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GALLOWAY GOSSIP,
OR THE SOUTHERN ALBANICH 60 years ago:
BY
MRS MARIA T
edited by
Saxon
Wrightshere
1877
WIGTONSHIRE.

ALLOWAY GOSSIP

SIXTY YEARS AGO:

BEING A SERIES OF ARTICLES ILLUSTRATIVE
OF THE MANNERS, CUSTOMS, AND PECULIARITIES OF THE
ABORIGINAL PICTS OF GALLOWAY;
by Robert Trotter
EDITED BY SAXON.

CHOPPINGTOWN, NORTHUMBERLAND:
PUBLISHED BY ROBERT TROTTER.

BEDLINGTON:
GEORGE RICHARDSON, MACHINE PRINTER, WEST END.
1877.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.
IN THE PRESS,

And will be published as soon as complete, a Companion Volume to the present, being the Kirkcudbrightshire or Stewarty Division of Galloway Gossip. A few good Galloway stories, traditions, or songs can still be incorporated with the work, and the Editor invites contributions of that kind, as short and to the point as possible; with real names, &c., preferred, as the Editor wishes to make 'Galloway Gossip' as much as possible a faithful representation of the people of the province. Communications addressed to the Publisher, Mr Robert Trotter, Choppington, Northumberland, will be duly acknowledged.
It is the fashion to put a Preface to a book imploring the Critics to be gentle in dealing with the errors and shortcomings of the author. A preface has been written, though what good it will do is hard to say, as scarcely anybody ever thinks of reading such a thing. As for the Critics, Pope very truly says:

"Some have at first for wits, then poets pass'd,
Turned Critics next, and proved plain fools at last."

so that it does not matter very much about them, or what they may say about the faults or merits of the book; they may either praise or blame it, or both, as they have a mind. As for the public and popularity, neither I, nor the good lady for whom I officiate as Editor, cares three straws for either the one or the other, so long as the book sells, and affords entertainment or information without giving offence to individuals. The most scrupulous care having been taken to avoid offence to individuals, classes and conventionalities and abuses must look out for themselves; and the only offence they ever recognise being that of speaking unpleasant truth, they may unfortunately find something to be offended at recorded here. It is very wicked no doubt, but there is no help for it now.

Neither the Author nor the Editor however, will hold themselves responsible for any opinions expressed, as everything of that nature is put into its present form, merely to illustrate the opinions, modes of thought, peculiarities, characteristics, and language prevalent
among the natives of Galloway between 50 and 70 years ago. Although in nearly every instance real names have been made use of, great pains have been taken to exclude anything likely to give offence to living representatives; and though anecdotes about people with aboriginal native names, have been selected for publication, the utmost discrimination has been used, so that no person known to have descendants in the country, figures as the subject of a satire or the hero of a tale, except when the story records something very much to the credit of the individual mentioned. Should anyone however, be fool enough to don a garment which may inadvertently happen to fit him, neither the Author nor the Editor can hold themselves responsible for his opinion of himself, or for his weakness of mind in exhibiting his own folly.

As the work is not written to gain notoriety for the Author, or for pecuniary advantage to the Editor, their names have not been put prominently before the public; the only object being to hand down to posterity the sayings and doings of an all but extinct race—the Southern Picts or Albanich—which has been forced by its very destruction to look for existence elsewhere, and lose its identity by commingling with every nation on the earth, to the great profit and advancement of the natives of Ayrshire and the Emerald Isle, who now, with their crosses and half-breeds constitute nine-tenths of the population of Western Galloway.

As for the Clergy, who are occasionally noticed in the following pages, we hope their well-known humility will enable them meekly to receive, and inwardly digest, and apply, the estimation in which their predecessors seem to have been held by the long-headed and ready-witted aborigines. From their having been Incomers and Dispossessors, the Ayrshiremen seem to have been badly liked by the People whom they supplanted; for strange to say with all their strong common sense and shrewdness, the natives failed to perceive that the lairds,—whom they had been taught from infancy by the Clergy to look upon as superior beings—were the real delinquents in the matter; and that the Ayrshiremen were simply honest hard-working men like themselves, driven by the rapacity of their landlords at home, to seek for a means of living wherever they could find it. Being terribly rack-rented in Ayrshire, frugality had become a necessity and a habit; and this, replacing the profuse liberality of the native farmers, formed a contrast in the eyes of the peasantry, not
to the advantage of the strangers. Hence the ill-feeling apparent, although no one can help seeing how much the country has benefitted by their superior farming, their industry and their enterprise.

None of the stories in this book are guaranteed to be authentic, they are given merely as those current in the district at the time, and related as authentic then; and it must be kept in mind that a large proportion of popular anecdotes are localised in almost every district of the world.

The titlepage, the various head and tail pieces, and the initial letters, are the productions of one of the old lady's sons; whether he will ever attain in that line to the celebrity of a Hogarth or a Cruickshank I would rather not offer an opinion.

The verses transferred from various periodicals to this work, are also the concoctions of the same erratic individual, who however is not the Afflicted Pastor of his own tale, though very possibly he imagines himself a poet.

The tales are given as much as possible in the language of the district, and to a great extent in the old lady's own words; and if any genuine Gallovidian exists who is so immensely genteel as not to be acquainted with his mother tongue sufficiently to understand them, I as a Gallovidian, am thoroughly ashamed of him, and would recommend him, if he has any self-respect left, to make himself conversant with his native language before he again allows himself to figure as an applauded speaker, or a cheering listener, in one of the periodical re-unions of self-styled Gallovidians, in the great cities of the world.

SAXON.

November, 1877.
NOTE.

In reading Galloway Scotch the u, o, or oo, is always pronounced in the following words like what is called the Scotch, French, or Continental 'u.' Just, use, gude, tune, dune, spune, abune, mune, muir, puir, bluid, too, to, in compound words, as come-to, set-to, &c. cool, fool, stool, stood, choose, do, dooin, shoe, spoon, joodgment, gums, mools, toom, goose, school, excuse, and such like.

The u, ou, ow, or oo, is pronounced like the English oo, in noo, oot, doon or doun, roon or roun, house, about, coo, look, took, book, stook, mouth, drouth, about, pu, fu, hoo, pouch, doubtor doot, count, pook, allow, begood, court, Boer, loot, stout, and so on.

Shire is pronounced Share, carry as cerry, while floor and board are unpronounceable by English and Glasgow and Ayrshire Irishmen.
THE GALLOVIDIAN ABROAD.

(From the Galloway Gazette.)

O! why do I roam in sadness
These beautiful hills among,
In this land of joy and gladness,
This land of flower and song?
I sing of its beauties lightly
In my liveliest songs by day,
But my heart still wanders nightly
To a bright land far away.

In groves of radiant splendour
I walk in the evening's calm,
Where rise in their leafy grandeur
The plumes of the stately palm.
Where lovely streams meander
By flowery banks I stray,
But my heart still loves to wander
To my own land far away.

I am gazing on fountains springing
Through wreaths of the fruitful vine,
And the flowers around them clinging
With sparkling spray-drops shine.
But tame are their vine-clad fountains
To the graceful birken spray,
That fringes the granite mountains
Of my own land far away.
In my midnight slumbers dreaming,
I gaze on its distant shore,
And I look on the wavelets gleaming,
As I saw them in days of yore.
And I see the bright eyes glancing,
I loved in a happier day,
Where joyous hearts were dancing
In that bright land far away.

The dreams of the night are changing
The sounds on soft winds rolled,
And the howlings of panthers ranging,
To the sweet soft songs of old;
For I hear like the linties singing,
And the laverock's tuneful lay,
Or the song of the mavis ringing,
Through that bright land far away.

In my happiest hour there ever
Arises a secret pain,
For I tremble lest I never
May look on that land again.
I sigh for thy rocky wild wood
My own loved Galloway,
The home of my happy childhood,
My bright land far away.
my sons have been plaguing me, ever since I came through to Northumberland to see them, to tell them old freets and stories about Galloway, I have got one of them to take down a whelin odds and ends about the old notions of the people; and also a hante of the bits of anecdotes of curious kinds of craiters, that used to enliven the farmer's fireside when I was young, in the lang winter forenichts, among the dreary muirs and mountains of our native Galloway. The most of the folk they are about all dead, and their descendants crushed out of the country, to seek the living denied them at home by absentee landlords, big farms, and game laws; but the few aboriginals that are left may like to read of the ways of their ancestors, and even the incomers may have a desire to know something of
them that were there before them; but whether or no, I hae got them written down, and they can either be pleased or huffed as they have a mind. Ye see I write badly now for I'm nearly blind, and since I fell on the ice and broke my wrist, I can hardly haud a pen ava, but I hae them 'at can write for me, and so I'm behaunden to naebody.

BIRTH.

BEFORE going any farther I may mention that I was born at Barar in Penninghame, on the 3rd of October, 1803, and that my mother, whose name was Agnes Stewart, died two days after I was born, so of course I know little aboot her. I had an only full brother called Thomas, who died when about 14 years of age. The same doctor attended him that had attended my mother, and I mind of quarrelling my father for paying him for curing my brother when he had just let him die, and had let my mother die into the bargain.

DANGERS OF AUTHORSHIP.

URIOUS adventures sometimes come to the lot of authors. For instance, Dominie Todd of Drummore in Kirkmaiden wrote a lot of traditions to the Galloway Register when it first came out in 1836, and they were greatly thought of all over the country, and he was naturally a little proud over it. One night, however, a neighbour wife came in—'Mr Todd,' quo she, 'ye'll hae tae gie ower writin' thae things tae the papers, for ye're settin' the hail parish again ye.' 'Impossible, Mrs McGaw!' says the dominie. 'Impossible, or no,' quo she, 'I tell ye ye're makin' a queer lot o' enemies wi' them—ye maun write nae
GALLOWAY GOSSIP.

mae o' them, or ye'll be turn't oot o' the skule for't.' 'Non-
sense!' was his reply, 'I have written not one word that
could give offence to anybody.' 'That's naething,' says the
wife, 'in Kirkmaiden onyway; everybuddy here's glad tae
get a stick tae mak' a beetle o', an' they tak' everything ye
hae written tae be some hit at them; an' if ye dinna gie
ower, they'll persecute you an' yours tae the latest genera-
tion.' 'You're greatly mistaken, Mrs Gaw,' says the
dominie, 'everybuddy is as friendly with me as ever they
were.' 'Ye may think sae, maister,' was the reply, 'they'll
be fair aneuch tae yer face, but ye just see yae side o' them;
ye mentioned a McGaw in yin o' yer stories, an' a' the Mc-
Gaws in the parish think it's ettled for them, an' they're
mortally offended; then ye said something aboot a McCulloch,
an' a' at's kin tae the McCullochs could brain ye, for they
think ye're hittin' at them: then ye mentioned Barncorkrie,
an' a' the Corkrans are furious: an' ye said something aboot
the Gordons, an' a' the McColms an' McKittericks are wild
aboott it; an' ye made a poem aboot the McDowall's, an' ye'll
hae the Laird an' the Factor doon on ye next for't; an' ye
miska't the Irish Channel, an' ye ken hoo money Irish is in
Kirkmaiden noo, and they're no cannie tae meddle wi:—na!
na! Mr Todd, ye maun write nae mair tae that Register, or
they'll be fit tae murder ye an' a belangin tae ye—tak my
word for that.'

CLOGS.

ESPITE the decrees of fashion and folly, clogs
are now common enough in Galloway, and in
the Stewartry and the eastern part of The
Shire nearly all the young folk wear them in
the winter. In the Rhinns they're ower
proud to wear them; they wad rather gang barefit. I mind
when there wasna sic a thing. The first time ever I saw clogs, I was a little lass about eleven. It was at Penninghame kirk, and they created a great sensation. Mrs Boyd of Mertonhall had been a' the way at London, and had brought this pair of clogs with her, and had worn them at the kirk and on several other occasions before I saw them. This Sunday when the kirk came out, I saw a lot of farmers' daughters and young women crowding round the Mertonhall carriage, and I pushed forward to see what was the ferlie, and was told that they wanted to see the 'shoon wi' wudden soles' that Mrs Boyd had brought from London. I managed to get a look at them as she entered the carriage, and thought them very curious, but I was nearly trampit down by the young ladies and the shoemakers in their struggles to get near enough to catch the fashion—the better day the better deed, they say. They soon became quite the rage, and for long after, every woman with any pretentions to gentility, used to wear clogs on all grand occasions, and to go to the kirk in; but after a while they got quite common, and not only the gentry, but just ordinary people, had them for Sunday before long. There's naething but puir people wears them noo.

GUTTERALS.

Englishmen are said to be unable to pronounce many of the vowel sounds, and all the diphthongs except oy; but to my mind a great many calling themselves Scotch can do no better, and cannot even manage the oy, which the English can, so they have nothing to brag about. If we consider the Glasgow-Irish, the Ayrshire-Irish, and the Dumfries-folk to be Scotch, it must be admitted that, like the English, they cannot pronounce many vowel sounds
at all, and others only in certain combinations. However, they can manage all the consonants, while it is said the English cannot manage half of them except in particular combinations, cannot utter the letter r at all, and seem ready to choke whenever the gutteral ch or gh comes in sight. Though most Galloway folk can pronounce all the vowel and diphthong sounds in any combination, and also all the consonants, the sort of gentilities and bits of lairds pretend that they cannot get their tongues round them, so that they may be able to pass for English—as if that was anything to their credit. If ye fall in with a well-dressed man or woman that minces the vowels and cannot manage the r's and ch's, ye canna gang far wrang if ye set them doun either for genteel tailors or dressmakers, lairds that have been a winter in London, servants that have been six months about Liverpool or Manchester, apprentice coounter-lowpers, or returned packmen that have been a twalmonth or so about Wigan or Nottingham. I have heard a story about a servant-lass—not a genteel ane—that had been a year or two in England, and when she came back she was asked how she got the creatures to understand her. 'O,' says she, 'I do grandly, I just speak tae them in their ain gibberish; I gie the words a gude chow in the middle, an' lea' oot a' the r's an' they never ken the difference.' I think it's only a pretence of the English not pronouncing the ch; I think they don't do it because it's Scotch or Irish; and the curious thing is, they pronounce it differently in different places, for in Ireland, where 'loch,' for example, is spelled 'lough,' the Englishman, or shabby-gentility calls it 'loff'; while in Scotland it is spelled 'loch,' and there he pronounces it 'lock,' and yet everyone pronounces the same sound easily in other positions, and those of them that 'hasperate their haitches,' do so very strongly; for it is nothing more than a double H (hh.) and
if it was printed for them that way, I believe they could pronounce it weel eneuhh.

FARMERS OF OLD.

ARMERS in my young days hadn't so much pride as they have now, and did not treat their servants as if they were a kind of nowt, or some kind of brute beasts for chirling work out of, and fit for naething else, as seems to be the fashion at present; but then the farmers were all natives and the servants natives too, and very often near friens for-bye, but it's a' altered now-a-days—mair's the pity. The farmer and his family, and the men, and the lasses, all sat at the wan table, and sat round the same fireside, and conversed with one another as if they were all human beings alike, and I don't think they were anything the waur o't; and in the lang winter forenichts we teazed oo, and carded lint, and span, and workit stockin's, and dippit candles, while the men sang, and told us funny stories, and tales about ghaists, and fairies, and witches, and the farmer was maistly the heartiest and drollest o' them a'; and when a' our work was done, the farmer gied out a psalm, and read a chapter of the Bible to us, and then put up a prayer, and after that we went to our beds. I mostly sleepit with one of the servant lasses, and I don't think it ever did me any ill.

NOT CHANGEABLE.

E us a story or twa! Verra weel then! here's yin. Geordy Darymple was a drainer, and he lived in a wee thack house at Pilwherry roadend in The Inch, and he came out of Ayrshire and so was a kind of ignorant buddy; and as he belonged to the Unitarians he was not very well
acquainted with the inside of the kirk; for about Ayrshire, Unitarian does not mean very much in the way of religion, but rather the other way. However he had a wen that took the mezzles and died, and the Minister gaed his wa's up to try and comfort them. It was the minister of New Luce, for the wife had been at that kirk a time or two. ‘Aye,’ says the minister, with a sympathising sigh, ‘we must take comfort in the knowledge that the Lord has taken it to a better place.’ ‘Of coarse, sir,’ says Geordy, showing off his godliness, ‘we ken a' that; the Lord'll hae him safe in Beelzebub's bosom by this time; it's certainly very kind o' him.’ ‘Abraham's bosom, my good man,’ says the minister, ‘it's Abraham's bosom you mean.’ ‘I mean naething o'the kin', sir,’ says Geordy, ‘I mean what I say; yer Awraham's bosom may dae wee eneuch for a wheen Gallawa folk, but oor wean's gaun nae siccan gate; a' oor freens haes gane tae Beelzebub's bosom this lang eneuch, an' we're no gaun tae change.”

SLANTENDICULAR.

HAVING been set out to plough one day when one of the men was ill, Geordy was told that the field was to be finished, if possible, that day, and that he was not to lowze unless it came down an even-down-pour, for it looked wet. Geordie had been used with Ayrshire, where the men and horses have to work out whatever kind of weather it is, so he kept ploughing away, although it came on and rained very heavy. The farmer waited and better waited to see him coming in, but no Geordie came, and so he got angry and went out to the field to him, and asked him what he meant working the beasts in that rain. ‘Did I no tell ye if it cam on an even-doon-poor tae lowze?'
A FARM-HOUSE DINNER.

It was the custom when I was young for the farmers and their families and all their servants to take their meals together in the kitchen, which was also the usual sitting room; and all the moderate-sized lairds followed the same fashion. It was usual for the gude wife, sometimes assisted by the farmer, to rive up the (boiled) meat into convenient pieces before setting it down to the people; for knives were very scarce then, and there was seldom more than one in an ordinary farm-house. The first thing that was brought forward was the broth, or broos, as they used to call them, and they were set down either in a hooped wooden dish, or a big bowl, or a hand-basin, and each person had a horn spoon, and they all suppit out of the wan dish, farmer or laird and all. Then a hooped dish like a butter-nap, full of potatoes coarsely bruised with a three-toed thing like a graip, they ca’t a raubhel, which was stirred up and down in the pot to break them,—was brought forward and set down to them. Then the meat was set down on an ashet, and the farmer lifted a junk with his hand, and reached it out to the one next him, and said ‘ hae!’ then to the next and the next, till they were all served. Sometimes the potatoes were set down whole in a small basket or a nap, and then they took a potato in one hand and the meat in the other, and took rive about at them with their teeth; but when the potatoes were bruised they ate them with the same spoon they suppit the broth with, and took a rive at the meat and a mouthful of the potatoes time
about. When the potatoes and meat were done, there was a big bowl of milk set down at each end of the table, and a basket of cake-bread in the middle, and they ate the bread, and suppit the milk to it, with the spoons they had for the broth and potatoes. Neither knives, forks, nor plates were used, except the plate to set the meat on. Before they began to eat, the gudeman always askit a blessing, and returned thanks as soon as they were done.

A LEGACY.

ENNY MARTIN lived at The Doulach in Kirkcolm, and she was a smart, black-eyed, good-looking lass about three-and-twenty, but like most of the Rhinns women, she had a strong black beard on her upper lip, and a stiffish semi-circle of dark hair round her chin; though, like many of her neighbours, she frightened them out of sight with a razor. One week an old aunt from Stranraer came over to see them, and as she had some money, there was a kind of party got up in her honour, and some presentable young farmers were at it, and the old lady was very talkative, and full of drollery. At length she says to her niece, 'Deed aye! Jenny! yer grannie haes been verra mindfu' o' ye, I see; she haes left ye a gude legacy; I ken some 'at wad gie a hantle for a farm like it, for the aftener it's crap't the faster it'll grow.' 'Whut is't ye mean, auntie?' says the young lady, bewildered, 'I dinna mind onything she left me.' 'O! it's her beard, hinny! her beard!' was the reply, 'an' it was a gude yin.' Jenny rushed from the room affronted, the young farmers laughed prodigiously, while the old lady sat astonished, wondering what was all the ado about.
BEST TO KEEP IN ‘WI’ HIM.

KIRSTY DUNBAR was an ‘aul’ wife that lived in a wee house on The Boreland of Kirkinner, but it was before my time, and she was an awfu’ religious buddy, and a terrible hand at Scripture. Yae Sunday afternoon yin o’ her gran’-docthers cam ower to see her, and found Kirsty on her knees ahint the hallan, prayin’ away like mad; and as she didna like to disturb the grannie at her devotions she sat down on a stool at the fire till she finished. After listening awhile she was astonished to hear that it wasna the Lord that Kirsty was praying to, and she was praying awfu fervently. When she was dune, the lass said till her, ‘Gude guide us, grannie! d’ye ken ye wur prayin tae the deevil?’ ‘Atweel was I, hinny!’ was the reply, ‘I do’t regular; he’s a desperate bad yin, ye ken, an’ it’s better tae be in wi him nor oot wi him; an’ yin never kens what’s afore them, or wha they’re behauden tae.’

THE MUIRLAND MAN.

ONG ago the low country folk used to consider the muirland farmers a rude uncultivated set, and even in my young days they were thought to know very little of the outer world. They were said to be very anxious to get low country wives to carry civilization up among the craigs and peatmosses, and astonish the crooks and gimmers. There was a young muir-farmer from Glenapp quarter came down to the low country to look for a wife, and he took a great notion of a daughter of Mr Wallace at Girvillan in Old-Luce, and went there now and then to visit her. One day he came down about dinner-time, and he was put into ‘the room,’ while preparations were going on in the kitchen—the usual dining place—to
produce a grand dinner for him. After the cloth was laid, knives and forks were set down, and these implements being new to young 'Sandy frae the muirs,' he picked them up and examined them attentively, and was heard exclaiming, 'Guide us! what a droll wee graip, I wunner whut that's for.' Some local genius made a sang about it, which was very popular for a long time, and was considered a grand hit at the muir farmers, but I forget it all but this one verse:—

'O! what a bonnie graip this be,
Says Sandy tae himsel;
An' this is something like the thing
That shears my minnie's kail.
Aye! aye! Auntie O!
Eerie, eerie Ann!
With my fine tantaraira,
Sing aye the muirlan' man.'

The lasses made such fun of him over the 'wee graip,' and other novel weapons, that he had to go and look out for a lowland wife elsewhere.

DAMN.

ANY a time, when I was a little lass, I have heard the old people say that Girvillan in Old-Luce was the first place where the word 'Damn' was ever heard in Galloway. Some said it was the first place where it was ever heard in Scotland; but onyway, it was said to have been used by some English sogers that were quartered there, when they were quarrelling over their drink, and some of the young bloods picked it up and learned it, to try and pass for a kind of English. They tell me they are doing the same kind of things yet, for the same purpose.
LORNEUGH'S TEA-PARTY.

EAR by Baraar there was a farm they ca’t The Lorneugh, and the farmer there had three dochters, and was awful keen to get them weel married, and he was a great hand for inviting all the well-doing young men he could fall in with to his house, to try and get them to take a notion of some of his lasses. At that time there was a tailor in Newton-Stewart that was a great dandy, and styled himself 'Tailor and Habitmaker to his Majesty,'—I think they ca’t him Armstrong; there was also a dandy draper of some name like Davidson or Dennison, and an awful dandy watchmaker, whose name I also forget. However Lorneugh thought they would make grand men for his three dochters, and so he invited them out to tea one afternoon, and made great preparations for their reception. Among other grand things he bought some fresh herrings for them, for they were a great rarity about Newton-Stewart then; and he also bought two grand japanned servets, (waiters or trays,) to make a flourish with. As neither he nor the daughters were very sure of the use of them they were rather puzzled how to utilize them, but at last they decided to roast the fresh herrings in one of them, and some sheep's puddings in the other. On the great day of the party this was accordingly done, and they were set down on the table with the herrings and puddings in them, but unfortunately the japanning melted and stuck to the dainties and spoiled the look of them, but they had the desired effect notwithstanding, for they astonished the young men. The room where the tea was set had an earthen floor, and was not kept very clean, and as the swine had the run of the kitchen, when they saw the room door open they went in there too, and poked themselves about among the company at the table, as they were
used to do on common occasions, and one of them, when it came in, had a piece of an old dirty kail-runt chewing in its mouth. Lorneugh had helped himself to a pudding, and hearing the pigs grunting about among the people’s legs, he thought they had no business among such grand company, and rose to put them out; and when he was returning to his place he felt something at his fit, which he thought was his piece of pudding fallen from the table. He lifted it up, and when he sat down he began to eat it, but having taken a bite off one end, he made a kind of face, and looking across the table said, ‘I doot, gudewife, yer puddins are soor.’ It happened to be the kail-runt he lifted, and when he found his mistake he spluttered it all over the table and affronted the daughters, and so they didn’t manage to catch a man out of the lot.

**GRIER OF LAG.**

NE of the traditions common in The Shire was an account of one of the McDowalls of The Freugh going to Lag in Nithsdale, on the invitation of old Lag the Persecutor. He had an Irish servant-man of the name of Bernard McClew, who had heard dreadful accounts when in Ireland of Lag’s atrocities, and Barney was very anxious to go with Freuch in order to see old Grier, more especially as he had been assured by scores of people that that worthy bore a striking resemblance to the Devil. Freugh resolved to humour him, and made him one of his train. He told Lag about his servant’s curiosity, and so it was arranged that McClew should be brought into the dining-room to wait on his master at table. While they were eating Lag sat and scowled at the Irishman all the time, and after they had dined and the cloth was removed, he ordered Barney to come forward.
Poor McClew did so with fear and trembling, and Lag said to him, 'Are ye the man 'at's sae anxious tae see Grier of Lag?;'—'Yes, my lord,' says Bernard. 'An' ye come frae Galloway?' says Lag. 'I did, my lord,' was the reply. 'Hae ye ony mae Whigs there tae kill?' says Lag with a growl, adding with a diabolical scowl on his face, 'Ye're maybe yin yersel.' Poor Paddy made no reply, but fell fainting on the floor, and had to be carried out while Lag and Freuch laughed till they could hardly stand. As soon as he came to he slipped out of the tower and fled for his life, and the last Freugh saw of him at that time was the waff of his coat-tails streaming behind him as he disappeared ower the head of Glenmidge.

**ORIGIN OF THE ISLE OF MAN.**

Popular traditions have often more truth in them than the majority of people suspect, and there may be really something after all in the following, which is still commonly believed in all through Galloway.—An immense giant (I never heard his name) used in the early ages of the world, to inhabit the wilds of Minnigaff and the Glenkenns, and when he was not quarrelling with his neighbours, he used to travel all up and down and examine the country. One day he happened to be over in Ireland, and on looking down on the ground he was surprised to see a great lot of wee diminutive-looking men and women walking about, and running out of the road for fear he tramped on them. 'What queer wee folk,' thinks he, 'I'll tak yin or twa o' them hame and let the wife see them;' and so he picked one or two up, but they were crushed to death between his fingers. 'This'll never do ava,' says he, 'I'm hurtin' the puir craiters.' He happened to have his spade
with him, and so he resolved to take a spadeful of the mools wi' him, and the wee folk on't just as they were, and accordingly he dug out a spadeful and took it with him over his shoulder—a kin' o' biggish truff, ye ken. As he was wading across barefooted, for the sea took him abune the knees, a big roke (crab) catch't him by the muckle-tae, and the pain made him forget the spadefu' o' mools, and gart him gie sic a start that the hailwur cowpit aff his shouther into the tide, and he ran billyin' hame tae the wife to get his tae sortit. The muckle truff formed the Isle-o'-Man, and the bit he hoke't it oot o' became Lough Neagh in Ireland, and the two places are said to be exactly similar in size and shape, and wherever there is a point on the one, there is said to be a bay in the other, and where there is a hill on the one there is a corresponding deep place in the other, and besides all that, the Manx are said to have the same appearance and to speak the same language as the aboriginal natives of the banks of Lough Neagh even to the present century. As for the cats, they are exactly the same, only the Manx ones want the tail, for it happened that when the giant stuck his spade into the grun' it chack't off the tail of the only tabby on that particular spot at the time, and so in accordance with a well-known effect of the power of mind over matter, her descendants have been been born wanting tails ever since. Some very learned gentlemen put great faith in traditions.

AILSA CRAIG.

QUEER though the foregoing may seem, the origin of Ailsa Craig may appear quite strange. Some time afterwards this same giant was in Ireland again, and having some business to see after in Carrick on his way home, he waded the Channel between the Mull
of Kintyre and the Ayrshire coast. The water was not very deep—for him—and having a painful recollection of his adventure with the cruaban, he very prudently kept on his brogues to protect his toes from submarine monsters. He had been travelling over some stony ground before taking the water, and some gravel had got into his brogues, one of the big pieces of which, by the jorging of the water began to hurt his foot very much; so he stooped down and thrust his fingers between the brogue and his foot, and picking out the stone tossed it into the water beside him, and it happened to fall in a shallow place where the water was not enough to cover it. That stone is Ailsa Craig, at least tradition says so.

ORIGIN OF THE EARLS OF STAIR.

ROUND about The Inch and that neighbourhood there used to be a tradition about the origin of the Earls of Stair, almost as worthy of credit as either of the foregoing. According to it the first of the Stair family in Wigtonshire was an Ayrshireman called John Dalrymple, popularly known as ‘Buttermilk Jock,’ who drove milk in carts into Stranraer, and sold it in half-penny-worths. He is said to have been a very miserly man, fond of lending money to the little lairds, who were very numerous then, and when he thought they were badly off demanding re-payment, and if they couldn’t pay up he seized their estates and kept them. It was said that the Dalrymples bought Castle-Kennedy with the proceeds of the Buttermilk.
FINGAULS.

SOME traditions however I think are more reliable than any of these, and among them is one which relates that the Norsemen,—or Danes as they are usually called,—came across from Ireland and the Isle of Man and formed settlements at the Isle of Whithern, the High-end of Kirkmaiden and other points on the coast, where they built castles and villages and traded with the natives, and the truth of this tale is to some extent borne out by the fact, that distinct races of people—or rather the remains of them—still inhabit such places, and they are still called in derision "Fin-gauls" (the accent on the 'gaul,') by their immediate neighbours. The inhabitants of the South end of Kirkmaiden for example are still called 'Fingauls' by the other natives of the Rhinns, and under that name are included the McCullochs, McColms, McGaws, McGuffogs, and indeed all who lived in 'The Heeh-end,' or south of a line drawn from Kilstey Bay to the Bay of the Clanyard, on the farm of Lyatraw. If anything outrageous or ridiculous is done, the Laithhenders, or Low-enders will remark—'It's very like the Heeh-enders that—it's naething oot-o-the-way for the Fingauls.' The Fingauls used to be very tall fair-haired people, with long oval faces, straight noses, full chins, and light blue eyes, and very few were under six feet in height; but the most of them have emigrated now, and what's left's that way mixed up with Irish, and Gossoks, and other incomers, that you could hardly find half a dozen tall men in the whole parish. The Laithh-enders or Rhinns people were not nearly so tall, and had dark hair, and dark brown eyes, or occasionally dark blue, their faces were narrow at the brow and chin and very broad between the eyes: they had thin prominent hook-
noses, wide mouths with large broad projecting front teeth, which the upper lip could with difficulty cover, and which overlapped the lower lip; their foreheads were small, flat, and very much receding, and had three strong wrinkles, while their chins receded worse than a negro’s and were very small, and nearly all the grown women had beards, both on the chin and upper lip. Tradition says they were the descendants of some savages they call the Kreenies, that came over from Ireland, but like the Fingauls, emigration is making them scarce. I might give some of their family names, but as the description of their looks is not very flattering, I will not give needless offence. The Fingauls assign to them all the eccentricities attributed to themselves, and derisively call them The Gossoks.

THE GOSSOKS AND THE MUSTARD.

Here are lots of stories afloat about ignorant people and mustard, but I think the history of the first introduction of that article to the Gossoks, will be new to most people. Samuel Spence from Dumbreddan, and Peter McClymont from Chapelrossan went one year to the Fair at Stranraer, and like other young men on similar occasions, they spent the most of their pocket money treating the lasses as in duty bound, for it’s a point of honour with the Gossoks to load their lasses with sweeties at the fair. By the afternoon, though they had been feasting on love all day, they began to feel hungry, and it became necessary to get a supply of food, and as cheap as possible, for their pockets and their stomachs were getting alike empty, and so they repaired to a little cookshop in Sun Street to look out for something to eat. As they wanted to measure their appetites by their means, they asked the shopwife in succession the prices of
the various eatables set out on the table, the potatoes, the beef, the broth, the bread, and so on, and broth being the cheapest they fixed on that to begin with. There was also a biggish dish of mustard among the rest, and as the wife was going out for a supply of broth, they asked her the price of it too, more from curiosity than anything else, for as they had never seen it before, they expected it was some great dainty and would be very dear. They were astonished when the wife said it was for 'naething; they might take as much as they liked without paying anything at all.' As soon as she went out Peter gave Samuel an elbow, and nodding at the mustard said:—'Dog on't! Samuel, this is the stuff—the real cheap stuff—this is the thing for us, lad!' 'Faith! Peter,' says the other, 'it's the verra thing, an' rich-lookin' stuff it is,—it'll maybe no tak much tae fill us—I'll be bound it's verra feedin'.' 'An' a' for naething,' says Peter. 'Aye!' says Samuel, 'we'll buy naething but the broth, an' we'll stick into this what-d'ye-ca't.' 'We'll never speer what they ca't,' says Samuel, 'we'll sup it up an' never let on.'

The shopwife came in with the broth which they at once paid for, and sent 'doun the red brae' with the utmost despatch, and Peter having got his bowl emptied first, took his spoon, and delving it deep down into the mustard, lifted it as full as it would hold, and rammed it into his mouth and gulped it down so as to get another spoonful of the dainty before Samuel finished his broth. Before he could stick the spoon in for another supply the burning commenced, making the tears roll down his cheeks and forcing him to screw his face into some awesome shapes to try to keep from roaring. Samuel soon finished his broth, and happening to look at Peter, he noticed the tears, and exclaimed—'Gosh! Peter! what's the matter wi' ye? what in the woorl are ye greetin' about, man?' 'Dog on me! Samuel!' cries Peter through his tears, 'hoo
can I help it? a' the way here in a strange bit an' sae far frae my friends:—I couldna keep frae thinkin' o' the death o' my puri' grannie; an' hoo can I help greetin', an' me sae far frae hame! for the Fingauls and the Gossoks all look on a journey to Stranraer or Glenluce, like going to some foreign country. 'Gosh man! Peter!' says Samuel, helping himself to a spoonful of the novel dainty, 'ye maunna gang on that way; consider she left ye her goat; I wud greet nane aboot her, an' I were you.' Samuel stuck his spoonful into his mouth, and the faces he made were fearfu', and the tears rolled down his face as copiously as they did down Peter's, and he, noticing them with an inward chuckle, enquired of Samuel with an anxious face—'Goavins! Samuel—what are ye gowlin aboot? I'm sure ye hae naething tae fash ye; ye hae nae dead grannie tae greet for.' 'Nee! anee!' says Samuel, through his tears, 'it's no that, man; I was that sorry for you, Peter, that I couldna help greetin' too.' 'Kgordy,' says Peter, 'd'ye tell me sae? Tak anither spunefu', he continued, handing over the mustard-pig, 'it's no everybuddy had a grannither like mine.' 'I wush yer grannither an' you were at the deevil,' cries Samuel, raging with the mustard. 'Och! och! anee! anee! I'm puzzion't! I'm murder't! I'm puzzion't! rin for the minister, Peter! Anee! anee! ochon! ochon! I'm puzzion't! I'm puzzion't! I'm a' on fire! rin for the minister! rin!' Peter got up to run. 'Come back! Peter!' he continued, 'come back an' cut the tongue oot o' my head! cut it out! better tae lose the tongue nor the haill head.' What Peter might have done it is hard to tell, but the shopwife hearing the terrible eruption in the room came in to see what was wrang, and after laughing till she was black in the face, she explained the mystery, and the Gossoks departed with hingin' lugs, and looking terribly sheepish. It was danger-
ous to mention mustard to a Gossok for twenty years after.

THE HEEHH-ENDERS AND THE BUGS.

THRED McCUTCHEON and Patrick Jamieson were twa Fingauls frae about Polinkum, an' they gaed yae year tae Stranraer Fair, and got a wee drappie ower much an' forgot themsels, an' so they were obliged tae stay all night in a public house at the Clayhole, a part of the town where sailors used to put up. They had heard awful accounts in Kirkmaiden of certain dreadful animals they ca't bugs, that were said to infest the houses in the town, and they had been told that they whiles lifted the verra sklates on the roof and girt at the folk in the street. They were consequently terrified for the blood-thirsty monsters, which they had heard were desperate fond of sucking the blood of folk fresh from the country, and so they made many anxious enquiries of the landlady about them, and she assured them with an air of pride, that though there might be an odd ane or maybe twa about the house, she thocht she was as clear o' them as ony o' her neighbours. They felt comforted and went to bed, and slept together, and the drink being still in their heads they lay talking a good while about the wonders they had seen. It was a fine clear night and the moon was shining richt into their bedroom window, and as they were talking away they heard like the noise of something running about on the floor. They both started up to see what it was, and were horrified to find two little beasts running up and down the room. 'Goth! Ootre, whut's thae?' says Pate. 'I'll bet ye they're bugs,' says Uthred. 'Preserve us a'! whut's tae be dune?' says Patrick. 'Od! Pate, we maun kill them,' was the reply, 'afore they begin
tae bite; slip on yer shoon an' let us be at them.' Up they got and seizing their sticks, chased them round and round the room, and out of wan corner into another, layin at them with their clickies till they killed them both, and going back to bed they soon fell asleep. When they came down in the morning the whiskey-wife asked them how they slept. 'O! no amiss,' says Pate. 'Did ye see ony bugs?' says she, jeering them. 'Bugs!' says Pate, 'et did we! twa o' them! odious big yins, just like rabbits.' 'D'ye tell me sae?' says she, laughing, 'ye should 'a kill't them then.' 'We hae dune that else,' says Uthred, 'and a notorious killin they took, I can tell ye.' 'Ha! ha! ha!' cries the whiskey-wife, 'come awa up, an' let me see them,' and up they went, and pointed out the carcases to her. 'There's yer bugs!' cried the Heehh-enders together. The landlady looked and was horrified to see her two Guinea-pigs that her son had brought her from abroad, lying smashed oot o' a resemblance on the floor. 'Bugs!' cried the landlady sobbing, 'they're my puri Guinea-pigs.' 'Guinea-Pigs!' cried McCutcheon in amazement, 'a guinea for thae! they're no worth the half o't; I could buy better pigs at the Muglach for half-a-croon a piece.'

AN OVERCHARGE.

ERY few of the compositions of Burns the poet have escaped the keen eyes of collectors, but I dont think any of them have got a hold of this one yet, at least I haven't seen it in print. Burns was one time travelling through Wigtonshire, and when he arrived at Old-Luce he went to an inn and called in some dinner. After he was done he asked for the bill, and he was told it was three-and-sixpence—a very large sum in a Galloway village in those days. When
the bill was paid and the landlord retired, he took out a diamond and wrote across the whole of the panes of the window:

'Three-and-sixpence for a dinner!
O! Lord! as I'm a leevin' sinner;
When next I chance to come this road,
I'll mind this overcharge by G—d.'

I have heard another version of it but I do not know which is correct, I leave others to judge of that. It says—

'Three-and-sixpence for a dinner,
I paid as sure as I'm a leevin sinner;
If ever I chance to travel this road,
I'll mind this overcharge by G—d.'

He might have left the swearing out of it, but swearing was fashionable at that time, and he didn't. The landlord never noticed the writing for a long time, but his customers did, and the people tormented him so much about it, that he sent for a joiner at last, and had every pane taken out, and new ones put in their place, which cost him a great deal more than he got for the dinner; for in those days glass was very dear, and poor people could seldom afford more than one, or at most two small panes of glass in a window.

A HOLY CANNIBAL.

WHEN it is considered that the ancient inhabitants of Galloway are said by Tacitus to have been cannibals, there need be nae ferlie about an odd yin turning up now and then amang us, even in the sacred person of a minister. The minister of New-Luce was once sent for to Davie McMurtrie's at Poltadden to christen a wean, and as the clergy are maistly fond of good cheer, there was a big
fat cock killed for the christening tea. Like most herd's weans, Davie's were half-wild, and glowered with holy fear from behind doors and kists at the man of prayer, who, absorbed in dutiful devotion, ate most of the cock himself; and the youngsters doubtless made many sage reflections on his wonderful abilities, but took care to keep out of his reach. A month or two after, when the minister was 'visiting' the parish, he came back to Poltadden again, and as he sat himself down in the muckle chair by the fire, a hen and chickens marched in, having the run of the house as usual. The weans seemed terrified, but at last rushed in between them and the minister, and cried 'Gae 'wa! gae 'wa!' then they wasst their daidlies and whush't them oot, exclaiming as they scampered over the door-step—'Whish! whish! rin! rin! that's the man 'at ett yer faither.'

**TAMING OF A SHREW.**

ANTIPPE has been renowned for ages as the queen of randies, but she couldn't have held the candle to Betty McCracken. Betty lived in Kirkcowan, and had a tongue like fifty tinklers, and had the whole town frightened for her, and she was aye flytin wi her neighbours, when she had any, and could conquer them all; but the houses on both sides of her were oftener empty than tenanted. At last however Marion McElshiner—they call them Alexander now—a wife frae the Stewartry flittit in next door to her, and completely got the better of her. About a month after she came, Betty pickit a quarrel wi her about the weans, and after a few words Betty as usual got wild, and wafted her arms aboot her head, and stormed like a wild buddy and ca't Marion everything, but the strange wife never flytit back, but gaed awa into the house, and Betty followed her, abusing her
a' the way. The neighbours gathered about to see the new-comer getting her dressings, and egged Betty on, and so she carry't on at an awfu' rate, and when the wife liftit a three leggit stool and came towards the door wi't, Betty thought she intended to brain her, and retreated, raging louder than ever. Instead of braining Betty, she set the stool at the door-cheek an' clappit hersel down on't, and lookit up in Betty's face an' smiled. Betty couldna stand this, so she girn't at her savagely, and ca't her a' the blinkin'-faced hypocrites was oot; but the strange wife just sat and smiled at her, and never said a word. She then ca't her a limmer, and some stronger terms, and went on fearfu', but the wife took nae notice o' her, till at last Betty, who had never been treated that way before; could endure it no longer, but went up to her, and shook her nisve in her face and cried—'Speak you randy, or I'll burst.' But the 'randy'.wouldn't speak, and Betty had soon to sneak into her door completely discomfited. Next day she started with new vigour, but the wife went in for the stool and the Testament, and set hersel doon an' read the Sermon on the Mount to her, and beat her again. In a very short time Betty gave it up in despair, and they at last became the best of friends. Hen-pecked husbands should take the hint.

**AN ELDER'S DISCOORSE.**

OUNG Cuddie Lauchison or McLauchlan at the Isle, was a New-Licht Elder down about Whithern hand, and a powerful hand at a prayer, and he could give no that bad a discoorse by a time, when there was occasion. The minister took a notion of a new-fangled kind o' religion they ca' t a Sunday-School; and Cuthbert, as a forbye righteous man, took a great hand in't, and imagined
it would make all the lads and lasses into saints, and banish every kind of wickedness out o' the parish. One Sunday they were giving out prizes for the best attendance, and Cuddie, as the minister was absent, improved the occasion by giving a discourse on Sunday-Schools. 'Aye!' says he, 'this parish is joost like the city o' Jericho, it's hotchin wi sinners: an' oor minister's like Joshua the prophet mairchin roon aboot it wi the rams-horns, an' blawin like the verra deevil: aye! an' we'll blaw an' we'll shoot an' we'll rair, till the wa's o' wickedness come rattlin aboot their lugs like a thoosan' cairsfu's o' stanes. An' whut ir rams-horns think ye? just the horns o' a muirlan' tip; but the tip-horns that Joshua tootit on had nae siller rims on them, an' nae siller moon-piece, like the trumpets noo-a-days; an' nae gran polishin on them; na! na! they were just coorse rugh horns wi a hole bored in the sma' en' o' them wi a red-het airm. An' whaur ir the tip-horns o' Joshua noo? tae blaw ower the wa's o' oor Gallawa Jericho? Aye! whaur think ye? they're the Elders an' Sunday-School Teachers that's stannin afore ye; an' wi the help o' the Lord we'll toot an' we'll blaw an' we'll rair the gospel frae yae en o' the parish tae the ither, till the wa's o' wickedness is fleelin in a thoosan flinners. Come up lasses an' get yer picter-books.'

DAVIE EADIE'S SPOON.

EAL is sometimes misdirected, as some people may think was the case when Daft Davie Eadie in Garliestown killed his goat a week before it should have had a kid, to make a spoon for the cat, and take the shine out of the Earl of Galloway's monkey.
ALTHOUGH young Hammy McKelvie was a Gossok, he lived at Clashyerroch in Kirkmaiden, and he invested in a horse; but whether he had been taken in with it, or whether hard work and harder fare had spoiled its stomach, I do not know; but the horse took bad, and turned a perfect ribe; and Hammy tried all the cheap cures he could hear of, and all the charms,—sometimes three or four certain cures in a day—but in spite of all, the thrawn brute got worse, probably out of spite. At last he was obliged to descend to ordinary means, and send for auld Slock to come and see't, which he did; but in the meantime Hammy had heard of another infallible cure, and had gone to the Inshanks Moss to gather some yerbs for't. When he was coming home he met Slock coming home too, and asked him what he thocht o' the beast, and what would be the best thing for't.

'Deed! Hammy,' says Slock, 'it's aboot by wi't; an' I think the best thing ye can do 's tae set it up an' shoot it—it'll save ye a queer heap o' expense.'
When he got home he found the beast lying in the park and unable to rise, and all he could do he could not get it lifted, so he gaed to Lyatraw Glen and cut a bundle of props, and took them home, and he and his father and mother wrought on fully half a day with poles and cart-ropes, and at last got it set on its feet, and stell't it up with props on both sides, and an extra prop afore and ahin. He then took the gun and shot it in the forehead, but to his astonishment it didn't fall, it only hung down its head; so he put another shot in't, but still it didn't fall. Hammy was amazed, and his shot was done, so he chopped up some lead and charged again with large slugs, and as it wouldn't kill by the head, he shot it in the heart, on the right side of course, but even that did not bring it down. He gave it another in the left side with no better result, and I suppose he would have been blazing away at it yet, only Jean McGill came up looking for fog for boosums, followed at a respectful distance by her industrious husband Charlie McBurnie, with his bonnet over his right eye, a great quid in his cheek, a stream of tobacco juice meandering gracefully through his beard from the down-turned wicks of his mouth, and both his hands thrust through the bottom of his trousers pockets, holding up his stockings, to save him the trouble of tying his garters. Hammy told Jean of his dilemma, and Jean studied a minute,—at last she said:—

' Hae ye ask't the blessin o' the Lord on't?'

' Na! I didna,' says he.

' Let us pray then,' says Jean, and she set up her eyes and startit a fervent prayer, during which Charlie came up, pulled off his bonnet, turned his eyes up in his head, and assumed a reverential attitude, grunted 'amen' at intervals, and squirt-ed tobacco juice at the old horse. Jean at last concluded, but still the horse stood as obstinate as ever. Charlie step-
ed forward and asked what all the praying was about; and Hammy declared that the horse was witched and wouldn't get well although he had given it fifty cures in a fortnight; and now when Slock had ordered him to shoot it, it wouldn't die, although he had shot it half-a-dozen times, and Jean's prayer hadn't done it a bit of good either; there was nothing for it now but to shoot it with a silver sixpence, and there wasn't such a thing about the house.

'Silver sixpence be hanged!' says Charlie, 'its as dead as a herring already.'

'How can't be dead?' says Hammy, 'it wunna come doon wi' a' the shots I hae put in't.'

'And how the devil can it fall?' says Charlie, 'and it propped up that way? draw the stells and it'll come down soon enough.'

'Oh! says Hammy, 'I never thocht o' that.'

And he drew the props and down it came, all in a lump.

AN ORIGINAL CURE.

But this was not the only time that Hammy distinguished himself. After the murder and burial of the 'aul yaud,' he felt very lonely, and frightened for ghosts, and so he plucked up a little determination and took unto himself a wife, who was as good-looking as he was'n't; and he was awful jealous of her, and when he went out to his work, he used to chain her by the leg to the bed-fit, and lock the door, for fear some chance man might be passing through the Nick-o'-the-Balloch and see her, and perhaps take a notion of her. In course of time she had a child, and she was set out in the frost to shaw turnips a week after her confinement, which didn't kill her however, though she had a gathered breast in consequence. This under Hammy's
botanical system of treatment, followed the bad example of
the defunct garron, and got 'far waur,' and in a short time
developed into an ulcer about four inches across. Hammy
didn't like Doctors' bills, so he posted himself up in all sorts
of likely places, to catch old Doctor McKitterick going by,
and get advice gratis. At last he was successful, and he
hailed the man of physic, and just incidentally of course,
mentioned the wife's misfortune.

'O! Doctor!' says he, 'the wife has an awfu' gather't
breast that'll no men', but I wadna like to trouble ye tae
gang a' the way up there tae see't, aud you sae busy; but if
ye would just tell us what'll be gude for't, I wud get it my-
self.'

The Doctor told him to get some simple healing ointment
to dress it with.

'An what kin' o' thing's that?'

'O! salve,—saw,' says the Doctor, recollecting the ver-
nacular term for it, 'you know what saw is.'

'O! aye,' says Hammy, 'but whut am I to do wi't?'

'Spread some on a linen rag, and cover the sore with it
twice a day,' was the reply.

About a month after this the Doctor met Hammy, and
asked him how the wife's breast was.

'O! fine, sir,' says Hammy, 'it's verra nearly haill again;
but O! sir, it was bad to bide; ye could 'a' heard the roars
o' her at Dunman; I had tae lick her twa or three times
afore she wud let it gang on, an' I had tae tie her doon on
the bed for an hour or twa every time I dress't it.'

'Ye did very wrong to strike the wife,' says the Doctor,
ye should never do that; but I don't understand how it
could pain her so much.'

'Weel! sir, it was maybe the water,' says Hammy, 'for
I had tae wat it; ye see, sir, it wadna stick dry ava, an' so
I drookit it wi water, aboot as thick as parritch, an' then it stuck on fine.'

'Drookit what wi water?' says the Doctor.

'O! the saut, sir! the saut!' says Hammy, 'it wudna stick on withoot it.'

'Salt!' says the Doctor, 'you surely didn't put salt on the woman's breast!'

'Didn't ye tell me to pit it on yersel, sir?' says Hammy, 'an' it's the best thing 'et ever gaed tae't; but O! sir, it was bad to bide.'

LEARNING TO SWIM.

ONSIDERING that he would be unable to work his land for want of horse power, Hammy soon shifted to the Isle of Whithern to try his luck at the fishing, and bought a boat and lines for the purpose; but not being able to swim he was terribly afraid of drowning, and he determined to acquire that art before trusting himself to the treacherous element. He accordingly enquired of a group of fishers how he was to learn, and they by way of a joke told him to tie a bladder to each of his big toes and jump in, and then strike out with his hands and feet like a paddick. Hammy took it for earnest, and not wishing to be seen and made fun of by the youngsters, he got up early the next morning and followed out the instructions—at least he was found in the tide that morning, with the bladders at his toes, and his head at the bottom, and of course he was quite dead. He was floating sure enough, but with the wrong end of him up.
A JUVENILE DELINQUENT.

DREADFUL stories used to be told about the long-legged Fingauls of Kirkmaiden, and stories almost as dreadful were current about the patriarchal ages they attained to, but since so many of the inhabitants emigrated to make room for big farms, kyloes, Ayrshiremen, and Irishmen, the lives of the inhabitants are now much of the same duration as with ordinary mortals. It used to be told that Colonel Andrew McDowall, when he returned from the wars, was one day walking along by The Myroch, when he came on an old man sitting greetin on a muckle stane at the road-side. When he came up, the old man rose and took off his bonnet, and dichtin his een, said,—

'Ye're welcome hame again, Laird!'

'Thank you,' said the Colonel, adding after a pause—'I should surely know you're face; are n't you Nathan McCulloch?'

'Ye're richt, deed!' says Nathan, 'it's just me, Laird.'

'You must be a good age now, Nathan,' says the Colonel.

'I'm no verra aul' yet, Laird,' was the reply, 'I'm just turn't a hunner.'

