftain looked at it very earnestly, and said, with bitter and emphatic expression, 'By my saul, if ye had four feet, ye should gang too.'

A member of this family was what might have then been called *unfortunate* in one of his enterprises. Having invaded the territories of Sir Gideon Murray

ot Elibank, ancestor of the noble family of that name and title, he was inveigled by the latter into an ambuscade, and taken, as it were, in the very act. Murray, being an officer of state, thought himself bound to make an example of the offender, and he accordingly gave orders to the unfortunate Harden to prepare for immediate execution.

Elated with his victory, he went home and communicated his intention to his lady. 'Are you mad?' said her ladyship; 'would you hang the young laird of Harden, you that has sae mony unmarried dauchters? Na, na; it'll be a hantle mair wiselike to mak the young laird marry ane o' them.' The eloquence of the lady prevailed; and, as young Harden was in perilous circumstances, and was expected gladly to accept of any alternative to avoid an ignominious death, it was resolved that he should wed 'Muckle-mou'd Meg,' the third daughter of the family, who was distinguished by what, in modern phraseology, is termed an 'open countenance;' that is, in less metaphorical language, her mouth extended from ear to ear. The alternative was accordingly proposed to the culprit, but, to the astonishment of all concerned, it was at once rejected. 'Weel, weel, young man,' says the laird of Elibank, 'ye's get till the morn's mornin' to think aboot it,' and so saying, left the young laird in his dungeon to his own agreeable reflections.

In the morning, Harden, after a sleepless night, looked out from the window, or rather hole of his cell, and saw the gallows erected in the yard, and all the apparatus of death prepared. His heart failed him and he began to think that life, even though spent in

the society of 'Muckle-mou'd Meg,' was not a thing to be rashly thrown away. He declared his willingness, therefore, to accept of the maiden's hand. There were no marriage laws in those days—no proclamation of banns—no session-clerk's fees. Mess John* was sent for, and the indissoluble knot was tied.

Nor did Harden ever repent of his bargain; for Meg, notwithstanding the deformity from which she took her name, was in fact one of the best creatures in existence, possessed of a great fund of excellent sense, and withal a handsome *personable* woman. She turned out an admirable wife, managed the household of Harden with the utmost propriety; and a union which had taken place under such extraordinary circumstances, and with such very unpromising auspices was in the highest degree cordial and constant.

SERMON EXTRAORDINARY.

A half-witted itinerant preacher, well known in the county of Ayr, was stopped one evening, on the road to Stewarton, by a band of shearers, who insisted on his retiring to a neighbouring field to give them a sermon. After many attempts on his part to get off, and threats on theirs, if he did not comply, the honest man was at last compelled to consent; and, from the back of his shaggy-haired sheltie, he delivered to his barefooted audience the following extemporaneous effusion, taking for his text these words:—'Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither.' Job, 1st chapter, and 21st verse. 'In discoursing from these words,' said the preacher,

* The priest was commonly so called, from the word mass.

'I shall observe the three following things:—*1st* Man's ingress into the world; *2dly*, His progress through the world; and, *3dly*, His egress out of the world.

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

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

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

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

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

WISE FOR ONCE.

The Rev. T— G— is not exactly a mad minister; he is very clever, very eccentric, and what the country people call a 'wee skeer.' The individual who gives these anecdotes to the world attended the church of Cupar-Fife, one Sunday, during the hot summer of 1826, when Mr G— was to preach instead of the regular clergyman. On mounting the rostrum, the reverend gentleman doffed his heavy black gown, and, with the gesture which indicated how intolerable he had already found it, on account of the heat, threw it across the edge of the pulpit. At that moment, the writer heard a rustic who sat before him whisper to a companion, 'Weel, he's wise there at least.'

CONSOLATION.

