



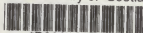
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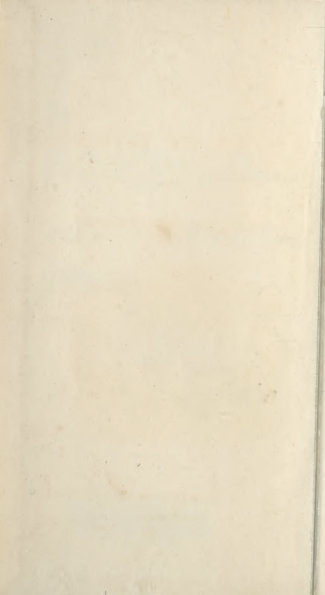
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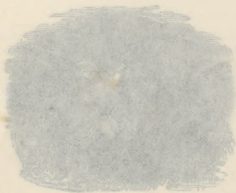


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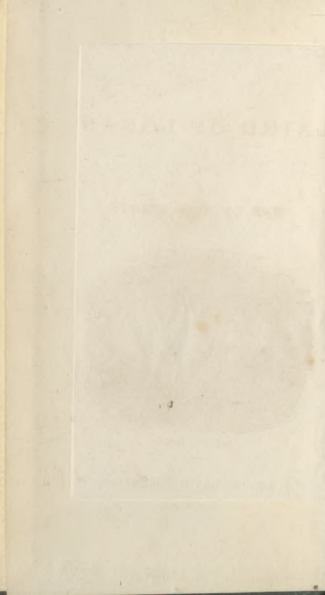
THE  
LAIRD OF LOGAN;  
OR  
WIT OF THE WEST.



*The De'il in Danger.*

GLASGOW: DAVID ROBERTSON.

MDCCCXXXV.



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THE  
LAIRD OF LOGAN,  
OR  
WIT OF THE WEST:

BEING A COLLECTION OF  
ANECDOTES, JESTS, AND COMIC TALES.

BY  
JOHN D. CARRICK,  
Author of the "LIFE of SIR WILLIAM WALLACE," &c.

GLASGOW: DAVID ROBERTSON.  
OLIVER AND BOYD, EDINBURGH.  
LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMAN,  
LONDON.  
MDCCCXXXV.



THIS LITTLE VOLUME  
IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

TO

SAMUEL HUNTER, Esq.

EDITOR OF THE GLASGOW HERALD,

AS A SINCERE EXPRESSION OF ESTEEM FOR HIS  
CHARACTER AS A GENTLEMAN AND A MAN  
OF LETTERS,

BY HIS MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,

JOHN D. CARRICK.

THE  
CONSTITUTION  
OF THE  
UNITED STATES

AMERICAN BOOK CONCERN

NEW YORK

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES  
OF AMERICA  
AS REVISED AND CORRECTED  
TO THE PRESENT DATE  
BY  
JAMES M. SMITH  
OF THE  
NEW YORK BAR  
AND  
OF THE  
NEW YORK LEGAL SOCIETY  
NEW YORK  
AMERICAN BOOK CONCERN  
1892

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## INTRODUCTION.

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It appears to have been almost a general practice, in collecting the jests or “notable sayings” which have become current in a nation, to ascribe the merit of such sayings to some personage, real or fictitious, who is supposed to have distinguished himself for his ready wit, rich humour, and fertile imagination; and this personage, by having all the good things attributed to him—whose authors were either unknown, or, from political or other reasons, were desirous of being so—becomes, in time, to be regarded as the national jester, and, in consequence, highly useful in countries where freedom of speech is unknown, as a vehicle for the exposure and correction of public abuses. To such purposes was the statue of Pasquin at Rome, for a long time applied; and to such objects we may, in a great measure, assign the origin of

the Turkish jest-book (*Menâkibi Nâsir-ed din Khojah*), where, under the assumed name of "Khojah," the hypocrisy and venality of the Turkish Mollahs and judges are exposed to the ridicule they deserved. The Chinese have also works of a similar nature, over which they can relax their features, and indulge with impunity in a smile at the superstition and knavery of their Bonzes—the follies of their great men—and the inflated consequence of those stately but subtle officials, who wield the destinies of the Celestial Empire. In Germany, the laughable conceits of Howelglas serve to soothe the morose temperament of perhaps the most talented and oppressed people in Europe. In "free and merry England," however, the case is different, though she has, like others, her national jester in the redoubtable Joe Miller; yet it was for no such purposes as those we have mentioned, that he was brought into notice. There are few general readers, we believe, who are not aware that this far-famed individual was by no means that facetious personage which a perusal of the numberless jokes that go under his name, would lead us to infer. On the contrary, the character of poor Joe, to make use of rather an antiquated phrase, was that of a regular *dreary-head*—of a dull, silent, saturnine disposition, with a grim, mirth-scaring countenance, as so-

lemn and devoid of intelligence as an unlettered grave-stone. The idea of making such a *kill-joy* figure the principal interlocutor in a book of jests, may with much propriety be considered as one of the most amusing conceits in the whole collection. The pungency of the joke when first started, tickled the fancy of the mischievous wags by whom he was surrounded; and they soon wrote the inoffensive object of their satire into a degree of reputation which they failed to obtain for themselves.

In the title which we have placed in front of the present little volume, we deal more candidly with the public, in so far as it is actually that which distinguished a man, who, though a stranger to the refinements of a classical education, was yet possessed of a mind richly endowed by nature, with a shrewd discrimination of human character, an innate perception of the ridiculous, united to a fund of racy humour, and a quickness in repartee which we believe have rarely been excelled. While at the outset, the sombre Joe afforded infinite amusement to his contemporaries in London, by the contrast which his real and well known character afforded, to the splendour of that meretricious one which had been engrafted upon him by the waggery of his companions,—the gifted Scot

was acknowledged in the convivial circles of his countrymen, as really possessing those laugh-exciting qualities which had been attributed in ridicule to his rather questionable prototype. Though many of the jests of the ready-witted Laird are current all over the country, yet we believe the knowledge of the particulars connected with his personal history are in a great measure confined to his native county. We shall therefore, for the benefit of the curious among our readers, give the following brief notice respecting him, which we have obtained from the most authentic sources of information.

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



From his earliest years, Hugh Logan was of a quick, volatile, and somewhat irritable disposition; and although every facility was afforded him for acquiring that education becoming his rank in society, yet either from his unmanageable temper, or the want of a proper system of discipline on the part of his teachers, it was found impossible to obtain even the slightest degree of application to his academical exercises. While his boyish years were passing away in this unprofitable manner, being the youngest of three sons, his father frequently urged him to adopt some useful profession. On these occasions, his uniform answer was, "I've made up my mind, Laird, to follow nae trade but your ain." "Weel, weel, Hughie," the good-natured old gentleman would say, "I was the youngest o' three mysel;" and strange as it may appear, the coincidence was realised—his elder brothers both died in early life—and on the decease of his father, which took place soon after, Hugh succeeded to the estate under the control of tutors or guardians, who do not appear to have been more successful in forwarding his instruction, than those who had formerly been entrusted with it; for although he was sent to Edinburgh for the purpose of repairing the defects which his own aversion to study and the indulgence of his

father, had occasioned in his education; yet he returned to his country pursuits with literary acquirements scarcely superior, if even equal, to those of the meanest hind upon his estate. Though the cultivation of the young Laird's mind had been thus neglected, it was not so with those external qualities which he possessed. In all field sports he was considered an adept, while in doing the honours of the table, he was acknowledged to have been almost without a rival; and such was his natural quickness and ingenuity, that when the errors of his education chanced to make their appearance, few of his companions would venture to notice them, as they well knew he would either turn the laugh in his favour, by some humorous palliation of his ignorance, or render them ridiculous by making them the butts of his wit for the time being, a distinction seldom considered as very enviable. There is one well-known anecdote which as it illustrates this part of his character, our readers may perhaps excuse our noticing. Logan had occasion one day to write a letter in presence of a school companion, who, on looking over it, expressed his surprise at the singularity of the orthography. "It is strange, Logan," said he, "that you cannot manage to spell even the shortest word correctly." "Spell!" cried the Laird, with

a look of well-feigned pettishness, “man, what are you haverin’ about? look at that!” holding up the stump of a quill to him; “would ony man that kens ony thing about spelling ever attempt to spell wi’ a pen like that?”\*

As another instance of the archness peculiar to our uneducated wit, we may mention the following. The plantations of Coilsfield having been much injured by the wanton depredations of some evil-disposed vagrants, Mr. Montgomerie, the proprietor, brought the case before a meeting of the Justices, of which Sir Andrew Ferguson and the Laird of Logan formed part. On investigating the case, it appeared that the damage had been the work of children, and in consequence the complainer could obtain little or no redress. Sir Andrew feeling the hardship of the case, and by way of soothing a brother proprietor, observed with some warmth, that he would have a bill brought into Parliament, for making parents liable for the misdeeds of their children, and constituting such offences as the above felony in law. At this declaration, Logan broke out into a loud laugh; and being

\* A rejoinder very similar to the above, is attributed to the eccentric Laird of M’Nab. In restoring it to Logan, the Editor considers he is doing nothing more than an act of justice.

asked the cause of his merriment, replied, "Sir Andrew, when your bill is made law, we shall soon have few old lairds among us." "Why?" demanded the other. "Because," said the wit, "their eldest sons will only require to cut their neighbours' young plants to become lairds themselves."

It is a trite saying, that a wit would rather lose his friend than his joke; and Logan, it must be allowed, formed no exception to the truth of the maxim. As an instance of the degree of liberty in which, when occasions offered, he indulged towards his friends, we may be excused in giving the following. One time, being in Kil-marnock during "*Dudsday fair*," his *button* was rather unceremoniously laid hold of by a country squire, who insisted on his giving him the benefit of his advice in selecting a suitable present for his wife. Logan begged to be excused—the other entreated, stating, that he had already bought her so many *nicknacks*, that he could not think of any thing new that would be at all suitable; and, added he, with a sort of hen-pecked expression of countenance, "Between you and me, Laird, I dare not go home on a day like this without something." "Oh ho!" cries Logan, "if that be the case, I will soon find you

a suitable present;" and taking him in his turn by the button, led the squire into a jeweller's shop near the spot. "Here," said the wit, addressing the dealer in trinkets, "is a friend of mine, who tells me his wife wears the *breeks*; so you will just show him some of the most elegant *knee-buckles* you have." "Now," said he, turning to the astonished and abashed simpleton, "if you do not take home a *suitable* present, it's your own fault;" so saying, he turned on his heel, and left the two to complete a bargain, or not, as they might feel disposed.

The companions of Logan, in so far as regarded birth and extent of property, were of the first standing in the country. With men of literary pursuits, we do not find that he was much in the habit of associating. At Professor Hunter's, where, as we have already observed, he remained some time, in the vain hope of supplying the deficiencies of his education, he would no doubt meet occasionally with the literati of Edinburgh. It appears, however, that during his brief sojourn under the roof of the Greek Professor, his almost constant companions were Montgomerie of Coilsfield and Hamilton of Sundrum, who, we believe, were also under the charge of the same gentleman. In after life, it would

seem that his visits to the metropolis were not unfrequent; and on these occasions, he is reported to have entered with reckless prodigality into all the expensive follies of the day, which, along with serious losses sustained by his connection with the Ayr Bank, had the effect of materially impairing his fortune. In 1771, during one of those excursions, he met at a convivial party with the celebrated Foote, who at that time was manager of the Edinburgh theatre. This meeting is said to have been preconcerted by Maule of Panmure, Dundas, M'Queen, and others, his boon companions, for the purpose of eliciting some amusement from the collision of the English Aristophanes with their shrewd but unlettered countryman. That those in the secret, enjoyed from the presence of two such choice spirits an intellectual treat of the highest order, we have not the least doubt, although, from the imperfect manner in which the two understood each other, the wit that frequently convulsed the rest of the party, must have been to themselves in a great measure obscure; the punning of Foote, from his pronunciation, being lost to Logan, while Logan's broad Ayrshire dialect was in its turn often equally unintelligible to Foote, who had been but a very short time in Scotland. On this occasion, the latter seemed in

one of his happiest moods, and during the evening quite electrified the company with his wit, mimicry, and ludicrous tales of the marvellous. Logan, as his friends expected, appeared astonished at the powers of the stranger, and frequently expressed doubts respecting the wonders he related, having two or three times demanded a reason for some of his statements. Foote, either wishing not to understand him, or to pun on the manner the Laird pronounced the word reason, put his hand in one of his waistcoat pockets, which were then more capacious than they are now, and presented him with a *raisin*, asking him at the same time, if that was what he wanted. "Od, man," said Logan, "ye hae a lang head on your shouthers, but I wad have had a better opinion o' its usefulness if it saved you the trouble of carrying your wit in your waistcoat pouch." The following remark we give as being more complimentary. Foote, speaking of a certain individual, happened to designate him as the most complete knave in existence. "There you are wrong," said the Laird, who knew the person alluded to, "for he wants as muckle to make him a complete knave, as it does to make you a complete wit." "Indeed!" said Foote, evidently a little piqued, "and how 'muckle' may that be, pray?" "The character you mention," returned the

other, "would be the *complete* knave you describe, but unfortunately, like yourself, he *wants—a leg.*"\* One of the party in the course of conversation, happening to mention an absent friend, who, he said, was laid up not only with an issue in his back, but also with what is called, in Scotland, an "income" in the knee,—“Poor fellow!” said M<sup>c</sup>Queen, “I wonder how he can support such a double calamity.” “Poor fellow!” cried Foote, with a look of surprise, “I don’t see that he is at all an object of commiseration, for if his *income* be any thing large, it ought to *support* both him and his *issue.*” “Vera good, Mr. Foote,” said Logan, tickled with the remark, “but I fear, for any assistance our friend will get from his *income*, he’ll be obliged to tak’ the beggars’ way o’t wi’ his *issue*, and *support* his *offspring* on his back, even though it should be come the length o’ *running its lane.*”

We regret, that, after the most careful research, we have been able to glean so few particulars of this inter-

\* For the better understanding of the above, it may not be out of place to mention, that five years before Foote made his appearance in Edinburgh, he had one of his limbs amputated, in consequence of a fall from his horse. Whether it was a similar accident which impaired the *understanding* of the other individual alluded to, we pretend not to say.



esting symposium. That the rival wits parted with a mutual respect for the convivial powers of each other, there cannot be a doubt—the meeting of two men so gifted by nature for setting “the table in a roar,” being a circumstance of no common occurrence. That Foote had many advantages over the uneducated Scot, we readily admit—the former having reached the mature age of fifty, while the latter was still in his thirty-second year;—a considerable part of half a century had been spent by Foote amidst the applause of crowded theatres, which gave him a confidence in his own powers, which the other had no opportunity of acquiring. Besides his literary attainments, Foote was considered without a rival in the art of giving comic effect to the ludicrous pictures which his fertile imagination portrayed; and having his taste corrected by arduous study and severe training among critical friends interested in his success, it is not to be wondered at, if the fascinations which he threw around him had more attraction for refined society than those of our Laird, whose wit and humour, though perhaps equally prolific, had nothing save the suggestions of his own judgment to prune their exuberance, and chasten what might seem licentious or extravagant. Logan’s displays, therefore, whether

brought forth as flashes of merriment or amusing narrative, could scarcely but appear to great disadvantage, when placed in competition with the more finished and classical exhibitions of the author of "Mayor of Garrat." Having mentioned his rencounter with this accomplished son of Thespis, we may also state, that we have likewise directed our inquiries among the contemporaries of Logan, as to any intimacy that might have existed between him and Burns; but, with the solitary exception of one occasion, we do not find that they ever met. This occasion is alluded to by Burns, in one of his poems, where he mentions having got jovial with "mighty squireships of the quorum." The poet, it seems, had been invited to dine with the Justices, and Logan made one of the party; that the debauch was long and deep, may be inferred from the words of the bard; but as to any corruscations of wit or genius which enlivened the conviviality of the evening, we are left entirely in the dark. At this period, Logan must have been about twenty years the senior of Burns.

The personal appearance of our Laird was extremely prepossessing. His stature was tall, and his form remarkably handsome; while his frank and open countenance

was lighted up by two fine black eyes, full of penetration, and highly expressive of the character we have given of him. In youth his hair was light, but as he advanced in life he became bald, and in his latter years wore a wig assimilating to the colour of his eyes. His weight varied from eighteen to twenty stones. Though not fastidious about his clothes, he was always appropriately dressed, wearing generally a blue or brown coat, with light-coloured shorts, having buckles at the knees. In respect to morals, the conduct of Logan through life may, by many, be regarded in a great measure as unexceptionable; and, what is perhaps not a little singular, that, considering his associates and the scenes of dissipation in which he but too frequently mingled, only one instance of an illicit amour has been laid to his charge—the offspring of which is, we believe, at present living in Cumnock, and is remarked for the striking likeness she bears to her distinguished parent. In his common intercourse with the world, the manners of our Laird may be considered as a fair sample of those of the generality of Scottish country gentlemen of his day, “courtous though unpolished;” while his hospitable board, which was frequently graced by the presence of his titled neighbours, exhibited that substantial though rude abundance so often to be met

with in "Bachelor's Hall." In the year 1798, from carelessness and the severe losses we have already alluded to, the affairs of Logan became involved, and the whole of his property, with the exception of a few farms, were brought to sale. After which, he removed to Wellwood, near Muirkirk, where he died in 1802, and was buried in the family vault within the church of Cumnock.

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

prudent restraint, we have considered it alike our duty to suppress.

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

In arranging the present Volume, we have endeavoured to keep the title of it as much in view as possible. Our selections in PART FIRST being almost exclusively confined to the West, including, of course, the Highlands and Islands in that direction. While the Tales and other pieces which form PART SECOND, are chiefly the productions of literary gentlemen connected with

the same range of country. Where any deviation from the terms contained in the original announcement of the work can be detected, we trust the merit of the pieces will be found a sufficient excuse. Should this, however, prove not to be the case, we must then cry *peccari*, and hope that the generous reader will throw the mantle of his charity over this as well as any other fault we may have committed in the course of our labours.

# THE LAIRD OF LOGAN.

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## PART FIRST.

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### LOGAN AND THE COUNTESS OF E——.

THOUGH Logan, as we have already observed in our Introduction, was not distinguished for his literary attainments, he was nevertheless considered an excellent "table man," and carved with a degree of neatness and dexterity rather unusual. This accomplishment he took much pleasure in having an opportunity of showing off. On one occasion, being invited to dine at E—— Castle, where he was a great favourite, the Countess, by way of mortifying his vanity, and having at the same time a little amusement at the Laird's expense, ordered the cook, while dressing a fowl that was purposely to be placed before him, to insert slight tough peeled twigs about the joints of it, which being nearly of the same colour as the muscles, and also concealed among them, it was next to impossible for any one not in the secret to discover the trick. The Laird, whose appetite happened to be rather *sharp-set*, took his place at the table with every intention of doing justice to the good cheer; but he had no sooner begun to put his masticators in motion, than a lady asked him for a little of the fowl. The Laird prepared to com-

ply with the request, and commenced with his usual adroitness: his progress, however, was soon impeded, and he began to haggle in a manner sufficiently awkward, his patience gradually giving way, while his difficulties seemed to increase—the company all the time affecting not to observe his distress—at last the gravy began to fly about, and the perspiration broke over the countenance of the poor Laird. The Countess relented on witnessing his confusion, and remarked in a tone of compassion, that it must certainly be a very old fowl he had got. “Old! my lady,” cried Logan, throwing down his knife and fork with an air of extreme mortification, “it’s auld enough to have been the *mither o’ the cock that crew to Peter!*”

#### APOLOGY FOR A THREAD-BARE SONG.

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

#### A TROUBLESOME NEIGHBOUR.

LOGAN on a certain occasion happened to dine in a mixed party in Kilmarnock, where, among other characters present, there was a gentleman of the name of Barr, who frequently attracted the notice of the company by the loudness of his laugh, and the noisy manner in which he conducted himself. A person sitting next the Laird, who, being like his neighbours annoyed by Mr.



Barr's vociferations, inquired who he was, but not getting his curiosity satisfied, he turned to the Laird, and expressed his opinion that the object of his inquiries belonged to the Barrs of Maybole. "I differ from you there," replied the Laird, "for, from his *roaring*, I would rather take him for one of the *bars* of Ayr."

## ADVICE TO HERITORS.

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

## ANECDOTE OF MAJOR LOGAN.

THIS gentleman was, we understand, a relation of the Laird of Logan, and partook largely of that happy vein of humour so conspicuous in the Laird, in whose company he often consumed the "midnight oil," not certainly in studying the classics, but—perhaps, in one sense of the term, in the no less *elevating* pursuit—of the bottle. Having an appointment to meet the Laird one night, in the house of that well known and much respected hostess, tasty Betty of Greenock, the Major,

who was considerably behind his time, found, on entering the room, the Laird in company with two boon companions, the one named Hugh H——, and the other Hugh F——; the Laird himself being also called Hugh, just formed a trio of the name. The Major saw at a glance, though a little *in the wind's eye* himself, that all the party were more than half-seas over:

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

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

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

#### IDEAS OF CLEANLINESS.

LOGAN, who was not over-fastidious in matters connected with the toilet, was once asked by one of his finical companions how often he changed his linens? “Twice a-week,” replied the Laird. “Twice a-week!” exclaimed the disciple of Chesterfield in astonishment, “I change mine every day.” “L—— man,” cried Logan with a look of surprise, “*what a dirty beast you must be!*”

#### LOGAN AND THE LAWYER.

AN under-grieve on the estate of Logan, happened to have been the means of placing a young woman in the neighbourhood in a situation not very advantageous to her character. As the proofs of their acquaintance was every day becoming more apparent, a lawyer, at the re-

quest of her friends, called upon the "gay deceiver," and laid down the alternative of marriage, or an action for "breach of promise." Being a case of no little difficulty, the poor fellow began scratching his head; but remained silent till the patience of the lawyer became exhausted, and he demanded an answer to his proposal in a very angry and decisive tone of voice. "Toots, Mr. M——," says the Laird, who was present at the interview, "dinna be sae flighty—it's a puzzling case; and when you see the lad's thrang consulting the *crown lawyers* on the matter, you micht gie him a wee time—claw awa, Jock."

#### MAJOR LOGAN V. MATRIMONY.

THIS gentleman, whose wit was of a more chaste and classical description than that of his kinsman, the Laird, happened once at a dinner party to be rather severely quizzed by some of his female friends, on a partiality which they said he entertained for a young lady, whose volatile disposition and flippancy of manner had often rendered her a subject of censorious remark. "Were I intending to commence poet," said the Major, "a marriage with such a lady would be a very suitable connection." "How, how?" exclaimed his female tormentors. "Because," said he, "I would, in the language of Shakspeare, be giving an *airy nothing a local habitation and a name*."

#### LOGAN AND THE AYR BANK.

WE have observed, in the short memoir of the Laird prefixed to the present volume, that he had been a severe sufferer from his connection with that unfortunate speculation, the Ayr Bank. One day being at E—— House,

the Countess expressed her surprise that a man of his years should be so grey-headed. "Deed," said Logan with a deep drawn sigh, "if your ladyship had got as many letters from the trustee of the Ayr Bank as I have done, I'm thinking you would be grey-headed too."

#### ADVICE TO A SPENDTHRIFT.

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

#### A TAILOR'S FACTOTUM.

THE keen sarcastic wit which occasionally displayed itself in the conversation of Logan was at once the dread and the amusement of his associates. Though by no means prone to that mischievous propensity indulged in by some wits, of running tilt against every one whose seeming simplicity of character offered a safe and inviting butt for the shafts of their ridicule; yet he seldom failed to apply the lash to those who, by their overweening conceit or intrusive impertinence, rendered themselves troublesome to others. On one occasion, being at Ayr during the races, and happening to dine in a promiscuous party at the inn, the company soon found themselves annoyed by a loquacious egotist from Edinburgh, who

could talk of nothing save the consequence and extensive business enjoyed by the house with which he was connected, and of which he represented himself as the grand moving principle; "indeed so much so," said he, "that without me they could not get on at all." "What may their name be, man?" said Logan. "Their name," said the other, drawing himself up to a proper altitude, "is —— & Co. military clothiers, North Bridge, Edinburgh." "Weel, man," said Logan, "I believe every word you've said, for I never yet heard of a tailor that could carry on business without his *goose*."

#### ADVANTAGE OF HAVING A PARISH.

Few who have had any acquaintance with the character and localities belonging to Ayrshire, but remember some anecdote of that hair-brained eccentric creature called "*Daft Will Brown*." This singular person once happened to be in the kitchen of the Manse of ——, and had received an *amons* from the hands of the parsimonious incumbent, who was always pleased to hear the humorous and sharp-witted replies of poor Will. While his reverence was endeavouring to bring the ingenuity of the poor half-witted creature into play, a woman belonging to the *gangrel* tribe made her appearance at the door, soliciting charity. This second application was more than the minister's patience could well bear; he instantly dismissed her, and, in rather a stern tone of voice, ordered her to go to her parish. Will heard the angry language of his reverence, and bawled after the woman to come back. "It's a waefu' thing," said the kind-hearted natural, "to be driven frae a minister's door without an *amons*—hae, puir hody," he continued,

addressing the woman, "there's a neivefu' out o' my ain pock;" and, turning to the minister with an expression of bitter scorn in his eye, observed, "you should mind, sir, that puir folk hae nae a' *parishes like you.*"

#### DRAWING THE LONG BOW.

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

#### THE RIVAL CLUBS.

IN the little town of Mayhole there are no less than two clubs, instituted in honour of John Knox, and as both of them have a dinner on the anniversary of the Reformer's birth-day, the innkeepers who furnish the usual entertainments, are sometimes at a loss to procure

the necessary supply of vivres. On one occasion, the whole stock of fish belonging to Janet M'Cringle, an old woman who generally supplied the inns with that delicacy, was bought up by the caterer for one of the dinners. The bargain was no sooner struck, than the landlord of the rival house made his appearance for a supply of the same article. Janet declared she was sold out. "Sold out or not," cried Boniface, "I must have fish, Janet; I have Knox's dinner to provide for, and I can't do without it." "Dear me!" cried Janet, "a' my fish thegither was bought for Knox's dinner; wha's this Knox that needs sae monie dinners?" "It was him, if ye ken him, that took the roof aff Cross Reguel Abbey." "Cross Reguel Abbey!" exclaimed the poor woman in astonishment, "there has na been a roof on Cross Reguel since I ha'e mind;—'od! he maun surely be an unca auld man!—but auld or no," quoth Janet, reverting again to business, "he maun be an awfu' bodie for fish!"

## ANECDOTE OF MAJOR LOGAN.

THE Major, on a certain occasion, was invited to attend a masquerade, at the residence of a nobleman in his neighbourhood. Before he had fixed on his own dress, he was waited upon by a gentleman, who was noted, not only for his slovenly habits, but his general disregard of cleanliness. The object of the visit, he explained to the Major, was to consult him as to what he considered an effectual masquing dress, as he had reason for wishing to escape from all recognition on the occasion. "Then, Mr. T——," said the Major, "just shave yourself well, wash your face, and put on a clean shirt, and I'll forfeit my commission if you don't puzzle the most knowing ones among them."

## MORE THAN A PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE.

DURING the late rains, when a number of our mountain streams were swollen beyond their usual size, a serving woman, who was sent to bring water for some domestic purposes, returned after what was considered rather an unreasonable length of time. On making her way to the kitchen, her mistress demanded what had kept her so long. "Keepit me sae lang!" said the dripping absentee with a look of surprise, "deed, ye may be glad to see me again: the burn was rinnin' frae bank to brae, I missed a fit and fell in, and if it hadna been for Providence and *anither woman*, I wad hae been drowned."

## A LAME BARGAIN.

ONE day Logan attended a horse-market in his neighbourhood, for the purpose of selling a mare he wished for his own reasons to part with. After many inquiries were made by various dealers respecting price and other particulars, a customer at last presented himself, and the two soon came to terms. While paying down the cash, the buyer asked if he warranted the beast sure-footed? "Sure-footed!" said the Laird, "what do you mean by that?" "I mean," said the other, "does she keep her feet on the road?" "I'll warrant she'll do that as weel's ony beast that ever stepped; I've had her these four years, and I never kent her miss a foot yet." The buyer, thus assured, mounted his bargain, and rode off. A few days after, however, he called at Logan House, and loudly complained of being deceived. "Tell me how, man?" said the Laird. "Tell you how!" cried the indignant buyer, "did you not assure me that she kept her feet;



now I've only had her three days, and she's come down wi' me three times." "That may be," said Logan, "and the beast no to blame either: I'se warrant she's *kept* her feet for a' that, and if ye gang hame and count, ye'll find she has a' that e'er she had."

## HIGHLAND WIT.

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

## THE LAIRD AND HIS FOOTMAN.

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

## HIGHLAND DESCENT.

ON board of one of the steam-packets on a late trip to Iona, there were two passengers that particularly attracted the attention of the rest of the party; the one was a stout Irish gentleman, full of all that off-hand frisky humour said to be peculiar to his countrymen, and the other a little undersized Celt, of the smallest possible dimensions, who, covered with an immense broad-brimmed straw hat, moved about the deck more like an animated mushroom than any thing that could be taken for a Highlander. Nevertheless, this little mannikin, as the passengers were told again and again by two garrulous old ladies, who seemed to have charge of him, was, *maugre* his dwarfish appearance, the representative of a clan that had in days of old been remarkable for the production of tall and athletic warriors; and to see the graves of some of those, was the object of his present visit to Iona. On landing, the passengers, who were not numerous, were marshalled into *Ridig-oran* in the usual form by the school-master, where, after showing off a number of the remains of bygone times, he brought them to a row of large stone figures in armour, which he described as the Mac——s of ——, “a race of giants,” as he said. The Irish gentleman, looking down to their representative,

who stood by enjoying his fancied consequence, asked him if these were the people from whom he was descended? "Yes," said he, pushing himself upwards like the frog in the fable. "Then," said Pat, "by the powers! my little fellow, you may say you have had a *descent*, and a d—l of a one too."

#### A PUNCH-DRINKER FROM HOME.

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

## THE POLITE HERMIT OF THE ISLE.

IN one of the sequestered little islands that stud and beautify the scenery of Lochlomond is an old castle, in one of the vaults of which a singular old man of retired manners had long been in the habit of making his lonely abode. Entirely secluded from neighbours, his solitude was seldom intruded upon except by the curiosity of strangers, who came to visit the romantic beauties with which his islet is encircled. One day an Irish party, consisting of a gentleman and two beautiful young ladies, landed to explore the hermitage: having seen all the rude expedients of the humble recluse to render his residence endurable, the gentleman asked him if he did not think that a wife would add much to his comfort? "Nae doubt it wad," he said, "but whar is the like o' me to get her?" "There," said the gentleman, pointing jocularly to his fair companions, "are two young ladies, take your choice." "Na, na," replied the hermit, guessing their place of nativity from their accent, "I ne'er was fond o' Irishers a' my days; besides, *there were twa o' them hanged yesterday in Glasgow.*"

## THE BRIDEWELL-KEEPER NONPLOSSSED.

A young and rather sheepish-looking fellow who had been condemned for some misdemeanor to a short period of hard labour in the House of Correction, was asked by the keeper, if he could weave, to which he replied in the negative: a number of sedentary occupations were then gone over, to all of which he professed a similar degree of unfitness. The keeper, nettled, at last exclaimed in a fit of peevishness, "And what the d——l

is the use of you at all, sir! can you do nothing? “Oh yes,” said the other, “*I can ca’ a cart.*”

## ANECDOTE OF GALT.

It is very well known among the friends of this amusing writer, that he has availed himself, in some of his graphic delineations of Scottish character, of many little incidents which have occurred within his own domestic circle; and in particular, that he has been greatly indebted for a number of the choicest idioms peculiar to the language, used by a certain class in Scotland, to his mother, who is considered among her neighbours as a “gaucy, auld-farrand, gash gudewife.” Mrs. Galt, who no doubt feels much pride of heart on account of the literary character of her son, is nevertheless at times piqued when she finds allusions made, and phrases used, the origin of which she is too familiar with not to know the source from whence they are derived. On a visit which our author some time ago paid to the place of his nativity, the old lady thought proper to take him to task for certain liberties which she conceived he had taken with matters connected with the family; and after administering what she, no doubt, conceived to be a very becoming reprimand—she took down from a cupboard, a little, old-fashioned, antique-looking teapot, with whose appearance she knew her son had been intimately acquainted since his childhood, and thus addressed him: “Now, John Galt, I’ve just been telling ye that you’ve meddled a great deal owre muckle wi’ the things about this house; and there’s a wee teapat that you’ve seen as often as there’s teeth in your head, and as I hae a great respect for the bit pat, I’m just gawn to be as plain as I am pleasant wi’ ye,

and tell ye, that if ye say a single word about the pat, in ony o' your books, ye needna expect to get ony thing in this house when you come back but a pouket lug, and that'll no craw in your crap, my man." John has, as yet, been "*biddable*," and said nothing about the "*bit pat*."

#### CELTIC ILLUSTRATION.

THE minister of one of our Gaelic chapels, who was lately endeavouring to convince his hearers of the entire earthliness of all human affections, and of the utter impossibility of the unregenerated heart abstracting itself—even for the shortest period of time—from the things of this world, and fixing it upon those of the world to come, concluded his subject with the following little story as illustrative of his doctrine:—"There was a certain laird, who happened to be of a very religious turn of mind, had a very greedy tenant who was quite dead to all spiritual impressions, yet, like many others, made great profession of religion. The laird, one day, was conversing with him on the very subject which I have been endeavouring to explain, and took the following method to convince him of his real state;—'I will give you, John,' says he, 'that horse which is now standing at your door, if you will repeat to me the Lord's Prayer, and at the same time keep your mind from wandering to any earthly subject till after you have performed the duty.' John thought the bargain a good one, and instantly agreed. In the middle of his task, however, he stopped short, and thus addressed the laird—'Before I go ony farther, let us understand ane anither properly. Is the saddle and stirrups to gang along wi' the horse?'"

## A SAGACIOUS SWEEP.

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

## ANECDOTES FROM DRUMMOND'S COLLECTANIA.

GEORGE BUCHANAN said to one who complained, as they were riding, of the weakness of his memory, "that his horse was a great deal more forgetful, for being but even now stricken with his spurs, he forgot it presently."

After the Reformation, Neil Ramsay, the laird of Dalhousie, having been at preaching with the Regent Murray, was demanded how he liked the sermon? "Passing well," said he; "Purgatory he hath altogether ta'en away; if the morn [to-morrow] he take away hell, I will give him half of the lands of Dalhousie."

A Scotch minister sitting at table with Tobie Mathews, when he was discoursing with the Bishop, named him still "Your Lordship;" which a gentleman who served at the table marking, desired him to say "Your Grace." When he was once or twice admonished, up starts he and said the grace, to which the Bishop uncovered himself, and asked if that was the fashion of Scotland at mid supper to say grace?" "I did it not," replied he, "till I was thrice desired."

## EVERYBODY HAS HIS BUBBLY JOCK.

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

## ADVANTAGES OF LOW PRICES.

A gentleman in one of the steam-boats asked the steward, when he came round to collect the passage-money (1s. each for the best cabin), if there was no danger of being blown up? The steward promptly replied, "No, sir, not the least; we cannot afford to blow people up at these low prices."



## THE COW AND THE PILL DOCTOR.

IN our last public market, a cow was brought up for sale. Her keeper, a young boy, having heedlessly quitted his post for a short time, the animal moved off also, and on his return was nowhere to be seen among the herd of kindred quadrupeds. After some time spent in a fruitless search after his charge, the urchin found her on the second flat of a house in the market-place, standing in a ruminating mood at the door of a vender of medicines, whose stair she had cleverly scaled, and which she was with some difficulty made to descend and resume her place on the street. The appearance of the unusual visitor at the door of the doctor, puzzled the onlookers to account for, till one of them, more acute than the rest, observed, that the doctor had that day advertised for sale, an assortment of "Morrison's Vegetable Pills!"

## ABERDONIAN GALLANTRY.

AT the statutory meeting of the Guildry of Aberdeen for the election of assessors, the Dean of Guild stated that he had requested that some young men should be placed on the list of assessors; for, on referring to the old statutes of the Guildry, the tenth chapter, "for the relief of the Guild dochters," extended farther than the chivalry of the later ages, and very gallantly enacted, that "if she be of gude conversation, gude fame, and has not sufficient gudea, *provision shall be made to her of ane husband.*"

## EGGS BOILED TO ORDER.

A lady having for several mornings had reason to com-

plain of the state in which the eggs were boiled to breakfast, had more than once ordered the servant to be more careful, and to boil them with the glass. One morning, when there was every reason to believe that this had been neglected, the servant was called in to get a scolding for her negligence. "Why were they not boiled with the glass, Mary?" "So they were, mem; but the glass flew a' to pieces whenever the pan cam' a-boil," said the poor girl.

#### AN ALARMING SIGHT.

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

#### ANECDOTE OF BURNS.

THE following circumstance, connected with the history of Burns and his "bonny Jean," though sufficiently honourable to the feelings of the Poet, may, perhaps, in some minds, dispel a little of that romantic interest which the "undying" affection supposed to exist between the

lovers, is so likely to excite. Some time after the family of Jean Armour had forbidden any farther connexion with Burns, a weaver from Paisley made his appearance in Mauchline, and though aware of the *frailty* of the fair one, proceeded to pay his addresses to her in form. A Paisley weaver in those days, when prices were at the highest, was a match not to be *sneezed at*, and having his full share of that *modest* perseverance usually possessed by his townsmen, he succeeded in persuading the betrothed of the bard to set off with him to Kilmarnock. Burns heard of the elopement with surprise, and followed the pair "hot foot" to Killie. The disconsolate poet then made his way to the house of Mr. William Lambert, a personal friend of his own, and connected with the law, in order to get his advice and assistance in tracing the fugitives, and procuring an interview with the object of his affections. Mr. Lambert, after a little reflection, concluded that the quarters of the Mauchline carrier would be the most likely place to commence inquiry; and to this *howf*, then known as the "Race Horse," but now become famous as the "Turf Inn," the trusty agent proceeded, and had his sagacity rewarded by a sight of the fair runaway. On explaining his business, Miss Armour repeatedly assured him, that, whatever her feelings might be, she was certain she "could never be happy with a man of such a hairum-scairum character as Burns, for a husband." After much entreaty, she at last agreed to accompany Mr. Lambert to his house, and give her late lover a parting interview. The two were left alone—the pathetic appeals of the poet recalled her wandering affections—his persuasions prevailed—and she returned with him to Mauchline, leaving the weaver to *thread* his

way back to Paisley when it suited his convenience. The above may be relied on as a fact, the writer having received it from those who heard Mr. Lambert often relate the circumstance himself.

#### AN ORIGINAL WATCHMAN.

A raw sort of lad, from the Island of Mull, whose knowledge of the world was evidently very limited indeed, called upon the superintendent of the Edinburgh police, requesting to be employed as a watchman. The captain seeing him, though rather inexperienced and diffident, still with something of shrewdness, as he thought, about him, agreed to make a trial of him, and accordingly appointed him to a station in College-Street. A person was sent along with him to point out his various duties, and, among other things, to instruct him as to the calling of the hour. He was told that if he did not hear the clock strike, he might catch the word from the watchman on the South Bridge. At half-past ten o'clock, therefore, our hero was observed to listen very attentively to the call of his fellows on the South Bridge, and having caught the words "half-past ten," he proceeded with long strides up the street, bawling out at the top of his voice,—"*It's the same hour here—It's the same hour here!*"

#### TAKING THINGS COOLLY.

SOME time ago, a young farmer left a market town, situated no matter where, and proceeded homewards, mounted on a nag of which he has often boasted, as Tam O'Shanter did of his mare, that "a better never lifted leg." The season was winter, and the night very

dark; and from some cause or other the animal deviated from the proper path, stumbled over a crag and broke its neck; although the rider, strange to say, escaped unhurt, or, at worst, with a few trifling scratches. The youth journeyed home on foot, told the servants what had happened, and directed one of them to proceed to the spot next day, for the purpose of flaying the horse, and bringing away the skin and shoes. The lad of course obeyed his instructions, and was busily engaged, when his senior master, who had also been at market, but who preferred travelling in day-light, passed the spot, and on hearing some noise, paused, and looked into the ravine below. On recognising through the branches one of his own men, he called out, "Is that you, Benjie?" "Ay, it's just me, maister." "An' what are you doing there?" "Ou, juist skinnin the pony, sir." "What pony?" "Maister George's, that tumbled down last night, and broke its neck." "Ay, indeed! and can ye tell me wha's skinnin George?"

## HIGHLAND RETORT.

AN English gentleman, whose proportions of body approached nearer to those of Stephen Kemble than the living skeleton, happened to make his summer sojourn at a watering-place on the west coast. Being, from his unwieldy bulk, unable to take exercise, his principal amusement was to sit outside his door, and converse with Donald Frazer, an old Highlander, who was considered a sort of character in the village. Donald's favourite topic was the great men to whom he was allied, which the Englishman encouraged, for the purpose of *drawing out* the peculiarities of the old man, and thereby getting

amusement at his expense. One day, Donald had agreed to drive home a large overgrown boar for a neighbour of his, and passing where the Englishman sat, the latter instantly called out, in a waggish tone of voice, "Well, Donald, I suppose that's one of them there great relations you are always speaking about, that you've got with you." Donald, eyeing alternately his unwieldy friend and the mass of four-footed ugliness that was hobbling before, replied, with a knowing shrug, "Oh, not at all, sir, no relation whatever, but just an acquaintance *like yoursel*."