'A hundred!' says the Colonel, musing, 'well! you must be all that; but the idea of a man of a hundred sitting blubbering that way; whatever could you get to cry about?'

'It was my father lashed me, sir,' said Nathan, bubbling again, 'an' he put me oot, so he did.'

'Your father!' said the Colonel, astonished, 'is your father alive yet?'

'Leevin aye!' replied Nathan, 'I ken that the day tae my sorrow.'
'Where is he?' says the Colonel, 'what an age he must be! I would like to see him.'

'O! he's up in the barn there,' says Nathan, 'an' no in a horrid gude humour the noo, aither.'

They went up to the barn together, and found the father busy threshing the barley with the big flail, and tearing on fearful. Seeing Nathan and the Laird coming in, he stopped, and saluted the Colonel, who after enquiring how he was, asked him what he had struck Nathan for.

'The young rascal!' says the father, 'there's nae dooin' wi him, he's never oot o' a mischief; I had tae lick him this mornin for cloddin stanes at his grandfaither.'

HOW TO GET CARED FOR.

EBIE McILWRAITH had a farm about Sorbie somewhere, an when his sons grew up and left him and set up for themselves, he had to give up the farm, and so he sold off the stock and crop, and divided the proceeds among them, keeping, however, a small reserve to himself. His second son Tam lived about The Cruives-o-Cree; and he was the favourite son, and wiled Ebenezer to come and live in his house, and gradually he coaxed and borrowed all the money he had kept to himself out of him; and when it was done, Tam's wife, who belonged to about The Barr in Ayrshire, began to be very bad to him, and dang him about like a beggar, and half-hunger't him, for she wanted him to die, to be rid of the expense and trouble of keeping him, now that no more was to be got out of him; and they were both very rough with him, because he was still too young to die soon—of old age at any rate. Ebie of course was awfully savage at this conduct, and as his money was done he hadn't much in his power in the way of revenge; but he was
a sly old customer, and he resolved to come Paddy over her and the son too, for he thought the son was as bad as her to let her ill-use him; and as he knew some trifle about human nature, he soon gained the victory. There was a great high old truff- dyke round the kail- yaird, and at the north side of the yaird were some bee-skeps close to the dyke; and one day the gude- dochter was workin on wi the bees, Ebie slippit roun' and seated himself at the back of the dyke fornent her, and began to talk away to himself in a loud voice. He soon heard her coming close to the dyke to listen him, and then talked away:

'And I hae twa hunner in the bank at Newton-Stewart,' says he, 'and fifty lent tae Davie Ross at Wigton, and seventy lent at MacPherson's hoose in Garsington; but I'm never gaun tae let on, et I hae onything. I want tae see wha o' them'll be kindest tae me when they expect naething for't—for if they thocht I had siller yet, they wud just pretend tae be gude tae me tae get it. Aye! forty hun- ner an' fifty's no gaun tae be wheedled oot o' me; sae easy an'. I'm sure Jock'll get nane o't, for he was na ower gude tae me; an' Peter disna please me aither; an' Tam's wife's gettin unco sour, an' no verra heedin aboot me, I doot;—I think I'll awa ower tae Jenny's,—she was wantin me tae bide wi her; she tell't me the last time I was here, that if I wasna comfortable, no tae bide; I wud aye get a bite an' sowp as lang as Andra could work for't; deed aye! an' folk's aye best bidin wi their dochters; deed! if Tam's wife disna behave a gude deal better, I'll just gang ower next week.'

Tam's wife opened her eyes till they were like saucers, and slippit away for fear he wud notice her listening; while old Ebie gave a quiet chuckle, saying,—

'I think I hae settled her.'
A bit shower coming on a few minutes after, she came rinnin out tae him wi a plaid, crying—

'Come awa in, Gutherie, ye'll get wat. bidin oot in the rain; just let me hap ye up.'

And when they got to the house she brought out the bottle to give him a glass for fear he would take cold, and ever after she didn't know how to be good enough to him, nor Tam either. He was well cared for ever after, and when he died there was such a seeking for his will and his money, but neither the one nor the other ever turned up.

A USEFUL CONSTABLE.

EW people were so unpopular in my young days among the farming classes as the Constables, and many strange tales were in circulation about them—not always to their credit. One of these stories said that at one time there was a constable advertised for about Wigton, and there were three applicants, and they had to appear before the Justices, so that they might select the one best fitted for the place. On the day appointed the three appeared, and Samuel Anderson was admitted first into the presence of the great men, one of whom had a dirty looking notice-board lying before him, on which the word 'WHITE' had been painted and nearly scraped off again, and dirtied all over with glaur. After Samuel had answered a lot of questions, this board was handed to him, and he was told,—

'Now examine this board carefully, and then tell us what you would be prepared to swear has been printed on it, supposing you to be a witness in a case of poaching? Samuel examined it minutely, and replied,—'I would swear that "WHITE" had been printed on it, sir.'
'You would, would you?' said the Justice, and addressing the others—'No use, gentlemen! would never do at all.'

In this the gentlemen acquiesced, and Samuel was told he didn't suit. James McMorlan was then brought in, and the board was in due course handed to him, and the same question put. Jamie was a sly customer, and guessed what they wanted, so he studied the board a little, and said—

'I would be inclined to swear it was "BLACK," sir.'

'This is liker the thing, gentlemen,' says the examiner, 'but we must see the other one too; McMorlan can retire for a few minutes till we make our decision.' Then Davie McCharles was brought in, and got the board, and was asked the very same question.

'Weel! sir,' says David, 'if I had to give evidence, I would swear that there was anything on it that might suit the gentlemen on the Bench.'

'Well said! very well indeed!' cried the Justices together, 'this is the very man we want,' and David got the appointment.

A POWERFUL SERMON.

GRIM Sandy Hannah that lived at The Corwar in Sorbie, was a curious buddy, and a great hand for running about after new preachers. One summer there was a new preacher from about The Stewartry was to preach in the parish kirk, and Alick as usual set off to hear him. On the road home he fell in with Tam Jamieson from Millisle, and Tam asked him what kind of sermon the young minister gave him.

'O! man, Tam! it was a powerfu sermon,' says Alick, a splendid sermon, man; it wud 'a' made the hair rise on yer head; hell-fire an' brunstane was the maist o't; he
drive them in among the brunstane reek like a drove o' mowt, an' clought them by the hair o' the head an' shook them ower the pit; an' after he had warm't the soles o' their feet a bit, he let them gae, an' set them hame rejoicin'; O! man, Tam! ye hae miss't a treat.'

A MISSION TO THE MACHARS.

OW long it is since St. Ninian came as a Missionary to the Machars, or what success he had, I really cannot mind, but I can mind of a mission far more interesting than his one. A grand new minister came to one of the Machars parishes, and he was a terrible good man, a perfect saint in fact; and his soul was grieved for the darkness of his people, many of whom were wandering in the sinful mists of Cameronianism, and other heretical hallucinations; so he resolved to devote a portion of his time every Thursday to the service of the Lord, and try and wile a few of the wanderers back to the kirk of their fathers, or the Establishment, or the sheepfold of Satan, or whatever he called it—I forget which. Accordingly he consulted with one of the most godly of his Elders,—at least the Lord had blessed him with the biggest and cheapest farm in the parish, which he wouldn't have done if he had been a sinner, and had removed several small covenanting farmers to make room for him. After a long and solemn talk on the subject, they decided that the best way to root out the Covenanters and other kinds of heretics, was for the farmers to refuse work to all who went past the parish kirk, and to make a continued attack on heresy with fasting and prayer in its chief stronghold—a benighted village at the other end of the parish. In this Galloway Gomorrah lived Murdoch McIlwraith, a shoemaker, who was acknowledged to be the leading man there,
and they felt that if they could secure his co-operation, they might enable the Lord to prove victorious over his and their enemies; but unfortunately this sutor was a New-Lichter, or a Sceptic, or a Morrisonian, or a Baptist, or an Atheist, or some kind of unbeliever of that stamp, I forget what; but he had read a good deal and had a lot of sense, and so might be difficult to manage. Nevertheless, the minister and the Elder drove away up one day, and went to the sutor and commenced a conversation on religious things, and they soon got into an argument on the blessed and comforting doctrine of predestination; for the shoemaker declared it was all nonsense, and went on terrible.

"Aye!" says McIlwraith, "if ye believe in predestination as ye pretend, what gars ye send for a doctor when ye're sick? if ye're predestined tae dee ye'll dee, an' if ye're predestined tae get better ye'll get better athoot him, an' save a' the expense."

"Very true," says the minister, "but you know the means are predestined too, and we use them because we're predestined to use them, you know."

"O aye!" returned the shoemaker, "that's the only kind o' argument ye can bring forrit tae meet it, an' it's a purer yin; but can ye reconcile the belief o' you ministers in foreordination, and the fear they hae o' gaun into a hoose whaur there's a fever, for fear they catch't? Surely if the Lord has decreet frae a' eternity et they're tae tak a fever, their stayin oot o' the gate o't 'll no prevent the Lord sendin 't."

"O!" says the minister, "we're not expected to rush needlessly into danger."

"An' what for no?" says the sutor, "if ye're fore-ordained tae rush intae't; aren't ye tae visit the sick an' the afflictit?"

"Certainly!" replied his reverence, "and no man would be doing his duty if he refused to do so."
'There noo! minister! that's richt,' cries the sutor, 'there's some gude in ye after a'.

'I hope so,' says the parson. 'Mr McIlwraith,' he added, 'my friend Mr Thomson here, tells me you are a capital hand at a shoe; would you just take my measure for a pair?'

'I wunner how Mr Thomson kens,' was the reply, 'he gets his a' made in the toon.'

'Ah! but I was thinkin o' giein ye a trial, Murdoch,' says that worthy.

'O! maybesae!' was the sutor's reply. (May besae is what the Covenanters or Cameronians as they call us now, say for no, or to say we dinna believe ye; and likely is used for yes.)

As he proceeded to measure the reverend foot,—

'I was thinking,' says the minister, 'of holding a weekly prayer-meeting here during the summer months, for the edification of the elect, and the rescue of unregenerate like brands from the burning out of the clutches of the Author of all evil; and as you are a man of known piety, I thought it best to begin by holding the first of the services at your house this evening, if you will kindly call in as many of the neighbours as possible, and then'—

'Do ye ken what the Scripture says, minister?' says the sutor, interrupting him, "They that be whole need not a physician, but they who are sick," sae ye need haud nae prayer-meetings here, for we're a' weel the noo; but if ye're verra anxious tae pray, just come yer wa's up tae Peter Clark's wi me; he's verra ill, puir man! an' haes maist need o' prayer o' anybody I ken o'; an' forbye he haes a big room that'll do gran' for haudin a meetin' in.'

'Many thanks! many thanks!' says the minister, 'let us go now; and just ask a few of the neighbours to come up with us. By-the-by! what's like the matter with Mr Clark?'
'O! he's verra ill,' was the reply, 'he haesna been weel for mair nor a week.'

Off they went to Peter's, and the suttor gathered up a few natives as they walked along, and when they got to the house, the suttor introduced him to the gudewife as the new minister, come to pray with Peter and a few neighbours; and said that he was going to hold a prayer-meeting there every Thursday. The minister stepped forward to the bed where Peter was lying raving, and said,—

'My dear friend, we're just going to put up a few words of prayer; how do you feel yourself to-day! Good heavens!' he continued, 'what's the matter with your face? it's all streaming with blood.'

'O! sir,' says the wife, 'it's him scartin the pox; they cam oot on him ever-yesterday; an' whun he's delirious, he just tears at them wi his nails.'

'Tears at what?' says the minister, drawing back from the bed.

'O! sir, at the pox, sir,' was the reply, 'it's the sma'pox he haes; the nat'ral pox, ye ken.'

'The small-pox! merciful father! the small-pox!' cried the clergy, turning white, 'how faint I feel; just let me get to the door for some fresh air,' and he rushed out past them, followed by the Elder, the people, and the shoemaker.

'Maun I fetch ye a sowp whuskey, sir?' says he, 'Peter's wife 'll hae a drap in the bottle; or wull ye come in for't yersel?'

'O, no! thank you,' says the minister, 'I'll go to the Inn for it myself; I really cannot go back to that dreadful house.'

'I thocht I could cure ye o' predestination,' says the shoemaker, with a grin, 'there's naething like the sma'pox for proving that doctrine—an' it's no a bad yin for tryin the strenth o' Christian charity as weel.'
"I cannot talk to you at present," says the minister, sharply, and off he went to the public; while the shoemaker and his friends went home nihhering.

"I'll bet ye a bawbee," says he, "thae shoon's never made."

The minister and the elder went home, and never returned to hold the prayer-meetings, and so Satan had it all his own way there; and the parson thinking it was his duty to discourage heterodoxy in every manner, sent word to McLewraith next day that he had changed his mind, and that he needn't make the shoes.

THE PRICE OF THE AYRSHIREMAN'S COW.

In my young days there was a queer craiter they ca't Tam Rabison lived in Wigtoun, and he had a kind of 'weakness,' but he had some clever sayings for all that; and like most Galloway men he disliked the Ayrshire-men for what was considered their meanness, and for their taking peoples farms over their heads. One day Tam had found a big mushroom, and was taking it home to his mother; and when he came to the corner-end there was a lot of men standing about, and a big Ayrshire dealer of the name of Cochranie among them, that was in the habit of tormenting Tam and trying to make a fool of him. Seeing Tam with the big mushroom, he cried out,—

"Hullo! Tammock! what did ye pay for the new bonnet?"

"The same price et the Ayrshireman pay't for the coo," says Tam.

"And what did he pay for the coo?" says Cochranie.

"O! naething," says Tam, "he just fun't in a field."

Cochranie had been suspected of doing a little that way
nedy, and he pondered it over all the way home, but had some kind of doubts about the truth of it, notwithstanding that the minister had said it. A week or two after, the minister was visiting about the Colfin, and Kennedy fell in with him.

'Minister,' says Kennedy, 'yon was naething but a wheen confoundit lees ye put in yer sermon the ither day.'

'What do you mean?' says the minister, astonished.

'O! yon nonsense about the man an' the wife being wan flesh,' was the reply.

'You know, Kennedy,' says the minister, 'the Word of God says so, and it must be correct.'

'I carena if the Word o' the Deevil said sae,' says Kennedy, 'it's a melodious lees for a'; for I tried it whenever I got hame; I put a red-het peat coal tae the wife's fit, tae see if I wud fin't, but I never fun't yet; the wife skirllt notoriously tae be sure, an' flang the dishclout at me; but the red coal might as weil 'a' been in Jerooslem for ocht I fan o't; an' if we had been wan flesh we wud baith 'a fun't alike; na! na! ye canna come Paddy ower me that way.'

THE BLINKIT WEAN.

ONG ago when a wèn didna thrive, folk used to think it was either blinkit with the Evil-Eye, or that it was witched by somebody that had a grudge at the family, or that some spell was on it of some kind, and various ways were in vogue to take the evil influence away. There used to be a story about a wife they ca't McHenry, that lived about Innermessan, in what is now Lochryan Parish, and she had a wèn that took a wasting when it was cutting its eye teeth; and though they rammed it full of tormentil, and well-ink, and all sorts of herbs and combustibles, it got
worse instead of better; and at last they had to take it to aul’ Eppie Agnew at Craigcaffie to get her advice about it; and the minute Eppie set her een on’t, she declared it was witched, and tell’t them what to do to cure it. Accordingly the next night Andrew McHenry slippet ower to The High Mark and stole a black hen off the bauks, and left a sixpence for the price o’t on the door-step; and when he brought it home Auld Eppie was there waiting for him; and after she had killed the hen, she fastened the door and window securely, and stuffed every crack and crevice about them, and then stirred up the fire till it was almost white-hot. The hen was then opened, and the heart cut out, and nine preens were stuck through it; and every time one of them was put in, there was a kind of rhyme said, calling on the Lord to send the person that had witched the wean to take the spell off it. Old Eppie then lifted the hen’s heart in her left hand, and saying some more words, stappit it into the hottest part of the fire, and covered it up wi a peat. Immediately a knock came to the door, and the wife went to open it, but old Elspeth pulled her back and wouldn’t let her; then there was another knock, and a voice saying,—

‘Open the door, Lucky, and let me in.’

No answer was made, and a third knock came, and Lucky McHenry was told to ask who was there.

‘O! it’s me; I’m just come to speir for the wæn,’ says a voice which was at once recognised as that of Peggy Biggam, a decent religious body that lived about fifty yards off, who was in the habit of coming in daily to ask for the wæn, and who took great notice of it. She was told—

‘Ye canna wun in at this time o’ the nicht, but the wæn’s nae waur,’ and she was heard going away, cursing horridly.

‘Aye!’ says Eppie, ‘that’s the wife et wutch’t yer wean, but she’s beat noo, an’ daurna trouble’t again.’
The door was not opened till sunrise the next morning, and the wean never looked a hint it after.

THE MINISTER'S GEESE.

My father belonged to the Cameronians, and our minister was Mr Reid, and he lived in Newton Stewart then; being the last of the Covenanting ministers that used to preach among the hills. He had a great flock of geese, that wandered about the field through the day, and were fastened up in an out-house at night. One night some people came and stole them every one, and Mr Reid on coming to open the door to let his favourites out in the morning, found the house empty and not a single bird left. During the day the gander was discovered wandering about alone, with a piece cloth fastened round its neck, enclosing a number of pennies, and a paper on which the thieves had written the following:

"Mister Reid, it's true indeed,
That you live here and I live yonder.
Here's pence apiece for all your geese,
I paid it to the gander."

The poet was never found out, nor the geese recovered, and so his reverence had to be doing with the price.

THE HAUNTED MILL.

OT a great way from Stranraer there was a place they ca’t The Galdenoch, in Leswalt Parish, or Lochswad, as the natives called it; and there was a mill near it, and may be is yet. Weel! there was a kind of broonie, or ghaist, or spirit of some kind, came about the miller’s house in the forenichts, and used to do bits of odd jobs for them,
it was full of fun and nonsense, and fond of playing off tricks, and as the miller's wife was a kind of genteel caddy, she didna like it, and what was mair, she declared wudna put up wi'it; but the miller said it had been about the house afore he was born, and he wudna fash't; but she ought do as she likit. Like a' ambitious folk they waittn hae a minister in the family, and so one of the sons was sent away to Glasgow to learn; but the neighbours swore they sent him because they had made ower free wi ither folk's meal and were fley't for the devil; but however he turned out a very good man, and a grand preacher. One night the miller went across to the clachan, and when he was away, the wife and the ghast differed, and she ca't it every- thing, and said it was liker the deil than ocht else. 'Deed!' says she, 'ye're that ugly, ye wud har'ly do for a deil itsel.'

It flew into a rage and lap at her, and claut her up, and put her on the fire, and said,—

'We'll see what kind o' deil ye'll mak.'

She struggled and scraiched most determinedly, but it let her scraich awa; and after he had heated her there a bit, and burned her claes, it carried her out and stappit her in the well. She thocht she was gaun tae be droon't, and scraiched worse nor ever, and begged him for gudesake to spare her. When she had got a good soaking it let her go, exclaiming,--

'Deed! Lucky! ye wud make a bad deil, for ye can stan' neither fire nor water.'

'Murder! murder!' cries the wife.

'Ye needna skirl noo,' says the broonie, 'but ye may thank yer son's prayers in Glasgow, or it wud 'a' been worse for ye the nicht; only for him I wud 'a' veesited ye a while langer yet; but I maun leave ye noo for a time,' and off he set, and didn't return for long after.
LAYING THE GALDENOCH GHOST.

If all the queer ways of laying a spirit I ever heard of, the laying of this one was the queerest. After it had dookit the miller's wife in the well it did not come back for a long time, but when it came it was more troublesome and annoying than ever; and forbye, it always kept itself out of sight; and it carry't on that way that the miller's folk could get no rest at nights for the horrid noises it made. Various ways of laying it were tried, but all to no purpose, till at last the miller's son got a minister of the name of McGregor to come and lay it. I never heard where he came from, but he was a terrible singer, and had a powerful voice, and roared horridly, and when he came to the mill to lay the ghost the first thing he did was to put up a prayer, which the broonie mocked and made game of till he put him off't half a dozen times, and had everybody laughing. When the prayer was finished McGregor started a psalm, and as soon as he began the ghost or broonie or whatever it was, started one too, and began to sing a kind of mocking imitation of a psalm in a sonorous voice, and tried its best to sing down the minister. The minister started another one, and the ghost did the same; an' they scraiched an' yell't yin again the ither till the verra millstanes rattled, and the riddlin-boxes dirl't till the meal was drappin through them, an' the verra sparrows were frichten't oot o' their nests in the thack. They sang an' they better sang for twa mortal hours, as if they had haen twa singin deevils inside them, and the langer they sang the louder got the raars o' them, and some that were there, were deaveed till they never richtly got the better o't. At last at the conclusion of a psalm, the ghaist cried out—
'Roar! roar! McGregor! roar awa by yersel, for I can roar nae mair.'

McGregor roared away louder than ever, till the spirit cried—

'Stop! McGregor! stop! the deil himsel couldn't stan' that; stop that infernal roarin, an' I'll leave the bit, an' never fash them again.'

'Say Deed, then,' says the minister.

'Deed!' says the spirit, and McGregor stopped. The broonie then cried—

'Noo! McGregor, that'll do; ye can a' be gaun wi yer' sels; trust in God, McGregor, an' keep yer booels open, an' dinna tak ower much whiskey,' and off it went, and never was seen or heard of again frae that day tae this. Whether the minister followed its advice or not, I never heard, but it's not likely.

**NOCKIE AND THE MERMAID.**

EOPLE sometimes dress themselves up to frighten their nervous neighbours with imitation ghosts, but Jamie Moffat managed to frighten Jamie Nockie in daylight or very nearly. Nockie was a farmer at the Muntlock in Kirkmaiden, and was a strange kind of a buddy, and there was a sang made about him, which was set to a lugubrious tune and played on the fiddle. It began—

'Nockie! Nockie! what'll I do?
The meal's a' dune, an' the pratas too.'

It was supposed to be said by the wife and Nockie made the replies. Another verse commenced with—

'Nockie! Nockie! what'll we do?
Peggy's marry't, an' Nelly too.'
and it was a great favourite at weddings and parties. I think Nockie’s name was McClurg or McGaw, or something, but I forget, and Moffat was a neighbour, and Peter McCulloch and them used to go in the mornings to the heughs about Cardryne to the fishing, and Nockie was always growling about Moffat being late and making them miss the best of the tide. One morning Moffat went off early and was there before them, and he stripped himself to the waist, and sat down on a rock, a bit out in the tide; and he gathered some wrack and covered up his legs with it, and arranged part of it on his head so as to hang down on both sides and look like long hair. He hadn’t sat there long, when just in the grey of the morning Peter Culloch and Jamie Nockie came down the heugh to the boat, growling savagely about Moffat’s always disappointing them, and as the heugh was steep and the grass very slippy, they took off their shoon to get down with greater safety. When about half-way down, Nockie happened to look seaward, and saw to his surprise a mermaid sitting on a rock and looking towards them.

‘Gudeness! gracious! glorious! guide us!’ cries Nockie, ‘just look doon there! what in the worl’s yon?’

And they clauth at the grass with both hands to stop themselves.

‘George! boys! it’s a mermaid,’ he continued, ‘we’ll never gang doon there the day.’

And starting to sprauchel up again, he lost one of his shoon, which stottit doon the heugh.

‘Nockie,’ says Peter, ‘there’s your shoe doon the heugh; ye maun gang doon again for’t, or the tide ’ll wash’t away.’

‘By George! Peter,’ was the reply, ‘I wouldna gang doon for a’ the shoon in Kirmained.’

‘Hoot!’ says Peter, ‘it canna come ashore to fash ye; I’ll gang doon for’t mysel.’
Moffat, noticing the terror they were in, began to waff his arms about as if he was brushing and combing his hair, and Nockie seeing this, cried ‘She's combing! she's combing! let us be gaun.'

And he seized Peter by the cuff of the neck, and harled him up the heugh and home, while Moffat sat still and enjoyed the fun. Nockie set afloat a terrible account of this adventure and created a sensation, and then Moffat told his way o't, and ye may be sure Nockie never heard the last of that Mermaid as long as he lived.

THE HISTORY OF THE BEETLE.

QUENTIN McGUFFOG lived about The Spittal in Kirkcowan, and he took unto himself a wife. One market-day he was in Newton-Stewart, and he fell in with Geordie McKee frae Baltersane, and they went in and had a dram, and when they were sitting drinking, Quentin happened to take off his bonnet.

‘Sauf us!’ quo Geordie, ‘but ye're beld aready; I doot the marryin's no gaun a 'gree wi ye.'

‘Faith! George!’ says Quentin, ‘ye're no far wrang; but ye see I wud hae a wife; an’ like ither fules I thocht nae woman could waurn me in a bargain.’

‘Aye!’ says Geordie, ‘they say it taks a lang spune tae sup wi the deevil; but I canna see what that haes tae do wi yer beld head.’

‘Maybe no!’ says Quentin, ‘but if ye'll just sit still an listen a wee, I'll explaint a’ tae ye. Weel ye see!’ he continued, ‘aboot a month afore I was marriet, I had tae gang in an’ see aul’ Lucky McClymont on some business—she's bed-ridden, ye'll mind—an’ she was lyin in the kitchen in the close bed, an’ when I was talkin tae her I noticed a nail
ca't into the back o' the bed, an' a verra big claes-beettle hingin tae't by a string. I couldn'a tak my een aff't a' the time I was there, an' I fell-to guessin what it was doin sic-can a place; the mair sae, as I noticed that it had made a raut on the boards wi the laigh end o't, like a rainbow turn't upside down, wi swingin back and forrit when it was being hung up again. I rax't mysel oot ower the bed, an' fun that naebody could ræck tae't frae the bedside, sae it couldn'a be hingin there for convenience, an' it was a queer place tae hing't onyway; an' I mindit 'at aul' Tam had gane wrang in the head, or taen a brain-fever, or something o' that kind, afore he dee't; an' it struck me a' on a suddin 'at that beetle had something tae do wi't; it lookit sae handy when the wife wantit a new shawl, or a gran' bonnet, or a bunch o' gumflowers, an' the man didna want her tae get them,—she had just tae ræck oot her hand an' gie him a bit dunt on the noodle wi the beetle noo an' than, tae persuade him tae onything she wantit. Weel! thinks I, there'll be nae claes-beettle in my hoose, I'll mak sure o' that; an' so that verra nicht, when I gaed tae see Nanny, an' she begood tae talk about what kind o' chairs we wud hae, and wha we wud hae at the waddin, and whaur we wud buy the dresser and sic-like, I says, 'Nanny!' says I, 'there's yae thing I'm gaun tae mak a bargain wi ye aboot, an' I'm gaun tae be verra determin't on't, an' that is, that as lang as you an' me's man an' wife there's tae be nae claes-beettle in the hoose.' Weel! she ha't an' she hum't, an' spier't this, an' wantit tae ken that, an' gaed on fearfu', an' at last declared that there budst be a claes-beettle, whatever else there wasna; but I stuck oot, an' we had sic a cast-oot aboot it, till at last I had tae tell her that if there was tae be a claes-beettle in't she shouldn'a be there; an' than she gied in an' consentit. Weel! we were a month or twa marry't afore we could get a hoose,
but at last we fell in wi yin richt fornet Wullie Milroy the Joiner's, an' we put oor things in an' lookit real comfort-able. Hooever we had nae claes-beettle. I never had a bit mair mind o't, till yae nicht, aboot a fortinicht after, I was comin hame frae my work, and just comin oot o' Wullie Roy's door, wha should I meet but the wife, wi a great heavy lang-shankit prata-beettle in her han', 'at he had been makin for her. "What ir ye gaun 'a do wi that?" says I. 'It's for champin pratas,' says she. 'Weel man! wud ye believe 't? wi its great lang shank it cam a far heavier crack ower a buddy's head nor a claes yin, for what it wantit in weight it made up for in lenth; an' O! man! Geordie! it wud 'a' scunner't a saunt tae hae seen that prata-beettle hingin up in the back kitchen clooster't wi bluid, an' as mony black hairs stickin tae the edge o't as wud 'a' made a wig; deed! Geordie! if ye just ken't what a clink that beetle can come ower a falla's croon, ye wadna wunner if I was as beld as the Prophet Elijah.'

A DREADFUL SIN.

RELIGIOUS folk are tolerably well used to brimstone sermons in Galloway, but people in the mists of heathen ignorance—and there are several such even in that enlightened province—are occasionally terribly shocked when the dread reality is thundered in their ears from the rostrum by some newly-fledged Master in Divinity. And this was the case with Davie McSkimmin frae Portgill, poor man! that hadna been in a kirk door for years; mair by token he was kind o' gowfish a wee; but onyway he set away ower to Staneykirk yae Sunday to hear the new minister, and it just happened by chance, that he gied an awfu powerful sermon that day, and had it stuff't as full of brimstone
and saltpetre as it would hau; and Davie noticed the minis-
ter’s een two or three times directed stedfastly his way, just
at the most impressive places, and he imagined that the
haill sermon was addressed chiefly to himsel, and that all the
torments, and fire, and wrath, and eternal punishment, and
other tortures invented for the use of sinners, were especially
intended for him; and someway he concluded that he had
brought them on his own head by going there that day.
So he sat and shivered with fear till his teeth were rattling
like dry bones in a sack, and the old women beside him be-
gan to think there was a kind of earthquake in the pew,
sent down doubtless to warn them of their too probable
destiny; and when the kirk came out he slinkit off home
with a heavy load of guilt and a deep sense of sin on his
mind. For several days he wandered about with a dejected
countenance, and his friends watched him for fear he would
make away with himself, but he always escaped them, till at
last they came upon him on his knees behind a truff dyke
praying away like mad to be forgiven. His gudebrither
went up to him and asked him what he was gaun on that
way for.

‘Ochon! anee! anee!’ says Davie, ‘I’m an awfu sinner;
I gaed tae that kirk last Sunday; but if the Lord’ll only
forgie me this yae time, I’ll never gang back as lang as I
leeve.’

PATIE STEWART AND THE JEUKS.

OME queer stories used to be told about one
Patrick Stewart, a kind of half-crackit herd
that lived about The Gass in New-Luce, most
of which however are too outrageous to be
repeated. As he had very seldom been out
of the muirs he was said to be awfully ignorant of the out-
side world and all that was in't. Among the many wonders he had seen during a trip he made into Ayrshire with some lambs, he had particularly noticed ducks, and thought they were the grandest fowls in existence, for they could live either in water or oot o't. Accordingly he spoke for some young ones, which the farmer promised to send him by the first convenient chance, and when he came home he talked about ducks to the wife till she would exclaim—

'Deevil djeuk ye! Patie! I wush ye had yin stickin in yer hass.'

Some while after, the Ayrshire farmer had some business that way, and brought Patie three young ducks and a drake all the way with him in the gig to Patie's master's; and Patie as usual was verra much obleeg't tae him forbye payment. He was awful proud of them, and beggitt some corn to give them till they would get used to porritch like the hens, and when he brought them home he set them on the green before the door, and had the wife out to admire them. The hens soon gathered up to stare at the strange visitors, and when Patie threw down some corn to feed the ducks, the hens too came forward for a share, and as usual pecked up the corn, grain by grain, as fast as they could, while the ducks, with their broad flat bills, scooped along the ground and shovelled it in twice as fast as the hens could do. Patie stood up and watched them for a while, but at last he ran in among them shaking his stick at the ducks, and cried:

'Haud yer han' a wee! haud yer han'! that shovel-shovel-in's no fair; ye'll lea' naething tae the puir hens if ye gang on that way.'

The ducks retreated a bit, but soon returned to their evil practices, and shovelled away faster than ever; and Patie got angry and cried out,—

'Na! na! nae mair o' that; set-to an' pick it up like the
lave o' them. Deëvil tak the djeuks! they're like every-
thing that comes oot o' Ayrshire, they dinna ken hoo to be.
greedy aneuch,' and he whished them off again. When they
set on again, to Patie's indignation and amazement they
shovel ed away harder than before.

'Confound ye for a lot o' greedy brutes!' says he, 'ye
hae nae conscience ava; but I'll cure ye o' thae capers,' and
he made a spang at the drake and gruppit him, and sitting
down on the grass he took out his knife and sharpened its
bill till it was as like a hen's neb as he could make it
and throwing it among the others, said—'There noo! gang
an' tak yer meat decently like ither fewls, and'—continued
he, shaking his stick at the ducks—'let this be a warnin tae
the rest o' ye; for if there's ony mair o' this grab-grabbin,
I'll tak the Ayrshire nebs aff the haill o' ye, so I wull.'

MARRIAGE.

HERE was one time Patie was at a wedding,
and all kinds of jokes were gaun as usual, and
in course of conversation some one asked him
what was his opinion of married life.

'Man!' says Patie, 'it's naething but cheat-
er y frae beginnin tae end; the lad deceiving the lass, an' the
lass doin' her verra best tae deceive him; an' as sune as
they're married they fin yin anither oot, an' there's a bonnie
collieshangie, mind ye.'

'Ay! Patie!' says a wife in the corner, 'but there's the
love, man! it sune sowders a' up again.'

'Love be hang't!' says Patie, 'it disna last a week;
dinna talk tae me about love; when I first got oor Peggy, I
likit her that weel I thocht I could 'a' etten her, so I did;
but afore I was married a month I wished tae the Lord I
had; for afore a fortnight was ower I thocht she wud 'a'
etten me: if I could only hae swallow't her up—tongue an' a',—mony a sair heart an' mony a mutchkin o' whuskey it wud 'a' sav't me: love atweel!

SOMETHING HE HADN'T GOT.

UPWARDS of forty years since—it may be fifty, there was a fine dashing fellow of the name of Kerr, from about the Maybole hand, came and set up a grand shop in Stranraer in the main street, not far from the George Hotel. It was a sort of general store, for he sold all kinds of ware, from silk velvet to salt herrings, that it was possible to turn a penny on; and for a while at first he sold them cheaper than any of the native shopkeepers, to catch the trade. On the market-days he used to have lots of goods hung about his shop door, and set out at the door cheek; and he would stand outside, bareheaded, with a pen over his lug, crying at the farmers to come and see his cheap wares, and get big bargains, and no be cheated by the natives any longer. He was like to carry everything before him at first, and the other shopkeepers were out of their heads about it, for he was taking away all their trade, and the crowds of farmers and their wives that gathered round his doors on the market-days were just amazing, while the native shops were nearly deserted. One market-day he had a great crowd round the door, and he was talking away like a sweetety-wife, when Nathan McTaldroch came up to see what was the ferlie, and hearing Hughock orating, he stood a while to listen.

'Gentlemen!' says Kerr, 'gentlemen and ladies! just step in and look for yersels; I hae the best tea and sugar in Wigtounshire in my shop an' I can sell't for a quarter less than ony man in Stranraer's fit; I hae the best carron-pots and frying-pans, and the verra best muck-graips and byre-
clauts made; I hae red-herrin' fit for a king, and silks and sawtins wud make yer teeth water to look at them; I hae drainin'-spades, and chow-tobacco, and goon-pieces fit for Leddy Stair; I hae brooches and black-saip and muffetees and earrings; I hae mutches and gumflowers and boas, wee wheels and teaspunes; and a' cheaper by a half than ony man in Stranraer can sell them; I can supply ye at a minute's notice wi anything frae an anchor tae a needle, frae a riddle tae a bombazeen nicht-mutch: whatever ye want, jist gie 't a name, and I'll put it in your hand in five minutes, and cheaper than dirt.'

He noticed Nathan pushing forward, and as he wasna very snod, he took him for some ignorant creature of a drainer, and determin'd to take his fun off him, and so he accosted him, while the crowd was all attention to see what sort of hand he would make of Nathan,—

'Come along old shaver! sold again! say the word and I'll supply you with anything you ask for, and for half the price o' naething into the bargain; everything's in my shop from a needle tae an anchor; did ye want a razor for the wife?'

'Hae ye ony second-hand coffins, sir?'' says Nathan, when he got to the front.

Hughock looked puzzled, and repeated amid the laughter of the crowd,—

'Second-hand coffins! did ye want to be buried?''

'Na! Na! sir,' says Nathan, 'no just yet, sir; but there's a hantle o' Ayrshire farmers down my way, an' we're a' wantin' rid o' them, an' it's time they were dead onyway; but they daurna dee for fear o' the expense, sir; so I thocht I wud tak twa-three second-hand coffins doon wi me an' daizzle their een a bit, an' than they'll be fechtin' wha tae dee first, tae get buried in yin o' them, and save the horrid ex-
pense o' a new yin. Ye may hand me oot half-a-dizzen, I daursay what's the price o' them?'

The haill crowd fairly roar't, an' cheer't Nathan uncom-
monly; while Hughock retired to the shop, and didna come
oot again for a while; and when he did everybody was speerin
for second-hand coffins at him. As lang as he stayed in
Stranraer he never had a customer that wanted anything but
some second-hand coffins; and the other shopkeepers sent
him enquiring customers, till he was glad to escape back to
Ayrshire.

LOOK AFORE YE LOWP.

ERY few men give the result of getting married
the same amount of consideration that Sawney
McLurg gied it. Sawney lived about the Isle
of Whithern, and was a bachelor of about thirty,
and was beginning to feel lonely sitting always at some other
body's fireside, with no one of his own to confide his troubles
to; for, even in those days, the merry men of The Isle had
troubles. At lang an' last he took a notion o' Peggy Waugh,
a handsome young dressmaker at The Isle, and very nearly
made up his mind to marry her, but before he would commit
himself to such a serious proceeding, he took an afternoon to
reckon how he could afford to keep her. It happened to be
the Fast-day he took to consider this question, and as usual
with the Scotch on Fast-days, he had something extra nice
for his dinner; and as Sawney was awsome fond of dump-
lings, they set him down a big fat oat-meal one all to himself
that dinner time.

'Dog-a-bit!' says he, 'if I ken hoo to do; they say
what'll keep a man 'll keep a wife an' a'; but I'll no believe
that, for it's fair nonsense; guide us! I hae seen women 'at wud
eat as muckle as twa men, an' no be fu aither: noo! here's this dumplin, it'll just make a gude denner for mysel; if I had a wife, I wud hae tae cut it in twa an' gie the wife half o't,—there! that leaves me scrimpit aneuch; than she wud be sure tae hae a wean, an' it wud need a bit, an' it wud hae to come off mine; just a corner at first, but it wud aye be gettin bigger; than anither wean wud come, an' it wud be tae hae some too; noo! I couldna weel tak it aff the wife's, but suppose we dividit the dumplin into three—yin for the wife, yin for the weans, an' yin for mysel—that wud scrimp me ma'ir: than mae weans wud come, an' I wold hae tae divide it into four, an' by-an-by into five, an' than into sax—there! it's cut into sax; deevil tak it! that wud be a desperate scrimp! Peggy Waugh's verra bonnie, but I maun hae my meat: na! na! Sawney Clurg! it'll no do, man! Peggy Waugh maun never lie in your arms; keep the dumplin tae yersel.' And he kept it.

OCH! OCH! ANEE!

HAT was the name of the man that made the following sang, or what they ca' him it was made about I never heard, but it used to be very popular in Galloway, and was at one time to be heard at almost every farmer's fireside in The Shire, being a great favourite among the servants. The hero was said to be a farmer on the Glenluce side, that was an awful miser, and when his wife died he was that hard he couldn'a afford a candle to burn beside the corp, and the Devil came in the dark and had a long talk with him. The sang was known as

AULD GLENLUCE.

I
am an aul' an' canker't carle as ony in this place,
Ye wudna see ae pleasant look, nor ae smile on my face;
GALLOWAY GOSSIP.

Ye wudna hear ae pleasant word in twalmonths' time frae me,  
But aye the ither heavy sigh—Och! Ochanee!

There's no a dyke through a' this farm, but the stanes were led by me,  
An' mony a heavy lift I had.—Och! Ochanee!

I hae a son put in a farm, that took some poun's frae me,  
An' leaves me bare aboot the han'.—Och! Ochanee!

I hae a dochter marry't too, she leaves in Colmonel,  
By a' accounts that I can hear, she wears the breeks hersel,  
An' a' the servants aboot the hoose, she cheats them o' their fee,  
Wi ane an' a' I'm sair perplex't.—Och! Ochanee!

O! I maun hae a servant-man, likewise a lad an' lass,  
An' they maun hae their meat an' wage, let what will come to pass.

I gaed awa tae hire a lad that leev't at Minnigaff,  
But I had tae do the wark mysel; I'm sure I was ill aff:  
For when I gaed an' saw the lad, I bad him speir a fee,  
But he gart me scart an' clay my head.—Och! Ochanee!

I gaed tae hire a servant-man; he was ane they said wud stey,  
He agree't wi me frae Martinmas till the twenty-sixt o' Mey.  
He cam hame as it was yestreen, this mornin he did flee,  
An' left me the wark tae do mysel—Och! Ochanee!

I gaed awa tae fee a lass, an' she cam frae a freeen,  
An' she was yin they said was gude, if I'd lote her alone.  
But when she put a fire on I couldn't let her be,  
For I was fear't she wud burn the hoose.—Och! Ochanee!

As nicht as I lay a' my lane, the Deevil he cam ben,  
He kin'ly catch't me by the han', says 'Hoo's a' wi ye, Glen?''  
I rais't me tae my elbow than, the stranger for to see,  
But the hoose was dark, an' the fire was oot.—Och! Ochanee!

I gied him a chair, bad him sit down till I wud bring a licht,  
'Na!' says the Deil, 'my brave aul' chiel, I am nae comely sicht,  
Black is my face, grim is my brow, lang hair aboon my ee.'  
I took him for a near freeen.—Och! Ochanee!
An' when we did begin the crack we answer't ither fine,
Sae lovingly we did agree, we were sae near ae min'.
'When ye gie yer servants ae shillin', be sure ye mark doun three.'
'O!' quo I, 'that was aye my plan.'—Och! Ochanee!

The cock it crew, awa he flew, nae mair I could him see,
Sae I laid mysel cannie doun again.—Och! Ochanee!

There are pieces here and there that I forget, but that is the
most of it. As Old Sandy calls him 'Glen,' he may not have
lived about Glenluce at all, as there are plenty places of the
name of Glen all about, and it was unlikely he would go all
the way from Glenluce to Minnigaff to hire a lad.

A FAIR SETTLEMENT.

ENOPHON seems to have thought some small
trifle of himself, but he never was of such
importance in his own eyes as Sawney Cork-
ran was in his—Sawney's. Sawney lived at
The Corby Knowe, in Kirkcolm, and he took
a notion that he could make a fortune at the fishing, and so
he made a bargain with Peter Niblock and Alick McCormick
to take a third of a boat along with them, each to pay alike,
each to share the fish alike, each to fish alike, and when they
separated the boat to be divided among them, and so they
made a written agreement that the boat, and all it made,
and all expenses, and all necessary work, were to be equally
divided among them. The boat was got and they started to
fish, sometimes for cod and ling, sometimes for crabs and
lobsters, sometimes for blockins and glassins, and at other
times for herrings and mackerels; but whatever they hap-
pened to catch they never could satisfy Sawney in the divide,
and he was that conceited and obstinate that he would never
listen to reason, and so they had always to give in to him.
At last he got so horrid greedy and overbearing they rebelled against him, and so they settled that they would separate, and that the boat should be equally divided among them according to their agreement. Sawney Corkran for a wonder gave in to this, and they made a bargain to sell the boat to Jock McNeillie and divide the money, but Sawney wouldn't hear of it; the boat must be divided according to agreement; and the only division he would allow, was to cut the boat into three pieces and take one each. They tried every sort of argument and threat with him but it was no use, for he was too great a man to be advised, and when they left him at night they told him they would sell the boat in the morning in spite of him. Sawney, however, was up by daylight and took the saw and cut it in three; and he had a weighbalk borrowed, and when they came down to the boat he weighed out their thirds, haggling pieces off one and another till he made them all equal. He then told them to choose for themselves, and he would be doing with the third that was left, and set off home for his breakfast.

**NATHAN McTALDROCH.**

**E'LL** mind me telling you about Nathan McTaldroch wanting the second-hand coffins. There was a great clan of McTaldrochs about the Rhinns at one time, but they're a' killed out now, wi a terrible complaint they call gentility, and there's a wheen Taylors left in their places, but naebody thinks much of them.

'Prick the louse an' jag the flae,
An' ding the Taylors doon the brae.'

Nathan was a curious sort of buddy, and lived mostly at The Larg in The Inch, and used to drove nowt, and do odd jobs
about the farm, but he had a kind of pride that wouldn't allow him to do any regular kind of labouring work; for he was well brought up, and his folk were bits of lairds that had been ruined by Ayrshiremen and incomers, that tempted them to borrow money, and then seized their land. One day Larg had the minister to tea, and when they were sitting over their toddy, Nathan came in to ask about something he had in hand, and the minister to plague him said,—

'Well Nathan! I'm glad to see that you're so much improved since you got married.' For Nathan had got a tairge of a wife that he keepit in Stranraer, and just visited now and then when he couldna help it, and report said that the minister's ane was nae b'tter, or very little.

'Marry the sea,' says Nathan, 'an' it'll settle.'

'True, Nathan,' says the minister, 'you have quite a married look already.'

'Deed aye!' says Nathan, 'an' it's a' the wife's doins; if I was married a twalmonth, I'll no hae a hair atween me an' the heavens, ony mair nor yersel.'

This settled the clergy, and the farmer next put in his word.

'The minister's just joking,' says he, 'aboot ye lookin sae weel; I doot, Nathan, the marryin's gaun tae be heavy on ye; ye look as if ye were gaun into a consumption; ye maunna gang tae Stranraer sae aften.'

'Ye're wrang there, man!' says Nathan, 'I'm as clear o' consumption as the cat's o' a sark; it's the want o' meat et maks me thin.'

'The want o' meat,' says the farmer, nettled, for he got the name of hungering the servants, 'ye get as much as yer skin can haud.'

'O! ay!' says Nathan, 'such as it is; but feed onybuddy on bear-meal and buttermilk, an' it'll tak them doon.'
'There's waur feedin nor bore-meal scons,' says the farmer, 'and we canna throw the bere away.'

'Canna ye saw corn on yer scon grun then?' says Nathan, 'an' no hae the neebors cryin The Laryg Skeletons at us; there's nane o' us daur be seen aff the farm in daylicht, an' if onybuddy fall in wi yin o' us after dark, Lord help them! but we'd fly them oot o' a year's growth.'

'Have a sowp whuskey, Nathan,' says the farmer, and changed the conversation.

EXTERMINATION OF NATIVE FAMILIES.

YMOTIC diseases contribute largely in towns and densely peopled districts to the destruction of the inhabitants, and consequently always figure prominently in the Registrar General's returns, but there is a very dreadful disease of that class that I have never seen recorded there, which is very common in Galloway. It is a terrible and deadly disease, for it not only destroys individuals and families, but very frequently obliterates a whole name out of a country side at one fell swoop. It is very fatal all over Scotland, but in the West Highlands and in Galloway its ravages are most awful. It is known as GENTILITY. The poor McGuffogs for instance have suffered terribly from it, and there's hardly one of them left: first one of them took it with a draper's shop; then another took it with a farm; a third took it with a Bowing; and a fourth took it with an apprenticeship to a Writer; while a fifth took it on going to Edinburgh to learn to be a Dom. inie—no! I believe he called it a Teacher. But whatever way they took it the result was the same, they were lost for ever.

One curious circumstance occurred as a sequela to the disease,—a number of Guffies and McGuffies, and three or four
Coffees suddenly appeared in the neighbourhood of the defunct McGuffogs; some kind of low Irish in the County Antrim, I believe, have names of that kind; but how they came so suddenly into the shoes of the poor McGuffogs, I never could understand, unless we accept the Hindoo doctrine of the Transmigration of Souls. It is a pity the McGuffogs are extinct, as they were among the most ancient and respected of the Gaelic families of Galloway, being descendants of Ulf Og, one of the Fingaul chiefs, and the founder of Rusco; at least I have heard the Doctor say so.

Another highly respectable and ancient Galloway family, the McLumfas, has become extinct from the same disease, and a set of people with the low Irish Downshire name of McClew has stepped into their stockings, and possibly thinks itself respectable; but then people do usually become delirious in the course of zymotic diseases. I might mention a score of others, but cui bono.
A DISEASE WITHOUT A NAME.

DISEASE very much resembling Gentility, and perhaps a mere variety of it, is very prevalent in all parts of Galloway, but I never heard it getting any name. It mostly affects the Irish, and makes wonderful changes in them. I couldn't better explain it than by giving an instance or twa.

Twa men frae Ireland cam ower to make drains for Col. Andrew McDouall of Logan, for he was a horrid man for improvements, and had hundreds of Irishmen drainin till him. Yin o' the twa they ca't O'Toole, an' the ither O'Dowd, and they both married and settled in the Rhinns, an' their sons became Mr Doyle and Mr Doud. The grandchildren now call themselves McDouall and Dodds.

Another Irishman of the grand old historical Milesian family of McGillivaddy, now for shortness called Mullivaddy, came over to Wigton and turned cattle dealer, and he had two sons, and one of them became Mr McFrederick and the ither Mr Mull-Frederick, and the grandsons turned into Fredericks without Mac's, Moll's, or anything.
Three other Patlanders came over by the names of O'Carrol, McTear, and McGurl, and in consequence of taking this strange complaint, their grandsons are now known as Mr Charles, Mr McIntyre, and Mr Gourlay.

Mr McSweeney's descendants in the same way are now known as Swan, Mr Wheeligan's are called Wales, Mr McNeillages are named McNeil; Mr O'Forgan's are all Ferguson's, Mr O'Corcoran has a large family of the name of Cochrane, Mr McGrimes has a son named Graham, Mr Duffy's daughter is a Miss Duff; Mr McSkimming is the father of Mr Cumming, and so on till you would think no Irishman had ever settled in Galloway. I don't think there is any cure for it.

THE MINISTER'S HEAD.

If head, little wit—is a common proverb in Galloway. Nanny Blair that lived in Auchinvain had some sort of a notion of that kind, for one Sunday afternoon when Tibbie Tamsen an' Jean Reid were praising up the new minister that had come to The Inch, Nanny declared he was nae use, she could hardly make out ony o' the grand raptures he gaed into.

'That shows his learnin,' says Tibby.

'An' what a head he haes,' says Jean.

'Head be hang'it,' says Nanny, 'ony cabbage, haes a head.'

'But no a head like yon,' cries Jean, 'see what a size it's.'

'O ! aye!' retorted Nanny, 'a muckle turnip's aye fozy, so it is.'
EFFECTS OF SWEARING.

CHARLIE AGNEW had been away in England 'carrying the pack,' and had made a mint of money, and he came home to Wigton to look for a wife. He was very grandly dressed, and was rather good looking, but he had lost a great number of his front teeth. Among other accomplishments he had picked up in the South, he had learned to swear, and very frequently indulged in a few genteel oaths to show off his proficiency.

Seeing all the gentilities trying to pick fun out of Tam Rabison, Charlie tried too, but Tam would have nothing to say to him, and always marched off when he came near. When asked what he ailed at Mr Agnew, he replied—

'Mr Agnew! na! na! my man! my mither tell't me tae keep oot o' bad company, an' yon falla haes burnt a' his front teeth oot wi swearin' already, an' I'll hae naething a-do wi him.'

Tam's remark got out, and Mr Agnew didn't get a wife there.

THE CRYIN-OOT.

AVIE MILVIE'S wife at Whithern was crying-out of her first wean, and Davie ran and fetched the Howdy, and then raised one or two of the neighbours. He then came in and set himself down, and said he had never been at a thing of the kind before, and didna ken what mair to do, but he would just gang ben and see if he could help the wife a bit wi't.

The Howdy knew he was an obstinate kind of a character, and that it was no use trying to reason with him, for nothing could turn him; so she said to him,—
'Man! Davie! we'll need a hantle o' water for this wark; ye maun tak the twa kits an' fetch us a rake o' water frae the wal.'

The well was a good distance away, and Davie set off, and when he brought the water in, the Howdy carried the stowps into the other end, and cowpit the water out o' the back window, and then returned the kits, telling him to bring another rake. For four mortal hours Davie was kept carrying water, which was jawed out as fast as he brought it in, being always told that the wife was very bad yet, and would need some more. At last his patience was quite worn out, and he declared he wouldn't carry another stowpful; he would let her die first; what the deevil had she dune wi all that water?