One of the numerous popular stories told in ridicule

of the Scottish Highlanders, is pointed by a very droll and laconic expression. A north-country man, travelling one day upon a road, met a black snail, which, under the mistaken idea that it was a dried plum, he took up, and proceeded to eat. On biting off and swallowing a part of the body, he discovered what it was; whereupon, being unwilling to acknowledge his disgust, and wishing rather to conceal, if possible, from himself, the real sentiment under an affected one, he threw away the remainder of the creature, with this angry ejaculation :—'Cot tam !—tak ye tat for being sae like a plhum-taimas !'

HINT TO EMIGRANTS.

An acquaintance of Bailie M'G—, of D—, made a grievous plaint 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 ill success might be partly his own fault. He contented himself with remarking that it was surely possible for a tradesman to draw together a tolerable business. 'Not in this country,' his friend repeated. 'Weel, then,' said the bailie, 'what say ye to emigration? I have heard that some push their way geyan weel at Hobart Town or the Cape.' 'Yes,' replied his desponding townsman, 'that might be the case aince in a day; but, if there is business there, there are mair folk now than can get a share o't.' 'Weel, it's maybe true ye say,' rejoined the bailie,

whose policy it was never to contradict any man directly; 'but ye micht gang farther—ye micht gang up into the interior.' 'There's naething,' said the inveterate grumbler,—'there's naething there but kangaroos.' The worthy magistrate was something nettled at this pertinacious hopelessness, and, concluding that kangaroos were a tribe of native savages, among whom a careful pedlar might make indifferent good bargains, he replied hastily, 'Weel, aweel, and isna a kangaroo's siller as good as another man's?'

FRUITS IN THEIR SEASON.

The following smart *repartee* was made the other day by one of the amazons of the 'creel,' on her way to Fisherrow:—She was carrying on her back a wicker cradle, which attracted the notice of a gentleman walking behind her, who remarked good-humouredly, 'Ah ha! Peggy, you seem burdened with the fruits of matrimony.' On which, with the ready wit of the sisterhood, she instantly exclaimed, 'Hech, sirs! but ye're far wrang, sir; do ye no see it's only the *fruit basket?*'

HIGHLAND ANCESTRY.

The following is an amusing instance of the tenacity with which the Highlanders hold to the honours and antiquity of their kindred:—A dispute arose between Campbell and M'Lean upon the never-ending subject. M'Lean would not allow that the Campbells had any right to rank with the M'Leans in antiquity, who, he insisted, were in existence as a clan from the beginning of the world. Campbell had a little more biblical lore than his antagonist, and asked him if the Clan

M'Lean was before the flood. 'Flood! what flood?' said M'Lean. 'The flood that you know drowned all the world but Noah and his family and his flocks,' said Campbell. 'Pooh! you and your flood,' said M'Lean, 'my clan was afore ta flood.' 'I have not read in my Bible,' said Campbell, of the name of M'Lean going into Noah's ark.' 'Noah's ark!' retorted M'Lean in contempt, 'who ever heard of a M'Lean tat had not a boat of his own?'

REPROOF.

A poor old deaf man, residing in a Fifeshire village, was visited one day by the parish clergyman, who had recently taken a resolution to pay such visits regularly to his parishioners, and therefore made a promise to the wife of this villager that he would call occasionally and pray with him. The minister, however, soon fell through his resolution, and did not pay another visit to the deaf man till two years after, when, happening to go through the alley in which the poor man lived, he found the wife at the door, and therefore could not avoid inquiring for her husband. 'Well, Margaret,' said the minister, 'how is Thamas?' 'Nae the better o' you,' was the rather curt answer. 'How, how, Margaret?' inquired the minister. 'Ou, ye promised twa years syne to ca' and pray ance a fortnight wi' him, and ye never ance darkened the door sin syne.' 'Well, well, Margaret, don't be so short. I thought it was not so very necessary to call and pray with Thamas, for he's deaf, you know, and cannot hear me.' 'But, sir,' rejoined the woman, '*the Lord's no deaf.*' And

the indolent clergyman shrunk abashed from the cottage.

'THE MAN, MY LORD.'

'*Virum*que cano.'—VIRG.

