

WATTY AND MEG,

OR

THE WIFE RECLAIMED;

TOGETHER WITH

HABBIE SIMPSON AND HIS WIFE,

OR A NEW WAY OF RAISING THE WIND;

DONALD AND HIS DOG;

THE WEST KINTRA WEAVER TURNED

TEETOTALER;

THE LOSS O' THE PACK;

JOHN TAMSON'S CART;

TAKIN' IT OUT O' HIS MOUTH.



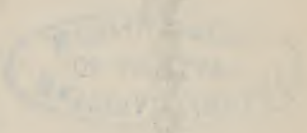
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THE LOSS OF THE BACK



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OR

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WATTY AND MEG.

KEEN the frosty winds were blawing,
Deep the snaw had wreathed the ploughs,
Watty, wearied a' day sawing,
Daunert down to Mungo Blues'.

Dryster Joek was sitting craeky,
Wi' Pate Tamson o' the Hill,
"Come awa'," quo Johnny, "Watty!
Haith we'se hae anither gill."

Watty glad to see Joek Jabos,
And sae mony neibours roun';
Kieket frae his shoon the snawbas,
Syne ayont the fire sat down.

Owre a board wi' bannoeks heapet,
Cheese, and stoups, and glasses **stood**;
Some were roaring, ithers sleepit,
Ithers quietly chewt their euds.

Jock was selling Pate some tallow,
A' the rest a racket hel',
A' but Watty, wha, poor fellow,
Sat and smoket by himsel'.

Mungo filled him up a toothfu',
Drank his health and Meg's **in ano**,
Watty, puffing out a mouthfu',
Pledged him wi' a dreary **grano**.

“What’s the matter, Watty, wi’ you?
 Trowth your chafts are fa’in in!
 Something’s wrang—I’m vexed to see you—
 Gudesake! but ye’re desperate thin!”

“Ay,” quo’ Watty, “things are altered,
 But it’s past redemption now,
 L—d! I wish I had been haltered
 When I married Maggy Howe!

I’ve been poor, and vexed, and raggy,
 Tried wi’ troubles no that sma’;
 Them I bore—but marrying Maggy,
 Laid the cap-stane o’ them a’.

Night and day she’s ever yelping,
 Wi’ the weans she ne’er can gree,
 When she’s tired wi’ perfect skelping,
 Then she flees like fire on me.

See ye, Mungo! when she’ll clack on
 Wi’ her everlasting clack,
 Whiles I’ve had my neive in passion,
 Liftet up to break her back!”

“O, for gudesake, keep frae cuffets,”
 Mungo shook his head and said,
 “Weel I ken what sort a life it’s;
 Ken ye, Watty, hcw I did?”

After Bess and I were kippled,
 Soon she grew like ony bear,
 Brack’ my shins, and when I tipped,
 Harl’t out my very hair.

For a wee I quietly knuckled,
 But whan naething would prevail,

Up my claes and cash I buckled,
 Bess, for ever fare-ye-weel

Then her din grew less and less
 Haith I gart her change her dress
 Now a better wife than Bess
 Never stept in leather shoon.

Try this, Watty—when you see
 Raging like a roaring flood,
 Swear that moment that ye'll lea' her,
 That's the way to keep her good.

Laughing, sangs, and lasses' skirls,
 Echoed now out-through the roof,
 "Done!" quo' Pate, and syne his erls
 Nailed the Dryster's wauked loof.

In the thrang of stories telling,
 Shaking hauns, and ither cheer,
 Faith! a chap comes on the hallan,
 "Mungo, is our Watty here?"

Maggy's weel kent tongue and hurry,
 Darted through him like a knife,
 Up the door flew—like a fury
 In came Watty's scaul'ing wife.

"Nasty, gude-for-naething being!
 O ye snuffy, drucken sow!
 Bringing wife and weans to ruin,
 Drinking here wi' sic a crew!"

Devil nor your legs were broken,
 Sic a life nae flesh eudures,
 Toiling like a slave to sloken
 You, ye dyvor, and your whores.

Rise, ye drunken beast o' Bethel,
 Drink's your nicht and day's desire :
 Rise, this precious hour, or faith I'll
 Fling your whiskey i' the fire !

