

THE

Budget of Wit

THE

AND DROLLERY.

A SELECTION OF

CHOICE BON MOTS,

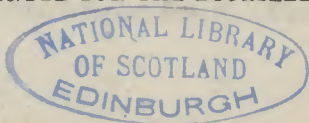
Irish Blunders, Repartees, Anecdotes

&c. &c.



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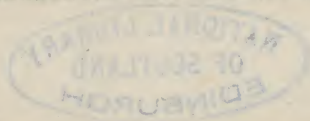
A COLLECTION OF



CHORDON BOOK HOUSES

Scottish Prudence.

A parish-clerk in the North of England, not long ago, hired a Scotchman for his servant, who was to go to the cart and plough, and do other-occasional jobs when wanted. In the course of conversation at hiring, the clerk asked him, if he could submit to the unpleasant business of digging graves; to which he exclaimed, "I'll warrant ye, maister, I cou'd dig doon the kirk for that matter: but let me see, I hasn't been put to that wark yet: aye, our auld belman at Jedburgh us'd to say, he never had beter pay, nor better jobs than howking holes for fowk—faith he was aye merry when folk d'eed."—It happened soon after entering on his service, that there was a severe storm of snow, which impeded all out-door work. One morning he came to his master, and asked him what employment he was to go to that day. The employer hesitated for some moments, and at last told him, he could find nothing for him to do. Sawney, with great gravity, replied, "I think, maister, I'll awa up to the kirk-yard an' howk some graves; we may as weel hae a wheen ready, for they may come faster in when they ken we are prepered for them."



Scottish Atmosphere.

An English gentleman on a tour through Scotland, was unfortunately accompanied by wet weather most of the time. When he set out from Glasgow to Greenock, the morning was very fine; however, before he had proceeded half way, he was overtaken by a heavy shower. "Boy," (says he to a little fellow herding near the road-side) "does it always rain in this country!" "Na," replied the boy, "it sometimes snaws."

Liberty of the Press.

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

Donald and the Laird.

A Scottish Laird and his man Donald, travelling southward; at the first English Inn, the room in where they were to sleep contained a bed for the master and a truckle for the man, which drew forth from beneath the larger couch. Such furniture being new to the Highlanders, they mistook the four-posted pavilion for the two beds, and the Laird mounted the tester, while the man occupied the comfortable lodging below. Finding himself

wretchedly cold in the night, the Laird called to Donald to know how he was accommodated, "ne'er sae weel a' my life," quoth the gilly. "Ha, mon," exclaimed the Laird, "if it was na for the honour of the thing, I could find in my heart to come down."

How to read a Sign-board.

A Highland Drover passing through a certain town, noticed a Sign-board above an entry, with the following inscription :

Green Teas, Raw Sugars, Marmalades, Jellies,
Capped Biscuits, and all sorts of
Confectionary Goods
sold down this entry.

read it as follows :

Green Trees, Raw Sodgers, Mermaids, Jades,
Scabbed Bitches, and all sorts of
Confusionary Goods,
sold down this entry.

How to Escape Robbery.

A person extremely hard of hearing, travelling between Paisley and Greenock on horseback, some time since, had occasion to come off his horse, when the reins slipped from among his fingers; the horse finding himself at liberty immediately ran off. The deaf man quickly followed, determined to enquire at all he met if they had seen his horse: the night was very dark; however, he had not gone far till he met with two men, whom he accosted with, "did you see a horse without a rider?" when he was immediately collared, he thought in diversion; says he "that's no a way to

use a man in the dark ;” and endeavouring to shake himself clear, when instead of slacking their hold, they took fresh and firmer holds; and no doubt used violent language, of which his deafness deprived him of hearing; seeing all attempts to get clear fruitless, and dreading they had nothing in view but an intention to rob him; it instantly occurred to him his having an ear trumpet sticking in the top of his boot, which he used in conversation, he immediately pulled it up, laid the muzzel of it across the fellow’s arm, and exclaimed, “if you don’t let go your grups, I’ll blaw your brains out in a moment!” they jumped over a hedge, and were out of sight in an instant, the deaf man called after them, “set aff, set aff, my lads, or I’ll be the death o’ baith o’ you, learn never to middle wi’ a man i’ the dark, for ye dinna ken what deadly weapons he carries.”

