

THE
NEW SPIRIT
OF
SCOTS WIT,

COMPRISING EVERY THING

MUMOUROUS, WITTY, OR DROLL,

Worthy of Preservation,

CONNECTED WITH

SCOTTISH DROLLERY.

They ca' me Mirth; I ne'er was kend
To grumble or look sour,
Bat blythe wad be a lift to lend,
Gin ye wad sey my power
An' pith this day.

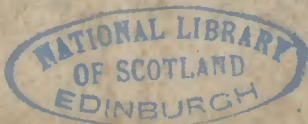
FERGUSSON.



KILMARNOCK:

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1829.



PREFACE.

SCOTLAND has from time immemorial enjoyed a due share of reputation for learning and good sense, but it has generally been thought deficient in wit. This deficiency has been ascribed to various causes, some contending that our dullness was owing to our high northern latitude, and the rigour of our climate.—According to the poet:

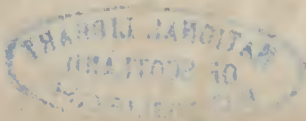
“ Our Northern country seldom tastes of wit,
“ The too cold clime is justly blam'd for it.”

But time, which discovers most truths, has shewn that the Scots are a nation not destitute of wit and fancy, more than any other people in Europe. From the period of the reformation indeed, there seems to have been a kind of Eocottian mist that clouded the hemisphere of our learning. The incessant quarrels of the clergy with James VI. in which the people took so deep an interest, engendered a severity of manners, and moroseness of character, ill suiting the sprightly sallies of wit and humour. The cruelties and severities exercised by the profligate Charles after his restoration, and his bigoted brother James, on the poor covenanters, converted the people into a nation of gloomy enthusiasts, where wit was criminal, and humour profanity.

“ Nothing our hearts could move, or fancy bribe,
“ Except the gibb'rish of the canting tribe.”

But now that the days of religious animosity and intolerance are passed away, and the despicable jargon in which it was carried on forgotten, Scottish wit shines out in its genuine lustre, founded upon good sense and a refined taste.

We have had “the Spirit of English Wit,” and “the Spirit of Irish Wit,” collected into a focus, while the spirit and substance of Scottish wit has been left to evaporate in the desert air. This defect we have attempted in some measure to remedy by bringing forward the following collection of Anecdotes, Bon Mots, Jests, Puns, and Droll Stories, no inconsiderable portion of which are original, which it is hoped will shew that the Scots are possessed of some wit, both in spirit and substance.



THE NEW

SPIRIT OF SCOTS WIT.

The way to make a Testament.

AN old beggar man, named John, who used some time ago to travel in the neighbourhood of Stonehaven, was one day sitting on a stone at a gentleman's gate in the vicinity of that town, when one Robert Jamieson, a travelling chapman, and an old acquaintance of John's, coming that way, said to him, 'Weel, John, is this you? How are ye endin'? Hae ye been at the laird's house yet?' 'Na, na,' replied the old beggar, 'We're a' debar'd frae gaen there, nae puir bodies like me dare be seen about the young laird's.'—'Waes me, John,' says Rabie, 'But I'm thinking ye're mair bar'd than hurt, for I'm sure there's nae a gentleman in a' the kintra that kens ye, wad hinder ye frae ca'ing at their house; I'm joost gaen in to see what's needed, an' I'll let ye ken how I come on.' So forward Rabie goes, and meeting the laird on the stair, thus accosted him: 'Gude day to your honour, I'm tald that ye hae prohibited puir folk frae ca'ing at the house.'—'Aye, Rabie,' replied the laird, 'Randy beggars an' vagrants, but no the like o' you, that we ken to be an honest man, an' gaen about your lawfu' business.' So to the house Rabie goes, where he sold some of his goods; and, on returning, found his friend John at the place he left him. 'Weel, Rabie,' says John, 'How hae ye far'd at the laird's?'—'Oh,' replied Rabie, 'I was received unco kindly, I sell'd a few