Watty heard her tongue unhallowed,
 Pay'd his groat wi' little din,
 Left the house, while Maggy fallowed,
 Flyting a' the road behin'.

Fowk frae every door came lamping,
 Maggy curst them ane and a' ;
 Clappet wi' her hands, and stamping,
 Lest her bauchles i' the sna.'

Hame, at length, sne turned the gavel,
 Wi' a face as white's a clout,
 Raging like a very devil,
 Kicking stools and chairs about.

"Ye'll sit wi' your limmers round you,
 Hang you, sir ! I'll be your death ;
 Little lauds my hands confound you,
 But I'll cleave you to the teeth."

Watty, wha. 'midst this oration,
 Eyed her whiles, but durstna speak,
 Sat like patient Resignation,
 Trembling by the ingle cheek.

Sed his wee drap brose he sippet,
 Maggy's tongue gaed like a bell,
 Quietly to his bed he slippet,
 Sighing aften to himsel'.

"Nane are free frae me vexation,
 Ilk ane has his ills to dree ;

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Bats through a' the hale creation
I' a mortal vext like me?"

A night lang he row'd and gauated,
Sleep or rest he coul'dna' tak;
Maggy aft wi' horror haunted,
Mum'ling started at his back.

Soon as e'er the morning peepit,
Up raise Watty, waefu' chiel,
Kist his weanies while they sleepit,
Waukened Meg, and sought ~~farewell~~.

"Farewell, Meg!—and, O! may Heaven
Keep you aye within his care:
Watty's heart ye've lang been grievin',
Now he'll never fash you mair.

Happy cou'd I been beside you,
Happy, baith at morn and e'en:
A' the ills did e'er betide you,
Watty aye turned out your frien'.

But ye ever like to see me
Vext and sighing, late and air:
Farewell, Meg! I've sworn to lea' ~~thee~~,
So thou'll never see me mair."

Meg, a sabbing, sae to lose him,
Sic a change had never wist,
Held his hand close to her bosom,
While her heart was like to burst.

"O my Watty, will ye lea' me,
Frien'less, helpless, to despair!
O! for this ae time forgi'e me:
Never will I vex you mair."

"Ay! ye've aft said that, and broken
 A' your vows ten times a-week,
 No, no, Meg! see, there's a token
 Glittering on my bonnet cheek.

Owre the seas I march this morning,
 Listed, tested, sworn and a',
 Forced by your confounded girning--
 Farewell, Meg! for I'm awa'."

Then poor Maggy's tears and clamour
 Gushed afresh, and louder grew,
 While the weans, wi' mournfu' yamour,
 Round their sabbing mither flew.

"Through the yirth I'll waunner wi' ye--
 Stay, O Watty! stay at hame;
 Here, upon my knees, I'll gie you
 Ony vow ye like to name.

See your poor young lammies pleadin'
 Will ye gang and break our heart?
 No a house to put our head in,
 No a friend to take our part!"

Onka word came like a bullet,
 Watty's heart begoud to shake;
 On a kist he laid his wallet,
 Dighted baith his een and spake.

' If ance mair I cou'd by writing,
 Lea' the sogers and stay still,
 Wad you swear to drap your flyting?
 "Yes, O Watty, yes, I will."

"Then," quo Watty, "mind, be honest
 Aye to keep your temper strive;

Win ye break this dreadfu' promise
 Never mair expect to thrive.

Marget Howe, this hour ye solemu
 Swear by everything that's gude,
Ne'er again your spouse to scaul' him,
 While life warms your heart and blood.

That ye'll ne'er in Mungo's seek me,
 Ne'er put drucken to my name,
Never out at e'ning steek me,
 Never gloom when I came hame.

That yell ne'er, like Bessy Miller,
 Kick my shins or rug my hair,
Lastly, I'm to keep the siller;
 This upon your soul you swear?"

"O—h!" quo' Meg; "aweel, quo' **W**atty,
 "Farewell! faith I'll try the seas:"
"O stand still," quo' Meg, and grat aye;
 "Ony, ony way ye please."