Dajt Will Speirs.

Will, one day, upon his journey to Eglington castle to pay his regular daily visit, met his Lordship, who seemed not to notice him: the Earl being only on a walk of pleasure through his polices, soon came in contact with Will again sitting at the bottom of a tree, picking a huge bone; “Ay, ay,” says the Earl, “what this you’ve got noo, Will.”—“Ay, ay,” says Will, “anew o’ frien’s whan folk has ocht; ye gaed by me awee sin’ an’ ne’er loot on ye saw me.”

How to find Work.

A Slater being employed by a gentleman to repair his house in the country, took along with him a prentice: when they set to work, and continued

to work for some days, the gentleman having no conception the job was to be of such duration, came out one morning, and found the apprentice at work alone, when he expressed himself as surprised at the continuation of them working so long, and enquired what had become of his master: to which the boy replied, "He's awa to Glasgow to look for a job, and if he got ane, this ane would be done the morn, and if he didna get ane, he didna ken when it would be done."

Will Scott.

A celebrated attendant upon the Sheriff, well known for his activity in the execution of his orders, as well as for taking a bit comfortable guzzel when finances would afford it, was one Sabbath-day snugly seated in the pew behind the Bailies at church. Will had not been there long till he was soon lulled into a sweet slumber, and found himself seated along with his companions over a good Imperial Half-mutchken; and in a short time the reckoning came a-paying, when some of the party insisted it was already paid; however, Will happened not to be of that opinion, and true to his integrity, bawled out with all his might in the midst of the sermon, "No, no, by my faith it's no pay't, we have had just ae half-mutchkin, an' twa bottles o' ale, an' there's no a fardin' o't pay't."

Grave-Digger of Sorn.

The Grave-Digger of Sorn, Ayrshire, was as selfish and as mean a sinner as ever handled mattock, or carried mortcloth. He was a very querulous and discontented old man, with a voice like the whistle of the wind thro' a key-hole. On a bleak

Sunday afternoon in the country, an acquaintance from a neighbouring parish accosted him one day, and asked how the world was moving with him. "Oh, very puirly, Sir, very puirley indeed," was the answer, "the yard has done naething ava for us this summer,—if you like to believe me I have na buriel a leevin' soul this sax weeks."

Scottish Parrot.

A parrot perched upon a pole at a cottage door, beaking itself in the sun, was observed by a rapacious hawk, which happened to be passing over it, suddenly dived down and seized poor Poll by the back; away the hawk flew with his prey; when passing over the garden, Poll observed his old friend the gardener, and exclaimed, I'm ridin' noo, John' Laurie. Hawky alarmed at hearing a voice so near, darted into a tree for safety, when after recovering a little, commenced to devour poor Poll, when it roared out with all its might, will you bite you b——. The hawk terrified out of its wits, flew off with a birr, leaving Poll to proceed homewards at pleasure.

The Restless Haggis.

Daft Will Callander lived with his sister Babie, in Port-Glasgow; Babie kept a lodging-house for Sailors. One Saturday night Babie was making a Haggis for Sunday's dinner, when one of her lodger's put four ounce of quicksilver into the haggis unknown to Babie. On Sunday Will was left at home to cook the dinner; but when the pot began to boil, the haggis would be out of the pot. Will faithful to his charge held the lid on the pot until his patience was exhausted; at last Will ran

off to the church for Babie; she sat in one of the back pews; Will beckoned to her two or three times, Babie as often nodded and winked to Will to be quite; at last he bawled out, "Babie, come hame, for I believe the de'il's got into the haggies, it'll no bide in the pat, it's out dancing on the floor, and if I had not locked the door, I think it would have been at the kirk as soon's mysel."

Expence of a Wife.

An old batchelor who lived in a very economical style, both as regards food and clothing, and not altogether so very trig as some bachelors sometimes appear, was frequently attacked by his acquaintances on the propriety of taking a wife: he was very smartly set upon one day, and told how snod a wife would keep him, and many other fine things to induce him to take a wife, and among the rest, what a comfort it would be to him, if it was for naething else but to make his parritch in the morning; says he "I dinna-doubt but she wad mak my parritch, but the plague is, she wad be fair to sup the hauf o' them."