things, sae I think ye'll be weel used tae.' Sae they parted, and John having gathered courage from the representations of Rabie, sets forward and finding the laird before the house, he accosted him with a 'Gude day to your honour, I hope ye're nae offended at my ca'ing at the house.'—'Na, na, John,' replied the laird, 'What's been the matter wi' ye, that we hinna seen you this lang an' mony a day, we thought ye'd been dead?'—'Indeed, Sir,' says John. 'I'm auld an' unco frail an' canna live lang; but that's no a', in ye're honour's father's time, I was here aften eneugh, but I waird that ye're honour had forbidden a' puir bodie like me to come within the yett.'—'Na, na,' rejoined the laird, 'No a puir worthy honest auld man like you, John.' He had by this time got an inkling that John was not so poor as he peep'd, but had some of the precious metal concealed about his rags. 'It is indeed a shame that an honest auld man like you, has not found a resting-place for frailty and old age before this time.'—'Ah, please your honour,' replied John, 'The rich hae mony friends; but what can an auld body like me expect, but to wander about till I die.'—'Weel John,' quoth the laird, 'Gin ye like to stay wi' us, I shall gie ye a bit room to bide in; an' your bit pick o' meat, whilk 'ill no be very muckle, I shall order ye that frae the kitchen.' To this proposal John acceded with great cheerfulness, and took immediate possession of the premises, so that matters went on very well, when one morning the laird looked in to see the auld man, and found him breathing his last. At this premature death of the beggar, the laird began to regret that he had not got him to make a will in his favour; so while he was musing, how to act, who should appear but the packman, Rabie Jamieson, whom the laird accosted, 'Ah, dear me, Rabie, isna auld John joost

en now dead, an' am thinkin' he's worth some
 aler, an' he's made nae settlement o' his affairs;
 abie, ye're a gay auld farien chiel, now how do ye
 ink I should act in this case?'—'Ah,' says Rabie,
 Ye're honour kens far better how to behave your-
 l' than I can advise; but an' I war to act or be
 usted in the matter, get a notary from Stonehaven,
 n' I will tak John's place in the bed, an' mak a
 stament to please ye.' This being agreed upon,
 abie goes into the beggar's apartment, lifts the
 orps out of the bed, and laid them underneath;
 ad having equipped himself in the pauper's habil-
 nents, lay down in the bed till the arrival of the
 otary. When being seated, the laird addressed
 e supposed mendicant, 'Weel, John, by all ap-
 earance, ye're gaeing to pay the debt o' nature,
 s we must all do, but for the sake of order, and
 r avoiding a' disputes, I think you should tell
 is gentleman what little property ye're possessed
 , and how ye mean to dispose o't.'—'O! Sir,'
 ys the pretended John, 'Gude kens my thoughts
 ou'd be employed about ither matters, but in
 edience to your honour's desire, I'll do what I
 n to satisfy ye.'—'Weel, John,' says the laird,
 Ye've a muckle pockfu' o' bawbees, wha are ye
 a'en to leave them to?'—'To ye're honour, surely
 ne deserves them better.'—'An', John, here's a
 xfu' o' sixpences, shillings, half-crowns, an
 owns, wha gets them?'—'Ye're honour, ye weel
 erve them, for your kindness to me.'—'An' like-
 ise, John, here's a bill on the Aberdeen bank, for
 hundred pounds, wha's to be the heir o' that?'—
 O! an' please ye're honour, I canna pit that past
 y auld friend Rabie Jamieson.'—'What do ye say,
 ohn, ye're surely raving, think what ye're about?'—
 O! ye're honour, Rabie an' me war bairns the-
 ither at the school, an' we've been friends a' our
 days, sae I canna pit the bill past Rabie.' The

laird finding he stood in a delicate situation, and the business being over, the laird went out with the notary to convoy him home; and by the time he returned, Rabie had replaced the dead beggar in his bed. On the laird's entry he accused Rabie of acting unfairly, and devising such a large share of the beggar's property to himself. 'Ah! your honour', says Rabie, 'Charity begins at home, and them that maks testaments, an' forgets themsel's are fools!'

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Magisterial Wisdom.

