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SELECT MISCELLANY:

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MORAL, HISTORICAL, AND HUMOUROUS,

BY CELEBRATED AUTHORS.



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GLASGOW:

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MORAL, HISTORICAL, AND ROMANTIC.

BY GEORGE W. WOODS.



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BATTLE OF THE BREEKS.

A PASSAGE FROM THE LIFE OF WILLIAM M'GEE, WEAVER IN  
HAMILTON.

I often wonder, when I think of the tribulations that men bring upon themsells, through a want of gumption and common independence of speerit. There now, was I for nao less than eighteen years as henpickit a man as ever wrocht at the loom. Maggy and me, after the first week of our marriage, never foregathered weel thegither. There was something unco dour and imperious about her temper, although, I maun say, barring this drawback, sho was nae that ill in her way either—that is to say, she had a sort of kindness about her, and behaved in a truly mitherly way to tho bairns, gie'in them a' things needfu' in the way of feeding and claithing so far as our means admitted. But, O man, for a' that, sho was a dour wife. There was nae pleasing her ae way or anither; and whenever I heard the bell ringing for the kirk, it put me in mind of her tongue—aye wag, wagging, and abusing me boyond bounds. In ae word, I was a puir, broken-hearted man, and often wished myself in Abraham's bosom, awa frae the cares and miseries of this sinfu' world.

I was just saying that folk often rin their heads

into scrapes for want of a pickle natural spunk. Let nae man tell me that guid nature and simplecity will get on best in this world; na—faith, no. I had ower muckle experience that way; and the langer I lived has prued to me that my auld maister, James Currie, (him in the Quarry Loan,) wasna sae far wrang when he alleged, in his droll gude-humoured way, that a man should hae enough of the deil about him to keep the deil frae him. That was, after a', ane of the wisest observes I hae heard o' for a lang time. Little did I opine that I would ever be oblegated to mak' use o't in my ain particklar case:—but, bide awec, and ye shall see how it was brocht about between me and Maggy.

It was on a wintry nicht when she set out to pick a quarrel wi' Mrs Todd, the huekster's wife, anent the price of a pickle flour which I had bought some days before, for making batter of, but which didna turn out sae weel as I expeekit, considering what was paid for't. Had I been consulted, I would hae tell't her to bide at hame, and no fash her thumb about the matter, which after a' was only an affair of three-happence farthing, and neither here nor there. But, na; Maggie was nane o' the kind to let sie an object to stan' by; so out she sets, wi' her red cloak about her, and her black velvet bounet—that she had just that day got hame frae Miss Lorimer, the milliner—upon her head. But I maun first tell what passed between her and me on this wonderfu' occasion.

“And now, my dear,” quo' I, looking as couthly and humble as I could, and pulling my Kilmarnock night-cap a wee grain off my brow in a kind of half respectfu' fashion, “whats this ye're ganging to be about? Odds, woman, I wadna gie a piri for a'

that has happened. What signifies a pickle flour serimp worth half a groat!" Faith, I would better hae held my tongue, for nae sooner was the word uttered, than takin' haud o' a can, half fu' o' ready made-dressing, which I was preparing to lay on a wab of blue check I was working for Mr Andrew Treddles, the Glasgow manufacturer—I say, takin' haud o' this, she let it fly at my head like a cannon ball. But Providence was kind, and instead of knocking out my brains, as I had every reason to expeck, it gied bang against our ain looking glass, and shattered it into five hundred pieces. But I didna a'thegither escape skaith, the dressing having flown out as tho can gied by me, and plaistered a' my face ower in a manner maist extraordinary to behold. By jingo, my corruption was roused at this deadly attempt, and gin sho hadna been my wife, I wad hae thrawn about her neck like a tappit hen's. But, na—I was henpickit, and she had sic a mastery over me as nae persuasions of my ain judgement could overcome. Sae I could dae nathing but stan' glowering at her like a moudiewart, while she poured out as muckle abuse as If I had been her flunky, instead of her natural lord and master. Anee or twice I fand my nieves yeuking to gie her a clour by way of balaneing accounts, but such was the power of influence, that she had obtained that I durstna cheep for my very heart's bluid. So awa' she gaid on her errand, leaving me sittin' by the fire, to mak' the best of my desperate condition.