An Honest M'Gregor.

Donald M'Gregor, a notorious sheep-lifter, (alias sheep-stealer) in the north Highlands, being at last overtaken by the grim tyrant of the human race, was visited by the minister of the parish, whose appearance, however, was by no means agreeable to Donald. The holy man warmly exhorted the dying Highlander to reflect upon the long and black catalogue of his sins, before it was too late, otherwise he would have a tremendous account to give at the great day of retribution,

when all the crimes he had committed in this world would appear in dreadful array, as evidence of his guilt. "Och! Sir," cries the dying man, "an' will a' the sheeps an' the cows, an' ilka thing Tonal has helped hersel to be there?" Undoubtedly," replied the parson. "Then let ilka shentleman tak her nain, an' Tonal will be an honest man again."

A West Indian who had a remarkably fiery nose, having fallen asleep in his chair, a negro boy who was waiting, observed a musquitto hovering round his face. Quasi eyed the insect very attentively; at last he saw him alight on his master's nose, and immediately fly off. "Ah! d—n your heart," exclaimed the negro, me d—n glad see you burn your foot."

A Brnsh for the Barber.

A Highlander who sold brooms, went into a barber's shop in Glasgow a few days since to get shaved. The barber bought one of his brooms, and after having shaved him, asked the price of it: "Twopenee," said the Highlander; "No, no," said the barber, "I'll give you a penny, if that does not satisfy you, take your broom again." The Highlander took it, and asked what he had got to pay? "A penny," said strap. "I'll gie you a bawbee," said Duncan, "an' if that dinna satisfy ye, put on my beard again."

The Kellochsyde Grace.

The following is preserved traditionally as the grace of the farmer of Kellochsyde, or Killochsyde;

in Clydesdale:—O Lord, we'r ay gangan, and we'r ay gettan. We soud ay be eoman to thee, but we'r ay forgettan. We leive in the gude mailen o' Kellochsyde, suppan thy gude peisie kale, puir sinfou sons of ——— that we are. Monie mereics we receive, gude trowth; and we'r little thankfou far them, gude feth. Janet, rax by the spunes, and aw praise and glory sall be thine. Amen.

New Method of Teaching Music.

A Highland piper having a scholar to teach, disdained to craek his mind with the names of semibreves, minims, crotchets, and quivers.—“Here, Donald,” said he, “tak your pipies, lad, and gi's a blast—so, very weel blaun indeed; but what is sound Donald without sense?—ye may blaw for ever without makin' a tune o't, if I didna tell you how thae queer things on the paper maun help you—you see that big fallow wi' a round open face, (pointing to a semibreve between the two lines of a bar,) he moves slowly, slowly, from that line to this, while you beat ane wi' your fit, and gi'e a blast; if now ye put a leg to him, ye mak' twa o' him, and he'll move twice as fast; gif ye black his face, he'll rin four times faster than the fallow wi' the white face: but if, after blackin' his face, ye'll bend his knee, or tie his legs, he'll trop eight times faster than the white faced chap that I showed you first. Now, whene'er you blaw your pipes,—Donald, remember this, the tighter the fallows' legs are tied, the faster they will rin, and the quiker they are sure to dance.”

A parson in the country taking his text in St. Matthew, Chapter viii. verse 14, ‘And Peter’s

wife's mother lay sick of a fever, preached for three Sundays together on the same subject.— Soon after two fellows going across the churchyard, and hearing the bell toll, one asked the other who it was for. Nay, I can't tell; perhaps replied he, it is for Peter's wife's mother, for she has been sick of a fever these three weeks.

Distinction of Sons and Daughters.

About the year thretty-sax, a company differed “Whether it was better for a man to hae sons or dochters.” They could not 'gree, but disputed it *pro* and *con*. At last one of them said to Graham of Kinross, (wha hadna yoked wi' them in the argument,) “Laird, what's your opinion?” Quo' he, “I had three lads, and three lasses; I watna whilk o' them I liked best sae lang as they sucket their mither; but de'il hae my share o' the callants when they cam to suck their father.”

Patrimony and Matrimony.