In a certain royal burgh, not a hundred miles from the Scottish metropolis, a medical officer recently waited on one of the Bailies to make the requisite affidavit for receiving his half-pay, when the following dialogue took place: *Bailie*—Weel, Mr. —, are ye no tired o' this kind o' life? *Officer*—Very tired, Bailie, indeed: I am very anxious to procure professional employment, but it is not easily to be had at present. *Bailie*—No; no easy to be got, I dare say; but micht na ye go out to Van Deeman's land: plenty o' settlers there noo. *Officer*—Plenty of settlers, Bailie, but greater plenty of medical men; the towns are over-run with them. *Bailie*—Weel, weel, man, but suld' you no go up to th' interior? *Officer*—The interior! Bailie: why, there is nothing in the interior but Kangaroos.—*Bailie*—What o' that, man? what o' that? is na a Kangaroo's siller just as gude as ony ither man's?

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The Inconvenience of a Petition.

A Reverend Gentleman, when visiting his parishioners, was in one house first saluted with the

owling of a dog, and afterwards by the cheering
 voice of a female, d—ning the dog for his ill breed-
 ing. He advanced and enquired for the master of
 the house. 'What do ye want with that?' said
 the female. 'We are wishing to see him,' said the
 reverend Gentleman, 'will you be so good as
 bring him to us?' 'I'll gang nae sic an' errand,'
 said she; 'ye may gang doon to the market yoursel'
 'ye'll see him there; they're thrang killin the
 wy. But what was ye wanting wi' Pate, if a body
 richt speir.' 'This is the minister,' said the elder
 who accompanied him, 'he is wishing to have
 some conversation with Peter, and to put up a pe-
 tion,' 'A petition! a petition!' exclaimed the
 patron, 'ye'll put up nae petition here; the house
 wee eneugh already, an' wha do ye think's gaun
 be fashed wi' masons and wrights an' a' the clam-
 mfray about their house? Faith no—the devil a
 petition will be putten up in this house as lang as
 I'm in't; we're gaun to flit at Whitsunday, so ye
 may come then an' put as many petitions as ye like.'

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The Last Grave.

Old M—— (whose propensity for amassing this
 world's goods, was known to every person in the
 neighbourhood) being about to leave this sublun-
 ary scene, was visited, at the request of his rela-
 tions, by a neighbour, whose piety far exceeded his
 wealth.

The Laird was too low to notice his visitor, who
 proceeded to offer a prayer in behalf of the expiring
 sinner. During this exercise, the Laird recovered
 so far as to recognise the voice of his neighbour;
 and at the close, expressing a desire to converse with
 him. His relations shed tears of joy—room at the

bedside was made for the pious man, and the Laird with great labour muttered, 'Weel, John—there—a wee—bit account—o' five shillings—stan's a tween us—I wish man—ye would settle't.' John stood in silent astonishment, and the Laird added, 'Its been lang—awn ye ken.' John promised to settle it next day; and M—— shut his eyes contentedly. The next day came, and John came with the money; but the Laird was gone to settle an account of more importance.

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The Pease-Brose.

One of the late Earls of Eglinton, being one day upon a hunting excursion, was suddenly overtaken with a violent shower of rain near one of his farmsteadings; when he and his party, sprang in to shelter its peltings. The first object that presented itself, was a group of children assembled round a large plate-ful of Pease-brose, 'what is this you've got,' enquired the Earl: the oldest of the group replied, 'it's Pease-brose;' what, Pease-brose to your dinner, said the Earl astonished, 'Ay,' said the boy, 'and what do you get to your breakfast,' said the Earl 'Pease-brose too,' answered the boy, 'and what do you get to your supper,' enquired the Earl farther, 'just Pease-brose too,' said the boy; what, 'do you get nothing else but Pease-brose,' said the Earl, 'No,' says the boy, 'and what do you make of all your Meal, Potatoes, and Kye, that your father raises;' the boy with a look of astonishment, replied, 'that muckle buitor b—Eglinton gets them a,' the reply struck the Earl so forcibly, that ever after he took notice of the family.

Liberty of the Press.

A master-tailor in Glasgow, lately reading the newspapers to his family, and when expressing the title, *Liberty of the Press in France*, one of his daughters interrupted him, by asking, what the Liberty of the Press meant? 'I'll soon answer that question,' said he; 'You know when your mother goes out, and leaves the key in the cupboard door, where the bread, butter, and sugar lyes, then you have access:—*That's the Liberty o' the Press!!*

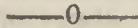
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Sour Milk Wholesale.