"O, Nancy," said I to my dochter, as she sat mending her brother's sark, opposite to me, "Is na your mither an awfu' woman?"

"I see naething awfu' about her," quo' the cratur; "I think she servit ye richt; and had I

a man, I would just treat him in the very same way, if he daur'd to set his nose against any thing that I wanted." I declare to ye when I heard this frae my ain flesh and bluid, I was perfectly dumfounded. The bairn I had brought up on my knee—that used, when a wee thing, to come and sit besido mo at the loom, and who was in the eustom of wheeling my pirns wi' her ain hand—odds, man, it was desperate. I eoudna say anither word, but I fand a big tear come hap hap-ping ower my runkled cheeks, the first that had wet them sin' I was a bit laddio running about before the schulo door. What was her mither's abusive-ness to this? A man may thole muckle frae his wife, but O, the harsh words of the undutifu' bairn gang like arrows to his heart, and he weeps tears of real bitterness. I wasna angry at the lassie—I was ower grieved to be angered; and for the first time I found that my former sufferings woro only as a single thread to a haill hawk of yarn compared to them I suffered at this moment.

A'thegither the thing was mair than I could staun, so, rising up, I betaks mysell to my but-an-ben neighbour, Andrew Brand. Andrew was an uncommon sagaeious ehie, and, like mysell, a weaver to his trade. He was beuk-learned, and had read a hantel on different subjects, so that he was naturally looked up to by the folks round about, on account of his great lear. When onything gaed wrang about the Leechlee street, where we lived, we were a' glad to consult him; and his advice was reekoned no greatly behint that of Mr Meek, the minister. He was a great counter or 'rith-metishian, as he ca'd it; and it was thoelt by mony guid judgos that he could handlo a pen as weel as Mr Diek, the writing-master, himsell. So,

as I was saying, I stappit ben to Andrew's, to ask his advice, but odds, if ye ever saw a man in sic a desperate passion as he was in, when I tauld him how I had been used by my wife and dochter.

“William M'Ghee,” said he, raising his voice—it was a geyan strong ane—“ye're an absolute gomeril. O, man, but ye'ro a henpickit sumph! I tell ye ye're a gawpus, and a lauching stock, and no worth the name of a man. Do ye hear that?”

O ay, I hear't very weel,” quo' I, no that pleased at being sae spoken to, even by Andrew Brand, who was a man I could stomach a guid deal frae, in the way of reproof—“I hear't a' weel eneuch, and am mucklo obleged to yo, nae doubt, for your consolation.”

“Hooly and fairly, William,” said he in a kinder tone, for he saw I was a degree hurt by his speech. “Come, I was only joking ye, man, and you maunna tak onything amiss I hae said. But really, William, I speak to ye as a frien', and tell ye that ye aro submitting to a tyranny which no man of common understanding ought to submit to. Is this no the land of liberty? Are we no just as free as the Duke in his grand palace down by; and has ony body a richt—tell me that, William M'Gee—to tyranneeze ower anither as your wife does ower you! I'll no tell ye what to do, but I'll just tell you what I would do, if my wife and dochter treated me as yours have treated you—lord, man, I would ding their harns about, and knock their heads thegither like twa curling stanes. I would aye be master in my ain house.”

This was Andrew's advice, and I thocht it sound-ed geyan rational, only no very easy to put in practice. Hoosomever, thinks I to mysell, I'll consider about it, and gin I could only bring mysell

to mak the experiment, wha'kens but I micht succeed to a miracle? On stapping back to my ain house, the first thing I did was to tak a thimblefu' of whisky, by way of gi'eing me a picklo spunk, in case of ony fresh rumpus wi' the wife, and also to clear up my ideas—for I hae fand, that after a lang spell at the loom the thochts as weel as the body, are like to get stupid and dozey. So I taks a drappie, and sits down quietly by the fire-side, waiting for the return of Maggy frae scolding Mrs Todd about the flour.