At an examination of a school in Edinburgh, a gentleman asked one of the scholars by what name they called property that descended from a father? “Patrimony,” answered the scholar; and what do you call it, when descended from a mother? “Matrimony,” was the reply.

One of the town's officers of Ayr, was struck severely by accident on the head by his wife.— After the fray was adjusted, the wife said to her husband, H——, had I killed you, and I been hanged for it, would you marry Kate M'Lauchlan.

Highlander and Parrot.

An honest Highlander walking along Holborn, head a cry, Rogue Scot, Rogue Scot; his northern blood fired at the insult, drew his broad sword, looking round him on every side to discover the object of indignation; at last he found it came from a parrot, perched on a balcony within his reach but the generous Scot disdaining to stain his trusty blade with such ignoble blood, put up his sword again, with a sour smile, saying, "Gin ye were a man, as ye're a green geese, I would split your weem."

An Irishman one day was walking on the streets of Belfast, found a light guinea, and got 18s for it: next day he was walking, and sees another, and says, Allèlieu, dear honey, I'll have nothing to do with you, for I lost 3s by your brother yesterday.

In a party of ladies, on it being reported that a Captain Silk had arrived in town, they exclaimed, with one exception, 'What a name for a soldier!' 'The fittest name in the world,' replied a witty female, 'for Silk can never be Worsted!'

Addition.

A farmer's son, who had been sometime at the university, came home to visit his father and mother; and being one night with the old folks at supper on a couple of fowls, he told them, that by the rules of logic and arithmetic, he could prove these two fowls to be three.—"Well, let us hear," said the old man:—"Why, this," said the scholar,

“is one, and this,” continued he, “is two, two and one, you know, make three.”—“Since you ha’e made it out sae weel,” answered the old man, “your mother shall ha’e the first fowl, I’ll ha’e the second, and the third you may keep to yoursel’.”

A clergyman who wished to know whether the children of the parishoners understood their bibles, asked a lad that he one day found reading the Old Testament, who was the wickedest man? Moses, to be sure, said the boy.—Moses! exclaimed the parson, how can that be? Why, said the lad, because he broke all the commandments at once!

Not Lost but Drowned.

A Leith merchant being on his usual ride to the south, came to the ford of a dark river, at the side of which a boy was diverting himself. The traveller addressed him as follows:—“Is this water deep?” “Ay, gaen deep,” answered the boy. “Is there ever any person lost here?” “No,” replied the boy, “there was never any lost; there has been some drowned but we aye get them again.”

A Just Remark.

A certain son of St. Crispian, who resides in Paisley, lifting up his four cornered hat the other morning in a hurry, found it filled with his wife’s fal-de-ral-lals; in a fit of wrath he exclaimed, “Gudesake, Janet, what the de’il gars you stap a’ the trash in the house intill a body’s hat.”—“Trash, indeed!” exclaimed the indignant spouse, “stap it on your ain head, and the biggest trash in the house ’ll be in’t.”

Scotchman and Irishman.

A Scotchman and an Irishman were sleeping at an inn together. The weather being rather warm, the Scotchman in his sleep put his leg out of the bed. A traveller in passing the room door, saw him in this situation, and having a mind for a frolic, gently fixed a spur upon Sawney's heel; who drawing his leg into the bed, so disturbed his companion that he exclaimed, "Arrah, honey, have a care of your great toe, for you have forgot to cut your nails I belaiiv." The Scotchman being sound asleep, and sometimes, perhaps, not a little disturbed by other companies, still kept scratching poor Pat, till his patience being quite spent, he succeeded in rousing Sawney, who not a little surprised at finding the spur on his heel, loudly exclaimed, "De'il tak' the daft chiel of a hostler, he's ta'en my boots aff last night and left on the spur."

Charity.

A person who resides in the ancient town of Killwinning, proverbial for his liberality in meat and drink to friends and acquaintances; strangers too, seldom passed without experiencing a due share of kindness; lately while feasting nearly a dozen of random visitors on "Pat Luck," a beggar called at the door soliciting charity, when he very good humouredly called out, "I canna help you the day, I ha'e plenty o' your kin' here already."

Shooting the Devil.