#### METHOD OF QUELLING A RIOT IN THE HIGHLANDS.

IN a certain burgh in one of our mountainous districts, the important personage who filled the office of fiscal, was one night enjoying himself over a glass with a friend, when the servant opened the door in great haste, and announced that there were two men fighting in Mac's (a neighbouring public-house), and the fiscal was wanted immediately. The night was cold, and the official felt reluctant to leave the comfortable situation in which he found himself; turning, therefore, to the girl, he ordered her to "Go and tell Mac to give the men a dram to be quiet." "But what if they'll no be quiet then, sir?" asked the girl. "'Od dam'ort!" cried the fiscal pettishly, then "just tell him to *make them fight till I come*."

#### HIGHLAND INDORSATION.

THE following words were actually written upon a bill some time ago at Oban, by a person belonging to one of the isles:—"Pay the within to the bearer; and if you fail to do so, may the L—— have mercy on your bones; for I will have none.—John M'Lean."

## DESIDERATUM AT A BREAKFAST-TABLE.

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

## A WOMAN OLDER THAN HER PULSE.

A Scotch paper notices an old woman living at Gloslough, who is a hundred and thirty years of age; and adds that "her pulse does not exceed *seventy*."

## A GOOD NATURED CIVIC.

A poor man lately made his appearance at the bar of the Gorbals Police-court, Glasgow, charged with being drunk and disorderly on the streets, when, after a patient hearing, the presiding Bailie, who seems to have possessed little of that firmness and dignity required for the magisterial office, ordered him to pay a fine of fifteen shillings. "Fifteen shillings!" vociferated the man, with more points of admiration in his tone than we can spare room for. "Fifteen shillings!! Bailie, ye're surely no in earnest.—Bless ye, when will I win 15s. to gi'e ye?" "Well," said the Bailie, yielding, "I'll make it half-a-guinea, and not a farthing less!" "Half-a-guinea, Bailie!

if ye fine me in half-a-guinea, what's to come o' my puir wife and weans for a month to come? we must just starve, there's nae ither way o't,"—said the offender, in a most lugubrious tone,—“we must starve or beg.” “Well,” says the relenting Bailie, “I'll make it 7s. 6d. and not a farthing less!” “Seven and sixpence!” says the still unsatisfied offender, “that's just the half o' my week's wages, and there's no a grain o' meal in the house, nor a bit o' coal to make it ready wi', even though there were. Oh! Bailie, think what a sum 7s. 6d. is to a working man!” “Well, well,” says the good-natured magistrate, “I'll make it 5s. and not a farthing less: though ye were the king on the throne I'll not make it less!” “Weel, weel, Bailie, Mary and me, and the weans, maun just submit,” said the knavish culprit, affecting to weep; at the same time saying, as if to himself, yet so loud as the Bailie could hear him—“Blessed is he that wisely doth the poor man's case consider.” The Bailie could not stand the silent appeal of tears, nor the apt quotation he had made. “Well well,” again says the Bailie, “I'll make it half-a-crown, and, as sure's death, though ye were my ain brither, I coudna make it less!”

#### A POSER.

A young preacher was employed by a relative who presides over the spiritualities of a parish at no great distance from Glasgow, to assist in the discharge of the laborious, and not unimportant, duties of a pastor. The young man, on all occasions, displayed zeal in his endeavours to induce the dissenting parishioners to return within the walls of *the* Church. On one occasion, falling in with a decent matron attached to the Relief body, he,



as usual, urged his claim upon her attendance at the parish kirk. The scruples of the old lady were not, however, so easily got over, and at last she pointedly told him, that she "didna like read sermons." "What would become of you, Janet," said the preacher, "if you were in England, where you would hear read prayers?" "Hech, sir!" said this modern Jenny Geddes, "I wonder what Jonah wad hae dune if he had ha'en to read his prayers!" The reverend gentleman's endeavours to proselytise Janet were not repeated.

#### HIGHLAND CRITICISM.

A Highland schoolmaster was lately expatiating on the superiority of the language of the Highlands over that of every other country, and, by a natural digression, came to remark on the glaring inaccuracies, as he conceived them to be, of the English tongue. In order to prove his many and grievous charges against propriety, he selected the word Hypocrite, by way of illustration. "Here," said he, in the broad accent of Mull, "you call a man that's faithless to his religious profession a *heepocreet*, and a woman of the same character, you call her a *heepocreet* too; now," said the learned Donald, rearing back his head with an air of dignity that might have done for the great Lexicographer himself, "if the man be a *heepocreet*, both common sense and the gender of the noun must tell you, that the woman ought to be called a *sheepocreet*."

#### A SENSIBLE REPLY.

A poor woman lately walked ten miles to a country theatre, to see Jane Shore. As the weather was incle-

ment, and she had that distance to return home at night, this was considered as a mad freak; and a girl, who knew her, was asked "if she had her *intellects*?" "I don't know," replied the girl; "she has got something tied up in a blue and white handkerchief."

#### A HORSE WORTH LOOKING AT.

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

#### CLERICAL RETORT.

THE practice of "*giving out the line*," as it is called in our churches, has been nearly abandoned; yet this innovation on the usage of the good old times was not effected without many sorrowful complaints from those not given to change. The late excellent man, and most popular preacher, Dr. Balfour of Glasgow, had his own share of complaints among his flock. One day, on retiring from his weekly labours, he accosted an old female well known to him—"Well, Margaret, I hope you are well to-day." "Oh yes, Doctor, I'm very weel; but, dear sirs, I dinna like this way the precentor has got into of no giein' out the line." "What fault have ye to it?" said the Doctor in a kindly tone. "Oh, sir," says Margaret, "I just like to gust my gab twice wi't." The reason was incontrovertible, and the Doctor was satisfied. Some time afterwards, the Doctor met the same person, and on asking kindly after her health, she began her complaint against what she called "*these repeats*," or singing

one line more than once over. "Oh," says the worthy Doctor, "I thought, Margaret, you had liked to gust your gab twice wi't!" Poor Margaret was caught in her own trap, and like most people so caught, felt not a little awkward, nor staid to compliment the Doctor on the use he had made of her own weapon.

#### A NOSE WITH A WARRANT.

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

#### HIGHLAND ASTRONOMERS.

SOME time ago, when the French and German astronomers were alarming all Europe with their speculations respecting the fatal consequences likely to ensue on the too near approach of a comet, whose appearance at the time attracted universal attention, a few Celtic worthies, who had been reading the alarming notice in the newspapers, were discussing the subject over their dram, in a public-house at the head of Loch-Etive; the school-master, who was remarkably intelligent on the matter, while explaining in the most convincing manner, the almost certainty of a general conflagration taking place, as soon as the comet had communicated to our earth a certain portion of its heat, was rather abruptly interrupted in the midst of his discourse, by one of the party, who

had listened to the appalling conversation with intense anxiety,—“ ‘Od bless me!” said he, “if it’s all true what you’ll be speaking, that will just be the very cause *that’s making all our emigrationers go away to America!*”

#### A DAFT BARGAIN.

THE late Earl of Eglinton in passing through Beith, on a certain occasion, accosted an old man, whom he was at times in the habit of honouring by his notice, and asked him the following question: “How long have you been married, James?” “I’ve been married these fifty years, my lord, but I’ll gie ye my hand, if the bargain were now to mak, I wadna be sae daft as tak sic a lang lease.”

#### MORE PLAIN THAN PLEASANT.

A lady playing on the piano-forte, on being called upon for a dead march, asked Mr. H. a celebrated professor of music, what dead march she should play; to which he replied, “Any march that you will play will be a *dead* one, for you’re sure to *murder* it.”

#### A PROFITABLE SERVANT.

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

#### PROOF OF BEING DRUNK.

“DID ye see my mither, Jock?” said one urchin to another, a few evenings ago, in Portland-Street. “Oh yes, I saw her, she’s awa’ down the street, and she’s fu’,”

fu'!" "O man, she'll only be shamming," returned the poor little fellow, vexed almost to tears at the answer. "Shamming! na, na," said the too observant Jock, "she's past shamming, for I saw her een and they're glazed."

## BLISTERING WITHOUT PAIN.

A poor Irishman, whose wife had been suffering from a severe pectoral complaint, called lately for medical advice, on a surgeon in Girvan, who ordered a blister to be put upon her chest. The poor Hibernian, like many of his countrymen, interpreted the directions he got quite literally, although certainly not in the right way, for on going home, he searched his whole cabin for a *chest*; but finding, as he afterwards informed the surgeon, nothing so like one as "a bit of a trunk where Kate kaips her mutches," he actually clapped the blister to the lid of the *trunk*; and his wife, by good luck, getting immediately better of her complaint, he declared, in perfect belief of the efficacy of the application, "that it had cured her complaitly."

## MOTHER WIT.

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

said she, ' whenever ye see a flock o' craws fleeing a' ae way depend upon it there's *craws' business on hand*.' "

#### LOSS OF A CHARACTER.

A respectable farmer travelling to some distance on horseback, having occasion to cross the river Conan, found on the banks of the stream a young woman also desirous of getting across. She informed the farmer that she was in quest of a situation, and had an excellent character from her last place. As the river was high, the good-natured farmer took the girl up behind him on his horse, and conveyed her over the water. Unfortunately, however, the written certificate of character fell out of her breast, where she had placed it for safety, and was carried off by the stream. She was in great distress at this mishap, till her kind conductor assured her that *he* would give her a line certifying the circumstance of her misfortune; and this pledge he redeemed, on their arrival at a house on the opposite side, in the following brief, but pithy words:—"10th September, 1833,—These certify that the bearer, Peggy Mackenzie, *lost her character this day, while crossing the river Conan with me, Andrew Munro.*"

#### AN EXCISEMAN IN DISTRESS.

ONE stormy night, a poor weather-beaten gauger, who had stood the pelting of the pitiless storm through the course of a whole winter day, arrived at a small farm town in the Western Highlands, and being benumbed with cold and almost frozen to the saddle, he made for the only house where he could see light, and called for assistance: not finding himself attended to, he roared out at the top

of his voice, "Will no good Christian come and help me off my horse?" Awakened by the noise, a sturdy old Celt opened the door, and asked if it was "Chisholm's he wanted?" "No," said the impatient inspector of spigots, "I want some good Christian to help me off my horse." "Ah! sir," said Donald, "we don't know them peoples, we're a' *Camerons* here."

A HINT TO GUARDS TO BE ON THEIR GUARD.

Mr. L——, the spirited coach proprietor, is an excellent example of what talent, perseverance, and honourable conduct may achieve. We know not if the following anecdote will have great interest for the general reader, but it is certainly a good instance of his method of training coach guards—a class of men, at one time, the most insolent and avaricious. Travelling once in England with Mrs. L. a change of coach horses, &c. was announced, by the guard appearing in the travellers' room, and begging the passengers to remember him. The person who sat next the door chanced to be a lady, accompanied by her two daughters, who untied her purse-strings at his request, and handed him 5*s.*—a most handsome reward. This was by no means the opinion of our *swell* with the many-necked coat, who kept looking contemptuously at the money, and saying "a very poor allowance, madam, for a *lady* to give—a very poor allowance indeed." To put an end to his impertinence, the lady handed him 2*s.* more. The next person accosted was Mr. L——. "Please remember the guard, sir!" "Pray, what is the use of a guard on this coach?" demanded Mr. L——. The man, evidently perplexed by the question, and the authoritative manner in which it was put, stammered out,

“To—to—to take charge of the luggage, sir!” “Then look there at my wife’s hand-box—look, sir, at that hand-box, I say! I took it in charge myself all the way, but in crossing the ferry; and you see you have allowed it to get abused. No, sir! for your insolence to that lady, I will not give you a farthing; and if the other passengers will take my advice, they will act in the same manner.” In vain the fellow applied to each of them. “Then,” said he, addressing Mr. L——, “I’ll charge you for extra luggage.” “Do in that as you please, sir.” On approaching the coach, he asked Mr. L. if that was his luggage, pointing to some trunks standing in the lobby. “Find you that out, sir.” Taking this as an acknowledgment that it was his, he hurried it off to the office, had it weighed, and speedily returned, with a bill for 5*s.* for extra luggage, presented it to Mr. L. and demanded payment. “The luggage is not that gentleman’s,” said the lady, “but mine, and I gave you 7*s.* before; you can pay the 5*s.* out of it, and keep the remainder for yourself.” The fellow retired, mortified exceedingly; and we trust that subsequent travellers have found him improved in his behaviour.

#### LOGAN AND A LEAN FRIEND.

LOGAN one market day happening to be in Kilmarnock, was met on the streets by a long lank boon companion, whose stomach, as his companions said, was the only *good* thing they knew about him. This worthy having congratulated the Laird on his fine fat jolly appearance, concluded by saying, “that he reminded him very much of a butcher in a thriving business, whose money and meat did him good.” “Weel,” said the Laird, “since



you're in the complimenting way, I may tell you, that you remind me very much o' that same thriving butcher's day-book, for though muckle gude meat is *put down in't* it never maks the *book* ony *fatter*."

## CHESTERFIELD IN CANONICALS.

A reverend gentleman, in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, whose politeness towards the fair sex is anything but proverbial, was lately introduced to a lady of our acquaintance. After the usual exchange of courtesies had taken place, he observed, with a smile, intended, we presume, to be complimentary, that he always judged of people from first impressions; "and," continued his reverence," addressing the lady, "the moment I looked in your face, I could tell that the *gray mare was the better horse*."

## CARVING FOR THE LADIES.

DURING the passage down the river, on board of one of our elegant steamers last summer, a gentleman not much accustomed to polished society, appeared so late at the dinner table, that he found it difficult to obtain a seat. He stood some time with his hands in his pockets, looking wistfully at the smoking viands. He was at last noticed by the captain, who relinquished to him his own chair and plate, when he commenced carving a pig that lay before him. Having finished, he passed portions of the dish to all the ladies in the immediate neighbourhood, and then heaped a plate for himself. He soon perceived a lady who had not been served, and inquired if she would be helped to some pig? She replied in the affirmative, and he accordingly handed her the plate which

he had reserved for himself. Her ladyship, feeling her dignity somewhat offended at so bountiful a service, observed with protruded lips, loud enough to be heard all around—"I don't want a cart load!" The gentleman, at her remark, became the object of attention of all at his end of the table, and, determined to retort upon her for her exceeding civility, watched her motions, and observed that she had dispatched the contents of her plate with little ceremony. When this was accomplished, he cried out, "Madam, if you'll back your cart up this way, I'll give you another load!"

#### PLEASANT TRAVELLING.

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

#### FAITH AND WORKS.

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

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

#### NOTICE TO HIGHLAND CUSTOMERS.

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

#### THE SICK MINISTER.

A venerable divine, who, in his day and generation, was remarkable for his primitive and abstinent mode of life, at length fell sick, and was visited by a kind-hearted lady from a neighbouring parish. On her proposing to make some beef-tea, he inquired what it was; and being informed, he promised to drink it at his usual dinner hour. The soup was accordingly made in the most approved manner, and the lady went home, directing him to drink a quantity every day until her return. This occurred a few days afterwards, when the lady was sur-

prised to see the beef-tea almost undiminished, and to hear it denounced by the worthy clergyman as the worst thing he had ever tasted. She determined to try it herself, and having heated a small quantity, pronounced it excellent. "Ay, ay," quoth the divine, "it may drink well enough that way, but try it wi' the sugar and cream as I did."

EPITAPH IN A CHURCH-YARD IN INVERNESS-SHIRE.

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

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

COQUETTING EXTRAORDINARY.

SOME little time ago, a pair of *turtles*, seemingly anxious to become united in the *silken* bands of wedlock, made their appearance before one of the city clergymen in Glasgow, who, finding the requisite certificates all right, proceeded with the ceremony till he came to that part of it where the question is put to the bridegroom, if he "is willing to take this woman to be his wife?" To this necessary query, the man, after a considerable hesitation, answered "No." "No!" said the minister, with a look of surprise, "for what reason?" "Just," said the poor embarrassed simpleton, looking round for the door, "because I've ta'en a *scanner* [disgust] at her." On this, the ceremony, to the evident mortification of the fair one, was broken off, and the parties retired. A few days after, however, they again presented themselves

before his reverence; and the fastidious bridegroom having declared that he had got over his objection, the ceremony was again commenced, and proceeded without interruption, till a question similar to the above was put to the bride, when she in her turn replied by a negative. "What is the meaning of all this?" said the clergyman, evidently displeased at the foolish trifling of the parties. "Oh naething ava," said the blushing damsel, tossing her head with an air of resentment, "only I've just ta'en a *scunner* at him!" The two again retired to their lonely pillows; and lonely it would seem they had found them, for the reverend gentleman on coming out of his house the following morning, met the foolish couple once more on their way to solicit his services. "It's a' made up noo," said the smiling fair one. "Oh yes," said her intended, "it's a' settled noo, and we want you to marry us as soon as possible." "I will do no such thing," was the grave and startling reply to the impatient request. "What for?" cried the fickle pair, speaking together in a tone of mingled surprise and disappointment. "Oh naething ava," said his reverence, passing on his way, "but just *I've ta'en a scunner at ye baith!*"

## ON AN UGLY OLD MISER.

WHEN S—— cross'd in Charon's boat,  
 No fare was given—no fare was sought.  
 Charon would not have been so civil,  
 But he mistook him for the devil.

## THE CLERICAL HAMMERMAN.

AT a dinner, given to the Rev. Mr.—, on the occasion of his being admitted an honorary member of the

corporation of *Hammermen*, after returning thanks for the honour that had been conferred upon him, the rev. gentleman rose and craved a bumper, when, after a few neat prefatory remarks, he proposed the following very appropriate sentiment—"The corporation of *Hammermen*, and may we all improve by attending to our *studies*."<sup>\*</sup>

#### USE OF SPECTACLES AT DINNER.

THE same reverend gentleman being at a dinner party, was asked to carve a piece of veal which stood near him, and having helped one of the guests, a rather pompous little personage, to what, from their looks, the company seemed to consider but a scanty portion. The gentleman helped said nothing, but taking out the silver case which contained his spectacles, began, with a degree of ostentation, to adjust them to his nose; our clerical wit apprehensive lest the movement was made in reproof, and wishing to anticipate any remark, began to apologise for the slender allowance he had sent him;—"It is certainly small," he observed, "but I trust, sir, your spectacles will stand my friends on the occasion, as I hope *they magnify*."

#### REJECTED ADDRESSES.

BET has given a denial, and I am content;  
I might have got worse, had she given her consent.

#### A DRY WIFE.

MAJOR LOGAN one summer day called at the head inn of a town in Ayrshire, and directed the waiter to decant

\* For the sake of some of our English readers it may perhaps be of use to mention, that in Scotch, *studies* mean anvils.

a bottle of ale for him. The landlord himself immediately bustled into the parlour, and after making his salam, proceeded to pour the liquor into a capacious tumbler; but as it exhibited no sign of life, he apologised for its flatness by saying, "it had not yet ta'en wi' the bottle." "An' it wad hae been a low mean-speerited bottle if it had been ta'en wi' it!" replied the sarcastic Major.

#### A CHANGE SOMETIMES DESIRABLE.

SOME years ago, a great mortality occurred amongst the wives in Girvan; and in justice to the bereaved husbands, it must be mentioned that they showed themselves to be deeply imbrued with the spirit of true Christian resignation, and bore their loss with stoical philosophy. A person whilst attending the inhumation of his neighbour's wife, was seen to weep much, and appeared greatly affected. "What ails ye man," said another person present, "I'm sure she was na a drap's bluid related to you?" "No, she was not," said he, "but I think everybody is like to get a *change* but me."

#### A NEW SONG.

A worthy divine, in the neighbourhood of the Western Metropolis, relates an anecdote admirably illustrative of the quaint humour to be found in many of the class to which the person belongs. Two ladies who were fast fading into the sere and yellow leaf of unpitied celibacy, felt their devotional feelings greatly discomposed by the introduction of a new tune into the church's psalmody; and to mark their abhorrence of the unhallowed innovation, arose from their seats and walked out of church.

This became subject of remark amongst the congregation, and especially between the clergyman and the person we have alluded to, who was a worthy old female member of the church. "I am pleased," said the former, "to find that you do not disapprove of the new tune." "Indeed I canna say but I like it very weel," said the old matron; "and as to Misses —— rising and leaving their seats, ye ken we're told that a *new song* is to be sung in heaven, and it would look very daftlike, sir, to rise and gang out there when it was sung."

#### ANECDOTE OF A SMUGGLER.

THE noted smuggling of brandy, and other exciseable commodities, quaintly termed the "*running trade*," which arose on the union of the two kingdoms, in the beginning of the last century, was long a source of keen and paramount pursuit on the western shores of Scotland. This adventurous traffic, carried on through the singular immunities of the Isle of Man, was calculated in no ordinary degree to elicit many of the deeper energies of those engaged in it, as well as to produce scenes of the most ludicrous and grotesque nature in their unceasing warfare with the guardians of the public revenue. The following seems a happy specimen of the self-possession and intrepid spirit which marked the character of these lawless vagrants of the deep. The sequestered promontory on which the old castle of Portinacross stands, a few miles below Largs, was, it seems, their favourite resort, and the neighbouring inhabitants were of course generally interested in the *trade*; many of them being fishers, were employed in the winter season, with their boats, by the "Manx dealers," to bring over "*gear*."



One of these boatmen returning with his cargo under cover of night, was quietly approaching the rock, when he perceived some individuals standing whom he conceived to be his friends on the look-out to aid him: under this impression, he rather hastily threw them a rope to take hold of. No sooner, however, had he done so, than he perceived his untoward mistake—it was the Exciseman himself who had secured the prize! The two were well known to each other, and the officer conceiving himself sure of his game, ironically exclaimed—“Weel, Johnny, I trow I hae gotten thee now.” But Johnny, with a presence of mind which the vain-glorious *gauger* was by no means prepared for, instantly cut the rope, and pushing off, dryly retorted, “Na, na, Mr. Muir, ye hae gotten the *tether*, but ye hae na gotten the *cow* yet.”

## SIR WALTER SCOTT

MEETING an Irish beggar in the street, who importuned him for sixpence: the Great Unknown not having one, gave him a shilling, adding with a laugh, “Now, sir, remember you owe me sixpence.” “Och, sure enough,” said the beggar, “and God grant you may live till I pay you.”

## PAYING IN COIN.

A pedlar lately halted at a public-house in the country, and at the landlady's request displayed nearly every article in his pack, for her examination. This he did cheerfully, expecting that a large purchase would be made. On inquiring what article the landlady would like to buy, she coolly replied, “Hoot, I dinna want to buy ony thing, I merely wanted a sight o' them.” “I'm

sorry ye'll no buy," said the pedlar, "but never mind, let's see half-a-mutchkin o' yer best whisky." The stoup was instantly filled, and a voluntary "farrel" placed beside it on the server. The pedlar kept warming himself at a brisk fire, and crumping the gratis cakes, while the landlady was allowed in courtesy to help herself and some female gossips who had also been inspectors of the pack, to a tasting of the blue; having drunk his health and gude sale to him, she filled up the glass and handed it to him. "Na, na," said he, "I want nane o' yer whisky, I only asked ye for a *sight o't!*"—so saying, he tightened his strap, and set off on the tramp.

#### ON A NOTED RESURRECTIONIST.

DR. K——, while decanting a bottle of ale,  
Which, as bad luck would have it, turn'd out very stale;  
With a bantering leer he his friend did accost,  
Bid him take up the goblet and give him a toast;  
His friend quick replied, with a quizzical squint  
At the dull cheerless beverage that seem'd to be in't,  
"You'll excuse, my dear Doctor, you'll excuse on this  
head,  
For you're best acquainted with *lifting the dead.*"

#### A CIVIL CUT.

A worthy old Highlander went to his minister one night in great anxiety, and wished the man of consolation to come and see his wife, whom he represented as just at the point of death. The clergyman happened to be engaged with some friends, and told Donald that he could not get away at present, but that he would see Janet as early as possible next morning. "Very well,"

said Donald, "I'll just go home and tell Janet that she must not die before you come!"

#### A GOOD EXCUSE FOR A BAD HAT.

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

#### BURNS AT HIS PRINTER'S.

THE following characteristic trait of Burns was communicated by Mr. Alexander Smellie, one of the sons of the late William Smellie, printer, Edinburgh:—"I perfectly remember the first appearance of Burns in my father's printing-house, in 1787, at the time his poems were printing. He was dressed much in the style of a plain country man, and walked three or four times from end to end of the composing-room, cracking a long hunting-whip which he held in his hand, to the no small annoyance of the compositors and pressmen; and, although the manuscript of his poems was then lying before

every compositor in the house, he never once looked at what they were doing, nor asked a single question. He frequently repeated this odd practice during the course of printing his work, and always in the same strange and inattentive manner, to the great astonishment of the men, who were not accustomed to such whimsical behaviour." Mr. Smellie says, that the manner of Burns, on the above occasion, always impressed him with an idea that his behaviour proceeded from affectation.

#### SINGULAR UNION.

A lady reading from a newspaper the announcement of marriage between a Mr. Lyon and a Miss Lamb, a friend observed, "There is one prophecy accomplished, the lion and the lamb shall *lie down together*."

#### THE NINE OF DIAMONDS.

THE origin of the nine of diamonds being called the "curse of Scotland," is not generally known. It arose from the following circumstance :—The night before the battle of Culloden, the Duke of Cumberland thought proper to give orders to General Campbell not to give quarter; and this order being despatched in much haste, was written on a card. This card happened to be the nine of diamonds, from which circumstance it got the appellation of the "curse of Scotland."

#### MISTAKEN CIVILITY.

A gentleman mistaking a very small lady—who was picking her way over a dirty channel—for a very young one, snatched her up in his arms, and landed her safely on the other side; when she indignantly turned up a face

expressive of the anger of fifty winters, and demanded why he dared to take such a liberty? "Oh! I humbly beg your pardon," said the gentleman; "I have only one amends to make;" and he again caught her up, and placed her where he first found her.

## A MISTAKE CORRECTED.

ONE beautiful summer morning, as two boon companions, well known in our city, were *piloting* each other home, after rather a tedious sederunt at the cold punch, one of them, whose attention was attracted by the early melody of the larks, stopped short, and turning his face upwards, thus apostrophised the airy warblers of the sky: "Ay, you're singing, are ye? my faith, ye may weel sing, ye hae nae bills to pay." "Hout, tout, Geordie," said his companion, "you're wrang there, the larks, poor things, hae their *bills* to *provide for* as weel as oursels."

## EPIGRAM.—FAULT HUNTING.

THE difference betwixt Dick and me—  
 Dick hunts, my foolish points to see;  
 I hunt, Dick's merits to find out,  
 But after many a vain pursuit,  
 With grief of heart I'm forced to own,  
 That Dick finds *game* but I find *none*.

## THE FLOWERS OF SCOTLAND.

IN the custom-house at Greenock, among many other shrewd remarks to different *entries* in the books, stands the following:—"Yesterday (May 9th, 1760), embarked on board the Dutch brig Vrow Gersna, 300 young Scotchmen, the flowers of the nation, where, no doubt, their

*presence* will do the worthy Hollanders as much good as their *absence* is sure to do their native country."

#### ANECDOTE OF THE EARL OF STRATHMORE.

It is told of the late Earl of Strathmore, that he was suddenly awakened at night in his carriage, by a highwayman, who, ramming a pistol through the window, and presenting it close to his breast, demanded his money, exclaiming at the same time, that he had heard that his lordship had boasted that he would never be robbed by a single highwayman, but that he should now be taught the contrary. His lordship, putting his hand into his pocket, replied—"Neither would I now be robbed, if it were not for that fellow who is looking over your shoulder." The highwayman turned round his head, when his lordship, who had drawn a pistol from his pocket instead of a purse, shot him on the spot.

#### WITCHCRAFT IN SCOTLAND.

WELL may a Scotsman of the present day lift up his hands in astonishment at the ignorance and barbarity that prevailed in his native land not much farther back than a century ago, when he is told, that, in 1679, five poor women were put to death, and their bodies afterwards burned, in consequence of being convicted as witches by the judges of the land! The following count in the *indytment* of these wretched victims is ludicrous enough:—"And ye, and ilk ane of you, was at ane metting with the devill and other witches at the croce of Muristane, above Kinneil, upon the thrittein of October last, where you all danced, and the devill acted the piper."

## EPIGRAM.

SAYS Dick, "Of drink it is the rule,  
To change the wise man to the fool;"  
Now, all Dick's friends most gravely think,  
Dick need not fear a drop of drink!

## EPITAPH ON A LORD PROVOST.

THE death of Provost Aird occurred about fourteen years after the erection of the Ramshorn Church, which was built under his dictatorship. The Provost, with his brethren of the Council, were wont to assemble at the house of Neps Denny, at the head of Saltmarket, who kept one of the most comfortable hostelries which Glasgow could at that time boast of. At one of the meetings shortly after the good man's decease, it was proposed that an epitaph should be composed by one of the members of the club; but whether it was that the magistrates of those days were less poetical than their successors, or that this is an office not easily assimilated to the ordinary duties of a civic functionary, it was found that the assistance of the buxom landlady was necessary. Perfectly familiar with her subject, and under no fears of severe criticism, Neps produced the following lines:—

"Here lies Provost Aird,  
He was neither a merchant nor a great laird;  
At bigging o' kirks he had right gude skill;  
He was twice Lord Provost, and three times Dean o'  
Gill'."

## ILLUSTRATIVE ANECDOTES.\*

## A HIGHLAND CHARACTER.

Who has not heard of Duncan Dhu—the simple, honest, warm-hearted Duncan Dhu, who keeps a comfortable change-house in the High-Street of Glasgow? Reader, if thou hast not heard of Duncan, we shall tell thee a little story concerning him, at once illustrative of his simplicity and goodness of heart. We had often heard of Duncan, but as we did not know him personally, and wished very much to see him, we requested a friend to introduce us to him. We accordingly called one evening, and luckily found Duncan at home, with whom we were made acquainted in due form; and, after partaking of his good Highland cheer, we found him to be very communicative, and withal, very desirous to please, without wishing to engross more than his own share of the conversation. At last, our friend said, “Come, Duncan, this gentleman never heard you tell the story about yourself and Mrs. M’Farlane—the Stockymuir affair you know—will you be kind enough to relate that story to him and me? for though I have heard it before, I have almost forgot it now—will you tell us the story?” “Inteed I will tid that,” said Duncan, “an’ it’s as true a storee as ever man will made.” But, in order to do justice to Duncan’s “storee,” we will try to give it as nearly as we can in his own words. “Aweel, shentle-

\* Under this title, we have thought it adviseable to class some of those anecdotes which have been sent to us by our friends, where peculiarities of character or profession form the principal attraction. We trust the arrangement will be considered an improvement.



mens, you will opserve, ta storee was shust this: there was maype twenty, or a *score* o' us, I tinna mind which, coming through ta Stockymuir ae moonlicht nicht, an' ilka ane o' us was carrying hame a wee trappie in a *quiet way*, you will opserve, an' we wanted ta moon to gang till hims ped before we will come into Glashgow; for you will see shentlemens, although we will tid things in a *quiet way* ourselves, we micht maype meet wi' some will no be quiet wi' us—you will understand what I will mean, shentlemens? Weel, you'll see, as I was told you, we were coming through ta Stockymuir, an' Mrs. M'Farlane, puir pody, (I'm sure you will ken Mrs. M'Farlane, as tecent a woman as in a' ta Priggate,) weel, she teuks very ill, ay, very ill indeed; an' some will say one thing an' some will say anither thing, but Mrs. M'Farlane was not able to get on at a'; so they will all went away an' leave Mrs. M'Farlane to tid ta pest she could, an' nopody was left wi' Mrs. M'Farlane but shust mysel. Now, shentlemens, was not this a great shame an' a sin poth, to leave any Christian creature so? yes, I will say it was great shame inteed. So you will opserve, when I will saw that, my very heart will pled for ta puir woman, an' what you'll thocht I will did wi' her? I will shust tak her 'pon my ain pack, an' will carry her a' ta way for twa lang miles, till I will prought her till a house 'pon ta road, an' there I will get her coot lodgings an' kind 'tendance till she will cot petter, inteed I tid shentlemens." "But, Duncan," said our friend, "what did you do with the poor woman's whisky? you would have to carry it too, I suppose." "Inteed," said Duncan, "I tid not carry one drop o' ta whisky, ta whisky was tie on her own pack, and when *I carry hersel, I shust thocht I carry plenty.*"

## A TAILOR'S ADVICE TO HIS APPRENTICES.

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

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

In some parts of the country, you may see of a morning the whole of a tailor's *circulating* establishment on the tramp to their place of business for the day, in order, according to rank and standing;—the cork, or master, in the van, with yard-stick as walking-staff, and wax-ball suspended from breast-button, followed by a journeyman or two, bearing the *la-board* or goose, and in the rear, a train of bodkin-bearers as apprentices.

These worthies enjoy certain privileges and immunities: they are not obliged to find their way along the turnpike, or by the use and wont footpath, but are permitted to travel as the crow flies, provided they can find admission by *slaps*, or breaches in the fences.

From the variety of character and domestic usage which come under the notice of these brethren of the bodkin, they become very *knowing*, and contrive in one way or other, to obtain their wishes, perhaps by praising some neighbouring family for their superior cookery and

comforts, or as they themselves say, by drawing a *het* *goose* ower the knuckles of some Mrs. M'Clarty or other.

Near the gude town of Ayr, an *auld-farrend* worthy of the cross-legged fraternity, had *cut* and *threaded* his way for some forty years; careful and observing, nothing that could be turned to his own or the comfort of those under him, did he ever permit to escape him; as he used to say, in his own homely language when addressing his men, "I hae carefully cabbaged the candle-ends o' my experience, for my ain and your especial behoof."

This venerable father of the board of squatters never took in fewer than *two* apprentices at one time:—"It's as easy," he observed, "to learn twa as ane; if ane o' them be na ready i' the uptak, the ither generally maks amends for't, and rubs him up; *ae* advice does them baith, *ae* light will let *twa* see, *ae* bed and blankets will haud and cover twa, and as we are vera seldom at hame, *their* meat disna count; so you see I give them their trade for little, or as I may say, I learn them to *cut* and *carve* on my customers' coat-tails, for their ain and my special benefit."

On the occasion of attaching the signatures to the bond of obligation between master and man, there is usually given a treat at the expense of the parties contracting, which they denominate the *bindin bouse*; and on these occasions, in proportion as the extract of barleycorn rose above *blood heat* in the barometer, did our la-board! lecturer give out his experience and advice, in a truly oracular style.

"Now, my lads," he would say, "ye hae gotten through the *goose-ee* this night, and from this day keep aye *hawks'* een in your head. I hae seen twa or three snawy days

I' my time; mony o' my acquaintances hae gotten the thread o' life sneekit in twa, since I put my finger and thumb to the bool o' the shears, and ye may be sure that I'm no' come to this time o' day without being able to see as far down the sleeve o' the ways o' men, as ony man that ever tried the temper o' a goose. An' you'll permit me to drap ye twa or three words o' advice, mair especially conneckit wi' your conduct in the world. I like to see a' my apprentices doing weel, after they leave me: its nae credit to me to see or hear o' ony person that has been brought up to their trade wi' me gaun about wi' a character *out* at the *elbows*. Lads, 'a begun turn is half ended,' the proverb says; and now *caw* out your course o' life with great care, and every day *clip* as ye hae *cawket*—that's my general advice, when ony thing particular occurs—as we get on, you'll get my advice for the asking. My next advice pertains to your ain personal comforts. There is an article of indispensable use, baith to man and beast, whilk I ca' *rib lining*, and which should neither be scrimpit in quantity, or loosely baiss't on. Whan we are a' thegither out through the kintra, at my customers' houses, we hae just to see to oursels the best way we can.

“At breakfast-time, gin there should be mair water than meal in your parritch, mak your breakfast o' *them*; otherwise, if there should be, and ye may think this out o' reason, mair *meal* than water, leave some elbow-room in your crib—you'll in a' likelihood get bread and cheese after them, and when you're helping yoursel, tak mair cheese than bread at the *first*; it's easier to *ake* the ane than the ither—you'll may be no see the kebbuck a second time.

“At dinner-time, tak aye plenty o’ kail, *they’re* aye sure to be there; for, gin they be gude, they’re aye *worth* the *supping*; and, tak my experience, if they shouldna be gude, depend on’t there’s no muckle coming after them.

“And, thirdly and lastly, in regard to supper-time, I hae little to say—there’s no muckle to come and gang on—just potatoes and milk; ye canna do better than just to tak plenty o’ *milk* to your potatoes, and plenty o’ potatoes to your *milk*.”

#### “THE MUCKLE” MAN—A CHARACTER.

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

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

The *muckle man* bears himself with great dignity and importance towards those of *lower* standing than himself, and generally enforces his commands in a very *masterlike* manner: it is well indeed if he considers that “*aff hands is fair play*.”

His costume—broad-brimmed woollen bonnet, broad-ridged corduroy jacket, and breeches of the same fabric, open at the knees, with garters of red tape inch-and-half deep, *knowingly* tied, and a goodly portion of the two ends left loose to float as knee-streamers in the breeze.

Charles Paterson of Waterhaughs in the county of Renfrew, had, as *muckle man*, George Murdoch, one of

the class we have been describing, who, though an excellent servant, was really more *master* than *man*, and often comported himself in a most unseemly manner towards his employer.

Murdoch had more than an ordinary share of *mother-wit*; was outspoken; and, like all such, not very particular in the selection of his language, out it came helter-skelter, wound whom it might. Mrs. Paterson was superior to her husband in discrimination of character, and it was by her advice that George was retained in the service.

Though a woman of superior intellect, she had neither beauty of face nor form to recommend her; she was fearfully disfigured by the *confluent* smallpox, that dire scourge of the sex, in particular; moreover, by a nose of greater longitude than seemed necessary for any useful purpose.

By-and-by, it pleased Providence to remove by death the tenant of Waterhaughs; and ere a short twelvemonth had passed away, the sluices of grief that had been forced open on the demise of Charles Paterson, had fairly drained the lachrymal ducts of his disconsolate widow, and Geordie "sat in Charlie's chair."

Every thing for a time at Waterhaughs, under the new *regime*, was honey and sweetness; but the light that had streamed on the hymeneal altar waxed fainter and fainter, till the wife at last was comparatively neglected.

One day the new lessee of Waterhaughs had scrubbed himself up for the purpose of attending the market at Paisley, when Mrs. Murdoch asked him to order the servant to put one of the horses into a cart, as she thought of accompanying him. "And what are ye gaun for this day?" "Just because I think the

weans and me wad be a' the better o' a bit hurl to the town." "Na na," said Geordie, with a husband's politeness, "I forbid the sport; ye may send the weans gin ye like, but as for yoursel, ye may do weel aneuch about our *ain doors*, but you're no made for gaun *out amang strangers wi'.*"

## THE SCOTTISH SOCRATES.

It was the fate of honest Andrew M'Wharrie, of Whistlebare, in the barony of Buchlyvie, to be connected in marriage with one of those viragos who turn out to be not altogether answering the description of "*help-meets.*" Girzie Glunch, the maiden name of Mrs. M'Wharrie, was of an excessively irritable temperament—"the vera turning o' a strae," said Andrew, "is aneuch to set her up in a bleeze like a tap o' tow."

Girzie, when in her *barleyhoods*, was apt to enforce her commands with *uphand* emphases, and Andrew came in for a due share of this practical elocution, and always proved himself as quiet and submissive a disciple as ever fell under a "*continual dropping,*" since the days of the man of Uz.

One morning Andrew came home to his breakfast at the usual time, expecting to find his "cog and soup" set out awaiting him. But such was not the case. The materials had not got fairly *a-boil*, and Andrew doffed his Campsie grey *broad brim*, and sat him quietly down, to exercise a little more of his cardinal virtue, patience. After waiting a considerable time, while the process of boiling and stirring was going on, Andrew remarked that "he thoct the parritch might be dished now, and that they were surely weel aneugh boiled." "Just rest you there; there's nae corn shaking at this time o' the year."

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

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

#### UNAFFECTED SYMPATHY.

SIMON BEVERAGE lived at Bishop-Bridge, a little village midway between Glasgow and Kirkintilloch, and belonged to that hapless class of operatives, the hand-loom weavers.

The partner that Simon had selected for a companion through life, was fretful, discontented, and peevish; and, as he said, "her tongue never lay frae mornin' till night; aye tarrow, tarrowing, its a perfect insult to Providence the way she gaes on; I often wonder that some fearfu'



thing disna bappen to her:—it's ower true that there's a dub afore everybody's door, but I think there's a *dizen* gay braid anes afore mine."

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

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

"Aweel Jamie, what think ye o' your mither this morning, is she no a heavy handfu' for onybody to hae, let alane your puir father?" "Is't no a pity, father," said Jamie, "that ye didna tak Jenny Trams, whan ye had her in your offer? siccan a mither *she* would hae been!" "Ou ay, Jamie, but what maun be, *maun* be, ye ken; if it had been *ordered* otherwise than it is, it might hae been better." "Weel, weel, father," said the sympathising Jamie, "sin' it is sae, we maun just jouk, and let the jawp gang by; but really I think we hae *happen'd ill* on her."

#### THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH.

ANDREW TINNACH was a cock-laird of the west, and a man of very strong passions,—those of an irascible character predominating. He was never known to have forgiven an injury, not even after he had taken his revenge. He would reply to those who urged him to forget and forgive—"What do you ken about my feelings? whan

ye can suit your shanks to my hose and shoon, ye may speak; so just keep your breath to cool your kail: ye dinna ken how *het* ye may hae to sup them *yoursel* yet."

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

"Man, Andrew!" said Peter, "but I am vex'd to see you sae sair dung down, but keep up your heart yet—there's been mony a ane as sair forfochten, and wan ower't a'." "Oh, but Peter," said the dying man, "there's an awfu' death-wark at my heart, I never fand ony thing like it before; Peter, I just sent for you, because I would like to die at peace wi' you." "I am glad to hear ye speak sae, Andrew, and ye canna be mair anxious to be at peace wi' me than I am to be wi' you."

Andrew rallied a little, and a gleam of hope seemed to light up his haggard countenance. "But, Peter, ye ken ye did me great harm, and without provocation." "Weel, weel," said Peter, who, upon the whole, was more the injured than the injurer, "be it so; let us be at one now." "Ay, Peter, but ye aye made unco light o' the injury ye did to me." Peter saw matters likely to resume the old form, and bade Andrew farewell. "Weel, fareweel, Peter," said Andrew; "and though we're 'greed the now, mind, gin I get better, we'll just be as we were, for a' this."

## THE SALTER—A CHARACTER.

No one who has sojourned for any considerable length of time at farm-house or cottage in Scotland, but must have seen the "*Sauter*," or Salt-cadger, as he is called in some districts.

Previous to the reduction of the duty on salt, those who prosecuted the sale of it as an exclusive business, required to be possessed of considerable capital, and the *Sauter* was a man of some consequence.

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

Geordie was a hale, hearty, humorous, light-hearted sort of personage—one, perhaps, of the best tempered men on the north of the Cheviot hills—a man, in fact, whom no provocation could irritate.

His countenance was hard and weather-beaten, full of expression, and, when excited, looked as if every finger's breadth of it were endued with particular life; it was ploughed up by deeply traced lines; but these furrows had not been drawn by the shrivelled finger of care, but by the frequent exercise of the muscles, which distinguish man in the class to which he belongs as possessed of risibility. He usually wore a broad-rimmed woollen bonnet of extraordinary circumference, which when it rained, he said, "coost the drap ower his shouter;" his sbirt-collar unconfined, lay over on his shoulders, school-

boy-fashion; his vest of green *bearded* plush open at the breast; a coarse blue duffle-coat sadly curtailed of the usual proportions at the skirts and tails, it seemed cut after the fashion of those plenipotentiaries in *Sacred Writ*, who were shamefully entreated by the king of Ammon, and who in consequence, could not be admitted into the fashionable circles of the capital of Judea, but had to sojourn at Jericho for a time; breeches of broad-striped corduroy, which, for any use that the wearer made of them, needed not to have had any lateral openings at the knees; whinstone *grey rig-and-fur* stockings, fastened by red garters, that for breadth more resembled a saddle-girth than what is usually required for this purpose.

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

His style of conversation, of course, partook of his habits of thought—it was abbreviated, antithetic, and alliterative—in fact, when he spoke it appeared as if he *improvised* in proverb.

The *Sauter* had resisted all impression from the softer sex, and was considered by them a confirmed and incorrigible bachelor. This, however, did not prevent them from bantering him on the likelihood of his taking a help meet for him.

As our hero entered the threshold of whatever house he was to locate in for the night, he accosted the mistress in his own peculiar way, as, “Weel, gudewife, the nearer

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

Another of the females would now in all likelihood strike in and dare Geordie to skirmish. "There's anither lass it seems, Geordie, that ye would fain be sib to, but you're fear'd, the folks say, to speak to her." "Ay, an' wha may *she* be, if I hae ony right to ask ye?" "Nae ither atweel, than Betty Hutherons o' Rugh Soles; the neighbours thereabout, say that ye are casting a sheep's e'e at her frae 'neath the rim o' that girdle-like bonnet o' yours." "Oh ay, Gilpie, I hear that ye hinna tined ony o' your teeth sin I was here—gin ony body speir at you about that matter, just say ye dinna ken; and ye may add, that the Sauter said, anent the marriage wi'

Betty, that he was ne'er sae scant o' grey claith as to sole his hose wi' dockans." "Eh man, Geordie, but ye hae little need o' the Campsie wife's prayer—that she micht aye be able to think aneuch o' hersell! they really say, though, Sauter, that you're fear'd to speak to her, and that eggs wadna be in danger frae your feet whan you're gaun by her: you'll ken yoursel whether your heart gaes pittie-pattie whan you're passing her?" "Hae ye gotten out your breath now, ye birkie? There's mony a dog has died sin' Geordie was a whalp, an' its no an ordinary frost that will frichten him. Och hey! and I'm no able to speak to Betty Rugh Soles!—the piper surely wants muckle that wants the nether lip." "But, Sauter," would the mistress now break in, "joking aside, what's come o' ye? we hinna had a lick o' saut this four days, and you aye sae particular." "Here I'm now, at ony rate, and I wad rather hear ye crying saut than sair banes. I hae nae doubt been a thocht later than usual, an' a' my customers hae been worrying me like as mony jowlers in the neck o' poor tod lowrie; but I just gied them sic an answer nearly as I hae gi'en to you. I stapped their mouth afore their tongue wist what it was doing; keep your tongue within your teeth, ye girning souls, better to be sautless than sillerless, and is't no better to hae a sairy sautfat, than a geyzened gernal?"

Returning from his circuit, he one morning passed through the little village of Kilmahog, some two miles west of Callander. He went into the house—inn it could not be called—of Mrs. M'Alpine, who offered on her sign-board to give "entertainment for men and horses." "Gi'e me," said Geordie, "a bicker o' your best sma'." One gulp, and the contents of the bicker disappeared.

"I wadna be far out o' my reckoning gin I had anither fill o' your cog; its a wee weak i' the wauw, like Barr's cat, that ale o' yours." The second bicker disappeared as rapidly. "Weel, gudewife, its a' ower now, as the wife said when she swallowed her tongue; gin I had sent our Stirling sma' as quickly down Craig's closs as I hae done yours, it wad hae ta'en the bark wi't. Whar—you'll excuse me for speering—get ye your mant hereawa, Luckie?" "A' the way frae Stirling, atweel, and braw mant it is." Oh 'deed is't, gin there was *enough* o't. You'll no, maybe, gang sae far for your *water*?" "No, no, we get our water, bonnie and clear, frae the tap o' the rock, coming rinnin down at the back o' our ain house." "Aweel, my lady, gin ye were just as far frae the *water* as ye are frae the *mant*, your *ale* wad be a' that the *better*."

ANECDOTE OF BAILIE ———, A GLASGOW CIVIC.

(*From a Manuscript History of the Burgh.*)

THIS gentleman was better known to his contemporaries by the cognomen of Bailie Hunkers, a nickname for which he was indebted to his obsequious and time-serving disposition. The circumstances connected with its first application to him, have been thus related:—The City of Glasgow, or more properly speaking, the members of the Town Council, had authorised the Provost,\* who was going to London on some important business, partly his own, and partly connected with the affairs of

\* From the following entry in the Records of the Burgh, it would seem, that our manuscript is in error respecting the person engaged in this mission:—"The samen day it is appoynted yt ye Provost wrytt to London to ye Deane of Gild to buy for ye town's use ye portraytors of Kyng Charles ye Fyrst and Secund."

the town, to purchase the portraits of his Majesty Charles II. and also that of his predecessor Charles I. to be hung up in the Town Hall. It so happened that the pictures arrived during the absence of the Provost, and the duty of seeing them properly placed, devolved on Bailie ———, as senior magistrate, who accordingly ordered them to be put up in the Town Hall. During the time the Master of Works and his men were employed in the operation, Bailie ———, accompanied by Lord Hilton, Mr. Gilbert Burnet, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, and several of the Professors, came in to pay their respects to the shades of sovereignty; and on seeing the Master of Works and his assistants working in the presence of the Lord's anointed with their heads covered, and in the same irreverend manner as if they had been hammering up the pictures of men of common mould, the wrath of our Bailie burst forth in fiery indignation against the offenders, and ordering in the town-officers, commanded the workmen and their employers to get down on their knees or *hunkers*, himself setting the example, and repeat after him a submissive acknowledgment of their offence, and their sincere contrition for the same. The companions of the Bailie, not to be behind-hand with him in loyalty, in those dangerous times, also made a similar obeisance, though secretly contemning in their hearts the time-serving sycophant who had set them the example. Such general displeasure did his conduct on this occasion excite, that ever after, the nickname of Bailie Hunkers became affixed to him, in such a manner as in a great measure to supersede that of his own.



## BAILIE HUNKERS AND THE BEAR.

*(From the same.)*

ONE day, while the Bailie in his official costume, was picking his steps through one of the dirtiest parts of the town, known by the name of the Stinking Vennal, his progress, when near the head of it, was interrupted by a crowd collected to witness the clumsy gambols of a bear belonging to an Italian vagrant, well known in most of the borough towns of Scotland, by the name of Anty Dolly—his real name, Antonio Dallori, being too long for the every-day use of our countrymen. Anty had completely blocked up the way, and though the spectators, on seeing the Bailie, ran in different directions to make way for him, yet as bruin and his master did not show the same readiness, Bailie Hunkers, who was on his road to a civic feast, became impatient, and drawing his sword, thrust it with considerable violence into the rump of the bear, who, maddened by the pain, made a sudden jerk, snapped the rope with which she was held, and catching the Bailie in her rude embrace, continued to dance round her accustomed circle, growling in her usual manner, while the terror and seeming danger of the Bailie excited the greatest consternation among the bystanders. The complete control, however, which Anty Dolly possessed over his travelling companion, was such, that though he could not make her quit hold of the unfortunate magistrate, effectually prevented her from doing him any serious injury. The people seeing the bear did not mean to devour their Bailie, again collected round, and some of the more thoughtless of the youths actually ventured to laugh at the strange faces and grotesque attitudes

which the dignitary was forced at times to assume. While Bailie Hunkers was thus engaged in the dance with a partner so little to his mind, an officious baker came running forward, and much against the entreaties of the Italian, who knew the temper of the animal, began to probe it with one of his barrel-staves; this had the effect of making the bear run backwards, when it unfortunately lost footing on the brink of one of those sinks of pollution with which the Vennal, above mentioned, at that time abounded, and both bear and Bailie were plunged into the midst of the filth. All was now alarm. The timid ran from the scene, afraid of being implicated in the murder of the Bailie; while the Italian, who had hitherto been of some use in restraining the ferocity of the bear, afraid of the consequences that might ensue from such treatment of one of the constituted authorities, betook himself to flight. The bakers, who were always active when any dangerous service was required, hastily collected with their peels and barrel-staves, which they drove in between the legs and sides of the bear, and then pressing them outwards, by these means so far loosened the hold of bruin, whose savage nature was by no means roused to that degree which might have been expected, that the Bailie, watching the favourable moment, jumped up and scrambled out of the puddle, in safety no doubt, but black and dripping all over, as if newly out of a dyer's vat. That a circumstance of this kind, occurring to a magistrate of Glasgow, would be passed over without investigation, was not to be thought of. Anty Dolly, by flying, was considered as having taken guilt to himself of no ordinary degree; a reward was therefore offered for his apprehen-

sion; a council was afterwards summoned to decide on the degree of punishment due to the audacity of the bear, which was secured and brought in front of the Tolbooth, strictly guarded by the town-officers and a party of the *Blues*, who chanced to be passing through Glasgow on their way to Lanark for the purpose of being disbanded.\* After due deliberation, the poor bear, though innocent of shedding a single drop of civic blood, was condemned to be shot, and its skin hung up in the Town Hall, as a warning to all bears not to interfere with bailies, particularly when going to dine and drink claret for the "town's gude." The above sentence was put in execution the same day, when a large cavalcade accompanied the four-footed culprit to the *Butts*, where after receiving a great many shots she expired, *grumbling* no doubt, as bears are in the habit of doing, at the hardness of her fate.

A few nights after this singular execution, Antonio Dallori himself, was taken on the hills above Rutherglen, where he had been concealed since the day of his flight, and brought to Glasgow, in order to his being put to an assize. That he would have experienced a greater degree of lenity than his companion was what he did not expect; and lucky it was for him, that in the course of his precognition, it came out, that the day before his exhibition at the head of the Stinking Vennal, he had arrived from Linlithgow, where he had been showing off his bear for the amusement of those who had been celebrating the 29th May,† and burning the Solemn League and

\* According to some accounts, the *Blues* were not disbanded till a considerable time after the period of 1662.

† The anniversary of the Restoration of Charles II.

Covenant. This circumstance showed that the Italian was at least on the safe side of politics; and the Council considered that in such ticklish times they might be suspected, if they punished with too much severity, one who had been active in amusing the loyal subjects of his Majesty on such an occasion. Antonio was therefore sentenced to do an hour's penance in the *jougs*, with the skin of the bear about his shoulders. This seemed the hardest part of the matter, for the poor fellow when he saw the rough coat of his dumb confederate, burst into tears, and continued sobbing during the whole of his punishment, in such a manner as excited the compassion of all, so that not a missile of any description was attempted to be thrown at him. He was afterwards dismissed, with an injunction to betake himself to some employment attended with less danger to his neighbours.

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#### ANECDOTE OF THE LAIRD OF GLENGARY.

It is a prophetic saying, well known among those acquainted with the traditions of the M'Donalds of Glengary, that the chieftainship of the clan shall be alternately held by a wise man and a fool. One day, according to the orders of the chief, there was a grand muster of Highlanders for the purpose of celebrating some ancient games—pastimes in which, it was well known, the laird took much pleasure. When the refreshments usual on such occasions were going round, those who had not made their appearance in the Highland dress were passed over, and not allowed to partake, or even to mingle with the others. After Glengary had, as he conceived,

sufficiently mortified them for their neglect of the national costume, he came up to where they were stationed, followed by a train of *gillies*, and thus addressed them:—"You poor creatures, who pretend to be Highlanders, yet are not sufficiently hardy to wear the dress of your forefathers, I have ordered some whisky to be mixed with water for you; as you have but weak limbs, I cannot expect you to have strong heads; and as you cannot wear the hardy mountaineer's garb, I fear the strong dew of the mountains would hurt such poor creatures as you." "Ah! Glengary, Glengary!" cried out a hoary-headed Celt, from among the crowd of disappointed expectants, "*your father was a wise man!*"

#### THE STRAIGHT WAY TO HEAVEN.

AN itinerant preacher, of more zeal than discretion, was in the habit of accosting those he met in his walks, and inquiring into their spiritual welfare. Passing along a country road that led through a peat-moss, he met a simple-looking country fellow driving a cart loaded with peats. "Do you believe in God, sir?" said he to the country fellow. "Yes, sir," was the instant reply. "Do you read your Bible, pray to your Maker, and attend divine worship regularly?" and this string of questions was also answered in the affirmative. "Go on your way rejoicing, my lad," continued he, "you are in the high way to heaven." Clodpole flourished his whip, and drove on, much delighted, no doubt, with the pleasing intelligence. Another person came up at the same time, and he also was interrogated with an unceremonious "Do you believe in God, sir?" "What have you to do, sir, with what I believe?" replied the person

accosted, with a look of surprise. "You are in the gall of bitterness, and the bond of iniquity," cried the offended preacher. "Look at that poor lad whistling along the road, and driving his cart before him, he is in the straight way to heaven." "It may be sae, sir," said the person interrogated, "but to my certain knowledge, if he's gaun there, he's gaun wi' a cart-load o' stown peats."

## 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, "O master, master! they're biting us!" "Wha the deil's biting ye?" "Oh, sir, the bugs." The response of the master, if not consolatory, was admirably laconic, "Weel, mair feil ye; canna ye bite them again?"

## A SOLEMN FUN.

"WHICH is the most unpleasant *toll* in the kingdom?" said a Jehu to his friend. "That which is caused by the death of a friend," was the reply.

## KIND PERMISSION.

A candidate for 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 further 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 silyly said, as she pocketed the two shining pieces, "Gin ye like, sir, ye may *kiss my dochter too.*"

## VALUE OF A LIFE.

BURNS was standing one day upon the quay at Greenock, when a wealthy merchant belonging to the town, had the 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."

## AN UNGRATEFUL DROVER.

A gentleman sold a considerable flock of sheep to a dealer, which the latter had not hands to drive. The seller, however, told him he had a very intelligent dog, which he would send to assist him to a place about thirty miles off; and that when he reached the end of his journey, he had only to feed the dog, and desire him to

go home. The dog accordingly received his orders, and set off with the flock and the drover; but he was absent for so many days that his master began to have serious alarms about him, when one morning, to his great surprise, he found the dog returned with a very large flock of sheep, including the whole that he had lately sold. The fact turned out to be, that the drover was so well pleased with the colley that he resolved to steal him, and locked him up until the time when he was to leave the country. The dog grew sulky, and made various attempts to escape, and one evening he fortunately succeeded. Whether the brute had discovered the drover's intention, and supposed the sheep were also stolen, it is difficult to say; but by his conduct it looked so, for he immediately went to the field, collected the sheep, and drove them all back to his master.

#### 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 haena sae muckle to keep it wi'."

#### HIGHLAND HOSPITALITY, OR AN ODD SUBSTITUTE FOR A WARMING-PAN.

Two Paisley dandies, who were travelling lately in the Highlands, arrived at the house of a common acquaintance just as he was about to sit down to dinner. Nothing could be more gratifying to the hungry strangers than the sight which met their eyes as they entered the dining-



room. The table literally groaned under the good cheer with which it was covered, and the honest *Seestus*, not dreaming of so much variety so far from home, were for the time in all their glory, and required little persuasion to make them wash down the whole with plentiful libations of the nectar of the country. The *Seestus*, in short, partook freely of every thing that appeared; and mine host of the mountains, who is one of the most benevolent as well as the most hospitable of human beings, out of pure regard for the wellbeing of his guests, suggested at an early hour that they should retire to rest. By this time, the latter had already drowned all their cares in the bowl, and were by no means prepared for so abrupt a termination of their festivities; but the hint of the landlord was of course irresistible, and they reluctantly proceeded to their chambers. When musing there for a while on the pleasures of the entertainment, and the delights especially of the never-to-be-forgotten Glenlivet, it all at once occurred to one of them that it was a very extraordinary thing to be thus sent supperless to bed, and that by means of a little Paisley jockeyship it might be still practicable, if not to get supper, at least to secure a little more drink. With this view he passed at once to the apartment of his companion and imparted his design, proposing that to punish the old cock for his want of hospitality, they should yet rouse him out of bed on pretence of illness, and induce him to produce once more all the implements of jollity. Every thing seemed to favour their plan; their bed-rooms were situated in a remote and dismal part of the old Highland mansion; the wind whistled through the crevices of the shattered window-frames, and our weary travellers began to shiver in

true earnest at the thought of passing a whole night in a place so cheerless. The bell was then rung for the servant, who was told to alarm his master immediately, as one of the gentlemen had suddenly become unwell after going to bed, and would certainly die unless he got something to relieve him. Mine host was instantly on the spot, full of alarm for his friends; but he had scarcely entered the room when he perceived something like a smile on the faces of both, a circumstance he could not well reconcile with the pretence of serious illness. To be brief, he penetrated the whole affair in a twinkling, and neither liking to be thus roused from his warm bed, nor relishing the idea of being quizzed after this fashion in his own house, he resolved, like Lesmahago with the mad dog, to turn upon his pursuers and fight them with their own weapons. Feigning infinite compassion, accordingly, for the suffering *Seestus*, and treading softly up to the bedside, "My dear sir," exclaimed he, "I fear your *quarters* are not so comfortable as they should have been; but if you complain of cold I have a remedy *at hand* which will soon cure the shivering fit—just let me feel your pulse, my sweet sir, and all shall be right in a moment." Having so expressed himself, he seized the astonished Paisleyonian round the middle, and throwing him on his knee as if he had been an infant, he raised a fist, which, like that of Parson Adams, bore no small resemblance to a shoulder of mutton, and applied it *a posteriori* with so much force and dexterity, that the unfortunate victim of his drouthy neighbour's drollery roared out most lustily for help, invoking St. Mirren, and cursing the hour he had left the *Water-neb*, while he ever and anon protested it was all a joke. This was only answered

by the sturdy Highlander with a repetition of the dose, and he swore at the same time that he liked jokes above every thing, but that this was the only effectual substitute he had ever known for a modern warming-pan. He then turned to the other, who had nearly expired with laughing at the absurd predicament of his naked associate, and seizing him with the same business-like air of indifference, made him taste of the same discipline not less severely, through a pair of thin duck trowsers, the effect of which is now jocosely said, by the wags of the Sneddon, to be visible in his nose, an extra quantity of blood appearing to have retreated to that organ whenever the alarm was sounded at the opposite extremity. "And now, gentlemen," added the honest Celt, "as I am a little fatigued with the trouble I have taken to make you so very *comfortable*, we shall, if you please, have a little more of the *dew*, and then to bed." The unlucky dandies were too much confounded with the sample of their landlord's humour which they had just tasted, to think of thwarting him in any new proposal, and they acquiesced therefore with so much good will, that morning had already dawned upon them ere they thought of departing from the second sederunt. They were puzzled next day to decide whether they should admire the more—*Highland hospitality*, or *Highland warming-pans*.

## FRUITS IN THEIR SEASON.

THE following smart repartee was lately made 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 fruit of matrimony." On which, with the ready wit of the sisterhood, she instantly exclaimed, "Hech sirs! but ye're far wrang, sir; do you no see it's only the *fruit basket*?"

#### ANECDOTE OF THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

Nothing galls the 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, &c. 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 gudesake, look up and read yon, Jack, (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.*"

#### ANECDOTE OF JAMES I.

It was the custom of this "merry monarch" to visit different parts of his kingdom incog. "for fun;" and his condescension, although it sometimes placed his royal person in awkward jeopardies, was often repaid by the

fund of amusement it afforded him. One winter evening, James took a trip to Leslie, and having entered a public-house there, he sat himself down at the large kitchen fire, where he found two gentlemen socially discussing a tankard of ale. The King immediately joined in the conversation, and was not long in ascertaining that he sat in company with two very important personages, namely, the Priest and the Dominie of the parish. The ale was excellent, the conversation amusing, and the King remained a considerable time both "delighted and delighting." At last, however, the gudewife was told to "count the lawing," when the Dominie remarked, "We'll no let this honest man be ony thing; he's a stranger, and mair than that, he has paid his share wi' his wit." "Na, na!" replied the Priest, "we cam a' in at ae door, and we gang a' out at ae door, sae we'll just mak it *higglety-pigglety*." Shortly after this, the King sent for his "twa cronies" to the palace of Falkland. When both were seated in the Royal presence, he commenced with the one, "Who and what are you?"—"Please your grace," replied the clergyman, "I'm the Priest of Leslie." "And what are you?" inquired the King, turning to the obeisant tutor, "Please your grace, I'm the Dominie of Leslie."—"And what income have each of you per annum?" continued his Majesty. Both the stipend and salary were named of course. "Well," said the King, "do you not both come in at the same door, and go out at the same door?" "Yes, sire," was the reply. "Good again," said the Monarch, with an affable smile; "and since that is the case, I shall in future make your incomes *higglety-pigglety*!" For many years after that, the allowance to the Priest and the Dominie was the same.

## 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 then only 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 reprov'd 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."

## HOME'S OPINION OF BURNS.

WHEN Burns was first rising into notice, John Home was asked his opinion of him. "I think," said the dramatist, "I think that the reputation that man has obtained is a disgrace to the country. People will soon get ashamed of the childish novelty: the toy of the day will soon be thrown aside, and ere long he will sink into deserved insignificance and oblivion."

## 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 recommended for probity, good temper, &c. 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 *fox* on the same night 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.

## A SCOTTISH SOLOMON.

IN old times, when the landlord of an inn presented his guests with *deoch an doruis*, that is, the drink at the door, or the stirrup-cup, the draught was not charged in the reckoning. On this point, a learned bailie of the town

of Forfar pronounced a very sound judgment. A. an ale-wife in Forfar, had brewed her "peck of malt," and set the liquor out of doors to cool; the cow of B. a neighbour of A. chanced to come by, and seeing the good beverage, was allured to taste it, and finally to drink it up. When A. came to take in her liquor, she found her tub empty, and from the cow's staggering and staring, so as to betray her intemperance, she easily divined the mode in which her "browst" had disappeared. To take due vengeance on crummie's ribs with a stick was her next effort. The roaring of the cow brought B. her master, who remonstrated with his angry neighbour, and received in reply a demand for the value of the ale which crummie had drank up. B. refused payment, and was conveyed before C. the bailie, or sitting magistrate. He heard the case patiently; and then demanded of the plaintiff A. whether the cow had sat down to her potation, or taken it standing. The plaintiff answered, she had not seen the deed committed, but she supposed the cow drank the ale while standing on her feet; adding, that had she been near, she would have made her use them to some purpose. The bailie, on this admission, solemnly adjudged the cow's drink to be *deoch an doruis*—a stirrup-cup, for which no charge could be made, without violating the ancient hospitality of Scotland.

#### 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 questions 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 the Sunday, and was told that he begged on the week-days, and played himself on the Sabbath-day. "What!" said 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."

#### SIGNS AND TOKENS.

If you see a man and woman, with little or no occasion, often find fault, and correcting each other in company, you may be sure they are husband and wife. If you see a lady and gentleman in the same coach, in profound silence, the one looking out at one window and the other at the opposite side, be assured they mean no harm to each other, but are husband and wife. If you see a lady accidentally let fall a glove or a handkerchief, and a gentleman that is next to her tell her of it, that she may herself pick it up, set them down for husband and wife. If you see a man and woman constantly thwarting each other, under the appellation of *my dear*, *my life*, &c. rest assured they are husband and wife.

#### 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."

#### 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 next 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 any thing 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!"

#### 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."

#### A GROUP OF WORTHIES.

Mr. Gorr, of Armleyhouse, near Leeds, has a most interesting memento of Sir Walter Scott, viz. a picture by William Allan, of the bard, with eleven or twelve of

his literary and scientific contemporaries regaling in the dwelling of the Ettrick Shepherd, after a two-days' trout-fishing amongst the mountains. The interior presents a perfect specimen of a Scottish cottage, the spell against witchcraft not being forgotten. The guests, who are all attired in rustic costume, are seated round the table. Professor Wilson (we think) has risen to propose the host's health, and is in the act of reading an apt passage from the "Queen's Wake." The poet, evidently somewhat embarrassed at the compliment, has thrown himself back in his chair, and, half-smiling, scratches his head, and seems to say, "Oh! I cannot deserve all this." We never saw finer discrimination in any figure, or one that worked out a sentiment so clearly. Sir Walter, with his hands joined within each other, is regarding his friend with a fixed and affectionate, and we had almost said tearful, interest, that is delightfully rendered. All the great men who have shed such a lustre on the northern metropolis during the last quarter of a century are introduced, each one having sat for his portrait. Independent of these interesting circumstances, it is a charming picture as a mere work of art, and fully supports the high reputation of Allan. It was sent by him to the Northern Exhibition some fourteen or fifteen years ago, and there purchased by its present possessor for the sum of two hundred guineas.

#### THE NEW'R-DAY CHEESE.

A certain psalm-singing wight in this city, of boozing notoriety, was lately invited along with his wife "Nannie" to a tea-party in the neighbourhood. Things went off in fine style, even to the heart's content of the dealer in

sweet sounds and his rib, who had seldom partaken of so many dainties; but with the man of notes the chief charm lay in the toddy-bowl, which, though often drained dry, was often and as promptly replenished by the hospitable entertainer. In short,

“The night drave on wi’ sangs an’ clatter,  
And aye the *drink* was growing better.”

Mr. Semibreve got into his happiest *key* and gave song after song, and story after story, “till roof and rafters a’ did dirl” with the shouts and laughter of the company.

The approaching New-year and its anticipated delights became the subject of conversation. “Let it come whan it will,” cries Semibreve exultingly, “I for ane am weel providit for’t at ony rate, for I hae gotten baith my cheese an’ whisky laid in—a famous muckle cheese, an’ a hale pint o’ real Hielan stingo, and I’ll be bound it’s no every ane here can tell the tale; so you’ll maybe come and get a preeing o’t at New’r-day. “Oh surely, we maun a’ come and get a glass out o’ our precentor’s bottle and a whang o’ his cheese,” cried every one present, though by no means pleased with the insinuation which prefaced his rather cold invitation.

A sly wag present, Sam Sleekum by name, whose mind ever ran on playing tricks for his own amusement, suddenly took it into his head to pay a visit that very night to Semibreve’s muckle cheese without the owner’s knowledge or consent. Accordingly, while Semibreve was entertaining the company with one of his own sublime ditties upon the charms of the beautiful Molen-dinar-burn, Sleekum slips his fingers into the skirt-pocket of Semi’s “superfine black,” and slyly slips out the key of his door, and pretending to be rather incommoded by

the heat of the room, begs to retire for a few minutes till he would get a little cooled. Getting out into the street, onward he pushes for the dwelling of Semibreve, pondering in his own mind what he will do with the cheese; an incident occurred which soon determined him how to act. Overtaking a poor worn-out soldier and his equally tired partner, and entering into conversation with them, he learned that they had come a great way that day, and were strangers in town, consequently were at a loss where to put up for the night. Sleekum kindly offered them accommodation, as he said, in his own house, and as he had a spare bed, the thing would put him to no trouble at all. The offer was accepted with every demonstration of joy and gratitude by the wearied pair, who, along with their kind guide, soon found themselves comfortably seated by the warm fire of Semibreve. The "muckle cheese," along with plenty of bread, was set down, and the stingo paraded; the couple ate and drank their fill, heaping blessings upon the head of their kind benefactor all the while. "Now," says he, "as you are both wearied, there's your bed, and I will just retire to the next room to mine, I will therefore now lock the door and call on you in the morning; in the meantime, I wish you a good night's rest." So saying, he locked the door upon the grateful couple, and paces his way back to his company, where he finds Semibreve singing or rather bawling in his own sweet style—

"St. Mungo was a famous saunt,  
An' a canty carle was he,  
He drank o' the Molendinar-burn  
Whan better he couldna prees;  
But when he could get the gude maut broe,  
He ne'er was water-dry,  
But drank o' the stream o' the wimplin worm,  
An' loot the burn rin by."

The time had flown past so quickly during Sleekum's absence, that he was scarcely ever missed; so sitting down in his old seat as quietly as possible, he got the key conveyed into Semi's pocket unperceived by any of the company. The time for parting at last arrived, and honest Semibreve and rib took the road; but many a curve and zig-zag had he to perform before he got to his roosting-place, among the house-sparrows in the highest tenement in Heddle-Wynd. Arrived at last, and getting the fire stirred up to give them light, what was their surprise when they beheld hanging upon a peg, the accoutrements of the wearied soldier! "L—d, Nannie, what's the meaning o' a' this? We've surely gane to the wrang house—or am I a sodger? whan did I list? odds my life! I'm dish'd noo, for St. Mungo's fairly—— Come, come, we're a' wrang—let's awa, this is no my ain house, I ken by the—the—the deevil's in't! A sodger's belts, bayonet, knapsack, and red coat a' here!—Nannie, Nannie! we're a' beglamour'd an' bedeeviled! hech me! what's to be done?" Poor Nannie, who had not dipped so deep in the bowl as her bewildered help-mate, and consequently could reason more rationally, soon found out the cause of this strange appearance by discovering a man and woman in her bed. She had no sooner imparted the intelligence to her husband than he ran to the bed roaring, "Hallo, ye sowls! hallo! what the sorrow are ye seeking here, an' be hanged till ye? how cam ye here? or how had ye the impudence to tak up ony honest man's bed and mak his house ye'r ain?" The tired pair had sunk into a profound sleep, and were not to be awakened by mere hallooing; nothing therefore was left for Semibreve, but to begin pulling and

hauling at them in bed. The soldier at length opening his eyes, and seeing the disturber of his rest, put on a menacing look, and ordered the fellow to be gone, else he would call the decent gentleman in the next room, who would not permit such a noise in his house by any drunken intruder; "So, begone sirrah!" cries he, "else I'll rise and call the landlord." "The landlord! the landlord!" cries Semi, "I'll soon let ye ken wha's the landlord, sae get out my bed instantly, you and your bizzy there, an' let decent folk wha hae the best right get in." While this altercation was going on, Nannie, more prudent, was looking through the house to see if nothing was amissing; so casting her eyes on the cheese, and seeing it like the moon on the wane, also the bottle greatly diminished, communicated the sad news to her husband, who bawled out, "An' ye hae eaten a' my cheese an' drunken my whisky too, that I was keeping for New'r-day, an' wadna sae muckle as taste it mysel! My sang, but ye hae a stock o' brass; so get up momentarily, or I'll call the poleesh." "Call the devil if you please," said the soldier sternly but calmly, "but I am determined to keep my quarters till the landlord call in the morning, so begone and disturb me not." Semibreve, although he threatened to call the police was not very forward in doing so, as he did not like their presence; he was therefore obliged to succumb, and let the soldier and his wife keep possession of the bed till broad day-light, who finding the landlord did not keep his promise by calling, marched boldly away, after sarcastically bidding Semi and his wife a good morning. In two days after, Semi meeting Sleekum on the street was accosted by him, who inquired kindly for his health since they had

parted last. Semi with a lengthened face recounted the whole of the mysterious affair, as he called it, at which Sleekum put on a serious face too; but while parting he gave him this sage advice:—"Never brag again when ye get in your New'r-day cheese in case it may gang awa a' thegither."

*Alex. Rodger.*

#### ANECDOTE OF THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

IN Appin there is a public-house called *Tigh phort-nacroise*. To this house a "red coat" came one day. He was ushered into a room where the landlörd happened to be taking a dram with two or three jolly neighbours; and the "red coat" being a man of wars and travels he highly entertained them with stories. At length one of the inquisitive Highlanders asked him what was the most revolting sight he had ever seen in his life. He answered that he had seen many a revolting sight, but that something connected with the massacre of Glencoe beat them all!—that there he saw sixteen men bound hand and foot, then placed side by side on a bench, and sixteen musket-balls fired through their stout hearts! Upon this, the landlord took occasion to go out, and beckoned on one of his neighbours to follow.—"I now understand," says he, "that this red coat was about the murder of my father, for he was one of those sixteen men. I am resolved to run him through with my dirk this instant." "Agreed, my brave Donald," said his neighbour; "but first, may we not allow him to eutertain us with more of his adventures?" They went in together, and, sure of their prey, requested the "red coat" to continue his narrative. "About dawn," continued the "red coat," "we were under orders to quit Glencoe. Passing a



brook, we heard the scream of a child a little up the hill. The captain, who rode at our head, said to myself, by any other, 'Go, Duncan, run through that child if it be a male, but if a female spare it.' I climbed up and found a decent-looking woman with a blanket about her, and forcing a corner of it into a male infant's mouth to prevent it crying, and to evade discovery. My heart melted with pity. I went back, and though at the risk of my life, I told the captain it was a female child." Upon this the landlord exclaimed, "I was that infant in my mother's lap—often has she told the tale with tears of gratitude! I had a little ago resolved to slay you; but now put off that red coat, and be as one of my sons for ever."

## BEGINNING AT THE WRONG END.

At a little select party of "bien bodies," there was an ancient couple present, who had made a competency in a small shop in town, and retired from business, leaving their only son as successor in the shop, with a stock free from every incumbrance. But John, after a few years, had failed in the world, and his misfortunes became the theme of discourse.

Mrs. A.—Dear me, Mrs. K. I wonder how your Johnnie did sae ill in the same shop you did sae weel in?

Mrs. K.—Hoot, woman, it's nae wonder at a'.

Mrs. A.—Weel, how did it happen?

Mrs. K.—I'll tell you how it happened. Ye maun ken, when Tam and me began to merchandise, we took parritch night and morning, and kail to our dinner; when things grew better, we took tea to our breakfast. A-weel, woman, they aye mended, and we sometimes coft

a lamb-leg for a Sunday dinner; and before we gae up, we sometimes coft a chuckie, we were doing so weel. Noo, ye maun ken, when Johnnie began to merchandise, he *began* at the *chuckie*.

GLASGOW THE ANCIENT BIRTH-PLACE OF A LUSUS  
NATURÆ SIMILAR TO THE SIAMESE YOUTHS.

IN Drummond of Hawthornden's well-known historical work, we find the following relation in proof of this fact:—"During the treaty of this marriage with England (our James IV. with the Lady Margaret, eldest daughter of Henry VII. of England), a monster of a new and strange shape was born in Scotland, near the city of Glasgow; the body of which under the waist or middle varied nothing from the common shape and proportion of the bodies of other men, the members above, both for use and comeliness, being two, their faces looking one way. Sitting, they seemed two men to such who saw not the parts beneath, and standing, it could not be discovered to which of the two bulks above, the thighs and legs did appertain. They had different passions and diverse wills, often chiding each other for disorder in their behaviour and actions; after much deliberation, embracing that unto which they both consented. By the King's direction they were carefully brought up, and instructed in music and foreign languages. This monster lived twenty and eight years, and died when John Duke of Albany governed. Claud Gruger maketh mention of the like monster born in Paris before the marriage of Henry IV. the French King, with Margaret of Valois; but the birth and death of it were near together."

## A GOOD-NATURED CLIENT.

A certain Scotch magistrate, well known for his pleasantry and good-humour, stepped into the chambers of a law-agent, to inquire about the progress of a law-plea; he was told defences had been given in; that it was next necessary to lodge replies; and that after that, probably duplies would be ordered. "And after *that*, I suppose," rejoined the magistrate, "comes the *money*-plies, which, nae doubt, ye'll reckon the best o' a' plies."

## I'LL MAKE THEM SING.

THE precentor of one of our city churches, during the life of a late incumbent, having requested a *day* from a professional brother in Paisley, thought it but fair to state, that as the congregation esteemed the service of the lips a thing of no moment, he was not unfrequently allowed (*i. e.* obliged) to sing a *solo* of sixteen or twenty lines. Undaunted, though surprised at a practice, at once so heterodox on the part of the congregation and trying to its leader, the Paisley brother entered the bench uttering the emphatic and portentous words, "I'll make them sing." The opportunity was soon afforded to him, and his voice, clear and shrill, passed from note to note along the two first lines of the psalm, without receiving the slightest assistance from the congregation. Determined however not to be thwarted, he paused, and said, "The congregation do not seem to understand this tune, I'll try another;" but again did he sing the two first lines, and again the echo of his own voice was the only sound that reached his ear. He paused once more, and said, "They don't understand this one either, I'll try another."

No sooner, however, did he commence the two first lines of the psalm for the third time, than the tongues of the congregation were loosed, and a thousand voices swelled the notes of praise.

#### LUDICROUS OCCURRENCE.

SOME people are more easily affected than others by sudden impulses, or any unexpected call upon their imagination or curiosity. It is the easiest thing in the world, for example, to raise a crowd in the streets of London, and the trick is often practised by the whole race of thieves and pickpockets. It is only necessary for a person to stand in the middle of the street and look upwards attentively, as if something very marvellous had just caught his eye. He will soon be surrounded by two or three more, inquiring after the cause of his alarm. These will be followed by others; windows will then be raised; and in a few minutes more, the street will be filled with the gaping multitude, and ten to one but they gape and gaze there until something truly wonderful occurs to gratify their curiosity. We remember to have seen on one occasion, an old man fall out of a window in the upper story, as he stretched himself forth rather too curiously, for a glimpse of that which seemed to fill with so much astonishment the many-headed monster below. The poor man was of course killed on the spot, and the mob were then satisfied. This is what the Londoners term "the way to draw a man out of his own window." One day lately, we saw something of the same kind at the Broomielaw. It may be termed a new method of charming passengers on board the steam-boats or other travelling conveyances. When one of those boats was just on the eve of starting

for Greenock, the steward kept bawling with the voice of a Stentor, "Come away, come away, sir, the boat's just going off." The sound reached the ears of an elderly gentleman who happened to be passing at the time, apparently in a fit of mental abstraction. Startled with the vehemence of the man's cry, he leaped into the boat without a moment's consideration, although he had no intention whatever to travel, and was actually some way down the river before he recovered from his surprise. He had also the consolation to be told by the captain, when he desired to get ashore and declared that he had only come on board by mistake, that he would have ample time to finish his reverie in a walk from Govan.

#### MARCH OF INTELLECT.

A lady in a neighbouring town, who had risen rapidly from the kitchen to grace the head of her master's table, was one day entertaining a large party, when the conversation happening to flag, one of the guests remarked—"Awful pause!" "And what's your business wi' my *paws*?" in wrath retorted the landlady; "if ye had scrubbed the house as lang as I hae done, your *paws* would na hae been sae bonnie and white as they are."

#### A MORE THAN SPARTAN BREVITY OF SPEECH.

It is one thing to write a good speech and another to speak one. This fact was illustrated some years since in a neighbouring county, in which a regiment of yeomanry cavalry had resolved on presenting their colonel with a splendid silver porter-jug, through the hands of the adjutant. The day of review came on, when the present was to be made—the colonel had got a hint, and had

prepared a splendid oration to return thanks. The adjutant's presentation-speech was to be unsurpassable; the troops were drawn out in line; all eyes were turned towards the adjutant, as he advanced before the soldiers, holding the glittering gift in his hand, and the colonel waiting to hear the address of the giver. All ears were intent to hear the speech and reply. Alas! memory in both individuals had proved a treacherous guardian of her treasures. The adjutant approached, extended his hand, presenting the donation, but all his speech was—"Colonel, there's the jug!" To which the equally oblivious officer replied,—“Ay, is that the jug?”