In she comes, a' in a flurry. Her face was as red as a peeyny rose, her breathing came fast, and she lookit a'thegither like ane that has had a sair warslowi' the tonguo. But she was far frae being downcast. On the contrair, she lookit as proud as a Turkey cock; and I saw wi' the tail o' my e'e that she had gained a grand victory ower puir Mrs Todd, who was a dounce, quiet woman, and nae match for the like of her in randying. So she began to stump and mak a great phrase about the way she had outrawed the puir body; and was a'thegither as upset about it, as if Duke Hamilton had made her keeper of his palacc. Losh, I was mad to hear't, and twa or three times had a gude mind to put in a word—to sic a degree was my courage raised by the drap spirits—but aye as the words wero rising to my mouth, the thoct of the can and the dressing sent them back again, till they stuck like a bane in my throat. Very likely I micht hae said ncer a word, and Andrew Brand's advice micht hae gain for naething, had it no been for the cratur Nancy, who was sac lifted up about her mither's dispute, that naething would sair her but to hae the hail affair mentioned out and dry.



“And did you cast up to Mrs Todd, mither,” quo’ the little cutty, “that she was fat?”

“Ay, that I did,” said Maggy. “I tell’t her sho was like a barn door. I tell’t her sho was like the side of a house. ‘Ye’re a sow, quo’ I; ye get fou every hour of the day wi’ your lump of a guideman.’”

But this wasna a’—for nae sooner had Maggio answered her dochter’s first question, than the eratur was ready wi’ anither: “And mither, did ye east up to her that her faither was a meeser?”

“Atweel did I, Nancy,” answered the gudewife. “I tell’t her a’ that. I coost up to her that her faither was a meeser, and would ride to Lunnon on a louse, and make breeks of its skin, and candels of its tallow.”

I could thole this nae langer. I fand the hail mau working within me, and was moved to a pitch of daring, mair like madness than onything else. Faith, the whisky was of gude service now, and so was Andrew Brand’s advice. I accordingly steekit my neives wi’ desperation, threw awa’ my cowl, tucked up my sark sleeves—for my coat happened to be aff’ at the time—and got up frae the three-footed stool I had been sitting upon in the twinkling of an e’e. I trumbled a’ ower, but whether it was wi’ fear, or wi’ anger, or wi’ baith put thegither, it would be difficult to say. I was in awfu’ passion, and as fairee as a papish. “And so,” said I, “ye coost up sic things to the honest woman, Mrs Todd! O, Maggy M’Gee, Maggy M’Gee, are ye no ashamed of yoursell? Odd it would hae duno your heart gude to see how she glowered at me. Sho was bewildered and lookit as if to see whether I was mysell, and no some ither body. But her evil speerit didna lie lang asleep: it soon broke out

that I maun now staun firm, or be a dead man for ever. "Has your faither been at the whisky bottle?" said she to her dochter. "Ho looks as if he was the waur of drink." He had a glass just before ye cam in," answered the wicked jimpey; and scarcely had she spoken the word, when Maggy flew upon me like a teger, and gie'd me a skelp on the cheek wi' her open loof, that made me turn round tapwise on the middle of the floor. Seeing that affairs were come to this pass, I saw plainly that I maun go on, no forgetting in sae doing my frien' Andrew's advice, as also my auld master, Tammas Currie's observe, anent a man ha'eing aneuch of the deil in his temper to keep the deil awa' frae him. So I picked up a' the spunk I had in me, besides what I had frae the drap whisky; and fa'ing to, I gie'd her sic a leathering, as never woman got in her born days. In ao word, she met wi' her match, and roared aloud for mercy; but this I would on nao account grant, till she promised faithfully, that in a' time coming she would acknowledge me as her lord and master—and obey me in everything as a dutiful wife should her husband.