Some time ago, the frolics of the Honourable Mr. ——— made a great noise in the newspapers. The following records one of his most whimsical acts of folly:—

One morning, after having danced all night at an assembly, he sauntered out, with the Marquis ——— leaning on his arm; and in crossing St. Andrew's Square, found an old rustic standing before the door of Dumbreck's Hotel, with his cart full of butter-milk barrels. He quickly concerted with the Marquis a scheme of fun, whereby the milk of the old man found a very different destiny to what its owner intended. They first jumped up in front of the cart, seized the halter, and galloped off, leaving the poor man to follow as best he could—then took out all the spiggots, and in grand style drove along George-street, past the Assembly Rooms, to the astonishment of the fashionables whom they had lately left; then down Frederick-street, along Prince's-street, and back again to St. Andrew's Square, all the time followed by the old milk-man, who, in the agony of his heart, at see-

ing his valuable property deluging the causeway exhausted his whole vocabulary of exclamations in giving vent to his indignation. With his sky blue top coat flying behind him, and his rough shod heels striking fire from the pavement, he pursued his ravished cart, shouting as loud as his exhausted lungs would permit, 'O, ye unchANGED blackguards!—ye villains!—ye deil's buckies!—I'll ha'e the law o' ye, gin there be law in Embrugh, ye vagabonds!—I'll get ye a better house than your father ever biggit, for ye, ye rascals!—I'll get ye clapped up as sure as ye're leevin', ye rampaging Embrugh hallanshakers!' As soon as he arrived at the Hotel, the Marquis delivered the reins into his hand; but blue-bonnet vowed he would not quit him, till he had ascertained his name, and that of his companion. Mr.—— put his hand into his pocket, and drew out a piece of paper, which he said contained the required addresses; and while the old man unfolded it, our young heroes took the opportunity to escape. The bit of paper turned out to be a ten pound note, 'Ah, stop, my bonny lads,' cries the appeased milkman, 'I've something to say t'ye—Will ye need ony mair milk the morn?'



Advantages of Education.

Sir William B.—— being at a parish meeting, made some proposals, which were objected to by a farmer. Highly enraged, 'Sir,' said he to the farmer, 'do you know, Sir, that I have been at two Universities, and at two Colleges in each University?' 'Weel, Sir,' said the Farmer, 'what o' that? I had a calf that sucked twa kye, an' the observation I made was, the mair he sucked the greater calf he grew.'

Reason for not resting in the Grave.

Some years ago, when it was discovered that the body of a female had been taken from the burying-ground belonging to a certain Gælic chapel, the minister meeting a surgeon, well known for his eccentricities, thus accosted him; 'Well, Doctor, is not a strange thing that the dead cannot get leave to rest in their graves now?' 'O ma good sir,' said the surgeon, 'She could never lye yon'er—the roman hadna a single word of Gælic.'

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A Canny Scot.

The other day a person in this neighbourhood having been asked to subscribe a petition to Parliament against Catholic Concessions, astonished the querist with this novel reason for refusing to add his signature to that of his neighbours. His own words are best:—'Me sign? Na, na, I'll no play mysell that pliskey wi' my e'en open. Me sign! It's just downright destruction if ye look to the upshot. Can ye no see that the Romans hae it a' their ain way up yonder, and in less than a blink they'll get the whip hand o' us again—Well, and what then? 'Deed they'll just harl ower a' thir petitions, pick out my name and the lik o' me that sign against them, to work us mischief and waste our plenishing—Na na, I'll keep my craig out o' a' tgether, and my ribs frae the gulley as lang as I can.'

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Speaking out in Church.

A most amusing instance of *speaking out* in church occurred some years ago in the church 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 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, its mair natural for men to swallow salmon, than 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 Scriptor 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!’

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A Consoling Reflection.

Dreghorn is a little village between Kilmarnock and Irvine, where the inhabitants, like true Israelites, can count for many generations back, and also reverence the habitation of their fore-fathers. Like the Chinese, they are very tenacious of strangers; and they all draw close round the graves of

their ancestors. In this very ancient and truly miserable-looking clachan, lived Rab and Jean,

Wha after mony happy days o' loove and strife,
 Waes me! left Jean a mourning widowed wife.