Maggy syne, because he prest her,
 Swore to a' thing owre again:
Watty lap, and danced, and kist her;
 Wow! but he was wondrous fair

Down he threw his staff victorious;
 Aff gaed bonnet, claes and shoon,
Syne below the blankets, glorious,
 Held anither Hinney-Moon!

THE LOSS O' THE PACK.

A TRUE TALE.

BOU-T-GATES I hate, quo' girning Maggy Pringle,
 syne harled Watty, greeting, through the ingle,
 since this fell question seems sae lang to hing on,
 in twa-three words I'll gie ye my opinion.

I wha stand here, in this bare scoury coat,
 Was ance a packman, wordy mony a groat:
 I've carried packs as big's your meikle table;
 I've scarted pats, and sleepit in a stable:
 sax pounds I wadna' for my pack anee ta'en,
 And I could bauldly brag 'twas a mine ain.

Aye! thae were days indeed, that gart me hope,
 Aiblins, through time, to warsle up a shop:
 And as a wife aye in my noddle ran,
 I ken'd my Kate wad grapple at me than.
 O Kate was past compare! sic cheeks! sic een!
 Sic smiling looks, were never, never seen.
 Dear, dear I lo'ed her, and whane'er we met,
 Pleaded to have the bridal-day but set:
 Stappit her pouehes fu' o' prins and laees,
 And thought mysel' weel paid wi' twa-three ~~hings~~
 Yet still she put it aff frae day to day,
 And aften kindly in my lug wad say,
 "Ae half year langer is na unco stop,
 We'll marry then, and syne set up a shop."

O, Sir, but lasses words are saft and fair,
 They soothe our griefs, and banish ilka care,
 Wha wadna toil to please the lass he loe's?
 A lover true minds this in a' he does.
 Finding her mind was thus sae firmly bent,
 And that I couldna get her to relent,

There was nought left, but quietly to resign,
 To heeze my pack for æ lang hard campaign;
 And as the Highlands was the place for meat,
 I ventured there in spite of wind and weat.

Cauld now the Winter blew, and deep the ~~snow~~
 For three hail days incessantly did fa'.
 Far in a muir, amang the whirling drift,
 Whar nought was seen but mountains and the ~~hill~~,
 I lost my road, and wandered mony a mile,
 Maist dead wi' cauld and hunger, fright and ~~toll~~.
 Thus wand'ring, east or west, I kend na' ~~where~~,
 My mind o'ercome wi' gloom and black despair,
 Wi' a fell ringe, I plunged at ance, forsooth,
 Down through a wreath o' snaw, up to my ~~mouth~~.
 Clean o'er my head my precious wallet flew,
 But whar it gaed, Lord kens, I never knew.

What great misfortunes are pour'd down on ~~some~~,
 I thought my fearfu' hinder en' was come;
 Wi' grief and sorrow was my soul o'ercast,
 Ilk breath I drew was like to be my last,
 For aye the mair I warsled round and roun',
 I fand mysel' aye stick the deeper down;
 Till ance at length, wi' a prodigious pull,
 I drew ~~a~~ poor cauld carcase frae the hole.

Lang, lang I sought, and graippit for my ~~pack~~
 Till night and hunger forced me to come back.
 For three lang hours I wandered up and down,
 Till chance, at last conveyed me to a town;
 There, wi' a trembling hand, I wrote my ~~Kate~~
 A sad account of a' my luckless fate;
 But bade her aye be kind, and no despair

Since life was left, I soon wad gather mair ;
 Wi' whilk, I hoped, within a towmond's date,
 To be at hame, and share it a' wi' Kate.

Fool that I was, how little did I think
 That love would soon be lost for fa't o' clink.
 The loss of fair won wealth, though hard to bear,
 Afore this—neer had power to force a tear.
 I trusted time wad bring things round again,
 And Kate, dear Kate, wad then be a mine ain;
 Consoled my mind, in hopes o' better luck,
 But, O! what sad reverse!—how thunderstruck!
 When ae black day brought word frae Rab my ~~brother~~
 That Kate was cried, and married on anither!

Though a' my friends, and ilka comrade sweet,
 At ance, had drapped cauld dead at my feet ;
 Or, though I'd heard the last day's dreadfu' ca',
 Nae deeper horror on my heart could fa':
 I cursed mysel', I cursed my luckless fate,
 I grat—and, sobbing, cried—O Kate! O Kate!