As soon as this was settled, in stappit Andrew Brand. At the sight of my wifo greeting, and me sae fairce, he held up his hands wi' astonishment. "William M'Gee," quo' ho, "it's no possible that ye're maister in this houso!"

"It's no only possible, but its true, Andrew," was my answer; and taking me by the hand, he wished me joy for my speerit and success.

Sae far, sao weel: the first grand stroke was made, but there was something yet to do. I had discharged a' outstanding debts wi' my wife, and had brocht her to terns; but I had yet to reduce like a squib on the King's birth day, and I saw

my bairns to thoir proper senses, and show them that I was *their* lord and maister, as weel as their mither's. Puir things! my heart was wae for them, for they were sairly miseducated, and held me in nao mair estimation, than if I had been aue of my ain wabster lads. So, just wi' a view to their gude, I took down a pair of teuch ben-leather taws, weel burnt at the finger ends, and gi'ed Nancy as mony cracks ower the bare neck, as set her squeeling beyond a' bounds. It was pitifu' to see tho cratur, how she skipped about the room, and ran awa to her mither, to escape my faitherly rage. But a' assistance frae that quarter was at end now; and she was fain to fa' down on her knees and beg my forgeevness—and promise to conduct hersell as became my dochter, in a' time coming.

Just at this moment, in comes wee Gordie, greeting for his parritch. He kent naething of what had taken place in the house; and doubtless expeckit to mak' an idiot of me, his father, as he had been accustomed to do, almost frae his very cradle. I saw that now was the time to thresh the corruption out of him; and brandishing the taws ower my head, I made a stap forrit to lay hand upon him, and treat him like the lavo. He looked as if he had an inkling of what was forthcoming, and run whinging and craiking to his mither, who stood wiping hor een wi' her striped apron in the corner of the room. Tho terrified laddie clang to her knees, but she never offered to lend a helping hand; so great was the salutary terror wi' which I had inspired her. So I pu'd him awa frae her coats, to which he was clinging; and laying him ower my knee, I gie'd him hipsy-dipsy in the presonee of his mither, his sister, and Andrew Brand, who were looking on.

And thus hae I, who for eighteen years was ruled by my wife, got the upper hand; and ony man who is henpickit, as I hae been, should just take the same plan, and his success will be as sure as mine. Andrew Brand aye said to me that a man should wear his ain breeks; and I can main-teen, frae present experience, that a wiser saying is no to be found in the proverbs of Solomon, the son of David. No that Maggie has na tried nows and thans to recover her lost power, but I hae on thae occasions conduokit mysell wi' sie firmness, that she has at last gi'en it up as a bad job, and is now as obedient a wife, as ye'll meet wi' between this and Bothwell. The twa bairns, too, are just wonderfully changed, and are as reasonable as can be expeekit, a' things considered. Let men, therefore, whether gentle or semple, follow my plan, and the word henpickit, as Andrew Brand says, will soon slip out of the dictionar.—*A Modern Pythagorean.*

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### THE BARBER OF DUNSE.

A clergyman possessing an uncommon share of wit and humour, had occasion to lodge for the night, with some friends, at the inn of a town, which for certain reasons, we shall denominate Dunse. Requiring the services of a barber, he was recommended by the waiter to Walter Dron, who was represented as excellent at cracking a joke, or telling a story. This functionary being forthwith introduced, made such a display of his oral and manual dexterity, as to leave on the mind as well as the body of his eustomer, a very favourable impression, and induce the latter to invite