Seeing that further entreaty was vain, the Howdy sent him off to her house for the instruments, and by the time he got back to tell her that there were nae instruments there, the wean was born and the wife better.

Davie next day had a piteous story to tell about the awfu nicht's carryin o' water he had afore the Howdy could get the wean made.

A NOVEL PUNISHMENT.

DWARD McNEILLIE, or Ned Neil, as he was often called, was an awsome wicked buddy, that lived at a bit village at Drochdool in Glenluce Sands. When Ned died there was a great talk about it among the old wives near by, and one night a wheen o' them gathered up in Pate Rabison's were discussing the subject.

'Ay! puir falla!' says Pate's wife, 'he's whaur the Lord wills noo.'
'Deed aye!' says Davie Forgie's wife, 'let us hope he's in heaven, puir man.'

'Heaven!' cries Barbara Blair, 'what wud Ned do there? he wud be like a fish oot o' the water, I doot.'

'Deed ay! Luckies,' says Bella Baillie, 'he wud be meeserable;—they'll hae sent him there for a punishment.'

EVENING SPEECHES.

FRANK McDOWALL was a grand genteel farmer in The Rhinns, and one of the Logan tenants; and like most genteel people, there wasn't much in him—except gentility. One winter the Laird gave a great ball to the natives, and invited all his tenants in Wigtonshire, and most of the nobility and gentry to it, and when it came off there was a merry night of it.

During one of the intervals Frank was selected to propose the toast of 'The Laird,' and make a speech, as he was inclined to consider himself a great man in that line; and accordingly he stood up and made it.

In the course of his speech he launched out about balls, concluding with:

'Therefore, gentlemen and ladies, let us frequently have balls very often, for balls adorn the influx of Society, and remove the barricadoes of decorum, culminating the aspirations of gentility by bringing the peer and the pheasant together!'

The Laird replied, and Sanny McLumpha in giving the next toast, remarked:

'My freen Maister Madole haes rather made a kin' o' mistak; it's no the balls 'et brings the peers an' the pheasants thegither, for they dinna shoot pheasants wi' balls; they maistly use lead-draps.'
Geordy McMurray, another genteel farmer, then made a speech, which he concluded by saying that 'they would hand down the remembrance of that jubilant evening to their latest progenitors, to be held in oblivion by their children's children in the days of yore; fervently hoping that they would all be privileged in the remote future, to meet again before long in the profoundest friendship and animosity.'

**ST. NINIAN'S GHOST.**

HOSTS appear to have been very common in Galloway in old times, but they were going a good deal out of fashion even in my young days.

A kind of a ghost story used to be told about a herd they ca't Garlies Boyd, that lived up the Water of Cree somewhere. One market-day in the winter he was coming down with some eggs to sell in Newton Stewart, for eggs were very dear then in the winter-time, and he started very soon, so as to be there soon after day-light. It would maybe be about six o'clock in the morning, and awsome dark, when he came close to the Aul' Chapel o' The Cruives, or St. Ninian's Chapel, as they sometimes called it; and he was hoying along with his basket on his arm, keeping close to the roadside on the grass, for fear of making a noise and letting the ghosts in the auld kirk-yard ken that somebody was there; for he was afraid that some of them might come out of their graves and frighten him.

Just as he was safely past the kirk-yard, however, and under the muckle ash tree that used to hing over the road, he happened to stotter ower a stane and make a noise, and the next instant an invisible spirit came right up again him, and nearly took the breath from him; then all on a sudden it gave the basket such a lick it sent it fleein oot o' his
hand and smashed ever so many of the eggs. Boyd thought it might be some robber, for it was before the time of the Burkers, and so he laid all round him with the stick, thinking to clure his head for him, but he just struck at the air and hit nothing; while another rap from the spirit knocked the stick out of his hand and nearly broke his arm. Seeing it was no use to contend with a spirit, he got on to the grass, and tried to walk past it in the shadow of the tree and escape, but another blow from the unseen enemy scattered him and the eggs together on the road.

Just as he got to his feet he heard footsteps coming down the road, and went to meet them, and found it was a dyker going to his work, and he told him how the mysterious spirit had served him.

The dyker just laughed at him, and said he must have run up against the dyke; and made him turn, calling him a silly coward and such like; but just as they reached the same place, he also got a stroke that nearly broke his ribs, and laid him floundering on the road.

As the dyker rose to his feet another man came up, and before they could get him tell't he was measuring his length on the road as well.

When he got up he declared it was the ghost of St. Ninian, for some dykers had pulled down a piece of the chapel a few weeks before to mend a dyke with, and he wouldn't be able to rest in his grave till somebody was punished for it.

At that time there used to be a farm-house on the brae face above the chapel, but I forget the name o't, but there was a Papish Priest stopping there at the time, that had come from about Edinburgh to look for antiquities.

This last man that was knocked down was a Papist too, and he persuaded them to go with him to the Priest, and beg him to come down and lay the ghost, or it would kill some-
body. The priest was just up, and he consented to go, and he took a chappin-tin full of water and blessed it and made holy-water out of it, and carried it in one hand, and a big book in the other, and went with them, and told them a wonderful account of the performances of St. Ninian, by the road.

When they reached the place, they found that a woman and a basket of butter, and two drainers had been floored by the spirit, and durstn't go any further. But the priest walked boldly up to it, and talked to't in Latin, and then said a prayer to it, but it never took the least notice of him, so he took the chappin-tin and proceeded to throw some holy-water over it; but it cared for neither the Latin nor the holy-water, but gave the tin a dunt that dang't oot o' his hand, and jaw't the holy-water in his face, and made him splooter queerly. He then got savage, and opened his book, though he could not see a stime, and read a great Latin lingo, and made the sign of the cross twenty times, and called it everything: but he did it little good, for afore he could get his performance half through, it came a skelp along the book and knocked it up again his head, till priest, book, and everything cam doon wi a clooster in the sheuch amang the glaur. The papist ran and lifted him up, and when he was come-to a bit he told them it wasn't St. Ninian at all, but a kind of evil spirit or broonie they called Makkin that made the eththers and slae-worms; and that it was bad to lay, and he would have to return to the house for a stronger spell to lay it with: advising them all to go back home that morning for fear worse would happen them.

Just as he was speaking, Aul' Nelly Gordon the Howdy frae Newton-Stewart cam round the corner with a lantern, and they waited till she would come up for company; and when she came near, the light showed them Biddy Morgan the Pigwife's cuddyr standing tethered at the roadside, its
head between its fore-legs, its lugs thrown back, and its heels towards them ready for another sling.

The priest immediately disappeared in the darkness; the rest of them looked foolish and went about their business; all but Boyd, who, having no eggs now to sell, turned with the Howdy and went home, and told her the whole history of it by the way, and Nelly of course told everybody.

THE MINISTER’S ADVICE.

ENPECKED husbands are not uncommon everywhere, but there is often a deal of canglin before the wife gains the victory.

Adam Galloway was a fisher that lived at The Meoull in Stonykirk, and keepit his boat about Port-o’-Spittal, and he was married on Nanny McGaw, and she was a born deevil, and the consequence was that they were canglin and fechtin the hail day lang, and naither o’ them wud gie in.

When the minister came round on his ‘visitations,’ the twa o’ them set-to tae tell their grievances till him, so as to get him to decide that theither was in the wrang; but the minister was cautious, and said,—

‘Well! Adam, I think the proper plan in these disputes is for the man to give in to the wife; for you know, Adam, the woman is the weaker vessel.’

‘Sorra sink her!’ says Adam, in a passion, ‘if she’s the weaker vessel she should carry less sail then; just look what a whigmaleerie she wantit tae carry on her head yesterday, tae gang tae the kirk wi an’ affront folk;’ and he drew forth the wife’s new bonnet.
NOSES.

It used to be the fashion for the Howdy, as soon as a wean was born, to nip its nose, or squeeze it together, or pinch it as the English would say, to prevent the wean from growing up to be flat-nosed. I don't think it made any difference, though people thought it did, and many imagine that the reason flat and pug and other queer noses are so common now-a-days, is because nipping noses has gone out of fashion. My notion is, that it is because there is such a mixture of Irish among the people now, and I have noticed that when an Irishman with a hook-nose marries a Galloway woman with a straight one, the children always have pug noses. To be sure hook-nosed families are the most apt to degenerate into pug-nosed ones at any rate, if indeed a pug nose be not in reality a higher development of a hook one. One way of knowing people of Irish origin is by the nose; they always have noses that seem to have belonged to some other body's face, and have got on to their's by mistake, for some way or other the nose and face never correspond. Indeed it has become quite a proverb, when anybody of pug-nacious appearance is running down the Irish—'I doot an Eerishman haes put the nose on yersel.'

HALF-HANG'T JOCK.

OCK McMaster was a drucken dwabble' a buddy that lived about Wigton, and he was a complete doylarch and dailled away his time, and would do anything but work. His mother was a decent old widow buddy that had a bit siller by her, and she was horridly troubled with this gude-for-naething son coming craik-craikin at her
for money to make a beast o' himsel wi. He inventit all sorts o' lies to get it out o' her, but she had been cheated so often that he was no longer able to impose on her. One day he got some money for helping a man with a drove of nowt, and he and his companions meltit it into whiskey and swallowed it, and one way and another they made a night of it, and the consequence was that Jock was in the horrors next day for want of a glass.

Necessity is said to be the mother of invention, which may be true, but in this case at least, the horrors was the father o't, and a grand scheme was arranged to draw the money out of the old wife to dispel the Blue Devils. Jock accordingly marched in and begged for twa shillins, for he was awsome bad.

'I wudna gie ye twa fardens,' says she, 'an yer head were like a gowan.'

'Ah weel! mither!' says Jock, 'onlyway ye like; I canna leeve ony langer this way, I wud be better dead.'

'Pity but ye wur, ye drucken hullion,' was the reply.

'Weel! mither,' says he, 'if ye'll no gie me't this mornin, I'll just gang an' pit en' tae mysel, so I wull.'

'It wud be a happy release for me if ye wud,' says the aul' wife, 'I rue the day ever ye wur born.'

'I'll no fash ye lang, so I'll no,' says Jock, and he got haud of a rope, and went up to the garret. When he was there, he lowzed his breeks and fastened the rope round each of his thighs, buttoned them up again, and passed the two ends up under his waistcoat to his breast, fastened it round under his oxters, and brought the ends out at his neck. The short end he put round his neck and tied securely, and the long end he fastened to one of the bauks of the house, standing on an old chair for the purpose; and after pretending to be saying some prayers aloud, he gave the chair a kick and
knocked it over, and commenced to gurgle and splutter as if he was choking.

The old wife heard the chair falling and the terrible row that ensued, and went up the ladder to see what was wrong, and there was Jock, hanging apparently by the neck and struggling and kicking like mad; and she down the ladder and out screaming, to get some of the neighbours to come in and cut him down; and she made such a noise that in a few minutes she had half the street round the door.

Tam Porter the Shoemaker ran up and cut him down, and carried him below to the kitchen, where the old wife made a terrible lamentation over him, and seeing that he was still alive, she slippit the two shillings into the hand of one of his companions to give him when he came to.

Wullie McCreadie the Tailor, when trying to loose the rope off his neck, found out that it was another rope he had been hanging by, and following it downwards he soon discovered the cheat; and Jock, seeing that he was found out, suddenly recovered and bolted after the one that had got the money, followed by the tailor, crying ‘Half hang’ t Jock’ at him. He was not very long in the public-house till half the weans in Wigton were about it, scraitchin ‘Half-hang’ t Jock,’ and wherever he went, everybody cry’ t it at him, so that he was soon glad to go as an odd hand in the Betsy-and-Jean bound for Liverpool with grain from The Isle.

He left her at Liverpool, and nobody ever heard what became of him.

AN OLD SCOFFER.

ERLIE MILRAVIE was a wicked aul’ buddy that lived in the village of Clachanmore in Stoneykirk, and he keepit a cuddy.

One day the minister was passing through the Clachan with the Rev. Mr Young of
Kirkmaiden, and Kerlie and the cuddie had fa’en oot, and he was layin’ on’t, and sweerin’ odiously. Mr Young stopped and reproved him for using such wicked language to a poor dumb animal, and Kerlie looked up and said,—

‘Keep yer craw for yer ain midden, sir; ye hae nae business tae craik here.’

‘It’s my business to serve the Lord everywhere,’ says Mr Young.

‘Ye wud raither serve an anker o’ brandy or a fat guse, I’m thinkin,’ says Kerlie, ‘for it’s precious little ye’d do for Gudesake gin the Deil were dead.’

‘Kerlie Milravie!’ says the Stoneykirk minister, in a solemn voice, ‘where do you expect to go to, speaking in that way to one that Heaven has chosen for its servant?’

‘Heaven has hae a queer lot to choose frae, I’m thinkin,’ says Kerlie, ‘or it wud hae taen naither the twa o’ ye; an’ whaur dae ye think ye’ll gang tae, if it be a fair question?’

‘We hope to go to Heaven,’ cried both at once.

‘Tak my advice an’ dinna gang,’ says Kerlie, ‘it’s little use gaun there tae be kick’t oot again; ye’d better gang tae the ither bit at yince, it’ll save ye a hantle o’ trouble.’

CLACHANMORE.

ONG ago Clachanmore was a considerable village belonging to the McCullochs, and had its smith, joiner, cooper, grocer, tailor, shoemaker, weaver, and all the rest of them, besides four or five farm-houses, but changes of lairds, and the big-farm system have destroyed it, and there are only two or three houses left, with perhaps a few paupers andlasses that have weans.

As these sort of people are usually half-breeds and greatly inclined to gentility they would appear to have been asham-
ed of the Irish-looking name of the place, for the only Clachanmore known in that neighbourhood now, is a farm-house about half a mile off; the remains of the village, like its inhabitants, having turned respectable, and taken to itself the name of a large farm near it, Low Ardwell. Clachanmore took its name from a large Druidical Circle that formerly existed there.

THE BIRD THAT WOULDN'T SING.

ANY outrageous stories used to be told in The Machars about the Wild Herds out of The Muirs, but I think the one about Davie Mac-an-Toork beats them all.

Davie McTurk, as far as I mind, was a herd about Laggangairn in New-Luce, and had never been out of the muirs in his life, except when he gaed to the kirk, which was not above twice or three times a year; but, however, he had got married and had a house of his ain.

Some of the wife’s friends about The Clachan had sent him a goodie in a cage, and it was a grand singer and pleased him horridly, but unfortunately it died. After a while he was down the Girvan hand wi some sheep, and when he was coming home he fell in with a paddick lowpin about on the roadside, and he ran after’t, and clappit his bonnet over’t, and gruppit it.

With living so high up in the air he had never seen a paddick before, and he took it for some kind of unfledged songster, for it had let out a squeak or two when he was catchin ’t; and so he took it home, and put it carefully into the goodlie’s cage, and put some meal down tae’t.

The wife happen’t to be away seeing her mother, and didn’t come home till the next night, so when Davie wakened in the morning he expected the paddick to be singing away the
wey the gooldie used to do, and he was quite disappointed when it didn't. Two or three times that day he went in and whistled and cheeped tae't, but it would sing nane all he could do wi't; and at last he lost his temper and ca't it everything.

'Confound ye for a yellow-wamed limmer,' says he, 'if ye dinna start an' sing in five minutes, I'll droon ye in the wal, so I wull; I ken ye canna flee!'

The paddick cock't itself up in the cage and glower't at him, but never sang a word.

'I'll gie ye anither five minutes,' says he, 'an' if ye dinna sing than, ye'll droon.'

But it just sat still and never heeded him.

'Hae yer ain thrawen wey than!' says Davie in a rage, an' he took it out of the cage, and threw't savagely into the well. The paddick went to the bottom, but soon came up again, and raising its head out of the water, cock't its eye at him, and cried 'Krok! Krok! Krok!' Davie heard it, and replied—

'Ye needna start an' sing noo; ye're ower lang o' beginnin'; ye can Krok-krok awa there, an' droon at yer leisure, ye gude-for-naething et ye ir.'

When the wife came home Davie tell't her how provokit he had been with the fowl he had catch't, and they went to the well to look at the corp to see what kind of bird it was; and there it was, soomin away as brisk as ye like. Davie was amazed to see it alive, but the wife said,—

'Ye great haveril, that's a paddick! it leeves in the water, you fule!'
THE BURKERS.

Nobody now-a-days has any idea of the terror that arose in country places after the trial of Burke and Hare, for fear some people in the same line of business should clap pitch plasters over folk’s mouths and sell them to the doctors for ‘bodies.’ I mind of seeing Hare after the trial, when on his return to Ireland, and he wasn’t that ill-looking. There used to be a kind of rhyme that said—

‘Burke and Hare gaed up the stair,  
Wi a body in a box;  
Says Burke to Hare, “We’ll this prepare  
To sell to Doctor Knox.”’

There were lots of other rhymes made about them at the time, but that is the only one I can mind the noo, and there were such fearsome stories gaun about Burkers that folk would hardly venture on to a road alone, even in daylight.

I heard of a man they ca’t Gothray McKissock that was coming home to Newton Stewart on the Saturday night, from the Castle Stewart side where he had been working, and it would be about seven o’clock at night in the winter time, and when he had got about half a mile on the road home, all on a sudden two men with crape on their faces crept up behind him from opposite sides of the road; and before ever he heard them, the one slippit the loop of a rope over his head, down as far as his elbows, and gave it a sudden jerk, fastening his arms down to his sides; while the other clappit a plaister over his mouth and nose, which not only prevented him crying out, but nearly choked him, and at the same time almost blinded him.

As luck would have it Gothray had a haunt of putting a
straw or a bit stick in his mouth, and holding the end of it with his teeth, and folk used to jibe him about it; and this night it happened to be a thickish piece of stick, and when the plaister was put over his face, this stick prevented it closing up his breath entirely, and also left the corner of one eye clear so that he could see a little; and noticing that they were two stout looking men he thought it best to pretend that he was chokit, and so he struggled a little, and gradually let himself come to the ground.

They remarked that this one had given them less trouble than the last, and taking him by the head and heels, tossed him into the front of a gig, which was standing a short distance behind. They then got in, keeping Gothray under their feet, and drove away up the water, but they hadn't gone far, when the one whispered to the other that there was a lass on before them. The horse was stopped, the rope loosed off Gothray, and the men slinked off behind the lass to burke her; but they were hardly out of the gig, when Gothray, now his hands were free, pulled his knife from his pouch, and slit up the plaister over his eyes and mouth, and cut pieces off, which stuck to his fingers like glue. He then sat up, seized the reins, and drove up after them, crying at the lass to run for her life; and the burkers looking back, and seeing some one in possession of the gig, took over the dyke into the planting and hid; while the lass ran like fury for home. As soon as he saw she was safe, he put about the gig and drove into Newton-Stewart, and took the gig and horse to the constables, and the horse was found to be shod with four ply of thick soft leather, and the wheels of the gig were shod with the same, so that they scarcely made any sound on the road.

As nobody ever turned up to claim the turn-out, Gothray sold them and kept the money; and when he got the pitch
plaisters off, which was no easy matter, he had them framed and hung up in his house, as he said, for a memento mori.

HOW TO GET FARM WORKERS.

ONCE upon a time there was a Capt. Little had the farm of Kildrochet, in Stoneykirk I think, and as they are awfully jealous of strangers in the Rhinns—and not altogether without reason,—he had great difficulty in getting workers to raise his potatoes, which were then the principal crop. There had been some Ayrshire farmers brought down by Lord Stair, and they turned out to be awfully mean folk, and terribly scrimpit wi the servants' meat, and the folk thought Capt. Little might be an Ayrshire too, and so the few that ventured to engage themselves to him for the potato-raising were very particular to bargain with him that they were to get herrings to their potatoes for their dinner every day, and not whey.

He was astonished at this hard bargain, and told them that the first day he would give them the sort of dinner he intended for them, and if they didn't like it, they would get the potatoes and herrings the rest of the time. When he proposed this they hummed and hawed, but he told them to please themselves, and at last they agreed to it, more from curiosity than anything else.

At dinner time he set down broth before them, and they stuffed themselves with that, saying that broth was very good, but they wanted something solid; and just as they were settling to stick to the potatoes and herring, in came potatoes and beef. Such a thing had never been heard of in the Rhinns, but they did not want to let on; so they remarked that this was liker the thing, and then fell to, but they had been too heavy on the broth to eat much beef;
still they tried, and when they were satisfied, in came a supply of milk and bread. They stared at one another with astonishment, but could eat no more; and in a short time the Captain came in and said,—

'Well! you have had my dinner; do you still prefer the herrings and potatoes?'

They all cried out 'No! no!'

'Will you be satisfied with a dinner like that every day?'
says the Captain.

'Ay! ay!' cried the workers, and off they went delighted.

He used to walk behind them in the field, poking up the mools with a stick to see if any potatoes were left, and when he found one, he would bring the worker whose fur it was on back to lift it, repeating the rhyme:

'Pick them up! little or big,
If they wont do the children, they'll do for the pig.'

As his name was Little and he had no children, his rhyme always raised a laugh, and though he was very strict, he and his workers got on very well together.

When his potatoes were all lifted, he called the workers to the house to pay them, and as there had been a deal of broken time through wet weather, he asked each how many days he or she had of working time. Some said they had so many days and a half, some so many days and a quarter, and others said so many days and a blink.

'A blink! a blink!' says the Captain, 'I dont understand this blink; and for these half and quarter days God Almighty never made a half-day nor a quarter-day in his life, and neither will I; you'll just have to reckon your half days and quarter days as whole ones.'

Accordingly he paid them full time for every day they
were out, and he never had any difficulty in getting workers after that; his greatest trouble was to find work for those that came.

**AN UNTIMELY RESURRECTION.**

ETER McCULLOCH was a kind of smuggler buddy that used to bring cargoes of salt and tobacco and other things from Ireland and The Isle-o'-Man to different parts of the coast and sell them to the lairds and farmers. He was generally very lucky with his cargoes, and being kind of crackit a little, cared for nothing and nobody.

One voyage he brought in his boat to a little port beside the auld Kirk of Kirkmaiden in Glasserton, and as the night was dark and misty, the farmers that were on the watch for him didn’t notice him, and not knowing what might be the matter, he left his brother in charge of the boat, and slippit ashore to see if he could fall in with any of his customers, or could get any information; for come what might, he must clear out, or be off before daylight.

The first place he went to was the wa’s o’ the aul’ kirk, for that was a bit where somebody should have been waiting for him, and as luck would have it, the beddal had been there in the evening hoking a grave for a woman that was to be buried the next day.

Peter was stachering about the auld wa’s trying to find one of the doors, and all on a sudden what does he do but walk right into the grave. He gave a great gulder, and tried to sprauchel oot again, but just as he was trying to swing himself up, Maxwell McMonnies from the Milltown of Monreith, who was waiting for him among the ruins, heard the noise, and thinking it was maybe some coast-guard or gauger that had got information and was on the outlook,
he determined to frighten him off duty for that night at any rate; so he slippit off his coat and waistcoat to show his sack, and pass for a ghost.

As he step't forward to frighten the intruder, he noticed that the sounds proceeded from the new grave, so he stretched out both his arms and glided nearer, saying in an awsome and unearthly voice,—

'Come oot o' that; what ir ye doin in my grave?'

Peter was astonished but not frightened, so he set himself back in the grave, and stared at the strange object before him for about half a minute; and then suddenly demanded—

'An what ir ye doin oot o' yer grave at this time o' the nicht, I wud like tae ken?'

The ghost recognised the voice and replied with a roar of laughter; and helping Pate out of the grave and getting his customers together by sounding the proper signal, got Peter cleared out and despatched before the morning.

A "JOODGEMENT."

QUEENS are supposed by most people to be at the summit of all earthly bliss, but aul' Phœmie McWhirter in Leswalt appears to have thought different. A lot of neebor wives were talking together one forenicht, one wishing she was this, and another she was that, till Phœmie got her word in.

'Ochanee! Luckies!' says she, 'I wush I was the Queen.' Suddenly recollecting herself, however, she exclaimed,—

'Gude bless me! what am I sayin? I shouldna say the like o' that, for mocking's catchin'.'

It was a common superstition that if any one made light of another's infirmity or misfortune, a similar evil was certain to fall on themselves or some of their family—as a
Judgement. Besides it was just after the death of Queen Caroline.

THE SOFT PLACE.

ATHER a good story used to be told about the Laird of Ardwall, but I don’t know whether it is quite true or not, as it was first told at an Election Dinner about Stranraer.

It said that soon after he was made a Baronet he got an Irishman for a coachman, groom, and other things combined; and Paddy was a terrible hand for going about the country after lasses, and very often took the Laird’s horses, which he galloped most unmercifully.

One evening in the summer time the newly-fledged Baronet was returning home from London, and he hired an open conveyance from Stranraer, and brought some strange gentlemen with him; and just as he approached Milmain he met Paddy galloping furiously on one of the best horses. The Baronet pulled up and stopped him, and angrily demanded why he was galloping the horse that way; and Paddy replied with a bow—

‘My lord! there’s a dayl to do, and it must be done, my lord!’

The Laird was so pleased at being ‘my lorded’ before the strangers, that he not only forgave Paddy, but gave him a crown to drink his health, saying ‘Do all you can, and don’t spare horse-flesh.’

CURING THE TANTRUMS.

IMON McCREDIE lived in Garliestown, and he had a wife; and like many another ‘Simple Simon’ he made too much of her at the first, and let her get her foot into one leg of the breeks, and naething would serve her but she must hae the other one in too.
She tried many a plan to gain her end, but the one that succeeded best was 'Taking the Tantrums;' but her tantrums were not the common vulgar tantrums that ordinary people take, but a genteel kind of tantrums; for Mary McCredie had once been a milliner. Accordingly she took them by lying down on her back in the bed, and neither rising, speaking, eating, sleeping, nor drinking, for six or eight weeks at a time—at least when Simon was at home; for what she did when at his work nobody knows, only the grocer was blamed for setting down a lot of ham and things they never got. She sometimes mumbled with her mouth or spoke in a low whisper, but that was all; and she was very bad with spasms and lockjaw when wanted to take medicine.

Simon was in a terrible way about it, and brought three doctors to her, who all contradicted one another, and had her ill of different complaints, as usual in such cases; however, she wouldn't take their stuff, but just got better when it suited her; and then she told Simon awful accounts of her sufferings; declaring that she never tasted bite nor sowl, and couldn't have spoken to save her life.

When she was in the tantrums, Simon did all the work of the house, baked the bread, washed the dishes, made the porritch, fed the weans, scarted the pots, washed the floor and all the clothes, and did everything, and all after his day's work was over. When Mary got better he left off a bit, and when he left off altogether she took the tantrums again, and none of the doctors or old wives could cure her.

There was a great, strong, coarse, beetle-browed, rough-looking fellow lived a few doors off, they ca't Jock Mc Cluskey, and his father was an Irishman; and the uncultivated mortal sometimes took a glass too much, and gave himself airs, and swore he could cure Mary McCredie better than all the doctors in Christendom.
Accordingly one day when Mary was in the tantrums, he got half drunk, and rigged himself out in a long-crowned hat and a borrowed suit of black and a long chain; and marched up to Simon's door and gave a great knock. Little Simon opened the door, and opened mouth, eyes, and all, and wondered who it was and what he wanted.

'Is your name Simon McCredie?' says Jock.

'Yes! sir,' says Simon.

'I'm Dr McCluskey the head doctor from Edinburgh,' says Jock, 'and I've come down to cure this wife of yours, that all these country doctors are beat with.'

Simon on hearing the name recognised him, and said—

'She's verra badly the day, John, an' canna be disturbit.'

'Dont John me, sir,' says Jock, 'my name's Doctor McCluskey; stand out of my way,' and he took Simon by the shoulder and swung him aside.

Simon knew it was no use to contend with him, so he let him alone, only trying to get him to go away; but Jock walked up to the fire, and stuck the great heavy poker into the heart of it; and then went to the bedside.

'Show me your tongue,' says he.

Mary, terrified, put it out.

'Aye! I thought so! very bad,' says Jock, 'those ignorant fellows in Wigton and Whithern don't understand your complaint; but I'll soon put you right; I'm Doctor McCluskey, the head doctor from Edinburgh, and I heard of your case, and came down to cure you; but I must examine you carefully first.'

Little Simon tried to interfere, but Jock gave him a look that settled him, and then went through various performances he had seen some doctor do, taking an occasional squint at the fire to see how the poker was getting on. As soon as it was
red-hot he went and took it out, and flourishing it in Simon's face, said—

'I understand Mrs McCredie's complaint perfectly now; it's a complaint medicine's no use for; I must use different means. Mrs McCredie!' he continued, marching up to the bed: 'you have been neglected in your youth and brought up a heretic; but I'll soon cure that; just turn over on your face till I make the sign of the cross on your back with this poker, and the disease will leave you instantly; I won't burn it in very deep you know, just about an inch or so.'

He seized the bed clothes to fold them down, looked savagely at Simon, and poked the red-hot weapon in among the blankets till he scorched them. The moment Mary heard the fizz and felt the smell of burning, she was certain he was in earnest, and forgetting tantrums and everything—but the poker,—she jumped up in the bed and begged for mercy, for she would never do it again.

Jock seized her by the wrist and insisted on crossing her, and she begged and prayed him to spare her; while Simon astonished at the sudden cure, began to have his eyes opened, and made no opposition; and when Mary called him an unnatural brute for not helping her, he actually laughed at her.

'Aye!' says Jock, 'I knew I could cure you; and if you take my advice, you won't take that complaint again: Good evening!' and away he went, and little Simon followed him and took him to the public and filled him as full as he could hold.

The result was that Mary McCredie never took the tantrums any more, and didn't manage to get possession of the other leg of the what-d'ye-call-'ems.
THE GRIM MESSENGER.

HERE was, in my young days, a Sheriff-Officer, or King's Messenger as they called them then, who lived at the Clachan of Minigaff, whose name was John Lamont, popularly known as 'Black Jock Lamont fae Minigaff.'

Being the only substitute for a policeman then known, and being subject to the orders of the Justices of the Peace, Jock was very much made use of by the Clergy and the Lairds around Newton-Stewart, as an instrument of oppression and petty tyranny; and on this account he was much feared and hated by the farmers and common people, and was looked on by the children as a sort of terrestrial devil, whose name was to be mentioned with fear and trembling, and whose person was to be avoided continually.

One year Samuel McClure at The Derry in Kirkcowan, had a number of mowers and hay-winners for his hay-time; and being a very good man he 'took the book' every night before bed-time.

The mowers noticed, that whatever he said in his prayer, and however he varied his language, there was one part which he never omitted, and in which he never varied; and that was where he prayed the Lord to send them 'The wan thing needful,' and to keep away 'The Grim Messenger.'

The meaning of these frequently repeated phrases became the subject of discourse in the hay-field, and many were the interpretations put on them, without the question being satisfactorily settled; till at length a new mower came, and having heard these words used on two occasions, he asked his neighbour, at bread-and-milk-time, what Derry meant by always praying for the 'wan thing needful,' and wha was this 'Grim Messenger' he was sae fley't for.
'O!' says the other, 'the wan thing needful's the Gift o' the Speerit tae turn oor herts tae the Lord; and the Grim Messenger's aither Daith or the Deevil, I canna say exack'ly whitch.'

'Na! Na!' cried another mower, 'deil a bit o't! the wan thing needfu's a pickle mair siller tae pay us mawers and hay-winners; and the Grim Messenger's Black Jock Lamont fae Minnigaff.'

This raised the laugh, and as Jock was hated by everybody there, this reply was quite satisfactory, and Jock was known as 'The Grim Messenger' ever after.

AGRICULTURAL IMPROVEMENT.

PLAND folk used to have very little idea of agriculture, even the farmers; and some of the herds who lived so high up that they could scarcely grow a kail-stock, had no yairds, and therefore had not the slightest notion of cultivation. The story they tell't about Tam Shaw, a herd about the Eldrick in Kirkcowan, and the Sheep-ree, will not look so outrageous to one who knows the place, and who also knows that Tam, although a careful herd, was a considerable bit of a gomeral, if not a little weak in the head.

Tam was horribly bothered with a Sheep-ree up on the hillside, that he never could get to hold enough of sheep when there was a drift, and it happened that it was set on the best place out of the drifting snow of any ree on the farm.

He was often at the farmer to get it made bigger; but the tack was nearly run, and he didn't want to lay out money, and the laird of course would do nothing.

Onyway, Tam happened one spring to be in Newton Stewart, and he ca't on Peter Douglas that was married on the
wife's sister, and Peter was busy setting the yaird, and as Tam had never seen this done, he went out to look at it. He was amazed to see him covering up great draipfuls of dung, and then planting kail-plants on the top of it, and still more astonished when he saw him hoke a hole round each berry-bush, and fill it up with dung and cover it.

'Whut ir ye buryin' that stuff there for?' says he.

'O! that's tae mak them growe,' was the reply.

'Hoo'll that mak them growe?' says Tam.

'O! the plants'll sook the strenth oot o't,' says Peter, 'and they'll growe verra big; if we put nae dung tae them they wud never be ony size tae speak o'.'

'D'ye tell me sae!' says Tam, 'wull dung gar onything grow?'

'Ony mortal thing,' says Peter, 'if ye only pit plenty tae the rutes o't.'

'An' wull ony kin' o' dung do? wud sheep-dung answer?' says Tam.

'Ay! sheep's dung'll do famously,' says Peter, 'I wush I had a cart load o't.'

Tam said no more, but turned over his newly acquired knowledge in his mind all the road home, and determined to put it in practice in the morning.

He got an old spade that was left by the man that made the sheep-drains, and set to by daylight and dug a trench all round the sheep-ree, outside and in, as close to the dyke as he could get, taking nearly a week to do it at odd times; he then got a skep and went to all the favourite resting places of the sheep, and all the rees, and gathered sheep dung till he filled the trenches, and then covered it up. It took him nearly a month to do it, and he never let on what he was doing, even to the wife.

When everything was done, he went away down to The Eldrick, and when he saw the farmer, he said,—
'Maister!' says he, 'ye needna fash yersel ony mair about a new ree; we'll sure hae as big a yin as onybuddy; I'll be bound, sir! by the winter we'll hae a ree 'll haud a' the sheep on the grun.'

The farmer couldn't understand it, and said—

'Hoo's that, Tammas?'

'Wool, maister,' says Tam, 'I hae been doon in the Laigh Country, an' fun oot hoo they gar things growe there; an' I hae set the mid-ree roun' aboot wi' dung, ootside an' in, an' ye'll see what a size it 'll get ere the simmer's ower.'

The maister laughed until he nearly choked himself, and then explained things to Tam, who looked very crestfallen, and exclaimed—

'Deevil perlicket! Eldrick! but Jenny's man gart me believe it wud growe ony mortal thing.'

AULD BALMEG.

ARIOUS stories used to be told about Auld Balmeg, a curious kind of a buddy, that lived at a bit of that name down in Wigton Parish, but I never heard what they called him.

When Turkeys came into fashion in the Machars he got some of them to be like other folk, and when asked his opinion of them he said—

'Deed! tae speak the truth, I think a turkey's the fool-ishedest fowl ever Gude Almichty made, for it's ower muckle for yae man tae eat, an' it's no aneuch for twa.'

There was a farm not far off they ca't Millisle, in Kirkinner Parish, and it was a very good farm, while Balmeg was a very poor one; and Millisle had a hantle of money left him by some friend in England.

'Ay!' says Balmeg, when he heard o't, 'it's aye the way; them that haes a guse 'll get a gander; deil a fear o' onybuddy lea'in me ocht as lang as I'm in this starvation hole.'
Another time Millisle and him met, and they were talking about the hard times as usual, and Millisle was saying he had applied to get a reduction of his rent, and he expected to get it.

'Wud they reduce't tae the like o' me,' says aul' Balmeg, 'there must be some sense in't; but na! haith them!—but you, that haes mair siller nor ye ken whut tae do wi, gin ye gowl't tae hae the mune pu't doon an' gien ye, they wud think ye wur raisonable; aye! an' ye wud get it.'

THE WRONG WAY.

ULLIE McLEHOSE was standing talking to Geordy McKeown one Sunday at the foot of Glasserton village,—about religion likely,—and Bella McLean went by, dressed up like a play-actor.

'Whaur 'll that yin be gaun, na?' says Wullie, 'she's a clever-lookin hizzy.'

'That's Bella Clane,' says Geordy, 'she comes ower frae near Whithern tae see Sawney Gaw; they say they're gaun a be married afore lang.'

'I doot it' an ill sign,' says Wullie, when the cart's gaun tae seek the horse; na! na! there 'll be nae marryin there, tak my word o' that.'

And Wullie was right, but there was a wean that naebody wanted.

THE DOCTOR AND THE HERO.

ERXES imagined that he could sweep creation before him, when he invaded Greece with his famous five million army, but he never thought himself such a redoubtable hero as Charlie Biggam did when defending his house and wife against the attacks of a midnight marauder.
Charlie Biggam, or Bigholme, as it was spelled in ancient times, lived at the roadside near Craigaffie, and not a very great distance from Stranraer, and his wife was a timorous buddy, and was awful fey't for robbers, for there was a great talk about robbers at that time all over the country.

One night old Doctor McWhirter had been away at a howdyfication about The Cairn, or Cairnryan as they ca’t now; and puir buddy he had taken rather an extra glass that night, and when he came out into the air it rather took his head, and he wandered about and couldn’t find the road home.

At last he noticed Charlie’s house at the roadside and went up to it, and happening to stagger over a stone he came up against the door with a great brainge.

Charlie was fast asleep, but Mally was lying like a weazel, with one eye open and the other ear, and she heard the noise directly and nearly fainted, and in great fear and trepidation she roused up Charlie, telling him the Robbers were at the door.

Charlie hadn’t heard the slightest sound, and so attributed everything to the wife’s fears; and jumping out of bed he snatched up the poker, and though she held on to him like a leech he flourished the weapon above his head, and rushed towards the door, exclaiming—

‘Robbers! I’ll robber them! dinna haud me! just let me wun at them.’

The wife clung to him for protection, and tried to persuade him not to open the door; but the more she tried the more he waxed valiant, and shouted his determination to be out and demolish the vagabonds. At last he got hold of the door and pulled it open, just as the old doctor, hearing the noise within, came another brainge against the outside of it, and drove it in, nearly upsetting Charlie and the wife, and staggering a yard or two into the house.
Charlie, seeing for the first time the reality of the attack, let fall the poker, and jumped back horror-stricken, shouting out—

'O! mercy! mercy! good gentleman! spare our lives! tak a' we hae but dinna murder us!'

And seeing the doctor with his stick uplifted between him and the sky, and thinking his last hour was come, he continued—

'O! Mally! Mally! haud on by my sark-tail, an' we'll baith dee the wan death!—O! mercy! gude gentleman, spare us!'

The doctor was thunderstruck, and couldn't comprehend the situation, so he replied—

'Spare ye! I'm gaun tae spare nane o' ye! I'm nae g Gentleman; I'm puri harmless Doctor McWhirter; I was just steppin in tae look for a drink, for I'm desperate dry; ha' ye just the least drap in the bottle?'

BREAKING THE SPELL.

OUNG Jenny McLean lived with her mother at Auchneel in Leswalt, and she was reckoned bonnie, but when she got to be about fifteen she took a back-gaun, and turned as din as a djeuk's fit, and had such an unearthly look that ye would have taken her for a corpp that had wandered oot o' the grave and lost itsel.

Folk thought she was witched, but they could think of nobody that would be likely to do it, and so they were not sure of it, and a lot of money was spent buying medicines for her.

At last one of her brothers, a sort of misleer't kind of a smatchart, happened to go to Knocknein one night with some other lads to work devilmint, and they made it up
among them to let a cat down Aul' Sarah Corkran's lum with a string, and make her think the The Old Boy was come for her.

When he climbed up the thatch and lookit down the lum to watch for a good chance, he noticed Sarah on her bare knees on the hearth, holding a piece of wax shaped like a heart, to the fire on a stick, and stappin preens in't, and muttering something about Jenny McLean that he couldn'a make out.

After they had given old Sarah a spley by shaking some flower of brimstone down on the fire and raising blue flames with it, and sending the cat with a brainge down on the top of her and suddenly pulling it up again, young McLean went home and told his mother what he had seen and heard, and she was so much concerned about it that they sent a beast away to Larbrax by daylight in the morning for Bella Lynn the wise-woman to come and see what should be done.

Bella came, and declared the case serious, and so that very night between twelve o'clock and one, she took a blue Spanish cock and cut its throat with a flint stone, and took out the heart, and stuck nine preens into it, and roastit it at the fire; and the time it was roasting she gart the lass take the Bible and read the fifth chapter of Matthew backwards, beginning at the last word, and reading every word backwards to the first word of the chapter. Bella then took the cock's heart and made her eat it, making nine bites of it, and dip-ping it nine times in salt, and when it was finished she made her take nine drinks of water and go to bed.

When she rose in the morning she looked like a new wo-man, and mended every day after't; and Sarah Corkran took a bad leg that she never got the better o'.
HEREAFTER.

Sclergymen of the Episcopal persuasion, or Church of England sect, or Prelatists, or whatever they call them, are moving heaven and earth and other places, to soft-soap the people of Galloway, and of Great Britain for that part, so as to slide them quietly and pleasantly into the bosom of the Pope of Rome.

There are a wheen Papish priests helping them here and there too, on the sly; and in Galloway there are a lot of Papishes, mostly Irish, but some of them Scotch.

One of the latter, of the name of Jacob Herries, belonged to the Stewartry, and he lived at The Lochans, and his wife Sarah McNeillie belonged to Stranraer; and like many of the natives there, she hadn't much religion of any kind, and what is mair, she didn't pretend to have any.

The Lochans is a bit village on the road from Stranraer to Portpatrick, and was a perfect hot-bed of Orangemen, and hotchin with the warst kind of Erish; and the consequence was that their only daughter Nelly turned a Protestant and gaed to the Cameronians.

One day the Papist priest came ower to visit them, and in the course of conversation the discourse turned on Heaven, and he set to and explained to them the great advantages of belonging to the True Church, as he considered it.

'Yes, Jacob,' says he, 'when you go to heaven you'll be set down at the right hand of God, for he'll see the mark of the Cross on your forehead, and know that you're a Catholic, and he'll ask you to sit at his right hand.'

'And whaur'll Nelly sit?' says Jacob.

Well, the priest didna like to say she would go to the other place, for fear of huffing old Jacob, and so he said,—
‘O! she'll have to sit at the left hand; because she's a heretic, you know.’

‘Just that!’ says Jacob, ‘it'll do verra weel that way; an' whaur'll the gudewife sit?’

This was a poser for the priest; so he coughed and hummed and hawed and stuttered; and at last he got out—

‘Really Jacob, as your wife has no religion of any kind I'm afraid—I'm afraid—’

‘Afraid o' what, sir?’ says Sarah.

‘I'm afraid I cannot tell,’ says the priest.

‘Weel, then!’ says Sarah, ‘I'll tell ye; I'll just gang straight in, an' set mysel doon atween the twa o’ them, et wull I.’

The jump the priest gied would have sley't the French; he crossed himself a' over most desperately; ran out of the house crying—

‘Holy Mary! horrible! horrible!’ and never came back again.

Whether they took up their respective positions as above in the other world I never heard; perhaps some of our Spiritualistic Sages could tell us all about it.
ISABELLA.
(From the Kirkcudbrightshire Advertiser.)
The more expressive expressions expressed expressly in the expressive expressions peculiar to Wigtonshire.

TUNE FORGOTTEN LONG AGO.

O! bonnie blooms the heather bell,
The lily's pure and fair,
The opening rose delights the eye,
Its perfume fills the air;
But graceful lily, chaste and fair,
Nor blooming heather bell,
Nor blushing rose can match my own
Most horrid bonnie Bell.

Her sparkling eyes are filled with love,
Her lovely lips with smiles,
Her radiant face lights up with joy,
And every heart beguiles:
The coldest breast in fond delight,
With ardent love would swell,
And burn to gain the heart of my
Most odious lovely Bell.

When mirth her youthful heart elates,
Her laugh rings blithe and clear;
Her smile would heal a bleeding heart,
And dry the falling tear.
Her cheerful voice upon my ear
With joyous accents fell,
When first I met my dear, my own
Most dismal bonnie Bell.

O! should I gain her love, what joy.
Unto my lot would fall,
To see my love the loved, and I
The envied of them all;
And as I pressed her close, my heart
With manly pride would swell,
To think that loved one was my own
Atrocious lovely Bell.
LOCAL TRADITIONS.

GREAT many places in Galloway are called Drummore, a name which is usually thought to mean the big ridge or drum. A drum is where the sea or a burn or river has washed away the half of a knowe or small hill and then left it, and the weather has gradually softened down the scaur thus formed, and time has covered it with grass; this kind of place is still termed a drum in the ordinary Scottish of Galloway. More of course means large.

But there is a Drummore in Kirkmaiden that the Fingauls declare got its name in a very different manner.

It is now an important place, being the capital of the parish and a seaport, and possessing an ancient castle, now the property of the Right Honourable the Earl of Stair, who being a Fellow of the Society of Antiquarians of Scotland, has part of it converted into a turnip-shed and hen-house, and the remainder has not yet been converted into anything definite, seeing that it has altogether disappeared.

The Fingauls say that when King Malcolm IV. was engaged in the Wars of the Roses, a body of Gordons from the Stewart came down to The Rhinns to carry off the Heiress of
The Clanyard, who was the ward of Lord Adair of Kinhill, who kept her in this great castle, now called Drummore.

His lordship got on the top of Balgreggan Moat to count the Gordons, and he found they were too many for the number of soldiers he had at home; so he sent the Heiress away to his sister, who had founded the ancient Abbey of Kirkmaiden at the Mull for Sir Andrew Agnew, and still lived in it; and then he posted his soldiers with drums all along the road the Gordons had to come, with orders to drum like mad whenever the Gordons came in sight, and make them believe there was a great force of Adairs ready to oppose them, and so frighten them away.

He stationed three of his biggest drums on his castle, which had then a different name, and set a number of soldiers to beat them, and by the time the Gordons arrived before its gates, they were bewildered with the continual drumming all up the shore, and feared they were surrounded, and so when they came up to the castle, and heard the tremendous drumming there, they stood up and consulted, and looked as if they wouldn't care to run away; and his lordship, who was watching them through a spy-glass, saw they were hesitating and resolved to follow up his advantage, crying out to his soldiers,—

'Drum more! drum more!'

They drummed like the very mischief, and the Gordons, who were led by the Duke of Lauderdale and Sir Godfrey McCulloch, were terrified at the noise of the drums and the roars of the soldiers and turned and fled, leaving the most of their men dead on the field of battle; and in memory of that great victory the castle was called Drummore, and bears that name down to the present day; only it is now altered into Low Drummore because they have found out that the drums used were bass or low drums.
GALLOWAY GOSSIP.

At one place on the line of march in Stoneykirk Parish, the head of the drum gave way under the terrific drumming, and the soldiers were in a desperate state what to do, because when they turned up the other end, the drumsticks went through that too in about five minutes time. The Gordons were close at hand, and the drum was useless, and the soldiers were just going to run for their lives, when old Morag McMorlachan who lived close by, came running out with a large japanned tray, and holding it out to the soldiers, told them to drum on that, and they drummed on it, and filled the Gordons with fear and trembling; and the place in consequence was called Drum-on-Tray, and still retains that distinguished title. It is on the roadside, not far from the Murder Stane, where one of the McDowalls was killed fighting against the Gordons.

PORTANKILL AND THE FAIRY.

BEFORE the McGaws got the farm of Portankill in Kirkmaiden, there was one Sawney Adair had it, and he was a desperate thrawn buddy. Fort-an-kill—the port of the Chapel—is the place where folk used to land, that were going to the Holy Wells at the Chapel-of-the-Co to get their weans cured; and Sawney did not like them to come, for they trampit his grass, and frightened his lambs about the heughs.

South of Portankill there was a wee auld Fort on a detached point of land where a burn runs into the sea, and they ca’ it The Doonan or little dun, and this was a favourite bit for Sawney to sit in the summer evenings and watch the vessels passing.

One night he was sitting on the Dunnan, a wee auld-fashioned lookin woman, wi a green plaiden frock on, and a
red hood, came round behind him, carryin a weezen't lookin' wean in her arms, and a wee wudden water-stowp in her hand.

"It's a fine nicht, Alick!" says she.

"May-be-sae!" says Alick.

"An' hoo ir ye a' at hame?" says she.

"Weel aneuch, I daresay," was the reply.

"I'e just come tae ye, Alick Adair," says the wee auld wife, "tae get ye tae do something for me that I daurna do for mysel.'

"I'll do nane o't," says he.

"But my puri wean's gaun-back, Alick Adair; an' I want ye tae fetch me a stowp o' water frae the Well-o'-the-Co tae dook my wean in, for ye ken oor folk cannna gang there; an' here's an offerin tae leave at the Co for't.'

"Gang yersel, you weezen't lookin randie," says Sawney, "d'ye think I hae naething tae do but carry water for you?"

"O! do, Alick Adair," says the aul' wife, greetin', "ye'll never be sae stickin wi an aul' neebor.'

"If ye dinna gae got o' that wi yer wither't gett, I'll kick ye baith ower the Dunnan, so I wull," cries Alick in a rage, and he let flee at the stowp in the auld wife's hand, and sent it pirlin doon into the tide.

"Ye'll rue o' that, Alick Adair," says the aul' wife, "I'll no forget ye for't; and mind ye dinna sit doon on my house riggin again, or it 'll be warf for ye," and she slippit doon the side o' the Dunnan and disappeared.

Sawney got fear't when she talkit aboot him sittin on her house riggin, for he mindit that The Dunnan used to get the name of Fairies when he was a boy, and so when she disappeared he turned to gang hame.

When he came to Portankill burn, there was a big pool made by a high tide driving up a great bank of shingle right
across't; and here was one of his best kye on its knees in the pool and its head aneath the water, and stark dead. He was in an awful way, and cry't for the man to come and help him out wi't. They got it out and tried to blood it, but the bluid wudna rin, and so it couldn'a be eaten and they lost it all but the hide; and when they were skinning it they found a flint elfshot under the skin right over the heart. Everything gaed wrang wi Sawney after this; his horses fell ower the heugh; his kye were witched, and all the charms of all the clever women in the Heehh-end could do them nae gude; his sheep took the rot; his corn heated in the stacks and spoiled; and when the rent-day came he couldn'a meet the laird.

At last he gaed anicht to the Dunnan, to watch a vessel that was likely to be wrecked between the Port and the Chapel-o'-the-Co; for he was keen to get some of the plunder, and he watched till he fell asleep, and lay out all that coarse night, and took an inflammation wi't, and died ravin in less nor a week.

There's plenty of accounts in all parts of the country of folk refusing fairies things they asked for, and suffering for it after, but this will serve for a sample.

The Kirkmaiden Fairies mostly wore red caps, and the rest of the Rhinns ones wore green ones.

FORETHOUGHT.

LOSE on the roadside near The Barr, about halfway between Newton-Stewart and Penningham, there used to be a Holy Well of considerable repute, and superstitious folk used to bring their back-gaun weans to dock them in't and cure them. They called it St. Ninian's Well, and there was a big plane-tree beside it, and on the other
side of the road there was a wee thack house they called Tibbie-Ringan, and Nelly Sloan lived at it.

Early one May morning a wife from the Mochrum hand came with a wean to get it cured, and when she got to the well, there was Nelly Sloan sitting at the tree fit, gowling most desperately.

'Ochanee! och! Ochon! ochon! anee! anee! wud they only fill that weary wal up! anee! anee! anee!'

'Fill the wal up!' says the Mochrum woman, 'that wud be a bonnie on-gaun; fill the wal up! deil's in the woman; an' me brocht my puir wean a' the way here tae; fill't up, indeed!'

'Deed aye! Lucky!' was the reply, 'I wush it was fill't up this blessed minute; anee! anee!'

'An' what wud ye fill't up for? ye brazen limmer!' says the stranger wife, bleezin wi anger, 'd'ye think there's nae-body in the worl but yersel? an' what ir ye gowlin that way for, at ony rate?'

'Anee! anee!' cries Nelly, 'this is a sorrowfu day tae me; hoo can I help greetin? lang Jock McTaggart spoke to our Jenny, comin oot o' the kirk, twa Sundays rinnin; an' Ochon! I couldna help thinkin that after they're married some o' their weans'll be fa'en into that wal, an' droonin like as mony kittlins; anee! anee! but I'm a waefu woman this day!'