Frae that day forth, I never mair did weel,
 But drank, and ran headforemost to the diel.
 My siller vanished, far frae hame I pined,
 But Kate for ever ran across my mind.
 In her were a' my hopes—these hopes were ~~vain~~,
 And now—I'll never see her like again.

'Twas this, Sir President, that gart me ~~start~~,
 Wi' meikle grief and sorrow at my heart,
 To gi'e my vote, frae sad experience, here,
 That disappointed love is waur to bear,
 Ten thousand times, than loss o' world's gear.

DONALD AND HIS DOG,

OR, THE ROBBER OUTWITTED.

Between twa hills that tow'rd up to the
 clouds,
 Clad owre wi' heather, bent, and woods;
 'Mang steeps, & rocks, & waters fallin',
 Was Highland Donald's humble dwallin',
 Aroun' his hut, beneath his eye,
 Fed 'bout a seore o' stirks and kye;
 Whilk, wi' his wife and family, were
 His pleasure, and peeculiar care.
 Amang sic barren heights and howes,
 Where grain, for food, but scanty grows,
 His family were but sparely fed;
 Right coarse and barely were they elad.
 Yet he was wi' his lot content,
 Except when pinched to pay his rent.
 Indeed, he wi' his laird for years,
 Had 'gainst his will been in arrears,
 For whilk he had to thole the snarl,
 And threats o' the tyrannie earl.
 Till Donald's independant spirit,
 Nae langer was resolved to bear it;
 And dangers was resolved to seorn,
 Either to make a spoon, or spoil a horn.
 He shrewd and clever was I trew,
 Spoke Gaelic weel, and Lawlan' too;
 And as he was an honest ehie,
 By a' his neighbours liket weel,
 Ae night, contriving what to do,
 To keep himsel' aboon the broo,
 A plan he moddled in his head,
 And thus it down before them laid;
 In twa weeks henee, in England, there
 Would be a great black-cattle fair.
 Whar kye, he learned frae men o' dealin'
 Gae double price, gi'en in the Highlands'
 Now, if wi' what he could himsel'

Spare sarely frae his flock to sell,
 They would mak' up a drove amang them,
 He pledged his word he wouldna' wrang
 them ;

But render at his coming back,
 A just account o' ilka plack.
 So ilka ane agreed to gie'
 Out o' his flock, some twa, some three.
 Till he a handsome drove collecket,
 And to the south his way direcket.
 He inounted was upon a pony;
 A dog his servant was, and crony ;
 And by his side, like ony lord,
 There hung a braid sheep-headed sword,
 No as a weapon o' offence,
 But case o' need for self-defence.
 For, they wha liket, rich or poor,
 Might wear a sword, in days o' yore.
 Baith air and late, baith wet and dry,
 The dog and Donald drave the kye.
 At length wi' muckle toil and care,
 A' safe and sound, they reached the fair.
 The kye were sauld, the price was paid ;
 'Twas down in yellow guineas laid,
 The gowd he in his purse soon steeket :
 The price was mair than he expecket.
 Whilk raised his heart, and I wat weel,
 He thought himsel' a clever chiel.
 Instead o' Donald lounging careless
 About the fair, to keek at ferlies ;
 To bouse wi' limmers, or to gamble,
 Or spend his cash in ony ramble ;
 He wisely mounts his Highland shelty,
 And takes the road on helty skelty.
 As he rode on, and cracked his whup,
 A gentlemman came riding up,
 Who bade good-day, wi' friendly air,
 And spiered if he'd been at the fair,
 So Donald without vain parade,
 Returned him thanks, and said he had,
 And a' his business, tap an' tail o't,