A circumstance occurred some years ago at a Circuit Court of Justiciary, in presence of a judge whose peculiarities of temper and manner were more than compensated by his many excellent qualities. Their lordships and suite had just met, and were proceeding to investigate a rather interesting case, when their deliberations were interrupted by a continued knocking at the outer court-door. Again and again the shrill-tongued macer ejaculated, 'Silence! silence there!' to little or no purpose. At length the judge exclaimed, 'What's the meaning of all that noise? Macer—officers—what are you all about, that you don't put an end to that constant shuffle-shuffling?—*Officer.* 'It's a man, my lord.'—*Judge.* 'A man! what man, sir? who, where is he, and what does he want?'—*Officer.* 'He's at the outside, please your lordship, and wants to get in.'—*Judge.* 'Well, keep him *out;* keep him out, I say, sir.' The officer bowed or nodded assent, and the business of the court proceeded. By-and-by, however, an individual possessing the right of *entrée* walked into the hall of justice, and the man, watching his opportunity, slipped in at the same time. By a levity and restlessness, however, by no means uncommon, he had not been well in till he wished to get out again—applying, perhaps, to a court of law. what Chaucer presumptuously says of the blessed state of matrimony,—

'Marriage is like a rabble route:
Those that are out would fain be in,
And those that are in would fain be out.'

With this he began to jostle everybody near him, a proceeding which, as it created a new hubbub, necessarily drew forth a fresh rebuke from the president of the court.—*Judge.* 'What's all this now? Even if my ears were as sharp as those of Dionysius, and the room in which I sit as well contrived as the celebrated vault in which he kept his prisoners, it would be impossible for me to hear one word that the witness is saying.'—*Officer.* 'It's *the man*, my lord.'—*Judge.* 'What! the same man?'—*Ocffier.* 'The verra same.'—*Judge.* 'Well, what does he want?'—*Officer.* 'He wants to get out, please your worship.'—*Judge.* 'Wants to get out! Then keep him *in;* keep him in; I say, sir.' The obedient officer did as he was directed; but the persevering 'man' was not to be so easily driven from his purpose. Watching an opportunity, and elbowing his way to an open window, he attempted to mount to the sill, and appeared, contrary to all rule, to be meditating his escape in that direction; but the vigilant officer again caught the delinquent, and, again interfering, a fresh tumult ensued. His lordship appeared angry, as well he might, and a third time exclaimed. 'What's the matter now? Is there to be no end to this?—*Officer.* It's *the man*, my lord.'—*Judge.* 'What! the same man again! Show me the fellow, and I'll *man* him.' The officer here pointed to a respectable enough looking individual, who, as he said, 'wanted to get up.'—*Judge.* 'Well, keep him *down.*' There was silence for a minute or two, but

the disturber of the court contrived to effect his purpose; and it was not long till he began to testify as much dissatisfaction with his elevation, as he had done in all his former situations. The business was once more interrupted, and the judge demanded what was the matter. The officer informed him that *the man* had *cruppen* up on the window-sole, and wanted to get down again.—*Judge.* 'Up on the window-sole! Well, keep him *up;* keep him up, I say, sir, if it should be to the day of judgment!' (perhaps his lordship meant the hour of judgment). It is almost needless to add, that these successive interruptions threw the audience into a roar of laughter, and that the incorrigible 'man,' while held in durance on the window-sole, had far more eyes turned upon him than either the prisoners or witnesses at the bar.

DAVID HUME.

A certain person, to show his detestation of Hume's infidel opinions, always left any company where he happened to be, if Hume joined it. The latter, observing this, took occasion one day to reprehend it as follows:—'Friend,' said he, 'I am surprised to find you display such a pointed aversion to me; I would wish to be upon good terms with you here, as, upon your own system, it seems very probable we shall be doomed to the same place hereafter. You hope I shall be damned for want of faith, and I fear you will have the same fate for want of charity.'

INTESTINAL WARDROBE.