A Scotch parson preaching upon these words, "resist the devil, and he will fly from you;" began

thus :—My beloved, you are all here to-day, but wot ye who is among ye; even the meikle horned devil. You cannot see him, but by the eye of faith I see him. But some of you say, what will we do with him, now we have him here? How shall we destroy him? We will hang him. Alas, my beloved, there are not so many tows in the parish as will hang him, he is as light as a feather. Then some of you will say we will drown him; Humph, my beloved there is owre muckle cork in his a—, he's as souple as an eel, he will not sink. Others of you will say, we will burn him, Na, na, Sirs, you may scald yourselves, but you canna burn him, for the fire in h— could never yet sing a hair o' his tail. Now, Sirs, ye canna find a way among you all to kill him, but I will find it. What way will this be, Sirs? We will even shcote him. Where-with shall we shoot him? We shall shoot him with the Bible. Now Sirs, I shall shoot him presently. So, presenting the Bible, as soldiers do their muskets, he cries out, Toot! toot! toot! Now he is shot: there lies the foul thief as dead as a herring.

Long Credit.

Soon after the battle of Preston; two Highlanders, in roaming through the South of Mid-Lothian, entered the farm house of Swanston, near the Pentland Hills, where they found no one at home but an old woman. They immediately proceeded to search the house, and soon finding a web of coarse home-spun cloth, made no scruple to unroll and cut off as much as they thought would make a coat to each. The woman was exceedingly incensed at their rapacity, foared and cried, and even had the hardihood to invoke divine vengeance.

upon their heads. "Ye villains!" she cried, "ye'll ha'e to account for this yet!"—"And when will we pe account for't?" asked one of the Highlanders.—"At the last day, ye blackguards!" exclaimed the woman. "Ta last tay!" replied the Highlander; "Tat be coot long chredit—we'll e'en pe tak a waistcoat too!" at the same time cutting off a few additional yards of the cloth.

Bird's Nest.

The mother of a respectable grocer in a town in the west, called her son to her, while on her death-bed, and declared to him that his reputed father was not really his father; but that such a one (naming him) really was his father: and that the deed was done one night when travelling from Greenock, when at the Clun-Brae-Head; this story got wing, and ran through the town like wildfire, and was a fine source of amusement for some time. One day a boy vulgarly named the 'Linty,' went into the said grocer's shop to purchase some article, when he was assailed with "Weel Linty, whor is'tu gaun to big thy nest the year?" The boy replied, "I was thinkin' to big it down about the Clun-Brae-Head."

Elder's Hours.

A cunning carle invested with the semi-sacred office of "Rulling Elder," or practically seemingly indentified with that office, in order to gratify an inclination, scratched wi' the neb o' a fork, the figure 10, on the one side of his outer door, and figure 11, on the other; by which plan he was able to say wi' "a good conscience," at a' times,

and on a' occasions that he came aye hame atween ten and eleven.

The Thistle.

A few Scotch and English travellers being met together, an Englishman took it upon him to run down the Thistle, exclaimed against the empty boast of its motto, "Nemo me impune la casset;" when a Scotchman present observed, "the Thistle, sir, is the pride of the Scottish nation, but it is nothing in the mouth of an ass."

Cold Gentleman.

In the west of Scotland, some time ago, there happened to be an auction of books. A Book-buyer who attended the sale was summoned by his son to supper, according to the directions of his mother. The boy flouried by the presence of the audience, and in his attempt to be as explicit as possible, thus cried out, "Fayther, yer parritch is ready."—"Very well, my dear, said his father, and at the door gave him a salute *a posteriori*, which was repeated with the following injunction. — Recollect rascal, when you come again, to say *a gentleman* wants me. Next evening up comes the boy according to direction.—"Is my Fayther here?"—"Yes," said the father. "*A gentleman* wants ye."—"Very well, my man," was repeated by the boy's parent; but little time elapsed when the boy returned; "What now my man," said the old book worm.—"Ou naething," said his son, "but gin ye dinna rin fast *the gentleman* will be quite cauld."

Dougal Graham.

Dougal Graham, author of well-known metrical history of the rebellion in 1745, being candidate for the place of town bell-man in the city of Glasgow, was desired to call "Gude fresh herrings new come in at the Broomielaw," (it not being the season of herrings,) Dougal added,

"But, indeed, my friends, it's a blaeflum,
"For the herrings no catch'd, and the boat's no come."