'Deevil droon ye! for a donnart fule,' says the stranger woman, 'it's time aneuch tae greet for yer O's when ye're a grannie; get yer dochter marry't first.'

'Haud oot o' my gate,' she continued, and she shoved Nelly aside, and dippit her wean three times in the well. This done she threw a preen into the well for an offering, and went off home, exclaiming—

'Fill't up atweel! deevil nor she was chokit in't.'
STONE FIRES.

OWN in the Rhinns when anybody takes a farm or a house over another body's head, it is the custom to put a stone fire in every fireplace in the house, and to put a spell on it, to prevent the incomer from doing any good in it.

When Alick McGill left Craigslave, or rather when the laird put him out for voting the wrong way at the election, and let the farm to an Ayrshireman, he got a kind of uncanny woman they ca'n't Flora Mac-an-Toar to put a spell on the land to prevent the Ayrshireman thriving.

Accordingly they got twa-three sacks filled with sand from the shore, and set them up and down on the land, and Flora and another wise woman took sowing-clouts and sowed the sand over every field on the farm by moonlight, at the same time praying—it is said, to the devil—that the new tenant might never get a crop till that night's sowing sprouted.

When that was done they carefully biggit a fire on every hearth in the house, beginning with a layer of thick tangle stalks near the ground—or the grate in the parlour end,—then a good layer of broken bottles or flints; then a layer of little stones, and above them a layer of big stones; heaping them right up into the lum, and then jawing a bucketful of sand over each; praying as they finished them, that the Ayrshireman might never prosper till these fires burned.

The doors were then barred on the inside, and they went out by the window, wishing all kinds of bad luck to whoever would open these doors from the outside; it being believed that the first body that passed from without over the threshold, would die before the next new moon.
The consequence was that the new tenant went all to the bad, and had to beg the laird to take the farm off his hands, and when he left it he of course lost all the money he had spent on it in improvements.

The next tenant not being under the curse put on the farm, throve well enough, and made money in it.

FARMERS’ TROUBLES.

Edward Kerr was an Ayrshire farmer in the Rhinns, and he fell in with Hugh Cochrane, another of the same, one market-day at Stranraer, and he says,—

‘Weel! Hughock, hoo ir ye aff wi yer cotmen the year?’

‘O! man! was the reply, ‘I could dae naething wi thon Gallowo chiels, they wud naither beck nor boo; they’re sae hang’t proud they’ll naither say ‘sir’ nor ‘mem’ tae yez; an’ if we want them tae work at nicht, they want tae be paid for’t, an’ meat and drink tae; sae I jist set them awoe and importit, an’ I gat Eyrishmen for troe pud a year less, an’ they say ‘sir’ an’ ‘yer honour’ tae yez every word.’

‘I’ll bet ye, Hughock,’ says Kerr, ‘ye’ll jist wish the hale bilin o’ them back in Ireland again afore the year’s oot; I gat ain o’ them, an’ he’s a’ ‘sirs’ and ‘mems’ thegither; but sich an eater! he haes twae stummocks for meat an’ nae for wark; and what randies o’ dochters he haes! they’ll sure fill the kintra-side wi fatherless weans, an’ uz’l hae tae keep them.’

‘Dinna grumble about the lassocks an’ their weans, Ned,’ was the reply, ‘ye’ll get cheap turnip-weeders oot o’ them yet; and the hizzies et haes weans ’ll save ye keepin women tae milk an’ shaw turnips; Na! Na! my man, ye should rather encourage them wi’t.’
'Maybesae!' says Ned, 'but I think we hae made a mistak drivin the Gallowo men oot; if they were proud we could lippin tae them, an' though they scunner't at workin after hours, they did work when they were at it; I wish we had a wheen o' them back again; I like nane o' yer importit.'

THE WRONG FISH.

EW people now-a-days would be so foolish as Taeless Tam that lived fronting the aul' Kirkyard in Kirkcowan.

Tam was helping to drain a bog near The Craichlaw, that had an old ditch through it, and they were cleaning out and deepening this old ditch, and they catch't a lot of eels and bits of geds in it, so of course they were always on the look-out for them among the peaty water, but as the cut got near the gravel and the bog ran dry, they got to be scarce.

One morning however, just as they had jumped into the ditch and were about to start, one of them spied the head of a fish in the mud, and cried out—

'Tam! there's a ged at yer fit.'

Tam looked down, saw it moving, and instantly brought the spade down on its head, but the next moment he made a spang, and loot a fearsome yell, saying—

'Help! murder! the ged haes bitten my tae aff!'

And he could hardly be convinced that he had done it himself with the spade.

CONVALESCENT.

GEORDY KIRK that lived at Mulldadzie beside Port-Nessock nearly cut his big toe off one day he was hoking sand-eels in the bay; for he was standing in a bit quicksand and saw his toe moving in it, and putting
in the eel-graip, as he thought, behind it, he cut the toe half off, expecting to dig up a sand-eel.

A few days after some one met him, and asked him how he was.

‘O! man!’ says he ‘I’m verra puirly, my big tae’s horrid bad, it’s hingin oot.’

They soon began to plague him about trying to catch his toe, and one day Sally Cockran started him.

‘Geordy,’ says she ‘hae ye been at the eels?’

‘O! aye!’ says Geordy, as a wheen o’ them gathered up to witness the fun, ‘I hae joost been there.’

‘An’ hoo’s yer big tae the day?’ says Sally.

Geordy noticing a hole in the heel of her stocking, replied,—

‘It’s a great deal better, thank ye; it’s like that scabbit heel o’ yours, it’s that much better it’s able to be oot.’

The crowd laughed, and Sally went off as if her nose was bluiding.

PLEASING THE LAIRD.

Hugh Maxwell was one of the retainers of the Maxwells of Monreith, but it was long before my time, and one of the lairds’ greyhounds had bittin his little dochter about the face; and Hugh being an unreasonable, bad-tempered man, waited a chance and took the poor dog’s life for ’t; and when the laird got to know, he was in a terrible rage about it, and ordered Hugh to be seized and punished.

In those days Maxwell of Monreith, like other lairds, had the power to try, and if he thought fit, to hang any man or drown any woman on the estate that committed any crime, and so Hugh was brought up before the laird and tried for
murdering the grue, and condemned to be hanged the next morning.

Hugh's father had been a Stewarty man, and so Hugh was of a bad, rebellious disposition, and instead of submitting to the decrees of Providence, and doing what was right, he broke loose through the night and ran away, and couldn't be found ony-gate, and the laird was fair wild about it, and was neither to hau'd nor to bind, and raged on everybody.

At last Hugh's wife and mother found him hiding in a Co they call St. Ninian's Cave, on the shore, and living on limpets that he gathered through the night; and they tried him everyway to coax him to go up and be hanged and be done with it.

'O! Hughie,' says the wife, greetin, 'just think o' th' disgrace ye're bringin us tae; come awa an' be hang't an' please the laird, an' no keep him ragin this way.'

'Deed! aye! Hugh,' says the mother, 'come awa at yince; just think what a sin ye hae on yer head, vexin the laird this way.'

'Aye! hiney! come' says the wife, coaxing him, 'we hae a' ready for wakein ye, an' it'll just be wastit if ye dinna come; an' we'll never can look the laird in the face again forbye.'

Hugh, however, swore he would please himself, and would come none; and that very night he got a boat and went over to Ireland, and never was heard of any more, and so the laird had to please himself by hanging somebody else.

THE FALL OF ADAM.

In these progressive times the ministers, poor men, have to work very hard for their stipends, and have to preach a whole sermon in the week; and sometimes, if the stipend is small, they have to compose part of it themselves; and in addition
to this severe study, they have occasionally to undergo the trying ordeal of dining with the Laird, if there is one resident, and he is not an Episcopalian, as he generally is, now that Presbyterianism has become too vulgar and too like the low practices of Christ and his disciples to be fit for any but the lower orders.

Where, as is usually the case, there is no resident laird, and where the bigger farmers do not think it necessary to embrace Episcopacy in order to attain to respectability or to please the laird, the minister has sometimes to condescend to dine with one or two of the wealthiest of them; and where the farms are not very large and marriage consequently discouraged among the lower orders—for large farmers hate incumbrances, when legitimate—the poor minister has occasionally to pocket his dignity and submit to marry a common ploughman, or even to christen his child; in addition to which there is sometimes a funeral to perform, but there is usually whisky at it; and now and then they go about the country and make a professional visit on such of the inhabitants as do not belong to the Free Kirk or Church and the United Presbyterians and other heretics.

In old times, however, the ministers had easy times of it, and for want of something to do, they used to give out in the Kirk on Sundays that on such and such a day they would visit such a house and such another house, and examine the people, parents as well as children, in the Shorter Catechism, the Confession of Faith, the Scriptures generally, and other inspired writings; and so they wandered up and down the parish all the summer, saving themselves a mantle in the way of meat, and talking about religion and such like to the old wives, and passing away the time. Of course a minister now-a-days would be too genteel to mention such a thing as religion—except to some poor person—unless,
indeed, he was some kind of Dissenting minister or something. Long, long ago, the minister of New-Luce, carrying out this old custom, gave it out one Sunday that he would visit Balmurray on the Tuesday, and all the herds and others round about were to be there at the appointed time to be catechised.

Adam McHaffie was the herd there then, and he was a douce auld buddy, and likit things faet, and so the night before he set off to the village for some bits of things to mense the house, and entertain the minister and others, for there was aye a tea after the catechising was done.

Among other things he had to get, there was, of course, a bottle of whisky, and when Adam was getting it, who comes in but Pate McGhie, the shoemaker, and he treats Adam to a gill, and Adam treats him, and the landlord treats them both, and they both treated the landlord, and kept at it till Adam was hardly able to stach out of the village, with the bottle in his breast pocket, and the groceries in the poke of his plaid.

However, it was a good moonlight night, and he got on finely; till 'just as he was coming round his own house-end he trippit ower a graip that somebody had left lying, and fell breadth and length on the stanes; and as he stottered forward to fall, the bottle came out of his pouch and went a' to smash; and when he fell he came right down on the broken glass with his face, and cut himself most fearfully.

The wife heard the scraichs o' him, and ran out, and had him carried in, and sorted up his face, making a terrible lamentation over the broken bottle, and wondering how ever Adam was going to face the minister the morn.

When the morn came, it was decided to make the minister believe that Adam was from home, and keep him all the time shut up in the box-bed, and this was done accordingly;
The minister came, and the minister said:—

"What was it that

In a dream, and thinking that

was the brain, and therefore

..."

The minister, who

related the

of every one present; and

as in Galloway, do

their labours suffer in like

among the common people.

Thus this complaint takes,
there is one peculiar one which causes the name of a big farm, or if a big farmer lives at it, of a little farm, to swallow up the names of half a dozen others.

Take for example the farm of Barwhappelty, a small place in the Shire, on the edge between the cultivation and the Muirs. All around it are lots of little farms, much about the same size as itself—Drumrawer, Clashananlkin, Torwhabble, Strongairn, Dunuchtrie, Slockdornal, and Bardarroch.

The laird takes it into his head that small farmers are usually poachers, because Englishmen will not give the same same rent where the farms are small as where they are large; and besides, his Factor, who is usually an Ayrshireman, tells him that the expense of so many farm buildings eats up the rent, (although the Factor makes the farmers keep up the farm buildings themselves,) and it would be much more profitable to let the lot in one farm to an enterprising Ayrshireman at a reduced rent.

The tenants, who, to suit the politics of the laird, are all tenants-at-will, get notice to leave; and though they offer more rent to be allowed to stay so as not to break up their homes, they are bundled out; an Ayrshireman with perhaps half-a-year's rent as capital, gets the whole eight farms at about the rent that was paid for five of them; the old buildings are pulled down for stones to build grand new ones at Barwhappelty for him, and the native farmers, whose ancestors were probably the owners of their farms, after trying in vain to get other places to rent, emigrate to America or New Zealand.

Some of the old houses are retained in part for coachouses for the Irishmen that the new farmer brings because they are cheaper, and whom he selects by the number of daughters with illegitimate children they have, so that he may get
plenty of cheap turnip-weeders and quicken-gatherers. These in time become the 'true Gallovidian,' and the peculiarity I want to illustrate is this:—they indignantly repudiate the old farm names of the houses where they live, and resent any mention of them.

They invariably call their houses by the name of the farmer's residence, and declare that the right name of their own particular house is Barwhappelty, and that the words Drumrawer, Clashanelkin, Strongairn, and so on, are just to-names or by-names, used by vulgar people, out of spite, to vex them, or because they know no better.

In five years from the advent of a big farmer, it would be extremely difficult to get any cottar, or any of his family, or of the tradesmen he deals with in the village, or the minister, to admit that any of these houses has, or ever had such a name as Torwhabble, Slockdornal, or Bardarroch, even as a by-name or to-name as they call it. They are too mightily genteel for that.

Nobody calls them by the old names but the new Ayrshire farmer, who if he can make his farm pay cares little for their grand notions of gentility, and keeps up the old original designations in spite of them. But then he is a privileged person, and whatever may be the faults of the Ayrshiremen,—and I don't believe they have half the faults they are accused of,—they are certainly clear of any hankering after that absurd of absurdities—a thirst for shabby-gentility.

The names of small villages in some districts are fast becoming genteelified in the same manner, and taking their new names from the nearest big farm.

Take for example the ancient village of Dalmaglar in Kirkmaiden, which has the farm of High Drummore on the one side of it, and the farm of The Sevveral on the other, while
the old farm house of The Sevveral forms part of the village. A considerable sprinkling of Irish and crosses having got into the village, their gentility rebelled against the dirty looking name of it—for it is pronounced Dam-o-glaur,—and although they increased the actual dirt till the place seemed to strangers to richly merit its strange name, they thought all that was necessary on their part was to adopt a cleaner name, and then gentility would as usual hide a multitude of dirt, which strangers then would never notice.

The Sevveral had clearly the best right to give the new name to the village, but then the farmer was one of the aborigines and bore an ancient Gaelic name, while the farmer in High Drummore was an incomer, and had a genteel name that might almost have passed for English; and the necessary result was that gentility carried the day, and there is now a village called High Drummore by its inhabitants, who persistently affirm that such a place as Dalmaglar never had any existence, though strange to say the inhabitants of the neighbouring village of Drummore, who are mostly natives, as persistently assert that Dalmaglar is still there, and notwithstanding its grand new genteel name is as disgracefully dirty as ever.

**Genteel Names.**

Keeping quite in accordance with the foregoing, is another form of gentility as applied to the names of places, which by genteel people when at home to give a fictitious importance to the names of their homes, and conceal their supposed vulgarity, which they seem to take it for granted is quite apparent to strangers from their personal appearance alone.

With this in view a Mr McCutcheon from Alticry, told his friends in Stranraer that he was going to take the large
farm of All-to-shout, and they would have to send his letters and parcels to him in future addressed "Samuel Hutchison Esq., of All-to-shout."

In the same way Miss McTaldroch, the gentle dressmaker from Kirkmaiden, tells her acquaintances whom she is visiting in Newton-Stewart, that she is Miss Taylor from Churchmaiding,—forgetting altogether the proverbial Irishman, who is said to have declared,—

'I've forgot the name of it, but it was something like Church-dunghill.'

Then Mr Adam McKeown, the retired Packman from Manchester, when returning to his native Whithern, informed his pick-up friends in the steamer that his name was McEwing, and that he was on his way to some property he had purchased in the city of White-herring in Scotland.

But even he is eclipsed in gentility by the Stewartry laird, who was said at a dinner party in London to have invited some newly made friend to come down for a month's shooting on his estate, in the parish of Church-my-trousers, in Churchcow-brightshire, in the south of Scotland. He meant Kirkmabreek in Kirkcudbrightshire.

**BURING THE PLAGUE.**

Long ago Galloway used to be terribly ravaged by the Plague, which came every now and then, and killed everybody it came near. At last people began to understand it better, and so every back-end lots of people were employed to watch for it coming, and raise the country. It usually appeared in the grey of the morning, like a small black cloud flying low down near the ground; generally when there was little or no wind; and it was said to have a kind of fuis ed smell about it.
Whenever the watchers saw the Plague coming they gave the alarm, and the kirk bell was set a-ringing, and a lamb was killed, and the two hind legs stuck on long poles and carried out to meet the cloud, while the minister and elders came out and brought the kirk-Bible with them, and everybody came running after them to help them to lay the plague.

The minister followed the cloud with the open bible, whiles reading a chapter, and whiles giving out a psalm; while the elders made a circle round about it, and the people stood round them, singing the psalms like mad; and inside the circle two men with the legs of mutton on the long poles were walking about, trying to reach the plague-cloud with the mutton.

As soon as they got the cloud to stick to one of the legs of mutton, they moved slowly and cautiously to some pieces of muir-land close by, where some men had been getting ready a grave about three feet deep to bury it in; usually on the top of a knowe.

When they got to the grave, the minister put up a prayer, and at a certain part of it the elders helped the one whose leg of mutton had caught the plague, to lower it carefully into the hole; and when they got it in, nine stones were set up over it like a fittin of peats, and over the stones a number of skraws, or thin sods were placed to prevent the mools squeezing the plague out, and then the place was carefully covered up and a tummock made over it.

The minister then put an awful curse over it, which would come on anybody that disturbed it; and after another prayer they went home rejoicing.

There are very few parishes where there is not a Pest-knowe yet, though they are fast disappearing under the combined influences of dairy farming and gentility.
ANY one has heard the nine tides of Straneygower off the Mull of Galloway, that all run different ways, and are so dangerous to mariners, but I don't think the history of them is so generally known. Straneygower is usually thought to be the name of the strong stream that rushes past the Mull and is so dangerous to vessels; because 'Stran' is the common Scotch name for a small stream or burn; but it is the old name of the Mull itself, and I have been told that it is correctly Sron-na-gobhar, pronounced Stron or Stran-na-gower, and means The high point of the goats.

According to old Gothray McCollm that lived at the Clanyard, there used to be an old hermit or saint that lived in the chapel of the Co, and he was an awful good man, and tried very hard to get the lairds to put down the witches; and as they promised to help him, he took his boat and set off to Larne in the North of Ireland, to bring a noted witch-finder of the name of Forgic or O'Forgan over to discover who the witches were, and have them burned.

There happened to be nine very serious witches in the Heehh-End at that time, and some way or other they got to know of it, and so they had a meeting in a cave to the east of the Mull, but I forget the name of it, only the Picts used to inhabit it before the Fingauls came.

They had a long talk about the danger they were in, and what was to be done, and at last they settled that both Forgic and the Hermit were uncanny villains, and they would have to try and drown them.

Having found out by their cantraips that Forgic and the Hermit were already half-way across, they set-to and knitted
a spell apiece with yarn spun from black sheep's wool mixed with nine birses each from a red boar's neck, and with every spell they made a tide at the Mull-head, and as the spells were all differently woven by the different witches, so the tides all ran different ways, and when the boat with the hermit and the witch-finder came in among them, they were tossed about this way and that way and everyway, till at last the boat capsized and the witch-finder was drowned.

The hermit, however, had his Testament in his breast pocket and so they couldn't drown him, and he got hold of the bottom of the boat, and held on, till he was cast ashore at Dunora by the back stream and was saved.

The cock about the Tarbet happened to crow before the cantraips were over, and the north-west wind carried the sound to their ears in the cave, and so the witches couldn't undo their spells again; and the Tides they made to drown the Hermit are there to the present day, and very dangerous they are, and many are lost in them.

SCOTTISH FARE.

OW and again the bits of lairds about The Shire used to take notions of cattle-dealing, or Drov- ing as they called it, and bought lots of Galloway cattle, on bills, and drove them to Penrith to sell them, and then took up the bills when they came back, and sometimes they made lots of money, and sometimes they lost.

There was one Rab Milwee lived about Glenluce, that used to drive a good deal, and they called him Aul' Auch-enmalg, from some place he had either been farmer or laird of, I forget which; and one time he was at Penrith, the natives there began to take their fun off him. Rab was very fat and growned of the belly, and one of the English said—
'Well! old shaver, what do you get to eat that makes you so fat? I thought there was nothing to eat in Scotland but sheep's-heads.'

'What do ye ken aboot it?' says Auchen, 'ye were never there to see.'

'How do you know that,' says the Englishman.

'They're awfu for sheep's-heads doon yonner,' says Auchen, 'they never let yin slip them; an' yours is on yet.'

Geordy said no more, but a fat fellow in the corner put in his word—

'O!' says he, 'you've got fat with being so often at Penrith: good English beef and beer have done that for you.'

'Ye ken better nor that,' says Auchenmalg, 'for ye've been in Scotland yer sel; I got fat at hame.'

'There's little to get fat on there,' says the Englishman, 'it's such a poor country: they can grow nothing but whins, and they cut the green tops off them and beat them up small with malls in big stone troughs, and then boil and eat them.'

'Aye! that's true,' says Auchenmalg, 'we boil them in whuskey, an' they're gran'; and we're no that badly off for kitchen till them; we often fin' a droon't Englishman on the shore and salt him up for pork, and they're no that bad eatin considerin; now look at that fat falla in the corner,' pointing to his opponent, 'when he cam doon oor way last summer he was as lean as a rake, for he was hungered wi leevin sae lang in England; why! he ate nearly half o' yin o' his countrymen in a week; an' as for beettl't whuns, we could har'ly keep him in them; that's the reason he's got sae big in the bags lately; deed! he was a puir hungert-lookin crafter till he came amang us.'
JEAN A’PREE’S FUNERAL.

One of the great characteristics of the Galloway folk, used to be the exemplary way they turned out to observe funerals. They used to call them burials.

After anybody died, two men went round all the parish, and called at every house, even at the very lairds, and invited everybody to come; at least all the men and big lads; and while it was the fashion to have a great drinking bout over the burial, everybody attended well, and they had sometimes very great fun, and whiles a fight or two over the business; but when the whiskey went out of fashion, people didn’t turn out so well as formerly.

In my young days the heritors and farmers of Kirkmaiden were so poor they couldn’t afford to buy a hearse, and so they always carried the corpp to the kirkyard on two long sticks they called handspikes, four men taking hold of each, two on each side of the coffin, and every now and then one of the following stepped in and took the place of one of the eight carriers, who dropped out for a rest, and in course of time went forward and relieved somebody else again.

Very often they were all as drunk as gentlemen, and sometimes the poor corpp was badly used among them; and there would often be a fight or two by the way, and by an odd time they would get so happy that they would forget the coffin altogether, and leave it behind them on the road; and it used to be the fashion to have a piper or a fiddler to head the procession, but that was before my time. This way of conducting a burial was not peculiar to Kirkmaiden, but was the regular way of doing it all over Galloway.

Well, there was an old woman they ca’t Jean A’Pree lived about Portnessock about sixty years ago, and she was
very poor, and had nae friens, and so she had to get off the Session; and as she had little to eat, she did the best she could do under the circumstances—she died.

Somebody went round as usual, and bid all the village and the farm houses round about; and on the day appointed, when the hour for lifting arrived, there wasn’t a living soul appeared, only Rabin Byres, and he was very puir himsel by that time, and not a great while out of the Asylum. Ye see there was nae chance o’ ony whiskey.

Rabin saw he couldna take the coffin on his back and carry’t three mile; so he went to Wullie McBride’s to see if he would help him, but Wullie was ill in bed and couldn’t go; however he sent the son, a lad about twelve, but the two of them couldn’t carry the corpp, and so they went and tried everybody they could think of, but everybody happened to be “awfu thrang that day an’ couldna wun,” and they had to come back with their fingers in their mouths, looking like twa fules; but then Rabin was a lunatic onyway, and the lad didna care for whiskey.

There was naething for’t then but to go back to Wullie McBride and ask his advice, and Wullie said,—

‘It’s coontit a horrid disgrace tae be taen tae the grave in a muck-cart; but it’s better tae gang that way nor no tae be buried ava; gang and pit the beast in the cairt an’ tak the craiter awa.’

The son did as he was bid, and Jean A’Pree’s funeral went off to the kirk-yard in a dung-cart, with a boy for the procession, and a pauper madman as the chief and only mourner. But then there was nae whiskey.

Some time after, the Laird died, but there was little bidding needed, and everybody in the parish almost that could walk, and some that couldna, were at the funeral, but I really could not tell what quantity of whiskey there was.
PREFIXED to the names of many Irish families we find a big O, which means *Grandson*, recording that the O'Neill, O'Dorman, or O'Shaughnessey who first adopted this patronymic, was the grandson of some great hero called Neill, Dorman, or Shaughnessey.

It is strange that the Scottish Highlanders, whose language is nearly the same as the Irish, do not now use the same distinction, particularly as they seem to have done so at one time in the form of *Ua*.

It seems to have been at one time not uncommon in Wigtounshire, particularly in the Rhinns, which is said to have been colonized by the Cruithné from Ireland. It is there however, always pronounced *A* and not *O*, and among the names that still occasionally retain it are Adair, Apree, Agnew, Ahair, Ahannay, Aboe, Acorsan, Acultan, &c., all of which of right should have a big O in front of them as an ornament. Some say that Adair is a territorial name, from the Barony of Adare in Ireland, but the Barony is more likely to have been called from the family name, as if it is territorial, it is an unique instance, or nearly so, of a territorial name in Ireland.

Agnew also has been said to have arisen from an ancient warrior who carried a figure of a lamb on his shield—French Agneau—which might have had some little probability had Norman-French ever been the vernacular in Galloway or the North of Ireland.

But as it wasn’t, the story, though very genteel, must be swallowed with mental reservations.
THE CO OF THE GRENNAN.

The Co of the Grennan in Kirkmaiden, and it used to be reckoned an odious bit for Fairies, and the Fingauls when they passed it, used always to throw a meat-offering into it, both going from home and returning, in order to propitiate the little people.

It is a narrow oblique opening in a detached rock at the foot of an old craggy heugh on the roadside between the Grennan and Terally, the road passing between it and the shore. It is about sixteen inches wide and goes in about thirty feet, and at the end widens transversely, so that about half-a-dozen people could stand in it, and there would be about sleeping room for three; and it appears to have been once inhabited.

The Fingauls declare it goes for miles underground, and tell a story about one Rabin McColm, who swore he would go to the end of it, if it went to Heckelbirnie, and that was nine miles ayont the Ill Bit.

Accordingly he went in one afternoon with his dog, and a cruisie and a bottle of oil, and though people waited till long after dark he didn’t return; but some men going from The Dundrum to The Kirk for groceries heard the scraichs of him under the ground near the Garuchtrie, below John Marr’s, and were nearly frightened to death. It was never known what happened him, but he never came out again, and the next day about dinner-time, two boys that were going round the heughs noticed his dog coming out of a big rabbit hole under a stone in The Carlin-house in the Bay of the Clanyard, on the opposite shore of the parish, and two miles and a half from where it went in. It was all torn and bleeding and quite exhausted, and as long as it lived it could
not be got to pass the Co of the Greannan, or even to go near it.

INTENSIFIERS.

Rhinns people in general do not strengthen their language by the use of ordinary forcibles like other people, but instead of the mild terms of pre-eminence in vogue in the Muirs, the Machars, and the Stewartry, they have a set of adjectives peculiar to themselves.

Where other natives of Galloway would say 'most desperate kind, most fearful bonnie, most notorious grand, most terrible sweet, most awsome wee, or most dreadful soft,' they say 'he's a queer kind man, she's a horrid bonnie lass, it's shocking grand, it's most odious sweet, he's melodious wee, or she's hang't soft,' as the case might be.

After being used to such gentle qualifiers as desperate, awsome, and terrible, I thought the Rhinns intensifiers sounded very harsh and strange when I first heard them, but I soon got accustomed to them, and in time began to consider them quite appropriate.

The first time I heard them, I was in the house of a Mrs Niblo in Portlogan, and a little lass of the name of McMillan came in with a new frock on, and was giving herself great airs. At last she strutted up in front of Mrs Niblo, and exclaimed,—

'Eh ! Aunty; just luk at me the day; im'nt I maist odious splendid?' putting a strong emphasis on the first O in odious.

Another day I was talking to a Mrs McChlery, at Dalmaglar, and a nice looking young woman passed.

'That's Miss McGaw,' was the remark, 'they reckon she's horrid bonnie; she's a queer nice lass tae speak tae onyway.'
A Miss Hannah and a Mrs Smith were standing by, and
the former remarked,—
'They say she's gaun to be married in a month.'
'That's a melodious lee, whae'er said it,' cried Mrs Smith,
'I never heard her ev'n tae a lad yet, nor naebody else.'

UMBRELLAS.

SAMUEL McJORE that lived at Kirkmagill in Stoneykirk was a curious kind of buddy in his way, and heaps of stories used to be aboot him. They said he wouldn't carry an umbrella no matter how it rained, and he exclaimed terribly against both them and parasols.

Both were very dear in those days, and not very common, but fashionable folk were getting them, and maybe Samuel grudged the expense.

'D'ye no think what a horrid sin it is?' says he, 'when the Lord has sent the rain, tae gang paveen aboot wi thae whigmaleeries abune yer heads tae keep it aff ye? ye should tak the wather as Gude sent it, an' no tempt him to send doon a joodgment on ye,—dear bless me!—an' stop it rainin a' thegither.'

They call his grandsons McGeorge now; maybe they were ashamed because he was upright and honest, and didn't like umbrellas and other novelties.

ONE THAT COULDN'T BE WANTED.

HERE was wan year a kind of Morrisonian buddy or something came about preaching, and among other places he delivered a discourse in the open air at the Elrig village in Mochrum. In his address he declared that everybody would get to heaven, and said that there might as
well be no Devil, for his occupation was gone; the Scriptures when read by the light of this new doctrine plainly shewing that nobody would be sent to the regions below: and as nothing superfluous had ever been created, the natural inference was that no such superfluity as the devil had any real existence.

After the meeting skailed, Sandy McDowall and Peter McFrizzel and Maxwell McDavid were criticising the sermon, and says Sandy,—

'Yon's a gran' preacher! and what glorious doctrine! what comfortin' doctrine! we may do what we like noo, when there's nae deevil.'

'Na! na!' says Maxwell, 'it'll no do; ye may talk as ye like, but we canna want oor deil: what wud come o' the like o' Jock McCargo an' Peter Nairn at Monreith yonner? it wud be a queer worl this, I'm thinkin', if there was nae deil for them tae gang tae; na! na! Sandy! he canna be wantit ava.'

'Deed no! he couldn'a,' says Pate McFrizzle, 'what wud come o' the puir ministers if there was nae deil? they wud hae tae tak drains or something.'

'Drains!' cries Maxwell, 'they couldn'a mak saut for their parritch at them; they would hae tae turn gaugers, or informers, or something o' that kind.'

'Na! na!' says McDowall, 'they wud do naething sae respectable; they wud a' turn factors, every yin o' them.'

**ORIGIN OF WIGTON.**

UNCOMMON queer stories, or traditions as they call them now, used to be told about how this-and-the-other place got its name, but I believe the half of them were just lies made up by antiquarians and folk of that kind.
There are one or two different accounts of the origin of the name of Wigton, but I don't know which is the true one, or whether there is any truth in any of them.

One account says that there was a great city there in the time of the Romans, and that the name of it was Epiake, and the Queen of the Britons besieged it, and took it, and killed all the Romans, and destroyed all the city and razed it to the ground, sparing nothing but the orchard or royal garden of the kings of Scotland, which was stocked with the famous Croftangry apple, of which the Queen of the Britons had heard marvellous accounts, and with the flavour of which she was delighted.

The orchard was called by the Romans Croft-an-Righ, or the garden of the king, but as the Britons could not pronounce it, they altered it to Croft-angry, because the Queen had got so angry at her officers for stealing the apples out of it.

The Roman name Epiake was also a jawbreaker for the Britons, and so the name of the city was changed to 'Apple' in honour of the famous pippin, and this was gradually corrupted by ignorant people into 'Appie,' which was a name still given to Wigton by the old people when I was a little girl; and I mind of seeing several of what were said to be the original apple-trees, but the most of them did not grow the true original apple; for they said that Baillie Cowan's grandfather had spoiled them all but one.

He was the Laird of the Croft at the time, and a terrible notionate buddy, and he took a craze for everything Dutch, on account of having made a voyage to Hamburg in a smuggling lugger; so when he came back he cut all the branches off the trees, and grafted the stumps with some new-fangled kind that he brought back with him, and spoiled the whole orchard.
The original apples were often called Langmegs, and were long and thin and kind of square sided, and they did not get red-cheeked, but they were very sweet and nice to eat. There are perhaps some of them about Wigton yet.

I have often wondered how it was possible for apple-trees to grow for fifteen or sixteen hundred years; but a few hundreds of years don't seem to be of much consequence nowadays,—at least in a tradition. This tradition accounted only for the old name of Wigton, and not for its present one.

HOW WIGTON GOT ITS PRESENT NAME.

ARIOUS accounts are told about how Wigton got its present name, but I will just give one or two of the commonest.

It appears from one of them, that some time after the Britons conquered the Romans at Appie, the Picts came down from the mountains and drove the Romans completely out of the country, and then the Britons out of gratitude went away back to England and stayed there.

When the Danes heard of this, they thought there was a grand chance to come over and seize the whole country, and so they came across and landed a great army at Blednoch water foot, but Aldus McGaldus the king of the Picts met him about Balmeg, and they had a great battle at Torhouse, where the Danes were defeated, and the blood ran down in such a stream that the water of Blednoch was red for three days.

In memory of this great victory the adjoining city was called Wig Ton, which means in Danish 'the Town of the Battle,' and the name Appie went out of fashion, except among the old people and children.
It looks to me as if it were the Danes had won the battle, for it was hardly likely that the Picts would give a Danish name to the town—they were more likely to give a Pictish one; but it is not at all unlikely that the Danes, if they were victorious, and managed to take possession of the district, might give the town any name they liked, and one would expect them to give it some name they understood themselves. However these old traditions are generally right, when authentic.

A MORE RELIABLE ACCOUNT.

IGTON got its name in quite a different manner, according to the most popular of the traditions, which I may as well give, although I have seen it in print somewhere.

King Robert the Third was one of the Scottish kings, and considering that he was a Papist he was a very godly man; and following the fashions of the times, he used to make pilgrimages for the remission of his sins, to the shrine of St. Ninian at Whithern; and generally he stopped at Cruggleton Castle, which at that time belonged to a great family of the name of McKerlie, that was descended from the Danes.

He used to live there all the time, and ride down with his lords every day and say his prayers, and then come back and go out sporting with the great McKerlies all over the country.

One year when the king came down as usual to the sea-bathing and praying,—which by the way was the origin of the common proverb, that 'cleanliness is next to godliness'—it happened that the Baron McKerlie had on a grand new wig of an entirely novel fashion, and the king was struck with astonishment at its grandeur, and asked the baron where he got this magnificent head-piece.
‘O! your majesty,’ says McKeRlie, ‘I got it made in my village yonder by my family wigmaker.’

‘Impossible!’ says the king, ‘they couldn’t make one like it in a’ Stirling or Embro; I hae to send to France for mine.’

‘O! but, your majesty,’ says McKeRlie, ‘I send my wigmaker over to France every year with the boat, when I send for the wine and brandy for the castle, and he brings over the latest fashions, and as you see, he makes them beautifully.’

Well, the king was amazed, and nothing would stop him but he would go over at once and see this famous wigmaker, and he was so pleased that he ordered wigs for himself and the whole court, and as the wigmaker was a very polite man, and didn’t like to say ‘no’ to the king, and yet durst not offend the baron, he came over to Cruggleton at night, and begged the baron’s permission to make them; which out of respect to the king, he graciously granted.

However the large order obliged him to send for and employ many new hands, and when the wigs were finished and sent in, they created such admiration that Galloway wigs were soon all the rage, and nobody was thought to be properly dressed unless his wig came from that celebrated shop; and the consequence was that he had soon to employ a great many more men; and the wigmakers in other parts of the country finding their trade leaving them, the more unprincipled ones came down in dozens and set up beside him, to try and catch some of his trade; and soon the town increased from a small village to a great city, inhabited chiefly by wigmakers; and from being known as Carleton-McKeRlie, it speedily was known over the length and breadth of Scotland as Wig-Town, which in time was corrupted into Wigton, and continued to bear the latter designation till very
recently, when some of the more respectable of the inhabitants, taking cognisance of the traditional origin of the name, held a meeting and resolved unanimously to restore its true and proper spelling in accordance with tradition; and so it is again called Wig-town; and the county, which received its name from the fame of the town, is now again known as Wig-town-shire.

Some folk declare this change is a manifestation of something they call snobbery.

Others say it was changed for fear of offending the natives of Wigton in Cumberland, by spelling the name of the town the same way as they spell the name of theirs; but I have been there, and I think the people of Wigton in Cumberland have more sense.

AN EXTINCT RACE.

The great Spanish cardinal is reported to have said, that the man who makes a great name for his family is worthy of greater honour than the man who inherits one; and if this be true, then the Wigmaker to the McKerlies is deserving of great honour indeed.

It so happened that the wig that King Robert admired was a frizzled one, and the particular style and touch of the frizzles were what imparted to it its magnificent effect; and when the Grand Perruquier or original wigmaker employed new hands, he found that not one of them could give the requisite finish to the frizzling. He had therefore to confine his attention principally to that department, and give them all the finishing touch with his own hands before they left the premises. It happened to be just about this time that surnames came to be common in Galloway—indeed few but the barons had them—and when the wigmaker's family grew
up and got to know how wealthy they were, nothing would serve them but they must have a surname too, and become landed proprietors. Accordingly a meeting of the family was held, and the matter was debated, but no conclusion was come to, as the various wives had all selected different family names, from which their husbands durst not depart. However, the old wife, who was present, said that all the town families that had taken names had formed them from the names of their several occupations, as Wabster, Baxter, Fletcher, Dempster, Brewster, and so on, and so in her opinion the family name ought to be Wigster.

The old wigmaker himself considered, that as the frizzling of the wigs was his greatest excellence, that Frizzelster would suit best, and so these two names had to be taken home for the respective wives to consider until next day.

When the next meeting was held, it was definitely resolved that the family name in future was to be Frizzle; and in accordance with the custom of the district with regard to the few that had surnames, the sons came to be known as McFrizzles or McFrizzels, as the word was spelled in those remote times.

They bought up several small estates in the neighbourhood, and produced a numerous and respectable class of small lairds, who swarmed all over the country for generations; and they would have been exceedingly numerous by this time, only there happened to be a rebellion in the fore part of last century, and somebody or other published an account of it; and there was some old traitor mentioned in it of the name of Frazer, who carried on his coat of arms three flowers called frizzles, which were said to contain some allusion to his name.

Now this old Frazer happened to be a lord, and so the moment the McFrizzels read of it, they took the Gentility,
and all died in a few months; but in accordance with the
tendency of that complaint, they were speedily resurrected
again, and reappeared as Frasers; naturally expecting that
everybody would take them for lords; but the miserable,
narrowminded, spiteful natives didn’t, but on the contrary
mistook them for some new breed of Irish, and they obstin-
ately adhere to that opinion to the present day.

The Gentility, as is frequently the case, caused them ultima-
tely to lose their lands, and I don’t think there is a landed
proprietor of the name left in Galloway, and I question very
much if there is even a solitary specimen of the breed left in
the vicinity of the great city which took its name from the
products of their wonderful dexterity.

BLEEDNOCH.

ET to my mind none of these traditions bear
the impress of truth so plainly as the one
they used to tell about the name of the
Water of Blednoch. According to the
most popular version, it got its name at the
time of the great battle of Torhows or Torhouse as they call
it now.

Aldus McGaldus the great King of the Picts, as was his
duty as general, was rampaging about the field of battle like
a mad bull, slashing the Danes up into spaeals, and cheering
up his warriors till at last he hagged a road through the
enemy and reached the banks of the Water, and he was
amazed to see that the stream was flowing red with the blood
of the Danes, who were now in full retreat. Being, like all
true heroes, a humane and merciful man, he was shocked at
the extent of the carnage thus revealed to him, so he got
up on a big stone, and cried to his warriors,—

‘Stop fechtin, for there’s blood aneuch noo.’
The Picts stopped, and let the remainder of the Danes escape to their vessels, and in commemoration of this act of clemency the Water was called the Water of Bloodaneuch, but as people’s tongues change in the course of ages, the name got gradually corrupted, first into Bledaneuch, and latterly into Blednoch, which name it retained till within the last few years, when it took a slight attack of Gentility, and since that has frequently figured in the newspapers and elsewhere as Blednock.

I have often wondered how the Pictish king happened to address his soldiers in Lowland Scotch, but probably kings then, as now, understood a variety of languages, and the soldiers of course being ignorant creatures, would be obliged to understand the word of command, whatever language it was delivered in.

**THE STANES OF TORHOUSE.**

EALOUS Antiquaries, strange to tell, have not yet succeeded in manufacturing the Standing Stones of Torhows into pigsties and byres ‘for their better preservation,’ as they have done with most Galloway antiquities; and so they stand there yet, an enduring testimony to the authenticity of the ancient traditions of the district.

In my young days there used to be four stones standing on the high side of the road, and twenty three on the low side of it, and they were arranged in a circle.

The tradition about them was that in those ancient times the Picts, when hard pressed, formed themselves into a ring and defended themselves in that way from attacks on all sides, and as soon as they saw a weak place in the ranks of the enemy, they lengthened the ring into a triangle or wedge and forced a way through their opponents; and it is recorded
that the Galloway men or Albanich as they called themselves, who were the descendants of the Picts, fought in a wedge-shaped phalanx at the battle of the Standard in eleven hundred and something.

Well, it happened that the Picts at Torrhows were like to be beaten at one time, and were obliged to form a circle, and there was a most desperate struggle till the king came up with assistance, and a great many of the chiefs or great men, who fought in the front rank, were killed by the Danes.

When the battle was over and they assembled to bury the dead, a great stone was set up wherever any of the chiefs fell fighting, to mark the spot, and it is said that there were originally sixty stones, one for every chief killed, and the place was therefore called Torrhows, which means something about a burning-ground, though I never heard it said that any of the chiefs were buried at the stones.

It was said at one time that the Laird was going to hoke them all up to send to Edinburgh, to try if they would give him F.S.A. to put to his name, but I think it hasn't been done yet.
RETRACTION.

T one time it was the custom in the Burgh of Wigton, when anybody was found guilty before the magistrates of slandering their neighbours, or raising false reports about them, to punish the offenders by making them stand up on a cart in the market-place, on the market day, and confess their guilt in presence of the person slandered, the magistrates, and all the people assembled. They had also to repeat the report they had spread, and declare that it was false, and cry out in a loud voice 'Fause tongue, A lee!' meaning probably, 'False tongue, I lie.'

This custom was discontinued before my time, and the following was said to be the reason it was given up.

One Friday, when all the people were assembled to do their marketing, a decent looking man mounted the cart, and a crowd soon gathered round to enjoy his exposure, and hear the scandal, which was the whole talk of the town.
He had been found guilty of calling some better-class kind of woman a 'Limmer' and a Thief; and according to custom she was present, and all the magistrates along with her, to be witnesses of his confusion and punishment.

As soon as a good crowd was collected, he pointed to the woman by name, and cried out in a loud voice:—

'Yinst I ca't ye a Jaud an' Thief,
As mony in this worl' there be;
But noo I ca ye an honest woman.—
Fause tongue, A lee!'

The cure proved worse than the disease, and the crowd roared and laughed tremendously; and the lady being most desperately affronted, was obliged to faint and be carried home, while the man in the cart pulled off his hat and made a low bow to the magistrates, who were completely dumb-foundered at this unexpected turn of events; and they were so much jibed and taunted about it that they allowed the custom to fall into disuse, for fear the bad example would be followed, and the lower rabble would cease to respect their natural superiors, that it had pleased the Lord to set in power and authority over them, for their good.

CHOOSING A FARM.

OWLOCK is the Shire name for Stinkin-weeds, or what the English call Ragweed or Ragwort. They thrive best on rich light land, and do not grow well on heavy, damp, or poor soil; and as the farmers in Galloway depend chiefly on their turnip crops for making their rents, they prefer good bowlock land, for what will grow bowlocks is sure to grow good big turnips.

It is popularly believed all over Galloway, that the Fairies grow them for horses; and when they require a steed
to bear them on a journey, they select a big bowlock and change it into a horse at the word of command.

Until the Ayrshiremen came down no farmer almost would cut them till after Halloween, for fear the Fairies had need of them; and as Halloween was the great Fairy festival, there were lots of bowlocks wanted then, and people liked to have plenty of good strong ones to please the Fairies and get their goodwill.

One time an old Farmer of the name of Mucklewham, (said to be the brother of the famous Vicar of Lesbury, Northumberland, who died at the age of 140), came down from Kirkcowan into Sorbie to look after a farm that was to let there, for he wanted one for his eldest son, who accompanied him, both being as usual on horseback.

Old McIlwham was blind, but he wasn't stupid, and when he arrived at the grun, he told his son to lead the way, and go all over the place till he came to what he thought the best field in the farm, and then to come to a halt in the middle of the field.

The son did so, and old McGillwham said to him,—

'Noo Peter, ir ye sure this is the best field on the grun?'

'I'm sure o' that, faither,' says the son.

The old man jumped off his horse and gave the bridle to his son, saying,—

'There then, Peter, tak my beast an' tie't tae the biggest bowlock ye can fin.'

'The biggest bowlock!' says Peter, 'there's no yin on the haill farm a fit high.'

'No a bowlock a fit high!' says the father, 'gie me the beast, an' let us be gaun; it's no a farm for aither you or me; we maun look oot for yin some ither gate: no a bow-loch a fit high, the starved hole,' and away they went.
DEATH IN THE CUP.

URES for Drunkenness were tried in this country long before Good Templarism was ever thought of, but though they carried all before them for a time, they soon lost their effect again, under the influences of our natural tendency to do wrong, fostered by the 'good' example shown in the matter by the representatives of religion and respectability.

A good many years ago there was a great Teetotal mania spread from Ireland all over the country, got up by a priest they called Father Matthew, and of all the unlikely places in the world, it spread to Stranraer, and even one or two of the very Orangemen joined it—for a month or so.

One market day, Jock McHarg, a drucken kind o' buddy belonging to Leswalt, came into the King's Arms, and ca't in a gill of whiskey. Two farmers were in the room squabbling over the price of a stirk, and one of them, Peter Milvain, had turned teetotal, and was drinking wine.

As Jock poured a little water among his whiskey, and raised the tumbler to his head, Peter said:—

'Stop, John,' d'ye ken what ye're drinkin?'

'Na, man!' says Jock, 'I dinna; but I hae a gey guess what I pey't for.'

'There's death in't, John McHarg; dinna sup it,' says Peter in a solemn voice.

'I'll tak yer advice, Peter,' was the reply, 'I never sup whuskey man, I aye drink it; here's luck,' he continued, as he swallowed about the half of it. 'I do declare, Peter Milvain,' says he, 'ye're richt this time; there is death in't; I hae droon't the miller. Lass!' he continued, 'fetch us another jill, an' we'll see if we canna pit life in him again.'
SACRED MELODY.

AVID MILWEE was a joiner, and he lived in Kirkcowan, and being an Elder of the Cameronians he was a horrid religious man, and fearful attentive to all the ordinances of Christianity.

If he had been an Elder of the Establishment he wouldn't have needed to be religious, seeing that the General Assembly has decided that personal piety is not necessary in an Elder of that Kirk, which may be looked on as a blessing; for if it was, I doubt the Eldership would often gang a-begging in most parishes; but however, Davie couldn't have got to be an Elder in the Establishment onyway; for he hadn't a big farm, and he wasn't a laird, and they blamed him with nae chance weans. Although he wasn't a big farmer, he had a bit grun, and keepit two kye and a beast; and he had his joiner's shop ower the top of the cart shed, and he had a great haunt on the Sunday mornings, of retiring to the shop for meditation and prayer, before setting out for the kirk; glad to be out of the way of the wife's temper—and tongue maybe.

One Sunday morning Peter McVinnie, the new apprentice, happened to be sitting on the shaft of the cart in the shed watching the lasses gaun by, at the time David was engaged in exercise above, and he heard what he thought a strange but familiar sound; strange, though familiar, for him to hear there on a Sunday.

After listening awhile in astonishment to make sure there was no mistake, he ran away to David's wife, and said,—

'Gude guide us! Luckie Milwee, but the maister's gane wrang in the head; he's up in the shop yonner sawin' away like the very Mischief.'
‘Sawin what, Patrick?’ says the wife.
‘Sawin wudd—timmer tae be sure,’ was the reply, ‘he has been sawin yae deal after anither this half-oor an’ mair.’
‘Never sic a thing,’ cried the wife, ‘oor man wudna touch a saw on a Sabbath-day; na! no tae mak a coffin itsel! he never did sic a thing in his life.’
‘He’s dooin’ noo onyway,’ says Peter, ‘just come an’ hear him yersel.’

The wife went to the shed, and was amazed to hear it quite distinctly, and she ran up the stair horrified, with her een rolling in her head, and rushed into the shop crying,—‘Dawvid MacIlwee! whatever ir ye doin’? sawin wudd on a Sunday!’

David was standing in the middle of the workshop in an extacy, with his hand stretched out, and his mouth wide open, and his een up to the riggin; and he took no notice of the wife, and never let on she was there. She had seen him in the same way before, and so as soon as she had satisfied herself what he was about, she slippit canniely oot and shut-to the door, and came right down the stair and attacked the apprentice.

‘You born gomeral!’ says she, ‘he’s no sawin ava! he’s singin the Aul’ Hunner, you fule!’

‘Singin!’ cries Peter, ‘he’s nane singin, I tell ye; he’s sawin dails, so he is.’

‘Sawin dales! you heathen-lookin brute!’ cried the wife, getting angry, ‘dina be mockin at religion that way, or some jooggement ’ll come on ye; the Saunts in heaven sing nicht an’ day for evermore, you gumptionless eediwut!’

‘Singin!’ says Peter, ‘d’ye ca that singin?’

‘Aye! singin!’ quo she.

‘If they sing like that in heaven, there’ll no mony bide,’ says Peter, ‘they’ll think they hae got into a sawpits by mistak, an’ come richt back again.’
Luckie Milwee broke the Sabbath pelting him with peats, and very nearly said some bad words at him besides.

PATRICK.

Of the three kingdoms is supposed to have a particular set of prevalent Christian names peculiar to itself, and among a certain class a Scotchman is spoken of as Sawney, an Irishman as Patrick or Paddy, and an Englishman as a Geordy.

It is believed moreover that certain names also prevail in particular districts, and in Wigtonshire the name Patrick was perhaps the most common, particularly among the gentry and farmers; and it was never considered Irish.

Since so many of the natives have been driven out to other countries, and the Ayrshire and Irish immigration set in, it is however not nearly half so common.

As may be noticed in reading this book, Patrick and Peter are considered synonymous; Patrick being used as the Sunday name, and for signing documents and such like; while Peter is the everyday name for common use, but they are often used indiscriminately. Pate is the diminutive for both, and never Pat or Paddy, which are still considered the particular property of Irishmen.

CIVILITY.

OLK brag now-a-days about their superior civilization, but they’re no half sae civil as they used to be; everybody has turned so awful genteel that they daurna be civil for fear they would damage their gentility.

If ye gang into a genteel kirk now, and ye’re a stranger, if the beddal thinks ye’re some grand person that’ll maybe slip him a shillin, he may stap you into some empty seat
near the door; but if ye’re poor-lookin, and no very weel put-on, he’ll no see ye, an’ ye maun just look out for a seat for yersel, with the chance of some genteel saint coming in late, and asking ye to ‘sit somewhere else, for that’s my seat.’ But when I was young if ye gaed into a strange kirk, folk were rising oot o’ their seats on baith sides o’ ye, and beggin ye tae tak them, and everybody was trying wha to get the stranger in beside them; and if they didna leave room for themselves they would gang and get themselves a seat elsewhere, and they didna seem to think themselves a bit the worse for doing it. If ye had forgotten your Bible or couldna get it out quick enough, ye would hae mair Bibles and Testaments put into your hand in half a minute, nor ye ken’t what to do with. Catch them lending ye yin noo, or even allowin ye tae look on!