When at the fair he tauld the hale o't.
 Right crouse they grew wi' ane anither,
 And mony stories tauld to ither.
 'Bout kings, and priests, and great com-
 manders;
 The wars in Britain, France & Flanders.
 When mony miles they'd rode, in league,
 They in a hollow reached a brig,
 Across a burn, that ran wi' ease,
 Down through a glen adorned wi trees.
 Now, 'twas a bonnie summer day,
 And a' the fields were clad, and gay,
 They stopt, & drapt their tales & jokin',
 Their horses lowing drouth to slocken.
 And greed some little time should pass,
 To let them rest, and eat some grass,
 As Donald and his comrade sat
 Upon the green, they resumed their chat.
 And Donald's dog, before their feet,
 Lay stretched and panting wi' the heat,
 And Donald's sword, whilk he did carry
 Bencath his hoddan-grey Bavary,
 The gentleman's attention seized;
 Wha begged a sight o't, if he pleased,
 Whilk Donald drew, an' frackly gave him;
 In confidence he'd not deceive him.
 The billy thanked him for the sight o't,
 And praised the beauty, size, and weight
 o't;
 Syne spiered at Donald, on his word,
 If maist he trusted—dog or sword;
 Suppose the case, that ony pad,
 Should seek the money that he had.
 'The sword,' quo Donald, 'I ean wield,
 And should sie wretch, by road or field,
 E'er daur demand frae me a shillin',
 I'd plung't wi' freedom in the villain.
 Yet ne'er the less for a' my craeks o't.
 I wouldna gie my dog for sax o't.'
 Wi' that, the fallow, at a word,
 Chapt aff the dog's head wi' the sword,

Syne pointed it to Donald's heart,
 And swore he wi' his cash should part,
 Or instantly, wi' stabs and cuts,
 He'd pierce his heart and rip his guts.
 'O! O!' says Donald, 'spare my life,
 For sake o' my poor weans and wife.
 Ha'e there's the cash but wi' what shame
 And grief, must I face friends at hame!
 They'll no believe a word o't either!
 Lord help's, I'm ruined a'thegither!'

'Stop,' says the fellow 'cease your
 crying,
 Your friends will not suspect you lying;
 They will believe what you say to them,
 From evidence that you shall gi'e them.
 From every one I rob, I've credit,
 By giving me his hand I did it;
 My comrades and I together,
 This token give to one another.
 So, one of your hands must go with me,
 Come, take your choice, which shall it be?'

'My dog is gane, and darling purse;
 And now my hand! still worse and worse.
 Ha'e mercy on me,' Donald prays,
 'Ill be a beggar a' my days.'
 'No mercy for you, cried the wretch,
 'Come, down with it, I'll make quick
 despatch.'

'Weel, weel,' says Donald, 'I submit;
 But ae request grant, if it's fit,
 That is, since my left hand must go,
 Driv't aff at ae most desperate blow,
 No on the saft green, there, perhaps,
 Ye'll pine me sair, by several chaps;
 But ye'll at ance, mair siccer do't,
 On yonder smooth trec's spreading root.'
 Poor Donald's prayer was heard; he then
 Made bare his left hand shackle bane,
 And on the tree root laid it quaking,
 The robber now his aim was taking,
 Wi' baith hands rais'd the vengefu' whittle

And as he struek wi' swfu' ettle
 Sly Donald slipt his arm ajee ;
 And firm the sword stack in the
 " Ha'e at you now, ye cruel wre ch f'
 Quo Donald, ' I am now your ratch ;'
 Wi' that he seized him by the collar,
 Gie'd him a jerk that gart him goder,
 His Highland blood boiled in a passion
 He gie'd his face a horrid bas in ;
 Syne drew his cravat round the tight,
 That haith, he strangled him maist out
 right.

By these means, Donald man'd to mak
 His hands secure ahint his back.
 Syne on the beast he put the billy,
 Wi's feet tied underneath its belly.
 The dog whilk Donald mourned fu' soon
 A frightfu' sight o' reeking gore ;
 He on ahint the fallow, placed,
 Across the hurdies o' the beast.
 Syne Donald's triumph to evinee !
 He mounts his beast as proud's a prince,
 Brandish'd the sword and dar'd the blade,
 To move his hands, feet, tongue, or head ;
 That if he did, he warn'd him now,
 Up to the hilt he'd run him through.
 Sae, on the road they trudged along,
 And Donald crooned a Highland sang.
 They reached the town, folks were sur-
 prised,
 The robber soon was recognised ;
 The magistrates there, brawly kent him,
 For mair than anee he'd been fornent
 them.