#### A TENDER-HEARTED WIFE.

A farmer's wife, whose husband was at the point of death, was called upon by a neighbour, who kindly inquired how her dying husband was, and added that he came to see him before he departed. The mournful wife replied, “Atweel there's nae great odds o' him sin' ye saw him last; but our meer's foal't a braw foal yestreen; ye maun gang out an' see it first.”

#### COOKE AND THE SCOTCH MANAGER.

DURING one of the seasons when the celebrated George Frederick was delighting the northern provinces with his inimitable performances, the night being very hot, and the tragedian having acted *his best*, towards the close of the evening, as might be guessed, he felt not a little fatigued. The managerial monarch perceived this, and, between one of the scenes in Bosworth field, he took the mimic hunchback into his dressing-room, and, unlocking a corner cupboard, he selected a *wee thistle-*

shaped glass, and filling it with native whisky, presented it to George Frederick, exclaiming, "Here, *Maister Kuke*, I dinna think 'twill hurt ye."—"No," said George, glancing at the size of the glass, "no, my friend, not if it were vitriol."

## TEST OF ORTHODOXY.

A young probationer, as he is called in Scotland, appeared lately before one of the presbyteries in the south to pass his trials. He was smartly dressed, and had a profusion of hair bristling on his forehead, but closely cropped behind his ears. His discourses were read, and criticised as usual; all agreeing that they should be sustained—one individual only making a passing remark, that he thought the doctrine in some points hardly sound. "Sound!" observed a venerable octogenarian, with the locks of a patriarch flowing over his shoulders, "hoo can ye expect it to be sound, when the wrang side o' his head's foremost?"

## HOW TO SERVE A FRIEND.

THE late Dr. Hunter of Edinburgh, Professor of Divinity, was solicited by a reverend doctor, deep in the moderate interest of the Church, for his support in a question which was coming before the Assembly. The Professor replied, "Why, Dr. B——de, I will undoubtedly support you, if, after I have heard the cause pled, I find you in the right." To this the applicant replied, "Right! Doctor,—right!—D'ye really think I would have travelled seventy-two miles from D——ries to seek your support of *the right*? It's because I'm in the *wrong* that I ask your vote as a favour."

## ANCIENT SCOTS JUSTICE.

THE 27 day of Aprill, 1601, Archibald Cornell, toun officer, hangit at the crosse, and hung on the gallows twenty-four houres; and the caus qffore he wes hangit—He being an unmerciful greddie creatur, he poyndit ane honest manis hous, and amongst the rest, he poyndit the King and Quein's picturis; and quhen he came to the cross to compryse the same, he hung yame up upon twa nailis on the same gallows to be comprysit; and yai being sene, word wes zead to the King and Queine; grupone he was apprehendit and hangit.—*Birrel's Diary*.

## CURIOUS TEST OF A PREACHER'S TALENTS.

Two friends in the north were, a short time since, disputing about the comparative talents of their respective ministers. Both at last waxed wondrous hot upon the subject, till at last one of them settled the question by exclaiming, with all the consciousness of victory in the dispute, at the same time addressing his opponent—“Your minister, sir, is a perfect driveller—a downright squeaker. When he speaks of a certain *gentleman*, the monarch of the nether world, he calls him, in a weak, tremulous voice, as if afraid to pronounce his name, ‘the *Deevil*!’ but our minister calls him ‘the Devil’ at once; and more than that, sir, he speaks as if he did not care a —— for him.”

## AN ODD MISTAKE.

ABOUT 1792, when Burgh Reform was the order of the day, the Provost of Peebles was despatched from that place to London as their delegate. During his stay



there, he was introduced to a meeting of the Whig Club. After the cloth was removed, among other toasts, Mr. Fox gave "The Majesty of the People." This the Provost, not understanding the English accent, and being full of his own importance, mistook for "The Magistrates of Peebles," and actually rose and made a pompous speech in return, for the imaginary honour done to him and his brethren, to the no small amazement and diversion of the whole company.

#### ONE WAY OF REFORMING A DISSIPATED HUSBAND.

A few years ago, a female, who resides in a town in Ayrshire, had the misfortune to be married to a sottish husband. Every night, his professional labours over, he repaired to a certain tavern where he met a set of companions, *drouthy* as himself, and devoted the whole evening to drinking, and singing such outrageous catches as the following:—

"And had the Flood been liquor good,  
And Noah's sons such lads as I,  
They'd drank the Deluge where it stood,  
And left the ark of Noah dry."

His wife saw the brink on which he was standing, and prompted by parental and connubial affection, was unceasing in her efforts to wean him from the tavern, and reconcile him to the comforts of his own quiet domicile. But her labour of love was entirely thrown away; in place of becoming better he grew gradually worse; seldom went to bed before one or two in the morning, rose late, neglected his business, and in short was on the high road to ruin. His temper, too, became frightfully irascible, and in place of soothing his broken-hearted wife, he found fault with every thing, and rarely approached

her but with abuse on his lips and a frown on his brow. The poor woman's looks, to those who could read them, told a very dismal tale; and in her despair she hit on the following expedient, which, we understand, has been attended with the happiest effects. One night, after dark, she repaired to the tavern her husband frequented, persuaded a knot of tradesmen to accompany her, ordered in a huge bowl of toddy, compounded the materials *secundum artem*, sent the glasses round, got one man to sing, a second to laugh, and a third to joke; and, in short, acted her part so well, that she looked the very picture of a female toper. When the charm was thus far wound, she sent for her husband, and invited him to take a seat and taste her toddy. At first the man stared as if he had seen a ghost; and it was observed that his colour went and came when he heard his spouse declare, that judging from the example of some of her friends, she had come to a conclusion, that a tavern must be the happiest place in the world, and was determined for the future to share its pleasures. Frequently she stirred the bowl and replenished the glasses, and when the vessel became dry, rang the bell, commissioned materials for a fresh brewst. But here the husband, who had been silently forecasting the shape of future events, remonstrated so earnestly that the lady consented to abridge her revels and accompany him home. By the way, they conversed long and seriously; certain promises were voluntarily made—promises which have been kept to the very letter—and the result of the wife's stratagem is, that her husband has become one of the soberest men in the parish, and is indebted for his reformation less to a temperate than an intemperate society.

## GRAHAM OF CLAYERHOUSE.

THIS distinguished soldier, it is said, by tradition, was very desirous to see and be introduced to a certain Lady Elphinstone, who had reached the advanced age of one hundred years and upwards. The noble matron being a staunch Whig, was rather unwilling to receive Claverse (as he was usually styled), but at length consented. After the usual compliments, the officer observed to the lady, that having lived so much beyond the usual term of humanity, she must, in her time, have seen many strange changes. "Hout na, sir," said Lady Elphinstone, "the world is just to end wi' me as it began. When I was entering life there was ane *Knox* deaving us wi' his *clavers*, and now I am ganging out, there is ane *Claverse* deaving us a' wi' his *knocks*."

## REDUCTION NO BENEFIT.

A gentleman in a public room lately, when speaking of the reduction of the tax on candles, said the public got nothing by the reduction, as candles were in general twenty per cent. worse now in quality than they were before the duty was reduced. A tallow-chandler who was present, remarked, that what was observed about candles was all stuff. "True," said the gentleman, "all *kitchen stuff*."

## ANECDOTE OF THE BATTLE OF QUATRE BRAS.

AT the commencement of the battle of Quatre Bras, June 16, 1815, an Irish regiment was for a considerable time unemployed, though at the same time exposed to a fire of round shot from a French column. The officers

of this regiment, who had a complete view of the field, saw the 42d and other battalions warmly engaged in charging. The young men could not brook the contrast presented by their inactivity. "It will," said they, "be the same now as it has always been. The 42d will have all the *luck* of it. There will be a fine noise in the newspapers about that regiment, but the *devil* a word of us." Some of their elders consoled them by assuring them of the probability, that before the day was over they would have enough of it. This regiment was one of those which suffered the most; and the greater part of those fine-spirited youths who expressed this impatience were laid lifeless in the field before the evening.

#### HINTS TO EMIGRANTS.

AN acquaintance of Bailie M'G—— of D——, made a grievous complaint to him one day of the hard times, and the impossibility of scraping together a livelihood in this wretched country. The Bailie's own experience ran directly counter to these dolorous croakings, for his industry had realised a handsome competence; but he knew too much of the world to attempt proving to the complainer, that ill success might be partly his own fault. He contented himself with remarking that it was surely possible for a tradesman to draw together a tolerable business. "Not in this country," his friend repeated. "Weel, then," said the Bailie, "what say ye to emigration? I have heard that some push their way gayan' weel at Hobart Town or the Cape." "Yes," replied his desponding townsman, "that might be the case ance in a day, but if there is business there, there are mair folk there than can get a share o't." "Weel, it may be true

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

#### DELICATE REGARD FOR PROFESSIONAL FEELING.

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

#### ONE OF THEM SHERRY.

THE clergyman of a parish in the district of Carrick, Ayrshire, dining one day with a farmer's 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 into 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!"

#### DISTINCTION WITHOUT A DIFFERENCE.

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

Honest Samuel was fond of relating any thing to the credit of his benefactress in the manse:—"I mind," said he, on one occasion, "ae Sabbath morning at the summer preachings, mair than thretty years sin',—a sad pickle that the mistress was in because Betty M'Quat had forgotten to howk some early potatoes on the Saturday night (potatoes were a great rarity at the time); what was to

be done? Betty was like to gae through the yirth about it; and quo she, ‘ Mistress, I’ll just take the grape and slip out and *howk* a wheen—naebody will ken; and gif it come to the minister’s hearing I’ll take the sin and blame o’t on mysel.’ ‘ Na na, Betty, since *I maun* hae the *rarity* at the dinner this day, just gang awa out and *pouter* a few frae the roots o’ the shaws wi’ your hands—take nae grape wi’ ye—use nae warkloom made by the hand o’ man on the day o’ rest; gif the minister sets on me about it, I’ll just ask him gif there’s ony mair sin in rubbing the root o’ a potato-shaw, than there is in stripping the head o’ a corn stalk? whar’s your inference there? *crap an’ root*, that’s a’!”

#### LOGAN AND THE AYR VOLUNTEERS.

AT the time of the threatened invasion, when every little hamlet in the country was furnishing its quota of volunteers, a certain *warlike* Bailie met Logan in Ayr, and asked him why he was not exerting himself to rouse the people of Cumnock to become volunteers. “ Ne’er fash your thumb Bailie,” said the Laird, “ there will be nae scarcity o’ volunteers at Cumnock, for if the French were once landed at Ayr, we’ll hae you and mae o’ your volunteers up amang us than *we’ll ken how to gie hidings to.*”

#### KILMARNOCK THIEVES.

DURING the time Wombwell was exhibiting his extensive and varied collection of live stock to the natives of Kilmarnock, some of the bird-fanciers of the place had taken a *fancy* to a lot of Chinese sparrows, which they soon managed to purloin from the very centre of the exhibition, with a dexterity scarcely to be excelled by the

most expert *family* men of the metropolis. Wombwell, after hearing the circumstance, was lamenting the loss to big Joe, one of his confidential assistants, and asking his advice. "My advice, master," said Joe, "is to get away from a town as soon as possible, where the *incomings* will not pay the *outgoings*; and after what has happened, I should not wonder if such fellows would make off with the *elephant's trunk*, or *pick the kangaroo's pocket of her whole family*."

#### A READY ANSWER TO A PLAIN QUESTION.

"WHY (said a person to his friend the other day) ought tailors to be considered the most independent of all tradesmen?" "Because they are always able *to do business on their own bottom*."

#### A CHEAP WIFE.

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

#### A HIGHLAND WONDER.

ONE day, two Highland drovers, while travelling to Paisley, were overtaken by one of the steam-carriages, then plying in that direction. The Celts, who had never



either seen or heard of carriages being impelled by any other power than horse, stood lost in wonderment for a time. "Pless me, Dougal, did you ever see the like o' that before—there is ta coach rin awa frae ta horse?—Run, run, Dougal, like a good lad, and frecht *him back*."

## COCKNEYS FROM HOME.

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

## ECONOMY OF THE TEETH.

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

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

## FOLLY PUNISHED.

MRS. —, the wife of a respectable gentleman residing within twelve miles of the Exchange, intending, during one of the late sultry days, to indulge in the luxury of a shower bath, had the extreme want of caution to allow a favourite cat to follow her into the bath; and wishing to play Grimalkin a trick, she thoughtlessly pulled the string, when, the water descending, puss sprung up and clung in terror round the head and face of her imprudent mistress. The screams of the lady, and the yells of the cat, soon brought the inmates of the house to her assistance, who, after considerable difficulty, relieved her from the claws of the infuriated animal. The lady not being in a condition to *look* her friends in the *face*, has gone to the coast, where it is expected she will soon recover from the consequences of her folly.

## LOGAN AT HOME.

ONE day the Earl of E——, who had been out shooting, dropped in at Logan House for the purpose of dining with the Laird. "Come awa, my lord," cried Logan, "I'm glad to see you, but I'm sorry to say I have only two dishes to offer you." An excellent piece of boiled beef was shortly served up, with a plentiful garnishing of greens, to which ample justice being done, the Earl inquired after the other dish. Here the servant in waiting became agitated, and whispered to his master, who, looking over to his noble guest, calmly observed, "My

lord, the other dish is—a hearty welcome, to which you certainly cannot object.” “O ho!” cried the Earl, very good-naturedly, to the servant, “in that case, John, you’ll just *bring back my plate.*”

#### A WELL-FOUNDED TITLE.

A person who, from the humble situation of porter in a shipping house in town, had raised himself to be a partner in the concern, was sometime ago proposed as a member of the Merchants’ House. The circumstance being the subject of discussion at a dinner-party, some of our ultra-aristocratic nobs present, considered it a piece of presumption in a person of such humble origin, to attempt to rank himself among the respectable export merchants of our city. “Where’s the presumption, I should like to know?” said Mr. B——, a noted punster of the party, “for my part, I think he has a double claim to consider himself entitled to the distinction, as he not only exports goods himself, but having been once a porter, and having resigned the badge, he is in common fairness entitled to consider himself an *Ex-Porter.*”

#### AN ORIENTAL ANECDOTE.

AN Arab introduced himself by creeping on all fours, like a quadruped, into a tent in which one of the Beys was reposing, carrying off his clothes and arms, with which he attired himself. The robber quitted the tent very early in the morning, and assuming the manner and haughty carriage of the chief, whom he had left fast asleep, so imposed upon the attendants, by his appearance, that they led forth their master’s horse, which the Arab mounted and rode off without creating suspicion.

An hour afterwards, the servants were thunderstruck at hearing the voice of the Bey proceeding from the tent, calling for assistance. The latter was still more astonished than his servants; the boldness and adroitness of the thief appeared to him totally incomprehensible. After several weeks spent in fruitless endeavours to discover the delinquent, the Bey announced a free pardon to whomsoever would acknowledge in what manner his arms had been removed from under the pillow on which he slept. Some days afterwards, the identical Arab presented himself before the Bey, and reminding him of his proclamation, motioned him to recline on his couch and remain silent, whilst he should explain the mode by which he effected the robbery. The Arab forthwith dressed and armed himself as before, left the tent, and again deceived the domestics, who brought out for his use a valuable and favourite horse, and moreover, handed him a most magnificent pipe, thinking, all the time, that they were waiting on their master. During the whole of this scene, the Bey, who saw what was passing, was convulsed with laughter, but his merriment was soon checked, when his prototype fairly made off at full gallop, with his weapons and baggage. It is needless, perhaps, to mention, that the Arab, after this feat, was too cunning to be seen again in those quarters.

#### THE EDITOR AND HIS PAPER.

As the Editor of the *Glasgow Herald*, who has lately increased his paper to an almost elephantine size, was entering the Glasgow Coffee-room one day, he met a Whig friend, with whom he occasionally exchanges a little political banter. "Well, Mr. ———," said he

of the broad-sheet, "you'll not deny that reaction has commenced now in favour of the Tories—Sir George has got Perthshire, and the *Herald* is enlarged." "'Deed, sir," said Mr. ———, "there is nae denying that Sir George has got Perthshire; and as for the *Herald*," he continued, eyeing the colossus of types from top to toe, "we maun also admit, that you've at last got a paper *like yoursel*."

#### HINTS TO READERS OF NEWSPAPERS.

THE following broad hint to tardy subscribers, lately appeared in a Scottish provincial paper:—"One of our subscribers who had been reading an account of a child that had lately been born with the name and surname of its reputed father in small letters round the iris of one of its eyes, was struck with such wonder and astonishment at so surprising a phenomenon, that on retiring to rest his imagination set to work, and amidst the strange vagaries that were presented to him in the course of his dreams, one of the most *outré* was the return of a favourite colley he had lost, with six very handsome full-grown ones, which she had littered during her absence. Round both eyes of each of the litter appeared the following words, in small light-coloured capitals:—'PLEASE PAY YOUR SUBSCRIPTION TO THE ——— ADVERTISER.' Each of the dogs approached in rotation, and laying its fore paws on the front of the bed, gazed in the most *expressive* manner in the face of our 'constant reader,' who, as circumstances would have it, happened to be rather in arrears. Next morning he felt so strongly impressed with what he had seen the preceding night, that he called upon us, narrated the affair, and settled his ac-

count. For ourselves, we could scarcely help expressing our regret that a few more 'colleys' of the same *litter* were not at present on the *tramp* about the country. We think some of our friends who have been in arrears with us ever since our first number, would feel rather at a loss how to look the poor creatures in the face."

#### A HINT TO FATHERS.

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

#### THE DE'IL IN DURANCE.

ABOUT the close of the 17th century, one of the bailies of Prestwick, imprisoned a boy, who had been found in

one of the barons of the burgh's *pease*. The boy's companion, and not unlikely *participens crimine*, David Rankine, being at the time apprentice to the bailie, found means in the night to abstract the prison-key from under his master's pillow, and liberate the prisoner. Observing a bull-stirk grazing hard by, the mischievous youths thinking it a good joke, imprisoned him, and returns the key where they had found it. Next day, the magistrates and barons of the burgh being convened to try the case; and coming to the prison-door, instead of the boy, found the bull roaring and impatient of his inhospitable quarters! Unconscious of the trick, and terrified at what they beheld, they fancied their new prisoner no other than the devil himself, in *propria persona*, whom they supposed must have utterly devoured the hapless youth, and unsatisfied with his prey, was still seeking whom he might devour. In this dilemma, they resolved to send for the minister. Rankine, who, of course, "knew what was what," readily volunteered to run for him. Having learned particulars from the boy, and none of the doughty barons having dared look Satan too narrowly in the face, the sly parson easily succeeded in *laying the de'il*.

#### A SENSITIVE CIVIC.

ONE of our new Reform bailies lately complained to a friend, that a mutual acquaintance had taken the liberty of calling him a "queer fish." "The application of such language to me," said he, "considering the situation in which we now stand to each other, is being rather too familiar." On the complaint coming to the ears of the party implicated, he observed, that Bailie —— need not vex himself about the matter, for, between a "queer



*fish*" and a *Glasgow magistrate*\* the difference could not be very great.

## 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 leaped out of the boat, without so much as putting his hand into his pocket. Bauchie, apparently thunderstruck at the occurrence, for a while eyed the Earl, who, before he had gone many paces, was interrupted with the vehement vociferation of "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, it used to be infested with innumerable gangs of beggars. The reverend gentleman, anxious to put a stop to the nuisance, gave strict injunctions to Bauchie, not to take any mendicants across the

\* For the information of our English readers, we may mention, that a "*Glasgow magistrate*" is a local cant name for a salted-herring.

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 great-coat to save his clothes; and, in order that his hat might not be damaged, it was laid aside, and the minister's head enshrouded in a napkin. Thus metamorphosed, he regained the side of the river, and in vain bawled lustily for Bauchie's assistance. The cunning boatman 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 ower in my boat—the minister winna alloo me." After this had been repeated several times, and after, as Bauchie used to tell the story, "I saw he was weel 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 thoct o' ane o' your station comin' ower in such a dress!'"

#### HIGHLAND THIEVES.

DUGALD M'CAUL was a professed thief in the Highlands, and sometimes took young lads into his service as apprentices to the same business. With one of these

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

## A SCOTCH MASON.

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

## A CONVENIENT JAIL.

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

## DIALECT.—EDINBURGH V. ABERDEEN.

A gentleman from Aberdeen was awoke one night lately, in a hotel in Prince's-street, by an alarm of fire. Upon going to the window, he called out, "Vauchman, far eis't?" The watchman thanked him and went towards the Register-office, where he found he was going in the wrong direction, and returned. On repassing the hotel

he was again called to by the Aberdonian, who bawled out, "Vautchman, far was't?" On looking up to him, the watchman replied, "Ye're a d—d leein' scoundrel; ye first tell'd me it was far east, and noo ye say it's far west, but I tell you it's naither 'e tane nor 'e tither, cause it's i' 'e Coogate."

#### ANECDOTE OF DAVID WILKIE, THE CELEBRATED PAINTER.

I happened, says Sir John Sinclair, to dine in company with Mr. Wilkie, the celebrated painter, and in the course of the conversation, asked him "How he came to adopt that profession?" I inquired, "Had your father, or your mother, or any of your relations, a turn for painting? or what led you to follow that line?" Upon which Mr. Wilkie said "The truth, Sir John, is, *that you made me a painter.*"—"How? I!" with astonishment I exclaimed, "I never had the pleasure of meeting with you before." To which Mr. Wilkie replied, "When you were drawing up the Statistical Account of Scotland, my father, who was a clergyman in Fife, had much correspondence with you respecting his parish, in the course of which you sent him a coloured drawing of a soldier, in the uniform of your Highland Fencible regiment. I was so delighted with the sight, that I was constantly drawing copies of it, and that *made me a painter.*"

#### FACETIOUS CHAMBERMAID.

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

## POETICAL BULL.

IN a small collection of poems, entitled "Gloaming Amusements," from the classic press of Beith, we find the following first-rate bull:—

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

## SMELLING STRONG OF THE SHOP.

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

## TRUE ACTING.

ON the occasion of the three *stars*, Young, Vandenhoff, and Miss Jarman, acting together on the Edinburgh stage, a year or two ago; in the scene where the Moor, after attempting to smother Desdemona, draws forth his dagger to dispatch her, the features of a stout homely-looking dame of forty and more, who sat near the front of the pit, were observed to writhe with intense feeling; and when the glittering weapon after being flourished over the innocent victim, was hurried in the bed-clothes, so artfully and so true to nature was the scene enacted, that the old lady referred to, bounced over one or two seats, with her arms extended, exclaiming, in apparent

agony, "God hae mercy, the black thief has sticket the woman!" The uncontrolled bursts of laughter from all parts of the house brought the old lady to her senses; but the incident rather marred the effect of the whole performance.

#### ANECDOTE OF JOHN HOME, AUTHOR OF DOUGLAS.

THERE could not be a livelier or more agreeable companion than the author of Douglas; and his merits as a dramatic author are well known. By his talents, he was early in life introduced into the best company that Scotland afforded. Claret was at that time the favourite liquor; and owing to its being admitted into the port of Leith on Spanish instead of French duties, it was cheap, and was drunk in great quantities. A naval officer, who happened to be stationed in the Frith of Forth, by transmitting information to the Treasury, put a stop to this illegal advantage. The price of claret was so much increased, in consequence of this additional duty, that many *bon vivans* were obliged to renounce it, and betake themselves to port; and, in despair, at one of their convivial meetings, they applied to their friend John Home, to write some verses expressive of their feelings. He immediately produced the following:—

"Bold and erect the Caledonian stood,  
Old was his mutton, and his claret good;  
'Make him drink port!' an English statesman cried:  
He drank the poison, and his spirit died."

Fortunately, it has been found by experience, that port is no poison, and that Caledonian spirit does not depend upon the drinking of claret; but the anecdote is worth preserving as an instance of the ridiculous prejudices of former times.

## CAN SHE SPIN?

A young girl was presented to James I. as an English prodigy, because she was deeply learned. The person who introduced her, boasted of her proficiency in ancient languages. "I can assure your Majesty," said he, "that she can both speak and write Latin, Greek, and Hebrew."—"These are rare attainments for a damsel," said James; "but pray, tell me, can she spin?"

## A WITTY TAILOR.

A short time since a medical gentleman, residing in a neighbouring town, ordered a coat from a tailor, which was made and sent home. On being tried on, the tailor declared that it fitted admirably, but his customer differed so much from him in opinion, that he returned the coat, and would not wear it. A few days after this occurrence the tailor met the gentleman alluded to at a funeral, and addressed him with; "Ah, Doctor, you are a lucky man." "Why so?" replied the other. "Why, because you never have any of your bad work returned on your hand."

## BANNOCKBURN.

Two English gentlemen visiting the field of Bannockburn, so celebrated for the defeat of Edward's army, a sensible countryman pointed out to them the position of the hostile nations—the stone where Bruce's standard was fixed during the battle, &c. Highly pleased with his attention, the gentleman, on leaving him, pressed his acceptance of a crown-piece. "Na, na," said the honest man, returning the money, "keep your crown-piece, the English hae paid dear enough already for seeing the field of Bannockburn."



## LEGAL FUN.

A certain well known gentleman of the long robe, remarkable for his colossal height, and still more so for the emptiness of his upper story, has been christened by the profession "*the long vacation.*"

## THE INGENUITY OF A BEGGAR BOY.

A beggar boy made application to a farmer's wife for relief, and was refused; on which the boy, with an arch look, informed the good dame that he would, if she gave him a slice of bread and cheese, put her in possession of a secret which would be of service to her all the days of her life; the boon was granted, and the boy, agreeably to his word, remarked, "If you knit a knot at the end of your thread, you will never lose your first stitch."

## COMING TO CLOSE QUARTERS.

AN old woman to whom an unfortunate son of poverty was owing a small account, had repeatedly called for payment, but the answer to her inquiry invariably turned up, the usual retort when a debtor wishes genteelly to cut a troublesome creditor, "Not at home!" Having once or twice dogged her neighbour, and knocked at the door which his coat-tails had not a moment before swept in passing in, and receiving still the chilling reply, "Not at home," she determined to come to closer quarters when she next got scent of him. An opportunity soon occurred, for when an eagle eye is on the watch, nothing escapes it; the unfortunate debtor passed her windows, and she bolted out in pursuit. Step by step she dogged him to his door—he rung the bell—his importunate friend was

at his back; the door opened, and catching her opportunity before he disappeared, she rapped sharply with her knuckles on his back; he wheeled round. "Weel, is Tammas Williamson in noo?" said she, staring him in the face. The appeal went home, and the money was tabled *instantanter*.

BLAKE THE PAINTER AND THE PICTURE OF  
SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.

THIS artist was once requested to draw the likeness of Sir William Wallace:—the eye of Blake sparkled, for he admired heroes. "William Wallace!" he exclaimed, "I see him now—there, there, how noble he looks!—reach me my things." Having drawn for some time, with the same care of hand and steadiness of eye, as if a living sitter had been before him, Blake stopped suddenly, and said, "I cannot finish him—Edward the First has stepped in between him and me." "That's lucky," said his friend, "for I want the portrait of Edward too." Blake took another sheet of paper and sketched the features of Plantagenet; upon which his Majesty politely vanished, and the artist finished the head of Wallace. "Pray, sir," said a gentleman who heard Blake's friend tell his story, "was Sir William Wallace an heroic-looking man? and what sort of personage was Edward?" The answer was—"There they are, sir, both framed and hanging on the wall behind you; judge for yourself." "I looked," says my informant, "and saw two warlike heads of the size of common life. That of Wallace was noble and heroic, that of Edward stern and bloody. The first had the front of a god; the latter the aspect of a demon."

## HONESTY REWARDED.

ABOUT the end of harvest, a cow-herd, in the neighbourhood of Dundee, in throwing a stone at one of his master's cows in an out-field, unfortunately broke one of her legs. Scratching his curly head, the rustic began to think seriously about what he should say to his master. After musing for some time, his countenance began to brighten, and he observed, loud enough to be heard, "Fegs, I'll just say she took the rig, an' got it jumpin' the style to the stooks." On farther reflection, however, his conscience began to remonstrate with him on the impropriety of telling a lie; and at last he murmured, "Weel, I'll tell the truth, gif I should loss my place and fee." "Yes, callant," said his master, who had heard the soliloquy, "that's the best plan; and for your honesty you shall be forgiven."

## HINTS TO HEADS OF FAMILIES.

A gentleman of this city, well known for his strict regard to religious duties, was not, however, in the habit of making worship in his family, although he regularly retired for the purpose of performing this duty in private. This became the subject of conversation in his family one day, when one of his daughters smartly observed, that she was quite convinced her father was really anxious to get to heaven himself; "but I don't think," continued she, "that he wishes any of us to go with him."

## THE ASTONISHED FIDDLER.

At a harmonious little party, lately given in Bute by Mr. B——h, the enterprising farmer, there was one of

the sons of Orpheus, vulgarly yclept a blind fiddler, who, although picked up in the *peripatetic* vein, discoursed most "eloquent music," and exercised so powerful a sway over the *dancing* energies of all present for the time, that to a mere on-looker the people must have appeared little short of crazed. Much has been said of the effect of music with the ancients, and of the power of Orpheus even to make stones dance, while the famous fiddler of Rhodes professed openly to make "merry men still merrier, a lover more enamoured, and a religious man more devout." But nothing certainly in modern times can be said to have eclipsed the powers of the fiddler of Mr. B——h, on the happy occasion referred to:

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

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

## SEA-BATHING EXTRAORDINARY.

AN honest "*cork*" from the Sneddon, whose travels before this summer had never extended beyond Dumbuck, or at farthest, Dumbarton, seriously bethought himself of repairing to the coast, for the twofold purpose of bettering his health, and at the same time of gratifying his curiosity by a sight of the Regatta. Largs, he had indeed heard, was nae better than it should be, and that the honest folks there thought nae mair of taking a sail on the Sabbath-day, than he would do of taking a "wab" out of the loom on a Saturday; yet all agreed it was a "*bonny spat*," and he had therefore made up his mind to journey thither, deeming it of little importance who or what they were, or what they did. So resolved, Willie Walkinshaw stepped on board the Gleniffer, at the "*Water-neb*," and in due course of time arrived at Largs, where he soon succeeded in taking "a bit sma' room for the douking." The weather being extremely hot, honest man! he thought it advisable to lose no time in carrying into effect his long premeditated design of dipping; and for this purpose "*dauner*ed awa' hy the fisherman's hut," where he soon came to a place that he thought, from the "*sma'ness* of the chuckystanes, would do remarkably weel." For fear of accidents, however (for he had never been in the sea before), Willie used the precaution of taking soundings with his stick, and the water was any thing but deep; he tried the temperature of it with his hand, and he declared "*in a' his born days, he had never felt water sae het before*." These preliminaries being settled, off went coat, waistcoat, trowsers, and shirt; and the salt-water was just about to

receive a dark, dirt-bebarkened-looking figure, that had never before felt its purifying and refreshing influence, when a shriek, and a shout, and a short prayer from the wabster, announced that the sea has bubbles as the land has, "and THAT is of them." This was no time however for moralising or dramatising—off hirpled Willie with all convenient speed, his hat on his head, and his "claes" under his arm, and never once looking round, until he conceived himself out of all possibility of danger. There the clothes were hurried on—thence Willie hurried off—never was a poòr being so terror-struck, or so truly thankful on arriving safe at his own door-step. "Weel, Willie," was the landlady's salutation, "hae ye been in the water? My troth ye haena been lang about it! It's the like o' you should come to the salt-water; but, wae's me man, ye look frightened like—what's the matter? what's wrang? what's wrang?" "What's wrang!" responded the knight of the treadles, "ye'se ne'er catch me douking again at Largs—it's no chancy—do ye ken I was just going to make an awfu' plunge in, when a head as black as a sing't sheep's head, covered wi' short woolly hair, and wi' teeth as white as the driven snaw, appeared aboon the water, ginning at me—hech me, I'm a' shaking when I think o't—thinks I, there's nae wonder the water's het when ye're here. Sae aff I ran, and how I gat on my claes, or how I gat here, I canna tell; but I'm convinced o' ae thing, that the Deil has been douking this day at the Largs." "O man, what a gouk ye maun be, Willie, as I should ca' you sae—I'se wager ye ony thing ye like, it has just been Mr. D.'s black servant doun bathing this warm forenoon." "Na, na, honest woman, it may hae been the master o' him and o' many mae o' us; but yon's

no his servant or I'm deeply mista'en.—How much am I awn you? for I'm going off the morn's morning again—nae mair douking at Largs for me." Suffice it to say, Willie kept his resolution; nor could all the proof his landlady offered to bring forward in corroboration of the truth of her conjecture, induce Willie Walkinshaw to think otherwise than "that the gentleman who made the water sae warm that morning at Largs, must have come from a gae het place."

## MOUNTAINEERS.

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

One evening "between the *gloamin'* and the dark," Duncan, after having dressed his web, went out with his shopmates to take a little fresh air, till the proper time of lighting came on; the goat in the interim made his way into the shop in search of Duncan, and not finding him in his place, scrambled up into the empty seat, and began to lick off the fresh dressing; in this act, his horns got entangled amongst the heddles, and in order to extricate himself, made fearful havoc amongst the compli-

cated harness. Duncan happened to come into the shop while the work of destruction was going on; and seeing two huge horns, bushy beard, and glaring eyes, roared out to his brother, "Danie, hae you a lichtet licht there?" "Yes," replied Danie, "but it's no lichtet yet!" "Haste you, man! haste you! for the devil is in amang my wab, and tearing it all to pieces." The light was speedily brought, and Duncan saw with perfect horror his own horned favourite entangled amongst the meshes of the harness, and at least a fortnight's work before him of knitting and tyeing. The shopmates, though sorry for Duncan, could not restrain themselves from giving vent to a burst of laughter. Duncan, with a coolness and fixedness of expression in his countenance, went up and got the prisoner released, lifting him out by the horns, and carrying him in the same position to the shop-door—pitched him out, exclaiming, "If it were not for the sake of our *own native mountains*, I would have proken your neck!"

#### A HIGHLAND PLEDGE.

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

#### ORTHOGRAPHICAL DECOCTION.

MR. E—K—, long a respectable printer in Glasgow, was sadly bothered with an apprentice who could or would not be initiated into that portion of grammar



which treats of the proper disposition of letters in words. One day he presented such a shockingly inaccurate proof, as made his master, after staring with amazement, take the spectacles from his nose, and give the ill-disposing devil the following recipe:—"My man! just gang hame this night, and tell your mither to boil Fulton and Knight's Dictionary in milk, and take it for your supper, as that seems the only way you'll ever get spelling put into ye."

## REPARTEE.

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

## PULPIT ORATORY.

THE Rev. ——— Weston, while preaching at Edinburgh, made the following division on the text, "Ephraim is as a cake unturned." "The first thing we shall do with Ephraim, is to turn him, and this we shall do effectually:—1st, We shall turn him upside down; 2d, we shall turn him outside in; 3d, we shall turn him back-side fore; 4th, we shall turn him about his business."

## THE BENIGHTED MINISTER.

SOME time ago, a reverend doctor not far from this, happened one evening to be out at a social party; and, on returning home, the night being dark, and the way intricate, he carried in his hand a lantern. He had not proceeded far, when a farm-servant on horseback came up

to him. The horse on perceiving the light, became restive and reared and plunged so furiously, that the rustic went topsy-turvy to the ground. On getting up from his horizontal position, still keeping hold of the reins, he saluted the doctor with "Od, sir! is this you?" and, looking *Jolly* in the face, remarked, "O ye donnert, do itit idiot, to mak' a bogle o' yer minister! Am sure a' the parish kens him!"

## ANECDOTES OF BRUCE.

ONE day, while he was at the house of a relation in East Lothian, a gentleman present bluntly observed, that it was *impossible* that the natives of Abyssinia could eat raw meat! Bruce said not a word; but, leaving the room, he shortly returned from the kitchen with a piece of raw beef-steak, peppered and salted in the Abyssinian fashion. "You will eat that, sir, or fight me!" he said. When the gentleman had eaten up the raw flesh (most willingly would he have eaten his words instead), Bruce calmly observed, "Now, sir, you will never again say it is *impossible*!" Single-speech Hamilton was Bruce's first cousin and intimate friend. One evening, at Kinnaird, he said, "Bruce! to convince the world of your power of drawing, you need only draw us now something in as good a style as those drawings of yours which they say have been done for you by Balugani, your Italian artist." "Gerard!" replied Bruce, very gravely, "you made *one* fine speech, and the world doubted its being your own composition; but, if you will stand up now here, and make another speech as good, we shall believe it to have been your own."

## SANDY MUNCHAUSEN—A CHARACTER.

*Scene in a Scotch Country Smithy.*

IN the thinly populated districts of Scotland, the “*Smiddy*,” after the hours of out-door labour are over, is the trysting-place for the “tillers of the ground.” Here amidst noise and smoke, and by the murky gleam of the furnace, the sons of the soil discuss all public matters, whether national or local.

There is always a Rohin-Raw, a Swaggering Bobadil, or a *Sawney* Munchausen in every neighbourhood, who is made to *tumble* for the amusement of the company, and there is scarcely ever any lack of persons qualified to pull the wires and exhibit the *Punch* of the party.

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

“Dear me, Tamas, but you are wonderfu’ dounce this nicht! did you rise aff your wrang side this morning?” “Just let me alane the nicht, Davie—I’m no mysel ava—ony ither time.” “Tuts man, come awa; we’ll no let ye sit down i’ the britchin that way. You recollect, Tamas, when you gaed to court Lizzie Luckylip, your wife, what a braw lad you were?” “I was that, Cardenn, though I say’t mysel, there was na anither in the hale parish that could haud the can’le to me—sax feet three, an’ a weel proportioned swankie in every other respect—limbs! the better o’ them never came out o’

Nature's turning-loom. That morning that I gaed to gree matters wi' Lizzie, I had just come hame from the lime-kilns, and aff I set, after redding mysel up, nae doubt, ower the craft by Poo-burn, barefitted; the leas were shoe-deep in water, and the sun was glintin sae laughing-like after the thunder-shower. I skelpit ower the rigs—every sparge that gaed frae my fit was like a *harn wab*—ou ay, but thae days are awa—Lizzie's dead and gane, and some that she brought to me beside—my heart aye grows grit when I think on them." "Nae wonder, Tamas; mony a happy day you had wi' her."

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

"But that's naething to the time when they took

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

"There wasna ither twa on the braes o' the water o' Forth that could divert themselves sooming like us; Tam, do ye mind o' your dive to the bottom o' Killorn-linn yon simmer nicht?" "Man, I had maist forgotten that—I had been cutting hay a' that day at the Landylands, an' it's weel min't—Muckle Rab o' Puddleholes was wi' me too—I thocht I might be nane the war o' haeing mysel washed, and down I gaed to Killorn-linn, and, thinks I, if ye hae a bottom, as the folk say ye hinna, I shall see you this nicht—I plunges in, and down and down I sinks till at last I lights at the bottom, and in atween the clefts o' a moss-stock ane o' my feet gets wadged—down I set the tither foot to gie me mair power, and down it gaes i' the mud! Waur and waur, says I, Tamas, you were ance buried alive, and now I think you're to be drowned alive (the time of total immersion is supposed to be twenty minutes). Oh! quo' I to mysel, I wish I had taen a bladder-fu' o' breath down wi' me; I wad hae defied your stocks and your clay—I sat down a wee to rest me, and tried again to free my feet—no hech! you

may be sure my heart was playing pattie; when, as Providence wad order it, out o' his den springs the king o' the otters—a great big fleckit brute, the size o' a twa year'l stirk—the beast had mistaen my legs for twa salmon, but the stock was atween me and him, and saved my limbs. The force o' the beast against the stock turned me heels ower head, and set me fairly on my feet again; and before you could say Jock Morrison! I was aboon the water. Poor Puddlehole had run awa to gather the neighbours to rake the linn for me."

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

beads; but I was aye preserved. As I passed auld Robin Kay's, at the tap o' the loan, and was gaun awa east to Burnbrae, lang David Cassel's cock crew, and the thing just gaed through the braid side o' Cassel's malt-barn in a flaucht o' fire. The neist morning, I heard that just about the same time, auld Geordie Graham had gane to his rest."

## MISTAKE UNDER THE REFORM BILL.

ONE of the rulers of a royal burgh has been so much engaged of late with the public affairs of the place, that work with him was out of the question, and ordinary food below his notice. One day lately, he had partaken freely of "the Member's wine;" but as it was getting near the end of the week, he resolved to cut short. Home he went, like a weather-beaten vessel. His nerves were so much agitated, from the effect of long speeches, that his bed was resorted to as the place of speediest recovery. Next day was the Sabbath; but he rose about seven in the morning, and having opened his shop window, clothed himself with his cobbler's apron, and set his articles in order, to commence finishing a pair of shoes. Having become very dry, however, he resolved to take a quantity of milk; and accordingly walked leisurely down streets, arrayed in his work-day clothes, and with his leather apron on. "Gude mornin'," says the Bailie, "can ye gi'e me a pennyworth o' scum milk?" "O yes, Bailie," replied the cow-feeder; "but preserve me! what are ye doin' wi' your workin' claes on the day, Bailie?"—"What mair the day than yester-day, gudewife?"—"Working on Sabbath-day, Bailie!"—"Sabbath!" says the Bailie, "God forgi'e me, is this

Sabbath? I declare to ye I did not think it: I was drunk last night." The Bailie instantly divested himself of his leather apron, returned and shut his shop window, and appeared in the church with the other magistrates, since which he has been sadly teased.