Jean, who naturally loved the genuine spirit of us-
 trebaugh, was pouring out her sorrows in floods
 of tears, while she continued to fill the vacuum
 with her beloved fluid, which only gave strength
 to her acclamations, and noise to her grief; when
 providentially a neighbour stepped in, to comfort
 her afflicted with the usual phrases in such cases,
 wherewith Jean rubbed up her eyes, and answered,
 'A weel I wat, what need I grieve mysel'?—he
 was na' a hereawa' man—he came frae the Water
 Ayr.'

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A Highland Chieftain.

The late Laird of M—b, a Highland Chieftain,
 who prided himself in rearing pye bald horses, ap-
 peared on one at Leith races, which being slenderly
 made, slipped its shoulder in the crown, which
 caused M—b to be hissed from the course.—Next
 year he again made his appearance mounted on
 another animal of the same kind, some one of the
 Edinburgh wags having accosted him, asked if
 that was the same horse he rode last year? He
 immediately replied in the Highland dialect, 'No!
 it, by G—d, it is the same whip;' and so gave
 the fellow a complete drubbing.

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Repartee of a Lady of Quality.

A Lady of distinction in Scotland, one of the
 greatest beauties in that part of the kingdom, in-

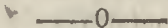
curred the displeasure of the Earl, her husband, for no other cause than that of having brought him seven daughters, and no heir to his titles and estates. His Lordship even assured her, that he should sue for a divorce; when she replied, that he need not be under the necessity of doing that, for she would agree to a separation, provided he would give her back what he received with her. The Earl, supposed she alluded to pecuniary affairs, assured her she should have her fortune returned to the last penny. 'Nae, nae, my Lord,' replied the bonny Scot, 'that winna do, you mun return me my youth, my spirits, and my innocence, and dismiss me as soon as you please.' His Lordship being unable to comply with these terms, spoke no more on the subject; and the following year they were blessed with a son, which event firmly cemented their affections for each other.

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A Bane to Pyke.

Some boys diverting themselves in one of the streets of Edinburgh, observed on a door, a brass plate with Al—x—nd—r Guthrie, W. S. engraved on it. In their diversion, they broke a pane of glass in one of the windows, upon which Mrs. Guthrie and the maid sallied forth and seized one of the delinquents. 'Ye young rascal, what's ye're name?' says the lady, 'Sandy,' replied the boy. 'What's ye're ither name?'—'Guthrie.'—'Wha's ye're mither?'—'My mither sells burd's cages.'—'Whar does she live?'—'I' the Patter Raw.'—'Wha's ye're father?'—'I dinna ken.'—'Do ye no ken ye're father?'—'Na! he ne'er comes but whan it's dark, an' naebody keas bit my mither.' Upon hearing this, the lady in a passion let go her victim, and

running into the room where her husband was sitting, fell a-scolding him like a fury about his *infidelity*. The young rogue laughed heartily at the success of his fraud, and turning to his companions, said to them, 'I think I've gi'en her a bane to pyke!'



How to escape Robbery.

A person extremely hard of hearing, travelling between Paisley and Greenock on horseback, some time since, had occasion to come off his horse, when the reins slipped from among his fingers: the horse finding himself at liberty immediately ran off. The deaf man quickly followed, determined to enquire at all he met if they had seen his horse: the night was very dark; however, he had not gone far till he met two men, whom he accosted with, 'did you see a horse without a rider,' when he was immediately collared, he thought in diversion; says he, 'that's no the way to use a man in the dark;' and endeavoured to shake himself clear, when instead of slackening their hold, they took fresh and firmer holds; and no doubt using violent language, of which his deafness deprived him of hearing; seeing all attempts to get clear fruitless, and dreading that they had the intention to rob him; it instantly occurred to him, his having an *ear trumpet* sticking in the top of his boot, which he used in conversation, he immediately pulled it up, laid the *mazzle* of it across the fellows arm, and exclaimed, 'If you don't let go your grups, I'll blaw your brains out in a moment.' In a moment they were over a hedge, and out of sight instantly, the deaf man calling after 'set aff, set aff, my lads, or I'll be the death o' baith o' you, learn never to meddle wi' a man in the dark, for ye dinna ken what *deadly weapons* he carries.'