For many years, his deeds o' horror
 Had kept baith far and near in terror.
 For whilk, whae'er would apprehend him,
 And to the nearest prison send him,
 Would be entitled to regard.
 And fifty guineas o' reward.
 Whilk Donald got, in word and deed,

NEW WAY OF RAISING THE WIND;

OR,

Habbie Simpson and his Wife.

[This highly humorous and truly Scottish production celebrates an adventure of the renowned Habbie Simpson, which actually occurred. Habbie appears to have been rather a privileged character, for besides being the best piper in the west country, he was possessed of many eccentricities, the oddity and originality of which always rendered him a welcome and amusing companion. That he was regarded as no common character may be inferred from the fact that a statue of him, pipes and all, was erected in a prominent niche of the steeple of Kilbarchan, his native village, where it yet stands a very significant testimony of the esteem in which he was held.]

I pit nae doubt but ye've a' heard tell o' Habbie Simpson, the piper o' Kilbarchan; but I'm no thinking ye ever heard the story that I'm gaun to tell ye about him and his wife, Janet. Weel, ye see, it sae happened that Habbie, like mony mae now-a-days, was geyan fond o' a wee drap o' the blue, and as the story gangs, sae was his wife, so that it geyan often happened that when Habbie yokit the fuddle, Janet she yokit it tae. Noo, it's an auld saying, and a geyan true ane, tae, that when a cannell is lichtit at baith ends, it sune burns dune, and it was sae verified in the present case; for Habbie waukened ae morning after a hard fuddle, and says to Janet—
 "Rise, woman, and see if ye can get me half-a-gill, for, oh! my head is like to split." "Half-a-gill!"

quo' Janet, "Whaur wad I get it when there's no a plack in the house? and as for takin'nt on, ye ken that's clean oot o' the question, so ye maun just lie still and thole the best way ye can." "Oh, Janet," cries Habbie again, "You're no amiss at scheming—is there nae way ava ye can think on to raise the wind?" "I'll tell ye what I'll do," quo' Janet, "I'll awa' to the Laird o' Johnstone, and I'll tell him that ye're deid, and as you're a great favourite o' his, I'm sure I'll get something frae him to help tae bury ye." "Od, but that will do grand," quo' Habbie. Sae up Janet gets and awa' tae the laird's house, when, ringing the bell, the door was opened by the lady, who, seeing Janet so pitiful looking, she says—"Keep us a' this day, is there onything wrang at hame that ye hae come here sae early in the morning?" "Wrang," quo' Janet, dichtin' her een wi' the tail o' her apron, "A's wrang thegither, my leddy. Isna oor Habbie deid?" "Habbie deid!" quo' the lady in surprise. "A-weel-wat is he, my leddy," quo' Janet, "and a sair trial it is to me, my leddy; for there's no as muckle in the house, this morning, as would feed a sparrow; and whaur to get onything I'm sure I dinna ken. Oh, dear! oh, dear! that ever I should come to this o't." "Compose yourself," quo' the leddy, "And come your wa's ben, and we'se see what can be done." Sae, in gangs Janet wi' the lady, and gets a basket wi' some biscuits and speerits, and ither articles needfu' for sie an occasion; and thanking the lady for her kindness, comes awa' hame to Habbie fu' blythely, when doon they sat, nor did they rise till they made an end o' the contents o' the basket. Noo, as the auld sang says, the mair ye drink the drier ye turn, for they were nae sooner dune than Habbie says—"Losh, Janet, that's real guid; can ye no get some mair o't?" "Na, na," quo' Janet, "I hae played my turn already; it's your turn noo." "Oh, very weel," quo' Habbie, "If it's my turn noo, ye maun jist be deid next." "'Ods, I ha'e nae objections," quo' she, "sae awa' ye gang, and let's see what ye can do." Weel, awa' gangs Habbie, and