#### RATIONAL PREACHER.

A worthy clergyman, now no more, used to tell the following anecdote on this head. He had been suspected of a leaning to Arminianism, or of being a Rationalist; and much anxiety in consequence was felt by the flock he was called on to superintend. He put their fears to flight, for he was a sound divine as well as a good man. On the Monday, after his first sermon had been delivered, he was accosted in his walks by a decent old man, who, after thanking him for his able discourse, went on—"O sir! the story gaed that you were a *rational* preacher; but glad am I, and a' the parish, to find that you are *no a rational* preacher after a'."

#### WHIPPING THE CAT.

THE practice of "whipping the cat," though gradually disappearing, is not altogether abandoned by the tailors in this district. Some time ago, one of these primitive knights of the thimble having been employed in an ale-house, the gudewife, by mistake, handed him a bottle of brandy along with his porridge, instead of small beer. Snip had not proceeded far in the process of mastication when he discovered the error, but recollecting the usually "niggard" disposition of his hostess, he continued to ply the *cuttie* with his wonted dexterity, although the poignancy of the liquor caused him occa-



sionally to make wry faces. The landlady, observing his distorted features, exclaimed, "Fat ails your parridge the night, Lourie, that you're throwin' your face, an' lookin' sae ill pleased like?" "Ou, gin ye kent that," replied the tailor, "ye wadna be very weel pleased, mair than me."

## A GOOD-NATURED LORD.

THE grandfather of the present Earl of Balcarras was a benevolent man, with more of what the French call *bon-homme* 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 his lordship was walking in this field, admiring its produce, when 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 with the maner, 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 man 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 gi'e me a haun, and help the poke on my back, for it's unco heavy, and I canna get it up by mysell!" Thus she

bespoke the Earl, who actually turned back, and assisted the woman to load herself with the stolen turnips!

#### CLERICAL ANECDOTE.

SOME years ago, when the march of pulpit oratory was less advanced than at present, a number of pious parishioners resolved to compliment their beloved pastor with a horse; and after a great deal of scraping-together and gathering-up, they accumulated funds sufficient to purchase a saddle, which was forthwith despatched to the minister, with an intimation that the horse would be sent to him at a more convenient season. Week after week, however, passed on, and no word of the minister's nag. This dilatoriness will never do, thought the reverend gentleman; and, accordingly, one Sunday afternoon he took occasion to introduce the subject in winding up a thundering discourse on the unspeakable loveliness of charity. "Noo, my friends," said the preacher, "if that said horse be na nipping garss yont by at the Manse in a day or twa, *I ken what I'll do!*" Here the minister smote the pulpit in a manner that made the hearts of the congregation melt within them like wax, while he, stern man! continued his appeal to their pecuniary feelings so long, and repeated the fearful threat, "I ken what I'll do!" so often, that one doughty heritor could suppress his alarm no longer—"And what the deevil *will* you do, sir?" exclaimed he. "Why, man," said the minister coolly, "I'll just sell the saddle!"

#### A FRIEND AT TABLE.

A boy, newly from the herding, having got admission into a gentleman's family, for the purpose of waiting

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

## LOGAN AND AN ENGLISH JOCKEY.

A well-known jockey from the south, higgling one day with Logan about the purchase of a horse, inquired, among other matters, if he was "honest"—a phrase, we believe, pretty well understood on the turf. To this query a satisfactory answer being given, an agreement was made, and the purchaser rode off apparently well-pleased with his bargain: it was not long, however, before he returned in a towering passion, charging the Laird with having imposed upon him. "What is the matter?" said Logan, coolly. "Matter!" cried the other, "why, you told me it was an honest horse I had bought, and I had scarcely gone a mile, till he began to stumble and stumble, and at last down he came smack on the road; now do you call that an honest horse?" "Indeed I do," said our Laird, gravely, "the horse often threatened to come down with me, and I was sure he would keep his word some time or other; now, man or beast that keep their words," continued he, smiling in the face of his enraged customer, "I do not see what else you

can ca' them than *honest*. Oh! depend upon it, sir, the horse is an *honest horse*."

## FEMALE SAGES.

"DEAR me, ma'am," said a lady the other day to her friend, "did you hear that Mr. —— had committed suicide?" "I heard he had *committed* something or other, and that it was unca serious; but you, mem, that kens every thing, what'll be done to him, think you?" "Done to him! if he does not flee the country, he'll be banished, as sure's he's living."

## DEER-SHOOTING.

AT the dinner which usually takes place at Fort-William fair, the conversation on one occasion happened to turn on deer-shooting, when a gentleman present stated, that a friend of his who had lately been in Ireland, discovered, while out one day in pursuit of game, a fine large red deer coming down a hill in *front* of him—the object was inviting—he raised his piece, instantly the quarry dropped, and what is rather singular to be told, the ball, he said, was found, on examination, to have entered at one of the eyes of the animal and made its escape by the other, so that the one eye was knocked in and the other was knocked out. All present agreed to the singularity of the circumstance, and some, among whom was the Laird of Glengarry, appeared much at a loss to account for the matter, when the difficulty was instantly solved to the satisfaction of all, save the narrator, by one of the company, who observed, "You're aware, gentlemen, it has been said that an Irish gun has the power of *shooting round a corner*, and I do not see why

an Irish *ball* should not also be allowed at times to take a *sly turn*.

#### LOGAN'S EXCUSE FOR AN INDIFFERENT PREACHER.

RESPECTING a certain worthy clergyman who was remarkable for the lachrymose effect which his preaching always had on himself, a friend of Logan's one day observed, that it was very odd the doctor always cried when he preached. "Not at all," said Logan, "for if they put you up yonder, and you found you had as little to say—my sang! you would greet too."

#### AN ODD REMARK.

A wag, speaking of the embarkation of troops, said, "Notwithstanding many of them leave blooming wives behind, they go away in *transports*."

#### A HINT TO WIVES.

"If I'm not home from the party to-night at ten o'clock," said a husband to his better and *bigger half*, "don't wait for me." "That I wont," said the lady, significantly,—*"I wont wait but I'll come for you."* He returned at ten precisely.

#### A SCOTTISH SQUIRE SIMPLE.

THOMAS TODD o' the Winnyyetts, was a regular attendant at "diets of examination," as they are called; but as our English readers are not accustomed to *diets* of this description, some little explanation may be necessary. The clergyman announces from the pulpit on Sabbath, that the hearers in a certain locality will attend, at some farm-house, for the purpose of being examined

as to the amount of their religious knowledge, and also for giving them religious instruction. The late Dr. Campbell, when in Kippen, was very regular in these appointments, as well as rigid in examination. One of these meetings took place at Clony, Arnprior, in Thomas's neighbourhood, and, after it broke up, the *gudewife* asked him to come in and take a share o' what was gaun wi' the minister. "Oh! ye maun just excuse me the day, mem." "'Deed I'll no excuse you this day, Tam. Ye needna mind, man! You're aye sae blate, and as mim as a May puddock! Come your wa's now—naebody but your neighbours." "Oh no," still continued Thomas, "really I wish you would take my excuse; I *canna* come; for ye see, Andrew Square is wi' us making some claes for the weans, and it wouldna be guid manners to leave Andrew to himsel." "Tuts, come out o' that wi' you—gif a' your hums and ha's were hams and haggises, the parish o' Kippen needna fear a dearth." "Weel, mem, since you will ha'e me to be neighbour-like, ye ken, mem, that ye have aye *mustard* on your table—now I *canna* sup mustard." "There will be nae *mustard*, Tam, but the minister," said the kind *gudewife*. "'Deed, mem," quoth Thomas, "to be plain wi' you, that's just the mustard I mean, an gay *snell* *mustard* he is whiles."

#### THE DE'IL IN DANGER.

ROBIN SCOBIE served as "*miller's man*" to honest Thomas Bryce, who rented the small mill of Goodie near Thornhill, Perthshire. Thomas was a sober exemplary man; but which only contrasted more strongly with the drunken outbreakings of Robin. Scobie was an old

favourite, and having been brought up with the miller from a boy, he said, "he meant to *live* and *die* at Goodie." He was very superstitious, and lived in profound fear of ghosts, hobgoblins, &c. and these usually showed themselves to him in great numbers, with oftentimes, as he affirmed, the *Arch-fiend* at their head, in returning at night from his drunken rambles at Thornhill; and how to protect himself from the powers of darkness, thus in league against him, had long been a matter of anxious inquiry with him.

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

Robin's associates were three of the "*sievers*" of Ses-santilly, the rival mill to Goodie; and the "*happer club*," as they called themselves, was to meet, at least, once a fortnight—the object was, "just after they had ta'en the water off the mill-wheel, to let a *wee drap* on their *ain*."

The place of meeting was Jenny Wingate's—as canny an hostler-wife as ever snapp'd lid o' gill stoup, and one who well knew how to address herself to the peculiarities of her customers.

The miller's man was always cock o' the roost, from

his having most to say—"Nae end o' ye, Robin, man—your water's *aye* on the wheel—it's a wonder your tongue disna weary," said Jenny, as she set down a fresh supply of aqua, in order to turn the edge of Robin's sarcastic tongue from her favourites of Sessantilly.

The mill of Goodie was admitted to be the best in the whole district, for shieling barley and groats, and grinding of brose-meal; and this superiority gave Robin materials for annoying the *sievers*. "You! ye Sessantilly sacks, what ken ye about pickin' or setting the millstane?—nae mair than it kens about you—see, though you hae the bale Carse sucken to you, and what the Earl o' Murray can do beside, ye canna turn out barley like ours!—just speir at Andrew Brochan, gif I didna ken Goodie barley frae Glentirran, boiling in the kale-pot;—aye as it came tum'lin up, says I—there ye go Goodie—is that *your* ill-faur'd face Glentirran? But after a' lads, what would Goodie mill be, if it werena for me and the muckle wheel?—the miller nicht whistle on his thumb."

"Weel, Robin," said one, "we maun think about gaun hame, now—see Robin, gif ye can cast a bane i' the Deil's teeth at the moss-side this night—it's gay an' dark I see." "Oh ho! ye think ye hae trampit on my corny tae the now, do ye? O man, I just wish Sootie wad mak' himsel visible this night, I would mak' him turn his tail ower his riggin an' rin in a hun'er hurries." "Ye was na *aye* that way, Robin—what makes ye sae bauld this night?" "Man," said Robin, "gif ye kent that ye would be as wise as mysel." The secret could not be screwed out of Robin; and the three sievers followed at due distance, to see whether Robin should see the troubler of mankind. Robin went on zig-zagging his way like



the Links o' Forth, until he came to the moss-side, when all of a sudden he made a dead stand—described a circle around him, and then put himself in an attitude of defence. “Weel, Sawney, are ye there this night again?—man, ye haena a’ the wit the folk gie ye credit for, else ye wadna left your ain het hame to fright Robin Scobie this nicht; just daunder your wa’s hame. Div ye ken the scent o’ *rown-tree*?—that’s your sort, Nickie—just come within that *ring*, and you’ll lose your *post*.”

## A CONSIDERATE DOCTOR.

OLD druggist W—— of Glasgow, for many years carried on a lucrative business, and although not celebrated for just eminence in his profession, was visited by many people from the Highlands, who had the utmost confidence in his abilities. A poor woman from Lochaber once waited upon him with her child, affected with some one or other of the diseases of childhood, and as the old druggist “*came from the same place*,” she was morally certain that the best of his abilities would be called into operation for the relief of her child—the complaint, we believe, was hooping-cough. “You’ll take home the shild, my good woman,” said he, with a brogue strong enough to change cambric into tartan, “and put him into a black sheep’s skin, new tane from the peast—be sure he was black, no other will do—keep him there all night, and come back and tell me in the mornin’ how he’ll be.” Faithful to the druggist’s prescription, the black sheep’s skin was with difficulty obtained; but, alas! its efficacy had failed, and the poor child was literally smothered. With many woful lamentations, she waited next morning on the druggist, and the tale of misery was

recorded with painful minuteness. "Very well, my good woman, we can only use the *means* for recovery, and no more—go home and bury the shild, and *I'll charge you nothing for the cure.*"

#### LOGAN AND HIS SPECTACLES.

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

#### KEEP THINGS IN THEIR PROPER PLACES.

A gentleman in this city, who had not the most accomplished helpmate at the head of his domestic establishment, a circumstance which occasioned more family *broils* than were either useful or conducive to the comforts of the *family dinner*, detected one day, while regaling on a dish of hare-soup, part of a *comb* among the savoury ingredients. A storm was the natural consequence of such culpable neglect, which the good lady met by calmly asking how such things could be prevented. "Prevented!" cried the indignant husband, "by keeping things in their proper places, to be sure." "Well,

my dear," said the sweet-tempered creature, "where can there be a more *proper place for a comb than among hair?*"

## SOMETHING IN A NAME.

A young boy, son to one of our respectable city butchers, having entered the Latin class the other day, was, with a very excusable ambition, exhibiting to his mother his first class-book, with his name in Latin written in front of it by the very careful hand of the master. The good woman read "Gulielmus ———." "What is Elmus, Willie?" she asked, after a considerable pause. "It means William in Latin," returned young hopeful. "Oh yes," said the gratified mother, "*Elmus* is a very pretty name; but tell your master, as we have not made up our minds about bringing you up to your father's trade, he'll better say naething about *gullies* in the mean time."

## A SCOTTISH DRUNKARD REFORMED.

THE only instance I have ever known of a confirmed dram-drinker giving the practice up, was Mr. S——, an Aberdeenshire squire, who once drank to such an excess that he fell into a stupor, in which he continued for many hours without any visible signs of life, and was thought to be dead. He was stretched out accordingly; a carpenter being summoned to measure the body for a coffin, and the funeral cakes (called burying-bread) ordered. An old woman who watched by the corpse had fallen asleep, but was awakened by a noise resembling sneezing; she jumped up, and perceived the laird stirring his hands. Her fright and astonishment may be imagined; and sallying forth, she alarmed the whole family. The doctor

who had been sent for was still in the house, and found the dead man come to life. Restoratives were administered, and he was put into a warm bed, where he slept off the fumes of his debauch, without any knowledge of what had occurred. He was so horrified, however, on being told how nearly he had escaped being buried alive, that he made a resolution to drink no more. The doctor recommended a gradual abolition; and in six months, his daily dose was reduced from a quart to a wine-glassfull, to which quantity he limited himself for the rest of his life (fifteen or twenty years). His health was perfectly restored. Seven years after, he met the baker of the county-town who had sent him the funeral cakes. This fellow was a wag, and sort of licensed character. Addressing the squire (who had been formerly at the head of the corporation) by his old title, he said, "Provost, you have, I dare say, seen, in your time, many an unca thing; but saw you ever afore, an account of your burying bread, due seven years, and no paid for yet?" and, at the same time thrust the bill into his hand.

#### THE HIGHLANDER AND HIS DOCTOR.

DURING the short sojourn of Charles in Glasgow, one of the followers of the *bratach* of Lochiel, happened to be billeted in a house in the High-street, the inmates of which gained their livelihood by brewing what was then known by the name of Caldron ale. It chanced that a young girl, belonging to the family, was sorely distressed by a small excrescence that had arisen near the sight of the eye, and threatened to grow over it: the circumstance occasioned no little anxiety among her friends, which the Highlander observing, requested to look at the cause of

their alarm. After viewing it for some time in silence, he turned round to her father, and told him it must be *eat away*, and for that purpose recommended the immediate application, to the part, of one of those little insects which figured so conspicuously on the escutcheon of the far-famed Justice Shallow, or, in plainer language, one of those troublesome bedfellows whom ragged poverty is often destined to *scrape* acquaintance with. After many objections on the part of the girl, a trial of the Highlander's cure was agreed to; but a difficulty was started—where was the little operator to be found? All the onlookers blushingly declared their total ignorance of his *howfs*. “*Ouch!*” cried Donald, thrusting his hand into the well-stocked preserve of his armpit, “what poor people you must be! there are few of us Highland gentlemen that *travels without the doctor.*”

#### HIGHLAND NOTION OF TOOTH-BRUSHES.

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

#### A THRIVING COLONY.

A certain lodging-house was very much infested by vermin; a gentleman who slept there one night, told the landlady so in the morning, when she said, “La, sir! we

haven't a single bug in the house." "No, ma'am," said he, "they're all *married*, and have *large families* too."

## REPENTANCE.

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

## WANT OF OPPOSITION.

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

## POLICE ELOQUENCE.

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

## A RATIONAL OBJECTION.

At a meeting of a neighbouring curling society, not long since, called for the *despatch of business*, it was proposed, as one of the future rules of the club, that, on the occasion of a *bonspiel*, a smart fine be imposed on any member who should venture, being in sound health, to absent himself. At this proposition, a worthy member, one of the honourable fraternity of horticulturists rose, and gravely "begged leave to object to the last regulation." "For," said he, "though the maist o' ye are your ain masters, and can leave hame and wark when ye like, ye ken weel eneuch, that should it happen to be *saft weather* at the time, it'll be impossible for me to leave my garden."

## SCIENCE.

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

## SCOTCH BULL.

A certain society of Scottish gardeners have an annual procession, which takes place at the season when the most gaudy display of flowers can be made, so that, in fact, it is regulated by the propitious or adverse state of the weather. A few years ago, the committee met for the purpose of fixing the day for the festival; after considerable discussion, a very worthy man, named Grant, submitted the following resolution:—"That the members of this society do walk in procession, and afterwards dine together on the first *Tuesday* in August, unless it should happen on a *Sunday*."

## GAY AND RAMSAY.

WHILE in Edinburgh, Gay is said to have frequently visited Allan Ramsay, whose shop was then in the Luckenbooths—the flat above that long kept by Creech, where, for a long course of years, all the literati of Edinburgh assembled daily, like merchants at an exchange. Here Ramsay used to amuse Gay, by pointing out to him the chief public characters of the city, as they met in the forenoon at the Cross. Here, too, Gay read the "Gentle Shepherd," and studied the Scottish language, so that, upon his return to England, he was enabled to make Pope appreciate the beauties of that admirable pastoral. Gay is said, also, to have spent a deal of time with the sons of mirth and humour, in a twopenny alehouse opposite to Queensberry House, kept by one Janet Hall, who was more frequently called *Jenny Ha'*.



## BIRTH-PLACE OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

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

## ACROSTIC ON MISS STEPHENS.

THE following beautiful alliterative acrostic is but little known, and is perhaps the best of its kind on record:—

S-he sings so sweet, so soft, so soothing still,  
 T-hat to the tones ten thousand transports thrill;  
 E-lysian ecstasies enchant each ear;  
 P-leasure's pure pinions poise, prince, peasant, peer,  
 H-ushing high hymns—heaven hears her harmony;  
 E-arth's envy ends; enthrall'd each ear, each eye;  
 N-umbers need nine-fold nerve, nor nearly name,  
 S-oul-stirring Stephens' skill, sure seraphs sing the same!

## ANECDOTE OF THE MARQUIS OF ANNANDALE.

DURING the troubles in Scotland, occasioned by the intolerance of the infatuated Stuarts, and their insane counsellors, a spirit of insubordination manifested itself among the students in the University of Glasgow, who, placing themselves under the guidance of the young Marquis of Annandale, assumed a particular ribbon, in order to distinguish them from the Roman Catholics. The Marquis and a number of the most active of his party

were, in consequence, called before the Professors and the Archbishop. Annandale defended himself and his fellow-students with spirit and resolution; and calling the Archbishop merely *Sir*, he was reproved for his want of respect, by his regent, Mr. Nicholson. “William,” said he, “do you not understand whom you speak to? he is a greater person than yourself.” To which the spirited young patriot replied—“I know the king has been pleased to make him a spiritual lord, but I likewise know, that the piper of Arbroath’s son, and my father’s son, are not to be compared.”

AN OLD TALE IN A NEW DRESS.

Mrs. TREACLECHOPS lived up the first pair of stairs—

Mrs. Honeygab dwelt right above;

Though both of these ladies had given themselves airs,  
Still both spoke the language of love.

They mutually hated, and mutually strove

To be complaisant, smiling, and civil;

Though their tongues simper’d nothing but neighbourly  
love,

Yet their hearts wish’d their tongues at the d—l.

One morning a rap came to Honeygab’s door,

’Twas Treaclechops’ maid, all so kind,

To inquire for her throat, “Misses heard had been  
sore,”

And to ask for the loan of the *boyn*.\*

“My compliments pray give your Misses, my dear,

Say, we’ve given over lending the *boyn*;

\* Washing-tub.

But if she'll come up when our kitchen is clear,  
She may wash here as long's she's a mind."

A fortnight passed over, and Honeygab's maid  
One night had stayed out with the *fellows*,  
Till the fire grew so low, that Honeygab said  
She'd go down and get Treaclechops' bellows.

Mrs. Treaclechops heard, as politeness required,  
Mrs. Honeygab's tale to an end;  
Was sorry to say, that the thing she desired,  
They had lately agreed not to lend.

"Yet, dear neighbour, don't think that I mean to refuse  
To grant the request you desire;  
Though we don't lend it out, yet come down, if you  
choose,  
And you're welcome to *blow at our fire*."

#### MILITARY FUN.

AN officer, whose friends had effected an exchange for him from an infantry regiment to one of dragoons, found himself very soon, from his frivolous conduct and childish behaviour, not only the butt of the whole mess, but also a subject of remark among the subalterns of the *corps*. Feeling irksome at the treatment he experienced, he complained to the commander of the regiment, that his brother officers acted towards him, on every occasion, as if he were a child, and, in consequence, he did not find himself in his proper place. "Did you find yourself more at home in the regiment you left?" asked his superior. "I did, indeed," said the complainer. "That,"

rejoined the other, with a sneer, "is what we all think you would have done; as you seem, from your manners, less fitted for the ranks of the dragoons than for those of the *infant-ry*."

A SCOTTISH CÆSAR ATTEMPTING TO CROSS THE RUBICON.

A certain gentleman, who was extremely apprehensive lest his associates should consider him henpecked, once asked a party of them to his house, more for the purpose of showing that he was master at home, than from any great regard he had for the virtue of hospitality. Before, however, venturing on so ticklish an experiment, he thought it advisable to have a previous understanding with his better half—who, being one of those women who, though habitually irascible, are occasionally blessed with transient glimpses of good nature. An arrangement was gone into, by which the sceptre of authority was to pass, for one night, into the unpractised hands of the goodman of the house. His friends kept their time—the conviviality commenced, bowl after bowl was replenished, and "the night drave on wi' sangs and clatter," till the *smæ'* hours began to announce themselves. The company now proposed to move, but the landlord, proud of his newly acquired authority, would not hear of it; it was in vain he was told Mrs. — was gone to bed, and no *hot water* could be had. "If she was," quoth the northern Caius, "she must get up again, for he always had been, and ever would be, Julius Cæsar in his own house, and hot water and another bowl he was determined to have before one of them moved a foot." The company were about to accede to the determination of their kind host, when their ears were suddenly assailed by a voice from

the next room (*Calphurnia loquitur*), fretful and discordant as that of a pea-hen—"There's no anither drap shall be drank in this house the night; and as for you, *Julius Caesar*, if ye hae ony regard for your ain lugs, come awa' to your bed."

## THE PROPOSAL.

Miss M——, a young heiress of considerable personal attractions, chanced to be seated, at a dinner-party, next to a gentleman remarkable in the fashionable circles for the brilliancy of his wit, and who had long made one in the train of her admirers. The conversation turning on the uncertainty of life, "I mean to *insure* mine," said the young lady archly, "in the *Hope*." "In the hope of what?" said her admirer; "a *single* life is hardly worth insuring; I propose we should insure our lives together, and, if you have no objections, I should prefer the *Alliance*."

## A SALVO FOR HIGHLAND DIGNITY.

THE Rev. Mr. C——, a clergyman settled in a parish in the West Highlands, though otherwise a very worthy man, was deeply impressed with the importance attached to family dignity, happened one winter night to put up at a solitary inn in a sequestered part of the country, where the spare accommodation was limited to one room with a single bed in it. This might have done for himself, but his man Donald had also to be provided for. Had Donald been a gentleman, the difficulty could soon have been got over by the two sleeping together; but the minister's pride took the alarm at the idea of sleeping with his own "servant lad." The night, however,

was piercingly cold, and a struggle between pride and humanity took place in the breast of his reverence, which terminated in a proposal that Donald should sleep at his feet. Both stripped, and were soon under the bed-clothes. Donald, it seems, had his feelings of pride about him as well as his betters; and as soon as he heard by certain nasal indications, that the minister was snug in the arms of Morpheus, he took the liberty of changing his position to that which in Scotland is termed "heads and thraws." In the morning, the minister asked with an air of pomposity, "Well, Donald, how did you like to sleep at my feet?" "Oh, vera weel," said Donald with a sly twinkle of the eye; "but bow, if I may ask, did your reverence like to *sleep at mine*?"

#### UNPALATABLE FRUIT.

To what description of fruit may old maids be supposed to entertain the greatest antipathy? To *dates*.

#### A REASON FOR BEING CONSERVATIVE.

It was lately remarked at a dinner-party, as a circumstance not a little singular, that there were fewer radicals among the butchers than any profession whatever. "I see nothing singular in the matter," observed a punning gentleman present, "for there are few butchers but what may be said to have a stake (*steak*) in the country."

#### QUESTIONABLE HOSPITALITY.

"P—— keeps a good bottle, don't you think?"

"Yes, few know better how to *keep* their drink."

## A LEFT-HANDED COMPLIMENT.

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

## DUNNING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

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

\* Going to dig potatoes.

## A BUTE TOAST.

THE meetings of the Farmers' Society of the island of Bute, have long been noted for the display of good feeling, and that joyous spirit of conviviality which gives such a zest to our social intercourse. To promote this desirable state of things, the toast, the song, and the merry tale, were never found wanting, till the "roof and rafters" of M'Corkindale's well-frequented *howf* have actually dirled with the noise of the excitement.

On one occasion, the annual dinner of the society was appointed to take place in a large barn, five miles from Rothesay; and to this sojourn the worthy tillers of the ground made their way. The night was spent in the usual agreeable manner, till towards the close, when a few narrow-minded prejudices were beginning to peep out. Every thing of this sort, however, was quickly suppressed, by the *tact* of a sensible old farmer, who, after craving a bumper, thus expressed himself—"I'll give you, gentlemen,—Our friends in the neighbouring island of Great Britain; and may we never look upon them as strangers, but always remember, that if it had not been for the bit jaw o' water that comes through the *Kyles*, they would a' hae belonged to *Bute as weel as ourselves*."



LAIRD OF LOGAN.

PART SECOND.

CONTAINING

COMIC TALES & OTHER HUMOROUS PIECES

IN PROSE AND VERSE,

*ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.*



# THE LAIRD OF LOGAN.

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## PART SECOND.

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### BAILIE CUDDY, OR, THE WAY TO BE A WIT.

*A Civic Tale of the Old Time.*

ONCE Bailie Cuddy was unknown to fame,  
And plain John Cuddy was his humble name ;  
In those dull days he plied the joiner trade,  
Shivering in poverty's *sequester'd* shade,  
Till fortune's sun at last began to rise,  
Brought maggots from the dunghill to the skies:  
Cuddy took flight, but how—no one could say,  
Fluttering his *paper wings*\* in credit's way.  
Old cronies stared to see his three-cock'd hat,  
And chain of gold that graced his neck of fat;  
A few years back, they would have taken a bet,  
That *hemp*, instead of *gold*, had been its fate;  
For every little quirk he had at will,  
To bilk his shopmates o'er the social gill:  
Lank was his *frame*, and seem'd to one and all,  
A walking candidate for Surgeons' Hall;  
The fat of bullocks and of rams, had not,  
As yet, combined to swell him to a butt.

\* Accommodation Bills; or, as our Irish neighbours have it,  
*flying the kite*.

It chanced some thing of great consideration,  
Required the Council's deep deliberation;  
But in those days no councillor could think,  
Save when inspired with "dinner and a drink;"  
Then while our civics maunch'd the public food,  
Their thoughts flow'd sweetly for the public good.  
The Bull is order'd dinner to prepare,  
And Bailie Cuddy is to fill the chair!—  
Proud of the seat their kindness had bestow'd,  
The cheeks of Cuddy bright with rapture glow'd;  
High swell'd his breast with self-congratulation,  
Thus to have met the Council's approbation:  
But doubts arose, his budding joys to blight,  
How he should act on that momentous night,  
For toasts and sentiments, the Bailie knew,  
Would be expected, and he had but few,  
And what he had were very far from new.  
Yet much he wish'd, since he was in the chair,  
To give the Council something that was rare;  
Oft he essay'd to make a toast or pun,  
But soon he found it was not easy done,  
For though his head was hard as any *flint*,  
Still when he *struck* he found no *sparks* were in't:  
His *nob* was all a melancholy blank,  
For Cuddy's brains were in the Royal Bank;  
The wit that *diddled* when a *lawin*\* came,  
And that which made a pun, were not the same.

Here, by good luck, he recollected Speirs,  
A witty shopmate of his poorer years,  
And call'd to mind, how, in the days of yore,  
His jokes had set the workshop in a roar;

\* A tavern bill.

"Now," cries the Bailie, "I know what to do,  
I'll get this fellow just to make a few."  
Betty's despatched in haste to find the man,  
To whom the Bailie soon disclosed his plan:  
"If I do that," replies the man of pun,  
"Will you admit me just to see the fun?"  
"Ah! Archie, Archie! ill could you appear;  
Your manners, Archie, would not do, I fear!"  
"Manners!" cried Archie, reddening like a rose,  
"It is not manners, Sir, I want—but clo'es:  
Manners, indeed!—to sit with such as you!—  
My manners, Bailie, are as good as new;  
And hear the terms on which I'll do your *job*,  
You *fill* my *kyte*, and I will *fill* your *nob*;  
If you refuse this trifling recompense,  
I'll make our shopmates laugh at your expense."

The Bailie, puzzled, knew not what to do,  
For to his point the joiner *stuck* like *glue*;  
Cuddy couldn't brook to be a laughing-stock,  
For well he knew the keenness of his joke;  
And then again, he could not well digest  
Taking a "trades lad" to a Council feast.  
At last, he thought, a lucky scheme he'd hit,  
To save his dignity and cheat the wit:  
"Well, Mr. Speirs, since that is all you ask,  
I'll try to do't, though 'tis a hardish task;  
Come here to-morrow night, and bring with you  
As many *jokes* and *puns* as you can do;  
And as for clothes, 'bout them take ye no care,  
I'll find you some will fit you to a hair."

Archie retires, to set his brains to work,  
Enliven'd by the thoughts of knife and fork,

Soon fill'd a sheet of post to admiration,  
With toast, and pun, and witty observation.  
The Bailie, pleased, could scarcely well refrain,  
But told the joiner, o'er and o'er again,  
That as for clothes, before that he should lack,  
He'd let him have the suit was on his back :  
“ Thursday's the day on which we are to dine—  
Come here at four, and we shall make you fine.”

The tinkling music-bells were ringing four,  
When the sly punster reach'd the Bailie's door ;  
Hungry he was—the hour to him was new,  
For Archie always used to *feed* at two :  
Long did he knock, and that with mickle din,  
Before the tardy servant let him in.  
“ Come, Mr. Speirs,” the simpering Bailie said,  
“ We'll be owre late for dinner, I'm afraid:  
Here is a suit of *blacks*, I hope they'll fit?”—  
“ We'll try and make them do,” replies the wit.  
Quick from his foot he kick'd the dirty shoe,  
And o'er his own the Bailie's breeks he drew;  
Before they'd scarcely fit, and seem'd behind  
A big balloon forsaken by the wind:  
The Bailie saw't, and said “ he couldna bide it;”  
“ The coat will hide it, sir—the coat will hide it,”  
The joiner said, and on the waistcoat threw;  
The Bailie sigh'd, and said “ It will not do;  
And then your legs!” “ L—, sir, there's nought like  
plannin',”  
Archie replies, “ we'll make them thick wi' *flannen*.”  
When rigg'd, the joiner felt, from top to toe,  
Stiff as the champion at a Lord Mayor's show:  
The Bailie eyed him, as he stepp'd before,

And following peevishly towards the door,  
Afraid to give the wit a flat denial,  
But yet resolved to have another trial—  
“Losh man, what tails! they’re full a yard and more!”  
“I’m glad o’ that, for no one o’ our *core*  
Could ever sit on your *coat-tails* before:”  
“But, what a sleeve! Archie, as I’m a sinner,  
In sic a dress you can’t go to our dinner;  
Ilk sleeve wi’ ease could haud a bow o’ caff in’t!”  
“Then,” cried the joiner, “mair’s the room to  
*laugh in’t*;  
If you can make *my jokes* to answer you,  
I think, Sir Bailie, that the *clothes should do*.”  
While Mrs. Cuddy frown’d, to see the fellow  
*Cleck* with the Bailie, ’neath his silk umbrella.

Happy are they who impudence possess,  
No shame-faced scruples e’er can mar their bliss;  
While modest merit knows not what to do,  
A decent face of brass will bring them through.  
The Bailie saw he could not make it better,  
So put a gracious face upon the matter;  
Announced the joiner to them as a friend,  
Come from the country a few days to spend,  
Whom he had ta’en the freedom to bring wi’ him:  
They all declared that they “were glad to see him,”  
Though, of the civic *quid nuncs*, some were there  
Who thought they’d seen the face but couldn’t tell  
where!

Sharp as the lynx-sight must have been their eyes,  
If they had known him in his deep disguise:

Queer fish! the mother that him bare,

If she had been in presence there,

In his big breeks and gaucy air,  
She had not known her child.\*

I'll not describe the dinner, nor the wine,  
Both had been good, for all declared them "*fine*:"  
But ere the half of Archie's "*sheet*" was done,  
The Bailie 's thought a matchless man of fun;  
Each *flash* of wit proved fatal where it *broke*,  
And the laugh's loud *thunder* follow'd every joke;  
The Council laugh'd till they could laugh no more,  
And Archie laugh'd till Archie's sides were sore!  
The Bailie saw't, and much approved his plan,  
Thinking the joiner was a prudent man;  
And on the morrow was so very good,  
As give him credit for a lot of wood,  
And in return, all he was ask'd to do,  
Was, make the Bailie's jokes, and give the cue;  
For his late conduct pleased his patron so,  
That to a public dinner scarce he'd go,  
Unless he could get Archie cheek by jowl,  
With his horse-laugh to help him at the bowl;  
Till through the city, Fame had spread the rumour,  
That Cuddy was a man of wit and humour.  
His cronies all sat mousing for a joke,  
Watching for wit in every word he spoke;  
And being all so keenly on the scent,  
Oft found out jokes where ne'er a joke was meant.  
Archie was feasted, and might still been so,  
But cruel fortune aim'd the wit a blow;

\* Poor wretch! the mother that him bare,  
If she had been in presence there,  
In his wan face and sun-burn'd hair,  
She had not known her child.—*Vide Marmion.*



For *crouse* he grew, nor longer would permit  
The brainless Bailie thus to sport his wit:  
To him the maxim might be well applied,  
“Great wits to madness nearly are allied;”  
For nought but madness could suggest the scheme  
To *unbag the cat*, and blast the Bailie’s fame.

’Twas on a night, when strangers of renown  
Dined with the rulers of our ancient town:  
Archie got there, and Cuddy saw with fear  
His alter’d phiz, and eye’s mischievous leer;  
While from presentiment of coming woe,  
His friends observed his colour come and go.  
Where dwells the Job-like man who could engage  
Calmly to smile beneath the razor’s edge?  
Who’d clothe his smarting jaws in smiles and dimples,  
When a vile shaver fley’d his fiery pimples?

Thus smiles took flight, when Archie did begin  
To draw wit’s razor ’long the Bailie’s chin;  
But though the Bailie felt each *cutting* joke,  
Yet, strange, the Council seldom silence broke,  
Although each *flash*, they freely did allow,  
Had scathed the laurels on a civic brow.  
Cuddy, enraged at the tormenting wit,  
Soon left the party in a sulky fit;  
And, Haman-like, when punish’d from above,  
Went home and told his sorrows to his dove:—  
“Curse the ungrateful scamp,” the Bailie cries;  
“Curse the ungrateful scamp,” the dove replies;  
“The fellow, when I took him to my house,  
Was lean and hungry as a Highland louse—  
Louse! did I say? I have him ’tween my nails,  
And I shall *crack* the rascal since he rails!

If I'm alive, I will, to-morrow morning,  
Protest his bill, and get a charge o' horning,—  
I'll flay the villain—flay him, inch by inch,  
And send him to the jail or to his bench."

For *once* the man to keep his word thought fit:  
The hunted joiner was obliged to flit,  
And Bailie Cuddy lived a Council wit.

Ed.

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## OUTLINES OF SCOTTISH SOCIETY.

*(From the Note-Book of an Artist.)*

As I have only two reasons to assign for quitting the more fashionable circles of Edinburgh, and taking up my residence in the great commercial emporium of the west, I may just as well let my reader at once into my confidence, by communicating these two important matters; particularly, as they can be done in few words, and as this proof of my confidence may chance to beget a corresponding feeling in return. As the first of these reasons, however, is rather of a delicate nature, I trust the reader will consider it entirely *entre nous*; and I may also add, that I shall certainly feel very much hurt, should I ever chance to hear it from the mouth of a third party, as it may tend to injure me in my profession. In your ear, therefore, my very indulgent friend, let me whisper that my grand reason for quitting Edinburgh, was the great difficulty I had in getting paid for my labour. During my stay amid the splendid poverty of the "city of palaces," I had no reason to complain of want of employment; one kind friend introduced another, and all

felt very much inclined to encourage a young man, whom they flatteringly allowed to possess some talents in his art. It has often struck me, though I confess it was with a feeling of humiliation, that there exists many points of similarity between the profession of a portrait painter and that of a carver of chins. In the first place, we both may be said to belong to the *brush*, and both alike depend on the *countenance* of the public for our support, which, if withheld, we may *shut up shop* as soon as we please. In some respects, however, I must confess my rival has the advantage of me; though he works in *water colours*, yet he can lay on his *tints* with greater certainty of pleasing his customers than I can pretend to; he can also *touch off a face* at a single *sitting*, a thing which I have never been able to accomplish; and what is of much greater consequence, and gives him a decided superiority over almost every other “son of the brush,” he gets *his price* for his faces the moment they are out of his hands. Gentle reader, had I been treated by the aristocracy of Athens with a tithe of the consideration which they bestow upon their barber, I would not have been obliged to make my bow to the more considerate, though less fashionable community, of which I am now, I trust, not altogether an unworthy member. But these high-flying worthies conceiving, I suppose, that as I had made them sit for their *portraits*, it was but doing the *polite* to make me *sit* in my turn for the *payment*, which I have done in their cursed anti-rooms for many a blessed day, without being once honoured with a sight of their countenance; alas, reader! that countenance which I had fondly hoped would have enabled me to settle with my landlady, or my no less urgent

tailor, was now, without any fault on my part, save the trifling sin of importunity, most unhandsomely *withdrawn* from me. Yes, my indignant reader, the face on which I had bestowed so much pains, and whose lineaments I had laboured to trace with all the art I was master of, and which, while so engaged, would have turned towards me, at my bidding, with any expression upon it I chose to name, was now most ungratefully averted, and I received nothing but the cold *profile* when we chanced, by accident, to meet. How often have I said to such a patron, in the enthusiasm of my gratitude, when he promised to *sit*, that he had just the face for a painter! Fool that I was! I soon found that he had a *face for any thing*.

As my first reason, the reader will perceive, arises from the circumstance of debts due *to me*, of which I could get no settlement, my second is founded on the first, viz. debts due *by me*, which I was unable to discharge; and as the one reason was the natural consequence of the other, I thought it time to balance my affairs; so, finding that the amount due to me was *at least* equal to that due *by me*, I considered myself *free of the city*; but in order to save unnecessary trouble to all parties, I thought it advisable to make the *city free of me*, and accordingly took my departure, well furnished with letters of introduction—for my kind patrons, though unwilling to come down with the dust, were extremely ready, when they heard I was on the move, to give me recommendatory epistles to their friends. By this *condescension*, they were relieved from my importunity, and consoled themselves, no doubt, with the idea, that they had, at the same time, laid me under an obligation.

Perhaps no class of men derive so much advantage from letters of introduction as the fraternity to which I belong; and as these advantages may be gleaned more or less, in almost every grade of society except the lowest, it ought to be a matter of consideration with all dependents on the palette, to have their letters of as miscellaneous a character as possible. For myself, I was particularly attentive as to this matter; so much so, that I have been dining in Blythwood-Square on turtle, turkey poulte, and roast venison, with the accompaniment of hock or champagne; and the same evening, supping in a back land in the Trongate, with a frank laughter-loving, mottled-faced butcher and his jolly double-chinned helpmate, on minced collops, black puddings, and whisky toddy; and I will honestly admit, that I have found greater benefit in my profession from the vulgar, straight-forward, wish-to-be-friendly sort of conduct of the latter, who would often banter his neighbours and their wives into a *sitting*, than from my fashionable friend at the west end, who would too often consider that by having my feet under his mahogany for an afternoon, he had sufficiently *honoured* the *draft* which I held on his good offices. It must however be acknowledged, that a letter of introduction is, in the present age, generally considered to mean little more than a passport to the table of the person to whom it is addressed, at some one of the stated feeding hours of the day, and these hours are chiefly regulated by the circumstances, temper, and profession of the individual. For instance, if any of my readers have such a letter to a clergyman, or a person connected with missionary or temperance societies, I would advise him not to expect any thing more than an invitation to breakfast, and really

an invitation of this kind, particularly if it should be given in winter, must appear to every reflecting mind rather as an infliction than an act of courtesy; but as such an act the unfortunate *letter-carrier* is bound to receive it. If the letter happens to be addressed to a manufacturer, a merchant, a lawyer, or a substantial housekeeping bachelor, the hope of an *invite* to "pot luck" may be very rationally entertained. If, to a family-man, with more than one daughter, a card to tea is sure to be the result, when the bearer will find (provided he happens to be a single man) a whole circle of elegant, fascinating creatures, with their intelligent mammas, awaiting his arrival.