Supervisor in Danger.

As a Supervisor was making one of his daily visits to a Tan Work, and strutting about very lustily, looking and examining every thing with an air of dignified contempt, was straddling among the tan-holes, when unfortunately he plumped into one of them; he roared with all his might, for somebody to pull him out of this stinking hole, 'Na, na, Sir,' says one of the men, 'We daurna do that; for we daurna draw a single hide, till we gi'e twal hours notice to thae *Gauger Bodies!*

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Nae Bills to Pay.

Two or three Manufacturers met one evening, to drown a few of their afflictions in a comfortable glass of toddy; and talk over a long list of distresses, so common to that class of individuals. Finding their happiness increase as they indulged in their potations, they continued it to a very early hour, till bright *phabus* at length gave them a summons, which brought along with it a remembrance of their former melancholy reflections: however, the reckoning being settled, and journeying homeward with the summer sun darting forth its morning rays; the birds were whistling most joyfully, when one of the party suddenly turning round, exclaimed, 'Aye, faith ye may whistle, ye hae nae *Bills* to pay.'

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Daft Will Speirs.

Will, one day upon his journey to Eglinton Castle, to pay his regular daily visit, met his Lordship,

who seemed not to notice him: the Earl being on a walk of pleasure through his Polices, soon came in contact with Will again sitting at the bottom of a tree, picking a huge bone; 'Ay, ay,' says the Earl, 'what's this you've got noo, Will:' 'Ay, ay,' says Will, 'anew o' frien's whan folk has licht, ye gaed by me a weesin' an' ne'er loot on ye aw me.'

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A Rural Philosopher.

Some time since, two of our west country farmers forgathered at market, and after hailing each other with the usual kindly salutation of 'How's a' i' ye John,' and 'How's a' wi' yoursel, James,' both set tooth and nail to pull the weather to pieces, and to rate the skies for their inclemency. 'It's been growing caulder and caulder spring after spring, and simmer after simmer, thir dizen years,' remarked John. 'Atweel has it,' responded James, 'it's aye getting the langer the waur—ilka day's murer and sneller than its neibour—it's out of a' reason. How do ye account for't, John, on *she-entific* principles?' 'Really,' said the rural philosopher; 'who had sucked deepest at the font of knowledge, woudna' lippen myself perfytely to explain the cause, but ye ken weel eneuch that as this warld rins round on its aixtree; it is but reasonable to suppose, judging of causes by their effects, that the gudgeon at the north end has been made o' safter metal than that at the south, and has just worn faster awa'—the boshot o' whilk is, that wi' every whirl round the warld takes, it will get a bit jauchle and hitch mair northert, till there's nae saying how soon we may be laired a' thegither in frost and snaw for ever.' 'Hech man,' sighed James, pulling up his cordu-

roys with desperate energy, and shivering to the chin at the very thought of such a consummation—
 ‘Hech man, and that will be a cauld clyte to the feck o’ us.’

—oOo—

March of Intellect.

Two country carters, passing the entrance to the Arcade, Argyle Street, Glasgow, observed painted on the wall, no dogs to enter here. No dogs to enter here! exclaimed one of them, I’m sure there’s nae use for that there. What way, Jock, replied the other. ‘Cause dogs canna read signs, said he, Ha, ha, Jock, ye’re may be wrang, I’se warran ye gentle folk’s dogs ’ill ken’t brawley, for there’s schools, noo, whar they learn the dumb baith to read an’ speak.

—oOo—

Scotch Adventures.

The Russians and Turks, in the war of 1739, having diverted themselves long enough in the contest, agreed to treat of a peace. The commissioners for this purpose were, Marshal General Keith on the part of Russia, and the Grand Vizer on that of Turkey. These two personages met, and carried on their negotiations by means of interpreters. When all was concluded, they rose to separate; Keith made his bow with his hat in hand, and the Vizer his salam with his turban on his head. But when these ceremonies of taking leave were over, the Vizer turned suddenly, and coming up to Marshal Keith, took him cordially by the hand, and in the broadest Scotch dialect, declared warmly

hat it made him unco happy to meet a countryman in his exalted station. Keith stared with astonishment, eager for an explanation of this mystery, when the Vizer added, dinna be surprised, man; I'm o' the same country wi' yoursel. I min' weel seein' you an' your brither, when boys, passin' by to the school at Kirkaldy; my father, sir, *was bellman o' Kirkaldy.*

What more extraordinary can be imagined, than to behold, in the plenipotentiaries of two mighty nations, two foreign adventurers, natives of the same mountainous territory; nay, of the same village! What, indeed, more extraordinary, unless it be the spectacle of a Scotchman turned Turk for the sake of honours, held on the tenure of a caprice, from which even Scotch prudence can be no gaurantee!