him to sit down to a friendly glass. The mutual familiarity which the circulation of the bottle produced, served to show off the barber in his happiest mood; and the facetious clergyman, amid the general hilarity, thus addressed him: "Now Wattie, I engage to give you a guinea, on the following terms,—that you leap backwards and forwards over your chair for the space of half an hour—leisurely, yet regularly—crying out at every leap, 'here goes I, Watty Dron, barber of Dunse;'—but that, should you utter any thing else during the time, you forfeit the reward." Wattie, though no doubt surprised at the absurdity of the proposal, yet, considering how easily he could earn the guinea, and the improbability that such an opportunity would ever again present itself, agreed to the stipulations. The watch was set, and the barber having stript of his coat, leaning with one hand on the back of the chair, commenced leaping over the seat, uniformly repeating, in an exulting tone, the words prescribed. After matters had gone on thus smoothly for about five minutes, the clergyman rung the bell, and thus accosted the waiter:—"What is the reason, Sir, you insult me, by sending a mad fellow like that, instead of a proper barber, as you pretended he was?" Barber—(leaping)—"Here goes I, Wattie Dron, barber of Dunse." Waiter—"Oh! Sir, I don't know what is the matter, I never saw him in this way all my life—Mr Dron, Mr Dron, what do you mean?" Barber—"Here goes I, Wattie—" Waiter—"Bless me, Mr Dron, recollect these are gentlemen; how can you make such a fool of yourself?" Barber—"Here goes I—," Landlord—(entering in haste)—"What the Devil, Sir, is all this—the fellow is mad—how dare you, Sir, insult gentlemen in my house by such conduct?"

Barber—"Here goes I, Wattie Dron"—Landlord—"I say, Bob, run for his wife, for this can't be put up with—gentlemen, tho man is evidently deranged, and I hope you will not let my house be injured in any way by this business." "Here goes—"—(wife pushing in)—"Oh! Wattie, Wattie, what's this that's come ower ye? Do you no ken your ain wife?" Barber—"Here goes I,"—Wife—(weeping)—"Oh! Wattio, if yo care na for me, mind your bairns at hame, and come awa' wi' me." Barber—"Here goes I, Wat—" The afflicted wife now clasped her husband round the neck, and hung on him so as effectually to arrest his farther progress. Much did poor Wattie struggle to shake off his loving, yet unwelcome spouse, but it was now no "go"—his galloping was at an end. "Confound you for an idiot," he bitterly exclaimed, "I never could win a guinea so easily in my life." It is only necessary to add, that the explanation which immediately followed, was much more satisfactory to mine host than to the barber's better half; and that the clergyman restored Wattie to his usual good humour, by generously rewarding his exertions with the well-earned guinea.

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### SAYINGS OF POOR RICHARD.

It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time, to be employed in its service; but idleness taxes many of as much more: sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. "Sloth liko rust, consumes faster than labours wears, while the used key is always bright," as Poor Richard says. But, "dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that

is the stuff life is made of," as poor Richard says. How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep! forgetting that "the sleeping fox catches no poultry," and that "there will be sleeping enough in the grave," as Poor Richard says.

If time be of all things the most precious, "wasting time must be," as Poor Richard says, "the greatest prodigality;" since as he elsewhere tells us "Lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough, always proves little enough. Let us then up and be doing, and doing to the purpose, so by diligence shall we do more, with less perplexity. Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry, all easy; and "he that riseth late, must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night:" while, "laziness travels so slowly, that poverty soon overtakes him. Drive thy business, let not that drive thee; and early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man, healthy, wealthy, and wise," as Poor Richard says.

So what signifies wishing and hoping for better times? We may make these times better, if we bestir ourselves. "Industry need not wish, and he that lives upon hope, will be fasting. There are no gains without pains; then help hands, for I have no lands, or if I have, they are smartly taxed. He that hath a trade, hath an estate; and he that hath a calling, hath an office of profit and honour," as Poor Richard says; but then the trade must be worked at, and the calling well followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes. If we are industrious, we shall never starve; for "at the working man's house, hunger looks in but dares not enter." Nor will the bailiff, or the constable enter; for industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them. What though you

have found no treasure, nor has any rich relation left you a legacy, 'diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to industry. Then plough deep while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and to keep.' Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow. "One to-day is worth two to-morrows," as Poor Richard says; and further, "Never leave that till to-morrow, which you can do to-day." If you were a servant, would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle? Are you then your own master? be ashamed to catch yourself idle, when there is so much to be done for yourself, your family, your country, and your king.