It was to a party of this kind that I made my first bow in Glasgow, and though I could not consider those present entitled to rank *first* in the list of *fashionables*, yet the affair, so far as unceasing loquacity among the ladies was concerned, went off with considerable *eclat*. The eldest daughter of our host presided at the tea-table, that is to say, she poured out the fragrant beverage, and kept a sharp look-out on the ladies and gentlemen to whom the various cups were appropriated. This is reckoned a most important duty, which no young lady with any pretensions to good breeding will ever neglect.

The formalities being gone through, and the kind, considerate mistress of the ceremonies having, in the usual set phrases of tea-table politeness, pressed the ladies and gentlemen to take out their spoons for "another cup, half-cup, or quarter," "the tea-things" were removed, and the buzz of suppressed conversation gradually spread round the room, and waxed louder and louder as the parties engaged found themselves getting more at their ease with each other. As to myself, I had

got into an argument with a *bas bleu*, on the singularity of the Edinburgh accent, which, she contended, was more decidedly vulgar than even that of Paisley: as for the people of Glasgow, she denied most strongly that they had any accent at all, but spoke the English language so plain and distinct, that no person, by hearing them, could tell with certainty what part of the Empire they came from. This was such a novel idea to me, that I could not help smiling at what I supposed to be intended for waggery, on the part of my fair opponent, who, seeing my incredulity, appealed to a gentleman near us, who, with all imaginable gravity, supported what she had advanced, and by way of clinching the argument in her favour, instanced the public cries of the two cities; those of Edinburgh, he said, were perfectly unintelligible to a stranger, while, on the contrary, the cries of Glasgow were plain and distinct to all; for example, said he, raising his voice to a triumphant pitch, in Edinburgh, you will hear them crying *pee-ree-eer-ee-o-rie!* now, said he, addressing himself to me, is there a person here, besides you and I, could tell what was intended to be sold by such sounds? “Pears and oranges,” cried a lovely blue-eyed romp, who, instantly, as if alarmed at hearing her own voice, drew back, giggling and blushing, and hid her face behind her elder sister, who gently chid her for being so forward. Nay, ladies, continued the champion of the *bas bleu*, it is not “pears and oranges” that are meant by *pee-ree-eer-ee-o-rie*, but neither more nor less, than good mealy potatoes! This was followed by a general titter, at the expense of the Athenians, from all the ladies within hearing, and *pee-ree-eer-ee-o-rie*, was trilled out in rotation, by the fair

mimics around me, till those at a distance caught the sound; and an explanation being called for and given, it was decided by all, that I was quite in the wrong—no real Glasgow person having any thing about his language, that could be considered as a peculiar accent. Finding myself opposed to so overwhelming a majority, I made an entry in my note-book of the fact, and determined, in future, not to trust my ears with the direction of my judgment on the subject. After this important matter was disposed of, an old lady proposed that the two daughters of our host should favour the company with a duet. I was rather surprised at the request, as one of the girls had a *bar*, and the other a *snivel*, and how these would harmonise, I was at a loss to know. I was, however, told that the ladies were “terrible fine singers,” and a number of the gentlemen, who appeared to be no strangers to the vocal powers of the fair ones, exerted their eloquence in urging them to commence. To these importunities, papa and mamma added their parental injunctions; “a slight cold,” “hoarseness,” “head-ache,” “inability,” were all severally pleaded, according to the usual form, but not being sustained by the company, after a good deal of ill-affected reluctance,

To please papa, and each young gentleman,  
The angels blew their noses and began.

As I had been so much at fault in the opinion I hazarded respecting the accent of Glasgow people, I will not venture a remark on this the first specimen I had heard of their singing.

The same old lady, who had been instrumental in bringing forward the talents of the ladies, to the notice and applause of the company, now proposed that “our



*Geordie*," as she called a tall awkward-looking figure, who sat with his hands *a-la-muff*, in the recesses of his trousers, should amuse the company with a piece of recitation. "Our *Geordie*," after a few excuses, lurched forward towards a vacant space in the room, and spreading forth a pair of hands like a brace of fire-shovels, commenced to give "Mary the Maid of the Inn." He floundered, however, in the second verse; and the old lady, who seemed to take a maternal charge of him, insisted on his giving, in place of it, "a bit" of a speech, which, it seems, he had prepared for delivery at the Andersonian *Soirée*. "Our *Geordie*" again addressed himself to enact the part of the orator; and the old lady turned to me and observed, that *Geordie* was "a perfyte genius—besides a great chemist." Silence being obtained, the "perfyte genius" thus commenced: "The discovery which I have the honour to lay before this learned and illustrious body, was made, as all great discoveries have been made, by accident. I happened, one morning, to be perambulating the banks of the Monkland canal, when I observed a singular circuitous motion in the water. I stopped to examine, and found it proceeded from a fish; I also discovered several other fishes performing the same rotatory motion, and it instantly struck me that a phenomenon so very curious, must arise from some bidden cause. I therefore, with much trouble, possessed myself of several of the rotatory fish, who, be it observed, were all performing the circular movements on the top of the water, and I hastened home in order to examine, more at leisure, the cause that had produced so wonderful an effect. On opening the fish, I found in every one of them a small transparent azure-coloured bag, of very

close and amazingly fine texture, which seemed to me to contain a gas, so amazingly powerful, as to have raised the fish from its natural station in the water, and kept it, evidently against its will, at the top. I was the more convinced of the truth of my discovery—for by putting some of the little bags which I had not punctured in a basin of water, I found them float on the top of the water, while the fish, from which I had taken them, instantly sunk to the bottom." Our orator was here interrupted by the old lady exclaiming, "Tuts man, Geordie, tat's the fish's bleather, the fish could na soom the length o' its *tæ* if it were na for that." A loud laugh followed the old lady's remark; and "our Geordie," after having recourse to his snuff-box and handkerchief, gave up his discovery, and retired in confusion to his seat.

The toddy-bowl was at length introduced, and our hospitable landlord assumed the wooden sceptre; the glasses circulated with effective rapidity, while toast, song, and recitation, came spontaneously forth from the different quarters of the room. In the intervals, between the display of melody and eloquence, the gossip of the ladies became amusingly loud, while the disjointed snatches of their conversation, as they fell upon the ear, produced an effect sufficiently absurd; it is scarcely possible to give even a faint idea of the confused tittle-tattle in which the *terms* "marriage," "silk gown," "nice man," "pink saucers," "new boa," "fine girl," "coral and bells," "splendid coffin," "dress cap," "Prussian bracelets," "pious woman," "box ticket," "muff and tippet," "steam-boat," "venison," "haberdashery," "Dr. Chalmers," "tooth powder," "baby-linen," "strawberry jam," "handsome sideboard," and a thou-

sand others, fell in ridiculous disorder on the ear. Tired with listening to the noisy fragments of a conversation which I could not understand, I drew towards a little *coterie* of intelligent matrons who seemed to have formed a conversational party in a recess where the annoyance was not so great; here I had the gossip of the evening more in detail, which was proceeding thus, as I came within earshot: "O, mem! speaking about butter, did ye hear what happened to me in the butter-market the ither day?" "No, mem, dear me what happened?" "I'll tell ye that, mem—it was just the other night I was thinking to mysel, and, thinks I to mysel, in these hard times, if I could get a bargain o' some butter, although it was a wee auld-tasted, or moatie, it might do weel enough for servants, as they might pick the moats out o't at night when they were na thrang; so I gaes awa' to the Bazaar next day, and I asked a woman if she had ony dirty butter for servants, and she answered, in a gay thiveless-like way; and I goes away to twa or three, asking if they had ony dirty butter for servants, and I was never dreaming o' ony tbing wrang, but when I looks roun', there's a great band o' idle-like hizzies wi' their baskets, and they a' began to abuse me; and I says to them, quo' I, ye idle-like women, quo' I, is that the way to speak to ane that might be your mistress? so I turns and comes awa, and the hale tot followed me down the Candleriggs crying, 'dirty butter, dirty butter,' after me. I declare I never was sae muckle affronted in the hail course o' my life." "Ah! Mrs. Petticraw, nae wonder ye was affronted—servants hae gane aff at the nail a'thegither now: I'll tell ye how I was served the ither day. Our gudeman's gay and fond o' a sheep's

head, ye see, mem, and I took yin o' the lassies wi' me to the market, to buy a sheep's head, and twa three odds and ends that I wanted, and when I came back, there's some ladies waiting for me in the parlour, and I gaes awa ben to gie the ladies a dram—ladies look for something o' that kind when they come into a house, ye ken, mem—weel, when the ladies gaed awa, I gaed ben to the kitchen, to see how the lass was comin on wi the head—weel, what do you think she's doin, mem? she has a skewer in her hand, and she's picking the een out o' the sheep's head—dear me, quo I, lassie, quo I, are ye picking the een out o' the beast's head? 'O,' quo she, 'mistress, I didna ken they were for eating.' 'Didna ken they were for eating!' quo I, 'the very best bit in a' the beast!' Now, Mrs. Petticraw, could ony livin flesh endure the like o' that?" Mrs. Petticraw was about to reply, when silence was called from the chair, and it was announced that Mr. Momus M'Phun was going to favour the company with an imitation of his "Granny." Mr. Momus was the wag of the company; for be it known unto thee, gentle reader, that no "real convivial" party is considered complete in Glasgow, unless there is a "wag," a "wild devil," or a "droll fish" in attendance. Mr. Momus M'Phun commenced his exhibition by dressing his hand with the assistance of his handkerchief and a burned cork, so as to appear as the face of a little old woman, and the resemblance, it must be confessed, was ludicrously like; he then proceeded to hold a colloquy with it. Mimicking with considerable effect, the toothless garrulity of age, his imitation called forth quite a tempest of applause; and when the uproarious mirth which he excited, had a little subsided, the glasses were

filled, and the host, after ringing a peel on the edge of the bowl, called upon the company to drink a bumper to Mr. Momus M'Phun and his Granny.

The door now opened and a servant entered, bearing a tray loaded with sandwiches, cold fowl, tongue, cheese, cake, and other little items of confectionery. With these she proceeded slowly round the room, which was now crowded to excess; and a little way behind her, came Mr. Momus M'Phun, in his character of wag, or clown of the evening, carrying a mustard-pot and spoon, with which he played off some excellent practical jokes, that told with great effect on the younger portion of the ladies. Behind him came "our Geordie," bearing a large goblet of porter, which he handed from lady to lady, receiving, occasionally, some rather left-handed compliments on his scientific discoveries.

The *feeding* being over, the bowl was resumed and the amusements of the evening proceeded, till one of the elderly matrons observed, it was "time the ladies should get on their things." The fair ones instantly took flight, and the gentlemen gathered round the bowl, and drank the health of the absentees with praiseworthy enthusiasm. After a reasonable absence, the ladies, at the urgent entreaties of our hostess, returned, and all the company having formed a circle round the bowl, joined in singing "Auld lang syne." "*Deuch an dorus*" was then handed round, after which, the ladies being committed to the charge of the different gentlemen, we were lighted down stairs. On reaching the street, a general shaking of hands took place; on exchanging this civility with Mrs. Petticraw, I received a very kind invitation to a party which she intends giving the ensuing week.

ED.

## TRAVELLERS' ROOM.

SMITH AND JENKINS.

*Scene.*—JENKINS *sitting smoking, with a pint of Port before him.*

[*Enter SMITH.*]

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

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

*Smith.*—Why! What's ado now?

*Jenkins.*—Ado! Why the devil's to do.

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

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

*Smith.*—You don't say so!

*Jenkins.*—But I do though.

*Smith.*—What! all of 'em?

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

*Smith.*—How could you be so stupid?

*Jenkins.*—I was as careful as I could be, and I'll tell you how it happened:—last journey, you know, was my first trip to Scotland, and I know'd nothing of the folks

in ——; but in going about, I saw three very well filled business-like shops in our line, and took a memorandum of 'em, and in passing along —— Street, as they call it, who should I meet but Jack Bounce, him, you know, as travels in the tray line. Well, I axed him if he know'd the names that I had marked. He said no, but he would take me to a canny Scotchman, a sort of a *bill-sweater*, who know'd every body. Well, off we goes together, and he introduces me to this 'ere canny Scotchman, as he called him, and told him I was a stranger come to do business in ——, and wanted to have his opinion of some of the people of the place; so I mentioned my men, and he told me the first was *dreek*, the second was *unco dreek*, and the third was *dreeker and dreeker*; now, I did not understand what he said, but Jack Bounce, who pretends to know all about Scotch, translated it for me when we came out, and gave me to understand, that the first was good, the second very good, and the third the best of the three; so, after giving Bounce a bottle of wine for his translation, I bundled off to "Dreek" with my pattern-cards, and pressed him hard for an order, which I got to the amount of eighty pounds. I then called on "Unco Dreek," and by pressing him very hard, I got him down for one hundred pounds. I then set off to "Dreeker and Dreeker," and by pressing him harder and harder, blow me, if I did not sell him two hundred pounds' worth of goods! Well, the goods are all sent off, and we draws upon 'em in our usual way, but just before I left home, all three bills came back. From "Dreek," we received a letter enclosing twenty pounds to account. "Unco Dreek" sent an apology; but as for "Dreeker and Dreeker," deuce take me, if he said a single word on the subject!

Now, I've been to an attorney, or writer as they call 'em here, to see if I can't make the gallows old Scotchman as gave us their characters, *cash up*; but do you know, when I told the case, he said Bounce's translation was all wrong, and that *dreech*, or *drieck* as he calls it, means a slow payer, that *unco drieck* is very slow, and "*driecker and driecker*" means, as we say in the South, worser and worser—now there's a pretty go!—three hundred and sixty pounds and a bottle of wine all gone to the pigs, for want of a good translator!

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

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

*Smith.*—Well, and how did you come on?

*Jenkins.*—I took his bill again for the balance.

*Smith.*—The devil you did!

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

*Smith.*—Well?



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

*Smith.*—I can't say, indeed.

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

*Smith.*—Which you was *sheepish* enough to do?

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

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

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

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

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

[*Exit Jenkins.*]

ED.

## A WET SUNDAY IN THE HIGHLANDS.

*(From the Note-Book of a Traveller.)*

"The rage and stormes ower welter and wally seils,  
Ryuris ran rede on spate with wattir broun,  
And burnis harlis all thare bankis down."

GAWINE DOUGLASS.

A wet Sunday, exclaims the cit, that is nothing new of late. True, my dear friend, but a wet Sunday among the mountains is quite a different affair to one of the same quality in town. No doubt you have your disagreeables—such as flooded streets, dripping eves, damsels scudding before the wind with inverted umbrellas, hat and wig hunting by elderly gentlemen not much addicted to the chase. In the Highlands, however, it assumes a wilder and more sublime appearance. The dark misty glen, whose rocky barriers, obscured by the vapours that sail along in endless array, gives the first intimation of the coming storm; while here and there the mountain-torrent bursts through the haze, and seems to the startled eye as if it dropped from some mighty reservoir in the clouds. The waves, driven by the howling blast, sweep along the bosom of the Loch, appearing in the distance like wreaths of snow weltering amid the dark and troubled abyss; while, on those precipices more exposed to the winds, the cataracts are driven upwards by the fury of the gale, till they seem to the distant eye like pillars of light trembling on the verge of their frightful steeps—the streams descending from the deeper and more sheltered ravines, swollen by the continued rain, spread over the

roads, and present to the ill-starred wight who happens to be abroad, one lengthening sheet of water, through which, if he should be a pedestrian, he must plash forward on his weary way.

'Twas late, on a Saturday night, such as above described, when the writer, wet and exhausted with buffeting the storm, reached the comfortable little inn at the head of Loch ———. Good viands, a rousing fire, with the luxury of a clean, dry, and refreshing bed, soon spread oblivion over the discomforts of the day. The morning, however, set in with even a more unpromising aspect than that which closed the preceding night. The storm was more violent, and the rain battered against the window with increased fury—the mist on the hills was dark, dense, and threatening, and the wind had gathered up the Loch, till its whitened ridges mingled with the cloudy masses of vapour which had been driven downwards from the mountains—not a sail was unfurled—every boat was drawn up on the beach—and the tempest, as if disappointed, raved over the face of nature, seeking for objects on which to wreak its vengeance. Such was the prospect without. Within, a cheerful fire, a clean hearth, a table replenished with all the delicate as well as substantial accompaniments of a Highland breakfast, allured the eye from the turmoil of the elements without, and, very pleasingly for the time, concentrated the ideas of enjoyment within the walls of the comfortable little apartment. But, alas! the pleasures of the table, like the rest of our joys, are fleeting as the thready current of the sand-glass—the lovely vision pleased, palled, and disappeared.

The thought of sitting all day, listening to the howling

of the winds, and the lashing of the rain, though agreeable enough at first, from the sense of security which a comfortable shelter afforded, made the monotonous confinement extremely irksome. My attention, however, was soon withdrawn from the state of the weather, by the appearance of a travelling cart making for the inn; from which, on reaching the door, descended a tall thin figure, buttoned up to the chin in a white great-coat, and swathed over mouth and nose with a plentiful assortment of various coloured handkerchiefs, which were still insufficient to protect him from the water that streamed from the battered and almost shapeless piece of felt which covered his head. After him, carrying a shabby-looking portmanteau, came his Highland gillie, or driver, in his little blue bonnet and pepper-and-salt great-coat, the tails of which were carefully tucked through the holes in the skirts to keep them from the mud.

Here is at least the chance of company, thought I, as I heard the double footsteps on the stair. I was disappointed, however; they turned away, and were disposed of in some other part of the house.

Left to my own meditations, I stood gazing through the dim and bedrizzled glass at the scene without, endeavouring, if possible, to discover the prospect of some other arrival—till the pleasing announcement that dinner was ready, sounded in my ears, accompanied by the no less welcome intimation, that the gentleman who had lately arrived would be happy to join me.

On his appearance, he gave his "How do you do?" in a tone of familiarity that smacked of acquaintanceship; and I quickly recognised the features of one I had frequently met on the road, and with whom I have occa-

sionally spent an agreeable evening. "Holy, Moses!" he exclaimed, before I had time to reply to his salutation, "what weather! I have never been so near drowning in my life—three stages since daybreak—part of the road the horse would have swam, if it had not been for the weight of the cart—three times I stopped to get myself dried, and every time I raised a smoke as if I had been burning kelp. After all, I came here with half a tun of water in the pockets of my great-coat, and I have left a perfect inundation in the room above; I hope it will not come down upon us before dinner." "I hope not, nor after it either," said I.

But before proceeding farther, I may give the reader what little information I possess respecting the individual thus brought under his notice. My tall friend, who, for good reasons, shall be nameless, is a native of the Emerald Isle, and, according to his own account, has seen every capital in Europe, and been in every clime from "Indus to the Pole." Engrossed in commercial pursuits, he has for a long time been a familiar and well known character in almost every town in Scotland. In his journeys, he is frequent and regular as the tides, that is to say, he always makes his appearance among the customers on the day announced in the circulars of the house he represents; and though sometimes peevish in his manner, and eccentric in his ideas, yet his convivial talents, his varied collection of amusing stories, and marvellous relations of hair-breadth escapes which he has experienced in his various journeyings, have rendered him so great a favourite among the friends of the house, that his arrival is looked forward to in every town as a sort of festival. It must however be allowed, that like most of the votaries

of Momus, his stories and personal adventures are told at a discount, something similar to that at which he sells certain descriptions of his goods, varying from 5 to 25 per cent. on his stories, while his adventures may be fairly entitled to an abatement equal to that made on Paisley thread, viz. 50, 60, 75, or what you please. But let it be mentioned to his credit, that in all relations where confidence is implied, integrity requisite, or the character of a gentleman concerned, the terms are *NET*. Possessed of a sound, discriminating mind, aided by the advantages of education, and improved by continual intercourse with the world, with all his petty humours, his predilection for throwing the hatchet, and his little unmeaning expletive of "Holy Moses," with which he interlards his conversation, he is a very decent, companionable sort of fellow.

To my inquiries after dinner, respecting his peregrinations, he gave me, among other little stories, the following, which, as it is in some degree illustrative of the Highland character, as well as of the class of anecdotes that form honest Pat's collection, I shall give it as nearly in his own words as possible, leaving the reader, however, to put in the expletive of "Holy Moses," where he feels disposed.

"You may think it a lie," said he, "but I have scarcely had any rest these six nights. Two nights ago, I was at Ardrisaig, where I expected to have slept like one of the seven; but just about daybreak, I was waked by a yell that might have raised the dead. Starting up, I made one jump from my bed into my trowsers, and hastened down to the kitchen, where I found a great yahoo of a Highlandman standing on the middle of the floor in a

state of nudity, with his hair erect, his teeth chattering, and every part of his body quivering and shaking as if he had got the ague. I snatched up a petticoat that lay on a chair (Highlanders of his grade seldom sleep in their shirts), threw it over his head, and inquired the cause of his alarm. By this time the kitchen was crowded, and all the answer we could get, was something which he mumbled in Gaelic, with the look and tone of a maniac, that served rather to puzzle than explain the affair. After a good deal of investigation, however, the mystery was unravelled. The poor fellow, it seems, had come from the braes of Lochaber for the purpose of emigrating to Canada, and being tired had gone to bed at an early hour. It happened that a merchant who was proceeding to Oban, or some other town in that direction, with a general assortment of goods in order to open shop, had arrived by one of the Inverary boats, and being obliged to wait for a northern conveyance, he had his goods taken to the inn. Among the various articles which composed the miscellaneous collection, was a carved head of a Blackamoor, which he intended to put over his door as a sign, to attract the snuff and tobacco fanciers of his neighbourhood. It chanced, either by accident or design, that the ominous head was taken to the bedroom of the poor emigrant, and placed on the top of a chest of drawers where Blacky had a full view of the unconscious sleeper. In the dusk of the morning, when every object assumes a dubious appearance, the eyes of the shirtless Celt, who had never beheld a sable complexion before, were fixed in horror on the awful apparition; and he gazed in silent agony on what he very reasonably believed to be the grand enemy

of his soul. At last, raising himself on his hands and knees, and keeping his eyes immoveably fixed on the object of his terror, he crawled, *crab-like*, over the opposite side of the bed, and continued his judicious method of retreat, till his hand came in contact with a heavy poker; this he grasped as a drowning man would a straw, and making a rush at the foe, he, in the desperate energy which his fear inspired, let fall a blow which sent the demon in splinters about the room. Without waiting to renew the conflict, he sprung screaming from the room down stairs to the kitchen, at a hop-skip-and-leap pace, clearing a distance that would have gained him the prize at any of the Strathfillan games. His mumbling became intelligible, and his exclamation, '*Mharbh mi an Diabhol!*' (I have killed the Devil!) was perfectly understood, and excited roars of laughter from the bystanders. How the merchant and he settled about the damage, I did not wait to inquire; but I thought to myself, what consternation would have taken place among the clergy, if Donald had turned out a man of his word—they would no doubt have dreaded that 'Othello's occupation' being gone, they must expect to be placed on the *peace establishment*."

ED.

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### THE LAIRD OF DRIBBLEDRIECH AND THE BLUE MONKEY.

THE Laird of Dribbledriech affords a pretty fair specimen of a certain class of landed proprietors in the West of Scotland; though not *over-refined* in his manners, yet his goodness of heart and the respectability of his connections, ensure him a pretty general reception in what is



considered genteel society. It is common for those who wish to excuse or extenuate the peccadilloes of their favourites, to say, that "every man has his fault." Though our Laird moves in a circle of as indulgent good-natured friends as any of the poor erring sons of Adam need be blessed with, yet they are frequently compelled to admit, that in his case the remark will not literally hold good, as he is well known to carry at least two faults or blots on his moral escutcheon, and these are of such a nature that it is much to be feared the "recording angel," even were she inclined, would require to hold the "onion to her eye," before she could muster sufficient moisture to obliterate the record. The faults referred to may be briefly described. The one is a leach-like propensity towards the bottle, to which he will stick with the most persevering assiduity from the drawing of the cloth till the crowing of the cock, when our Laird is generally found in that state which, in the language of the excise, is termed "full to the bung;" being then *heavy*, as may naturally be supposed, he relaxes his efforts, and like the little blood-sucker alluded to, when similarly saturated, quits his hold, and *rolls over*. The other fault, is an inveterate habit, while in the company of ladies, of giving utterance to innuendoes and other little freedoms of speech, more calculated to raise the blush than the smile, on the faces of those of the fair sex who may chance to be within earshot. On one occasion, being invited to dine with the Laird of Lownhowf, Dribbledrieck thought proper to indulge his predilections to the utmost, and was ultimately successful in driving the ladies from the room. The carousal continued till the "witching time o' night," when Lownhowf,

"A fine, fat, fodgey wight,"

assisted him to zig-zag his way through the mazes of the old-fashioned fabric to his bedroom, where, left to himself, he managed to uncase, and having clapped his red worsted extinguisher on his head, he "dowsed the glim," and proceeded to bed.

It is said there is much between the "cup and the lip," it may also be said, there is much between the pillow and the snooze. This night, one of those bottle-imps vulgarly called blue devils, took it into his head to pay his first visit to his Lairdship. Far amid the darkness (for the moonlight had been carefully excluded) appeared a flickering blue light, which, to the terrified imagination of the Laird, gradually arranged itself into the form of a monkey, so small at first that it might with ease have danced the "tippler's reel" inside the tumbler that had lately been drained. Increasing in size as it advanced, the straining eyes of the poor Laird beheld with horror the frightful blue monster, now as large as a baboon, perch upon the foot of his bed, where it commenced skipping from side to side with as much quickness and regularity of motion, as if impelled from behind by the practised hand of a Paisley shuttle-driver. After performing its gambols for some time, it ceased, and the features ugly enough before, began slowly to exhibit, *a la kaleidoscope*, all the horrific variety of the *family* gallery of pandemonium. The distracted Laird now bolted up on his centre joint, like a Dutch toy, and found himself *nez a nez* to the horrible apparition, which laying his ugly *mug* to his ear, breathed into it the following appalling intimation: "Your double entendres, your innuendoes, and your female-offending indelicacies, are all put down against you in my *uncle's night-book*; and your sentence is this—

your amiable and too indulgent rib is to be taken from your side—you are also to be driven from the society of ladies, and in future to have no company o' nights but *uncle* and I, till you make sufficient atonement for your past offences." The poor culprit instantly fell back like a log to his former position, and the blue fiend again amused himself with a few shuttle skips across the bed, and emitting a hissing sound, disappeared like a streamer amid the darkness of the room.

The bewildered Laird being now left to himself, recovered his recollection so far as to stretch forth his hands on all sides to feel for his help-mate. Finding her place vacant, he jumped out of bed in great terror, and groped about the room for the fair absentee. After a fruitless search, and a few rude repulses from bedposts, chairs, and other articles of furniture, in a fit of consternation and despair, he commenced drumming with hands and feet against a nailed-up door which had formerly been an entry to an adjoining bedroom, and bawled out the name of the lost one, in a strain equally plaintive, though rather more audible than the wailing of the turtle. The noise alarmed one of the ladies of the "Place," who happened to occupy the room in question, and who, thinking the disturbance was occasioned by housebreakers, hastily rose and threw open the shutters, when our forlorn "*Cœlets* in search of a wife," seeing the light through a chink, he applied his ogler to the aperture, and under the influence of an already overheated imagination, beheld with dismay, the tall, thin, white figure of the lady standing in a flood of moonlight. One peep was enough, the horror-struck Laird sprung in terror to the opposite side of the room, where he came in contact

with the real door, and again began to hammer and to howl. The old house of Lownhowf was now one scene of confusion; landlord, guests, men and maids, cook and scullion, were hurrying with lights from one place to another, while along the passages, the ladies in their interesting night-dresses might be seen popping out and popping in to their bedrooms, anxious to learn what all the hurly-burly was about.

'Twas the landlord himself that opened the bedroom door of his panic-struck guest, whom he found in a fearful state of trepidation, the perspiration breaking from every pore of his body—his hair like a *heckle*—his eyes strained to the size of oyster-shells, and his face distorted almost beyond the power of recognition. “Where am I?” and “Where is Mrs. ———?” roared the terrified disturber of the peace, as soon as the light flashed upon him. “You are,” said his host, with a gravity becoming the occasion, “in the mansion-house of Lownhowf, and this is called the minister’s room.” It was not enough: “Where am I?” and “Where is Mrs. ———?” he continued to exclaim, beating the floor violently with his hoofs. “I have told you where *you* are,” replied the other, rather pettishly; “as you did not bring Mrs. ——— here, you can best answer the latter question yourself.” “Oh! I see it all,” cried the troublesome guest, his fears beginning to abate as the well-known faces of his evening associates presented themselves. “G— bless you,” he cried, wringing the hand of his host, “you’ve relieved my mind from a fearful state of anxiety. I know I’ve been much to blame; but make my peace with the ladies, and say, I will sooner bite off my tongue, than say a word again to offend them. Good night, good night, I’ll to bed in peace now.”

Round the breakfast-table, the ladies and a number of the gentlemen were collected, and discussing the alarm of the preceding night, when the landlord entered, leading the crest-fallen repentant by the hand. The tribunal before which he had to plead his cause was a tender-hearted one—the lady he had taken for a ghost became his intercessor, and even endeavoured to throw a little oil over his “sea of troubles,” by trying to convince him and the company, that the frightful visitation was only a fit of the nightmare, occasioned by his lying alone. The scene, however, was too deeply impressed to be so easily effaced; and the late rough-tongued Laird of Dribbledrieck has now become, in the presence of ladies, as “mim as a May puddock,” having the salutary dread of a visit from the blue monkey and his mysterious uncle, constantly before his eyes.

If any of our readers should take it into their heads to imagine, that the incidents we have related in the foregoing little domestic anecdote, have reference to circumstances connected with any individual domiciled within the circumference of *at least* one hundred miles of the good town of Kilmarnock, we respectfully take the liberty to assure him he is in error. Nevertheless, if within the extensive circuit we have mentioned, there should happen to be some solitary *waif*, bearing one or both of the *spots* which disfigure the moral escutcheon of the Laird of Dribbledrieck, and he conceives the application of the fact to himself would produce the same beneficial effect which they did on the Laird, far be it from us to prevent his partaking of the salutary medicine. If in the attempt, however, he should find the draught unpalatable, we hope, after this intimation, he will be more of a gentleman than turn and make any of his wry mouths at us.      ED.

## A STORY OF THE ROAD.

A year or two ago, there came to the Lion, at —, a pleasant-looking, bustling, great-coated, commercial-traveller sort of personage:—"Well, landlord, what have you got—rump steaks, eh? oyster sauce, eh? bottle of sherry, good, eh? send 'em up." Dinner was served, the wine despatched, and a glass of brandy and water comfortably settled the dinner.

"Waiter," said the traveller, coolly and dispassionately wiping his mouth with a napkin, "Walter, I am awkwardly situated."

"Sir!" said the waiter, "expecting a love-letter?"

"I cannot pay you."

"Sorry for that, sir; I must call master." (*Enter landlord.*)

"My good sir, you see this is *rather* awkward—good dinner! capital dinner! famous wine! glorious grog!—but no cash."

The landlord looked black.

"No difference to you, *of course?*—pleasant house here—plenty of business—happy to take your order—long credit—good bills."

"There is my bill, sir—prompt payment—I pay as I go."

"Ah, but I must go without paying. Let us see—bill 17s. 6d.—let us have a pint of sherry together—make it up a pound—that will square it."

"Sir, I say you are a swindler, sir!—I will have my money."

"Sir, I tell you I will call and pay you in three weeks

from this time exactly, for I shall have to pass this road again."

"None of that, sir—it won't do with me—pay my money, or I'll kick you out."

The stranger remonstrated—the landlord kicked him out.

"You will repent this," said the stranger.

The landlord *did* repent it. Three weeks after that day, punctual to his word, the stranger re-entered the Lion inn—the landlord looked very foolish—the stranger smiled, and held out his hand—"I've come to pay you my score, as I promised."

The landlord made a thousand apologies for his rudeness—"so many swindlers about, there's no knowing who to trust." Hoped the gentleman would pardon him. "Never mind, landlord; but come, let's have some dinner together—let us be friends. What have you got, eh? a couple of boiled fowls, eh?—nice little ham of your own curing? good!—greens from your own garden? famous! bottle of sherry and two bottles of port. Waiter, this is excellent."

Dinner passed over—the landlord hobbled and nobbed with the stranger—they passed a pleasant afternoon. The landlord retired to attend his vocations—the stranger finished his "comforter" of brandy and water, and again addressed the waiter—

"Waiter, what is to pay?"

"Two pounds ten shillings and threepence, sir, including the former account."

"And half-a-crown for yourself"—

"Make two pounds twelve shillings and ninepence, sir," replied the waiter, rubbing his hands.

“ Say two pounds thirteen shillings!” said the stranger with a benevolent smile, and “ call in your master.”

(*Enter landlord, smiling and hospitable*)—“ Sorry you are going so soon, sir.”

The stranger merely said, with a fierce look, “ I owed you seventeen and sixpence three weeks ago, and you kicked me out of your house for it.”

The landlord began to apologise.

“ No words, sir; I owed you seventeen and sixpence, and you kicked me out of your house for it. I told you, you would be sorry for it. I now owe you two pounds thirteen shillings, and (*quietly turning his coat-tails from his seat of honour*) *you must pay yourself in a check on the same bank—for I have no money yet!*”

ANON.

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## THE DISADVANTAGES OF HAVING A TOO INDULGENT WIFE.

Or all the amiable varieties of the human character, none, perhaps, have called forth so many eulogists as that of the “ woman devoted to her husband;” in her is said to centre all that is sweet, praiseworthy, and desirable in her sex. This enthusiasm, however, we suspect, may often arise as much from the selfish feelings of interested man, as from any innate love he possesses of what is virtuous and noble in the female mind. We have also thought, at times, that the devotion, or rather the indulgence of a wife, may, on some occasions, be carried too far; or, we would rather say, to a troublesome extent. Our experience, however, in these matters, is not great: in recording, therefore, the following little



anecdote, the reader is not to suppose that we thereby mean to establish any favourite opinion we may have on the subject.

The Reverend Mungo M'Gelp, a tall, thin, lank-jawed incumbent of a landward parish in the north of Scotland, happened to be wedded to a lady, who, in spite of his ungainly appearance, entertained for him the most unbounded attachment. Her stature was short, her figure dumpy and round to excess; but though in some respects they were an amusing contrast to each other, yet, in other matters, they were not dissimilar. While his Reverence, for instance, when in dudgeon (which was nothing uncommon), sat hanging his head like a bulrush, she instantly became infected with the same complaint, and her chin drooped in sullen dignity on her bosom; but though these pettish humours sometimes prevailed, as they will do in every family, the lady still kept close by the skirts of her "dear Mungo," waiting till the matrimonial horizon would clear up; and as on these occasions they invariably sat *back-to-back*, they exhibited, in their wrathful moments, no bad representation of the diphthong æ, for albeit they were joined together, each looked their own way, and though inwardly fretting, their union, even in their *sulks*, appeared equally lasting as that of the two unfortunate vowels above, who, by the by, may be said to be among the few of the children of the alphabet who have ventured upon matrimony, or what in their case may be called the indissoluble *connection*. It is not however, our intention to indulge a smile at the expense of these inanimate diphthongs, in case some of the more important of the *animated diphthongs* among our readers, should take it

amiss. Suffice it to say, that in *fair weather* Mrs. M'Gelp, in her attempts to anticipate the wishes of her "Mungo," as she usually called her Reverend help-mate, often subjected him to the ridicule of the *cloth*; and it not unfrequently happened that little stories of her extreme care and indulgence afforded subjects of merriment at the dinners of the Presbytery. The following circumstance is at present the standing joke among the black coats. In the neighbourhood of the manse, there happened to be situated the game-preserve of one of the heritors of the parish, and from which the feathered stragglers would sometimes find their way to the garden of the manse; on these occasions, his Reverence, who in his youth had been considered a good shot, felt a strong inclination to indulge his early propensity: the fear, however, of detection, and the idea of being reckoned a poacher, for a long time deterred him from drawing a trigger. The birds grown bold by impunity, repeated their visits so often, that the fears of his Reverence at last gave way to the temptation, and he ventured stealthily out with his gun, to have a sly shot at the intruders, who were generally pheasants, and in high plumage; they were, however, always too alert and strong on the wing, to allow him to come within reach. Mrs. M'Gelp saw with her usual anxiety, the repeated attempts and the tantalizing disappointments of her "dear Mungo," and she determined, if possible, to aid him in obtaining what he seemed so much to have set his heart upon. It was in vain, however, that handfuls of her finest barley were strewed as an inducement to make the birds sit; they partook of the bribe, but always retired in time from the approaching danger. The lady persevered (for what will

a lady not do for the *Mungo* of her affections?) and her perseverance was at last crowned with success. One Saturday morning, her Reverend help-mate saw from the window of his dressing-room, a bird of the richest plumage, in one of the finest positions that any sportsman could possibly have wished. The moments were precious, his Reverence started to his feet, and in his gown and slippers, with his face half-covered with soap suds, stole forth to try his fortune once more. He approached crouching almost to the ground, eyeing with intense anxiety the object before him; the bird however stood calm and steady as a mile-stone,—Mungo drew nearer and nearer—still calm and steady as a mile-stone stood the bird—his trembling hand now rested on the trigger, his heart fluttered, but there was no *fluttering* about the bird; 'tis a bold bird, thought Mungo to himself, and off went the piece. The smoke soon cleared away, and his Reverence saw with pleasure, mingled with apprehension, his beautiful quarry stretched lifeless on the ground; he hastily huddled it under his dressing-gown, and hurried home with his prize. Mrs. M'Gelp, happy in having at last gratified her husband with a shot, met him with smiles at the door: Mungo, however, was in no smiling humour. In a state of alarming trepidation, he exclaimed, "For the love of all that's good, let not this morning's work be known, or my character and usefulness as a minister is gone! I've shot a bird, and for gudeness-sake hide it, for I've no license." "Nae license, and you a minister!" said Mrs. M'Gelp. "I've no license to shoot game, foolish woman," cried the minister impatiently, "so hide the bird instantly." "Hide the bird!" exclaimed the lady, getting petted in her turn,

“I’ll do nae sic thing—foolish woman, indeed! is that a’ a poor wife gets, for trying to gratify the whims o’ a thankless gudeman?—hide the bird, my certie! ye needna care wha kens about the bird; ye had a gude right to shoot the bird, for it’s *your ain cock pheasant* that has stood on *your ain side-board for these eighteen months past.*”

ED.

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### THE GUDAMAN’S PROPHECY.

THE win’ blew loud on our lum-head,  
 About auld Hallowe’en;  
 Quo’ our gudewife to our gudeman,  
 “What may this tempest mean?”

The gudeman shook his head, an’ sich’d,  
 Quo’ he, “’Tween you and me,  
 I fear we’ll hae some bluidy wark,  
 And that ye’ll live to see.

“For just before the Shirra Muir,  
 We had sic thuds o’ win’,  
 An’ mony a bonny buik lay cauld,  
 Before that year was dune.”

“Hoot, toot! gudeman, ye’re haverin’ noo,  
 An’ talkin’ like a fule,  
 Ye ken we’ve aye sic thuds o’ win’,  
 ’Bout Candlemas or Yule.”

“I’ll no be ca’d a fule,” quo’ he,  
 “By ony worthless she,  
 My bodin it shall stan’ the test,  
 An’ that belyve ye’ll see.”

“ To ca’ your wife a worthless she,  
Shows just ye’re scant o’ wit;  
But if ye’ll speak that word again,  
I’ll brain you whar ye sit.”

Now up gat he, and up gat she,  
An’ till’t fell teeth an’ nail,  
While frae the haffets o’ them baith,  
The bluid cam down like hail.

Our Gutchie now spak frae the nuik,  
A sairie man was he,  
“ Sit down, sit down, ye senseless fouk,  
An’ let sic tuilzeing be.

“ An’ gudewife learn an’ no despise  
The word o’ prophecy,  
For ‘*bluidy wark*’ this nicht has been,  
And that ye’ve lived to see.

“ I could hae seen wi’ hauf an e’e,  
The prophecy was sure,  
For sickie words ’tween married fouks,  
Bring on a ‘*Shirra Muir*.’ ”

An’ now I hope ilk wedded pair,  
A moral here may fin’,  
An’ mind though tempests rage without,  
A *calm sough* keep within.

Ed.

## A TALE FOR THE MALTHUSIANS.

A FRENCH gentleman, residing in 1819 in Suffolk-Street, London, then a popular sojourn for Scotchmen and foreigners, had a wife who was on the tip-toe of expectation as to her confinement. Symptoms appeared—so did the *accoucheur*; and Monsieur Quelquechose (or whatever his name might be) adjourned to the Orange Coffee-house, at the corner of the Haymarket, (where Mr. Matthews, the modern Aristophanes, discovered the very “gentil-man, whose hair came a leetel through his hat,”) and nervously anxious about the welfare of his better-half, yet unable to remain in his anxiety at home, directed the maid-servant to come the instant that Madame Quelquechose was out of her trouble, and tell him.