An ancestor of Sir Walter Scott joined the Pre-

tender, and, with his brother, was engaged in that unfortunate adventure, which ended in a skirmish and captivity at Preston, in 1715. It was the fashion of those times for all persons of the rank of gentlemen to wear scarlet waistcoats. A ball had struck one of the brothers, and carried a part of this dress into his body; and in this condition he was taken prisoner, with a number of his companions, and stript, as was too often the practice in these remorseless civil wars. Thus wounded, and nearly naked, having only a shirt on, and an old sack about him, the ancestor of the great poet was sitting, along with his brother and a hundred and fifty unfortunate gentlemen, in a granary at Preston. The wounded man fell sick, as the story goes, and vomited the scarlet, which the ball had forced into the wound. 'L—d, Wattie!' cried his brother, 'if you have got a wardrobe in your wame, I wish you would vomit me a pair of breeks, for I have meikle need of them.' The wound afterwards healed.

BAROMETER OF CONVIVIALITY.

There was great fancy and infinite drollery in the remark made seventy years ago by a town-clerk of Colinsburgh in Fife, as to his predilections in the way of drinking. 'I like,' said the clerk (his name was Fair—but though he began with fair weather, he ended with very foul)—'I like,' said he, 'a gentle dew i' the morning—a skurroch* i' the forenoon—a smart shower after dinner—and a Lammas speat again nicht.'

* A skurroch is the slightest possible fall of rain, a flying shower in the midst of sunshine.

WOMAN'S WISDOM.

One of the Cecil family, minister to Scotland from England, was speaking to Mary, Queen of Scots, of the wisdom of his sovereign, Queen Elizabeth. Mary stopped him short by saying, 'Pray, sir, don't talk to me of the wisdom of a woman; I think I know my own sex pretty well, and can assure you, that the wisest of us all is only a little less a fool than the others.'

MERCANTILE INDIGESTION, WITH THE PRESCRIPTIONS OF AN EDINBURGH PROFESSOR.*

Scene—*Doctor's Study.*

Enter *a douce-looking Glasgow Merchant.*

Patient.—Good morning, doctor; I'm just come in to Edinburgh aboot some law business, and I thocht, when I was here at ony rate, I might just as weel tak your advice, sir, anent my trouble.

Doctor.—And pray what may your trouble be, my good sir?

P.—'Deed, doctor, I'm no very sure; but I'm thinking it's a kind of weakness that makes me dizzy at times, and a kind of pinkling about my stamack—just no richt.

Dr.—You're from the west country, I should suppose, sir?

P.—Yes, sir, frae Glasgow.

Dr.—Ay. Pray, sir, are you a gourmand—a glutton?

P.—God forbid, sir! I'm one of the plainest men living in all the west country.

* Dr Gregory was what is called 'a starving doctor,' that is, one who used to attempt the cure of diseases by reducing the system.

Dr.—Then, perhaps, you're a drunkard?

P.—No, doctor; thank God, no one can accuse me of that: I'm of the Dissenting persuasion, doctor, and an elder; so ye may suppose I'm nae drunkard.

Dr.—(*Aside*—I'll suppose no such thing, till you tell me your mode of life.) I'm so much puzzled with your symptoms, sir, that I should wish to hear in detail what you eat and drink. When do you breakfast, and what do you take to it?

P.—I breakfast at nine o'clock. I tak a cup of coffee, and one or two cups of tea; a couple of eggs, and a bit of ham or kipper'd salmon, or may be both, if they're good, and two or three rolls and butter.

Dr.—Do you eat no honey, or jelly, or jam, to breakfast?

P.—Oh yes, sir; but I don't count that as anything.

Dr.—Come, this is a very moderate breakfast. What kind of dinner do you make?

P.—Oh, sir, I eat a very plain dinner indeed. Some soup, and some fish, and a little plain roast or boiled; for I dinna care for made dishes; I think, some way, they never satisfy the appetite.

Dr.—You take a little pudding, then, and afterwards some cheese?

P.—Oh yes; though I don't care much about them.

Dr.—You take a glass of ale or porter with your cheese?

P.—Yes, one or the other, but seldom both.