meeting the laird jist coming hame frae a hunting party, he says—"This is a fine day, laird." "A fine day, Habbie," quo' the laird; "Hoo's a' wi' ye? are ye no coming up to play us a spring on the pipes the nicht?" "It wadna look very weel, laird, for me to be playing on the pipes at your house, and my ain wife lying a corpse at hame." "What! is Janet deid?" quo' the laird. "Atweel is she," quo' Habbie, "And I'm sure it couldna ha'e happened at a waur time, for there's neither meat nor siller in the house. and hoo to get her decently aneath the yird, I'm sure I dinna ken." "Dinna vex yoursel about that," quo' the laird, gi'en him some money; "There's a trifle for you." Habbie thanked the laird for his kindness, bade him guid day, and cam hame geyan weel pleased wi' what he had gotten, and sends Janet oot wi' the bottle to get mair whisky to carry on the spree. In the meantime, hame gangs the laird, whaur the first thing that he heard was, that Habbie Simpson was deid. "Na, na," quo' he, "It's no Habbie, it's only Janet." "It's Habbie," quo' the lady; "Wasna Janet here this morning herself and tell't me? and didna she get awa' some speerits and biscuits, as she said there was nothing in the house?" "And didna I meet Habbie just as I was coming hame, when he tell't me that Janet was deid. But I see hoo it is—they are at their auld tricks again. But come, we'll awa' to Habbie's, and see what they're about." In the meantime, Habbie and Janet are fuddlin' in fine style, and lauchin' heartily at the way ta'en to raise the wind, when Janet cries—"Guid preserve us, Habbie, what's to be dune noo! I declare if that's no the laird and the ledly, and they're coming straucht here!" "I dinna ken," quo' Habbie, "what to do unless we are baith deid." Sae in the bed they gaed, and they were nae sooner doon, than the laird and lady cam in, and seeing Habbie and Janet in bed, he says—"Waes me! isna that awfu' to see? The man and wife baith deid! But I'd gi'e five shillings this moment to ken which o' the twa dee't first." The words were nae

sooner out o' his mouth than up jumps Habbie, crying—"It was me, laird; noo gie me the five shillings." It is needless to add that the laird gied Habbie the money, and mony a hearty laugh he had when he thought on the way Habbie and his wife had ta'en to *Raise the Wind*.

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THE WEST KINTRA

Weaver Turned Teetotaler.

[This celebrated Scottish story used to be told by the late John Drummond, with tremendous applause.]

It's as fack as death, I'm maist burning wi' shame to haud up my head before sic a respectable company, particularly as my character, drawn in gey black colours, has been here before me; but as ye hae heard the first o't, and I hope the warst o't, I trust that ye'll pay attention to what remains o' my history, and ye'll be better able to judge o' the story through and through. Weel, fock, I'm the Kilbarchan weaver, Sawnie Perkar's uncle, that got himsel fou about a twalmonth syne, kickit up a rippet wi' the landlady, and twa or three mae that pretended to be my friends, but sat on my coat tail a' that day; but what I'm maist anxious to inform you is this—I learned a lesson that I'll no soon forget, and the happy result has been, that frae that day to this, spirits o' ony kind hasna crossed my craig; and I'm proud to say't, that Janet Galbraith, my lawfu' married wife, has a' the credit o' the happy change. I own that I was foolish, very fool-

ish; and I daursay I nicht hae remained foolish tae this very day had it no been for the kind, the soothing, the winning gaet o' my ain wife Jennet, wha addressed me in the following good-natured strain:—Robin, quo she, Robin, mony an advice I hae gien ye, man, but your sair head and your toom pouch this morning shows plainly that I hae laboured in vain! Noo, I wad gie ye an advice, if ye wad but tak it man—it's done thousands guid that hae waded a heap deeper in the ditch than ever ye did. My simple request is this, Robin, that ye'll summon up a' your resolution, and join the Teetotalers! Aweel, fock, I was at the time labouring under an awfu' remorse o' conscience—a state o' mind weel named the *horrors*:—when Jennet's words fell on my lugs, and re-echoed the qualms o' the faithfu' monitor within. I saidna muckle at the time, but I assure ye I thocht hard; and I there and then determined, that as soon as the shaking o' my hand wad permit me, to scart down my name, down it wad gang, and then if it should rain whisky, I wad put up my umbrella to keep it aff me! Weel, I gaed awa about it at e'en, and found out the secretary o' the society, and I scarted down my name in round write, coorse enough to be seen on baith sides, and hurried hame to tell the wife, Jennet; and on hearing the news, she maist lap back height wi' joy; and noo the Saturday nights are the happy reverse o' what they were in former days, for instead o' gaun hame the waur o' the base liquor, whisky, I can gang hame wi' my siller jingling in my pouch, wi' my waft in the tae hand, and a sheep's head in the tither, and the trotters sticking oot o' every coat and waistcoat pouch like young kangaroos, and my head stuffed fu' o' temperance news, and my bonnet wi' as mony tracts on the same subject, as, if spread out, wad mak' a guid Reformer's flag. Time wad fail me fock, to tell ye a' the benefits o' the new system; but I was just anxious to appear amang ye for the double purpose o' redeeming my character, and recommending that cause to ithers that has been sic a wonderfu' blessing to mysel'

