

T H E
COMICAL NOTES AND
SAYINGS

OF THE LATE REVEREND

Mr. Pettegrew,

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL, at

LONG-GOVAN, near GLASGOW.



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MR. PETTEGREW.

MR. PETTEGREW, late minister at Long Goyan, two miles west from Glasgow, was a man of an excellent ready wit, and of great patience, and knowledge conform thereunto, so that the rest of his brethren, ministers of that Presbytery, held him as their father and instructor; unto him they appealed to resolve all doubtful questions and controversies; for, at any assemblies or synods, among his brethren, he had a most learned speech, imitating that of an English advocate; but in his common discourse, among his parishioners, he had as homely a stile of speech as any old woman in the parish; he was a great lover of piety and quietness, and sharply reproved vice, in whatsoever person, or rank he beheld it; and that in words so mild and fitting the offender's case and crimes, partly in the way of mocking them for their meanness of such a naughty offence as below their station so to do.

He being one night in company with some young gentlemen, and one young man, amongst the rest, whose name was James, swore very often by his Maker's name; Mr. Pettegrew observing him, and as he did so, the next time, By Jamie, said Mr. Pettegrew, is it so, man? What, said the young man, do you swear by my name? Yes, said Mr. Pettegrew, while you swear so often by such a great name. The young man flew into a rage, wishing to damn his soul, if any man do so again, but he would show him the odds of it; O, poor man, said Mr. Pettegrew, what would you do, if thy arse were but damned for ae ten days? The young man being so ashamed, at this rebuke before the rest of the company, he be-

came very peaceable, and ever after knew how to rule his tongue.

In the time of Queen Anne's wars against the French, one day, after sermon in church, in his prayer, he earnestly desired that God would permit the devil to take the French King, and shake him above hell: but, O do not let him fling him in, said he, although he be our enemy; but fright him out of his little coat, until he become a better neighbour, and let poor fouks live in peace.

One day as he was standing beside some workmen, who were mending a piece of a rough road, which led unto his own house, a parcel of young gentlemen, who had been a hunting, coming past that way; one of them said, Good-day to you, Mr. Pettegrew, I suppose this is the way to heaven, you are mending it so well? Indeed, man, I thought it had been so, until I saw your graceless-like face coming this way; we need not mend any more at it, for ye're going fast enough to an ill part for as rough as the road is.

One of his elders told him one Sabbath morning, that there was twa Highland gentlemen come out of Glasgow, on purpose to hear him, because of his comical expressions; a-well, said he, they had as good staid in Glasgow. So it happened in time of the sermon, that many of the people fell asleep, which caused him to stop and rebuke them, Sit up, said he, ye fouks about Patrick; ye sup so many milk brose that it is as impossible to keep you from sleeping, as Highlandmen from stealing; and no but my own wife, she must have her nod as well as the rest of your milk-meat fouks; but if the clerk was not asleep, I should Instrument her for sleeping in the kirk; for it is an auld by-word, what may we not do, when the minister's wite does it.

There was a woman in his parish, whose name was Bessie Black, and she having got a bassard child, he rebuked her before the congregation, she being on the black stool of repentance; Black foukes have

aye black fashions, and black works have aye a black reward: ye wadna stay in honest fouks service, but ran awa' thy ain black gates, and now ye're come again to that black seat; wow, woman, but thou was in an unco haste, it coudna wait on a wedding-day, till I had gotten my gloves win; and does thou think, poor wornan, ever to do well, when thou has gotten thy first bairn frae the de'il, for a' graceless things are curst; thou sees the bits of herd laddies will tak aff their bonnet, and seek a blessing to their brose, but thou gaed into the bed, and cast up thy black gammons, and sought neither advice from God nor man. O Bessie, Bessie, Black is your name, and black is your nature, and black is your spot, and black is your hoe, hoe, hoe.

There was a young gentleman in his parish, who had got a bastard, but would not come into obedience to the session, nor mount the stool. Though he owned the child to be his, defended them for two years, until they were going to excommunicate him, but Mr. Pettegrew, went and got him one day by himself, and told him, if he would but come only one day, he should say nothing to him that he would take amiss; and if it lay in his power, he would absolve him the first day. The young man promised faithfully to appear upon the aforesaid conditions, but the word thereof spread through Glasgow, and the neighbouring towns, that such a young man was to be upon the stool upon such a Sabbath, for as long as he had stood out against it; therefore, every one was curious to go and hear his rebuke, thinking it would be a terrible one: so when the day came, there was such a crowd of young ladies from Glasgow, that the kirk would not contain them, all the seats and lofts round about in the kirk being filled with fine ladies, so that the people of the parish could not get into their seats. After sermon, Mr. Pettegrew calls to him by his name, saying, Poor man, thou is e'en standing there, to shew satisfaction for that foul act of fornication; but I cannot blame thee

for it; thou is really to be pitied, for I believe there is not a whore in a' Glasgow or Paisley but what has followed thee here this day, and I can say nothing to thee, for I see it is not thy fault, thou has been tempted to do it; I maun just absolve thee, though it be the first time, for I never saw so many whore-like hussies running after ae poor fallow. The ladies looked onè to another, but knew not what to do or say for themselves, however none of them returned to hear the afternoon's sermon, but made the best of their way home, with their new name,
A WHORE.