Quelquechose sat himself down in the Coffee-house, and ordered a glass of brandy and water—he reclined in a box, sipped his beverage, and thought of his wife. At about half-past nine he heard a sort of scuffle in the passage—in came the maid, and regardless of forms or macaroni (there famous), ran up to the place where her master was seated.

“Well,” said Monsieur, “is him over?”

“Yes, sir,” said Sally, “my Missus has got as fine a boy as ever you clapped your two eyes upon.”

“Bravo!” said Monsieur, “dere is half-a-crown for the news—ron away vith you back. Waiter, bring me a pint of claret—I shall drink to my wife’s good healt’a.”

He *was* pleased—he *did* drink almost all his pint of wine; but before he could get to the end of it, he heard another scuffle in the passage—bang went the door—in came the maid—

"What is de matter?" exclaimed Quelquechose, "Amelie, Josephine, Seraphine, my beloved Adele ill?"

"Ill!" cried the girl—"La! no, sir, Missus has got a fine girl, besides the little boy."

"Wat!" exclaims Quelquechose—"Tvins!—Bravo—happy Divil me—hey?—here Sally—here is five shillin' for you—good girl, ron away to your dear mis'ress—my love—you know—and all dat. Waiter—a bottle of champagne—voila, mon cher—Tvins!—ha! ha! ha!

*'Malbrouk, se vat en guerre.'*

—Oh! how happy I am."

The maid went, the *moussu* came, and with it some biscuit "hot like de Divil"—Quelquechose enjoyed it,—when, scarcely had he finished three glasses—coronella looking things, with long legs and small waists—he heard another scuffle, and again in rushed the maid.

"Sir," said she, without waiting to be questioned, "my Missus has got a third baby—a beautiful little girl!"—and this she said, expecting at least a guinea.

"Wat you say?" exclaimed Quelquechose "anoder! Oh, migod!—dis shall not do—all dis is too much. I must go home and put a stop to dis!"

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## THE HAUNCH OF VENISON.

AT Number One dwelt Captain Drew,  
 George Benson dwelt at Number Two—  
 The street we'll not now mention;  
 The latter stunn'd the King's Bench bar,  
 The former, being lamed in war,  
 Sung small upon a pension.

Tom Blewit knew them both—than he  
None deeper in the mystery  
Of culinary knowledge;  
From turtle soup to Stilton cheese,  
Apt student, taking his degrees  
In Mrs. Randell's college.

Benson to dine invited Tom:  
Proud of an invitation from  
A host who "spread" so nicely,  
Tom answer'd, ere the ink was dry,  
"Extremely happy—come on Fri-  
Day next, at six precisely."

Blewit, with expectation fraught,  
Drove up at six, each savoury thought  
Ideal turbot rich in:  
But, ere he reach'd the winning-post,  
He saw a Haunch of Ven'son roast  
Down in the next door kitchen.

"Hey! zounds! what's this? a haunch at Drew's?  
I must drop in—I can't refuse—  
To pass were downright treason:  
To cut Ned Benson's, not quite staunch;  
But the provocative—a haunch!  
Zounds! it's the first this season!

"Ven'son, thou'rt mine! I'll talk no more"—  
Then, rapping thrice at Benson's door,  
"John, I'm in such a hurry!  
Do tell your master that my aunt  
Is paralytic, quite aslant,  
I must be off for Surrey."



Now Tom at next door makes a din—

“Is Captain Drew at home?”—“Walk in”—

“Drew, how d’ye do?”—“What! Blewit!”

“Yes, I—you’ve ask’d me, many a day,

To drop in, in a quiet way,

So now I’m come to do it.”

“I’m very glad you have,” said Drew,

“I’ve nothing but an Irish stew—”

Quoth Tom (aside) “No matter,

’Twon’t do—my stomach’s up to that,

’Twill lie by, till the lucid fat

Comes quiv’ring on the platter.”

“You see your dinner, Tom,” Drew cried;

“No, but I don’t though,” Tom replied:

“I smok’d below—” “What?” “Ven’son,

A haunch”—“Oh! true, it is not mine;

My neighbour has some friends to dine—”

“Your neighbour! who?” “George Benson.

“His chimney smoked; the scene to change,

I let him have my kitchen range

While his was newly polish’d:

The Ven’son you observed below,

Went home just half an hour ago:

I guess it’s now demolish’d.

“Tom, why that look of doubtful dread?

Come, help yourself to salt and bread,

Don’t sit with hands and knees up;

But dine, for once, off Irish stew,

And read the ‘Dog and Shadow’ through,

When next you open *Æsop*.”

ANON.

HINTS FOR ESTABLISHING AN ACADEMY  
FOR GASTRONOMICAL DISSECTION.

Heaven sends meat and the Devil sends carvers.

*New version of an old Proverb.*

It is no uncommon thing for those who imagine they can point out a desideratum in the state of society, to commence by bringing under the review of their readers, a long list of existing advantages. In accordance with this very old practice of theoretical projectors, we could very easily, did our limits permit, enumerate the many useful establishments at present in operation among us, not only for the necessary parts of education, but also for those which are considered ornamental. Without alluding to the various acquirements that are thought requisite, towards forming the education of such as are intended for the mere drudgery of the counting-house, we may safely affirm, without the fear of contradiction, that Scotland affords as many opportunities of attaining a proficiency in those arts and accomplishments, which are generally considered essential towards forming that most imposing of all characters, the finished gentleman, as any other part of his Majesty's dominions; when we say this, we must be understood to mean, those requisites the knowledge of which a *pecuniary* consideration can command. Yet, amid this plenitude of the means and opportunities of information, it must be confessed, that in the duties of the table, particularly where carving is required, our countrymen to the North of the Tweed, are greatly inferior to their neighbours on the South of

that well-known boundary. This deficiency, in what may be reckoned an every-day matter of life, can be accounted for in two very different ways: in the first place, the Scots are an *intellectual* not a *sensual* people, and, in consequence, the affairs of the table form but an object of secondary consideration among them. In the next place—and which, we believe, contains the real secret of the matter—Scotsmen in general, except those in the higher ranks of life, are brought up with so much attention to economy at home, that in early life they have very few opportunities for domestic practice, and without this practice, or that which they could procure by an early initiation to the Traveller's Room, which may be viewed as the grand school of gastronomical dissection, they have little chance of acquiring even a common-place acquaintance with the art. So much is this the case, that it is no uncommon thing to see a young man, otherwise well-informed, and with perhaps twenty years' experience in the art of mastication, sitting on the edge of his chair, and holding his knife and fork as if he intended to beat a *tatoo* on his plate. Even among town-bred Scots, we have observed men, who had seen the best part of half a century over their heads, looking *very shy* at the *tin covers* on entering a dining-room, and shifting and shuffling about, till they got ensconced in what they considered a safe corner. These men, from their manner, may almost be supposed, in the language of the nursery, to have been *brought up on the spoon* for a considerable part of their lives, and ever afterwards entertain a sort of innate reluctance to handle anything of a larger size, while engaged in the business of the table.

These hints, all tending to show the necessity of an

academy for the encouragement of gastronomical dissection in our city, have been in a great measure suggested by circumstances which fell under our observation, while occasionally dining out during the late festivities. One of these circumstances occurred at a Christmas party, to which the writer was invited by his tailor, Mr. Nicol Twist.\* Nicol, as the clock struck six, stepped into his place at the foot of the table, in full puff, where he found a large, plump, well-fed goose smoking before him; and Mrs. Twist, a tidy little chitty-chatty body, born within the sound of Bow Bells, and of course up to all that is comfortable in the "wictualling" department, fronting him, with a large tureen-full of hare soup. The soup was soon dispatched, and poor Nicol was called upon to handle his weapons, but

Alas! what dangers do environ

The man that meddles with cold iron!

Nicol raised his carver, but seemed utterly at a loss where to direct it; he looked round with a supplicating air, and at last, in a fit of desperation, applied it to that part which is called the *parson's nose*; this he managed to detach, and placed it, with a tremulous hand, on the plate of a young lady, who seemed by no means taken with the portion allotted her. He next attacked one of the legs, but he might as well have attempted to detach the statue of King William from his saddle; he hacked and blushed, and blushed and hacked, and seemed perfectly unable to *help* the company to anything but gravy, which, to do him justice, we must say, was flying about in all directions.

\* However wonderful the circumstance of an *author* being on dining terms with his tailor may appear to the reader, yet, we can assure him upon our honour, that the affair is really no *lam*.

The scene now engaged the attention of the whole table, and poor Mrs. Twist, who seemed quite astonished at her husband's incapacity (they had not been long married), sat fretting her pretty face into all manner of shapes. Her displeasure, however, at last burst forth. "My dear," said she, in a tone of the most ironical bitterness, "you had better send up stairs for your large *shears*, as you don't seem in the practice of *cutting* with any thing else." The keenness of the sarcasm excited the compassion of the company, and a gentleman who sat next to him requested permission to officiate. It soon appeared, however, that politeness, and not ability, had dictated the request, and poor goosie had to change hands two or three times before the company could give a proper opinion as to her condition. From the appearance, manners, and conversation of the company present on this occasion, we have no reason to believe that they were, as a body, worse carvers than nine-tenths of the parties that were met in town on the same evening. We are the more satisfied of this, from having dined in what was considered a fashionable party a few evenings afterwards, when, having part of a turkey on our plate, we requested a gentleman of tip-top pretensions in point of exterior to all that might be considered *ton*, to help us to a slice of ham; but (will it be believed?) the Goth in disguise, instead of cutting a nice thin transparent waferish-looking slice, actually sent us a piece thick and square as a Cheshire cake. Now, from all these circumstances, it appears a melancholy truth which can no longer be concealed, that the very necessary, useful, and gentlemanly science, or art, call it which you will, of gastronomical dissection, is at a very low ebb amongst us; and

in this age, when improvement in every other department of human knowledge is making such rapid strides, it is full time that we should look about, and endeavour at least to make some approach to that perfection which has been attained by our neighbours. With this view we would propose—not a public subscription, gentle reader, for the public have always calls upon them of a still more serious and imperative nature, but—that those who are conscious of their own defects, should unite together and invite some gentleman properly qualified to give instructions in the noble art of carving. And we conceive that a person of this kind, with every requisite qualification, might easily be found among some of the broken-down fraternity of the road, who, on account of the establishment being merely an experiment, might be inclined to listen to some such terms as the following:—

That a class of not less than twelve students, or the average of twelve, should be kept up during the first year; that each student should pay one guinea, for 12 lessons, including half-a-pint of wine each day; that every student should furnish the *subject* which he may wish to dissect; and that all students operating at the same board, should mutually partake of such parts of their fellow-students' *subjects* as might chance to hit their fancy. That all fragments, after class hours are over, should belong to the professor, who might afterwards dispose of them to less scrupulous feeders at a moderate charge per head. That the cook of the academy be entitled to 5s. from each student whose superior dexterity enabled him to finish his studies with the number of lessons specified, and 7s. 6d. from those who remained a longer period. That, in order to make the professor

as comfortable as possible, he should also be allowed to give public lectures twice a-week. And for these, as well as the carving department, we have no doubt but suitable accommodation could be found through the medium of some of the extensive culinary establishments of our city. We would also suggest, that a band of music be in attendance; which, during the pauses in the lectures, when the illustrations were going on, might be employed in playing "The roast beef of Old England," "Lumps of Pudding," "The Mutton Chop," "Put a sheep's head in the pat," with other gastronomical tunes, which, we conceive, particularly about Christmas times, when good feeding is so much in fashion, would have a most attractive effect upon the public. As we have no doubt but the speculation would turn out not only useful to our citizens, but beneficial to any person of enterprise who might engage in it, we would recommend some person of respectability to set the masticatory "movement" a-going among us, by enrolling the names of such as are inclined to become students, and receiving offers, with testimonials, from English commercial gentlemen and others, who may deem themselves qualified for the chair, and to whom the emoluments of the professorship may be an object.

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### THE ASS TURNED GENTLEMAN.

IN the year 17— (but I have forgotten the exact date), before the light of divine truth and the light of science had made much progress among the peasantry of this country—when our less enlightened forefathers ascribed

every phenomenon of nature which they did not understand, to some supernatural agency, either benevolent or malevolent, as the case might be; and an avowal of disbelief in the existence of witchcraft, necromancy, *the black art*, hobgoblins, fairies, brownies, &c. would have subjected a person to more annoyance and persecution, than an open avowal of infidelity would do at present—three young men of family set out from Edinburgh, on a pleasure excursion into the country. After visiting Linlithgow, Falkirk, Stirling, and Glasgow, they took up their quarters at the head inn in Midcalder, on their way back to Auld Reekie. Finding a set of youthful revellers there to their mind, they spent several days and nights in drinking and carousing, never dreaming of the heavy bill they were running up with the “kind landlady.” The truth flashed upon them at last; and they discovered, when it was too late, that they had not wherewithal to clear their heavy score. A consultation was held by the trio, and many plans for getting rid of their disagreeable situation, were proposed and rejected. At last, one of them, more fertile in expedients than the other two, hit upon the following method, which good fortune seemed to favour, of extricating both himself and his brethren:—

“Don’t you see yon cadger’s ass standing at the door over the way?” said he.

“Yes; but what of that?”

“Come along with me—loose the ass—unburden him of his creels—disengage him from his sunks and branks—put me in his place—equip me with his graith—hang the creels upon me likewise—tie me to the door with his own halter—get some other halter for him—lead him



away to the next town—you will get him easily sold—return with the money—pay the bill—and leave me to get out of the halter the best way I can.”

The plan was instantly put in practice; the youth was soon accoutred in the ass's gear, and away went the other two to sell the ass.

In the meantime, out comes the honest cadger from the house, where he had been making some bargain with the gudewife about her hens' eggs; but the moment he beheld (as he supposed) his ass transformed into a fine gentleman, he held up his hands in the utmost wonderment, exclaiming at the same time, “Gude hae a care o' ns! what means a' this o't? Speak, in the name o' Gude, an' tell me what ye are—are ye a yirthly creature, or the *auld thief himself*?”

“Alas!” responded the youth, putting on a sad countenance, “hae ye forgotten your ain ass? Do ye no ken me now?—me! that hae served you sae faithfu' and sae lang; that hae trudged and toiled through wat and through dry, mid cauld and hunger; hooted at by blackguard callants—lashed by yoursel'—an' yet ye dinna ken me! Waes me, that ever I becam' your ass! that ever I should, by my ain disobedience, *hae cast out wi' my father*, an' provoked him to turn me into a stupid creature sic as ye now see me!”

“Sic as I now see ye!—instead o' an ass, I now see a braw young gentleman.”

“A braw young gentleman!—O Gude be praised that my father has at last been pleased to restore me to my ain shape, and that I can now see wi' the een, an' speak wi' the tongue o' a man!”

“But wha are ye, my braw lad, and wha is your father?”

“ Oh, did you never hear o’ Maister James Sandilands, the third son o’ the Earl o’ Torpleihen?”

“ Heard o’ him! ay, an’ kent him too, when he was a bairn, but he was sent awa’ abroad when he was young, an’ I ne’er heard tell o’ him sin’ syne.”

“ Weel, I’m that same Maister James; and ye maun ken that my father learned the *black art* at the college, an’ that I happened to anger him by makin’ love to a fine young leddy, against his will, an’ that, in short, when he faund out that I was still in love wi’ her, he turned me into an ass for my disobedience.”

“ Weel, weel, my man, since that is the case, gae awa’ hame an’ gree wi’ your father, tak’ my blessing wi’ you, an’ I will e’en try to get anither ass, whether your father send me as muckle siller as buy anither ane or no; fare ye weel, an’ my blessing gang wi’ you.”

Away went the youth, released from his bondage, and soon meeting with his comrades, related, to their joint gratification, his strange adventure with the honest cadger. Suffice it to say, that the ass was sold, the bill paid, and the youths got safely back to Edinburgh.

So soon as they got matters arranged, they sent a sum to the worthy cadger, sufficient to purchase three asses. On receiving the money, he lost no time in looking out for another ass, and as next week was “Calder fair,” he repaired thither with the full intention of making a purchase. He was not long in the fair, looking about for an animal to suit his purpose, when, behold! he saw, with new wonder and astonishment, his own identical *old ass*! The dumb brute knew him also, and made signs of recognition in the best manner he could. The honest cadger could not contain himself, the tears gushed from

his eyes, he looked wistfully in the creature's face, and anxiously cried out, "the Lord have a care o' us! *hae you and your father existen out again?*"

*Alex. Rodger.*

### SANCT MUNGO.

SANCT MUNGO wals ane famous sanct,  
And ane cantye carle wals hee,  
He drank o' ye *Molendinar Burne*,  
Quhan bettere hee culdna prie;  
Zit quhan he culd gette strongere cheere,  
Hee neuer wals wattere drye,  
Butte dranke o' ye streame o' ye wimpland worme,  
And loot ye burne rynne bye.

Sanct Mungo wals ane merrye sanct,  
And merrylie hee sang;  
Quhaneuer hee liltit uppe hys sprynge,  
Ye very *Firre Parke* rang;  
Butte thoch hee weelee culd lilt and synge,  
And mak sweet melodye,  
He chauntit aye ye *bauldest* straynes,  
Quhan pryed wi' barlye-bree.

Sanct Mungo wals ane godlye sanct,  
Farre-famed for godlye deedis,  
And grete delyte hee daylye tooke  
Inn countynge owre hys beadis;  
Zit I, Sanct Mungo's youngeste sonne,  
Can count als welle als hee;  
Butte ye beadis quilk I like best to count  
Are ye beadis o' barlye-bree.

Sanct Mungo wals ane jolly sanct:—  
 Sa weelee hee lykt gude zill,  
 Thatte quhyles hee staynede hys quhyte vesture,  
 Wi' dribblands o' ye *still*;  
 Butte I, hys maist unwordye sonne,  
 Haue gane als farre als hee,  
 For ance I tynde my garmente skirtis,  
 Throuch lufe o' barlye-bree.

*Alex. Rodger.*

### QUESTIONING IN INITIALIBUS.

THIS, by our Scottish law, is allowed when a witness is suspected of any undue leaning towards the cause of the party by whom he is adduced as a witness. If upon this initiatory examination, he should make such admissions upon oath as to the court may appear to justify an objection to his credibility, or tending to prove himself distinctly biassed in favour of any one party, his testimony in chief will either be rejected by the court *in toto*, or received *cum grano salis*. This explanation being made to our English reader, we may now tell our story without further preamble.

Isaac M'Ivor was a simple, kind-hearted being, with a vein of sarcasm, which he could on occasion use with considerable effect, and a graphic roughness in his conversation that gave an interest to his social character. He rented a small patch of ground that fringed the muir of Kippen, part of the estate of that prince of Tories, Stirling of Carden. Isaac had never seen much of the great world. With a couple of horses, he subsisted by carrying whisky for the far-famed Kepp distillery. The

proprietor of the distillery, the late Mr. Cassils, was a distant relation of Isaac's; but Isaac used to say, "though the *laird* be a friend o' mine, I wudna seek a favour aff him, or ony ither man, unless I could return the obligation: I would rather see my *guts* lying on a whin buss." Isaac piqued himself on his knowledge of horses, and generally was his own farrier. In a word, he was "cunning in horse flesh" as any horse-couper could be, who regularly for half-a-century has attended the horse fairs of Rutherglen, the Balloch, or any place else, where these noble quadrupeds are bought and sold, or swapped, according to immemorial use and wont.

Isaac had been witness to the sale of a horse at the fair of Shandon, and which, though sold as sound, turned out afterwards to have some defect in the hoof; and an action was raised before the sheriff, and proof allowed to show that the disease was of long standing, and that the fault must have been known to the vender at the time of the sale. Isaac was summoned to Dumbarton, to give evidence before the sheriff in favour of the defender.

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

reasonable knowledge in the Pandects, the Institutes of Justinian, as well as in the lucubrations of the most celebrated modern jurists.

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

Peter threw himself back into his seat and *looked terror*, at the same time displaying a frill of cambric of extraordinary depth and longitude. "Your name is Isaac M'Ivor,—is it?" "The minister ance ca'd me that, and I haena had ony reason to change since; but ye needna speer my name, for ye hae kent me ony time this twenty years." "It is only for the information of the court." "Gif that be a', your abler to tell them than I am—your glibber in the tongue—it hings in your haffets as lang as a cow's tail, and wags as weel as when they gang hyte in simmer, ye ken." "Very well; gentlemen of the court, the deponent's name is Isaac M'Ivor, a most enlightened, ratiocinating, and philosophic carter, from the bloody mires of Loch-Leggin. Notice that, gentlemen! Do you know anything about the vending, transtulation, or transfer of the quadruped in question?" "I didna bring my dictionary in my pouch this day, or else I micht hae been able to *spell* your meaning: maybe, my lord judge, ye'll be able to explain what he means, for to me there's just as muckle sense in the blether o' the heather blutter!" "He means to ask, witness, do you know anything about the sale of the horse, the subject on which you are summoned here?"

“Thank you, my lord. Yes, I ken that the horse was selt to Jock Paterson there; and he appeared to me to be weel worth a’ the siller he gied for him.”

“Well, my sexagenarian friend Isaac,” resumed Peter, “bow do you *know*, or how can you satisfy your mind as to the validity of the testimony upon which your powers of perception have chosen to arbitrate so temerarily, as to asseverate and say, declare and promulge, that he was worth all the money for which he was sold, vended, or disposed? Remember, sir, you are upon your oath; no equivocation, mental reservation, or ambiguity of phraseology, will extricate you from the labyrinthean folds of sempiternal destruction and Cimmerian darkness, if you deviate, diverge, or as we *vulgariter loquens* may add, divall one jot, tittle, or abstraction of a mere mathematical point from the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the entirety and wholeness of the only believable, self-supporting, and one truth.” “Oh, man! it would tak you a lang time to ken as muckle about *horses* as I do; ye would need to gang out and eat grass wi’ them for seven years, like auld Nebuchadnezzar, afore ye learnt your lesson.”

Peter was fairly put out, and got into a violent rage. “My lord, I have asked a plain question, and I must demand a categorical answer, or I shall move that the witness be committed for contempt of court.” “I would advise you, Mr. Dudgeon,” said the judge, “to put your questions in a less *questionable* shape, and I have no doubt but that the witness will give you a respectful answer.” “That sairs ye right, Peter,” said the imperturbable Isaac, hitching up his braceless nether integuments, and grinning as if, like the Yankees, he could grin the bark off a tree.

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

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

"From your knowledge of the veterinary art, and the *profound* attention that you have bestowed on the subject,



would you presume to say that a horse's hoof, or more properly speaking, its conglomerated digital and pedal pendulous and locomotive extremities, might be subject to a latent or occult disease or malady not discernible by the ocular faculty, whether as situated in the upper or lower pastern bone, or in the articulation of these with the sessamoidal one, or in the sensible laminæ of the hoof, protected though it be by the crust or wall of the foot; and thus producing a viscous, gangrenous, inveterate, and putrescent tumour in the canal of the foot, detrimental to the value of the animal, and impedimental to its progression or velocity on the King's high-way, or other parts conterminous, contiguous, or circumjacent to the said high-way?"

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

"William, take up this brief, or case, and farther interrogate that incorrigible carter." "Witness! the next question in my brief, or case—and recollect you are still upon oath—is, Do you suppose it possible for a disease or ailment to exist in the perforating flexor tendon, without immediately manifesting itself in occasioning lameness by its action in the chamber of the hoof?" "Weel, my lord judge, after a', are thae twa no a bonny pair? as the craw said o' his legs." The court

became perfectly convulsed, so that the sheriff was himself obliged to finish the examination.

*Anon.*

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### COLIN DULAP.

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

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

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

\* This gentleman, we believe, is the principal proprietor of CLYDE IRON WORKS, and in this character may be truly said to *enlighten* the country, particularly in his own district, more than any other man in it. He is therefore fully entitled to all the compliments paid him by the poet. Like the *Carron*, the *Clyde* Iron Works, especially upon dark nights, and before rain, throw up a volume of light, which is seen for many miles around; and to farmers and country people, is as sure an indication of a change of weather, as a "*bruck about the moon*."

The above effusion was written expressly for this work. Mr. Dunlop has since been returned to Parliament, as one of the Representatives for the City of Glasgow; and we trust, he will now enlighten the political horizon, as much as he has done the natural.

Frank Jeffrey, and Chalmers, and Brougham, and so  
forth,

Diffuse their cheap tracts to enlighten the earth;  
Mony thanks to the chiefs for this praiseworthy stap;  
Mony mae thanks to you, honest Colin Dulap.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Alex. Rodger.*

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## THE TWO DONALDS.

ABOUT the beginning of last century, when taking a *craich* (i. e. spoil) was considered as the act of a man of spirit and enterprise, two Highland chieftains laid a wager which of them would turn out, from among his tenantry, the most expert thief. Donald Roy, or Red Donald, was selected by the one, and Donald Gorm, or Blue Donald, so called from a blue or purple disfiguration on one side of his face, was selected by the other. These worthies were to range the country for twenty-four hours, and then return to head-quarters and report progress. The district, however, had been too well poached before, and the two marauders came back to their lairds apparently empty-handed. Roy was the first to begin his report, which he did by lamenting the impoverished state of the country, and finished by declaring his inability to come at anything worth taking. Gorm was now called on, who agreed with his companion that the country was in

a very poor state, but still it was not so bad but that a man, if he looked well about him, might yet get something. "And what have you got, Gorm?" said his chief, delighted with the prospect of gaining his wager. "Nothing but these," said he, holding up a pair of hose. "And where the d—l did you get them?" cried Roy. "*I just cut them off your plaid, Donald, in the boothie where we slept last night.*" Roy's chief paid his bet, and was turning the cold shoulder to his unfortunate clansman, when the poor fellow begged to have another trial, and pledged himself, provided he was allowed to go alone (as Gorm was too cunning for him) to bring home more spoil than his companion. Gorm's chief, elated with the dexterity of his vassal, offered two to one, which was rather reluctantly accepted by the other. Our heroes again set out on their travels, and Gorm was fortunate enough to get hold of a cow; this he considered was more than his rival was likely to meet with; and, afraid of pursuit, made the best of his way home. His conduct, however, had not escaped notice, for, at a dangerous part of the road, a discharge of fire-arms obliged him to scamper off, and leave the cow to her own ruminations. Gorm felt ashamed to face his chief at the hour appointed; but his hopes revived when he saw Roy make his appearance as empty-handed as himself. "What have you got now, Gorm?" said his laird. The tale of good and bad fortune was then recounted. The question being put to Roy, he thrust his hand into his *sporan*, and presenting the key of the barn to his chief, requested him to satisfy himself; on unlock-the door a fine carcase was found suspended from a beam. "O Dhea!" cried Gorm, "where did you get that fine

beef?" *"Just where you left it, Donald; and when you want another pair of hose off this,"* lifting his plaid and shaking it, *"I shall be very happy to let you have them on the same terms!"*

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### BAULDY BUCHANAN.

O WHA hasna heard o' blythe Bauldy Buchanan?  
 A hale hearty carle o' some saxty years stan'in';  
 Gae search the hale kintra, frae Lanark to Lunnon,  
 Ye'll scarce find the match o' blythe Bauldy Buchanan:  
 For Bauldy's sae cracky, an' Bauldy's sae canty—  
 A frame o' threescore, wi' a spirit o' twenty—  
 Wi' his auld-farrant tales, an' his jockin' and funnin',  
 A rich an' rare treat is blythe Bauldy Buchanan.

Blythe Bauldy Buchanan's a wonderfu' drinker  
 O' knowledge—for he's a great reader an' thinker—  
 There's scarcely an author frae Bentham to Bunyan,  
 But has been run dry by blythe Bauldy Buchanan:  
 He kens a' the courses an' names o' the planets—  
 The secret manœuvres o' courts an' o' senates—  
 Can tell you what day Babel's tower was begun on;—  
 Sae deep read in beuks is blythe Bauldy Buchanan.

He can play on the bag-pipe, the flute, an' the fiddle,  
 Explain ony text, or expound ony riddle;  
 At deep calculation, at drawing, an' plannin',  
 There's naebody equal to Bauldy Buchanan.

He kens how the negroes are black an' thick-lippit—  
 An' what mak's the Hottentot maids sae big-hippet—  
 How the lasses in Turkey sae muckle are run on;—  
 Sae versed in sic matters is Bauldy Buchanan.

How the English like beer, an' the Scotch like their  
 whisky—

How Frenchmen are temperate, lively, and frisky—  
 How the Turks are sae grave, and the Greeks are sae  
 cunnin'—

Can a' be explained by blythe Bauldy Buchanan.  
 An' mair than a' that, he can trace out the cause  
 O' rain an' fair weather, o' frosts and o' thaws,  
 An' what keeps the earth in its orbit still runnin';—  
 Sae wonderfu' learned is blythe Bauldy Buchanan.

When round his fire-side neebours meet at the gloamins,  
 An' hear him describe the auld Greeks an' the Romans—  
 How they battled an' feught without musket or cannon—  
 The folks glowr wi' wonder at Bauldy Buchanan.  
 Or when he descends frae the grave to the witty,  
 An' tells some queer story, or sings some droll ditty,  
 Wi' his poetry, pleasantry, puzzlin', an' punnin',  
 Their sides are made sair wi' blythe Bauldy Buchanan.

*Alex. Rodger.*

### A WIDOW'S WONDER.

LEEZIE M'CUTCHEON was perfectly inconsolable on the death of Peter, her husband, with whom she had lived some thirty years. Leezie was very peevish and discontented, and was subject to "*bits o' touts*" now



and then; and in these illnesses was always ready to cry out, and yaumer to Peter, that she was gaun to die noo, and that the yird wouldna be weel cauld on her puir body, whan *her* shoon would be filled by some glaiket young hizzy.

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

So it happened, however, that honest Peter was the first to slip away, and disappointed Leezie of her fears of a successor.

On the melancholy occasion of Peter’s decease, Janet Ribston, a neighbour of Leezie’s, who had suffered a similar bereavement, called in to comfort Leezie in her affliction. Janet was of kindred temperament to Leczie, and knew practically every note of the widow’s gamut, from the dolorous sob to the hysteric *skirl* in *alt*.

“Weel, Leezie, nae wonder than you’re like to gang dementit wi’ perfect vexation. Wha was like him that’s dead and awa, either in person or behaviour?—aye sae kind and sae hearty—the vera picture o’ gude nature—the laugh never awa frae his lip, or the joke out o’ his mouth.” “Oh, haud your tongue, Janet! dinna say ony mair about him to me—my heart will burst through my boddice. I mind the first time him and I foregathered

—it was at a fair in Lanrick—he was buying yarn, and I was sellin't. I was a trig, weel-far'd lassie then, though I say't mysel'—and there was a fiddle playing, and a wheen lads and lasses dancing till't on a green just ahint whaur my stand was—and quo' he, my bonnie lassie, will ye tak a reel? and I just said, I didna care, if I had a partner onything like *himsel'*. I mind the vera tune that the fiddler played to us, as weel as if I heard the bow screeding o'er the strings the noo,—it was tural—lural—lal, lal—(oh me, that it has come to this!)—ay, after that day, woman, Peter and me war lad and lass.

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

‘Oh, gin thou wert my ain lassie!’

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

R.

## ON PRETENSION.

"He kens muckle wha kens whan to speak, but far mair wha kens whan to haud his tongue."—*Henderson's Proverbs.*

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

We have frequently since, in the course of our peregrinations through life, had occasion to remark, that if conduct

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

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

the example of the man with the pipes, and retire to try their hand at reformation, within a more *limited circle*.

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

*put the pipes in the pock* till a more favourable opportunity.

When we happen to hear of a reverend incumbent, who has got a call to a more lucrative charge, endeavouring in his farewell sermon to arouse the sympathies of his simple-minded flock, by describing the unbounded attachment he entertains for them, the distress which he suffers in contemplating the approaching separation, and even giving way to his *feelings* so far as to call forth tears of regret from the eyes of himself and every one present,—we have thought, while reflecting that a sacrifice of a few pounds on the part of his reverence, would have averted this *awful calamity* from himself and his people, that, instead of becoming lachrymose on the subject, he would have acted with greater propriety if he had said nothing about it, but just *put the pipes in the pock*, and retired, in silence, to enjoy the advantages of his call. Or, on hearing some one of the learned professors of our university, in returning thanks for the honours done him at a public dinner, extolling the seminary to which he belongs, as the fountain of learning, the storehouse of wisdom, the conservative depository of unpublished lore, the patron of science and the hotbed of genius; and, though we might have been almost inclined to yield assent to the eloquence with which these high-sounding pretensions were urged, yet when the ruins of an observatory, dedicated to the study of the heavenly bodies, but now neglected by our present faculty of *earthly bodies*, passed in review, followed by the immense piles of books (the compulsory donations of authors) *rotting in sheets*, which our parsimonious guardians of literature will not deign even to put in boards—not to mention the dis-

graceful roll of bursaries stripped of their funds, to augment the salaries of men, who, according to their professions, ought to have been the nursing fathers of such patriotic endowments—the manuscripts, also, of their great but ill-requited patron, Zachary Boyd, mouldering to dust,\* without a single effort being made to preserve what may still be intelligible—we have thought, that the learned Theban would have shown a much greater degree of wisdom, if, instead of attempting to bolster up the credit of himself and his brethren, by such ill-timed pretensions, he had just followed the example of our friend with the pipes.

We perhaps may be allowed, after alluding to such venerable characters, to hint at one grievous, and we fear irreclaimable, sinner against propriety and good taste—to wit, the all-sufficient personage who regulates the histrionic amusements of our city. The absurdities of this would-be factotum, have already drawn upon him the critical attention of a considerable portion of the press; yet the mind of our manager seems, like Hodge's beard, to be "made of opposition stuff," and scorns to yield either to the censure or the advice of his friends. Like manager Strut, he conceives himself a "fixed star in his own theatrical hemisphere, round which all *wandering stars* may revolve if they please, but there must be no exclusive brilliancy on their part. If they shine, he must shine along with them—the *applause* as well as the profits must be shared." This peculiarity in his system of management,

\* Perhaps it may be information to some of our readers to know, that two volumes of the MSS. of Z. Boyd, in the keeping of the University, are now past recovery. How many poor students, for a trifling consideration, would have gladly engaged in the renewal of the work?

was most strikingly illustrated sometime ago, when he came forward to put his queer-looking mug in trim for accompanying Mr. Sapio in the duet of "All's Well." Displeased at the reception he met with, he came on again, *a-la-Strut*, and informed the audience that he had *sung along with Braham and Sinclair!* Now, really, we think our manager must have been *humming*, when he said he was *singing* in such company. However, be that as it may, we would advise him in future, when his ears are assailed by a hurricane of hisses from all parts of the house, just to *put the pipes in the pock*, and slip off to the adjacent, with as little noise and as much expedition as possible.

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

ED.



## A PAISLEY BALL.

(From the Autobiography of Bailie Pirnie. \*)

THE ball was proposed at some County meeting, and was patronessed by all the principal folks in the toun, and there was an unco talk about this lord and that lady being sure to be there, till the hail place was in a perfect fizz, frae the east till the west toll—frae the head of the Causeyside till the Score. It's impossible to tell you the forenoon visits amang the leddies, and the bit quiet cracks amang the gentlemen ower an afternoon's glass anent it.

As for me, I keepit a gayen quiet sough for a while, no wantin to take a lead in the matter; and, indeed, sic sights were, in comparison, naething to me, that had rubbed shouthers with the first nobility in the land, for-hye seen the king, as is written in my life; but it was quite different with my wife, that hadna seen ony sic grand adoos; and as for our son, Tummas, and my auldest dochter, Miss Jean, that had just got a finishing touch at a fashionable scule in Embro, and could sing like a linty, loup like a maukin, and play on the piano to the bargain, they were neither to haud nor bind. They insisted that

\* This exquisite delineation of the character, manners, and habits of thinking of our ingenious, though rather *peculiar* neighbours, in the environs of the Sneddon, is from a volume at present preparing for publication by Mr. Motherwell. From what we have seen of the manuscript, we are firmly persuaded, that its appearance will have the effect of fixing the reputation of the author as a painter of Scottish manners, on as enduring a foundation as that on which his fame as a poet is already established. From the sly humour, rich graphic sketches, and inimitable drollery with which the work abounds, we look forward to the day of publication with no small degree of interest.—Ed.

they should be allowit to show aff their new steps, and they said it was expeckit by the hail respectable inhabitants of the toun, that Bailie Pirnie should countenance the assembly, seeing that the magistrates had sic a lang finger in the pie. Of coorse it was out of the power of flesh to stand against their chaunering, mair especially as afore they spoke I had coft four tickets, just for the credit of the thing, but no intending to gang—nor would I hae set mysell forrit on the occasion, had it no been looked for by the public. This is a positive fack, and my being there was no piece of ostentation; for sic a thing is no in my hail corporation, as ye may have observed frae first to last in my written buke. To me, as the faither of a family and the head of a house, it was the soorce of no small contentment to be the means, in an honest way, of adding to the innocent pleasures of my wife and bairns; and really, when I tauld them it was my final determination that the gudewife should hae her ain way in the matter, and that the family should appear in sic state and grandeur at the ball as effeired to their station in society, I was downright worried with kindness. The young things danced round me as gin they were clean gaun gyte, and nearly grat for fainness, and the worthy and virtuous partner of my bosom and bedfellow said no a word, but just gave me ane o' the auld langsyne blinks of affection, when we first foregathered as lad and lass, and used to take a bit daiker to the country to see how the gowans and the gerss were growing, and the birds singing in the woods, in a simmer Saturday's afternoon. Hech, Sirs! its mony a year sinsyne; but the memories of these sweet days of youth never die in the heart that has truly and purely luv'd, as me and my wife have done.

Kenning fu' weel that our house would, as a matter of needcessity, be turned upside down, for a day or twa, with mantua-makers, taylors, milliners, shoemakers, bonnet-makers, and siclike clamjamfry, making new dresses and ither necessars for our domestic establishment, I thocht it behooved me to give mysell a day's recreation or twa by visiting a freend either in Greenock or Glasgow, till the house calmed again. Accordingly, I just dauner'd down to the Bank and drew a bit five-pund note, and with that in my pouch I thocht I need neither fear could nor hunger, for the short time I was to be awa frae hame.

Having spent a day or twa with my auld friend Mungo M'Wattie—ye'll aiblins ken him, a retired bachelor in the Stockwall; he was ance in the fleecy-hosiery line, and very bien in his circumstances,—I returned hame, just in time to see my wife's and my lassie's braws come hame, forbye a braw new blue coat with yellow buttons, a silk vest bonnily spraingit with various colours, and tight pantaloons, made to fit like a glove, for Tummas. Sic an unco wastrie in the way of claiths, great feck o' whilk coudna look decent a second day, made me a thocht dons'y, I must confess; but, when I began to refleck on the matter with a mair philosophical speerit, I saw there was even in this prodigality and vanity, the workings out of a beautiful providence. For, ye'll observe, that this was a charity ball, and operated as such in a twafald sense or degree. First, the sale of the tickets created a fund for real sufferers under the sair pinch of want and starvation; and, second, a lively impulse was given to the industry of ither, wha were necessarily employed in the decorement and garnishing furth of them that bocht the tickets. Manufacturers of broad cloth, muslin,

shawls, taylors, mantua-makers, milliners, bonnet-makers, hat-makers, shoe-makers, glove-makers, haberdashers, and shopkeepers—even the sellers o' needles and preens, and sic sma' wares, had either frae this soorce a direck or indireck gude. And when I saw that the ball was devised, not for the mere bodily recreation of them that attended it, but to supply food and raiment to the necessitous and hungry, and that, when it did this to a certain extent, it moreover added a spur to the industry of mony a hard-working, weel-meaning, and industrious body, that lives by the lawbour and skill of their ten fingers, I could not but admire the twa-handed way in whilk the milk of charity was squeezed frae the human heart, and made, like a refreshing shower, to fall ower a far wider surface than the wee clud in the sky would at first betoken.

The eventful day of the ball at last came round in due order of nature, and an unco ganging up stairs and doun stairs there was in our bit self-conteened house. Wife and dochter were putting on and putting aff this and the other thing; Tummas was like to drive doun the roof of the parlour trying his new steps in the toom garret abune, and, when unwittingly I turned up my face to consider whare the din could come frae, a lump of plaister, as big as the croon of my hat, fell right in my face, and dung the fire frae my een like sparks in a smiddy. Sic things in a weel regulated family, canna be tolerated in ordinar cases, but as this was a day expressly set apairt for enjoyment, I owerlooked the faut, and took a turn twice round my garden, to cool my blude, and see gif ony robin red-breasts were hirplin' and chitterin' aboot; for ever since the melancholy death of the babes in the wood, one has

an uncommon sympathy for thay wee considerate creatures, on account of them theeking the perishing innocents with leaves, as is set furth at length in the auld ballat.

As ye may jalouse, there were few in our house could tak ony denner that day; but for my pairt, I may say I took my ordinar pick—mair be token, we had singed sheep's head, trotters conform, and a very sponible looking chuckie, as tender as could be, the whilk fare is no to be despised as times gang. After denner, I comforted my stamack with a leetle brandy toddy, and sooked it aff hooly and fairly, being nowise concerned, like the rest of the household, anent either dress or looks, on the approaching grand occasion. The sack is, I had made up my mind frae the first, to appear in the samen dress as that in whilk I had the honour to visit his late gracious Majesty, at his palace of Holyrood, where I can assure you I was as civilly entreated as the first of the land, no excluding the Lord Provost of Glasgow, tho' he and his tounsfolk tried to put themselves desperately far forrit; but the King saw thro' them brawly, and kent a spoon frae a stot's horn as weel as the maist of his liege subjects.