—oOo—

Scottish Prudence.

A Parish-clerk in the North of England, not long ago, hired a Scotchman for his servant, who was to go at the cart and plough, and do other occasional jobs when wanted. In the course of conversation at hiring, the clerk asked him, if he could submit to the unpleasant business of digging graves? to which he exclaimed, I'll warrant ye, maister, I cou'd dig doon the kirk for that matter; but let me see, I has'nt been put to that wark yet; aye, our auld bellman at Jedburgh us'd to say he never had bätter pay nor better jobs than howking holes for folk—faith he was ay merry when folk deed.—It happened soon after entering on his service, that there was a severe storm of snow, which impeded all out-door work. One morning he came to his master, and asked him what employment he was to go to that day. The employer

hesitated for some moments, and at last told him he could find nothing for him to do. Sawney, with great gravity, replied, I think maister, I'll awa' up to the kirk-yard an' howk some graves; we may as weel ha'e a wheen ready, for they may come faster in when they ken we are prepar'd for them.

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Trusting to Providence.

One time in harvest, it came a rainy day, and the Ettrick began to look very big in the evening. Willie Candlem, perceiving his crop in danger, yoked the white mare in the sledge, and was proceeding to lead his corn out of watermark; but out came Meggie, and began expostulating with him on the sinfulness of the act,—put in your beast again, like a good Christian man, Willie, said she, and dinna be setting an ill example to a' the parish. Ye ken, this vera day the minister bade us lippen to Providence in our straits and we wad never rue't. He'll tak it very ill of your hand, the setting of sic an example on the Lord's day; therefore, Willie, my man, take his advice and mine, and lippen to Providence this time. Willie Candlem was obliged to comply; for who can withstand the artillery of a woman's tongue? So he put up his white mare, and went to bed with a heavy heart; and the next morning, by break of day, when he arose and looked out, behold the greater part of his crop was gone. Ye may take up your Providence now, Meggie! Where's your Providence now? A' down the water wi' my corn! Ah! I would trust mair to my gude white mare than to you and your Providence baith! Meggie answered him meekly, as her duty and custom was—O Willie! dinna rail at Providence, but down to the

meadow-head and claim first. Willie Candlem took the hint, galloped on his white mare down to the Etrick meadows, over which the river spread, and they were covered with floating sheaves; so Willie began and hauled out, till he had at least six times as much corn as he had lost. At length one man came, and another, but Willie refused all partition of the spoil. Ay, ye may take up your corn now where you can find it, lads, said Willie; kepit nane but my ain. Yours is gane farther down. Had ye come when I came, ye might have kepit it a'. So Willie drove and drove, till the stackyard was full. I think the crop has turn'd no ill out after a', said Meggie: you've been nae the waur o' trusting to Providence. Na, replied Willie, nor o' taking your advice, Meggie, and ganging down to kep and claim at the meadow-head.

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Philosophy.

The following grand display of knowledge in experimental Philosophy, was lately made by a person who has a guid gift o' the gab, and can talk fluently on every subject. Discussing the merits of a gentleman, whose activity in Public Institutions is well known, this man of words concluded with, the body wants to be at the head of every thing. L—d man, if ye had seen him at the lectures o' that chiel, what-ye-ca-him —— Murray,—he wad a gotten up there an' driven the Galvanic Battery; will ye wad a thocht there could na been a hail nick left in either wheel or pinion.

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Colquhoun Grant.