The first time I was in Kirkcowan Kirk, I gaed frae Penninghame to hear a new minister preachin, and I was rather late and the kirk was very full. They were singin the Psalm when I went in, and I was just lookin for a seat, when the Laird of Carseriggan rose up, and came and asked me to oblige him by taking his. He then put me into it, gave me his Psalm-book, and went to look for a seat for himself, all as a matter of course. He couldna get one for a long time, and he had to stand till after the sermon began, the kirk was so full.

Catch a Laird doing that now! but how can we expect them? they’re all more than half-English now, and the maist o’ them brought up in London, and a hantle o’ them. Episcopalians into the bargain; but they’re puir ignorant priest-ridden objects the maist o’ them, an’ maybe expect a near cut to heaven that way, ridin in their carriages to escape the company of the lower rabble by the road, though they’ll maybe hae tae let a few o’ them in wi them for flunkies.
PRAYING IN VAIN.

GREAT numbers of French prisoners were brought to this country about the time of the wars, and several of the officers who were out on parole, visited among the gentry, and were objects of great curiosity to the country people. Ye see they dressed so queerly, and all wore whiskers and moustaches, which no person with any pretensions to Christianity had ever been known to wear; and besides, they talked some queer kind of outlandish gibberish, as bad to make out as the worst kind of English.

Just about the time of the Battle of Waterloo, a wheen wives were gathered up in Aul' Peggy McKerlie's in Garlieston, and the discourse turned on the wars; and Peggy, who had seen some of the Frenchmen about Galloway House or somewhere, and had noticed that they were stout-looking fellows, remarked:—

'Man alive! but they're desperate-looking devils; my certes! they maun be bad tae kill.'

'Hoo dis't happen then, Peggy?' says Barbara McQuhae, 'et the British is aye victorious, an' beats the French every time.'

'D'ye no ken that, Babby?' was the reply, 'hoo can the British be beat, and the Lord at their back? haesna every reg'ment a minister or twa, an' they aye pray tae the Lord tae help them, afore they gang intae action.'

'An' do the French no pray too, Peggy?' says Babby.

'O! I daresay wull they!' was the reply, 'but puri gabblin buddies! hoo could the Lord understan' them? the dear kens hoo they manage tae understan' yin anither?'
ON OR FOR.

AVING made up a party for an excursion to the Mull of Galloway, Mrs McEwing, a genteel farmer's wife, or rather a farmer's genteel wife from Stoneykirk, whose husband's name was not McEwing but McKeown, had the family conveyance packed with part of her family and the governess, while she packed the rest of them into the conveyance of Mrs Corkran, whom she had invited, though not genteel, so as to get the use of the machine for her friends and the remainder of the family.

When they got near to the Auchness, Mrs McEwing drew in alongside of Mrs Corkran and said,—

'I think, Mrs Cochrane, we had better stop a few minutes, and call for Mrs McCulloch.'

'Deed!' says Mrs Corkran, 'I think we'd better do naething o' the kind; ye hae nae room for her, an' naither hae I; and Mr McCulloch's awa by tae the toon wi their machine no twa hoores sin: I'm no wantin her besides.'

'O! you're mistaken,' was the reply, 'I didna propose to take her with us; I merely meant to call for her.'

'An' what ir ye gaun-a-do wi her when ye get her, if it's a fair question?' says Mrs Corkran.

'You misunderstand me, Mrs Cochrane, was the reply, I merely intend to call and see her.'

'Could ye no 'a' said sae then?' says Mrs Corkran.

'What gart ye say ye were gaun to call for her, when ye only settled to call on her? that's your fine English, I suppose; an' forbye my name's no Cochrane, but Corkran; there's nae Ayrshire aboot us, deed!—we're Scotch.'

Mrs McEwing was mortally huffed, and tossed her head, exclaiming,—
'What ignorance!' and drove on past the Auchness in silence, and so this momentous question still remains unsettled—in Galloway at any rate.

**LOCAL LANGUAGES.**

It is a popular belief in Galloway that the language changes every four miles, and there is a good deal of truth in it, for there is a great deal of difference in the speech of the different parts of The Shire, one dialect prevailing in the Machars, one in the Muirs, one in the Rhins, and another among the Fingauls of Kirkmaiden, and the one takes off the other and makes fun of them.

The side next the Stewartry, I think, speaks better Scotch than the Western side, which gives a stronger Irish twang to it, till a stranger is apt to get confused west of Stranraer, and wonder which side of the Channel he is on.

Lately however, the whole talk of Galloway is rapidly getting spoiled by a mixture of the lowest Lanarkshire Irish, Ayrshire Irish, and Liverpool English, elegantly embellished by the addition of the Glasgow snivel, which makes everything they say sound as if they wanted the roofs of their mouths, and had somebody holding them tight by the nose all the time they are speaking.

One of my sons tells me the natives in Hong Kong speak in an exactly similar manner, and he thinks that if a Chinaman and a Glasgow woman were in the dark and snivelling together, even the great Max Muller himself, or the verra Mischief, couldn't tell which was which.

Accordingly a stranger travelling through Galloway would now hear real natives say *Joke* for *Jock*; *Scoetch* for *Scotch*; *jist* and *jeest* for *Just*; *eyl* for *oil*; *minn* or even *munn* for
MOON; twoe for twa; ain for yin; ee for yae; flaer for floor; care for cure; mulk for milk; fill for fool; Tom for Tom; home for ham; kite for quoit; huz for we and us: —ugh! I hate to come ower them.

And then they have brought their horrid Glasgow-Irish-English grammar into Galloway too, to make things worse, and in defiance of all rules of Scotch, English, or any grammar but that of the Keelies of the High Street, they say I seen for I saw; we been for we were; I been for I was; them things for those things; that is mine's and them's mines's for that is mine and these are mine; he has went for he has gone; I'm better as you for I'm better nor you, and a lot of others in the same strain; and as for swearing, in some places ye would think ye had got in among a parcel of English, the way they curse and carry on,—to prove their gentility, I suppose. Ye wudna hae heard an oath in a twalmonth when I was young.

We used to have a rhyme or saying, when we lived in Penninghame, that we cried at the Machars folk when they came to Newton-Stewart to the fair or the market; it was supposed to hit off the peculiarities of their language.

"Luk in the n'yuks,  
An' g'yuim me the cruk,  
Or A'll hit ye on the face wi a raid blaizin pait, so A wull.”

That is about as near the way they pronounced it as I can make it, but it is very difficult to give Scotch vowel sounds with English letters, none of which have any distinct or definite pronunciation.

About Penninghame and in the Stewartry they would have pronounced it something like this:—

"Look in the n'yuoks,  
An' gee me the crook,  
Or A'll hit ee ae face wi a reed blezin peet.'
and they would have left the 'so A wull' out altogether, for they don't use that expression regularly, only in the Machars and among the Fingauls; and there it is never out of their mouths; indeed it is quite common to hear a lad or lass, when refusing to do something, declare emphatically:—'Na A'll no, so A wull.' The pronoun I is invariably pronounced A, like the 'a' in 'adrift,' 'astir,' and similar words; and it is pronounced this way over all Scotland and the Northern counties of England—in short wherever the Anglian tongue or race prevails.

In the Saxon parts of England it is pronounced 'I' as in 'time,' and in those parts inhabited by people of Keltic origin, which my son tells me, contrary to the common notion, will be about three-fourths of the whole, it is called 'I' also; and words ending in Scotch in en and in are called 'ing,' as chicken, golden, thinkin, speakin; which they call chicking, gelding, thinking, and speaking,—showing that the 'ing' in all cases ought to be considered a corruption.

In this book the pronoun I is always left in its ordinary form, but the correct way to pronounce it in Scotch is invariably A short.

THE BITERS BIT.

OKERS are sometimes vexed by their own jokes, and biters occasionally get bitten themselves, and even the Grim Messenger himself once got a hold of a man that was too many for him.

It was a Newton-Stewart man, one James McDill, and he got into debt, and the creditor took him up and sent him off to jail. He was sent in charge of Black Jock Lamont, and John Barron the King's Messenger in Newton-Stewart, and they took him into the Grapes Inn to wait till a conveyance
was got ready to convey him to Kirkcudbright Jail—for Jamie lived at that time on the Minnigaff side of the water.

The creditor was there too, and was venting his spite on him and abusing him, and while they were waiting he called in some drink, and bread and cheese for the company, paying for it when it came in.

He filled out drink to the two Messengers and himself till it was all done, but never asked McDill if he had a mouth; and when bread and cheese and all were finished, he turned the dish and the glass empty over to the debtor, and said with a sneer—

'Help yersel, Jamie.'

James rang the bell, and ordered half-a-mutchkin of whiskey, and filled it out to himself and the others; and when it was done he ordered another and another as long as they would drink.

By and by the gig drove up to the door, and when they rose to go, no one seemed inclined to pay, till at last the landlord came in and looked as if he wanted his money.

'Now then, Jamie,' says the creditor, 'pay your reckoning.'

'Na! na!' says Jamie, 'I hae nae reckoning to pay; you bid me help myself, and I helped myself and you both; I'm your prisoner, and you will have to bear my expenses; so pay it yoursel.'

The landlord laughed and the Creditor said some bad words, but it was no use, and he and the two Messengers had to pay it among them.
A YOUNG DETECTIVE.

IRK COWAN used to be a terrible place for peatmosses, and everybody burned peats, and hundreds of folk there never had seen a coal in their lives.

When my father had the farm there, a piece of our moss was set out for the two cotmen to cast their peats out of, and we noticed that one of them, who was a little short man, cast a great lot; while the other, who was a lang man, cast very few, and the lang man was often warning my father and stepmother to look sharp after the little man in the winter time, for he was a deevil for stealin peats.

When winter came it was plain to be seen that somebody was helping themselves at our peat-stack; and in consequence of this, my father was very sharp with the little man about his work, though he didn’t say anything about the peats to him.

We had a great moss-root—a fir one—laid at the end of our peat-stack for a Yule-Log, and someway it disappeared, and could not be found naewhere, till one day I was in the lang man’s house, and I saw our Christmas-Log under his bed, and I told our folk when I went home.

My brother Thomas and my step-brothers said they would soon settle wha stole the peats now, and they spent all the forenicht boring holes in peats and filling them with poother, and then stuffing up the mouths of the holes; and when they had enough ready and the morning’s supply had been brought in, they carried them out and laid them in the mouth of the stack.

In the morning my father went down to the lang man’s house to give him some instructions, and to watch for results; and
when he went in lang-legs was just finishing his breakfast, while the wife was busy baking, and had the girdle over the fire with some bread on it.

While they were talking, one of the peats played pluff, and blew a cloud of asse into the floor; another soon gave a bigger pluff, and scattered half the fire; and then two at the back blew up together, and liftit the girdle off the crock and cowped it on to the hearth, and sent all the bread to pieces. The wife got very red in the face, and the man looked queer, but they said naething; at last my father remarked,—

‘They’re unco strong peats, thae o’ yours; I can understan’ noo hoo ye cuist sae few o’ them.’

‘Dinna say another word about it, gudeman,’ says the cotman, ‘I’m no gaun tae steal ony mae o’ yours.’

LOGAN PEAT-LEADING.

ONG ago it used to be one of the terms of the leases on the Logan estates in the Rhinns, and it very likely is so still, that the tenants are to give the laird so many days' leading of peats, for the use of his house, every year; in consideration of which service, the laird bound himself to give each peatleader his dinner every day he was leading; and it was specially provided that this dinner was to consist of a farl of bread (oatcake) and a herring for each man.

In those days the peats were all brought home in creels on the horses' backs, and at the dinner hour the beasts were all tethered out to graze on the green in front of the castle, while the farmers sat in the middle and devoured the bread and herrings, which they had to fetch from the kitchen for themselves, neither knives forks nor plates being used or thought of.
On this particular occasion, the laird was, unlike his successors, a very penurious man, and had a great aversion to beggars; who, however, were not so plentiful as they have become since the Poor-laws have come into force,—and he made it a point never to give one of them anything. He happened to be sitting at the open window looking at the farmers at their dinners, when a strange beggar-wife and weans came forward, and marched up right under his nose and asked for an alms, telling a lamentable account of her poverty and misfortunes.

McDowall ordered her off, but she wouldn't stir, but begged and prayed and coaxed and flattered, but she couldn't draw a farthing from him; then she jibed and scoffed at him and taunted him, till she made him flee into a fury, and order her off about her business or he would set the dogs on her.

The beggar-wife went into a fury to, and turned on him, and called him everything, and gave him a terrible tongueing, and cuist up his meanness and meersery, and asked him how he would like to be in her position, with so many wee fatherless weans to support and naething tae do 't wi:

The laird had never been addressed in this way before, and he was struck dumb with amazement, and thought it was a dream; while the farmers were horrified, some of them expecting the earth to open and swallow up this audacious woman, speaking that way to a laird; and all of them looking for some terrible judgment to fall on her devoted head—all but one, who was a McDowall himsel, and had a lot of pride about him.

To their amazement however, the earth remained as it was, and nothing happened the presumptuous woman, though the way she rampag't and randy't was ower anything; and this McDowall, who had been four or five times out of the parish,
and one time all the way at Glasgow, had got some high-
flown notions about him, and thought himself above the 
bread and herring; and even carried things so far as to 
bring his own dinner with him, and turn up his nose at the 
good cheer the laird had been pleased to provide, and didn't 
even go to the kitchen for it.

This man got up from his dinner in the middle of the row, 
and marched right off to the kitchen, and demanded eleven 
farls of bread and eleven herrings, corresponding to the 
number of days he had been leading.

The cook stared at him and thought he was mad, and 
asked him what he wanted with so many; but he said they 
were his right, and she must just hand them out, and never 
mind what he wanted with them.

When he got them he came out with the great armful of 
bread and herring, and walking up to the beggar-wife where 
she stood stamping her feet, and swinging her arms about 
like the sails of a windmill, and abusing the laird, and curs-
ing every hair of his head; he ordered her to hold out her 
apron, and cowpig the whole lot into it, and told her to be 
gaun wi' hersel.

The laird was astonished at his insolence, and was terribly 
angry, and demanded to know what he meant, and how he 
dared to give that bread and herrings to the randy woman 
before his very een.

'Laird!' says the farmer, 'I haena etten your denner 
sin' the leadin begood; and that's my eleven days' denners; 
an' I think the woman's no oot o' need o't wi a' thae weans.'

'You impudent villain,' says the laird, 'how daur' ye tae 
gie her' t?'

'I daur do onything that's richt, laird,' says the farmer, 
'the bread was my ain, an' I can do wi' what I like: an' 
let me tell ye, laird, ye're the first McDowall ever sent ony-
buddy hungry frae the door, an' I'm no gaum a haes the name disgrace't this way: hoo could I look onybody in the face after't think ye?'

Everybody look't for a flash o' lightnin comin doon to slaughter him on the spot, but he was kin to the laird, and so nane cam; and forbye, the laird, considering nae doubt that he was his ain flesh and blude after a', let him off and didna pit him oot o' his farm.

However, when the next leases were made out, the peat-leading was still continued as a condition of the tenancy, but the bread-and-herring was left out.

HOW TO GET THE HOUSE A NAME.

MOST of the McDowalls however were just the other way, and everybody had a good word of them.

Colonel Andrew McDowall, though an awful proud man, was terrible kind-hearted, and couldn'a hear of anybody ill off without helping them, and very often people came and made a poor mouth and plundered him when they had no need. When my man had the typhus fever he showed him great attention, and after he got better he went to Logan to thank him for it personally. After luncheon, he took him all over the grounds to show him the improvements; for he was a great man for planting trees and flowering shrubs, and draining, and things of that kind. In showing the place off they had to pass the back door, where he had a lot of fuchsias growing out by, and he noticed a great lot of vegetables and turnips and sma' potatoes lying scattered about wasting.

He cried out the cook, and asked her what all these things were lying about there for, and she made some excuse,
and said she was very busy, and hadn't had time to get them lifted yet.

'Well!' said he, 'you pick them up now, and clean them, and put them in a pot, and boil them with a bowlful of barley and a big beef-bone; and give a good basinful of broth to every poor person that comes to Logan, and Logan'll get a good name, and all the poor people in the country 'll draw to it. It's you wasterous cooks that get people's houses their bad names;—when I was abroad, I lived eight clear days on two pounds of bread and an ounce and a half of mutton, and I would have been glad to have had these to eat; and what kind of state were the poor men in then, when the officers had come to that?'

PARISH MINISTERS.

NOBODY in Galloway likes to say anything against ministers because the common saying declares that "Ministers are black craws to shoot at."

This is one of the many remnants of Popery still kept up about the clergy and their performances, and the superstition of the country takes it for granted that if one finds fault with anything a minister says or does, however wrong or wicked or vicious it may be, Heaven will certainly visit their profanity with a judgment, to show its wrath and anger at any interference with a sacred sinner, whose divine appointment covers all fleshly failings from the vulgar eyes of ordinary mortals—or ought to.

The truth of the proverb is devoutly believed in Galloway yet, and many instances of judgments from disregarding it are given; and it is no wonder that something does whiles happen folk that expose the sins of the ministers, for they are said to be the bitterest, cunningest, and most unrelenting
enemies that a man can have, and it is affirmed that they will stick at nothing, however mean and unprincipled, to ruin anybody that exposes or opposes them. They preach strong about Christian Charity, but they dinna practice it.

Of course they are not all bad alike, for among a number of men of any class there is always an odd one or two different from the rest, and so even among ministers we'll whiles light on one just as good and kind and straightforward and religious and upright as if he wasn't a minister at all.

And that puts me in mind of another proverb that's just as true as the other, and it shows off one of the characteristics of the clergy finely.

It says 'As caul' as Christian Charity at a Minister's door,' and the beggar wives declare it is caul' there, for deevil-hae't's the maist they get; unless the minister be's a Free Kirk yin, and then, they say, it's warm aneugh, in the shape of a muckle savage dog lowpin and barkin fit to rive a pair buddy to pieces.

Dissenting ministers however are mostly a great deal better, but whether it is because a great many of them are Dissenters for conscience sake, or whether it is because their congregations have some power over them, I'm no in a position to say.

KEEPING A SECRET.

NCE upon a time there was a man lived at Barnsallye near Glenluce, and he had some name like Douglas, or McDougal or something, but I'll no say for fear I'm wrong.

He was a cannie decent honest man when he was sober, but when he was the worse of drink he had a curious haunt of lifting everything he could lay his hands on, and carrying it off with him, it didna matter who was
present. Everybody ken't him, and when they missed any-
thing they just gaed away up the next day and got their
things back, and he always made them a sma' present to
keep them quiet; for he was terribly ashamed of it, and was
awfu' feared it would get to be kenned. There was one day
he was drinking in a public in Glenluce, and took rather too
much, and it set him on pouchin', but they were prepared for
him, and he could get naething but the bell, which he lifted
off the table, and put in his pocket, and carried off home.

Next morning the publican missed the bell, and so he
went off to Barnsallzie for't, and Barnsallie produced it at
once and returned it, and gave the publican a grand break-
fast, and was very kind to him; and before he went away
he made him a goodly present, and entreated him not to
mention anything about the occasion of his visit, which the
innkeeper solemnly promised, and took his departure.

As soon as he was out of the house he took a haunt to tell
all about it, and still he didna want to break his promise,
but come out it budst in spite of him.

On the roadside between Barnsallie and Glenluce there
were several houses, and by the time he got up to them, he
had brought himself to consider, that as he had got all he
was likely to get out of Barnsallye for this mistake, he might
as well ease his mind as not, and so he stood up on the road
before every house, and rung the bell furiously to attract
attention, and as soon as the folks were gathered about, he
cried out in a loud voice:—

"If ye'll no tell, I'll no tell,—
It was Barnsallie stole the Bell."

And so the thing got out, and the rhyme became a by-word
all over the country.

Another time he was coming home drunk, and he fell in
with a web out bleaching, and he took it by the end and
trailed it all the way behind him on the road, and spoiled it, so that he had to provide a new one in place of it.

In spite of this queer haunt, he was well liked and a good deal respected, for everybody knew he couldn't help it.

CANDLES.

POP

PEOPLE were not allowed to make their own candles when I was young, but had either to buy them ready made, or send the fat to a chandler's and get them dipped, for which they had to pay two-pence per lb, and there was a duty on them.

The farmers having plenty of fat, used to make their own on the sly, and our folk used to do so too like the rest, and didn't see anything wrong in it.

We used to make ours by hanging the wicks on a stick, and dipping them into the tallow, melted in the kail-pot; hanging one stickful on a whummel'd chair to dry, while another stickful was dipping. There was always warm water put in the bottom of the pot to keep the fat fluid, and the fat was kept just melted, because if it was too hot it didn't stick to the wicks, and if they were kept too long in the pot, or the fat too warm, the former dippings were just melted off again. As the fat cooled, more warm water was added to keep up the heat, or the pot was set on some red peats on the floor; and while the performances were going on, a watch was usually set to give notice of the approach of strangers, every one of whom was suspected of being a gauger in disguise.

Our folk used to keep their contraband candles hid in a place made for the purpose, under a particular flag-stone in the kitchen floor, and I mind of once they were found out.
My Step-mother's uncle happened to be badly in the house, and one of the lasses had to wait on him and nurse him, for which my step-mother gave her a plaiden petticoat off the end of the web, and a quantity of linen off the twilled linen web, and the makings of a pair of stays.

She was an Ayrshire lass, and a very good one. The other lass was also given a petticoat for doing the extra work, but she wasn't contented with that, and she stole the Ayrshire lass's petticoat and wore 't.

One day when lacing her stays for her, I noticed this, and told my step-mother, and she told Ayrshire, and Ayrshire kicked up a terrible row, and called the other lass everything, and gave her a complete good thrashing, and then my step-mother turned her off, and would neither keep her to the term, nor give her a certificate, so that she would be obliged to go to the fair to hire, which was thought a great disgrace then; for in those days, nobody would hire a lass at a fair that could get one anyway else, and so it was only those that had no certificates who went there.

She went off raging fearfully, and said she would have her revenge on them all,—and so she did.

Accordingly about a week after, two gaugers entered the door, and walked right up past the fire, and went to the very flag-stone and lifted it up, and harled out the candles and carried them off; and my father was fined £5 for having them in his possession.

A NOVEL OFFENCE.

Characters used to be plentiful about Kirkcowan, for it was a queer place any-way, and old Uthred McCulloch used to be reckoned one of the queerest of them, and unlike most of the villagers he was a
One day he met the minister with a stranger person with him, who looked as if he hadn't been much at home about meal time.

The minister as usual stopped to speak to Uthred, and the stranger walked on before.

'Man alive! minister!' says Uthred, 'what's that ye hae wi ye this mornin?'

'O! that's Mr So and So,' was the reply.

'Maybesae! minister,' says Uthred, 'I wudna wunner but ye're richt; but ye should be carefu, an' mind ye keep oot o' the way o' the constables; for ye could be fined for lettin a suit o' claes wunner aboot that way, an' naething in them.'

**RHYMES.**

RHYMES of all kinds were common all over Galloway, but I canna mind them now when I want them. The weans used to say them among themselves, but everybody ken't them:—

``Carrick for a man,  
Kyle for a coo,  
Kinningham for butter and eggs,  
And Galloway for oo.''

That was one of them, and I saw it in a paper lately given 'Cunningham for Butter and Cheese,' but that is a new way of it, got out likely since they started cheesemaking.

There were some we used to cry at the Tinklers to make them mad:—

``Tinkler! Tinkler! tarry bags!  
Stinkin meal, an' rotten eggs.''

and another to cry at them when their weans were going past in the creels on the cuddy's back—
"The cuddy an' the creel,
Gaun tae the Deil."

There was also one to cry at the Soldiers, who then, as now, were mostly Irish:—

"Paddy wi the red coat, beatin on the drum;
Fire on the mountains, run! boys! run!"

I think it referred to the beacons that were placed on the hills when the French invasion was expected.

"Gather up! gather up!
I wud rather hae a guinea than a wun pound note;
For a guinea it 'll sink, and a note it 'll soon,
I wud rather hae a guinea than a wun pound wun."

I don't know what that one referred to, but it was likely something about substituting paper money for gold.

I don't know whether the next is a Galloway one or not.

"Manchester for gingerbread,
Cheshire for cheese,
Scotland for witches,
And Ireland for thieves."

Not very complimentary to Ireland certainly. Very likely some of the Rhymes would originally be the ower-words of songs.

A CAREFUL HUSBAND.

Several years ago there was a considerable village in Stoneykirk, called Altioig, but of late the big farms have been heavy on it, and the laird was afraid of paupers breeding there, and so there is scarcely a house left now. In its flourishing days there was a cooper lived there of the name of Andrew Neilson, a descendant of the ancient
Neilsons of Craig-Caffie, and the Lord had blest him with a wife that was always deein, and never would dee aither. She dee't at last however, and the cooper was ter'ble weel pleased, for it took the maist o' what he made to pay for drugs and doctors for her; and forbye, they were aye canglin, for he had made ower much o' her when they were first married, and she never was satisfied with anything he did, but growled and cangled frae mornin tae nicht, an' frae nicht tae mornin. So ye may guess he was unco glad tae get rid o' her, and had a desperate grand funeral, and the whiskey was gaun like water, till everybody at it was better nor half-drunk—I'm no sure whether I should except the minister or no,—but there was naebody verra sober, for it was considered an insult to the family at that time, to gang awa sober frae a burial.

As soon as they were whiskied up to fighting pitch, the coffin was laid on the handspikes, the twa pipers set up a lilt, and off they gaed, stacherin alang for the kirkyard, makin the road nearly as braid as it was lang.

Whether it was the weight of the corpp or the strenth o' the whiskey et was ower much for them, I dinna ken; but onyway, things didna luck wi them, for in turnin the corner tae gang doon tae the kirk yet, they ran the coffin up again the stane dyke, and dang the end oot o't, and the life into the corpp.

The coffin hadna been verra weel made; and when it row't on to the road the corpp row't oot o't, and to the amazement of everybody it sat up on the road, and cry't—

'Ye'll pay for this, ye villain.'

The minister thought it was the deil come for him at last, and he fled for his life, and the congregation very speedily followed his example; all but two of the bearers that were dung donnert again the dyke, and the worthy cooper, who flew
into a rage, and kicked the bearers, crying,—'Confound ye for twa drucken hullions, just see what ye hae dune.'

He was terribly put-aboot about her resurrection, but there was nae help for't, only he said that his notion was et the general resurrection wud a been sune aneuch for her, but as things had fa'en oot there was naething for him but to cry some o' the folk back and tak her name again.

She soon got well again—or at least into her usual health, and she was as thrawn and bad to do wi as ever.

'Aye!' she wud say, 'ye were glad I was gane; that's a' the thanks yin gets; if I was yince fairly awa, ye'll no be lang till ye get anither.'

'Na! na!' he would reply, 'wud the Almighty be sae kind as relieve me o' ye again, it wud be a while ere I involv't mysel anither time; I thocht the deein wud a dune ye gude; but, gudeness alive! the fowr days in hell haesna made yer tongue ony better.'

'Daver ye!' says she, 'you shauchlin crowl, they wud cranch ye like a sp'yag if they had ye there, you puir gumptionless slunge;' and there they would carry on and tweelie till there was a perfect hell-upon-yearth atween them.

When she had lived for five years after her death and intended burial, she took very badly, and in spite of all the drugs and herbs and charms she could swallow, what does she do but die the second time; and to satisfy his mind, the cooper gaed into the room after she was laid oot, and prog't her a' ow'r wi a darnin' needle, for fear she wud come to again.

He keepit the corpp only two days this time, and stood ower the joiner a' the time he was makin the coffin, and when the funeral day came he gave the mourners very little to drink, and had a fiddler instead o' the twa pipers, for the wife had been fond o' the pipers, and he was fear't they had something to do wi her resurrection.
When they were carryin the corpp the second time to the grave, and came in sight of the scene of his former misfortune, the cooper took off his coat and threw't ower the coffin, and ran before them till he came to the corner, where he stood and waft't his arms as they came up, and cried out—

"For the love o Gudeness, haud off the corner this time; naebody wants her tae come back an' torment us the second time; haud off! haud off! for Gudesake be carefu."

They took great care, and got her safely into the kirk-yard, and lowered her into the grave, and Andrew slippit a half-crown into the beddal's hand, whispering—

"That's extra; fill't up fast, an' never let on if ye hear anything doon there."

When the grave was filled up he said to some of the bystanders—

"Come an' gie us a han', an' we'll lay this aul' thruch-stane on the tap o't; it'll settle the mools doon."

As soon as this was done to his satisfaction, he thanked them all for their company, and turned for home with a sigh of relief, uttering from the very bottom of his heart,—

"The Lord be thankit."

A CAREFUL WIFE.

Here are some old people in Mochrum yet, I daresay, that'll mind Captain McQuilliam the Skipper of the schooner Barcelona, better known as The Bread-basket, that used to carry wheat and potatoes and cattle to Fleetwood and Liverpool, and bring back hardware, and flour, and salt, and other combustibles, for the use of the natives and others in the Machars.

He was a good-looking young fellow, and had half the vessel of his own, and he used to dress up and go about
sweethearting when he was in England, and at last he got acquainted with a young lady at a Boarding-school there, and got her to run off with him.

He took a nice little house and garden for her at Port-William, and Missy, transformed into Mrs Mac, sat down to learn the mysteries of housekeeping, and she was a very willing learner, but she was awfully bothered how to follow out the instructions of her new friends and neighbours, and also of her husband, for although she could make out the most of what they said, she did not understand their idiom.

A short time after they were married, the Captain had got a £5 note from a farmer for freight, and being the first bill that was paid him after the wedding, he gave it to the wife, saying,—

‘There, hinny! tak that; we maun be careful, ye ken; lay that by for a sair fit.’

‘A sore foot, John,’ says the wife, wondering, ‘is it good for that?’

‘Aye, deed!’ says the Captain, laughing, ‘it’s the best salve for a sore foot I ken o’; tak good care o’t, ye’ll fin use for’t some day yet.’

The wife had never seen a Scotch note before, and didn’t know what hidden virtue might be in it; and as she had heard a great deal about witches and charms she hid it carefully away, mentally resolving to give the charm a trial.

A week or so after, an old beggar wife came in hopping, with one foot rowed up in a clout, and Missy asked her what was wrong with it, and was told it was awsome sair.

‘Just sit down a minute,’ says she, ‘I have something will soon cure your foot,’ and she brought out her £5 note.

Taking the rags off the old wife’s foot, which had nothing visible wrong with it, she carefully put the note round it and tied it up with some clean rags, and giving the old lady
a penny, told her to be sure and call the next time she came round, to tell what benefit she had received from the paper plaister.

The old wife called her a fool in her heart, but laid on the butter and honey very thick, and after raining down showers of blessings, took her way rejoicing.

She wasn’t a dozen yards from the door when the cure began to take effect, and she was soon able to walk with perfect ease, so much so that she felt under no necessity of begging any more that day.

She turned her steps towards Wigton and the cure progressed by the way, so that she was able to reach Wigton that night and exchange her plaister for twenty shillings to Cochrane the Dealer, and maybe there was na a bit spree at the lodging house.

One week the Captain came in to the port with some sugar for a grocer there, the rest of his cargo being for Chapelrossan: and as he had come from the Lancaster side, he brought a good supply of beef for the wife, beef being bad to get thereabouts in those days, for there was none for sale, and his wife was constantly raming for some, and as things were, she budst have it.

He cut it up for her into pieces of about two pounds each, and told her to salt it away; remarking that there was ‘twa pun to put against every kail-stock in the garden;’ meaning that there were as many pieces as kail, and that one piece of beef and a kail-stock would make a day’s broth.

The Captain sailed the next tide, and the wife salted it and put it away; and when she thought it would be salt enough, she got the spade, and digging proper holes, planted one of the pieces of beef at each kail-stock in the yaird.

The village dogs soon found them out, and the beef didn’t last long.
About the harvest time the Captain got a crock of butter from his father, a farmer in Glasserton, and when he brought it home, he said—

‘There’s a pig of butter for ye, and ye maun keep it for the Lang War Day.’

The Lang War Day is the month of March, when butter used to be very scarce and dear, but she didn’t know what it was, and didn’t like to ask.

Some time after, a very tall packman walked into the house and began to display his wares, and the wife was struck with the length of him, and thinking he was long enough for anything, the butter-pig came into her head, and she looked up at him and asked,—

‘Are you the Long War Day?’

‘Deed am I, Luckie,’ says the packman, thinking she was joking, ‘I’m the Lang War Day sure aneuch.’

‘Well then,’ says she, ‘my husband has a jar of butter set away for you, so you can take it with you to-day,’ and she brought it out to him.

He didn’t want to take it, but she insisted, as it was in the way, and so he had to carry it off with him. She got to know better after a while.

RESURRECTION.

A time Resurrecting was anything but uncommon in Galloway, and they used to lift many bodies about the Rhinns to send to Glasgow to the Doctors, and when it got to be known, the people used to watch about the graves of their dead friends for about a week, so as to frighten away the Resurrectionists.

Valentine Gilmour that lived in Scotch street in Stranraer was said to be one of the worst of them, and got the credit
of lifting many a body, and as he was a very big strong man, few folk liked the notion of tackling him.

Valentine's mother was a Fingaul, and his father an Irishman, and he had been some years in England carrying the pack, but some way or other he had come back without making a fortune, and with a strong dislike for work, and settled in Scotch street, so called I suppose, because Valentine was the only person in it at that time, who could boast of any Scotch blood.

One time a lass of the name of Milroy died in Stoneykirk, and was buried in Kirkmadr ine, and one of the friends they ca't Sawney McClurg undertook to watch the grave night after night, for he swore he could fly ony Resurrectionist under heaven into fits.

Accordingly he went to the kirkyard after dark, with a white sheet rolled up under his arm, and when he got over the dyke he put it over him, and stalked up towards the grave as if he was a ghost.

Valentine had arrived about half an hour before him, and by the time the ghost appeared, he had got the coffin out and broken open, and was stripping the dead-clothes off the corpp, for they always took the bodies away clean naked, for fear the law would get a catch at them for stealing the cloth or strings.

As soon as Valentine noticed the ghost coming towards him, he laid down the corpp, and taking the dead-clothes put them about him, and marched off to meet the spectre, which seeing the opposition ghost and taking it for a real one, was nearly frightened to death, and was just going to turn and flee, when Valentine spoke in a hollow voice, and said—

'What are you doing hero disturbing the dead?'

'O! sir,' says Sawney, recovering a little, 'you're come to watch, and I've come to watch too.'
'Aye!' says Gilmour, 'you're come to frighten, and I've come to frighten; so we understand one anither.'

'Yes,' says Sawney.

'Well then!' says Gilmour, you go to that side of the kirkyard, and I'll cower behind this stone, and if any of the villains come, it'll be quare if we don't give them a fright between us.'

Sawney went and took up his position as required, and Valentine slipped off his winding sheet and crawled back to the grave, got the corpse into the sack, and carried it off in safety.

In the morning, Sawney McClurg was horrified to find the grave he was watching all night, empty, and the coffin sitting beside it, and the white cloths lying beside the gravestone where he left the ghost.

This adventure completely took the brag out of him, and ye may depend he heard plenty about the Kirkmadrine Ghost.

A HAUNTED MAN.

Valentine lived to be a very old man, and after he got to be about sixty years of age, he got so frightened he durstn't go out after dark, and durstn't be alone after the sun-set, either in the house or out o't.

Folk said it was because one night he went to resurrect a Baptist Minister, that died somewhere about Stranraer, and when he was hoking out the body, something appeared that gart him gie ower and rin, and made him he would never resurrect more.

They said that the ghast, or whatever it was, tell't him it would never leave him alone, but when he had naeither company he would always hae it; but naebody could get
out o' him whether it was the Dipper Minister or no, or what it was; for he was very shy of mentioning it, and he wasna gude to cross.

However the talk was, that the minute it turned dark it was there at his side, if there was naebody wi him; so that he wudna bide alone on nae account.

A WRAITH.

RAITHS used to be very common all over Galloway, and there's lots of them there yet, though a great many folk now-a-days dinna believe in them.

I canna say but I believe in them a little mysel, though I'm no very superstitious, but yin meun believe their ain een sometimes, let the ministers say what they like.

I canna account for them, but there's mony a thing för-bye wraiths, that naebody can account for oay mair nor me.

It is generally thought that if ye see onybody's wraith in the morning, that they'll be long levers; but if ye see them at night, they're gaun tae dee thereckly.

John McGurl was a cótman about Killumpha in Kirkmaiden, and used to take a kind of general charge for the farmer, and look after things when he was from home.

One year Mrs Anderson, the farmer's wife, went away to Ayrshire to see her father, a Mr Ralston somewhere there-away; and the time she was away, John was gaun through the close after dark one night, to take a look at the horses, and see that everything was right; for the out-houses were a good way from the dwelling house, maybe three hundred yards. When he was crossing over from the byres to go to the stable, he saw a white woman coming towards him, which he thought was very like the figure of Mrs Anderson,
and he wondered if she could have come back unexpectedly. She came quite close to him, and he saw plainly it was her, and stopped to speak to her, but before doing so he turned round his head, to spit out the chow o' tobacco he had in his mouth, and when he lifted his head again there was nothing to be seen.

He got an odious fley, and durstna gang into the stable, but took off hame instead, and had to swallow nearly half a mutchkin of whiskey before he came to again.

Next night word came that Mrs Anderson was dead: having died suddenly.

CHRISTMAS SUPERSTITIONS.

MAS comes but once a year, and when it comes it brings a lot of Episcopalian super-
and Papist nonsense along with it.

Just fancy a lot of Prelatic Englishmen getting drunk and gambling for the glory of God, and spuing beer and buns till ye can hardly walk on the streets, and swearing and fighting like deevils incarnate, to please the Church Priests as they call themselves, and all to show respect to the birthday of their Saviour.

Nae wonder the Galloway folk say the English hae nae souls; it wud be a pity if they had, I think.

We’re getting a lot of this Episcopal nonsense in Galloway now, and I daresay in anither fifty years we’ll a’ be Papists there, if we’re living.

It’s an awsome day there wi the Papists at ony-rate, and they hae queer carries-on, some of them nearly as bad and ridiculous as the Episcopaliens; ye wud think they were learning free them.

I have heard it often said that they take cuddies into their chapels on Christmas eve, and sing hymns and say Latin
prayers to them, but I never saw ocht of that mysel. It seems the cuddy is a kind of sacred beast amang them, because it was on a cuddy-ass that Christ rode into Jerusalem, and that's the reason that so many Irish have cuddies. They punish them weel for't noo onyway.

I have heard that the cuddy he rode on was very lazy, and he asked for a stick to gar't gang faster, and some one handed him a green bracken stalk, and he lashed the cuddy wi that, and kept it moving; and that's the reason that you find the initials J.C. in every bracken stalk when you cut it across.

They say that Christmas is the day that the Papist Priests weigh the people's sins for the year, and tell them the weight, and then pardon them at so much an ounce.

I have also heard that if anybody goes to a shed, or stable, where there is a cuddy, on the Christmas eve, they will find the cuddy on its knees praying away like mad, but they say it's very dangerous to disturb them then.

There was little Christmas keepit about our house when I was young, only we used to have a great big old tree root provided for a Yule Log, to keep the devil away that night, and we set it among the red asse on the hearth, and biggit it round with peats to make a grand bleeze.

I never heard it was for anything but just to keep away the devil.

I think now he would be ower busy helping the Priests to hae time to fash us.
PORTNESSOCK.

Young people in Kirkmaiden now-a-days could hardly tell you where Portnessock is, and the majority of them would declare they never heard of such a place, even many of them that live in Portnessock itself.

Like a great many places in Galloway it has turned genteel and changed its name, and they call it Portlogan now.

Col. Andrew McDowall of Logan got a grant from the Government to construct a harbour there, and they say there was £17,000 spent over it, and a grand pier built, with a lighthouse on the end of it.

The harbour was about nine feet deep at low water, inside the pier, but there was a rock at the pier head that the contractors neglected to blast out, and the Colonel made them blast it after the pier was finished, and they did it in such a way that it shook the pier to pieces and spoiled the harbour. He went to law with them, but to no purpose except spending a lot of money. His son let the harbour go to wreck, and the pier is mostly gone now; and there is scarcely nine feet of water in it at high water of Spring tides.

It might be made a splendid harbour by putting a breakwater across the mouth of the bay; and if half the money had been spent on it that was wasted over Portpatrick, it would have made one of the finest harbours in the West of Scotland.

The natives were not very well off, being too lazy to fish, and there being little else for them to do.

Like most Galloway villages, there used to be a rhyme for crying at them to make them mad,—
“Portnessock is a bonnie place,
It lies beside the sea:
If 'twas na for the paiky-dogs
Portnessock folk wud dee.”

Paiky-dogs are dog-fish, and nobody eats them, and the rhyme meant that the Portnessock folk were that hard up they were obliged to feed on them. Bonnie place was the English for Dirty Hole.

The Portnessock folk had rhymes also, to cry back again; one I mind was for the Logan folk, who lived a good deal by 'cabbaging' about the big house:—

“Pratas an' leeks,
Lang kail an' cabbage;
Up wi the Portnessock lads,
An' doon wi Logan baggage.”

There was another one they had to cry at the folk Logan Mill and Chapelrossan, and down thereaway:—

“Kill the bull on Sunday!
Kill the bull on Sunday!
Steal the meal to mak yer brose,
An' kill yer beef on Sunday.”

There had been a miller at Logan Mill that had a sick bull, and he killed it on the Sunday, for fear it would die by the morning, and then they couldn' hae sell't the beef; and some of the folk about there got the blame of helping themselves to the meal at the mill whenever they got the chance.

There was another rhyme for crying at the Killumpha folk:—

“There's muckle splay feet in Killumpha,
There's noses set on wi a gleay;
But what can ye look for o' Kyloes
That's fed upon pratas an' whey?”
The farmer in Killumpha was an Ayrshireman or Kyloe, and he fed the servants on potatoes and whey, and so the natives thought him hard.

There was another rhyme they had to cry at the folk from Mountsally, The Moill, and Portgill, to vex them:—

"Porky pouch! porky pouch! haud away hame,
Although ye were maikit ye'd never think shame."

There was a herd thereabouts they ca’t Clark, and instead of giving his lads bread (oatcake) and cheese, or bread and butter to the school for their dinner, he gave them bread and slices of pork between them, and this being new to the natives they made a rhyme about it.

A THRAWEN SET.

OOGOLEISTS would scarcely sanction the classification of the Portnessock folk among the Natural Order of Mules, but ordinary mortals would be apt to reckon them among that lot.

About the time the harbour was finished there was a great traffic to it from Ireland with bullock-boats, for it was a far safer and better harbour than Portpatrick, and very easy to take; while Portpatrick was dangerous to enter except at particular states of the tide, and with particular airs of the wind; and so Portnessock began to be greatly frequented, but the miserable appearance of the village was very much against it, for it consisted of a long row of one storey houses close to the shore, so low in the roof that an ordinary sized man had to stoop to get in at the door of them; and the road to the pier and to Mulldady ran in front of them along the high water mark.

Colonel McDowali built a grand three-storey house at one end of the row, with rooms ten feet high inside, and he pro-
posed to build the whole row the same way to make the place look grand; so he offered to either 'buy their 999 year tacks from them, and give them money for their houses, or give them new 999 year tacks with larger gardens a bit farther up the hill, and build new houses for them, better than the ones they gave up.

But the most of the folk were purse-proud with so many navvies living with them, and greedy for three times as much money as their places were worth; and so they threwed with him, and would neither sell nor shift. After he had tried all sorts of ways to come to a bargain with them, in vain, he threwed too, and built a great battery ten feet high, right in front of the row, and about twelve feet from the houses, as an improvement, and put the road on the top of it, and completely shut out their view of the sea.

He also built new houses on the hill for them that gave up their houses on the shore.

However, he got so disgusted with them, that he let the harbour go to wreck, and never would do anything more for the village, and in a few years the purse-proud natives became so badly off that they were on the point of eating one another, and nobody pitied them.
'WEE ANNIE.
(From the Galloway Gazette.)

As the parson was married, and hadna a' wean
To mak his fireside blithe an' happy,
A wee orphan lass to his bosom he's taen,
To wile aff his heart frae the drappie.
Her father, they said, just afore his decease,
Left a hunner a year to her cannie;
But 'twas only for love he adoptit his niece,
An' no for the wealth o' Wee Annie.

Her stammack was weak, for the lassie grew lank,
Though folk whiles saw them offerin meat till her:
Deed! they wusht her to leeve, for he put in the bank
Every twalmonth the feck o' her siller:
In his name, to be sure, but that wasna for gain,
Though the siller micht come to be han'y,
For this wife, deed! micht dee, an' the next hae a wean,
Or some man micht rin aff wi Wee Annie.

The pride o' his heart was a white tappent hen,
An' he spent sic a lot on its keepin';
'Twas as dear as the perishin' sinners' men,
Thae drawbacks attached to a stipen'.
The wife, though! took badly; 'twas thocht a decline,
Till the Howdy broughht hame a wee mannie,
That stole a' the love o' the pious divine,
An' closed up his heart to Wee Annie.

The hen took a fit; it attemptit to flee,
But it scarceley could manage to flutter,
Then naething wud serve the puir brute but to dee,
So it tumblit back ower in the gutter.
' We were needin a fowl for the youngster ye ken,
It'll mak him nice soup,' says the grannie,
Says the parson, 'some rogue micht hae puzzion't the hen;
So we'd better try't first on Wee Annie.'

The wife cook't the hen, set it doon to the lass,
Wha cram't hersel nearly to burstin';
Though they grudg't every bite, they allowed it to pass,
For trial was safer than trustin.
' We hae wastit as muckle good meat, do ye ken,'
Next mornin' was whisper't sae cannie;
' For the gipsy has verra near finish't the hen,
But the hen hasna finish't Wee Annie.'
CHAPTER VI.

WHA'S DEAD.

ULD Nanny McBryde, the Howdy in Leswalt, had a great haunt of sounding her own praises, and one day she met auld Phœmie McWhirter coming alang singing like a lintie.

"Phœmie," says she, "whatna noise was that ye were makin?"

"O, hinny!" says Phœmie, "I was just singin a verse or twa o' an auld sang to wile away the milestanes:—

"O! cam ye a' the road yer lane,
Or did the cuddy draw ye?
O! I cam a' the road my lane,
An' the cuddy never saw me."

"Singin!" quo Nanny, "was't singin ye ca't it? if you was singin, greetin maun be dreadfu.'

"O! maybesae," replied Phœmie, "there's nae bird sings bonnier than a young craw—tae its mither, ye ken: but whaur hae ye been sae early this mornin, gin I may speir?"
'O! I hae been up by there at Mrs Murdoch's, purir buddy; she had an unco bad time o'it, but she got a fine son; a most desperate case it was; there's no mony doctors could a manag't it; but ye ken the experience I hae haen, an' there's some folk has mair gumption nor ither, ye ken.'

'O! aye,' says Phœnie, 'I hae heard o' that aften aneuch; but did ye meet a burial on the road?'

'No! Wha's dead?' cries Nanny, astonished, 'a burial at this time o' the mornin! wha can be dead an' me no sent for?'

'O! Nanny,' was the reply, 'I thocht your trumpeter was dead, when ye had tae blaw yer trumpet yersel this mornin; I didna hear o' onybuddy else.'

AULD BARQUHANNIE.

ARWHANNNY was a farm town down in Kirkinner somewhere, and there was one Peter A'Boe in't that was an unco droll buddy, and full of queer sayings, many of which were current all over the country.

He was known as 'Aul' Barwhannie.' He had a son they ca't Andrew, that was a desperate dullbert, and could learn naething, and they didna ken what to do wi him.

Ae forenicht the gudewife and Peter were discussing what they would make of the boys, and they settled a' about Tam, and Rab, and Pate, nicely; but when they came to Andrew, the gudewife said,—

'I dinna ken, gudeman, what we'll do wi oor Anra, he's sae stupit; he haesna the gumption o' a cuddy.'

'I doot, gudewife,' says Barquhannie, 'he's only a gom- eral; but we can mak a minister o' him; he aye do for that, if he's gude for nocht else.'
'Weel Peter, that's yae comfort,' says the wife, 'but it's no fair tae gie the Lord a' the trooshloch; could we no mak him a Writer?'

'Na! na!' says Barwhanny, 'he wud never do ava; like ither fules he's honest: an' forbye, I want nae thieves in my family; the A'Boes were aye respectable.'

One of the men they ca't Charlie McGill took badly, and was like to die, and Barwhannie gaed alang tae see him, and Charlie was makin' a terrible narration and lamenting odiously.

Barquhanny sat down on the bedside to comfort him, and this was the comfort—

"Ye're verra ill,  
Charlie McGill!  
I'm terrible fear't ye're gaun ower the hill.  
But dinna fret; wherever ye may gan',  
Yer cog an' spune 'll do anither man."

One time Barquhannie was ill himself, and the minister came to see him, and after talking a while about the weather and the crops and the last scandal, he put up a prayer; and in praying he asked repeatedly that the Lord would take his servants—meaning Barquhanny and himself—"into Abraham's bosom;" a favourite expression of his.

'Tak ye tae Abraham's bosom! you haveril!' says Barwhanny, 'ye wud be as weil at yer ain fireside; an' as for me, I'm no gaun.'

'Ye maun talk respectfully about religion, Barwhanny,' says the minister, 'the Lord might visit ye wi judgment.'

'Religion!' says Barwhannie, 'wha wants tae talk about religion an' nae meal in the hoose? an' I think I hae been visited wi jodgment aneach, when they sent the like o' you to fash folk.'
He was one year away ower in the Rhinns, and he hired a young lass down in Stoneykirk, and she turned home-sick, and was always greetin.

Barwhanny came-on her Gowlin ae day, and said till her,—

'I hae bocht a wheen hens frae yer mither, hinny! an' she's tae sen' them aff the day; ye'd better rin awa ower an' meet them at the Genoch, an' get a lang talk wi them on the road.'

The Genoch would be nearly twenty miles off; but the silly lass got her shoon ower her shouther, and set off to hae a talk wi the hens, and wud a gaen a' the road, only ane o' the ither lasses ran after her and turn't her back.

Another day he was killing a sheep, and he had a young Englishman helping him, that had run away from some vessel at Blednoch water-foot, and hired himself for the harvest. Geordy was a great braggart, and by his own account knew all about everything, and he was bouncing before the harvesters—for it was a wet day—how much he knew about sheep, till they thought he had been brought up a sheep-farmer at the least.

There were some strangers from Wigton in the house, and Tam the son, was entertaining them, and Barwhanny cuts off the head and examines the mouth, and then gives it to the Englishman, saying with an air of concern,—

'Goodness alive! here's a business; tak this awa in tae Tam, an' tell him he has made a horrid mistak, an' gart us kill somebuddy else's sheep: just look there, tell him, this yin hae nae front teeth up aboon, it caunna belong tae us.'

Geordy went and did so, and was answered with a roar of laughter, and Tam explained to him that nae sheep had front teeth in the upper jaw, ony mair nor this yin.
THE SHORTER CATECHISM.

Catechisms, or Question-Books, or The Carritches, as they used to be called, were the plague of our life when I was at the school; and we could oftener say parodies on the Questions than the proper questions and answers themselves.

I have forgotten the most of the Improved Version that used to be popular in the school, but the following may serve for a sample:

**Question.** What is the chief end of man?
**Answer.** Tak aff the pot an' pit on the pan.

**Question.** What is Repentance unto life?
**Answer.** Tak up the beetle an' fell the wife.

**Question.** What is Sanctification?
**Answer.** An aul’ wife makin dumplins in a basin.

**Question.** What is Adoption?
**Answer.** An aul’ wife hotchin.

**Question.** What is prayer?
**Answer.** An aul’ man wi gray hair.

I never heard who inventit them, but boys and lasses ken't them everywhere.

There were also bits of religious rhymes, but many of them were rather coarse for modern tastes, now that prudery is considered more necessary than virtue. One of the commonest of them was—
"That's metre, 
Says Paul to Peter; 
Roast a herrin, an' I'll eat her."

I suppose some of the big boys at the schools would make them up for devilment, though I have heard that they were mostly made by the Episcopal preachers that were forced into Galloway at the time of the Persecution, to try and turn the Covenanting religion to ridicule, and laugh the Presbyterians into Prelacy.

BAD TO PLEASE.

DCTOR MC MILLAN of Whithern used to tell that when he first set up there, a big drainer of the name of Milroy came to him to have a teeth pulled. The teeth cam oot wi' the first throw o' the instrument, and instead of seeming grateful he looked quite disappointed-like; and when the bleeding had settled a wee he asked the Doctor his charge.