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### NO GRUMBLING.—A TALE.

An odd whim once possessed a country 'squire, that he would not hire any servant whatever, until ten pounds should be deposited between the master and servant; and the first that grumbled at any thing, let it be what it might, was to forfeit the money. Being in want of a coachman, not one round the country would venture to go after the place. Now it happened that one Thomas Winterbourn, a coachman of London, who had been discharged from a nobleman's family, was in that part of the country on a visit, and being acquainted with the oddity of the 'squire's whim, resolved to accept of the place, and, on application, was admitted into the family.

Thomas was greatly surprised, after living there for two months, that nothing was allowed him for



breakfast, dinner, or supper, but bread and cheese and small beer. Being heartily tired of this kind of fare, he applied to the cook: 'Cookee,' says Thomas, 'is it the standing rule of this family to keep their servants on nothing but bread and cheese?' 'What!' says the cook, 'do you grumble?' 'No, no, by no means, cookee,' replied Thomas, being fearful of forfeiting the money. But recollecting his master's park was stocked with fine deer, he took a musket and shot a fawn, skinned it, and brought it to the cook. 'Here cookee,' said Thomas, 'take and roast this fawn for me immediately; for I have an acquaintance or two coming down from London, to pay me a visit.' The cook seemed to object to it, having some meat to dress directly for her master; 'What,' says Thomas, 'cookee, do you grumble?' 'No,' replied the cook; so down to roast went the fawn.

The appointed time arrived that the master ordered dinner, and no sign of any coming to his table occasioned him to ring the bell, to know the reason of it; the cook acquainted the squire with all Thomas's proceedings, who in a great hurry bolted down stairs into the kitchen, where he found Thomas very busy in basting the fawn. 'How got you that fawn?' says the squire. 'Shot it,' replied Thomas. 'Where?' says the squire. 'In your park,' replied Thomas. 'By whose orders?' quoth the squire. 'Do you grumble?' says Thomas. 'No, Thomas,' says the squire; and retired to his dining-room, greatly perplexed at Thomas's proceedings.

He instantly wrote a letter to a gentleman who lived near six miles from his house, and ordered that Thomas should carry it immediately. Poor Thomas was obliged to comply, though with a sor-

rowful heart to leave the fawn. After his departure, the 'squire ordered the fawn, when dressed, to be brought to his table, which was done accordingly. On Thomas's return, he found himself fairly tricked out of the fawn; and instead of it, to his mortification, bread and cheese, and small beer, his old diet; however, Thomas vowed within himself to revenge it the first opportunity.

A little while after, the 'squire, (who was going to pay his addresses to a young lady,) gave orders to Thomas to get the carriage, together with the horses and harness, well cleaned. Thomas obeyed the order, and on the road from the stable to the 'squire's house, he met a man with a small sand-cart, drawn by two remarkably fine jack-asses. Thomas insisted upon an exchange, the horses for the asses, which being obtained, he cut all his master's fine harness to pieces, to fit these Arabian ponies, as he styled them. Matters being completed, he drove up boldly to the 'squire's, and knocked at the gate; the porter perceiving the droll figure of his master's equipage cut, burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter! 'C'up, e'up,' says Thomas, 'what's the fool laughing at?—Go and acquaint the 'squire his carriage is ready.'

Shortly after the 'squire came, and seeing his carriage so beautifully adorned with cattle, was struck with astonishment. 'Why, what the devil,' quoth the 'squire, 'have you got harnessed to my carriage?' 'I will tell you,' says Thomas. 'As I was driving from your stable to the gate, I met a fellow driving a sand-cart, drawn by these two fine Arabian ponies, and knowing you to be fond of good cattle, I gave your horses for these two fine creatures; they draw well, and are ornaments to your carriage; only observe what fine ears they

have got?' 'D—n their ears and ornaments too,' says the 'squire: 'why, the fellow's mad! "What!" cries Thomas, 'do you grumble?' 'Grumble,' quoth the 'squire, 'why, I think it is high time to grumble: the next thing, I suppose, my carriago is to be given away for a sand-cart!'