Preceesely as the clock chappit ten, a noddy and a pair of horses drew up at our door, and out came the hale byke of us as clean and trig as gin we had been faulded by in a bandbox. It's a sack, my heart lap to my mouth when I saw our gudewife buskit and bedinkt in a real fashionable new silk gown, and with a beautiful spreading umbrella-shaped cap, transparent as a butterfly's wings, and ornamented with gumflowers and other conceits, as natural as the life. I was just about to take her all up in my arms, and gie her a bit smack on the cheek, she

looked sae bonny, but na—away she spouted into the noddy, with her good-natured “hout awa’, gudeman,” “behave yoursell before folk,” as the sang says, “do you ken that you woud birze my balloon sleeves out of a’ shape.” Dochter Jess was very modestly attired in a nice pink-coloured robe, the fashion of which I cannot weel describe, and her hair was done up in the most approved Lōndon style, by Mr. Moore the perfumer, whose fingers, no to mention his legs, running about frae morn till e’en, I’m guessing were gayen sair. It did me good to look on Tummas, he was sae straucht, slim, and per-jink, tho’ I thoct quietly to mysell the lad was looking mair like a sodger than a saint—but let that flee stick to the wa’, seeing that his auld faither was in sack drum-major at this march to Vanity Fair.

Into the noddy we got at last, bag and baggage, and up streets and doun streets, dunting and jingling we brattled like mad. Shooting out my neb at the window, I could see chaises and noddies fleeing about in a’ directions like sae mony fiery comets, which was a very enterteening and enlivening sight; howsumever, some wandeidy weans cried “whip behind! whip behind!” and quick as thoct, scringe cam the driver’s whip alangside the noddy, and in its waganging gave me a skelp athort the chaftblade, that was smarter than it was welcome, and keepit me from poking out my head again, till the steps were let doun. Without further misadventure we drave up in graund style to the Inns’ door, and, lang or we cam there, we could hear distinctly the sounds of music, dancing, and gilravitching of all kinds; and baith my hairns were just beside themsells for fear they had lost all the fun. But I quieted their apprehensions on

that score, by remarking, that it was not likely that anything very partecklar would take place till we arrived, seeing that the stewards had expressly sent a carriage for the accommodation of our party. And tho' I wasna eleckit a steward, they kent fu' weel that it couldna be in my nature to tak umbrage at unintentional neglect, and bide awa frae the ploy like some conceity bodies, that bizz, and fizz, and spit fire like a peeoy, in spite and vexation, whenever they are no made the tung o' the trump, and happen in ony way to be owerlookit in the making up of the lists. About the door there was an uncommon crowd of men, women, and weans, curious to see us alicht; and for a time, I could not see a spot where to pit a foot, unless I made a straucht step forrit, and made a virtue of necessity by using the first head in my way for a stepping-stane. Seeing our dilemma, a police-offisher at the outer door, wha had recognised me, immediately cleared the road, right and left, in a twinkling, with his baton, crying all the time, "Mak way for the Bailie, ye born deevils ye!—mak way, can ye no, for the Bailie?" and by his exertions we all got safe and sound within the porch, and without any of the women-folk getting their brows the least soiled or crumpled.

It's needless to tell you ony mair about Willie Tamson the town-offisher, standing at the ball-room door, in his new stand of scarlet claes with halbert in hand. Whenever he got wit of me, wide open flees the muckle door as if by magic, and in I gangs gallantly supporting my wife on my arm, while Tummas cleekit with his sister. No having been in the room for this many a year—in fack, to be plain, no since the Pitt dinners and Waterloo dinners were given up—there cam a stound to my heart, to

be shooted in as it were all of a sudden into a most spacious hall, and amang a perfect hatter of unkent faces. But just as I was in a kind of swither whether to march forrit to the head of the room, or slip quietly down upon an empty furm near the door, up comes ane of the stewards, and taking my loof in baith his, shook me heartily, saying with a very kindly laugh,

“ Oh! but ye’re lang o’ coming,  
Lang, lang, lang o’ coming!  
Oh! but ye’re lang o’ coming—  
Right welcome Bailie Pirnie!”

And then the Lord Provost and other gentlemen gathered round me, and in the twinkling of a bed-post, I seeing mysell amang kent friends and no frem faces, crackit as crouse as if I had been in my ain hoose laying down the law anent domestic obedience, ower my third tumbler of double nappy.

A scene of greater splendour, beauty, and magnificence, saving and excepting, always, the royal doings at Embro’, I never witnessed in my life. I am sure there was full twa hundred gentlemen and leddies, and every ane seemed happier than anither. Then there was a perfect sea of waving plumes, and sashes, and ribbands, and artificial flowers; and sic a variety and tasty combination of brilliant colours, I’ll be bound to say, I never saw equalled in the best India shawl-pattern that ever came through my hands, and that’s no few, as the feck of my friends ken. When I was in a bewilderment of delight, looking at the fine swanlike shapes of the young leddies that were gliding up and down the room, like sae many beautifu’ intelligences, or speerits from a higher world, with een glancing like diamonds, and feet sae wee and genty, that when they touched the floor the sound of



them was nae mair heard than if it had been a feather lichting in the water, all at once there burst forth, just abune my individual head, a particular fine concert of big fiddles and wee fiddles, horns, trumble-bumbles,\* trumpets, and what not, which was quite soul-stirring to hear. At first, I thocht this might be out of compliment to me, and not to be unceevil, I graciously bowed to the company; but I fand I was mistane, for it was naething mair than the music striking up for a quadrille, and, as I live, wha did I see standing up in a set, but baith my childer, son and dochter, as prejink and genteel, or I'm far out of my reckoning, as the best born that was there! The pride of a faither's heart, on sic an occasion, nae-body but a paurent that likes his offspring weel, can possibly conceive.

Fashions in music and dancing have suffered great changes since my young days. I cannot say that I understood either the figure of the dance or its music; but they were plesant enouch. The quadrilles are graceful and dreamy-like motions, but they dinna bring the colour to ane's cheek, and gar the heart's blood gush, like a mill-dam, frae head till heel, like the Scotch reel or Strathspey. And then there's nae clapping of hands, and whirling round, and crying "heuch, heuch!" when the dance warms, and the fiddler's arms are fleeing faster than a weaver's shuttle, and they themselves lay down their lugs to the wark in dead earnest. Being a gae noticing kind of a body, I may observe, that, in general, the leddies had the heels of the beaux in the matter of dancing. A good wheen of the latter, though they might slide backwards and forwards, and jee awa to this side

\* We suspect the Bailie means Trombones.

and that side, with a bit trintle and a step weel eneuch, seemed often in a kippage to ken what to do with their shouthers and their arms and their heads. The upper and the douner man did not move in accordance, something like a bad rider that gangs wigglety-wagglety, clean contrary to the motion of the beast he is on the back of. But the feck of the leddies carried themselves like queens; frae head to heel they moved as a graceful and complete unity; and had ye seen, as I saw, their bonny modest faces glancing past ye, radiant with the sweetest-natured smiles, and their countenances presenting every variety of fine outline and expression, ye wuld have exclaimed with me, and Burns the poet:

"All nature swears the lovely dears,  
Her noblest work she classes, O;  
Her prentice haund she tried on man,  
And then she made the lasses."

After the quadrilles we had country dances; but, so far as I observed, neither the Haymakers nor the Soldier's Joy formed a part of the entertainment, though there were a gude number of gentlemen conneckit with the agricultural interests of the country present, and a fine show of strapping offishers frae the barracks. The scarlet coats of the offishers, with the great bobs of gowd on their shouthers, had a fine effeck, and contrasted nicely with the silk, and satins, and muslins of the leddies, and the blue and black coats of the gentlemen civilians. It is out of the power of language to describe the liveliness that a sprinkling of red coats gives to a dance. Some of the offishers danced with their lang swurds at their side, and I was looking every minute for ane or twa coupling heels ower head, but they keepit their feet unco weel considering all things; nevertheless I shall be bauld to mak this

observe, that it is desperate difficult to gang, let abee dance, with an iron spit hinging at ane's side. But, abune a', I thocht I could see the swurds' sometimes come deg against the tender shanks of the leddies, and a lick across the shins frae cauld iron is sair to bide. Our yeomanry cavalry never dance with their swurds on, and the foot soldiers should tak a pattern and example from them thereanent, from this time henceforward and forever.

The country dances blawn by, then cam waltzes, and the leddies and their partners gaed round and round about like tee-totums, at sic a frichtsom rate, that really I lost my presence of mind for a time, on seeing our Miss Jess as forward as the lave, and twirling and sooming aboot like a balloon on fire. She was driving down the room with a tall grenadier offisher, and, seeing her whirling round him and better round him, I cried, at the highest pitch of my voice, "For Gudesake, Jess, baud fast by sash or shouther, else ye'll for a certainty flee out at the winnock-bole like a witch, and break your harn-pan on the hard causey!" There was an unco titter amang the leddies, and my wife sidling up to me, telt me to hauld my whisht and no to mak a fule o' the lassie, for she was just under the protection of a mercifu' Providence like the lave. Be that as it may, I confess I was glad to see the waltzing at an end, and our Jess again anchored on a firm, peching and blawing, but safe and sound, lith and limb, and as red in the cheek as a peony rose.

About this time some of the principal gentry made up parties for playing at cards, and ithers gaed to the adjacent to weet their thrapples, for the stour kicked up by the dancers was like to mak' the maist of us on-lookers, a wee huc hearse. Some of us had brandy toddy, ithers

seaudit wine—while anither class contented themsells with sma'-stell whisky, made intil toddy. When I appeared in the adjacent every ane was looder than anither in praise of my fine family; and, with faitherly pride, I telt my freends that I spared nae expense in giving my bairns a gude education, for which I received an approving nod from some gayen influential quarters that shall be nameless.

No having served an apprenticeship either to the tayloring or millinery line, I'll no pretend to give an account of the leddies' dresses, or the gentlemen's costume. In general, I may say, baith were very becoming. Some leddies were tastily, but plainly put on, others were gorgeously bedecked, looking like Indian empresses, or princesses of the blood royal at least; some had caps, and ithers had naething but their bare heads with a bit simple flower, or sic like chaste ornament stuck among their clustering ringlets. The newspapers give but a faint idea of the Toutin Assembly,\* but, tak' my word for it, it was in every respeck uncommon pretty and creditable to the toun, beating, by far and awa ony thing seen in the kingdom since the King's ball at Embro'. Anent the music, I shall say, Kinnikame played his pairt with great berr. In fack, I fand my auld timmers like to dance in despite of mysell, and noos and tans I crackit my thooms like a whip, for a gush of pleesant remembrances conneckit with the scenes of early life, whan I mysell figured at "penny reels, bottlings," and "washing o' aprons," cam ower my heart with a fulness that even amounted to pain. I wasna then as I am now; but circumstances have naething altered the naturality of my

\* Query, *Tout ensemble*?

heart, or gart me feel ashamed of the poortith of my younger days, or turn up my neb in scorn at the innocent recreations and pastimes, whilk were then within my reach. It would be weel for the hale tot of our prosperous men of the world, did they think and feel like me, on this and mony ither important subjects.

But I'm spinning out the thread of my discourse, I fear ower sma, and least it should break, I'll just wind up my pirn, and hae done with a remark or sae. And first, I will say, that frae beginning till end, frae the A to the Zed of this uncommon splendid concern, it was every thing that a good and charitable heart desired. Gaiety, elegance, good humour, and unsophisticated taste, went hand in hand throughout the nicht. Every one seemed anxious to please, and bent upon being pleased. There was nae upsetting, nae unpleasing distinctions keepit up, farder than what correck feeling and a due regard to the conventionalities of gude society required. We were in short, as it were, all chicks of ae cleckin, cudlin close and cozily under the expansive wings of kindest sympathy and godlike charity.

All human enjoyments have an end, and sae had oor assembly. About three o'clock in the mornin', the company began to lift, and the room to get thinner and thinner. In a wee while afterwards, a flunkey cam up to me and my wife, and telt us that our carriage was waiting at the door; whereupon we bundled up our things like dounce sober folks, and gaed our ways doun the stairs, thro' the lobby, and intil the chaise; but there being only three insides, Tummas had to tak an outside, on the box along with the driver; but he was weel wrappit up in a camlet cloak, with a red comforter about his neck, be-

sides, his mother insisted that he should row her shawl ower his head, just to keep his teeth frae chitterin', but whether he did sae or not I cannot say.

Hame we got at last without any misshanter. My wife was quite delightit with the entertainment—she is a real feeling and sensible woman; and when we were in the coach and began talking about our twa bairns, their first appearance in public, she could scarcely speak, for her motherly affection and pride were gratified to the full, but just tenderly squeezing my hand, she said, “O Peter, this was a nicht!” and I had just time to reply “Deed’s I, my doo,” when the coach drew up, and the hail lot of us alichtit at our ain bourock.

*Motherwell.*

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### THE DIET DESERTED, OR, JOHN BULL IN A STRAIT.

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

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

When he gave me your note (which was done on the  
beach),

The people stood gaping from window and door;  
So we took to the inn to be out of their reach,  
And I ask’d him to dine with me next day at four.

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

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

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

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

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

Says I, “ Mr. Steer, why that sounds so unkin',  
That I cannot help feeling some little surprise;

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

When yesterday morning I ask'd you to dine,  
Believe me, good sir, I ne'er thought of your size.

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

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

ED.

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### ANECDOTE OF AN ANCIENT GLASGOW MAGISTRATE.

(*From a Manuscript History of the Burgh.*)

IN the year 16—, on the magistracy being appointed, one name appeared on the *leet* which gave great offence to the rest of the magistrates. This was Bailie ———. Their objections to him were these: He was in the first place a *novus homo*, and unconnected with any of the old families in the neighbourhood. In the next place, it was understood that he owed his elevation to the civic dignity, not so much to his own deserts, as to the influence which his wife possessed over the Archbishop, with whom she was said to have been too familiar before her marriage, and who induced him to marry her, on condition of receiving a handsome gratuity in money, and a promise of future patronage. Thus backed,



he soon, by his own industry and his grace's good-will, rose to comparative affluence;—being ambitious himself, and his wife not behind any of her sex in vanity, she persuaded the Archbishop, with whom it was supposed her former intimacy still continued, to put her husband on the leet of magistrates. His civic brethren, though they could not oppose the election, determined nevertheless to make his honours as irksome to him as possible; and with this view, they thwarted all the measures he mooted in council. He was, however, not a man of very nice feelings, and, therefore, not easily put down;—in short, the temper he displayed, often fretted those who considered themselves his superiors in wisdom and prudence, and frequent bickerings in consequence took place. Matters were in this situation at the council board of Glasgow, when the following ludicrous circumstance afforded some of the more waggish among the enemies of Bailie —— no small amusement at his expense. It chanced that a nephew of Janet Reid, a worthy hostess who kept the most distinguished house of entertainment in the Burgh, returning from one of his trips to Holland—for he was *skipper* or captain of a trading vessel belonging to the Lord Provost—chanced to bring with him a cuckoo clock, as a present to his aunt. This, as it was a great rarity, was highly prized by the old woman, who placed it in her principal apartment; and it so fell out, that two of the bailies happened to call at Janet's the same day to take their *meridian*, and hearing the cuckoo they were astonished and delighted with the contrivance, and agreed between themselves to play off a joke upon Bailie —— . They accordingly proposed in council to dine upon an early day

in Janet Reid's, and discuss some matters of importance; the motion was carried, and on the day appointed, a full meeting took place. A little before the hour expired, one of those in the secret entered into a discussion with Bailie ——— respecting his name, which he insisted ought to be Cuckoo, and not ———, as he called himself; this, he said, a little bird had told him. At this moment the cuckoo appeared, and repeated its usual note, when the whole party burst out into a fit of loud laughter at the silly joke. The Bailie, though surprised and discomposed at the unexpected insult, still preserved his temper, and the banter went on for another hour; at the expiry of which, the bird again broke in upon their merriment with its note, when the laughter was renewed and every finger directed towards the unfortunate civic, who, inflamed by liquor and maddened by the repetition of the insult, started to his feet, sprung forward, and wrenching the offensive piece of mechanism from its place, dashed it to atoms on the hearth, he then looked scowlingly round on the company, adjusted his cravat, called for his sword, and indignantly quitted the room. The other civics, having by this experiment, found out what would nettle their obnoxious brother, determined to persevere in the annoyance, and with this view resolved *instantly* to order two clocks of a similar construction—one to replace that destroyed, and the other to be put up in the council hall. The daily ridicule which was thus about to be brought on the head of the poor Bailie, was likely to be such as no human patience could well stand; recourse in this emergency was therefore had to the Archbishop, who sent for the Provost and elder Bailie, and having lectured them on the impropriety of

their conduct, requested that the obnoxious minute should be erased from the council-books, which was next day complied with.

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### PUBLIC DINNERS.

THE time, we have no doubt, is still fresh in the recollection of most of our readers, when a reputation for public speaking was by no means such an object of ambition among our citizens as it is at present; and that so far from aspiring to the distinction now so eagerly coveted by all ranks, a decent tradesman, or person in respectable business, would have considered his credit in jeopardy if he was in the least degree suspected of being even slightly infected with the *cacoethes loquendi*. For such a person to have been seen holding forth in the Trades' Hall or the Lyceum (it did not matter on what topic), would have been a shocking offence in the eye of the commercial world; and he might have had good reason to feel apprehensive, lest, on his next presenting his bills for discount, his application would be met either by the ominous "not convenient," or what was no less disagreeable, a request for "another indorser." In those days we have seen meetings adjourned, because the chairman could not induce gentlemen to come forward and deliver their sentiments! A change, however, has come over the spirit of the times, and our whole community, we might almost say, not even excepting some of the fair sex, have become infected with the ambition of appearing in the arena of political or religious contro-

versy, and acquiring laurels by displaying their proficiency in mental gladiatorship. Whether this be a change on which we ought to congratulate or condole with our readers, it is not our present object to inquire. That the people of Glasgow have of late distinguished themselves by their oratorical displays, and the magnificence of their political festivals, is a matter of notoriety, not confined to the press of Britain, but well known all over Europe. That the speeches delivered on these occasions were reported in a manner which made a more powerful impression on those at a distance, than the originals produced on the parties who had an opportunity of witnessing their delivery, will be generally allowed. This, to a certain extent, is by no means an uncommon occurrence; but we must say, that on one of the above occasions our orators were defective, in a manner that often excited painful feelings in their hearers, and induced many to regret that they had paid so much to hear what was really so little worth their attention. This disappointment, we are persuaded, arose not so much from the want of valuable matter in the speeches themselves, as from the inability of the speakers to do justice to their own productions; and were a little more attention paid to the arrangement regarding the speakers, and the manner in which they were likely to acquit themselves before the day of trial came on, much of that awkwardness so conspicuous among them might be avoided. There is one most grievous sin which besets many of our speechifiers, and that is, a wish to impress upon those they address, that they appear before them quite *unprepared*! Should an assertion of this kind happen to be true, it is certainly, we must say, a very singular way of showing

their respect for the company; and if it should not happen to be in accordance with truth—which is but too often shown to be the case, by the would-be *improvisatore* being obliged, after stuttering through a few disjointed sentences, to draw forth from his pocket his cut-and-dry oration—he is then sure to suffer deeply in the opinion of his hearers, who will regard him as a mere *charlatan*, who wished to gain credit with them for talents which he did not possess. To prevent such unseemly exhibitions, ought to be the care of those entrusted with the management. For our own part, we think this evil might in a great measure be removed, and the effect of our festal demonstrations not only greatly improved, but the literary character of our city enhanced, by introducing rehearsals as necessary preliminaries to all public dinners of importance. At these rehearsals the speeches and other arrangements might be gone over in a manner that would prevent confusion, and greatly expedite the labours, as well as lessen the anxieties of the chairman. We have been led to make these remarks, in consequence of having lately seen in a provincial paper, an account of a theatrical representation of a late grand political festival, which took place in our city; and although, as may readily be supposed, there was a goodly portion of the ludicrous mixed up with the exhibition,—yet, from the regularity naturally induced by previous training, the actors were enabled to avoid many of those blunders and little detracting awkwardnesses, which are but too common among those “unaccustomed to public speaking.” The performers, with the exception of their “*togurie*,” are said to have been quite at home in their parts, and thereby prepared to thunder forth the declamations of

those they represented, in a manner which produced a most animating and happy effect on the spectators, who became as deeply interested as if they had witnessed the real scene passing before them; they laughed, cheered, and applauded, with a degree of noisy enthusiasm that would have been highly grateful to the feelings of the authors of the speeches delivered—many of whom were but indifferently received by those for whose edification they had exhausted their valuable time, and still more valuable brains, over the “midnight oil.” Now, it appears to us, that if an effect, such as described, could be produced on a stage not larger than a moderate-sized parlour, and aided only by the slender means and miserable make-shifts of a company of strolling comedians, whose scanty wardrobe could not afford even tolerable dresses for the occasion,—what ought we not to expect from the resources of such an ingenious and wealthy community as that of Glasgow—if *properly directed*? The whole secret of the matter seemed to lie in the accurate manner in which the performers had committed their parts to memory, and the excellent and spirit-stirring sentiments which they in consequence poured forth, adorned with the graces of practised elocution, without the slightest interruption or hesitation, which, rousing the feelings of the audience, charmed them into a forgetfulness of those little absurdities which would otherwise have excited their derision. Had this not been the case, who could have looked on with any degree of temper, and seen Lord Durham represented by a “stumpy, pot-bellied,” little bog-trotter, in a shabby thread-bare surtout, enlightened at the elbows;—or our worthy M. P. filling the chair, clothed in a white short-coat that had once

been called *great*, but, under the reforming scissors of the tailor, had “bid a long farewell to all its *greatness*”? —or even tolerated for a moment, the representative of our very clever and facetious townsman, the Laird of B——, appearing in a buttonless *hand-me-down*, with sleeves scarcely reaching to his elbows? but the scanty longitude in this quarter perhaps some may think not so much out of character, as the Laird is known to be anxious that his *hand*, at least, should always appear *conspicuous* in every public transaction.

To be serious, however, a little attention to any plan that might prevent the “unaccustomed” among our orators from exposing themselves to the laughter and derision of our large and intelligent meetings, as well as the sarcastic remarks of those enlightened strangers who may be present, is certainly desirable. Suppose, as a first step towards improvement, that the ridiculous attempts to pass off the elaborate cogitations of the closet for the extemporaneous effusions of the moment, be exploded, and that every intending speaker make a point of coming to his post fully prepared to deliver his speech, or essay, in such a straightforward, unhesitating manner, as might show that he had not only paid attention to the toast or sentiment entrusted to him, but that he was also master of the subjects connected with it. To procure this degree of attention, we grant, may at first appear a matter of difficulty in a place where commercial engagements may with so much propriety be pleaded as a bar to such application; but the obstacle, we conceive, might soon be got over, were the chairman and stewards to decline giving any gentleman a toast to propose, unless he not only pledged himself to the above stipulation, but also

agreed to appear at the rehearsals, and afford evidence of the proficiency he had made in his part. At the rehearsal previous to the grand display, let the order of the speakers be arranged according to the talent and fluency with which they were capable of delivering their sentiments; the gentleman, of course, who showed himself most at home in his part, to have the precedence; the others following according to their degrees of merit. By this means, the audience would have all the cream of the entertainment in the early part of the evening before any thing like confusion could show itself among them; indeed, under proper management, the chair might be vacated, and the more respectable or well-disposed portion of the company be progressing bedwards before the fag-end, or what may be almost termed, the "rejected addresses," could be inflicted upon them. As it is well known that at almost every public dinner more toasts are entered on the list and more speeches prepared than can be overtaken in the course of the evening, by selecting, therefore, in the manner proposed, our orators of the humdrum school would be placed in the background, and a more interesting, spirited, and business-like style of speaking brought forward among us.\* For the

\* At a late ecclesiastical dinner, a little *by-play* was hit off between a reverend gentleman and a certain respectable journalist, with so much ingenuity and excellent tact, that in reading the account of it we verily believed that our present ideas had already been anticipated, and that his Reverence and the Editor, who, by-the-by, was chairman on the occasion, had laid their heads together in the way of having a private rehearsal or *mental whet* between themselves before dinner. Certain it is, that whatever state the carnal appetites of the gentlemen may have been in, their wits never appeared *sharper set* than at the dinner referred to, and the effect produced on the company was of the very happiest description. It would



better attainment of this object, it might be of use that a gentleman of acknowledged taste, talent, and education, be appointed as "Superintendent of Public Dinners;" and when acting in this character, let him have power to suggest the extension or curtailment of such parts of the speeches as his judgment might direct. As the editor of a journal has a right to accommodate the length of his communications to suit the state of his columns,—let our superintendent also have the power to make similar arrangements, so as to get the greatest portion of what, at the rehearsal, shall appear of most public interest, brought within the limits prescribed for the evening's amusement. Under such a system, our meetings would be found really to deserve the name of "demonstrations;"—the effect which a course of well-connected speeches delivered with eloquence and fluency, would have on such assemblies as we have lately witnessed, would be grand and enthusiastic to a degree which we will not attempt to describe. As the above remarks are not intended to apply to any political party in particular, Tories as well as others are heartily welcome to take the benefit of the hints we have thrown out. And as the kind of knife-and-fork warfare which has been carried on so long between the Reformers and their opponents, is likely to be still farther protracted, it may not be amiss for both to set about making preparations for the approaching campaign, by passing their masticating artillery-men in review, and improving their *mouth-pieces* before the batteries are opened.      Ed.

afford us much pleasure to learn that our worthy journalist was inclined to take a lead in the reformation we propose, as we know few whose example would sooner be followed by the sensible portion of the community.

## MEMOIR OF A MILITARY GOOSE.

Is giving the following biographical sketch of a singular character, belonging to one of the inferior tribes of animated nature, we trust no silly witling will attempt to force more expression into his face than nature intended, in order to insinuate that our doing so is for the purpose of throwing any thing like ridicule or disrespect, on an honourable, and, we are sorry to say, often too useful profession. So far from this being our object, it has long been our fixed opinion, that there are more bipeds among the human race deserving of the name of "goose," in love with the gaudy trappings of military parade, than have spirit to join the ranks in the hour of danger. But whatever our opinion may be on the subject, the pen from which the following article emanates will be a sufficient guarantee not only for the good feeling which originally dictated the narrative, but likewise for that which prompted its insertion in this work.\*

Who, among the good folks of the west, has not seen, or at least heard of, the loyal goose of Paisley—the chivalrous and warlike goose of the years 1819 and 1820? In these years, during the radical turmoils in this neighbourhood, this strange and venerable bird attracted universal attention by its devoted affection to the soldiery, and its aptitude and vigilance in walking sentry before the jail. Of its previous history we know little, save that it had been an inmate of the stable-yard of the Saracen's Head

\* William Motherwell, Esq. a gentleman whose Conservative principles and strong attachment to the institutions of the country require no comment from us.

Inn for upwards of twenty years before; and had, till the year first noticed, comported itself like a grave and well-ordered member of its own species. In a heavy spate, one winter, thirty years ago, it had come floating down the Cart, floundering in the rush of waters, and cackling lustily in the storm. Whence it came, or where and when born, remains matter of mystery and conjecture to this day. Certain it is, the adventurous voyager was stranded at the foot of the Dyers' Wynd, and being there seized by some of the minor authorities of the town, as a waif or a wreck, was forthwith lodged in the Town's Inn, as a victim to be immolated at the next Christmas or first civic feast. But age secured it from the vulgar indignity of being eaten. The cook declared it was too old by half a century, and that nothing but an ostrich stomach could digest its iron frame; and after her judgment had been confirmed by other authorities skilled in gastronomic science, it was dismissed, and allowed the full and uncontrolled walk of the stable-yard. Here it vegetated till 1819, being handed over by each successive host of the Saracen's Head to the next tenant, as a part and portion of the premises. In the eventful years 1819 and 1820, it gave its first indication of an attachment to a military life. The sight of a red coat and musket were attractions it could not resist, and the roll of the drum or bugle-call were sure to find a willing listener in this plumed hero. Every day, for many months in these years, it was seen parading slowly and stately, with measured waddle, before the jail, following closely the heels of the sentinel, stopping when he stopped, and pacing when he paced. Night and day this loyal bird was found at its post. When it slept, none could tell—its vigils were so

unremitting; and often have we seen the soldier share his brown loaf with his new brother in arms. Thus did it continue in the faithful and constant discharge of its military duties, so long as a red coat and musket gleamed before the jail. From these singular habits, it became as well known to the townsmen as their Cross steeple, and often formed the topic of their conversation. It was revered as if it had been one of that sacred brood which preserved the Capitol. When sentinels were discontinued, the goose still paced over its old haunt, in sullen majesty, dreaming of other and more turbulent days, and glorying in the recollection of how itself had stood in the front of danger, unappalled and firm, in its unshaken loyalty to the crown and constitution. At length it forsook this station, finding its services there no longer useful, and speedily associated itself to the sergeant or corporal of each succeeding recruiting party that came to town. At the heels of some sergeant who, morning and evening, wore out his shoes on the *plainstones* for lack of other employment, the goose was found acting as orderly, keeping behind him at the distance, as nearly as we could guess, of "three paces and a stride." When one sergeant left the town, the goose soon ingratiated itself with his successor; and when knots of these gentlemen assembled on the street, the goose was ever found, in dignified silence, thrusting its neck between their legs, and with elevated crest, listening to their councils of war, and stories of battles won in distant lands. Besides this, it paid stated visits to sundry individuals whom it had favoured with its friendship. It could not chat; but it bade them good morning with a most affectionate gabble. When soldiers had to be billeted, by a species of pre-

science almost unaccountable, it waddled with friendly eagerness to the door of the Chamberlain's office, and there walked to and fro till the billets were distributed. To horse and foot—to regular and volunteer corps—it was alike kind and attentive. Whoever wore his Majesty's uniform was sure to be graciously recognised by this strange bird. Many a time have we seen a military officer, if he chanced to walk near the Cross, start, when he found the goose dogging him as diligently as if it were his shadow. To men in authority he showed a becoming deference, and even condescended occasionally to pick up a slight acquaintance with the subordinate officers of justice, choosing however those most remarkable for their size, as especial favourites. For the last year, it was evident to the eyes of all that our feathered eccentric was fast sinking, under age and its accompanying infirmities. It had become almost blind, and very lame. Its drumsticks were overgrown with knotty excrescences, and many of its toes had been broken off by its previous campaigning; while the lustre of its once snowy plumage was irretrievably gone. Yet to the last it continued to hirple over its wonted haunts, and to visit its early friends. When age-worn nature refused longer to obey the impulses of its heroic spirit, it shook off the burden of a life no more of use, in the fulness of its age, with a feeble sibilation and a slight flutter of its wings, one morning in the stable-yard of the Saracen's Head Inn. Many, who like the writer, have, under the weight of a musket, been amused by observing the habits of this bird, and found it his sole companion in the dreary watch at night, will regret its death, and sympathise in the feelings under which this slight piece of animal biography has been

penned. The death of this feathered Nestor, it is not abusing the term to say, created a general sensation in the town—nay, even general regret. Its age has been variously computed, but most are of opinion, that at the time of its demise it must have been within a few years of one hundred.

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### OUR BARBER'S DREAM,

#### OR LITERARY WIG-MAKING.

WITH regard to barbers dreaming, we have always been of opinion, that, provided a barber happens to have any thing to dream about, he has just as good a right to indulge his imagination in a nocturnal ramble among the visionary regions of Morpheus, as any other of his Majesty's liege subjects; and this being our cool and deliberate conviction, so far as we felt ourselves interested, we considered the affair at rest, and troubled ourselves no more about the matter, till the other day, when we happened to be sitting under the experienced hand of our regular tonsor, Mr. Cowie, who while engaged doing the *usual* for us, observed, with a degree of seriousness rather uncommon, that he had been disturbed last night by a most horrible dream. "Horrible dream!" thought we, "what, in the name of wonder, can a barber possibly have to disturb him, so as to create any dream at all approaching to the horrible? His profession is not only harmless but useful, and by no means calculated to excite any unpleasant sensations. Mr. Cowie is apparently a thriving man; Mrs. Cowie seems an excellent woman, and appears to make a good barber's wife—as barbers'

wives are going; and his children are all healthy and promising. Now, under all these circumstances, what can a barber, or indeed any man whatever, have to do with horrible dreams?" While thus engaged in a train of reflections arising from Mr. Cowie's remark, we had omitted to notice the remark itself. On looking up in his face, we thought he seemed piqued at our unintentional neglect; and in order to remove any impression of a want of courtesy on our part, we broke the thread of our reflections, by observing, "You said, Mr. Cowie, that you had been troubled with a most horrible dream last night; pray, what could it possibly be about? you don't seem one that is likely to be troubled much in your sleep." "Sleep!" said he, in a mournful tone of voice; "alas! what I saw is so strongly impressed on my mind, that I know not whether to call it a dream or a reality." "Indeed! it is surely something passing strange; and we must hear all about it," we returned, in a tone of voice sufficiently serious to convince him of the interest his words had excited. "That you soon shall: do you see that wig?" said he, sticking the comb behind his ear, and pointing with extended arm to a very handsome specimen of his art that stood on a block in a corner of the room. "We do." "Is it not a very excellent piece of workmanship?" "It is," we said, "about the most elegant-looking article of the kind we have seen." "It may well be so," said its maker, with a sigh that seemed to come from the bottom of his heart; "it is ordered for one of our Town Councillors, who is just about to be married, and I have spared neither time, money, nor labour, to make it what it seems; the hair of the lovely, the young, the living, and the dead, particular-

ly the *latter*, have, *I fear*, been too freely expended upon it." "The dead!" we exclaimed. "Yes," said he, "but do not let that startle you, it is one of the mysteries of the profession. Councillor —— and his friends have been often to see it, and have all declared it a most unexceptionable wig; and sure am I, though as barber it becomes me not to say it, a more finished wig, or a wig more befitting the head of a gentleman, or a member of the Town Council of Glasgow, never was produced within the bills of mortality; but no wonder, I was anxious to have it perfect, and sleeping or waking, it formed the engrossing object of my thoughts. Last night, I stopped up late in order to give it a few finishing touches, and study the effect of the whole by gas-light; it was near twelve ere I gave over, when I laid myself down on the sofa in order to gratify my feelings by contemplating my workmanship before I retired to bed; how long I reclined I know not; I heard the time-piece in the front shop strike one, after which the gas assumed strange variegated appearances such as I had never seen before; hollow, mournful, uncouth sounds, of the most doleful cadence, broke upon my ear—I listened, when presently the door seemed to open, and a female figure, in a long white dress, entered, and glided towards the wig. I thought it was Mrs. Cowie in her night-dress, wishing me to come to bed; and seeing her attracted, as I thought, by the beauty of the wig, I lay still, pleased in my own mind by what I conceived her admiration of my professional talents. On reaching the block, however, judge of my surprise, when I saw her extend her hand, in claw-like form, towards one of the most natural and lovely curls in the whole composition, and rudely tear it from the *curl*. I started up in amazement, exclaiming, 'Mrs-



Cowie! are you mad?' I could utter no more. Mrs. Cowie, you know, is far from being an ill-looking woman; think then of the state of my feelings, when, instead of the kind, comely, and agreeable face of my own dear wife, I saw turned towards me the grisly features of a grim, bare-scalped, heart-scaring spectre, which slowly approached me, holding the *tatter* torn from the wig between its bony finger and thumb, and shaking it upbraidingly in my face, groaned forth in a deep, drawling, sepulchral tone of voice, 'that's my hair'!!!—The figure then slowly disappearing from my view, was succeeded by a train of fearful-looking things, still more horrible than itself, each of whom having pulled portions from the wig in the same unceremonious manner, evanished after shaking them in my face, and repeating with the same mournful emphasis as the first, 'that's my hair'!!!—till at last, when looking at the wig that was lately the pride of my heart, it seemed no longer the picture of beauty I had lately considered it, but looked like an ill-plucked turkey, on which curls like feathers stuck up here and there on the *cowl*, just as it were 'to show where a wig once had been.' What remained was now all my own, and as such the spectres appeared to leave it; but the impression they left along with it will, I fear, never be effaced from my mind. If it was a dream, I fear it is one which bodes no good to me. The Councillor and his friends, to be sure, are satisfied; but the friends of the lady have not yet seen the wig. How they may feel on the matter, I cannot tell; women interfere with every thing, and they must have their own way. It was but lately I incurred the displeasure of a lady, and lost the custom of her friends, because I introduced a slight sprinkling of grey hairs into

her husband's wig, by way of making it more natural." On Mr. Cowie concluding his story, we could not help admitting, that his dream or vision, whatever he might please to call it, was a very singular and rather ominous-looking affair; and we of course endeavoured, by our remarks, to divert his mind from the melancholy reflections to which it had given rise.

On leaving the shop, we naturally began to ruminate on what we had just heard: here, thought we, is a subject of distress in a quarter where we certainly did not expect to find one, and arising too from a cause as distant as possible from any thing we could have conceived. Yet between our friend the barber and our own case, there is, we fear, rather a startling resemblance to be traced. He has been engaged in a labour, to him of the deepest interest, in which he has, along with his own ingenuity, made use of the hair or *produce* of other people's heads; and now having finished his wig, his disturbed imagination conjures up the spectres of the dead, to claim what cannot be otherwise regarded than as their *natural* property, even though the unfortunate dealer in "dead hair" may have honestly paid for its possession; and all this labour, skill, and distress of mind, have been incurred about the trifling object of making such a paltry affair as a wig!

All very true; but in this volume of ours, which we are just finishing, and about to present to the world, what better have we been doing?—have we not been taking a little of the produce of this author's head, and a little of that, giving at times *this* idea a polish, and *that*, as it were, a *curl* or turn, different perhaps from what was originally intended; and though in doing so we have

used our pen, where our worthy barber exercised his curling-tongs and frizzling-comb; and like him, too, though the ground-work or *cowl* may be our own, we have been frizzling and curling away much in the same manner: in short, we have been engaged in neither more nor less than literary wig-making; and though Cowie's production may be intended for the head of a Councillor, and ours for the tear and wear of the general public, yet we fear the similarity of our labours will continue to hold good; and as some of the friends of the Councillor who inspected the wig, expressed their approbation of it, so we may say, some of those among our friends who have seen a few of our sheets, have in like manner expressed a favourable opinion of our performance. Still we have the critics to encounter, who, we fear, like the spectres in our barber's dream, may claw our poor wig to tatters, before we get it fairly out of our hands. These considerations, to the mind of one who may be regarded, to a certain extent, in the light of author as well as editor, were on first thoughts sufficiently melancholy. But when we began to reflect that most, if not all of our learned contemporaries did a little in this sort of wig-making, as well as ourselves, and that many of them, on the strength of such wigs, were admitted to the first literary circles, and held a place among the most distinguished *savans* of the day, the gloom that seemed to gather round us began to disappear. Where, thought we, is the production of modern times, in which the produce of heads which have long ceased to ache, may not be detected; and to whose authors, the spectres of the "eild and grislie deid," laying their cold hand on their works, may not say—"this is my hair"?—Alas! none.

Even the great and lamented author of Waverley himself, was not above working up a little "dead hair," as well as his neighbours, when it suited his purpose; and many of his volumes, though "cunningly devised," no doubt, may still be viewed only as exquisite specimens of his talents in literary wig-making. With such examples, therefore, before us, it must be acknowledged, that the practice alluded to cannot be disreputable. It may also be further observed, that almost the only existing difference between the wigs of our ingenious friend, Mr. Cowie, and those we have mentioned, appears to be, that the one is intended for the *outside* and the other for the *inside* of the head; or in other words, the one to cover the baldness of the crown, and the other the *baldness* of the intellect—though, for this purpose, some of our *intelligent* readers may justly conceive that they have as little occasion for such an article as a negro has for a set of curling-irons. On such grounds of distinction, however, we have no hesitation in claiming a superiority for literary wigs, over those of the frizzling-comb and curling-tongs; and as in our present humble attempt we have shown no disposition to appropriate to ourselves what belongs to others, or filch a single leaf of the laurels of our predecessors, for the purpose of concealing the barrenness of our own brows, and thus affording an excuse either to our critical readers, or the spectres of the "eild and grislie deid," for disturbing our repose at unreasonable hours in their search after "dead hair,"—to those pieces furnished by our literary friends, we have not failed to attach the names of the authors when permitted; and though much of the material of which our volume is composed be taken from the floating mass of unclaimed

literature in the hands of the public, yet as we have, through various channels, contributed such a proportion towards this mass, as may reasonably entitle us, if not to the right of gleaning at large, at least to that of *reclaiming* our own waifs from the pastures of this “debateable land;”—we trust, therefore, that on this score our offences will not be found of a very heinous nature. Our ambition, if we may be allowed to keep up the metaphor, has been to furnish forth such a *wig* as may *fit* the prevailing taste of the public; and if we have succeeded in this our object, whether our friends wear it in their heads or in their pockets, provided they are satisfied with our labours, we shall consider our most sanguine expectations as completely realised.

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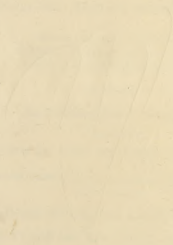
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