'A shilling,' says the Doctor.

'A shillin! a shillin for that!' cries Milroy, 'it's a perfect imposition! Patie Gilchrist the Bluider pu't us three or four times roon the hoose by the jaw wi' the instruments for a s saxpence; an' ye'll chairge a shillin for pu'in 't oot that easy.'

MUIRLAND HOSPITALITY.

CENTRIC people were far more common in Galloway in my young days than they are now, when naebody seems to live for onything but tearin an' rivin frae their neebors, an' actin the hypocrite. Deed! folk's just turnin for a' the worl' like as mony English.
There were two brothers of the name of McClure had the farm of Airthfield in the muirs of New Luce, and they were kind of eccentric baddies, but awfu kind and hospitable; and if they fell in with a stranger travelling through the Muirs, they always made him come to the house and have at least one good meal before they would let him take the road again. While the stranger was eating, the one brother was always insisting on him eating more and more, while the other was always houtin him down, and telling him how well the stranger had done that way already, while all the time he himself was keepin up the stranger's plate with whatever was on the table.

I mind of one time I was travelling that way barefooted, with my shoes and stockings in my hand, as usual in those days; and when I came near the Airthfield farm-house, one of the McClures came out and spoke to me, and asked me if I had any news. I would be about 11 or 12 at that time. I said 'No, I had none.'

'Come awa in then,' says he, 'nae news is gude news; come awa in an' hae your denner; I'm sure yer faither's dochter's richt welcome.'

I went in, and in a short time the brother came in, and brought two cattle-dealers that he had catch't on the road somewhere; and as soon as he appeared, dinner was set on the table, and we all fell to voraciously. When the first rush was over and we had time to take a breath, one of the brothers said to one of the dealers—

'Dash on! Mr McCutcheon, dash on!' meaning him to eat away.

'What ir ye dashin at, Wullie?' cries the other, 'the man's dashin as well as a man can dash,' and wi that he lifts a great lump of beef and puts it on the dealer's plate.

'Ye're always invitin Mr McCutcheon to eat,' says the
other dealer, giving McCutcheon a wink, 'but ye never in vite me.'

'In fact, I think I've no need,' says Wullie, with a gris 'for you're doin surprisingly.'

'Aye surely!' added the brother, 'I think he has etten great much,' and then there was such laughing.

THE FACTOR'S GHOST.

ACTORS don't often get to heaven, if popular opinion on the subject is of any value; and it would almost appear as if the Logan Factor had determined to make himself a notable example of the accuracy of the belief, for his ghost was said to wander about the roads between the Auchness, and Balgown and Logan; and it was reported to appear frequent, to those who thought he had oppressed them—for Factor are supposed to be always oppressing somebody—but people were shy about telling their experiences in spirit matter for fear of the Laird.

Old Wull Muir told his though, and he said that on night he was coming from the Ardwell Smiddy, he fell in with the Factor's ghost nearly at the Logan road-end, and i made up to him, and walked first on the yae side o' him an then on the ither, and then a step or twa afore him, gesterin' an' carryin' on, an' makin' signs, as if it wantit him to speak to it; but Wull wudna utter a word.

'Aye!' says Wull, when he was tellin' about it, 'it bekin' an' it boot, an' it gaed on, an' caper't aboot like som French dancin'-maister, tryin' tae gar me say something tae but I had nae notion; I thocht it might maybe be the De tryin' tae temp' me, in the shape o' the Factor; but, think I, ye've got the wrang soo by the lug this time, for I'll spea
ane; ye'll no come Paddy ower me that way,aul'man; an' wudna gie him a word, but I keepit a gude haud o' the pulter I had ower my shouter, tae brain him wi't if heffer't tae lift a finger; but hoever he had mair sense, an' y the time we got through the Blaeberry he had sober't oon a bit, an' was odious doon-in-the-mooth lookin, an' slid ot o' sicht a' thegither when we cam tae The Brig. Im A ure it was him! Ir ye sure this is me? if it wasna him it vas the Deevil got into his body, that's a'; but be it what t like, he's welcome to mine too, if ever he gets me tae gang at nicht doon that Blaeberry again, unless I'm on the botside o' a horse's back. Ye dinna believe I sawocht? verra weel then, dinna; but if ye hae ony doots o't, gang the nicht, an' tak a dauner doon that way yersel.'

NEW DRESS.

LENLUCE Sacrament used to be a great gathering, next I daresay to Staneykirk Sacrament, only there wasna the wickedness and drinking carried on, or the rioting and fighting that used to be at it; there was just a great gathering of folk from all parts of the country, to meet their friends and acquaintances; something like a fair, only there was an awful sicht o' preachin, and there was nae Cheap Johns or Shows.

Ae year a lass they ca't Meg Thoburn came ower for me to gang to Glenluce Sacrament wi her, and of course we were dressed out as grand as possible, and we both had on new blue pelisses, which were all the fashion at that time; things made of cloth, something like a short riding habit, only open down the front.

We had to pass Thoburn's door, and old Thoburn was a
lamiter, and he was sitting out at the hollon-tree before the
door, watching the folk that went by to the Sacrament.

After we had passed, somebody else came up and accosted
him.

'What news the day, man?' for like other lamiteris, old
Thoburn was reckoned as good as a newspaper.

'O! nase news,' says he, 'but there's Maria and Our Meg
awa by wi their New Balloons en.'

The people were amused, and told everybody about the
New Balloons, and in a short time 'New Balloons' became a
bye-word in that part of the country for any new-fangled
kind-of grandeur.

**HOLY NELLY.**

HOLY NELLY belonged about Stranraer, but
she was brought up in Ireland, and spoke
very strong Irish, much stronger even than
they do in Stranraer. I never heard her
right name, and I think she wudna get Holy
Nelly for ony religion there was about her, for she was a
most awsome sweare—ye wud a thocht she was brought up
in England.

She was a kind o' gangeral buddy, and gaed about wi a
basket an' sell't things, or exchanged them for eggs, which
she took to Stranraer an' sell't to the shops.

She was always talking to hersel when she was gaun
about, an' she used to hae such queer sayins, every yin of
which was prefaced by an exclamation of 'Holy Nelly!'—
whence her name.

Speaking one day of a friend that was abroad, she said,—

'Holy Nelly! owr Frenk's abrodd, and the Lard knoows
af I'le ivvor see him aggin! Wheer iz he?—Holy Nelly!
 isn't he away rownd the Tup's-horn, wheer the orishons
groows.'
Another day she went into a house on her business, and offered to exchange some needles, thimbles, cotton-balls, &c., for eggs; and she wouldn’t be denied the eggs, till at last they told her that they had no hens. She at once bundled up her basket then, exclaiming,—

‘Holy Nelly! no hins! thim that have no hins can have no iggs.’

Another time a farm wife that she had got a good bargain out of, said to her,—

‘Why, Nelly! you’ll be makin a fortune.’

‘Holy Nelly! a fortune!’ says she, ‘the divil a bit ov it. No! I’ll be off owt ov thiss; I cuddn’t stop in this cunthry wheer there kent be much made; Holy Nelly! no! I’ll lave it, be Jaysis, and go away to Mushie-hunk, wheer there’s wun pownds a day.’

GLUTTONY.

It would be about 1814, when I was a little girl, I was ower at Mrs Hannah’s at the Muill of Kirkcowan, and stayed for tea.

Another farmer’s wife was there too, and to take the shine out of her, Mrs Hannah brought out a grand new set of tea-things for the occasion.

They were rather large cups for the fashion at the time, and like all the tea-cups then, they had no handles.

After we had each drunk a cupful of tea, and I had made a good meal, I was asked if I would take a second cup, and said ‘No.’ The other lady was then asked, and said ‘Yes,’ and after getting it, she observed that Mrs Hannah took no second cup herself, and so she remarked,—

‘Ir ye no gaun tae tak anither cup yersel?’

Mrs Hannah drew herself up indignantly, and replied,—

‘No! deed no, Lucky! yae cup o’ thae’s aneuch for ony common buddy! they’re joost like bowls.’
HOW TO GET RICH.

JOHNNY HOSIER was an old Irishman, and he lived in a wee cot-house on the Water of Cree, and made a kind of living by working as a cobbler, and mending ploughmen’s shoos, and he had three sons and two daughters, and he made the sons grand scholars, and one of them got on to be an official in a bank about Glasgow or Greenock, or somewhere.

One night the bank was robbed and two of the clerks ran off to America, but they were catch’t and brought back again.

Young Hosier stood his ground, however, and when the trial came on this was greatly in his favour, and he was declared innocent; while the two clerks were found guilty and hanged; but the banks were not so sure of his innocence, and he couldn’t get employment in any of them, and so he had to come back home again.

In a short time after this the cobbler began to put up rows of houses in Newton-Stewart, and set up shops of various kinds, wholesale and retail; turned pig-jobber, bacon-curer, ship-owner, spirit-dealer, wool-factor, and in short everything it was possible to make money at.

Folk wondered where he got all the money, and there was an awsome talk about it, some thinking he had sold the ‘immense estate in Oirlandt’ he used to brag about; and others wondering if he had got his fortune from some defunct uncle in India; till at last a drucken squee of a fellow of the name of Jamie McTaggart attacked him in the public-house about it, and Johnny declared it was the devil had helped him to it.

Half-a-dozen drucken doylochs gathering in, he told them that one night he was going up by the Grange of Cree, wondering what he was going to make of the son that had come home;
when all of a sudden a gentleman dressed in black, with a vest buttoned up to his chin, and no stock or neck-cloth on, came up to him and began to talk to him, and drew all his troubles out of him, and the end of it was that he sold himself to the devil for twenty years for money; and as soon as the bargain was made, the old gentleman carried him through the air, and set him down in an old camp, about twelve o'clock at night; and told him to hoike, and he hokit, and found a mint of money, and since then he had always had more than he knew what to do with.

Johnny then called in two mutchkins of whiskey, and paying for it, told them to help themselves, and went out and left them.

The story about the devil was soon spread through the town and neighbourhood, and was universally accepted as satisfactory, and not thought anything out of the common, most people wishing they had got a chance like it themselves; and people were the more confirmed in its truth, as Johnny stuck to it on all occasions.

The minister soon got to know of it, and invited Johnny and the wife up to dinner, and folk begood to touch their hats to him, and call him 'Laird Hosier,' and some used even to joke him, and say,—

'What'll ye do, laird, when the deil comes for ye?' and he used to reply with a laugh,—

'O ! I'll give him Ebenezer.'

The daughters soon begood to look for grand men, and dressed most tremendously, till they were the haill talk of the country, and the grand lairds and wealthy men just as soon begood to look after them, to try if they could catch a fortune. One Sunday Jenny Logan saw them coming out of the kirk, after they came out wi' their grandeur, and she thus expressed her astonishment to her neighbours:—
'Lord keep me! I saw Babby an' Sawrah Hosier at the kirk the day; an' they had on silk gowns, an' I never saw the like o' them wi whorls an' tossils.'

One of the sons turned a great wool-merchant, and used to take all the farmers' wool at so much a stone, by the seven years; and if any of them sold a pound to a poor buddy for stocking-yarn, and he got to know, he would refuse to take the rest, and throw it on their hands; for no other wool-merchant would take it then at any price.

The Hosiers all died in a few years after they got rich, going one after another into consumption, and there's neither seed, breed, nor generation of them left to carry their name, or riches to posterity.

So maybe there was some truth in the Devil story after all, especially as the minister took so much notice of them after it came out.

TANNIELAGGIE LAIRDS.

IRKCOWAN, as I mentioned before, used to be full of curious characters, and there used to be twa aul' lairds at Tannielaggie that were as queer as ony of them.

They ca't them Milligan, and they were far-oot relations of mine, and I used to be often there when I was a bit lassie. They used to tell me that they were come of the auld auncient Gallawa chiefs, and that they were the descendants of the great Macrea Ap'Molegan, that fought for Baliol against Bruce in the thirteenth century.

Ap'Moligan they said had three sons, the eldest of whom was the father of the Galloway Milligans; the second took the name of McRae, and was father of all the McRaes, McCraes, McCraws, and Raes of Galloway; while the
the third took the name of McRath, and from him are descended the McCreaths, McRaiths, and McIlwraiths.

They also said that the family once had great lands at a place in upper Nithsdale, still known as Strathmilligan, which used formerly to be included in Galloway. I used to think they were bragging, and told them they were just like the Eerish, that tried to make folk believe they left grand estates in Ireland, to come over and hoke drains at tenpence a day in Galloway; and they were awful huff't when I said this.

Both the aul' lairds were terrible gude kind of buddies, and desperate kind-hearted; but they were most awsome miserable in some ways; for they would go all over the country wherever they could fall in with a meal of meat, to save the eatables at home, and enable them to hoard up their money; and all the time they allowed the servants to live on the best, and never grumbled, however much they ate, so long as there was naething wastit.

They were brothers, the one tall and the other short, and they always wore knee breeches, which were then-still in fashion. They went barefooted in the summer time, but not barelegged, for they wore hoshens, or stockings with the soles of the feet wore off them, or with no soles knitted to them; and there was a hole at the end of the foot part, to stick the middle toe through and keep them from flapping.

They had plenty of money, but were awfu sweer to spend it, and they had very little furniture in the house, just twa or three aul' chairs and close-beds, a settle-bed for the lasses, and a grand mahogany table; for they once went to a roup in Newton-Stewart, and whether they had taen some thochts of marrying, or what, I couldn'a tell; but onyway, they bought a mahogany table, which was awfully thought of, and great care taken o't.
I often stayed there for a week or two, and the servant lasses and me used to have great fun with them, they had such queer old-fashioned sayings, and one of them drawled most desperately when he was speaking.

One day I was there, they had been at Airiemown, which was a herd's house then, though it used to be a farm, and when they came home, the lass asked them if they wanted any breakfast.

'Na! nä!'' was the reply, 'we hae been at Ai-reyöw-nn, an' got our brë-ék-fast: aye! aye! the patäwtas at Ai-reyöw-n's vër-ra gude, but they're vër-ra smä, for they jeuk the mëll.'

The potatoes they had got for breakfast hadn't been well beetled, and they thought they were so very small that they slipped out from under the beetle when being pounded.

The lasses about the house used to plague them most determinedly, and would get up great quarrels in their presence about which of them they would have for husbands, and laid on one another with the spoons about them; while the two lairds would sit looking on, thinking they were in earnest, and quite pleased that the lasses had a fancy for them, all the time.

'I tell ye again,' äne of the lasses would say, 'the lang yin's the nicest, an' I'll hae him for a man, so I wull, an' the mahogany table.'

'Ye'll no get him, naither ye wull,' says the other lass, 'nor the mahogany table neither; I'll hae them mysel, for I'm the best-lookin.'

'You! you black lookin crowl,' says the first lass, 'ye would fly the French, so ye wud; but ye may tak him, there's naebuddy wants him; but ye'll no get the mahogany table, for I'll tak the short yin, an' I'll get the mahogany table wi him, an' I believe he's the nicest yin after a'; now!'
'You red-headed raughel, ye'll no get him, nor the table either,' cries the other lass, and then they would at one another with the spoons, and call one another everything; and then one of the lairds would cry out,—

'Gree! bairns, gree! for gudesake gree! I dinna like tae see ye fechtin' that way.'

There was anither of thae Milligans was laird of Barskaich near Kirkcowan.

But wi a' their queer ways, there's few lairds like them now-a-days, an' it's a great pity.

**CAUSE OF AN ECLIPSE.**

ONG ago Eclipses of the Sun and Moon just occurred when they had a mind, and nobody used to know anything about them till they came, and often knew little about them then, and cared less. Their approach wasn't trumpeted forth in the newspapers, as is done now-a-days; and if it had, few would have been anything the wiser, for newspapers were scarce and dear, and half a dozen farmers used to club up and get one among them, which they read first, week about, and then passed it along to the next in rotation; and the paper was often nearly a week old before the last one got through it. After that it generally was carefully hoarded up for future reference, and it was very seldom that a working man ever saw one.

When we were living at Baraar in Penninghame, there was a great Eclipse of the Sun, and nobody expected it; and I was out with the rest weeding turnips. It was the day Queen Caroline died, and would be about the 7th or 8th of August 1821. It got so dark that we couldn't see to weed, and the folk were most desperately frightened, and thought the Day of Joodgment was come, and they were in
a terrible way, and were looking about for the Angel wi the trumpet on a' sides o' them.

They talked together a few minutes about it, and resolved a' to gang hame and send for the minister to prepare them, and accordingly we a' went.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when I got hame, and the candles were lighted in the house, and the hens were all on the baiks the same as if it was night.

When the sun came oot again it was a sair relief to mony a faintin heart, I can tell ye; for they were sure it was the last day, and ower mony thought they were na ready. When the word came a few days after, that Queen Caroline had died that day, the people were that superstitious that they believed that it was on account of her, and the persecution she had suffered, that the darkness came on the earth, to show the anger of the Lord at her enemies.

SODA.

ANY of the articles in most common use now, were either very scarce or scarcely known at all when I was young, and Soda may be reckoned as one of them.

The first place I saw Washing Soda (Carbonate of Soda) was in Alick Shaw the Grocer's shop in Newton-Stewart. A farmer was in buying something, and Shaw was introducing the Soda to his notice as a grand new invention that would enable the wives to wash the clothes with half the quantity of soap. The farmer said,—

'I'll tak tippence-worth o't an' try't,' and he gave him a quarter of a pound; which would be eightpence a pound, just the price that soap was then.

Baking-Soda, (Bi-Carbonate) was used only as a medicine when it first came in, and it cost sixpence an ounce, and
after a time somebody found out that it was grand to put into bread (oatcake) to make it frush, and 'save the creesh'; and it soon became a substitute for butter, sem, and dripping for that purpose; for they could make short-bread with it, and use very little butter at all.

In course of time they learned to use it with buttermilk for flour scons, to make them rise, and latterly it has been used with Tartaric Acid for the same purpose.

When flour scons risen with Soda and Buttermilk first came in, they were called Sedan-Bread by genteel people, but the name is seldom heard now, and they are just called Soda-Scons again.

**OATCAKE.**

AEBUDDY pits Saut in Bread (oatcake), though they aye pit it in Scons, but I don't think there's ony fleet in't; they would pit nane in I think, because salt used to be so dear; and they'll likely pit it in Scons because it would be a great deal cheaper when they came into use.

It is not thought lucky to cut Bread into four farls the way they do scons, for fear of vexing the Fairies, so it is always cut into three.

A BRANDER. SCON. A FARL. BREAD. A GIRDLE.

Bread is usually made in Galloway by putting a quantity of Oatmeal into a large basin—usually a wooden one—about sufficient to make one girdleful, and taking a small piece of
swine-seem or lard, about two ounces, rubbing it up among
the dry meal. Then sufficient water is put in to make it
into a thick paste, and it is then wrought up with the hands
and well kneaded together; after which it is put on the
bakeboard on a little dry meal, which is worked up into it till
it gets stiff enough. It is then rolled out flat with a rolling
pin; cut round of a size to fit the girdle, and then cut in
three.

The girdle is a circular plate of cast iron, with a "boil"
over it and swivel attached, and is hung by a crook over a
clear fire; and when hot enough, the bread is put on, and
turned endways and sideways so as to get all cooked alike.

When one side is well hardened, but not browned, it is
taken off, and placed on a "toaster" before the fire, and the
uncooked side is well toasted, till the thumb-nail makes no
impression on it.

When one girdleful is cooking, another is got ready, and
is put on the girdle as fast as the other comes off, and so the
thing goes on till enough is done.

For common use it is made rather less than a quarter of
an inch thick, and for fancy use or to "astonish the ignorant
English," it is made about the thickness of a shilling, so
that it is necessary to eat nearly a farl to get a good mouth-
ful; but of course that depends upon the size of the mouth.

Some people make their bread with boiling water, and
think it is better that way; and a great many use soda in-
stead of lard; while many use the water alone, just as they
happen to have a liking. If well cooked—or ready't, as they
call it—and kept dry, it keeps quite fresh and good for a
couple of months.

In old times they used to ready it on a "Brander," a thing
the same as a girdle, only made of open bars instead of an
entire plate; made, I suppose, in imitation of the sticks they
laid it on, to cook over the embers, hundreds of thousands of years before girdles were invented. Some few use the “Branners” yet.

**PROOF POSITIVE.**

Once upon a time there was a boy lived in a wee thack house, close as o’ The Cascra (Cascrew Old-Luce, and they called he was an awsome bad schoolmaster used to tell him that it was impossible to learn him anything, for he had nae brains to learn with.

One day this boy was at hame, and working deevilment; and his mother was baking, and he liftit a handful o’ meal and begood to lick it; and his mother chased him, and he ran oot and she after him to take it frae him; for she said it would breed worms in him.

He said wi a laugh, they wudna hae lang time to breed; and wi that he ran to the aul’ castle, and climbed up on the wa’, and girned and laughed at her.

When he was very high up on the wa’, a stone he was holding by gave way, and he fell and lighted on a stone with the back of his head, and was dreadfully hurt.

When he was being carried home, some of his brains were coming out of his head, and they gathered them up, and put them in a dram glass, and set them by.

Several folk came to see him and sympathise with his mother, and she generally brought out the glass and showed them the contents, saying that “thae was some o’ Jamie’s brains.”

A few days after he was hurt, the Dominie came to see him, and he was very badly, and lying stretched out on the bed, and the folk just waiting on him—to die,—but whenever he noticed the schoolmaster he raised himself up, and point-
ing to the glass said,—‘Maister! ye said I had nae brains, but look in that glass an’ ye’ll see whether or no, for thae cam oot o’ me.’ And he fell back and died.

A NEW TEXT.

ATRICK McCUTCHEON was a kind of daft man that lived in Kirkcolm, or Kirkcurn as the natives call it, and he was an awfu’ ourious kind o’ buddy.

When he would meet any stranger on the road, he would take hold of them by the coat, and look up in their face, and say—

‘Eh! man! d’ye ken what the Deevil said?’

‘Na, man! I dinna,’ was the usual reply.

‘Weel then!’ said Peter, ‘I’d better tell ye: the Deevil said—“Depart from me ye cursèd of the Lord,” ha! ha! ha! ir ye yin o’ them?’ and Peter would go off laughing.

POLITENESS REWARDED.

UICK witted people are found in all stations in life, and even the very tinklers can take down a presumptuous dandy as cleverly as anybody.

I mind of hearing of Peggy Marshall, the wife of old Billy Marshall the king of the Gipsies’ grandson, how she was one day going to Stranraer with some tins carrying, and she fell in with two dandy young drapers walking along the shore towards Innermessen, and their young ladies with them.

One of them of the name of Cunningham, the son of an Ayrshire farmer, wishing to show off before the Boarding-school misses, made Peggy a low bow, and said,—

‘Good evening, Mrs Marshall; does your mother know you’re out.’
'O! aye, sir!' was the reply, 'an' she gied me tippence, sir.'

'O yes! I see; to buy a glass,' (whiskey) says the dandy draper.

'O no, sir,' says Peggy, 'it was tae buy a monkey sir; ir ye for sale, sir, if ye please?'

Young Skinnies-and-Whey got very red in the chokes, and said bad words; the lasses laughed at him, and the next time he walked out he went alone, and was not so condescending in noticing low people.

GOGGLE-IFICATION.

EARL politeness sometimes fares differently, if the following story is correct.

There used to be a Gauger in the Shire of the name of Maxwell or Manson, I forget which; and one day he was in Whithern he got information of a vessel lying in the harbour at the Isle, which had exciseable liquors on board—contraband of course, and in pursuance of his duty he went down to investigate the case.

The Captain had a guess what he was, and was uncommonly polite, and inquired his business, and on being told what it was, he said he was sorry he had been put to so much trouble, coming down there on a false information; he felt sure he would be much fatigued, and invited him down into the cabin, to have a glass to refresh him before he began his search.

As the Gauger, like most of his kind, liked a glass, he complied, and as they went down, the skipper gave his mate the wink to have things put safe a bit. He asked the Gauger what he would have, and he said—

'Brandy, hot.'
‘All right, sir,’ says the Skipper, ‘just allow me to get it ready for you; I guess it will take good eyes to find anything contraband in my vessel, so I’ll mix you a good stiff one, one dram for each eye, to improve your sight.’

When it was ready, he took it down and set it before the Gauger, and said—

‘Now sir, if you’ll permit me, I’ll get the hatches off for you while you drink off your glass,’ and then he went on deck.

The glass was a good stiff one and no mistake, and when the Gauger drank it off he found two guineas at the bottom of the glass, and someway or other, they managed to slip into his pocket.

Whether it was the strength of the brandy, or the weakness of his eyes that did it; or whether his information was false, was never known; but certain it is that the Gauger found no contraband on board that vessel. Captain Donnan landed a wonderful number of runlets of treacle next day, which were transported with great care in the night time to the houses of the various lairds and ministers in the district; though what they were going in so strong for treacle for still remains a mystery.

**SACRED MUSIC.**

SINGING - MASTERS and Precentors all through Galloway used to make use of popular rhymes for tune-lines, so as not to deconstruct the Psalms of David by using them to teach children to sing. They are not so mealy-mouthed now-a-days.

I used to know a great lot of these bits of rhymes, but I have forgotten the most of them fifty years ago.

This is one they used to have at the Singin-skules about
Kirkcowan, and other places too, I daresay, for I have heard it in Leswalt and Staneykirk—

"There was a man that lived in Uz,
They called him J O B,
And there was one he worshipped—
His name was G O D."

There was another way of it that some singin-maisters had—

"There was a man that lived in Uz,
His name was J O B,
And he was perfect and upright,
And feared G O D."

Some of them had not so much piety about them as that one, and there was often a great deal of fun got out of them, some of the scholars making parodies on them, and others making droll replies to them.

The following used to be a common one about Leswalt and Kirkcolm—

"There is a lass comes to our school,
She's always dressed in blue;
And if ye want to know her name
They call her Ann Agnew."

The following was a favourite one in Stoneykirk, but the Logan referred to it is in Kirkmaiden, but just on the border—

"There is a man on Logan lands,
They call him: James McBride;
And when he calls upon his dogs,
His mouth it opens wide."

He was rather bountifully provided in the mouth way any-way, and so everybody was amused at it.
Very often the Singing-nasters made the rhymes themselves; and still more often they took the rhymes they heard in one parish and used them in another, particularly when they had no "poetic genius" of their own.

As Kirkmaiden was said to be the last corner of the world that become civilized, the singing-lines lingered longer there than anywhere else, and some of them may even be in use in that quarter yet, that is if the lairds tolerate the presence of natives there in this age of expatriation.

Here is one that used to be a favourite among the Fingauls:—

"My wife and me do not agree,
The truth to you I'll tell;
She wytes me for three barley scons,
And eats them a' hersel."

Another way of it says "She blames me for eatin three barley scons, and eats them a' hersel."

One winter there was one John Milroy from the Gennan at the Singing-school, and he made a reply to it that took a place as a tune-line. He was just a young lad, and of course had no wife, and indeed never married:—

"My wife and me do not agree,
I wonder much at that;
There never was a better boy
Since pussy was a cat."

There were some McGaws about Dunman, and one of them was at the Singing-School, and the other young men used to tease them about a ship called the "Boston," that was wrecked there, and supplied all the Heehh-end with soap for many years gratis.

There was a tune-line made about it by one Jamieson at Low Carghie. —
"The Corbies of Dunman are black,
And very black are they;
But Boston soap will wash them white,
So let us sing away."

The Jamiesons were said to be greedy and inquisitive, and were known as "The Pyets" (or magpies).

Young McGaw made an answer which was usually sung to the next tune after "The Corbies"—

"It's true we're black, and very black,
And unco black are we;
I'm feared our eyes will be pyked out
By th' Pyets of Carghie."

I have heard the same rhyme in Kirkcowan, but it was rather altered,—

"The night was dark and very dark,
Not one stime I could see;
I nearly had my eyes pyked out
By Pyets at Carghie."

The was another lad at the same singing-school they called John McMaster, from the Clanyard, and he was late of coming in one night; it was the Friday night, when singing-schools are open to everybody, and the barn was crowded, and he could not get to his seat, and had to sit among the lasses.

Some one jeered him about it in a tune-line, and when his turn came, he got up and gave one out in reply to it:—

"Though I am the last, I'm seated best,
Among the ladies fair:
Though standers-by do me envy,
For that I dinna care."

John went out to Buenos-Ayres, and he fell out with the
from Portencorkrie to Castle Clanyard, was the awfuolest bit o' a' wi them.

There used to be a kind of half-daft buddy they ca't Wullie Gibson, that lived about the Damknowe, and he was awful fleyed for them.

One night in the gloamin Wullie was gaun ower to Clash-yerroch on the Clanyard grun, to see a lass he had taem a notion o', and his road was through the Balloch.

A man they ca't Samuel McColm was lyin abin a truff-dyke wi his collie, and the dog heard Wullie's fit and snarled a bit, but Samuel kept it in.

Wullie heard the noise, and lookit a' about to see what it came from; and he could see naething, and so he thought it was the Fairies; and suddenly recollecting that he had been playing cards the night before, and had them still in his pouch, he pulled them out and threw them frae him, and then cried,—

'There noo! Wullie Gibson! the deevil canna touch ye noo; the Fairies daurna fash ye aither, Wullie Gibson!'

Samuel gave a bit of a gulder, and the minute Wullie heard it he turned and ran, crying out,—

'Whussle Wullie! sing Wullie! dinna be feart! the deevil canna touch ye Wullie Gibson, ye hae nae cards noo! Whussle Wullie! sing Wullie! the deevil'll no grup ye the nicht till ye wun tae the Damknowe!'

Samuel roared and laughed, and Wullie hearing him cried out—

'Gracious! glorious! Wullie Gibson! whussle Wullie! sing Wullie! the Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want—Gude guide us! there it's again; whussle Wullie! throw stanes Wullie! whussle Wullie Gibson! fley awa the Fairies Wullie, for the deevil daurna fash ye.' What more he said was drown-ed by the flutter of his coat tails, as he ran for hame.
NO WONDER.

ERY few of the stories current in country places are of purely local origin, for the same tale will be told about some well known person in almost every parish in Scotland, and vouched for as authentic, and not only that, but my sons tell me that they have heard many of the commonest Scotch and English anecdotes told as local adventures in different countries of Europe, and in India and China besides.

And so with this story I am going to tell you, though I first heard it as a genuine Stranraer one. I have since heard it related as a fact, respecting a man in Campbellton in Argyle, and also about an old beddal in New Galloway, and I have even some sort of recollection of having seen it printed somewhere.

However, here is the Shire version of it:—

Tam McMichan—they call his family Meekeing now—went to resurrect a body in some kirkyard about Stranraer hand; and he and his companion had the cunning to put sheets over them to pass for ghosts, and frighten away any of the friends that might be watching; for it was the practice then for people to watch their relatives' graves for about a week after they were buried.

When Tam and Co. got near the grave they wanted, they noticed another gang busy stripping the corp; and Tam was in a swuthuer whether to make a capture and get a reward from the friends, or to fight them for the body.

At last he decided to try for the body first, as he wasn't very sure about the generosity of the friends, and was afraid of awkward questions; so the two of them flitted about among
the graves, appearing every now and again from behind a headstone, and suddenly disappearing again.

The other set soon noticed them, and seeing them appear and disappear so mysteriously, took them for real spectres, and threw down the body and ran.

Tam and his companion drew the body out of the sack and put it in their own, and carried it to a safe place; when Tam said he would gang back and gie the rascals a fley.

Accordingly he went back and got into their sack, and the other tied him in, and retired behind a headstone to see what would happen.

The other party, on reflection, strengthened their nerves with brandy, and turned back to secure their body; and approaching cautiously, they found it safe in the sack, lying just as they left it; and so they got it on their shoulders and carried it off, making some rude remarks by the way.

When they got over the kirk stile, one of them remarked, 'It's a damned queer body this; it's quite warm yet.'

'Warm!' says the other, 'it's no warm: it's het.'

'Het' says a voice from the sack, 'if ye were as short a time oot o' hell as me, ye wud be het too.'

As the corpse was that of a well known Writer in Stran-raar, the truth of this remark struck them very forcibly, and in their terror they let the body fall and fled for their lives; being apparently afraid of any premature communication with their appointed place.

As soon as they were off a bit, Tam took his knife and let himself out, and then carried off the lawyer in safety to cooler quarters.
BABBY VANCE.

When I was young there was an old buddy they ca't Barbara Vance lived down in Glasserton, at a pit they ca't Craigdow, and she was very religious, and she had lost her man.

When the minister came down to comfort her and condole with her after the funeral, she exclaimed—

'O sir! but it was a sair trial the loss o' oor Peter; but I'm no frettin noo; na! na! I always turn for comfort an' consolation tae that blessed text o' Scripture—"It's an ill wun blaws naebuddy gude;" —the Lord's wull, sir, be dune.'

At another time when the minister was visiting Barbara, the cat was sitting at the fireside during the interview, busily hunting for fleas. Barbara remarked—

'What an odious torment sir, a flae is tae a cat, let alone a Christian; deed sir! it's a beast I canna thole ava.'

'You know, Barbara,' says the minister, showing off his knowledge, 'a flea, strictly speaking, is not a beast at all.'

'Bless me! sir,' says Babby, 'is't no! what is't then?'

'An insect, Barbara, an insect,' was the reply.

'In a sack sir, or oot o' a sack sir,' says Barbara, 'it's a yin tae me; but yae thing I ken, sir, it can tak a gude stannin jump.'

HOW TO GET ON.

ERXES-like, Dalwhirn came down on The Inch, determined to carry everything before him. He was known as Dalwhirn, from the farm of that name in Ayrshire, which he came from; and he took a big farm in The Inch, and like
many of his industrious and persevering countrymen, he had very little money to start it with; for according to his own account, he "wasna worth a raw o' preens."

He needed a new threshing-mill very badly, and so he got one, but in order to get it paid off he had to pinch very hard for a time, and according to the servants' account he pinched them hardest.

One of them, as usual, made a rhyme about it, which for many years was in all the ploughmen's mouths:—

"Dalwhirn! Dalwhirn!
I think o' ye still,
Wi yer wee drap thin parritch,
An' yer new threshin-mill."

He didn't like to hear it, nor nane of his countrymen, but he stuck to the thin porritch and paid off his mill like a man, and before the tack was out he had made a fortune.

'Aye!' he would say, 'ye may croon about the thin parritch as ye like, but I began wi a herrin an' finished wi a goose; but yer Gallawo farmers begin wi the goose an' finish wi the herrin, an' it's aften a headless herrin wantin the tail forbye; I ken wha has the best o't! puir craiters! they're liker a wheen ha'penny herrins lookin through a bunch o' rashes, than ocht I can think o'."

GUESSES.

OUNG folk used to amuse themselves greatly in the winter forenichts wi speerin Guesses at ane anither, or Riddles as the English call them; but then the English have such queer names for everything, for they call a Riddle a Sieve, the right name of a Sieve being a Seyl.

Some of the Guesses were very clever and others just as silly, while a few had improper allusions in them, but so
arranged that no young person would ever suspect them; and girls would come over them in perfect innocence, while the married and the very wicked would wink and grin at one another; but even the very worst of them never had any of the coarse vulgarity and low obscenity that are said to characterise the majority of the Guesses in English country districts, but this I only have from hearsay.

I give a few of the more common:—

Guess. I gaed awa an' I got it; I sat doon an' I sought it; if I had gotten't, I wud a thrown't frae me; but as I didna get it, I just brough't it wi me?

Answer. A boy wi a prod in his fit.

Which means, being interpreted, a boy with a thorn in his foot. That is what I consider a clever one; the next may be called a silly one.

Guess. What gangs through the wud, an' through the wud, an' never comes tae en' o't?

Answer. A cry.

I may give a few of different kinds just to show what they were generally like—

Guess. I gaed awa atween twa wuds, an' cam hame atween twa waters?

Answer. A lass gaun tae the wal for water.

Water in those days was always carried in wooden kits, like a keg with a stick nailed across the top of it for a handle.

Guess. What gangs'awa abune the grun, an' comes hame ablow't?

Answer. A man wi a burden o' truffs on his back.
In many parts of the Shire where there are no mosses, the people used to cut the top sod or truff off mossy ground, and burn it instead of peats; for there were no coals.

*Guess.* Chip, chip, cherry, a' the men in Derry, couldn'a climb chip, chip, cherry?

*Answer.* Reek.

That appears to be an Irish one, and the following seem to be of English origin.—

*Guess.* Jenny with the white petticoat and the red nose, the longer she sits the shorter she grows?

*Answer.* A Candle.

*Guess.* Long legs, short thighs, small head, and no eyes?

*Answer.* A pair of tongs.

The first of these is a very good one, and the other is not bad either. Here are a few more Scotch ones.—

*Guess.* As I look't ower yon castle wa, I saw the dead carryin' the leevin' awa?

*Answer.* A Ship.

*Guess.* Rummilie dummie dusty, canna want the whuskey?

*Answer.* A Miller.

*Guess.* What gangs roon the hoose, an' roon the hoose, an' keeks in every window?

*Answer.* The sun.

*Guess.* Rumpelty dumpelty sat on the wa, rumpelty dumpelty got a good fa; a' the men in Wigton couldn'a make rumpelty dumpelty haill again?

*Answer.* An egg.
GALLOWAY GOSSIP.

Guess. Pink pank, doon on yon bank, ten aboot fowr.
Answer. A woman milkin a coo.

Guess. As I gaed through yon slithery slap, I met my uncle Donnan, I cut aff his head, an' drank his bluid, an' left his body stannin?
Answer. A man and a bottle of wine.

Guess. F for fig, an' I for igg, an' N for Nicklibogie, An' J for Jock the midden cock, An' S for Sanny Sogie?
Answer. The word FINIS at the end of a book, which used to be printed FINJS.

I think I had better bring my Guesses to a FINIS too. Some of them were good, others it was difficult to see the resemblance in, but they pleased young folk, and helped them to wile away mony a weary hour on a stormy nicht.

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

CHARIAH McColm had a farm ower in Leswalt, and he was considered rather curious in some ways, and some reckoned he was some kind of Atheist, he had sic wild sayings.

One day he was sowing some guano over his young corn near the march dyke, and when he got to the end of the rig, Gib Kennedy, his neighbour farmer, was looking ower the dyke, and he cried ower at him——

‘Man alive! Zachary, but ye’re late o’ gettin yer seeds in.’

‘Na! na!’ says Zachary, ‘nae fear o’ that; my seeds is in this lang aneuch; it’s some guano I’m pittin in the day.’

‘Guano!’ says Gilbert, ‘ye’re never pittin in that un-
natural foreign trash; it's aneuch tae bring a joodgment on ye; why dinna ye trust in Providence for a crap, instead o' workin on wi rubbish like that; an' Gude guide us! what hae ye dune wi the bit bog? I declare its gane; whatever'll yer kye do noo for a bit gerse in the winter? man alive! what a stink that stuff haes! I wud never pit it in; Providence 'll sen' ye a crap without that if ye only trust in't.'

'Providence be hang't!' says McColm, 'I hae trustit ower lang in Providence already, for my ain gude, an' I'll never trust in 't mair: just look at oor aul' neebour Archie Baillie,—he trustit in Providence; he just scartit the taps o' the knowes, an' powter't aboot in atween the stanes, an' put in his seed, and then he sat down an' expectit Providence to sen' him corn; an' so it did in a kind o' way, an' ye see what Providence has brought him tae; just three year sin he was hypothecatit for his rent, an' noo he's tryin tae mak a leevin at the butchin in Stranraer. An' just look at that Ayrshireman that took his farm, an' see what craps he haes; I'll be bound he has four stacks for every yin that Archie had, and he keeps forty kye again Archie's dizzen, an' winters a hunner lambs forbye; I'll bet ye a bawbee he's makin' a fortune in't. I hae been lookin ower the dyke at him, an' he trusts nane in Providence, he has mair sense; he powters nane wi his pleughs, he aye gangs in gude eight inches; then he has redd up a' the heaps o' stanes an' rubbish, an' drain't away a' the bogs; an' he rams in bane-dust an' guano, an' every morsel o' dung he can get; and forbye he looks after everything himsel an' trusts Providence wi nocht; an' I'm followin his example; I pleughed a' my grun nine inches deep last year, and I bought guano an' bane-dust an' stap't it in, an' there never was sic a crap on the grun; an' instead o' a struggle tae make up the rent, an' payin' wi a bill, I gaed wi the notes in my pouch, an' had seventy
pounds clear in the Bank after settlin' wi everybody. Na! na! Gilbert, nae mair Providence for me. If ye dinna work yer grun, an' never pit ocht in't, Providence 'll see ye far aneuch afore it 'll help ye tae bring ocht oot o't.'
A RHINNS LOVER.

(From the Galloway Gazette.)

My brither yestreen—deed! I ought to be glad—
Took it into his head that I wantit a lad;
Sae yin o' his choosin he brocht tae the hoose,
An' a lang-leggit sleng did to me introduce.

"There! lassie," says he, "I hae dune what I can,
Ye may blame yersel noo if ye want for a man;
This 'll just be yer mark." When I look't he was gane,
An' the sweetheart an' me were left a' by our lane.
I gied a bit glower to see what he was like,—
Preserve me! thinks I, what a queer lookin tyke.
He had little or naething tae show for a chin,
But as for a nose,— oh! I think he hae a
Micht a served for a spertel for steerin' his brose,
For I never saw such a confoundble nose.

I micht a been scared by his codfish-like een,
For they micht a been blue, though they maybe were green,
Or a mixture o' baith may be nearer the truth;
And, gudeness! thinks I, what an awsome like mouth.
For ablow an' abune like a pailin, were set
Twa raws o' big teeth, like the posts o' a yett.
His lips wudna meet by an inch, an' the shile
That spread ower his face as he wantit to smile,
An' the wicks o' his mouth rax't amaist tae his lug,
Gart his countenance look like the face o' a pug.
I micht a been frichten't by yin or by a,
An' fell faintin at yince or ran scratchin' awa,
But they harly were noticed, as ye may suppose,
For the first thing yin sees o' a lad is his nose.

An' Oh! sic a nose—twas sae big an' sae braw,
That my ain look't aside it like nae nose ava;
But mine was but sma, so that his yin, indeed,
Micht a answer't first-rate for improvin the breed;
An' I guess that was thocht o',—though I may be wrang,
For his legs, like a racer's, were shilpit an' lang.
While mine—but I maunna say ocht o' my ain,
For lasses, ye ken, are supposed tae hae none.
Weel! the lad slippit nearer, an' taen wi my charma,
Tried tae kiss me, while catchin me up in his arms;
But in vain, for the nose play't dab-dab on my chin,
An' I just made tae bite as my brither cam in.
"Ye've brocht me a sweetheart," says I, "ye'll suppose,
But bless me! ye've left naething here but a nose."
THE POET AND HIS FEET.

"MOST every village used to have a kind of Poet in it, that made sangs about anything aboon the common that was gaun on at the time; some of them were very clever at it, and others made naething but blethers, and they were mostly lazy or half-crackit fellows, that were na very fond of work.

There was one at Port-Logan they ca't Alick Wilson, a son of Wullie Wilson the Tailor's, that could make sangs about anything, and like most poets and other gomerals, he was aye talking to himsel.

He was horrid shauchly about the legs, and had awsome big splay feet that lookit as if he had been made for naething but trampin flounders, and he was shockingly bothered wi them.

One day he was going from Portlogan to Drummore, and when he came to Paddy's Plantin, where the old road and,
the new one join, his feet seemed inclined to take different ways, and so he stood up and had a talk to them; and Gabriel McLumpha happened to be in the Plantin and heard him.

‘Aye!’ says he, to the left foot, ‘ye’ll be for gaun the new road, na! ye’ll want tae ca’ in at Kilumpha.’

‘An’ you,’ he continued, addressing the other, ‘ye’ll be for takin the aul’ road by the Dunrum; but confound ye, I’ll gar ye tak ony road I like, baith o’ ye.’

I have forgotten all his songs but this one verse—

"Get up man, says Middleport, cryin the man,
It’s twa in the morning and wrack on the san.
An’ he’ll feed them wi herrin new oot o’ the brine,
Fraj noo until after the Martinmas time."

Farm servants at that time (about 1835) were awful bitter against herrings, for they got to be very cheap after Slavery was abolished, and heaps of the farmers bought them up to feed their servants on, and gied them little else but potatoes and herrings three times a day, and so they rebelled against them—but farm servants are bad to please anyway.

A WONDERFUL CHILD.

BEFORE my time there was a servant lass belonging to Wigton, who fell wrang to a farmer’s son where she had been serving and he wouldn’t marry her, and so she had to go home.

His mother urged him very hard to take her, but he declared he never would, and said he wouldn’t believe the wean was his, and wouldn’t take it when it was born either, unless his name was written on the forehead o’it.

Some time after, she was put-to-bed, and behold! when the howdy came to examine the wean, his name was written
in small print inside the eyes o’t,—a “W” in the right eye, and “Wood” in the left.

They sent and told the young farmer, and wanted him to take her, and said it was a joodgment come on him, but he said he cared na whether or no, he would have neither o’ them.

The wonder soon got noised about, and lots of people from all parts of the country came to see it, and most of them gave something to the wean; and at last somebody persuad-ed the lass to take and show it all up and down the country for money.

She took their advice, and went and exhibited it at a shilling for each person, and she travelled with it all over Scotland, and made heaps of money by it, so that when the child died at six years of age, she was able to come back to Wigton with £400 in her pocket.

As soon as the young farmer heard that she had come back with such a terrible sight of money, he fell desperately in love with her, and went and made great apologies and excuses, and flanched and flattered and made love to her, and told oceans of less to her, the way young men generally do when they hear the clink of siller; but the lass’s head had been set the other way on when she came back, for she treated him with contempt, and would have nothing to do with him; and the public followed the example, as usual, till the verra cadgers would hardly speak to him—if there was onybody lookin.

WEDDING CUSTOMS.

CUSTOMS change very much in fifty years, even Wedding customs.

In my young days it was the custom for the bride to present the bridegroom with a new linen shirt of her own making—they ca’t
it a *sark* then—and the bridegroom presented the bride with the wedding dress; there was no particular colour for wedding dresses, just whatever colour and material they liked, and thought they could afford: and all the women invited got gloves and ribbons from the party that bid them; while the bride presented the bridegroom's mother, if he had one, with a new white net mutch, with gum-flowers and ribbons on it.

There were no "pay-weddings" when I first mind; they were brought in, I believe, from Ayrshire—and they were considered a great disgrace when they came in first; but it was common enough to lift money for the piper or fiddler, at even the most respectable weddings.

There was no bringing of cakes or scons or whiskey, and no wedding presents as they have now, or any of these forms of genteel begging,—people weren't that mean then.

The minister used always to open the dance with the bride, whether gentle or simple, and the bridegroom with the bridesmaid, if there was one, and if no, he just took up somebody else and startit the fun with a reel.

 Ministers don't dance at ploughmen's weddings now, or at any below a big farmer's; they might compromise their high position if they did, so they wrap themselves up in their respectability, and hold themselves aloof from the vulgar sons of toil, in humble imitation of their Lord and Master Jesus Christ, who, it is well known, sedulously avoided any communication with the lower orders, and hated the rabble with a holy hatred.
A WEDDING BONFIRE.

UNRAGGIT folk once celebrated a wedding in a way not customary in old times, though I see it is now getting to be pretty common among the bits of lairds. They had a bonfire. The laird married the second time, and the old woman wasna pleased about it, for she had been horrid fond of the gude-dochter that was dead, and so she was awful angry; and didna like the notion of the new wife wearing the aul' yin's claes.

According to the story I heard, she said little till the day of the second wedding, when she took all the drawers and everything that was in them, and had them carried out to the green before the door, and set fire to them with her own hand, and burned the whole apotcheek, and contrived things so, that the breeze was at the highest just as the carriage with the new wife drove up to the door.

I never heard whatna laird it was.

A WHITE HARE.

VERYWHERE in Galloway, hares are common enough, but I never saw a white one, except one that was at Baraar. It was as white as milk, and came out every morning about sunrise and ran about the fields near the house. It was not one of the mountain hares that turn white in the winter time, but was just an ordinary hare, only white.

Once the Earl of Galloway's gamekeeper shot at it and missed it, and when he told the Earl, he said he wouldn't for a hundred pounds he had killed it, and told him he was
never to molest it again. It was still there when we left the place.

RELIEVING THE POOR.

AR and near, Clergymen are popularly supposed to be petty tyrants whenever they can get the chance, and if all accounts are true, Mr Dickardson of Penninghame would appear not to have been an exception.

He was said to have been especially bitter against beggars, and they said he would order the sheriff-officers to seize them and carry them off to prison, in accordance with the law—and possibly the Gospel also; and it was believed that he would even have them taken up in the streets of Newton-Stewart; and for fear such men as Black Jock Lamont, the Grim Messenger frae Minnigaff, would be too tender-hearted, he would stand over them and see them taken away.

I mind one day he fell in with a good wheen of them at the roadside, and the Grim Messenger happening to come up at the time, the minister ordered them to march off en masse with Jock to prison.

The ungrateful wretches rebelled against the holy man and refused to go, and Jock winking at me, appealed to the minister to come and assist him to drive them.

"No! no!" says the minister, "I know nothing about driving nowt; drive them yourself."

"Deil a bit!" says Jock, "they're no nowt, whatever; but let them be what cattle they may, ye're yin o' the Shepherds o' the Lord, an' ye maun just turn-to an' help me wi them."

The beggars were jibing and grinning, and wudna mudge, and naither wud the minister, and Jock at last got angry, and cried,—

"Mr Dickardson, I ca' on ye tae assist me, in the King's name; I'm maister noo, an' ye bud help me."
The minister said he couldna help him, Jock said he would hae to help him whether he could or no; and at last he told him to give him the hire of a cart, and bide in charge of them, and he would gar them ride to Wigton if they wudna gang on their feet; he could soon get a cart if he had the money.

The minister was afraid Jock would pocket the money and make the county pay the hire, so he told Jock to stay and he would seek a cart himself.

'Na! na!' says Jock, 'ye maun stay, I'll gang for the cart mysel.'

'I cant,' says the minister.

'Ye maun,' says Jock, 'ye ken ye're bound to both watch and pray, so ye can start and pray noo, it'll keep the puir craiters sleepin till I wun back.'

At last John consented to stay, while the minister went and brought a horse and cart at his own expense; and Jock took the beggars to Wigton, and got paid for the cart there; his ideas of Christian charity being something like those of the minister, only running in a different gutter.

PRACTICAL ADVICE.

LENLUCE at one time had a droll old doctor of the name of Kennedy, and many of his sayings have been handed down all over the country.

One time he was appealed to by the Session, when some noisy paupers wanted their allowances increased, whether a shilling a week wasn't sufficient to feed a poor buddy.

'Weel sirs,' says the Doctor, 'if ye bake a shillin's worth o' oatmeal, there'll no be much chowin in't; but if the Session 'll send a wheen o' the puir folk down to me, I'll pu oot
a' their teeth, an' that 'll may-be mak the shillin serve them.'

The Session felt affronted, but the Doctor continued—
‘Sirs, I’ll just gang ower and bring aul’ Tibby McDowall tae ye; she has lost a' her teeth, an' we'll see what she says aboot it,' and before they could reply he set off and got her.
When she came in, the Doctor says—
‘Noo Tibby! tell the Session hoo mony teeth ye hae.’
‘Deed airts!’ says Tibby, ‘I hae nae teeth, but I hae verra willin gums.’
‘D'ye get off the Session, Tibby?’ says the Doctor.
‘Lord be thankit, no,’ says Tibby, ‘Gude pity them et diz’
‘What wey, Tibby?’ says ane o' the Elders.
‘Doctor Kennedy 'll sune get a lot o' skeletons cheap, I'm thinkin;' says Tibby, ‘if ye gaun on hungerin puir folk the way ye're doin; do ye no think some o' ye might be puir versels yet?’

‘I brocht ye in, Tibby,’ says the Doctor, ‘to tell the Session if ye think a shillin a week's plenty to support an aul' man or woman wi nae teeth, an' pey for peats an' hoose-rent for them?’

‘Just let the Session try a month o't theirsels,’ says Tibby, bouncing out of the door, ‘an’ then they'll ken a' about it.’

It has unfortunately not been recorded how far his reverence and the elders followed out this almost too practical advice.