Which procured for Dougal the situation.

Dougal was a kind of Scotch Æsop, he had a large humph on one of his shoulders, and like his patrottype, had wit. Calling in the street of the Gallogate, opposite the Saracen's Head Inn, where several officers of the gallant 42d regiment were dining at the close of the American war, some of whom knew Dougal before they went abroad, opening the window, called out, "What's that you've got on your back, Dougal?" Knowing what the regiment suffered at Bunker's Hill, Dougal replied, "It's *Bunker's Hill*; do you choose to mount?"

A New Way to Wauken Sleepers in Church.

Mr Ogilvie, minister of the parish of Lunan in the county of Forfar, had a great deal of eccentricity in his composition. One Sunday an old woman, who kept a public-house in the parish, with whom Mr Ogilvie was well acquainted, fell asleep in the church during sermon,—not an uncommon occurrence. Her neighbour kept jogging in order to awake her. Mr Ogilvie observing this, cried

out, "Let her alane, I'll wauken her mysel', I'll warrant ye."—"Phew! phew! (*whistling*) a bottle o' ale and a dram, Janet."—"Comin', Sir" was instantly replied.—"There now," says the minister, "I tald ye it wadna be lang afore I waken'd her!"

Sage Instruction.

A labouring Highlandman who lived in the upper parts of Perthshire, whose wife was taken in labour, wished him to retire out of the house. Janet says to him,—“Oh! you be gang awa' Duncan, gang awa'!” The man however kept loitering about the door, seemingly impressed with something of great importance. At last he cries to his wife, “You speak a me, Shanet! you speak a me! The wife asks, “What you say, Duncan? —“Gie the cummer (the midwife) a dram, Shanet, gie the cummer a dram!”—“What for Duncan?” —“Gie the cummer a dram, Shanet, an' tell *him to make her a laddie.*”

The Purse and the Penny Siller,

Three young Highlanders, some years ago, sat out from their native hills, to seek a livelihood amongst their countrymen in the Lowlands. They had hardly learned any English. One of them could say, “We three Highlandmen;” the second, “For the purse and the penny siller;” and the third had properly learned, “And our just right too;” intending thus to explain the motives o' their journey. They trudged along, when, in a lonely glen, they saw the body of a man who had been recently murdered: the Highlanders stopped to deplore the fate of the unhappy mortal, when a gentleman with

his servant came up to the spot. "Who murdered this poor man?" said the gentleman, "*We three Highlandmen,*" answered the eldest of the brothers, (thinking the gentleman enquired who they were.) "What could induce you to commit so horrid a crime?" continued the gentleman. "*The Purse and the Penny Siller,*" replied the second of the travellers. "You shall be hanged, you miscreants!"—"And our just right too!" returned the third. The poor men were thus brought to the gallows on their own evidence, and *presumption of guilt.*

Lump of Old Wood.

An aged man, named Thomas Wood, sitting on a high three-footed stool in the gallery of the Old Church of Falkirk, during divine service happened to fall asleep, tumbled on the floor with a great noise. The preacher stopped and demanded the reason of the noise. "Nothing, Sir," cries a wag, "but a lump of *Old Wood* fallen down."

The Great Want.

A female pauper lately made a very strong and forcible appeal to the elders and heritors of a certain parish, for an advance of 4s 6d.—Some one of the grave quorum enquired what made her so urgent on this occasion, when she had lately got a supply of coals, shoes, &c., to this she replied—"Why, deed, sirs, it's just to buy a pair o' *corsets* to my daughter Tibbie, ilk lass that's ocht respectable has them but hersel', so ye see she canna do wantin' them, an' ye maun e'en let me ha't sirs."

The Devil Defined

The Rev. Mr Shirra, burgher minister in Kirkcaldy, once gave the following curious definition of the devil : " The Devil, my brethren, is ill ony way ye'll tak' him. Tak' the D from his name, he's *evil* ; tak' the E from his name, he's *vil* ; tak' the V from his name, he's *il* ;" then shrugging up his shoulders, and lengthening his sanctified snout, he said, with peculiar emphases, "he's naething but an *il, vil, evil, Devil, ony way ye'll tak him !*"

Mark me well.