Colquhoun Grant, who, when a young man, had signalized himself in the army of Prince Charles, af-

terwards settled down in the cool and decorous station of a citizen. As one of the numerous and respectable class of Writers to the Signet, he is said to have exerted the pen to as good effect as he had formerly played the sword; and in advanced age, he was noted as a man who both knew how to acquire money, and how to preserve it when it was acquired. There is something melancholy, and not altogether agreeable, in the idea, that the same mind which had been filled with chivalrous fervour in the brilliant campaign of 1745, should have subsequently devoted its glowing energies to the composition of law-papers, and the acquisition of filthy lucre. Yet, that he never became altogether insensible to the enthusiasm which excited his youth, seems to be proved by the following anecdote.

Mr. Ross of Pitcalnie, representative of the ancient and noble family of Ross, had, like Colquhoun Grant, been out in the Forty-Five, and consequently lived on terms of intimate friendship with that gentleman. Pitcalnie, however, had rather devoted himself to the dissipation than the acquisition of a fortune; and while Mr. Grant lived as a wealthy *writer*, he enjoyed little better than the character of a *broken laird*. This unfortunate Jacobite was one day in great distress, for want of the sum of forty pounds, which he could not prevail upon any of his friends to lend to him, all of them being aware of his execrable character as a debtor. At length he informed some of his companions that he believed he should get what he wanted from Colquhoun Grant; and he instantly proposed to make an attempt. All who heard him scoffed at the idea of his squeezing a subsidy from so close-fisted a man, and some even offered to lay bets against its possibility. Mr. Ross accepted the bets, and lost no time in applying to his old brother in arms, whom he found immured in his chambers, half a dozen flights of steps up

Gavinloch's land, in the Lawnmarket. The conversation commenced with the regular common-places, and for a long time Pitcalnie, gave no hint that he was suing *in forma pauperis*. At length he slightly hinted the necessity under which he lay for a trifle of money, and made bold to ask if Mr. Grant would help him in a professional way. What a pity, Pitcalnie, replied the writer, you did not apply yesterday! I sent all the loose money I had to the bank just this forenoon. It is, for the present, quite beyond redemption. Oh, no matter, said Pitcalnie, and continued the conversation, as if no such request had been preferred. By and by, after some more topics of an ordinary sort had been discussed, he at length introduced the old subject of the Forty-five, upon which both were alike well prepared to speak. A thousand delightful recollections then rushed upon the minds of the two friends, and, in the rising tide of ancient feeling, all distinction of borrower and lender was soon lost. Pitcalnie watched the time when Grant was fully mellowed by the conversation, to bring in a few compliments upon his (Grant's) own particular achievements. He expatiated upon the bravery which his friend had shown at Preston, where he was the first man to go up to the cannon; on which account, he made out that the whole victory, so influential to the Prince's affairs, was owing to no other than Colquhoun Grant, now writer to the signet, Gavinloch's land, Lawnmarket, Edinburgh. He also adverted to the boldness Mr. Grant had displayed in chasing a band of recreant dragoons from the field of battle up to the very gates of Edinburgh Castle; and further, upon the dexterity which he subsequently displayed in making his escape from the town. Bide a wee, said Mr. Grant, at this stage of the conversation, till I drag ben the house. He soon returned with the sum Pitcalnie wanted, which he said he now recollected

having left over for some time in the shottles of his private desk. Pitcalnie took the money, continued the conversation for some time longer, and then took an opportunity of departing. When he came back to his friends, every one eagerly asked, What success? Why there's the money, said he; where are my bets? Incredible! every one exclaimed; how in the name of wonder, did you get it out of him? Did ye cast glamour in his een? Pitcalnie explained the plan he had taken with his friend; adding, with an expressive wink, This *forty's* made out o' the battle of Preston; but stay a wee, lads; I've Fa'kir'd i' my pouch yet—by my faith, I wadna gie it for aught!

— ooo —

EPITAPH

To the Memory of Lord Boyd, Kilmarnock,

IN THE LOW CHURCH.

Heir lies yt godlie, noble wyis lord Boyd,
 Quha kirk, & king, & commin weill decoir'd,
 Quhilke war (quhill they yis jowell all injoyd)
 Defendit, counsaild, governd he that lord.
 His ancient hous (oft parreld) he restoird.
 Twyis sax & sxtie zeirs he lived and syne.
 By death (ye thrid of januare) devoird.
 In anno thryis fyve hundreth aughtye nyne.

FINIS.