**THE BARNCORKRIE FAIRY.**

ELEN McKEE was an aul' widow buddy that lived at Keekafar, and she had a son that had a bit grun down at Portencorkrie, and he didna help her much.

However yae day she was very badly off,
and the meal was about dune, and the pratas werena fit for raising, and she took a poke and gaed awa ower to The Bay to see if she could get a pickle meal frae him; but Jean McKelvie, the wife, ca't her a witch, and gart him pit her frae aboot the hoose, and wudna gie her a haet, and so she had to gang awa ower hame again.

She took the near cut, by the Bishop's castle, as they ca't it; and as she was tired she gaed to sit down on yin o' the stanes to rest hersel, and as she lookit doon she spied a round whorlie kind o' a stane wi a hole in't, lying on a mowdy-hillock.

While she was restin she was passing the time pykin the mools oot o' the hole, and a' the while she keepit talkin tae hersel about hoo ill-aff she was, and about her sön's bad behaviour tae her since he had gotten that Eerish wife o' his; till a' at yince she heard a curious sound like some-buddy whisperin ahint her.

She startit up and lookit, but could see naebody, and she was queer fley't and durstna sit nae langer, so she put the ethther-bead in her pouch, and bame as fast as she could gang.

In the gloamin she was sittin readin her book at the cruisie, when the door opened, and a queer wee anl' woman cam todlin in and said,—

'Weel! gudewife! hoo ir ye gettin on the nicht?'

'O! gran'ly thank ye,' says Nelly.

'No that gran'ly aither,' says the buddy, 'an' a toom meal-barrel in the hoose.'

And then she speer't and better speer't till she got a' oot o' her.

At last she rase to leave, and said—

'Ye fun a wee whorlie-stane the nicht; weel! it was me put it there for ye, an' joost afore ye gang tae yer bed, ye
maun pit a grey worstit thread through't, and lay 't in yer meal-barrel, and I'll gang doon tae yer son's an' see what I can do for ye.'

About the same time o' nicht, the same aul' buddy cam into Godfrey McKee's an' set hersel doon on a stool at the fireside, an' she hadna sat a minute, when in cam the gude-wife and notice't her.

'What do you want here?' says she, 'I want no beggars in my house.'

'Ye're no ower gude tae the puir,' says the queer wee wife, 'ye'll be better when ye hae less tae gie them.' And she lookit at her wi her wee grey een as if she wud look through her.

The gudewife got fear't and har'ly ken't what to say, and afore she could answer, the wee woman rase, an' jumpit on tae the langsettle, and liftit the lid o' the meal-ark.

Godfrey cam in just at the time, and he cried at her—

'What the deevil ir ye dooin there? come doon oot o' that.'

'I'm gaun tae help yer puir aul' mither tae some o' yer meal, as ye wunna do't yersel,' says she, 'an' I'll tak care she wants for naething ye hae tae gie her.'

And she keekit into the ark and shut down the lid. She then jumpit down and walkit oot.

Godfrey saw it was a fairy, and was queer an' fley't, and when he tell't his wife that, she was as fley't as him.

When Aul' Helen got up in the morning, she gaed to the meal-barrel to see what had been dune tae the whorley-stane, and she fun the barrel fu' o' meal, an' the stane lyin on the tap o't; and just as she was done thankin the Lord for his kindness till her, in comes her son wi a wee cheese and a braxy ham for her, and tell't her he wud set the beast up at nicht wi some meal.
He was frightened wi the fairy visitin him, ye ken.
His mither said he didna need to fash, as she had plenty
noo, Lord be thankit! and she loot him see into the barrel.
When he gaed hame he fun his meal-ark half-toom.
The wee woman cam back at nicht, and tell’t Nelly that
whenever she wantit ocht frae her son’s, an’ he wudna gie
her’t, she was just to lay the whorly-stane in the place
where she used to keep the butter, cheese, or whatever she
wantit, and it wud come frae her son’s afore the mornin:
and she did it as long as she lived, whenever the son neg-
lected her.

A WANT.

T used to be a bye-word in the Shire when any
grumbling buddy was complaining—
‘Ye’re just like the Aul’ Mill o’ Mochrum,
ye hae aye a want.’
The want of this Mill was a back door, and it
was so constructed that there was no room for one, for the
back of it was built against a hard whinstane rock.
When any inquisitive buddy met ye on the road, and
began speerin where ye cum frae, or when ye were gaun, the
Aul’ Mill o’ Mochrum cam in verra handy.
‘Whaur ir ye gaun the day na, if it’s a fair question?’
‘Ye’ll hae heard o’ the Aul’ Mill o’ Mochrum!’
‘O! aye!’
‘W’ya than!’ This explanation was usually a settler.

THE NEW TITLE.
ERE MIAH A’HAN NAY was an old doctor
that lived in Gleuluce, and as far as I mind
he was a cousin of Doctor Hannah that lived
in Newton-Stewart; but however he had a
brass plate on his door with “HANNAH, SUR-
GEON” on it.
He had been away at Embro one year, and had kept his eyes open; and so he brought home some grand new-fangled notions with him, that very nearly brought on an attack of Gentility.

He had noticed some of the great Doctors in Edinburgh with "Accoucheur" on their door; and so to take the shine off his neighbours, he had his brass plate taken off as soon as he got home, and when it re-appeared on the door it had "HANNAH, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR," on it.

A Muirland farmer, a patient of his, called on him one day on business, and noticed the addition to his title, only he thought it was very badly spelled.

After the consultation with the doctor was over, he remarked,—

'Doctor! I aye ken't ye were a Surgeon and a Physician, but I never ken't ye were an Auctioneer afore; whun did ye tak oot the leeshence?'

An Auctioneer not being considered a very respectable occupation in those days, the Doctor was shockingly taken down.

THIRSTY FOR KNOWLEDGE.

One day a man they ca't Sawney McCollm, from Kirkmaiden in Glasserton, was coming daunerin up the shore between the Kenmure and Drumontrae, when he fell in with aul' Alick McCollm, that lived at The Doople beside Balgoun.

'It's verra wat-lookin,' says Sawney.

'D'ye think sae,' says Alick.
"It disna look ower weel," was the reply.

"Maybe no," says Alick, adding after a pause "an' whaur hae ye come frae, na?"

"I cam frae Kirkmaiden," says Sawney.

"The sorra ye did," says Alick, opening his eyes with wonder, "I never saw ye afores, then; an' whaur micht ye be gaun?"

"I'm gaun tae Kirkmaiden too," says Sawney.

"An' what ir ye gaun tae do?" says Alick, "ye'll be gaun tae do something."

"O ! aye," was the reply, "that's just it; I'm gaun tae do something; ye may swear tae that."

"I wudna wunner sae," says Alick, "but what micht they ca ye?"

"They ca me Sawney McColm," was the reply, "they'll maybe ca' you Sawney McColm an'a'."

"Aye! deed do they," says Allick, "ye maun be the deil, I doot."

They were now close to the Ardwell Inn, and so Alick continued,—

"Ye wud just be for takin us in an' giein us a dram na! hae ye ony siller?"

"O ! aye!" says Sawney, "I wudna wunner but I wull; but maybe ye wud like tae ken what they ca't my great-gran'-mither's uncle first; weel! I'll tell ye that without speerin; they ca't him Jock." Sawney afterwards said,—

"It's a deevil o' an inquisitive country yon; ye wud think they had naething tae do but mind ither folk's business; everybody ye met had tae stop ye an' speer a' oot o' ye, an' they a' had the verra same questions; it was "whaur do ye come frae? whaur ir ye gaun? what ir ye gaun a do?" an' "what's yer name?" whoever I fell in wi, an' than "ir ye gaun a gie us a dram?" but I got tired o' answerin them sae
after; so whenever they startit, I said I wud maybe better
tell them what they ca’ my great-gran’-mither’s uncle, first
o’ a’, it wud save them a hantle o’ speerin; an’ than I cam
awa and left them.’

THE BEST COW.

ONG ago it used to be the fashion for lots of
folk to sit up on Hogmanay night, to see the
aul’ year oot, an’ the new year in;’ and as
soon as twelve o’clock struck, they would go
out with whiskey and bread-and-cheese
among the houses of their neighbours, and treat them in
their beds, and wish them a happy new-year.

It’s nearly done away with now, except among the labour-
ing class, and the cotmen, for folk now-a-days grudge the
horrid expense.

Folk were very particular about wha they let in first, for
it was considered very unlucky to let a fair-complexioned
buddy be your ‘first-fit,’ especially if they were fair-haired.
Red-headed wasna considered sae bad, for red hair is gen-
erally looked on as a mere variety of black, and I have
noticed that red straight hair mostly turns up in black-
haired families. Light red curly hair doesn’t though; it is
a variety by itself.

Black-aviced folk with black hair are considered very
lucky for a first-foot, and so folk aye contrive to let yin o’
them set their foot first ower the door-step on the New-
Year’s morning.

It was considered desperate unlucky to give anybody fire
out of your house on a New-Year’s morning, for it was belie-
ed that all your luck for a twalmonth ’ll gang wi’t, and any-
body coming at that time and asking for a peat-coal to light
their fire is looked on as a mortal enemy ever after.
When folk came to your bedside with the whiskey, it was counted a great affront to refuse to take it, and so people that were much respected, both men and women, were generally so drunk before the morning, that they couldn't rise all the New-Year's-day.

It was considered a grand ploy among the big lads to get the minister fu, and send some silly fellow for him to gang and put up a prayer to some old buddy that was known to be badly.

It was also the custom among the farmers to give every horse in the stable and every cow in the byre a sheaf of corn on the New-Year's morning, for a New-Year's gift I suppose; and they used to tell a story about an Ayrshire farmer down in Sorbie, they ca't Montgomery, that got the name of watering the milk; though I have since heard stories like it in several places.

One New-Year's morning he told the cotman as usual, to give every one of the beass a sheaf of corn, and the cotman of course went and did it.

The gudeman wasna able to rise till after dinner-time, and he wasn't out aboon a few minutes when he found a sheaf of corn stuck into the well.

He was very angry, and pulled it out, and behold there was still another, and he reached down into the bottom of the well and pulled it out too.

He cam in a great rage into the kitchen where the men were carrying-on; for even the Ayrshiremen dinna ask their servants to work on New-Year's-day,—and quarrelled the cotman fearfully for wasting the corn for mischief.

'Didna ye tell me, gudeman,' says the cotman, tae gie every yin o' the kye a sheaf?' 'Yes,' says he, 'I did.'

'Well then!' says the cotman, 'I thocht the wal was the best coo ye had, an' so I gied it twa.'
Temptation.

Ministers are said to be fond of the good things of this life, with a glorious looking forward to the better things of the next, but they are popularly supposed to concern themselves more about the enjoyment of the good things of this perishing world, than about the promised glories of that better world which fadeth not away; and what can blame them? surely the labourer is worthy of his hire; and see what labour they go through to save ungrateful sinners; didn’t they read a whole sermon a week, and sometimes compose little bits o’t themselves? and dinna they say the same prayer over, Sunday after Sunday, without ever missing a word? tae say naething o’ praying for the King and the Queen, and the Prince of Wales, and all the other members of the Royal family, jointly and severally.

Besides, they hae nae need to mortify the flesh or sorrow for their sins, seeing that they’re among the Elect already, and that there’s a blessed and comforting doctrine o’ the Perseverance o’ the Saints, that’ll keep them there in spite of Fate.

Hooever I’ll say nae mair about them, for they’re kittle tae meddle wi.

The Rev. Thomas Young of Kirkmaiden was no exception to the rule respecting ministers and their meat, and like many of his kind, he had a decided partiality for whiskey and goose; a fellow-feeling making them wondrous kind, no doubt; spirit drawing to spirit sympathetically, and the proverbial wisdom of the geese attracting towards them their more sacred compeers.
It is related that one Sunday, when the kirk came out, the Dundrum man came up to him and said—

'Minister! the gude man o' the Dunrum bad me speer if ye wud come ower the morn's afternoon aboot fowr o'clock, an' christen the wean for him.'

The minister made fifty excuses, for he had heard the house got a bad name for meat, and finished up by declaring—

'I canna gang the morn on nae account, an' I'm that thrang the noo, by the by, I canna tell when I'll wun.'

Ye see the ministers at that time were na talking imitation Cockney wi a Gaelic idiom, to try an' pass themselves off for English, the way they do noo.

At last the man said with a sigh of regret,—

'It's a horrid pity, Mr Young, for they hae kill't the best goose, an' they hae a sicht o' things provided, an' heaps o' whiskey, an' if ye dinna come, the hail-wor 'll be wastit.'

Whatever might be his thoughts of the next world, Mr Young certainly looked sharp after the good things of this, and so—

'The best goose! the best goose!' cries the holy man, 'by-the by, could ye no a said that at the first? that alters the case a' thegither; I wudna hae't wastit on nae account: tell them I'll be there, fowr o'clock tae a minute; by the by be sure ye tell them tae hae't roastit and reekin het.'

'Verra weel, sir,' says the man, 'I'm sure they'll be un-coly obleeg't tae ye.'

As he went to go home, the minister called him back with—

'I say, man! is't Blednoch or Islay they hae? by-the-by just say I like Blednoch best.'
A MINISTER OF OLD.

One now-a-days would believe any man to be a Clergyman unless he was dressed up in a black frock coat; a black waist-coat buttoned up to the chin to save the washing of his shirts; a pair of trousers of black cloth, or of that particular kind of dark grey that never looks any shabbier; a white tie, and a black hat; but in my young days, folk had to put up with ministers that dressed just as they had a mind; and ye would oftener hae taen them for some half crackit weaver or a broken-down packman than ocht else.

One day a man from Edinburgh, that was stopping at Logan, went down to Kirkmaiden manse to see the Rev. Mr Young about the Parish Register.

He was a great man for antiquities and things, and so walkit, and when he got to near Currochtrie, he gaed across the field to examine the old fort of Caeruchtrie, where Uchtred McDowall the ancestor of the McDowalls of Logan encamped, before attacking his brother Gilbert in his camp at Caerghie.

Ye could hardly find the bit noo, for the McDowalls now-a-days care little about their ancestors, they would rather hae turnips, and so the farmer has hokit up the rampart and filled up the ditch and ploughed it ower, till there’s little to be seen o’ the track of the ditch on the tap o’ the knowe.

When the Embro man had examined the fort, and came back on to the road again, he began to think he had missed the way, but he could see nobody to speer at; till just as he came near the Sclatehouse farm, he came upon a crazy-looking man hoying along the road barefit, his waistcoat
and shirt open, his coat over his shoulder, and his shoon tied together by the steekers and slung over on the top of the coat, and a stocking stuck in each of them. He was waving his hat about over his head, like a mad buddy; and roaring out at the top of his voice something about getting a good glass at The Muglach, when the man met him.

"It's a verra warm day," says Mr Young to the stranger.

The man was rather afraid and replied that it was, and then asked if he would tell him where the Manse was.

Mr Young said it was down by, and asked him what he wanted there.

"I want to see Mr Young," says he.

"I'm Mr Young, by-the-by," says the minister.

"It's the Rev. Mr Young—the minister—that I want," was the reply.

"O weel! I'm the minister," says Mr Young.

The man glowered till he nearly lost his spectacles, and thought Mr Young was some escaped lunatic, and was turning what brains he had upside down to devise some means of self-preservation.

Aul' Magherowley had seen the stranger man on the Fort, out of the window where he was weaving, and had come alang to find out where he cam frae, whaur he was gaun, and what he was gaun tae do; and he happened to come up just at this juncture. Mr Young says to him,—

"Mr Jamieson, just tell this gentleman what they ca' me; by-the-by he'll no believe that I'm the minister."

"Deed sir!" says Magherowley, "I may keep my breath tae cool my sowens; I might as weil try tae whussel an' chow meal."

"What way, by-the-by?" says the minister.

"Ye canna expec the man tae believe my een," says Magherowley, "when he disna believe his ain."
‘Not believe my own eyes!’ says the man, ‘it is because I do believe my own eyes that I think this is not the Rev. Mr Young.’

‘Tak ye yer ain thrawn way o’t, then,’ says Magherowley, ‘but what gars ye wear glass een if yer ain’s tae be trustit? it’s my opinion ye’re no verra thorough.’

‘Please to tell me where is the Manse,’ says the man.

‘That’s it richt afore ye,’ was the reply, ‘but ye’ll maybe no believe that either.’

The man thought there were two madmen instead of one, and off at the double quick, while Mr Young followed him along to the Manse, exclaiming—

‘The silly idiot! I daresay, by-the-by, he thinks I’m the deevil.’

**DEATH.**

NE winter night a wheen neighbours were gathered up in aul’ Ivie McGlathery’s at Whithern, and of a’ the disconsolate looking subjects in the world for folk to talk about, what but Death became the subject of discourse.

In the course of conversation some one mentioned the text beginning “Scarcely for a righteous man will one die,” and one of the old wives declared it was all nonsense, for nae-body would be such a fool as to die for another.

‘Aye!’ says she, ‘wha wud ye think mair o’ nor yer man? an’ if Death was comin the nicht for yin o’ ye, I’m thinkin the man wud get leave to gang first.’

‘Trowth no!’ says Ivie’s wife, Marion, ‘if Death was comin this minute, I’m sure I wud rather it wud tak me an’ let Ivie bide.’

‘I’m sure wud she,’ says Ivie.
'What's Death like?' says Betty Frizzle, 'ye speak as if it was a buddy.'

'O! it's like an aul' man wi a muckle scythe in his hand, an' nae claes but a cradle blanket thrown about him,' was the reply, 'I hae seen the picture o't.'

'Na na!' says Samuel McQueen, a young student in Divinity, 'that's just put in books to please ignorant Englishmen an' ither fules; we hae a likeness o' Death in the College at Edinburgh, an' it's for a' the worl like a muckle black cock wantin the feathers; ye would think that somebody had scauded yin an' pookit it, it's that like.'

'Ye dinna say sae!' cried all the women in amazement; but Samuel put on an innocent face, and as they knew he was coming out for a minister, there was nae help for't but to believe him, and the neighbours went home that night firmly believing that Death was for a' the worl' like a pookit cock.

When Ivie went to bed that night, Marion bode behind, and wearied the Lord with prayers, beseeching him, that when he sent Death that way, he was to spare Ivie and take her—if such was his will, and if no she wud just hae to submit.

Expecting something of this kind, the Student and Pate Donnan the young tailor, laid their heads together, and stole Marion's muckle blue cock, and pook't it alive, and set themselves down beside the door about bed-time, and waited their chance.

Very few folk used to bar their doors about that time, for thieves were scarce in Galloway then; and so they opened the door a little in the midst of yin o' the prayers and let the cock in, just as she was beggin the Lord very earnestly to let her be the first to dee, and to spare puir Ivie.
She happened to look up, and the dim glimmer of the fire showed her the cock slowly but steadily advancing towards her. Horrified at being taken at her word, she jumped up, and whished the cock away with her sark-tail, whispering—

'It's no me; it's a' a mistak, that's him in the bed; gae wa ower tae him, he's far aul'er nor me.'

The cock still came nearer, and her terror increased, and she whished more vehemently, still whispering, but more forcibly—

'I tell ye, gae 'wa; tak aul' Ivie there; it's time he was deed onyway: O! dinna come near me, it's no me ava; tak aul' Ivie.'

The cock coming nearer, she cried—

'O Lord! spare me; I didna mean what I said, I was just jokin.'

The cock still approaching, she retreated to the back o' the peat neuk, and holding her hands before her fairly screamed—

'O mercy! mercy! keep awa frae me; I'm no wantin tae dee yet; I'm no prepared, I tell ye; just gang yer wa's to the bed an' tak aul' Ivie, he's a' ready for heaven, an' I'm no.'

Still the cock advanced.

'O Lord!' she cried 'dinna let him come near me: I didna mean't, deed!—I just said it for a joke: good Death! tak aul Ivie, he's dune onyway, he's nae mair use here; let him gang, O Lord! I'm tired o' him.'

Ivie was awakened by her supplications, and was no doubt greatly edified, while the tailor and the student could hold in no longer, but throwing open the door they laugh't loud and lang, till auld Marion began to doubt there was some devilment about it, and took queer looks at the cock or Death or whatever she thought it.
GALLOWAY GOSSIP.

It was by this time past the turn of the night and some innate power moved Death to mount a stool, and then flapping his featherless wings, and stretching out his neck, he astonished the terrified woman with a sonorous salute of 'Cock-a-leer-a-lay.'

Things didn't move so sleekly in that house after; and Marion durstn't be seen out on the street for fear of enquiring friends, anxious about the health and happiness of Death, and how he did wantin the wings.

AN OBEIDENT HUSBAND.

UIR Tam Corkran, as he called himself when he had a glass in him, lived in Portpatrick, and was a bit of a character.

If he heard anyone complaining and making a great lamentation, he would say in a sympathising way—

'O! deed aye! it's a sair trial, but ye hae great raison tae be thankfu—ye hae little tae compleen o' compared to me—Puir Tam Corkran! I was born without a sark.'

They call his son Mister Cochrane now,—the Corkrants are a' turned into Cochranes lately, and hae taen the Gentility ever since some big farmers o' that name cam frae Ayrshire into Staneykirk; and Corkran has an Irish sound about it, not unlike Corcoran, ye ken.

Weel, Tam got a fine lady English wife, and he was very fond of her, and used to carry water for her, and help her in the house, and went on like a fule; but he made ower much o' her, and so she got lazy and wudna do a haet, but ordered him about like a dog: but she over-did the thing, and Tam begood to notice 't.

One morning, he was sorting up the house for her before
he went out to the fishing, and she was lying in the bed looking on, when just as he thought he was finished, the wife cried with a voice of authority—

‘Cokhan! clean my shoes.’

‘O! yes, my dear!’ says Tam, and he got out the shoes, and the pig and brush they had for whitewashing the hearth, and whitewashed them all over, outside and in, and set them down on the dresser, saying with a smile—

‘I think they’ll please ye hinny!’

Maybe ye think there was naa a row, but it was nae use, for the upshot was, that Tam managed to get possession of the breeches, and kept it.

THE DEVIL’S OWN.

QUENTIN McILVIE was an awful wicked man, and naebody liked him, and he lived about the Mull o’ Sinniness on the Bay of Luce.

Like most wicked men, he prospered in the world, for the Devil’s aye mindfu o’ his sin, and when he died everybody praised him, up to the skies almost; and he got a grand funeral, and everybody amaist was at it, and there was oceans o’ whiskey, and they werena scrimpit wit, and so everybody at it was better nor half drunk in his honour.

What a thing a pickle o’ siller is! or even the name o’t.

It was a desperate windy day the day of the burial, and in those days the coffin was always carried all the distance on handspokes, four men at each of the two handspokes, and everybody stepped in now and again, and took a turn.

The road they had to gang was greatly exposed to the wind, which every now and then got in beneath the coffin and nearly lifted it off the spokes, making the corpp at one time
feel very light and the next minute very heavy, and then as light as a feather again.

As Quentin had been a famous warlock in his day, this variation in the weight of the coffin was very naturally set down to the attempts of the devil to carry the body off to some more appropriate destination than that intended by the bearers, and the supposed presence of the Evil One put them into a state of great terror, and they were at their wits' end what to do to save their own bodies, as well as the body in the coffin, from the grasp of old Jehosophat.

Murdoch McDowall, being an Elder, started a prayer, but the supposed devil didna care a flie for’t, but sent a gust of wind and nearly carried bearers and body off together.

Andrew McMonies proposed that they should sing 'The Lord's my Shepherd,' and Charlie Baillie thought they should try 'Refuge' first; while Andrew McQuoid the Precentor thought he was the best judge in the absence of the minister, and startit to sing the 'Aul' Hunner.'

The two others startit theirs too in opposition, and so some of the folk sang the yae tune, and some yin o' the ither, till the Lord would a been fashed to ken which was which, and the consequence was that the devil, or the wind, or whichever it was, had it all their own way with the coffin, the songs of the saints notwithstanding.

At last Jamie McCracken, who was a bit soberer than the lave o' them, gave vent to his feelings by exclaiming—

'Och-on! lads! what's the use? he's sure o' him onywey; it's needless tryin to carry him ony farder; lay him doon and let the deil tak him; I'm sure he has the best richt tae him; set him doon on the road an' lea' him, and let the devil hae him in peace.'

They took his advice, and laid the coffin on the road and left it, carrying off the handspokes with them, and dispersed
for their respective places of abode; and Stewart McMurdo from Glenluce found the coffin sitting on the road next morning, and Quentin's body still in it, and he got a cart and took it away and got it buried; and the friends were in a shocking rage about it; for it was considered an awful disgrace in those days for anybody to be taken to the grave in a cart.

NOT A SUBJECT.

AB McGill cam a' the way frae Drochdool, ae nicht to get Doctor Kennedy to pull a teeth for him. The Doctor hadna been long set up in Glenluce then, and folk didna ken what skill he had, or hadna, and McGill had never had a teeth pulled, and had nae idea it wud hurt him, but a' the ither way. So when the teeth cam oot and he fun the pain he gied a maist awsome yell, and turned round and let the Doctor a drive alang the lug, cryin—

'Hang yer impudence! is that the wey ye draw teeth! learn on some dead man's head, an' no on mine.'

SALT.

ALT used to be very dear in my young days, and was nearly all smuggled from the Isle of Man or Ireland, and no one was allowed to have more than half a hundredweight in their possession without an Excise Permit.

I have just been reading Samuel Robinson's book about Wigtonshire, and I think it is a very nice book and very cleverly written, but I think he has written part of it to please the English, by casting aspersions on his own country folk, the way Sir Walter Scott and Lord Macauley did.

He declares that the children were all covered with scabs
and scurvy, with eating so much salt food, and over-salt beef, with no vegetables to purify their blood.

Now he’s no sae verra muchaul’er nor me, an’ as far as I can gang back I’m sure his account o’t is naething but nonsense, for as lang as I can mind o’, salt was too dear for poor people to get much o’, and richer folk had more sense than to waste it, never putting more salt on their beef than just what would make it keep; and besides, children scarcely ever tasted beef, or flesh-meat of any kind.

People didn’t even put salt in their bread, it was so dear, being 3s. 6d. a stone, and few working men’s families had more than that a week coming in all the year round. The principal food of all classes was “Beetled Pratas” and milk, three times a day, except in the farm-houses where there was usually meat at dinner-time; but the workers’ children, who were the victims of the salt beef, of course did not dine there.

Oatmeal porritich, which also is blamed for causing the supposed scabs, was never seen except on the Monday mornings, and sometimes on the Sunday nights for supper; for people then didn’t scrape potatoes on the Sunday; and if they hadn’t scraped enough on the Saturday to do over the Sunday there had to be porritich for the Sunday’s supper and the Monday’s breakfast; though this didn’t often happen.

I may be wrang, but I don’t think potatoes and milk three times a day, and one meal of porritich a week, with a bit beef at dinner in the harvest time when they were big enough to work, was the sort of heating diet, likely to cause scabs and scurvy in young children through eating too much salt food, salt beef, and oatmeal.

Besides all that, scabbit weans were nae commoner then than they are noo, and indeed not half so common, in Galloway at ony rate; and I doot the grand Scab-and-oatmeal-
and-Salt-beef story is just a pack o' nonsense, made up to please the English.

I wud try none to please them; I wud rather please mysel, and I suppose there's nae scabbit weans in England.

May-be-sae! I hae been in different parts of England, but I suppose they would send for a lot o' Scotch weans, every time I went out, and set them a' up and doon the road I was gaun, to let me see them.

That would be the most genteel way of accounting for the existence of Scabs and Scurvy in different parts of that country.

KIRKOWAN POETRY.

HERE used to be a great many farms in Galloway of the name of Kenmuir, though the most of them are swallowed up by big farms now.

There was a farm of this name in Kirkowan, and the farmer was a queer kind o' buddy, and somebody made a sang about him, but I can mind only two verses; it was a parody on "Kenmure's on and awa."

"Kenmuir's on an' awa, Wullie,
Kenmuir's on an' awa;
Merry Peatrick is joost at his back,
An' Sawney has left Wullie Gaw, Wullie,
An' Sawney has left Wullie Gaw.

Kenmuir's a' gane wrang, Wullie,
Kenmuir's a' gane wrang;
The coo 's no in calve, an' Jean Tamson's gane hame,
An' it's a wi Barnairnie man, Wullie,
An' it's a' wi Barnairnie man."

Peatrick was a neighbour farm, and Merry Peatrick of
course was the farmer, for both farmers and lairds were always called by the name of the grun, and scarcely ever by their own names, which indeed few people knew.

Wullie Gaw was a weaver, and Sawney was his apprentice, who had run away.

Barnairnie was another farm, and the "man" was the ploughman, who was a bit of a scamp.

UNCLE MCKITTERICK.

UNCLE McKITTERICK was somebody-or-other's uncle, and he lived in Garlieston, and was a bit of a character, and very fond of a glass. When he would meet with any of his friends and acquaintances from the country he would say—

'O dear me, man! but I'm glad tae see ye, I im that; but dear me! I'm sorry tae see ye too, for I hae nae siller; if I had a saxpence I wud treat ye, so I wud; but dear me! ye may-be hae yin yersel.'

One week a farmer brought down a sack of peas to ship to Liverpool, but he was too late for the boat; so he left the peas in Uncle's house till the next boat would sail. In the mean time Uncle had found a hole in the sack, and when he shook it the peas came out, and they were fine for the broth, so that by the next boat, when the farmer came in for them, the sack wanted a long way of being full.

'I doot ye hae been in the sack, Uncle,' says the farmer, 'ye shuldna a dune that, I wud raither a brocht ye a wheen, an' no a brokken the weight.'

'Dear me! man!' says Uncle, 'I never open't it; the rattons maun hae made a hole in't; an' O dear me! but they're trinklin things, peas, an' they'll hae been trinkle-trinklin a' the time.'
Another time he had got some peas of his own, and he took them to the mill to be ground, and said he would wait for them.

The miller told him he could not get them done that day; but he might set them down in the corner, and he would try and grind them for him in a day or two.

'Na! na!' says Uncle, 'I'll just tak them wi me, till it 'll suit ye tae grin' them; for O dear me! but they're trinklin things peas, I' e had experience o' them afore;' and he took them with him.

One very wet day he was sitting in the public, and an English drover came in wet to the skin, and cried out for a bigger fire to dry him, for he was wet through. When he had got the fire to his mind he rang the bell, and called for a chappin of yill, for he was infernally dry.

'O dear me, man!' says Uncle to him, 'ye canna be baith wat an' dry; dinna drink that, it's no gude for ye, the rain an' the yill 'll meet in yer inside an' throw ye into a dropsy; just gie me the jug, an' I'll drink it for ye; dear me! I wudna like ye tae hurt yersel wi't.'

FIRMNESS.

Firmness is a virtue, especially when it is with the man, but I think I never heard of one that held out as long as they said Flora McCracken did. Truly does the sang say—

"Taking a wife is a serious joke,
It's something like buying a pig in a poke."

Flora had been a mantua-maker, and lived in Wigton, and the man and her happened to be walking out on a bit fit-road that gangs through the meadow near the town, a Sunday or two after they were married.
The meadow had been very badly mown, and had great scythe marks all over it, and Flora called the man's attention to it.

'Gudeness! Peter,' says she, 'what a han' they has made o' the clippin o' that meadow.'

'Nonsense! Flora,' says he, 'they dinna clip meadows, they maw them.'

'Dinna tell me,' says she, 'they may maw some o' them, but this yin's clippit.'

'Clippit!' says he, 'it's no clippit I tell ye, it's mawn.'

'I say it's clippit,' says she.

'And I say it's mawn,' says he.

And at it they went till both of them got angry and lashed yin anither wi the tongue, and cast up everything they had ever done, till at last they got fair wild, and it wasn't long till they came to blows.

Still she wouldn't give in, and he declared he would thrash her till she did, but the more he laid on her the more viciously she persisted that it was clippit.

At last he knocked her down, and thrashed her till she couldn't speak, and she lay on her back on the grass, scarcely able to move.

Thinking he had conquered her, he gied her anither skye alang the face, and said—

'Wull ye alloo it's mawn noo?'

She couldn'na speak, but she held up her fore-finger and the middle one, and made thens' gang in imitation of a pair of shears, as much as to say—

'Na! it's clippit,' and so she had the last o' the argument.
A CHEAT-THE-WUDDY.

WIGTON is said to have at one time had the right to hang people for criminal offences, and I have heard a kind of a tradition about the way they lost it.

The story gaed that there was a shoemaker in Wigton, and he was tried for sheepstealing, and was condemned to be hanged, and in the meantime he was confined in the Jail.

However he fell into bad health in the Jail, and so he got a respite till his health would improve sufficiently to enable him to enjoy the hanging properly.

Things not being so strict in those days as they are now, he was allowed to go to his own house to live, and a doctor was sent to visit him and get him cured, and he called and saw him several times, but though the shoemaker was getting fast worse, his wife always declared he was considerably better, and would soon be able to go back to the Jail.

The magistrates heard from somebody that he was turning worse every day, and would scarcely live till the usual hanging time, and so they got impatient and wanted him hanged off hand for fear he would die, and sent the doctor again to examine him.

The wife gave the doctor a good glass, and declared he was getting on finely, and she thought that in another day or two he would be able to stand the hanging.

The doctor reported accordingly, but was ordered to go back the next day and make sure, for the magistrates didn't know how to believe him in the face of their other information, and when he went, the wife had the man up in the muckle chair with his specs on, and a shoe between his
knees, and the strap over it, and an elson and thread in his hands.

She opened the ben door and told the doctor to look in.

' See! he's there at his wark the day,' says she, 'he's quite weel noo; tell them they can come for him in the mornin, an' hang him when they like; deed! the suner the better, an' than it 'll be aff our minds: aye! he's studyin noo, we'll no disturb him,' and she drew-to the door and curtseyed the doctor out.

The magistrates, however, couldn'a wait till the morning, but took two constables, and went for him to take him to jail that very night, and they were met in the door by the wife, with—

' Come awa in, sirs, ye can hae him noo when ye like, they hae him nearly ready.'

When they went in they found him laid out in his dead-clothes, and the old wives just finishing up the performance.

His wife thus contrived to cheat the wuddy o' him, and saved the family from the disgrace; and for allowing such a thing to happen, the right of hanging was taken from Wigton.

A LAWYER'S FUNERAL.

IMENES, the noted Inquisitor, was reckoned a great hand for inventing tortures for the godly, for if he had exercised the same ingenuity in devising punishments for Lawyers, and Writers, and Solicitors, and sic like, his name would have been handed down to posterity as a name to be reverenced, instead of being as it is, held in utter detestation.

Wuddies, and hanging, and tortures, and inquisitions, and
destinations, naturally bring lawyers into one's head, and so I'll just tell the account I heard about a Writer's funeral.

Mr McQuill was a writer somewhere about Newton-Stewart or Wigton, but however he died in Newton-Stewart.

They said he was the man that assisted the celebrated Laird of Castlefolly to help Lord Cuddybags to sign the will which left the Laird all his estates in Ireland.

Lord Cuddybags had taken ill on his way from London to Ireland, and he was taken to Castlefolly and died there.

About the time he died a Writer was sent for, and they said Castlefolly and him set the old Lord up in the bed after he was dead, and put a worm in his mouth, while somebody held the pen in the dead man's hand, and signed the will with an imitation of his signature. At least so it was said, as for me I did'na see't, and so I dinna ask ye to believe 't.

The relatives disputed the will and there was a great law plea about it, and the Writer was brought forward as a witness, and the story was, that he swore that he saw him sit up in bed with the pen in his hand, and while there was life in him, sign the will.

The Cuddybags folk lost the trial, and Castlefolly got the lands, and there was terrible indignation all through the country against both Castlefolly and the Writer, neither of whom was much liked at anyrate.

There was a popular sang made about it, but I mind only one verse—

"The Laird o' Castle-Folly
He went unto McQuill,
And with his hand uplifted
He swore this was the will." •

In due course of time McQuill died; and as Writers usually make money, a great company assembled to attend
the funeral, and a grand hearse was got, and two black horses in it. According to the account I heard, the moment the coffin was put into the hearse, the horses got awsome restive, and it took the driver all he could do to keep them quiet till he was ready to start.

At last the hearse drove off, but they hadna drawn't twenty yards, when the horses reestit in the middle o' the street, and the fire was fleein about amang their feet like lichtnin, and they snortit and pranced and made an awfu stramash, and couldna be got to draw't an ither inch, so at last they were obliged to take them out, and the moment they were taken out they became perfectly quiet. Other horses were got and yoked in, but they would not draw either, and at last they had to be led blindfolded to the kirkyard.

It was also said that for a good while after the burial, letters used to be found every morning on the tables of the friends, signed with McQuill's signature, and dated from Hol, and smelling strongly of sulphur, but I never heard what was in them.

At first they were in an awful rage, and offered rewards to discover who sent them; but they soon let it drop, for it was said that the letters always disappeared the night after they were received, and so they had nothing to show; and there was such a talk about the mysterious letters, and their equally mysterious arrival and departure, that the friends were soon glad to hold their tongues.
MARRYING MAD.

OUNG PHÆMIE McWHINNIE from Portwilliam got a man of the name of McDowall, and he was sair marked with the small-pox, and he wasn't verra gude-lookin' anyway; for he had wee blue een set deep in his head like a swine-pig, and great heavy eyebrows hangin' over them, and he had dark red hair that stuck up on his head like a brush, and he was a queer wee bow-leggit buddy, verra nearly an object; but however he was her fancy, or she could get naebody else, I kenna which, and she married him, and they were verra comfortable; and a short time after they were married they flittit ower to Kirkinner to be near his work.

One night they were at a wedding at Milldriggan, and a drucken fellow they ca't Jock McNish set himself up to court her, and he was desperately taken down when he found out she was married.

'By the piper that played before Jeremiah,' says he, 'when he was dancin' the Lamentations, men main be scarce about Portwilliam when ye married yon, or I'm a cuddy.'

'Ye're no unlike yin, deed!' says Phæmie.

'They wud marry a cripple yonner,' say he, 'or a falla wi' legs like a sutor's glaums,' alluding to her man's legs.

'O! deed wud they,' says she, 'they wud tak a man wi' twa wudden legs directly; or a wudden head, for that matter; just you gang down an' try them.'

'I thocht as much,' says he, 'when ye had tae marry a monkey.'

'O! we're horrid for monkeys ower yonner,' she replied, 'an' my sister Jean declares she wud tak a 'rang-outang: maun I send ower and tell her ye're gaun across wi' the
ring in yer pouch? she wud jump at ye like a cock at a grozet, ye’re sae-like yin; I never saw ocht sae naitral.'

ORIGIN OF THE EARLS OF GALLOWAY.

AELOUS Antiquaries and others have invented hundreds of lies to enable them to manufacture an account of the origin of the Stewarts of Galloway; but if they had haen the sense to tak a dauner doon by to Penninghame they might have got a better account ready made to their hand.

There used to be a tradition there and in Minnigaff as well, that the first of the Stewarts was one Fergus McDowall King of Galloway who became Lord High Steward to one of the kings of Scotland, I think it was Malcolm they ca’t him, but however Fergus had a son that took the name of Stewart from the office held by his father, and a great many years after one of his descendants had two sons, one of whom married the daughter of King Robert the Bruce, and became the ancestor of the Stewart kings, while the other was the first of the Stewarts of Garlies, who in course of time became the Earls of Galloway.

There is usually some foundation for these old traditions, though they are sometimes most desperately twisted, and names and dates mixed up in a fearful manner, till one hardly kens how much of them to believe, and how much to set doon as nonsense.

However, let the Stewarts be originally McDowalls or no, they hae aye been a great deal thocht o’, an’ that’s mair than can be said o’ a hantle o’ our lairds, for game, rents, and extermination of natives, seem to be the maist some o’ them think o’.

The Galloway family however used to have a bad fashion
of no giving leases to their tenants, who were thus left to the mercy of the Factor, who might be a good man or might not; and so lots of tenants were very poor; and their rents would not be so good as they might have been if there had been leases, but I daresay all that 'll be changed now.

But, however, everybody spoke well of them, and I can tell ye there's few lairds well spoken of, behind their backs, anywhere; they are mostly looked on as tyrants, or as the country folk call them—"perfect Tories."

To show ye the good will of the people to the Galloway family I'll just give ye a few verses that somebody sent to the Newton-Stewart paper when the present Earl was married; he was Lord Garlies then, and the writer didna put his name to it, nor did several others that sent poems to the papers on the same occasion.

They called the poem an

**EPITHALAMIUM.**

*(From the Galloway Gazette.)*

" O! why gleams the fire from yon dark rocky mountain?
   Why shoots the red glare from the heath covered-hill;
   What lights up in glory each streamlet and fountain,
   And crimsons the waters of lakelet and rill?
Huge fire-heaps are burning before and behind me,
Or lighting the cloud-covered mountains afar,
Some rise at my feet to bewilder and blind me,
One beacons a far-distant peak like a star.

Around me all happy, delighted are bounding,
Each eye lit with pleasure, each face with a smile,
Each hamlet, each hall with glad music resounding,
Each house decked with flower-wreaths and laurels the while
Then why, tell me why, all this gladness and pleasure,
Those emblems of joy over the country beside?
'This day adds another bright gem to our treasure,
This day gives our noble young Garlies a bride.'
It is not from fear such respect has been paid him,
    It is not from homage to rank or to pelf,
Each heart unrequested would honour or aid him,
    For noble young Garlies is loved for himself.
Beloved by the wretched—true-hearted and kindly,
    They load him with blessings when passing their door;
Each yeoman admiring would follow him blindly,
    Would fight as they fought for his fathers of yore.
That loved one who stood by his side at the altar,
    O! long may her beauties and graces endure;
May her love-dreams extend as her virtues exalt her,
    And may she, like Garlies, be kind to the poor.
May Care, in dismay, settle far from their dwelling,
    And happiness reign to the close of their day,
And O! may some gorbs, in like graces excelling,
    Be left to do honour to brave Galloway."
ODE TO KIRKMAIDEN.
(From the Galloway Gazette.)

Kirkmaiden! sweetest realm beyond the skies!
Kirkmaiden! loveliest bosom of the earth!
For ever bound by evanescent ties,
And blended, o'er my heavenly muse's birth.
My heart's lone visions seek thy azure shores,
Their dark affulgence lights the torpid sea,
While arduous joys condone thy priceless stores,
And melt my wandering sympathies to thee.

Dark-visaged cherubs rise on sparkling sails,
And soar beneath the shadows of thy deep,
While roseate planets span thy fairy gales,
And rouse thy cradled symphonies to sleep.
Thy transient shores, resplendent as the night,
And sounding with the silence of the sea,
Recall the darkening future to my sight,
And blend my thought, Kirkmaiden dear! to thee.

When shadows of thy moon transcendent shine,
And gild the wandering mountains of the plain,
My spirit languishes in chains divine,
And longs to grace thy sylvan moors again.
The sweltering echoes of thy midnight sun,
Bedim with sparkling gems each slumbering tree,
While light's dark wails of bliss exhausted sun,
To fill my soul, Kirkmaiden dear! to thee.

When love's dark radiance echoes o'er the sky,
To skim the slumbering portals of the deep,
And dives around the spacious orbs on high,
My murmuring hopes in silent dalliance sweep;
My heart abjures the everlasting throng,
And ambient joys my wandering bosom flee,
While sacred raptures mould my soul to song,
And all my muse, Kirkmaiden is of thee.
ALTHOUGH in old times Gaelic used to be the common language of Galloway, very few folk now-a-days have any idea that it was ever spoken there, and still fewer would ever guess that any remnants of it now exist.

I have heard my man say that when he was a boy there were still a few old women in the Glenkens that could speak a few words of it; and that in his father's time there were plenty of old folk among the hills that used it for talking among themselves. There is not a vestige of it to be found there now, though the people are nearly all descended from the aborigines; and strange to say the only traces of it now left, as far as I can find out, are to be found among a people of Teutonic origin,—the Fingauls or HeeHenders of Kirkmaiden; though when I was young there were some Gaelic words used in the Machars too, but I didn't know they were Gaelic then.
The Fingauls have only a very few words of it left that I have heard, and they don’t know that there is any Gaelic about them. You see, with living so long in the Highlands I understand a little myself, but I don’t know how to spell it; I can only put it down something like what it’s pronounced.

The first I noticed in Kirkmaiden was a woman asking her wean if it wanted a d’yoch, and then she told her little lass to give the wean some water. In doing so the lass told the wean to ‘tak a duc,’ that is a drink.

Then I saw a woman milking a cow, and it wouldn’t be quiet, and she clapped it on the side, and said ‘turrish! turrish!’ meaning her to stand still.

Then I heard the same word again, one night, when a lad and a lass were standing at a ligget together, and he wanted to put his arm round her waist, and she shied off and wouldn’t let him.

An old man was passing through the gate, and he says to him—

‘Tam! wull the callen no turrish?’ meaning will the young girl not stand still.

The next I heard was a servant lass that was feeding some swine, and she cried ‘doorie! doorie!’ at them, meaning pig! pig!

Another day I heard one man telling another that he was ‘gaun tae hae a day at the scatyins,’ that is, the herrings; and not long after I heard a farmer lamenting because his corn was choked with brashnoch, meaning gule, or wild mustard as the English call it. In the Stewartry they call it Wul-Kail.

A few days after I went into a house to ask the road, and there was a lot of bits of straws and rubbish on the floor, that had been blown in by the wind, and the wife began to scold the daughter for letting it be there:—
'You gude-for-naething doyloch,' says she, 'could ye no hae soopit that trooshloch oot afore this time o' day?'

There was a lad about the house they called Pate McCollm, and he had been away about Falkirk about some beasts, with some other lads; and he was telling his adventures when he came back.

'An' what d'ye think?' says he, 'they ca't us a' callens; it was callen this, an' callen that, every word: I daresay they thocht we were lasses!' He evidently knew no meaning for callens but lasses, and didn't know that callan, or sometimes callant, is a common word in most parts of Scotland for Boy.

I once asked a woman if a wean she was carrying was her own, and she said—

'No, the wean's my O,—meaning that it was her grandson. I used to hear this word often when I was young, used in the Machars for grandson, and also gutcher for a grandfather.

In the Rhinns is the only place I ever heard the W pronounced in the original way, as a double U, and for wreck, wraith, wrapper, wrath, &c., they say oorack, ooraith, oorapper, ororath, and so on.

They also talk about fish they call craigochs, blockins, and glassins, which are all Gaelic names. They were talking that way still when I was there last.

THE WRANG SOO BY THE LUG.

ARNEY MILES was an Irishman that used to work to Mr McKeen (pronounced Mac Yan) the farmer at the Craichlaw, and he was a curious kind of a craiter, and was noted for his cleverness in wriggling out of a difficulty. He was sometimes beat however.
I mind one day I was coming home from the Craighlaw, and I met Captain Hamilton on horseback at the gate, and I opened it for him. I was a little lass then, and the Captain was just on his way home from the shooting. He asked me how my father and the family were getting on, and how things were looking about the castle, and so on, and I answered him as well as I could; and just as he went off Barney came up, also from the castle, and seeing the Captain dressed in a moleskin coat with large pockets, and riding a fine horse, Barney took him for a groom, and went right in before him, and made him draw up, till he would get some news out of him.

'Sure,' says Barney, 'you'll be come to announce the arrival of yur masther?'

'Yes!' says the Captain.

'Whin will he be here?' says Barney.

'He'll be here by-and-by,' says the Captain.

'I suppose,' says Barney, 'he'll be here soon enough—the divil a-much he's worth, I suppose.'

The Captain gave a laugh and rode on; and when Barney made up on me, I asked him what he had been saying, and he told me.

'Barney,' quo I, 'that's Captain Hamilton his sel,' and Barney was dumbfounded.

Next day the Captain came about among the workers, to see the improvements that were in progress, and Barney on his approach fell down on his knees and begged his pardon, saying that he didn't know who he was when he spoke to him last night, or he wouldn't have said what he did.

'Never mind, Barney,' says the Captain, 'I like to know what the people think of me; there's half-a-crown to drink my health, and ye'll may-be give me a better character the next time I come back.'
A FROLICSOME LAIRD.

CAPTAIN HAMILTON was a horrid favourite about Kirkcowan when he was young, and everybody thought a queer heap o' him, though he used to keep the whole place in a perfect ferment with his devilment, and the curious ploys he was always getting up.

There was yin o' his ploys that he didna like to hear tell o', for he rather got the worst of the fun that time. I think it was after he returned from the Battle of Waterloo, at which time he would be about eighteen years of age and he was lodging with Mr Stewart the minister.

He and young McConnel, son of the Sheriff of Wigton, entered themselves as scholars at a night-school, kept by Aul' Dominie Dunner-dowp as they used to call him, but I think it was as much for the purpose of carrying on devilment as for what they intended to learn.

One of their chief tricks at the school was throwing peas down the lasses' necks to plague them, and they used to revenge themselves by crying 'Buck-teeth Charlie' at him; for he had two large buck-teeth which kept up his upper lip, any allusion to them enraged him, and he used to chase them and thrash them when they cried it at him.

The Dominie lived across the Water of Blednoch on the Penninghame side, and had to cross the water by the steps, going and coming.

One day the Captain determined there should be no school the next night, and to manage this he abstracted a sheet from the manse, and waited till the Dominie left the school to go home.

He contrived to get down the road before him, and waited among some bushes at the roadside till he passed, when he
took out the sheet and covered himself over with it, holding the corner high up over his head to give him a gigantic appearance, which was not difficult to do, seeing that he was six feet three inches high to begin with.

Taking off his shoes, he silently walked up alongside the Dominie on his stocking soles, and marched away along with him, keeping step for step with him, close to his side, without ever saying a word.

The Dominie, hearing no footsteps, and seeing this white figure, nearly nine feet high, marching alongside him in the darkness, was terribly frightened, and the cold sweat was running down his face, and he was ready to drop; but he could do nothing but walk on, for it stopped when he stopped, went fast when he went fast, and slowly when he slackened his pace.

He was also aware that the greatest danger in an encounter with a ghost is in turning back, so he pushed on till he got to the steps, consoling himself with the reflection that if he could only get across them he would be safe, for he knew that no ghost could cross a water.

The Captain thought so too, so when the Schoolmaster took the steps, he took the water alongside of him, and to keep up the delusion he stopped when they came to the middle of the stream, and if he had been contented to finish up then, there would have been a first-rate instance of an authentic ghost; but as luck would have it, the Dominie made a stagger, and was like to fall, and the Captain was tempted to give him a shove to make it certain, which he did, and soused the Schoolmaster completely, and then turned to go away.

While the Dominie was sprawling on all fours at the bottom of the river, it came into his head that no ghost but a flesh and blood one could have pushed him in; and having no
fear of flesh and blood, his courage returned, and grabbing up two stones from the bottom of the stream, and holding them in his hands, he turned to the ghost and attacked it most viciously, and in a very few minutes he conquered the hero of Waterloo, who roared for mercy, but got none; for the Dominie laid on him till he was that tired he could lay on no longer.

At last the ghost thinking that it was going to be killed, was obliged to cry out that he was William Charles Hamilton, and to beg him to stop, which he eventually did, but not till he had properly punished him.

The very name of a ghost was enough to cowe the Captain for many a year after.

THE GROCER'S SIGN.

OWN in Glenluce there was an old body of the name of Jacob McGill that kept a shop, and he was an awfu crabbit buddy, and the young lads used to torment him horridly to get him to run after them, and to hear the queer and outrageous language he used to throw at them when he was angry.

He was popularly known as Merchant McGill, and in his young days he had lived a great many years in

"The County of Donegal,
Where there's no Sunday at all,"

and so his talk had a terrible heap of Irish expressions in it, and he had an unco gait of swearing by 'the Holy Moses an' the Twal' Apostles,' which was the part the boys liked best to hear him coming out with.

One afternoon some of them sent a kind of half-daft lad they ca't Andrew Tait into the shop on an errand,—
'If you please,' says Andrew, with a serious face, 'I want twa yairds o' butter, an' a pu'n o' corduroy.'

Jacob elevated his cudgel and flew at Andrew, crying—

'By the Holy Moses if I git a howlt ov you, I'll give you a dunt on the brain with the Mother of the Sloe, that'll have a trough for the poolies to drhink owt ov,' and he seized Andrew and gave him a shaking.

Andrew looked up innocently in his face, and said—

'If ye please, ye hae forgotten tae mention the Twal Apostles.'

Jacob was gaun tae come out wi' something terrible, but he noticed the boy was silly, so he took him back into the shop and gave him a handfu' o' sweeties, and sent him hame wi' them.