On Thomas procuring the horses again, he paid him his wages and forfeit-money, being heartily tired with the oddity of his whims, and declared that Thomas, the London coachman, was the drollest dog he ever met with.

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### BROSE AND BUTTER.

During the time of Oliver Cromwell's Protectorship, the principal residence of Charles II. was at the court of his sister in Holland; the laird of Cockpen, a staunch adherent to the House of Stuart; followed the prince thither, and attached himself to Charles' household. Cockpen, from his skill and proficiency in music, very much contributed to divert his royal master, by the impressive manner in which he played the favourite airs of his native country; but none pleased Charles so well as the tune of "Broso and Butter." So partial was he to this air, that with "Brose and Butter" sounding in his ears he was lulled asleep at night, and with "Brose and Butter" awaked from his morning slumber. At the Restoration, Cockpen returned to Scotland, where he found that, in consequence of his attachment to the royal cause, his estate had been attainted. Many were the applications he made to have it put again in his possession, but all to no purpose. He at length went to London, but was coldly received by the

courtiers, put off with fair promises, and in all his attempts to gain an audience of the king, he was baffled and thwarted. Having formed an intimacy as a musician, with the organist of the king's chapel, he solicited, and obtained, as a special favour, permission to perform on the organ before his majesty, at the royal chapel. Cockpen exerted his talents to the utmost, thinking to attract the attention of Charles, but all his efforts were unavailing. On the conclusion of the service, instead of a common voluntary, in a fit of despair he struck up "Brose and Butter," which no sooner caught the ears of the king than he flew to the organ-gallery. The regular organist, perceiving the vivid flashes of Charles' eye, was seized with such a panic, that he fell on his knees and protested his innocence. "It was not me, please your majesty, it was not me!"—"You! you!" exclaimed the enraptured monarch, as he hastily passed him,—*"You never could play any thing like it in your life."* Then addressing his old associate in exile,—*"Odds fish, Cockpen! I thought you would have made me dance."*—"I could have danced to 'Brose and Butter,' once with a light heart too," replied the performer,—but my adherence to your majesty's interest has bereft me of the lands of Cockpen."—"You *shall* dance," said Charles,—*"You shall dance, and be the laird of Cockpen yet."*—Accordingly the laird was immediately put in possession of his inheritance.

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### CURE FOR A CRIPPLE.

It happened on a Sunday evening, about thirty years ago, that two sheep-stealers had meditated

an attempt on the flock of a wealthy farmer in the parish of A——, in the west neuk of Fife. The sheep were grazing in a park adjoining the village churchyard, and hard by the public road. The eldest and most experienced of the depredators recommended that only one of them should go in among the sheep, as it would not alarm them so much as two. Accordingly the younger thief was despatched to bring a sheep, while the other went into the churchyard, and sat down upon a thorough-stone to amuse himself till his companion returned. Now it so happened that John, the minister's man, had forgot to take home the Bible from the church, after the service of the day was over, which neglect was not perceived until the minister called for the books to perform the duty of family worship, when John was immediately sent to the church for the Bible. John not being possessed of a very daring spirit, and it being a dark winter night, was not very fond of visiting the abodes of the dead at such an hour; but when he arrived at the churchyard gate, and got a glimpse of the man sitting on the thorough-stone, his hair stood on end, and his fears soon conjured the thief into a demon. Without more ado he wheeled about, and made the best of his way to the manse, where he related his wonderful story, telling them that he saw the devil sitting on a grave breaking dead bones. An old cripple medicant, who was quartered at the manse during the sabbath, (for the minister, contrary to the general character of his brethren, was a very charitable man,) hearing John tell his appalling story, laughed at him, saying, "if I was as able to gang as you, I would soon bring the Bible."—"Well," says John, "if you will accompany me, I will carry you on my back, and we'll maybe be able