Dr.—You west country people generally take a glass of Highland whisky after dinner?

P.—Yes, we do; it's good for digestion.

Dr.—Do you take any wine during dinner

P.—Yes, a glass or two of sherry; but I m indifferent as to wine during dinner. I drink a good deal of beer.

Dr.—What quantity of port do you drink?

P.—Oh, very little; not above half-a-dozen glasses or so.

Dr.—In the west country, it is impossible, I hear, to dine without punch?

P.—Yes, sir; indeed 'tis punch we drink chiefly; but, for myself, unless I happen to have a friend with me, I never tak more than a couple of tumblers or so—and that's moderate.

Dr.—Oh, exceedingly moderate indeed! You then, after this slight repast, take some tea, and bread and butter?

P.—Yes, before I go to the counting-house to read the evening letters.

Dr.—And, on your return, you take supper, I suppose?

P.—No, sir, I canna be said to tak supper; just something before going to bed: a rizzer'd haddock, or a bit of toasted cheese, or half a hundred of oysters, or the like o' that; and, may be, two-thirds of a bottle of ale; but I tak no regular supper.

Dr.—But you take a little more punch after that?

P.—No, sir; punch does not agree with me at bed-time. I tak a tumbler of warm whisky toddy at night; it's lighter to sleep on.

Dr.—So it must be, no doubt. This, you say, is your every-day life; but, upon great occasions, you perhaps exceed a little?

P.—No, sir, except when a friend or two dine with

me, or I dine out, which, as I am a sober family man, does not often happen.

Dr.—Not above twice a-week?

P.—No; not oftener.

Dr.—Of course you sleep well, and have a good appetite?

P.—Yes, sir, thank God, I have; indeed, any wee harl o' health that I hae is about meal-time.

Dr.—(Assuming a severe look, knitting his brows, and lowering his eyebrows.) Now, sir, you are a very pretty fellow, indeed; you come here and tell me that you are a moderate man, and I might have believed you, did I not know the nature of the people in your part of the country; but, upon examination, I find, by your own showing, that you are a most voracious glutton; you breakfast in the morning in a style that would serve a moderate man for dinner; and, from five o'clock in the afternoon, you undergo one almost uninterrupted loading of your stomach till you go to bed. This is your moderation! You told me, too, another falsehood—you said you were a sober man; yet, by your own showing, you are a beer swiller, a dram drinker, a wine bibber, and a guzzler of Glasgow punch; a liquor, the name of which is associated, in my mind, only with the ideas of low company and beastly intoxication. You *tell me* you eat indigestible suppers, and swill toddy to force sleep—I *see* that you chew tobacco. Now, sir, what human stomach can stand this? Go home, sir, and leave off your present course of riotous living—take some dry toast and tea to your breakfast—some plain meat and soup for dinner, without adding to it anything to spur on

your flagging appetite; you may take a cup of tea in the evening, but never let me hear of haddocks and toasted cheese, and oysters, with their accompaniments of ale and toddy at night; give up chewing that vile, narcotic, naseous abomination, and there are some hopes that your stomach may recover its tone, and you be in good health like your neighbours.

P.—I'm sure, doctor, I'm very much obliged to you —(taking out a bunch of bank notes)—I shall endeavour to—

Dr.—Sir, you are not obliged to me—put up your money, sir. Do you think I'll take a fee from you for telling you what you knew as well as myself? Though you are no physician, sir, you are not altogether a fool. You have read your Bible, and must know that drunkenness and gluttony are both sinful and dangerous; and, whatever you may think, you have this day confessed to me that you are a notorious glutton and drunkard. Go home, sir, and reform, or, take my word for it, your life is not worth half a year's purchase.

Exit Patient, dumfounded, and looking blue.

Dr.—(*Solus.*) Sober and temperate! Dr Watt tried to live in Glasgow, and make his patients live moderately, and purged and bled them when they were sick; but it would not do. Let the Glasgow doctors prescribe beefsteaks and rum punch, and their fortune is made.

THE END.

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