A gentleman having missed his way, fortunately overlook a boy going with a pot of tar to mark his master's sheep, asked the road to Banff, but was directing by so many turnings, right and left, that he agreed to take the boy behind him on the horse as he was going near to the same place. Finding the boy pert and docoil, he gave him some wholesome advice relative to his future conduct, adding occasionally, "*Mark me well, my boy.*"—" Yes, Sir, I do." He repeated the injunction so often, that the boy at last cried out, "*Sir, I have no more tar !!*"

Death of a Watch,

After the battle of Falkirk, in 1746, a Highland-man was observed extracting a gold watch from the fob of an English officer, who had been killed. His comrade viewed him with a greedy eye, which the man taking notice of, said to him, "Tamn you gapin' greedy bitch, gang and shoot a shentleman for hersel', an' no envie me o' my pit watch."

Next morning finding his watch motionless, and meeting his comrade, says to him, "Och! she no be care muckle about a watch, an' you be like mine what will you gie me for her?" The other replied, "I be venture a kinny."—"Weel then," said the other, "Shust tak her, an' welcome, for she be die yester night."

Our Lawful Sovereign.

An English officer dinning with Lord Saltoon, some years after the Battle of Culloden, his Lordship was adverting to the strong attachment manifested by the generality of Buchan to the unfortunate house of Stuart, and particularly remarked the devoted loyalty of his gardener, whom no bribe or entreaty could in the smallest degree influence; "I'll bet 50 guineas," said the Englishman, "that I shall make him drink the health of King George."—"Done!" replied his Lordship. The honest gardener was called in. The officer began by praising his fidelity and loyalty to his prince; pressed him to drink some glasses of wine: and when he thought him a little off his guard from the effects of the generous liquor, he began thus: "Now, my friend, I know you are a good Christian and wish well to every human being; you can certainly have no objection to drink the health of King George? Come, my worthy fellow, a bumper to the health of his Majesty,"—"Here's to the health of our lawful Sovereign," said the gardener. "d—n you Sir," cried the officer, "That's not King George?"—"I am very much of your opinion!" replied the man,—making a profound bow, and retiring.

Down the Rotten-Row.

A few years ago, when resurrectionistst hroughout the country were become very common, a person of respectability was interred in the High Church burying ground of Glasgow. The relatives who were persons of property, hired a few hungry weavers, who generally at that time were *atomies* ready made,—to watch the grave of their deceased relative; these, as they were one night on duty, perceived some persons enter the church yard, they kept snug till such time as they could learn the object of their visit. It was not long before the intruders opened a grave, took out the corpse, put it into a sack, and left it at the grave, and went in search of something else. One of the weavers, a droll fellow, said to his comrades, “Take out the corpse, and I’ll go into the sack, but do you observe the proceedings.” In a little time the resurrection men returned, and one of them getting the sack upon his back marched off; when they got to the street, the one says to the other, “Which way will we take?” When the weaver putting out his hand and gripping the fellow who was carrying him, by the hair, bawled out, “Down the Rotten Raw, ye b-g-r.” He was soon set down, and the man who carried him, went mad of the fright.

Resurrection Men.

Some years ago, a poor boy, whose mother was buried in the church-yard of Falkirk, used frequently to sit on her grave, and when destitute of other aecommodation, would crawl in below one of the grave stones, and sleep there for the night. On one of these occasions, the boy was roused from his sleep by the noise of some voices in the church-

yard. This was nothing more than a couple of resurrection men who had come on purpose to begin that great work rather prematurely: and as those who are raised before the due time cannot be supposed capable of standing on their legs, they had provided themselves with a horse to *give them a lift*. They were then disputing about how they could secure the beast, while they were raising the corpse: the lad hearing this, and creeping out of his hole cries, "*I'll haul him,*" expecting some remuneration no doubt. The fellows seeing a resurrection commencing from under a stone, and hearing the offer of holding the horse, scampered off and left the animal, with a couple of sacks; and although the horse and sacks were advertised, they were never claimed, but sold for the benefit of the boy, which procured him better lodging than beneath a grave stone.

March of Intellect.

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