to bring the Bible atween us." The beggar agreed, and mounted John accordingly, after he had wrapped himself in his grey plaid. When they came within view of the thief, John would very fain have turned, but the beggar spurned him on, until they came within a very short distance of him, when he, supposing it to be his comrade coming with a sloop on his back, exclaimed, "Is he a fat ane?" John, whose heart was quaking before, on hearing this question put to him, could no longer resist his inclination to turn; he throw the old man off his back, saying, "Be he fat or be he lean, there he is to ye," and run what he was able. The medicant, finding that he was thus left to his own resources to appease the devil as he could, mustered all his strength; and, strange to toll, his legs that had refused to perform their office for many a long year before, were suddenly strengthened; he soon went past John, regained the manso before him, and was never lame after.

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### SOUR MILK WHOLESALE.

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

One morning, after having danced all night at an assembly, he sauntered out with the Marquis of—— leaning over his arm; and in crossing St. Andrew's square, found an old rustic standing before the door of Dumbreck's Hotel, with his cart full of butter-milk barrels. He quickly concerted with the Marquis, a scheme of fun, whereby the

milk of the old man found a very different destiny to what its owner intended. They first jumped up in front of the cart, seized the halter, and galloped off, leaving the poor man to follow as best he could—then took out all the spiggots, and in grand style drove along George Street, past the Assembly rooms, to the astonishment of the fashionables whom they had lately left; then down Frederick Street, along Prince's Street, and back again to St. Andrew's Square, all the time followed by the old milk-man, who, in the agony of his heart, at seeing his valuable property deluging the causeway, exhausted his whole vocabulary of exclamations, in giving vent to his indignation. With his sky-blue top coat flying behind him, and his rough-shod heels striking fire from the pavement, he pursued his ravished cart, shouting as loud as his exhausted lungs would permit.—“O! ye unhang'd blackguards!—ye villains!—ye de'il's buckies!—I'll hae the law o' ye, gin there be law in Emburgh, ye vagabonds!—I'll get ye a better house than your fathier biggit for ye, ye rascals!—I'll get ye clappit up as sure's ye're leevin', ye rampaugin Emburgh hallanshakers!” As soon as he arrived at the Hotel, the Marquis delivered the reins into his hand; but blue-bonnet vowed he would not quit him, till he had ascertained his name, and that of his companion. Mr——, put his hand into his pocket, and drew out a piece of paper, which he said contained the required address, and while the old man unfolded it, our young heroes took the opportunity to escape. The bit of paper turned out to be a ten pound note; “Ah, stop, my bonnie lads,” cries the appeased milkman, I've something to say t'ye—will ye need ony mair milk the morn?”

## INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

It is reported the whole body of Sextons, or Grave Diggers, throughout the kingdom are preparing a petition to Parliament, praying that Temperance Societies may be put down, as any restriction laid upon the distilling of spirits would be the utter ruin of them and their families! three parts in four of those that come to their warehouses, being obliged to the distillery for their passports thither; not to mention, that the more they bury, the fewer there will remain to eat; and of course, that the free toleration and license of making, vending, and distributing strong liquors in every part of Great Britain, is the only remedy that can possibly render provisions cheap.

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 DREADFUL DEED.

A man in the last stage of destitution, came before the sitting Magistrate, at Lambeth Street, and stated that having by the operation of the new Poor Laws, been suddenly deprived of parish assistance, he was reduced to such extremity, that if not instantly relieved he must be driven to a deed that his soul abhorred. The worthy Magistrate instantly ordered him five shillings from the poor-box, and after a suitable admonition against giving way to despair, asked him what dreadful deed he would have been impelled to do, but for this seasonable relief; "To work," said the man, with a deep sigh, as he left the office.

FINIS.