John Tamson's Cart.

"We're a' John Tamson's bairns"—that's an old Scotch sayin', and a true yin. I kent John Tamson weel. He had strapping lads and lasses baith, and he lived in that part o' Glasgow that was remarkable for the march of Sir William Wallace to attack the English General Percy. Ye'll be speiring whare's that? Weel, it's just the Brunt Burns. His next door neighbour was yin Will Galbraith, a coal earter, like himsel. So yae nicht, after a hard day's wark, he meets Will,—“Hech, Will, there's a gay cauld kind o' a nicht. Hae ye ony objections to a dram?” “No,” quo' Will, “where will we gang?” “We'll just gang o'er to Lueky Sourkail's.” Weel, they sat down, and they had yae dram after anither, till “the proper corrective that aften parts gude company” gar'd them rise—that's the bottom o' a toom pouch. “Hech,” says John, “I'll hae to be up before the sparrows, to gae wa' for a eart o' coals.” Weel he was as gude's his word; he wakened frae the side o' Mrs. Tamson, and yokes the horse geyan canny, and he's no lang till he's through Camlachie toll. But, faith, in that quiet part o' the road between Camlachie and Parkhead, John fa's fast asleep. But wha the devil should come by, but Bauldy Baird, and he's a gay gleg kind o' a chiel—he disna like to let a gude opportunity slip out o' his hand. So he unyoked John's horse geyan canny, and he sets down the cart as canny. It happened to be Ru'glen Fair morning, and he kent weel whare he was taking his bargain till; so he left John driving his pigs to the market geyan comfortable. But as John suddenly fell asleep, he as suddenly wakened, and looking up wi' his ae e'e half opened, he looks first to the tae side o' the cart, and syne to the tither, and he cries, “Gor, I canna understan' the meaning o' this at a'.” As the Laird

M'Nab said when he cam' in at the winning post at Perth races—"By the lord, this is me now;" but I canna' exclaim wi' the Laird M'Nab,—for, by my faith, this is no me! no me!—but there's yae thing I can see, that if I'm John Tamson, I've lost a horse; but if I'm no John Tamson, I've found a cart. But how will I find out this? I'll just awa' hame to the wife, for she settles a' my accounts; she'll settle this yin tae." Weel, awa' hame he comes, geyan briskly, and he's no lang till he's at his ain door; and he cries out, "Am I John Tamson?" Mrs. Tamson puts o'er her hand to find for honest John,—“Na, na,” quo' she, “ye're no John Tamson, he's awa to his wark twa or three hours syne.” “Od, I'm glad o' that,” quo' he, “for if I had been John Tamson, I would have lost a horse; but, as I'm no John Tamson, lord, I've found a cart!”

TAKING IT OUT OF HIS MOUTH.

A placid minister, near Dundee, preaching about the prophet Jonah said: “Ken ye, brethren, what fish it was that swallowed him! Aiblins ye may think it was a shark; nae, nae, my brethren, it was nae snark; or aiblins ye may think it was a saumon; nae, nae, my brethren, it was nae saumon; or aiblins ye may think it was a dolphin; nae, nae, my brethren, it was nae dolphin.” Here, an auld woman, thinking to help her pastor out of a dead lift, cried out, “Aiblins, Sir, it was a *dunter* (the vulgar name of a species of whale common to the Scotch coast. “Aiblins, Madam, ye're an auld witch for taking the word o' God out o' my mouth,” was the reply of the disappointed rhetorician.