There happened a debate between a minister and a doctor in Edinburgh, and in the heat of their argument, the minister called the doctor an Atheist, as was really believed to be true by the doctor's practice and profession; yet the doctor pursued the minister and would have him prove it, or loss his kirk for saying so. It continued a long plea for two years or thereby. At last the doctor was on the very point of gaining the law on the minister: all hopes of defence being gone, he wrote to Mr. Pettegrew his state, and pleading that he would advise him to what was best to be doue. Mr. Pettegrew sent him word that he could advise him to nothing, but he should come in all haste, to see what relief could be made for him. So the last court day that was to be about it, Mr. Pettegrew came to Edinburgh, and meeting with his brother minister, he saluted him, saying, A dear man, could thou not decide this bit of a debate without fashing me, an auld dea'd stock, to be hobbling sae far awa' after your nonsense; it is a strange thing that he has catched so much at your mouth, and y^e can catch nothing at his. Then Mr. Pettegrew ordered four gentlemen to follow him close at his back, and whatever he said to any person, to be sure, what they answered again. So he came to the cross, where he saw the doctor and his advocat standing together before they went into the court, then he came close in behind him, and smartly clasp

upon his shoulder, saying, Sir, are you Doctor Pitcairn the Athiest? Yes, said he, turning about suddenly. Very good, said Mr. Pettegrew, I take you all to witness, he has confessed it himself. The doctor stood as one demented, then said, O Pettegrew, thy scull is as deep as hell. A wow, man, said Mr. Pettegrew, hast thou won to the belief that there is a hell. His two advocates seeing all confounded by what he had said, raged on him like two madmen, then advised him to an agreement with the minister.

One time, in his session, he had a young woman before him for getting a bastard. He asked her as follows: And where was that wain gotten now, my lady? Indeed, Sir, it was gotten at the cheek of Maul's-mire, (this Maul's-mire was a miry wet place of ground in the field, where nothing but grass grew) Maul's-mire, said Mr. Pettegrew, and a dirty hole it is, woman, for I lair'd my horse ae night in it. O fy, said one of the elders, Mr. Pettegrew, that's bauldy, he thinking it was my a--le hole the lafs had said. Dear man, said Mr. Pettegrew, does thou think that I would ride there awa' saddled and bridled, and holes anew at hame.

There happened another most terrible debate in his session, concerning a young lady and a gentleman, who had been in the fair way to fornication; the witnesses swore, that they saw the man's hand between the woman's thighs, and her hand in the ball of his breeches. To which Mr. Pettegrew said Ay, ay, the de'il has been in that man's brecks, and hell has been between that woman's feet, when the like was between them: and think ye that the de'il could bide lang out o' hell? Na, na, I'll warrant him; for these words, the lady would have a mends of Mr. Pettegrew; so next Sabbath his lecture led him to speak something of a whorish woman; he first compared her to a city, then to a ship, and when she, the same lady, was coming to the church, he was saying, when she gets up her sails, she skips o'er the

waves with a lofty head, and there she comes, with her top and top gallants, but she has a leak in her bottom that will sink her to hell. The captain of a ship being in the church and asleep, or near about it, hearing these words, got up in a rage, crying, Up, up, up, all hands aloft; pump and be d-----d. I'll make her to swim.

Now in all his diverting sayings, he was never seen to laugh himself but thrice. The first was, Once as he was going to church, not far from his own house, one of his elders was easing himself, and being in a haste, because Mr. Pettegrew was coming that way, he pulled a docken to dight his back-side, but doing it too rashly, his fingers went through, and were all beshit: so he gave his hand a hasty wip backward, and smote his fingers against a stone wall, until the blood followed, and then bangs them into his mouth, dirty as they were. Mr. Pettegrew seeing him come into the church after a while, and his hand tied up, when he minded the way he saw him get it, he burst out into laughter: the elders called a session between sermons to inquire the reason, thinking he was gone mad; so he ordered them to ask how such a man got his hand hurt; to which he answered, helping out with a barrowful of muck. Then Mr. Pettegrew told the way he saw him get it, which made them all laugh very heartily.

Another time as he was coming from a Presbytery with other two ministers, they called at a house on the way for a refreshment. So the landlady roasted some puddings on the fire, and Mr. Pettegrew was asking a blessing before they fell to eat them, one of the puddings on the fire fell a chirping like a mouse; a young child, about two years of age, being then present, said, Whist puddy, nae body maun peek here but the man that says the grace: whereat all three burst out into laughter.

Another time, before Mr. Pettegrew entered into the ministry, passing one day through the Netherbow-port of Edinburgh, and observing that one of the

waiters had a custom of stopping almost every body that happened to be carrying any thing, under a pretence of searching for prohibited goods, he got a large round stone, and putting it below his cloke, went very fast through the port, looking always behind him as if he had been frighted; the waiter seeing this, and thinking he had catched a prize, pursued after him immediately, overtook him, and ordered him in the king's name to deliver up what he had got below his cloke, which the other refused to do, instantly they fell to scuffling, the one to seize the stone and the other to keep it, till Mr Pettegrew, seeing an opportunity, let the stone drop with great force upon the waiter's toes, and running away, laughed at him with all his might, as did likewise the people on the street, while the poor waiter, sore hurt with the dreadful stroke, could not walk one step for a considerable time, till Mr. Pettegrew escaped out of his clutches.

One warm summer day, he was riding into Paisley, and having newly got a wig, the heat caused him to take it off, and put on his hat on the bare head: and as he came to Paisley town, and could not get his wig, he turned back, meeting with a woman on the way, he said, Honest woman. did you see a hassock of hair among your feet? Ke awa', ye filthy misleard carle, what's your business what I hae betwween my feet. The poor woman began to run off the road, and he riding after her, crying for her to give him his hassock of hair. A de'i's in the carle, cried the wife, ye have hair enough, when, ye wear it above your hat. He then patting up his hand, and finding the mistake he was in, begged to be excused of the woman, for his misbehaviour.

FINIS.