During the winter some of the lads for devilment made a sign and painted it, and nailed it up above Jacob's door on the Saturday night, and it was staring everybody in the face when they were gaun tae the kirk the next morning. The words on it were—

ABRAHAM & JACOB McGILL,
DEALER IN
Black-soap and Testaments, Gum-flowers and Sharping-stones,
Holy Moses and Herrings. AMEN.

A great crowd of folk gathered about the door criticising the new sign, and they made such an ado, that it brought Jacob out to see what was the matter. Jacob read it carefully over and said—
‘Awbraham and Jawcob McGill! Holy Moses and Herrings! they moight as will have put on the Twilve Apostles too, and made it compleale: but it will do very will as it iz; surely I’m for ivvor obloid to them,’ and retired.

He just let the sign alone, and it was there for many years after.

AN AYRSHIRE CONSCIENCE.

PPIE RALSTON, a Boer’s wife, from about Auchneel hand, went one day into McQuhae the Draper’s shop in Stranraer, and asked for a pennyworth of nittin. Nittin is Galloway for Tape: perhaps ‘knitting’ originally. He gave her two yards, but ‘she threw it disdainfully back on the counter saying,—

‘Is that a’ ye gie for a penny? I wud a got ever sae muckle mair in Girvan.’

‘Help yersel, mistress,’ says McQuhae, ‘just tak what yer conscience tells ye ’s a fair pennyworth,’ and he tossed down a roll of nittin to her.

Weel, she row’t, an’ row’t, an’ better row’t, an’ turned the nittin ower her thumb and her elbow, till the draper thought she was never gaun to stop, but at last she held it out, and told him to clip it off there.

‘Just let me wrap it up for you,’ says he, and he took it from her and measured it, and then returned it saying, ‘I always knew that a Kyloe conscience would rax a bit, but I’ll be hang’t if I thocht it wud a rax’t seven an’ twunty yards.’
A LITTLE DISPUTE.

OLK have an idea that the wives always wear the breeks, but it's no the case, for the men are as often masters as the women, though I daresay there's whiles a bit of a fight about it. In England I daresay few women wear the breeks, for the wives there always speak of their men as 'my master,' and they appear to me to wear black eyes oftener than the man's breeches, but that's maybe on account of a struggle to get them.

In Scotland again the man and the wife appear to be on pretty equal terms, as the wife there usually speaks of her husband as 'my man,' or as 'oor John,' or whatever they may call him. But that's no what was gaun a tell ye about about.

They said Stewart McWhat down in Kirkinner village, had some serious encounters wi the wife, when they were first married, afore they could get it settled wha was to rule the roast; and the wife very nearly managed to get the best o't; but after they had cangled on for mair nor a week, and the man was just thinkin o' gien in, they had another desperate tuilzie ower the head o't. Just as they were in the middle o't, an Irishman was coming by, and he knocked at the door, for he was looking for work; and Stewart came and opened it.

'Is the Masther in?' says Paddy.

'Deed!' says Stewart, 'I could har'ly tell ye; there's a kind o' dispute on about it the noo, whether it's the wife or me; but if ye wait a bit, I'll try an' get it settled.'

'Why don't you thrash it owt ov her, Masther?' says Paddy.

'Weel!' says Stewart, 'I never thocht o' that; however I'll gang in an' see, an' tell ye in a minute or twa.'
He accordingly went in and thrashed the wife completely, and came out in a few minutes with a smile on his face, saying—

'It's me et's maister noo! come yer wa's in an' rest ye.'

GAME.

GAME-PRESERVING wasn't in such vogue long ago as it seems to be now, and anybody that had a bit grun could catch a hare or twa whenever they likit, and the laird would never think of trying to hinder them; indeed they seldom interfered with anybody either grinning or shooting them, as long as they just used them at hame and didna sell them.

But now-a-days, they tell me, if a poor man looks ower a dyke, some game-watcher is sure to pull him up for poaching, and as the Justices of the Peace are often accusers and judges combined, and gamekeepers are usually selected on account of their powers of swearing in evidence, it is an uncommon thing for a man once accused to get off with less than three months, particularly if the gamekeeper is in want of a Poacher to divert suspicion from himself.

I see by the papers that the very farmers now, for neglecting or refusing to furnish the gamekeepers with cheese and butter when they want them, are often pulled up for trespassing on their own grun—what they call the Conservative Re-action I believe. Indeed the bits of lairds seem to me to be getting more and more tyrannical wi their game laws every year, and the yins that call theirsels Liberals appear to be the greatest tyrants of the lot.

I have heard it said that it was Lord Dash that set the other lairds in the Shire the example. I forget which Lord it was, but though he was a very good landlord he was a
terrible man for game, and brought pheasant's eggs frae England, and had them clockit, and in a few years all the farms near his house were completely overrun wi them, and the farmers were savage, but durstna complain, for fear of losing their farms; for ye ken it's a fearfu difficult thing for a farmer that has lost his grun in ony way, to get into anither yin. He might as weil try to wile the fit aff a craw or flatter the lugs frae a cuddy; but if he has lost it on account of some game business, he may gang tae New Zealand when he likes, for he may as weil try tae flee the mune on a grunstane, as tae get another farm in this country. He had far better vote again the laird's orders at an Election. If he had great interest wi the Factor he might in time be forgiven for that; but if he set his fit by accident on a pair-traik's nest, and it got tae be ken't, he would instantly become 'accursed for ever.'

They used to tell that Lord Dash was one day talking to one of the farmers on his estate, when three or four pheasants lighted on a stook and begood to feed on't, and the farmer took the lord's gun out of his hand, and knocked two of them over.

The nobleman was furious, but waiting for a chance at the farmer, he bit his lip and kept his temper. At last he said—

'Now Mr Morrison, when you've done so well, lift them and take them home with you.'

But the farmer was too wide awake for that, and replied—

'Na! na! my lord! I'll leave that for your lordship to do; I do verra weil when I feed them an' kill them for ya.'

If the farmer had lifted them, his lordship might have had him taken up, and punished for poaching, and he didna care to put himself in his power.

However in course of time the Tack ran out, and they tell
me there's nae Morisons in that part o' the country noo, nor haesna been for mony a lang year.

THE HELL-FIRE CLUB.

HELL-FIRE CLUB was the name given by themselves, to an Association of young lairds, ministers, and others, in Galloway; but it was afore my time, though I mind of the death of some of them, but they were old men then.

They used to meet once a month, and gaed on horridly, and one of their principal performances was to make a fire in the middle of the floor, with Sermon-Books, Psalm-Books, and Bibles, and then they would strip theirsels naked, and jump back an' forrit through the heart o'it, to try who could stand longest in it.

They called this 'preparing for Hell-fire,' and the one that could stand it the shortest time had to treat the rest of them to drink.

They used to bring dogs and cats into the room and go through the ceremony of Baptism, and christen them and give them names; and they gave the Sacrament to swine-pigs, and made great mock-prayers over them.

They also made a lot of bawdy-sangs, which they sung at their meetings to the more common and favourite psalm-tunes, and did everything they could imagine to mock at religion of every kind.

Some of their bawdy-sangs are said to be current yet among the low characters in towns, and it was a minister that was believed to have made the wickedest of them.

There was some joodgment came on them, that made them break up the Club, but I canna mind noo what it was; but everybody said that none of them would die in their bed.
I used to know the names of the most of the members, but I forget a great many of them now; and at any rate it wouldn’t be right to give their names to the public, to bring disgrace on their innocent descendants.

The only one of them that died in his bed was C— I think his family name would be S——, and I’m no sure if he was laird, or if he only farmed it.

When C—— was dying, his son, a divinity student from Edinburgh, came to see him, and tried every way with prayer and supplication to dispel the curse that was on the father, for the father had repented years before.

The night that he died, a carriage drove up to the door about midnight, and the gudewife rose to go to the door to receive the visitor, whoever it was; but the son said she was not qualified to receive that visitor, he would go himself.

As for the servants, they durstna gang frae the fireside, for there was something uncanny about the house that night, and the thrashing-mill had been gaun it’s lane ever since dark, and the beasts were nihhering and prancing and making an awsome stramash baith in the stable and the byre, while the dogs were a' cowering amang the men's feet in the kitchen, and yowling most piteously.

When the son went down to see who was in the carriage, he went alone, and he closed a' the doors abhint him; and what he saw or what happened, naebody kens, but he hadna been gane ten minutes, when there was a fearfu flash o'lichtnin just at the window, followed by a clap o' thunner, that seemed close to the door, and gart the haiil hoose dirl and horses, carriage, and everything vanished in an instant. In a minutc or two, the young minister came into the house drauk’t wi sweat, and in an awfu state, but he wouldn’t tell them a word o' what he had seen; and when they turned to
look to the bed where the father was lying, he was stark dead.

In the morning the tracks of the horses' feet, and the wheels, coming up to the door, were quite distinct in the snow, but there was no mark of their turning, or anything to show how they had gone away.

The old man's favourite pony broke out of the stable that night, and though great efforts were made to recover it, it was never heard of more.

That's the history I heard of that member of the Club, but how much o't's true I dinna ken.

I could give the account of the death of some ither's o' them, but they lived in the Stewartry.

**SPINNING.**

DON'T mind of seeing anyone spinning on the Rock in Galloway, but I believe it was quite common in the south of Kirkmaiden, and other out-of-the-way places in the Rhinns, as lately as twenty years ago, being used for spinning coarse thread for sacks and barn-clouts. I have seen Norman McSweyn's wife, or Mrs Swan, as they call her now, in Dunvegan, Skye, spinning with it though.

When I was very young I wanted to learn to spin, but the lasses wouldn't let me, for new beginners spoil the yarn; so I used to spin on the sly when they were at their meat, and they and my stepmother used to thrash me for it. It was afore my father lost the grun, and they ca't the place Bar-lauchlan.

My father got to know of my spinning, and he said he would soon cure me of that, so he weighed out a stane o' oo, and sent it to the mill, and had it made into rowins, and
when it came back he set me to with a wheel, to spin it into yarn myself. After it was spun it was sent to the weaver's, and when he brought it home my father asked him how he liked the yarn this time.

The weaver replied—

'I hae wrought mony a wab tae ye, but that's the best yarn I ever had oot o' yer hoose.'

I think the weaver knew they were hard on me, and said that to favour me a little. I got plenty of spinning after that, and I learned to spin lint too, on the wee-wheel.

There were plenty of wee wheels, and big wheels, and check-reels ever since I have mind, and I have seen a wheel hand-reels also, but they were thought old-fashioned then.

HAND-REEL.

When they used the hand-reel, they put the thread over one end, and then over the other end, saying—

"Ye're yin, an' ye're no yin, an' ye're yin a' oot,
Ye're twa, an' ye're no twa, an' ye're twa a' oot,
Ye're three, an' ye're no three, an' ye're three a' oot,
Ye're fowr, an' ye're no fowr, an' ye're fowr a' oot,"

and so on up to a hundred and twenty, and that made a cut o' yarn.

BILLY CLARK AND THE LIGHTHOUSE.

FIGGING for herrings is a common way of spending the summer night in the Rhinns, and is done in this way—Three or four pieces of stout wire, about a foot long, are laid cross ways, and fastened securely to-
gether, and from each of the ends is hung a piece of twine, also about a foot long, with from one to three cod-hooks fastened to its extremity. A stout piece of lanyard is then secured to the junction of the wires, so that the whole is evenly balanced, and the lanyard is tied to a short bit of stick, for holding in the hand.

Armed with these formidable looking weapons, a lot of men and boys, and often women too, go out in boats, about the darkening, in the herring season, and take a supply of long peats with them, the ends of which are kept burning in a fire built on a flat stone in the bottom of the boats, which for safety, have always a few inches of water in them.

One of the party takes up a peat by its unlighted end, and waves it round his head to make it bleeze, and the fish, attracted by the light, come round the boats, and the people, holding the jigs by the stick, drop them into the tide, perhaps a yard or even two, and then jerk them suddenly upwards, and in rising through among the herrings, a number and sometimes all of the hooks strike into the fish, and they are hauled on board in great numbers.

One night Billy Clark was out captain of a boat 'jigging for scadyins,' and a lad they ca't Sandy Tamson was bleezing the peats, and as they were just outside of Portpatrick, they were right in the track of the Liverpool steamers, after they pass the Mull of Galloway to go up the Clyde. Being very intent on their sport, one of the steamers was close upon them before they noticed, and Sandy, afraid of being run over, got a peat in every hand, and was bleezing them like mad to try and get the folk in the vessel to notice them.

Billy looking up perceived the danger, and seizing him by the jacket, tried to pull him down, exclaiming—

'For the love o' gudeness, Sandy Tamson, pit down
thae peats, or the vessel 'll tak us for a lighthouse, an' rin
ower us.'

However they noticed the peats, and took them for jiggers,
and didn't.

They havn't got the herrings made into game yet, and so
poor people are still allowed to catch them; but it 'll no
be lang.

CRUGGLETON.

ERLIE or McKERLIE has been one of the
great families of Galloway for nearly a thou-
sand years, and one of them occupies a dis-
tinguished place in history as the trusted
friend and companion of Wallace.

There are several kind of traditions about the way they
got Cruggleton, but I'll just tell ye the most feasible o' them,
that was common in the Machars sixty years ago, and may-
be is yet.

There was a great Saxon rover came with his ships from
somewhere in England, and landing in the night he seized
a rock on the Sorbie shore that had an old fort on it, and
as the natives could not drive him out again, he built a
great castle on it, and called it Cruggleton after himself—
the place of Cruggle.

This Cruggle made the castle his headquarters, and soon
made himself the terror of the whole country, 'and also the
Isle of Man, which at that time belonged to the Danes, and
all kinds of plans were laid to capture or kill him, but he
was too clever for them all.

At last a Manx Dane called Christian, and his squire or
churl as they called them then, entered the castle, disguised
as pilgrims on their way to St. Ninian's at Whithern, and
as they were entering to the presence of the Rover, one of
the young woman seeing that the churl was a good-looking young fellow, came behind him and whispered—

'Dinna drink wine.'

After hearing their story old Cruggle ordered them refreshments, and asked them whether they would prefer

"Hen-pen
Boiled in wine,
Or Sitter-satter
Boiled in water."

Christian, being a great nobleman at home, chose the wine, and the churl minding the whisper, chose sitter-satter, and each was supplied before long with what they wanted, the noble getting wine poisoned with Henbane, and the squire getting porritch in which a snake was boiled, but luckily for him, the woman admiring his good looks, cut off the head of the snake and destroyed it before putting it in the pot, and so the poison was wanting.

As soon as the pilgrims retired to rest the bold Cruggle filled up a bumper, and ordered his men to drink 'Confusion to Spies,' for such he rightly considered the pilgrims to be, and he was so pleased with having poisoned them, that one bumper followed another till they all lay as drunk as lords on the floor.

As soon as they were all safely glorious, the young woman went to the pilgrim's chamber, and wakened the churl, and told him to make his escape, and when he tried to waken Christian he found he was dead.

The young woman led him out through the hall, and when he saw old Cruggle lying drunk, he seized a sword and cut off his head; and having taken the young woman into his confidence, she led him down a long stair to a little bay at the foot of the rock, where he gave the signal to the Danes they
had in waiting, and as soon as they could get round, he led them up the long steps into the Castle, and took possession of it, after haggling the heads off all the Saxons that lay drunk in the hall, and then surprising all the guards, who were not on the look-out for any attack from within.

For this daring exploit, the King of Galloway made the young squire into a noble, and gave him the Castle and all the lands, as a dower with the young lady who saved his life, and who was the captive daughter of one of the native chiefs.

On the king asking him his name, the young hero, not understanding the language well, thought he was asking his rank or station, and he replied 'Churl,' pronounced Kherl or Carle by the Danes, and the king and chiefs thinking that was his name, called him Kerl ever after, only not being able to say Kherl easily, they made it Kherlie, in accordance with usage of the Gaelic.

His sons by the same usage were called McKerl or McKerlie, and the family had Cruggleton for hundreds of years; and though the castle is all gone but an old archway, and the lands are all in the possession of others now, there are still many members of this ancient and honourable family scattered all over Galloway.

There is one of the traditions that makes them out to be come of some runaway Irishman they called O'Carrol, but I don't think anybody believed it, except maybe they had a spite at the family.
MARRIED OR SINGLE?

OVERS sometimes come in for very sharp criticism in Galloway, if they happen to let folk see that they are courting, which however is not often; for the courting's mostly all done in the dark there; not much to the furtherance of morality I doubt, if the Registrar-General's returns are to be depended on, which I daresay they're not.

One market-day a young man and woman were walking up and down along George Street in Stranraer, and being strangers, and gaun together quite openly, they naturally were greatly noticed.

Charlie Mucklewham and Geordie Nish were standing down near the aul' Jail, and like many others they fell into a bit argument about them, Geordie declaring that they were aye courtin yet, and Charlie insisting that they were married.

'An' what gars ye think that they're single?' says Charlie.

'Weel!' replied Geordie, 'did ye no notice et when they were walkin thegither, she aye keepit up wi him, an' whiles a wee afore him, an' lookit up in his face as if she likit him; an' did ye ever see married folk gaun on that way? dis'n't the wife aye hing a yaird o twa ahin, as if she had haen aneuch o' him, and lookin as if she had fun oot she had made a bad bargain? an' disna the man stalk on afore, lookin as if he didna care if he never saw her again? na! na! they're no married—yet at onyrate.'

'O! that's naething,' says Charlie, 'they're married for a' that, though maybe no lang; wasn't I in the Stair Arms no an' hour sin', an' the twosome cam in? an' he ca't in whuskey and she wantit wine; an' when the whuskey was bruug
in, what did she do but teem oot the whuskey an’ clod the glass at his head, an’ he just liftit it quietly up an’ set it on the table, an’ never said a word: wud he a submitted tae that if he hadn’ been married think ye? dinna tell me! I’m a married man mysel, an’ should ken better nor that.”

CAUGHT IN HER OWN TRAP.

ALL McROBERT lived in a wee house at the foot of Kirkinner Village, and they said she was a witch, for she could say the most of the Testament off by heart, and so everybody was desperately fear’ for her, and would give her almost anything they thought she wanted.

She was a great hand for ‘reading the cups,’ and lads and lasses used to come from all round about, to get her to spae their fortunes; and folk that were poorly often came to her for advice, for she ken’t a’ the herbs and simples in the country.

They used to tell a story about her and yin Samson McJannet, that she had a spite at, because somebody had tell’t her for mischief, that McJannet declared she was an impostor, and ought to be burnt in a tar-barrel.

One night a man they ca’t Wull McClure that had taen a consumption, came to her with three good fat hens, and asked her what she could do for him.

She had a big black rabbit that she made folk believe was a spirit; and she took this brute behind the hallan, and when she came out again, she said the spirit told her that yin they ca’t Samson McJannet at Balfern had got another witch to put a spell on him, in order to get his lass; and the only thing she could do for him was, to take the spell off him and put it on to McJannet, and throw him into a wasting in-
McClure, with a combination of jealousy and the fear of death on him, readily consented to do his share of the business; which was to get her a lump of clay, nine prods off a barberry bush, nine preens, and nine mouthfuls of water from a north-running stream.

This last one though very difficult to find in Galloway, was easy enough for McClure, for there was one quite close to the clachan. It so happened that McJannet came while they were talking, to get Mally to read the cups for him, and find out if the lass likit him; and when he heard his name mentioned, he slippit in beside the cow and listened,—for at that time it was common for the byre to be divided from the house by a bed or dresser only, and cow and Christian came in by the same door.

By and by McClure returned with the clay, the prods, and the preens, and then set off and brought the mouthfuls of water one by one, and Mall bakit the clay with them into the shape of a man.

She then made McClure go down on his knees before the fire, with the Testament in his hand, and read the Lord’s Prayer backwards, while she broke the head, legs, and arms, off the clay image, and put them into the fire.

She then stappit the prods and the preens into the body, the preens in the back and the prods in the front, repeating a spell every time she stuck one in, and when this was done she made up the body into a neat little parcel like a pound of sugar, and gave it to him, telling him to keep it in his pocket till he got a chance of McJannet coming along the road, when he was to throw it over his left shoulder, and get out of sight, leaving McJannet to find it; when, if he lifted it and opened it, the disease would leave him and go into McJannet and finish him—'And serve him right,' she continued, 'for he's an off-taking vagabond.'
McClure went away rejoicing, and McJannet came out of his hiding, knocked at the door, and was kindly received by Mally, who read the cups for him, took his fee, and dismissed him with a favourable report of his sweetheart.

He was not long of giving McClure the chance of meeting him, and he 'found the parcel' all right; but instead of lifting it, he sat down on the roadside till a little lassie came up, when he took a big piece of paper from his pocket, and got the lassie to make the parcel up in it, and tie it with the original thread.

He then asked the lassie to take it to Mary McRobert, and say it was a present that Samson McJannet sent her, and that he was very much obliged to her.

He gave the lassie a penny, and she set off delighted, and proud of getting so much money so easily.

Mally took the parcel, thinking it was a present, but when she opened it and saw what it was, she fainted, and took to her bed; and so her own spell fell upon herself, and she went into a wasting and died within the month; and the house was haunted ever after.

DAVIE BLAIN'S DOCHTERS.

ANNY KENNEDY of Drumtroddan in Mochrum, had three daughters, and she managed to get them a' married, rather a difficult matter in Galloway, unless ye hae a lot of money to gie the men for takin' them aff yer han'.

However, Nanny got rid o' them a', and young Nanny married Patrick Wallace the farmer in Barsalloch, Peggy married Charlie Maxwell, a rich grocer in Portwilliam, and Betty, the youngest, married Davie McBlain, the joiner, at the head o' the village.

The farmer and the grocer were both steady well-doing
men, and made a mint of money, but Davie was awfu yeuky about the thrapple, and naething wud help it but whiskey, and it needed so much whiskey that Davie never got very wealthy.

However, he got two sons and two daughters, and the sons were very steady and careful, and saved heaps of siller, and they biggit two houses in the father's name with it, but for all that, the family never attained the same grandeur and gentility as their more fortunate cousins, whose fathers didna happen to be fash't wi their thrapples.

One day Davie's auld dochter Leezy was in one of the neighbours', and a wheen wives were amusing yin anither discussing the various families in the parish, and among others, the dochters of Nanny Kennedy of Drumtroddan and their families came under notice, and one old wife talked about the grandeur of Miss Wallace of Barsalloch, and another of the beauty of Miss Maxwell and Miss Maggie Maxwell; while a third, not knowing that Leezy McBlain was present, made some rude remarks about the long noses of Miss McBlain and her sister, and, influenced possibly by the trouble in Davie's thrapple, carefully omitted to put Miss to the names of his dochters.

'Whaten impudence!' cries Miss McBlain, in a rage, 'talkin aboot folk that way! Miss Wallace, an' Miss Maxwell, an' Davie Blain's whaup-nebbit dochters!—the idea! Davie Blain's dochters? an' him a laird—an' haes twa free hooses! Davie Blain's dochters atweel! wha ever heard the like o't? we're as much Misses as ony o' them.'
PLAIN SCOTCH.

NE day in the hin'-harvest old Magherowley had too many visitors for the size of his bottle, and he happened to be in a bad humour that day wi the son mockin him, and forbye there was something had gane wrang about the loom.

When he went into the kitchen among them, he noticed that a good when o' them were o' the kind that come mair for whiskey nor friendship, so after they had gane through a great palaver about how glad they were to see him looking sae weel, and how they hoped they were'na pittin him about, ca' in on him, sae mony o' them, Magher says to them—

'Deed sirs! I'm aye glad tae see my freens comin; but I'm aye better please' tae see them gaun awa again; an' I'm sure ye wud a' be as welcome at hame the day as ye're here; an' I dinna think it's rainin.'

This salute scattered them effectually in a few minutes, for the decent yins left at yince, and the ither's had nae excuse tae bide.

'Aye!' says Magherowley, when they were gane, 'the loons wud drink a buddy oot o' hoose an' hame, so they wud; but there's naething settles them like plain Scotch; it skails them as fast as the sma'pox skailed the Presbytery.'

THE GIRNIN' WEAN.

EGGY McSKEOCH lived in the Clachan of Sorbie, and she had a wean that was aye grettin, and couldn'a be pacified nae way; and a' the asse-water, and myrrh seeds, and wal-ink they could give it made it nae better.
At last they were persuaded to go to Kirkinner, and see what Lucky McRobert thought about it; and they took the wean wi them, and it girt’ horridly a’ the road, and when they took it into Mall’s house the scraichs o’ t were fearful.

Mall heard their story but said naething; she just sat down forment the wean, and set her wee wicked blue een on’t.

It wudna look at her, but warsled and yelled and gaed on like mad, and at last Mall says tae’t, in a serious voice,—

‘Noo than! be quait, or I’ll riddle ye in the reek, so I wull.’

The wean trembled all over, and never grat anither word, and Peggy gied the old woman a sixpence, and came away delighted.

For a long time after that, whenever it begood to girt and gowl, Peggy had just to say—

‘Wheesht! wheesht ye! or I’ll riddle ye in the reek,’ and it was as quiet as a lamb directly.

RIDDLED IN THE REEK.

SQUAKNESS didn’t suit it always however, for it got gradually to care less and less for the threat, and at last when its mither said it, it just gowled louder than ever, till she was fairly heart-broken wi’t; and it kept gaun on that way till it was nearly three year auld.

Peggy’s man at last could stand it nae langer, so one night in October he took a dauner ower as far as Kirkinner, and saw old Mally again about it.

‘Deed Jamie!’ says she, ‘yon’s no your wean ava, it’s a fairy wean they hae left in the place o’ your yin, an’ yours is wi the fairies; but if ye like to risk the danger, I’ll try an’ get them changed for ye.’
'Weel Lucky,' says he, 'I'll risk onything, an' I'll no for-get you aither; whut maun I do? *

'Weel Jamie,' says Mally, 'ye'll hae tae get as muckle dry rowan-tree as 'l'll mak a gude fire, an' ye'll hae a red fire o' red peats ready for me by nine o'clock on Aul' Holloween nicht; an' ye'll hae tae get an ethther-stane, an' mak a cannal that 'l'll slip up tae the middle into the hole in't; an' ye maun hae a heehh kerl tae set it on; an' ye'll hae to hae a coorse riddle for me tae riddle the wean in; an' ye'll hae tae sit on yae side o' the kerl an' the wife on the ither, an' whatever happens, or whatever ye see, or hooever the wean fleeces ye, naither o' ye maun speak yae single word, or tak ony notice o' onything, or ye'll lose yer wean a' thegither, an' pit a' oor lives in danger forbye.'

Jamie promised everything, and also no to let the wean see ony o' the preparations.

When Aul' Holloween came, everything was ready and set in order, and just a few minutes before nine, in came Lucky McRobeart, and without saying a word steekit the door ahint her.

She then set two stools beside the fire, which as usual at that time and for long after, was made on a slightly raised place in the middle of the floor, paved with water-stones. She motioned Peggy and Jamie to sit down on them, and lighting the candle with the ethther-stane on it, put it on the kerl or long candlestick, and set it between them, and and then took the rowanwood and biggit it on the fire.

The wean looked terrified and ran under the bed, but she pulled it out by one of the hind legs, and tied his legs and arms together with some red clouts she had in her pouch, and threw't into the riddle, and lifting it up went towards the fire, the wean twining and kicking and swearing most viciously.
Mally had previously breeked her petticoats, and as soon as a thick reek rose from the burning rowantree, she held the wean amang the thickest o’ t, and riddled it in the riddle till ye wud hae thocht it wud hae been chokit.

The wean cursed and yelled, and spat at her, and called her a’ that was bad, but she took nae notice; then it begged and fleech’t with the father and mother to save ’t, for it was chokin, and went on pitiful; and then it begood and cursed them, and abused them terribly.

Then there came knockings to the door, and cries and noises all over the house; but she riddled away, and nobody ever heeded them, till at last the wean gave a great scraich, and rase out of the riddle, and gaed whirlin up amang the reek like a corkscrew, and out at the lumhead, out of sight.

Everything was then quiet for a minute or two, and at last a gentle knocking came to the door, and Mally asked who was there, and a voice cried,—

‘Let me in, I’m wee Tammie McSkeoch.’

Mall let him in, and he was very like the fairy one in the features; but he was such a good, biddable wean, and never grat without a reason; and Jamie and Peggy were that pleased, that they gave Mally the half-guinea that Jamie had saved up to put in the Bank to keep them in their old days, and it turned out sic a fine wean that they mony a time said they never grudged it.

CRUISIES.

ROUND about the sea-coast the people till very lately did not burn candles, but used a kind of old-fashioned lamp they ca’t a Crusie, which was a flat shallow iron dish about four inches long, and two and a half broad at the one end, and tapering to a kind of spout at the other, for the
wick to hang out at; and at the broad end was an upright bar, with a slit in it, which ran on the nicked upright of a duplicate and slightly bigger dish below it, for catching the dribblings.

At the top of this nicked upright was a swivel, with a click attached for hanging the lamp by to any projecting stone in the wall, or a bauk, or a nail, or anything.

The wick was sometimes cotton, but more generally the hearts of two rushes, and they burned fish oil in them, made out of the heads and livers of cod, and ling, and glassins.

They have one of these cruisies in the Museum, Edinburgh, with a grand fancy iron stand to it, but I guess the stand has been made to send to the Museum with it, as the lamp has still the click on it, to hang it to the wall, which it wouldn't be likely to have if it was made for a stand.

I never saw one on a stand but itself, and I have seen many a hundred, as they have been in common use since ever I mind, and that'll be seventy years anyway.

They still use them in Kirkmaiden and Stoneykirk, but they are going out of fashion since Paraffin Oil became so cheap.

Poor people who couldn't afford cruisies used to burn fish oil in a shell they call a clam,—not a scallop though, but a very thick heavy shell, nearly circular, that lives deep in the sand, not unlike a big smooth flattened cockle. Old McWilliam the farmer in the Cairn would use nothing else, and wouldn't allow an iron cruisie to be brought into the house; but he was a curious old-fashioned kind of a buddy, and left a hantle o' money when he died.
THE PICTS.

OME curious kinds of notions prevail about the Picts all over the country, and in most parts of Scotland they are supposed to have been all killed out by the Scots.

It is very strange to me that the same confused kinds of notions about them are prevalent in Galloway, seeing that it is abundantly proved from history, and various authentic sources, that the Galloway people are actually Picts themselves, and were popularly and officially known by that name as recently as the time of Robert II.

They seem to have been led astray by Buchanan's History of Scotland, and the many other histories that have been manufactured out of it.

In the Shire the Picts are said to have been short, stout, broad-faced, black-aviced people, of great strength and very determined; while in the Stewartry they are said to have been tall red-haired folk, with such big broad flat feet, that when it came on rain they stood on their heads, and turned up the soles of their feet to keep themselves dry till the shower was over. It seems very ridiculous, but it is the popular belief all over the district.

They have a great history in the Rhinns about the Scots driving them out of their last stronghold at the Mull of Galloway, and causing their extermination by forcing them to jump over the Moillhead of Stranegower into the tide; and they still point out their fortifications across the land between the Tarberts, which are certainly very formidable looking yet,—though much destroyed by some of the farmers,—and flanked by a variety of well-selected little forts.

The first trench would be about 10 feet deep and 25 broad, and the inner parapet nearly 20 feet above the bottom of the
trench, while behind the parapet the ground sloped so rapidly that the defenders would be quite sheltered from the missiles of the enemy, which would pass over their heads.

The second line of defence which is about 800 yards behind it, consisted of a double ditch and ramparts, the ditches each about 8 feet wide, and about 6 deep; but unlike the first line of defence, which is constructed on the descending slope of the hill, this is made on the ascending slope of one, and offers no shelter against missiles, except to men lying down behind the comparatively low parapets; unless the place was stockaded, which is improbable, as the district shows little evidence of having been wooded, and the line is very long, too long indeed for a successful defence by a host that was unable to hold the much shorter, and very much more formidable first line; and it would appear to have been carried without much fighting, for all along it, behind the parapet, except for a short distance near the present road, there still lie heaps of rounded stones from the beach, each about a pound or a pound and a half in weight, deposited at regular intervals in lumps of about two cart loads each, and apparently untouched.

When the space between the two entrenchments was first ploughed up about fifty years ago, great numbers of bronze buckles, rings, and ornaments, and several heavy gold ones, were ploughed up, but they were all sold and dispersed, and none of them are now known to be in existence.

It is strange that they have a similar story about almost every peninsulated headland in Britain, and I might say in Europe, of some extinct race being driven over it and exterminated, and several of these places that I have seen are fortified in much the same way.
HEATHER YILL.

HEY say that the Picts brewed some awful grand kind of drink they ca't Heather Yill, out of Heather and some unknown kind of Fogg; but they kept the secret of making of it to themselves, and it is now lost; although when the Scots captured any of them in battle, which was not often, they always tried to get it out of them, but always without success.

When the Picts were beaten out of their last stronghold at the Mull of Galloway, and the Queen and all the remains of her people jumped over the heughs into the tide, there was an old man who was wounded and could not walk, and and his three sons were carrying him after the others, but couldn't get along he was so heavy, and so the Scots captured them alive.

The next day the King of the Scots had them brought before him, and promised the old man that if he would disclose the secret of making the Heather Yill, he and his sons would be made nobles, and receive rich rewards, and be placed in the highest positions in the kingdom.

The old man studied awhile and said he would disclose it to them, but only on one condition.

Being asked to name it, he enquired if all his people were killed.

'Yes,' said the king, 'all but you four, they all jumped over the Moill-head into the sea, and we didn't take one alive but yourselves.'

'Then, said the old man, 'I have sworn a dreadful oath, as all our people have to do, never to disclose it while one of of our race is left alive, and I dare not break this oath; but if you will put these three young men to death in my
presence, then I am released from my oath, and I can tell you without fear.'

The king gave orders to kill them, which was at once done, and then he and his nobles crowded round the old man to learn the secret.

'Now,' he says, 'my sons were young, and might have yielded to save their lives or to gain honour and riches; but now no one knows in this world but myself, and you may do with me what you like, for I'll never tell.'

They were standing near the edge of the heugh, and the old man made a great effort and staggered to it, and threw himself over, and the secret of the Heather Yill went with him, and has not been found out yet.

**PEDEN’S PULPIT.**

UNLESS I’m sadly mistaken, there’s very few folk in Galloway that haesna heard o’ Peden the Prophet, that was minister of New-Luce about the time of the Persecution; and most people, I daresay, have read his book of prophecies, many of which, by the way, have been strangely fulfilled.

Among others of his prophecies he prophesied that whoever pulled down his pulpit, or destroyed the wood of it, would himself be killed by wood—as a judgment, of course.

The consequence was, that for more than a hundred years there was nobody durst touch it, and it was regarded with a mixture of reverence and terror by the wild herds, of all religious denominations.

However, in Mr Learmont’s time there were great alterations made in the kirk, and the heritors got ashamed of the old pulpit, which they thought was too old-fashioned to be respectable; for it was an old panelled oak one, and all
carved over; and altogether too vulgar to be allowed to remain in company with the grand new genteel-looking foreign fir pews.

Accordingly they gave orders to have it pulled down, in order to make room for a grand new genteel foreign-fir one, but for a long time they could get nobody to put to a hand to take it down, although several men lost their work and had to leave the parish for refusing to touch it.

At last a gude-for-naething drunken dwabble o' a falla swore he wud put down, and smash't up an' a', and aul' Peden might gang tae the deevil, if he lik't. So off he set and harled it down off the kirk-wa, and trailed it out of the kirk, and tossed it into a corner of the kirkyard, where it lay rotting for a year or two, and nobody fashed it; and strange to say, no joodgment came down on the sacrilegious villian that put it to the door, and let the fine genteel fir one reign in its stead.

One day however, he was drinking with some cronies in the public, and bragging about what he had done, and yin of them said he had been very careful not to break it up for fear of the prophecy. He declared he didna care a fleec for either Peden or the prophecy, he would gang that very day an' ding't tae flinners; and accordingly he got an axe and went off and smashed it into spael.

That very night he was sitting up with a corpp in Pin-wherry farmhouse, and he set himself down in front of the kitchen fire, and was bragging about what he had done, when all on a sudden the great baulk that gangs along in front of the fireplace and holds up the lum head, broke in the middle, and the broken end came right on the top of him, and caught by the back of the neck, and pinned him to the floor, killing him on the spot, and nearly taking off his head. He was consequently killed by wood, and the prophecy fulfilled.
The broken pulpit still lay in the kirkyard till Mr McCar-go's time, and he gave bits of it to people for relics, and they made snuff-boxes and things out o't.

By-and-by folk just came and helped themselves, till at last Mr Milroy the beddal took and locked up the remains of it, and only very particular people got bits of it after that.

My son Adam had a piece of it he got from a son of Mr Milroy's, a very respectable farmer in the Shire, who has still a small portion, which he naturally sets a great value on. It is a great pity the heritors hadna the sense to let it stand; it would have been uncoly thocht o' noo-a-days.

**A SENSIBLE FOOL.**

ERY few daft folk are so very daft as not to ken the value of money, and even daft Davie Eadie of Garlieston had just as much sense that way as mony a budy that passed for wise.

One summer there were some strangers stopping about Galloway House, and like everybody else they got acquainted with Davie, or at anyrate Davie made himself acquainted with them, for he was a great hand for making up to strangers, who were often good to him, while the natives as often weren't.

One day the strangers got into a kind of dispute among themselves, whether Davie was just as daft as he let on to be; one declaring that he was a complete natural, and another insisting that he had as much sense as anybody, and just pretended to be daft, to get off working.

However, they decided to put it to the test, and sought Davie out, and found him in front of the Galloway Arms, dancing like a drunk ploughman to the music of an itinerant hand-organ.
Didn't I tell you he was a born fool?' says one of the strangers, 'there's proof positive! who but an idiot could take pleasure in a horrible howling and snoring instrument of torture like that? nobody! unless he was some Englishman.'

'True! true!' says the other, 'it shows his want of taste certainly, but you know he's fond of all kinds of music, and if he can't get a fiddle or a bag-pipe to dance to, he must just dance to what he can get.'

'Try him with the money,' says the other stranger.

'David!' says the first one, touching his shoulder, and holding out a penny and a shilling to him, 'look well at these and tell me which is the best, and whichever you consider the best, you can take and keep for yourself.'

David took them in his hands, turned them over and examined them carefully, and then looked up innocently in their faces, and replied—

'Deed, sirs! baith's best,' and put them both in his pocket, then said—'gude day and thank ye,' and walked off.

'Baith's best' was a proverb thereaway, for mony a lang day.

**CORPP-HUNTING.**

When Captain A—— G———, father of the last Lord K—— was Custom-house officer at P———, he got terribly into debt; and when he died the Sheriff-officers seized his body, thinking that his friends would pay up in order to get him buried, or at any rate to hush up the voice of scandal.

He had been a Captain of Militia, and his tastes were too grand for his income, and so he was owing everybody maist that would trust him.

I think it was in the year 1816, though I have read somewhere that it was in 1806, but that doesn't matter.
However his butler W—— G—— a kind of relation of his own, and representative of the ancient baronial family of G—— of S—— determined that he would cheat the beagles and get him buried; and so he went through the night, and got the corpp out of a back window—for the doors were locked and sealed—and put it into a coach and pair that he had waiting, and drove it off for the next county long before daylight.

Some accounts say he cut a hole through the ceiling to get the corpp out, but I don't know which is the right way, not having been there; but anyway, he got it out, and that's the main thing.

The beagles got to ken about it, and were in a great state over it, and two of them got a horse and gig and set off in pursuit: and with their machine being light they made up on him, so that by the time he left G—— they came in sight of him about half a mile in advance.

He happened to look round and noticed them, and then he lashed up the horses, and drove on like desperation, and kept well on afore them till he reached the town of N.—

He drove on through the streets like Jehu, and when he was turning the corner to take the bridge the officers were at the head of the P—— brac, so there wasna much atween them.

It was an awful wet day; I never saw the like o't afore or since, and there was an awsome spate in the river, and the bridge was just tottering, and the ledging and part of the arches were beginning to fall, and half the folk of the town was out looking at it.

When the crowd saw G—— going to take the bridge, they cried at him not to attempt it, for it was giving way, and the corpse would be lost, for the coffin was sitting across the coach, and both ends were sticking out of the open win-
dows, and it was fastened by ropes attached to the coffin handles. The Butler answered them—

‘If my master’s corpse is lost, I’ll be lost alang w’t.’

‘It’ll no bear ye; ye’ll never wun ower,’ cried the crowd.

‘Deil may care,’ cries the Butler, ‘it can gang doon or no as it likes, but wi the help o’ Gude I’ll try’t.’

He then lashed up the horses, and dashed in among the water, that was surging two feet deep over the middle of the bridge, which was already visibly giving way.

The crowd shouted at him to turn back, but he stood up in his seat, and lashed the horses like a madman, while the officers, who were at the brig-end by this time, cried out to stop him in the King’s name; but the Butler cared for king nor naebody else, but smashed through the water, and just as he crossed the injured arch, it gave way beneath him, and coach, corpp, and driver tumbled into the river together, while the horses struggled and held on to the dry land at the other side, and prevented the coach and occupants being carried off by the flood.

The crowd on that side of the stream saw the danger they were in, and rushed on to the bridge, and some seized the horses and some the front of the coach, and amang them, wi great ado, they hauled the haiwlor oot o’ the river, and set them on dry land, while the folk on the opposite side jibed the officers, and declared the coachman was a hero, and hurried till ye could a heard them a mile off.

The Butler thanked the folk heartily, and gave them five shillings to get a dram, and then drove away off among the hills, perfectly safe from pursuit.

The officers, baulked of their prey, cursed and swore like twa English, but they had just to put their fingers in their mouths, and drive away back to a public-house, followed by a groaning crowd of boys and men.
The Butler drove right away through among the mountains, over the next river and right away through to the G—— where he crossed the K—— by the bridge, (which I believe fell the same day,) past the castle, and right away on to the old kirk of D——, a distance of over 40 miles.

He lowied his horses at the kirk yet, and went for the beddal to dig the grave, but that worthy's propriety was taken aback at the idea of an extempore funeral, and he wouldn't come, and so the Butler had to borrow a pick and a spade, and hoke the grave himself, and then with the help of a dram he got a man to assist him with the coffin, and they buried it comfortably themselves, to the dismay and consternation of the beddal, whose principal object in refusing, is said to have been the desire of extorting an extraordinary fee, and getting a glorious fuddle.

I think 1816 must be the correct date, for I mind of seeing him driving through N—— with the end of the coffin sticking out of the coach window.

The creditors were desperately annoyed at it, but they had no power to order a special resurrection, and so the body is lying there yet, and a grand marble monument is erected to his honour, as usual in such cases.

A GRATEFUL ARISTOCRAT.

ERXES is recorded to have affirmed that Gratitude is the prominent characteristic of a noble mind—I believe he said nothing about any connection between Gratitude and a noble body, though.

However, it happened that Captain G——'s widow was a very decent buddy, and a daughter of M—— of M——, and she had been the second wife, but I think had no family. She was terrible pleased at the heroic butler for getting the
body buried, and among other things she gave him the Captain's watch and seals as a reward, and he continued to wear them as long as he lived, and showed them with an air of pride, to anybody that asked him about the adventure.

One day, a few years after the corpp-hunting, the Captain's son A——, who afterwards became a Lord, was in our house, and he was talking to my man about the adventure with his father's corpse, and he thus expressed his noble gratitude for the Butler rescuing his father's body from the officers.

'The demd old rascal! to wear my coat of arms at his watch chain; dem him! I'll have him punished for wearing my arms at his watch,—that watch ought to be mine, by G-d.'

However, he couldn't, for though only a butler he was a gentleman by birth, and a true scion of the G—— stock; while it has been whispered that there was some sort of doubt about the authenticity of the family of the Very Honourable. Besides he durstn't for fear the story should get into the newspapers.

After the Captain's body was safe from the grasp of the law, the Butler went back again and set up a public-house, and did well, for he got great custom, people coming from all parts of the country, and even from Ireland, to hear the history of the Corpp-hunting, which he told with great glee, and seemed to be very proud of.

One time that his wife was being confined, an Irishman called Lord Hillsborough, that had come across in the packet, was staying in the house.

It is said that he laughed himself into a fit, when the Butler told him the history of his flight with the coffin from the claws of the king's Messengers.

'Give me your hand,' says he, 'my brave fellow, you ought to have been an Irishman.'
You see he was only an Irishman himself, and that likely made him relish the unsanctified defiance of the law and the king's orders.

However, he asked that the new-born son might be called after him, which was done, and named Arthur Hill G—and the lord put his hand in his pocket and built a grand hotel for him.

But, as I have said before, he was only an Irishman.

NURSERY TALES.

Young people all over the world require little bits of tales to amuse them and keep them of devilment, but I don't know if there are any peculiar to Galloway alone.

I think the following, which is the greatest favourite in Galloway, would be a grand one to make up in a 'children's book'; it is in the style of the House that Jack Built, and is probably of the same era. It begins—

Weel ye ken, I had a bonnie wee hoose, aside a bonnie wee burn, an' yae day I gaed ower the brig tae see what I could see, an' I fun sic a bonnie wee bunch of blackberries. Weel! I saw a Kid jumpin aboot, an' says I tae the Kid,—

'Kid! Kid! rin the brig, an' keep the hoose till I eat my bonnie wee bunch o' blackberries.'

'Na! na! says the Kid, 'I'll no rin the brig, for the brig never did me nae ill.'

Then I saw a Dog, an' says I tae the Dog—

'Dog! Dog! bite Kid; Kid 'll no rin the brig, an' keep the hoose till I eat my bonnie wee bunch o' blackberries.'

'Na! na!' says the Dog, 'I'll no bite the Kid, for the Kid never did me nae ill.'

Then I saw a Stick, an' says I to the Stick—
‘Stick! Stick! hit Dog, Dog’ll no bite Kid, Kid’ll no rin the Brig, an’ keep the hoose till I eat my bonnie wee bunch o’ Blackberries,’ and so on: Fire being asked to burn Stick; Water to slocken Fire; Bull to drink Water; Butcher to kill Bull; Raip to hang Butcher; Mouse to cut Raip, and they all refused for the same reason, till at last it comes to the Cat—

‘Cat! Cat! grup Moose, Moose’ll no cut Raip, Raip’ll no hang Butcher, Butcher’ll no kill Bull, Bull’ll no drink Water, Water’ll no slocken Fire, Fire’ll no burn Stick, Stick’ll no hit Dog, Dog’ll no bite Kid, an’ Kid’ll no rin the Brig, an’ keep the hoose till I eat my bonnie wee bunch o’ Blackberries.’

‘Aye!’ says the Cat, ‘I’ll sune grup the Moose if ye’ll gie me a wee sowp milk.’

So I gied the Cat the milk, an’ as sune as it suppit it, the Cat tae the Moose, an’ the Moose tae the Raip, an’ the Raip tae the Butcher, an’ the Butcher tae the Bull, an’ the Bull tae the Water, an’ the Water tae the Fire, an’ the Fire tae the Stick, an’ the Stick tae the Dog, an’ the Dog tae the Kid, an’ the Kid ran the Brig, an’ keepit the hoose till I ett my bonnie wee bunch o’ Blackberries.’

The following Rhyme is also a great favourite in Galloway, and this is the common Wigtonshire version of it—

“John Smith o’ Fallafine,
Can ye shoe this beast o’ mine?
Aye! deed! an’ that I can
As weel as ony ither man.
I’ll put a nail into the tae
To gar the powney speel the brae,
I’ll ca anither in theheel
To gar the powney pinner weel.
Here's the nail, an' here's the shoe,
Ca to, ca to.
There's the nail, an' there's the prod,
Gentleman! yer horse is shod."

The Ayrshire folk have the two first lines different, their version beginning with—

"John Smith of Minnibole,
Can ye shae this wee foal?"

There was another favourite rhyme that folk used when they were hotchin or doddlin the weans on their knee—

"This is the way the Ladies ride,
Jimp an' sma', jimp an' sma'.
This is the way the Gentlemen ride,
Spurs an' a', spurs an' a'.
This is the way the Cadgers ride,
Creels an' a', creels an' a'."

When they begin with the Ladies' ride, they doddle the wean very gently, do it more briskly with the Gentlemen's ride, and when they come to the Cadgers they do it very roughly, and then the wean roars and laughs most fearfully.

A CHRISTIAN MINISTER!!!
of the Lord and the will of the Patron were synonymous terms, the Lord's will had to be done. Mr Dickardson, like other pious and charitable men, seemed always to carry in his mind the Scripture 'He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord,' and seemed always to be on the outlook for objects to bestow his charity upon.

One very coarse day in the middle of a storm of rain and sleet my father met him near the manse, coming home, as he thought, from Wigton. An old decrepit looking beggar-man and his wife were cowering in under the shelter of the minister's hedge, and the holy man, moved with righteous compassion for their wretched condition, shook his sacred stick at them, and ordered them off out of that, or he would have them sent to jail.

'How dare you,' says he, 'stand shivering under my hedge?'

'Deevil tak ye for a heartless brute,' says the ungrateful wretch of a beggar, 'I daresay ye think everybuddy's warm when ye hae a plaid on.'

'Come out from under my hedge,' says the minister, 'or I'll make it worse for you.'

'We'll no eat your hedge, minister,' says the beggar wife, 'an' we'll stan' here lang aneuch, I'm thinkin', ere ye sen' us aither meat or drink tae pit the shiverin aff us.'

'Go to hell with you,' says the holy man: of course it was his duty to say that. Besides, 'Hell' is in the Bible.

'We'll bide the caul' a bit langer, thank ye,' says the beggar man, 'an' we wudna like to deprive ye o' yer richts; just keep that bit neuk tae yersel.'

My father lookit for the earth opening and swallowing them up, but someway or ither it didna; and the minister lookit disappointed like about it; but he said some Scripture words at the twa beggars, and left them, much grieved, while
my father, who was only an unbelieving Covenanter, gied them the price o' a gill o' whuskey.'

THE AFFLICTED PASTOR.
A GALLOWAY TALE OF WOE.

(From the Newcastle Critic.)

The minister sat in his study at night,
    His visage was placid and calm,
He shaded his eyes from the glare of its light,
    And he studied—deep, deep in a Psalm.
His soul had, enraptured, extended its wings,
    And heavenward directed its flight,
Till it soared from the power of terrestrial things,
    And revelled in pious delight.

The failings he mourned of humanity trail,
    He mourned their iniquities more;
Yea! he doubted some props of religion would fail,
    Unsound and decayed at the core.
' Filthy lucre!' he cried, 'that great curse of our race,
    Tempts the heaven-chosen pastor himself,
To desert his poor souls, and ne'er dream of disgrace,
    For some wretched addition of pelf.

'The flock he has sworn to lead upward to heaven,
    For the sake of his Master and mine,
May be chosen to grace, or to Satan be given,
    As the powers in their wisdom incline.
They may sink to perdition for aught that he cares,
    When a wealthier charge is in view;
They may live and die godless: o'erburdened with cares,
    Or, elected, prove godly and true.
'From a weakness so sordid, which all must despise,
    Thank heaven I am wholly exempt;
Were I tempted even now with a lucrative prize,
    I'd reject it with scorn and contempt;
I would cleave to my charge, though my stipend be small,'—
    What knocking was heard at the door?
Whose voice cried—'Confound him! why didn't he call
    And leave these two letters before?'

One letter was opened—the angel above
    Recorded, while shedding a tear,—
'He is called by the Lord to a "labour of love,"
    A rich glebe and four hundred a year.'
His spirit descends from its flight in the heaven,
    Attracted to earth by the sound;
The wealth-loving priests are excused and forgiven,
    Their faults can no longer be found.

'I'll accept it by—' well, it is better unsaid,
    'And 't would mightily perfect the plan,
Were I next called to marry some wealthy old maid,
    Who would barter her cash for a man.'
He rang for the bottle to solace his grief
    On leaving his flock at the "call:"
'Oh! the pig-headed rogues! though I staid, my belief
    Is, Old Scratch would be sure of them all.'

As he boozed o'er his punch the next letter was read,
    And it mightily altered his tone,
And he used Scripture language,—a call had been made
    To a stipend much less than his own.
'They may follow their letter,' the holy man said,
    And the note was consigned to the flame;
Then he finished the bottle, went mortal to bed,
    And laughed at all thoughts of the shame.

Clean-shaved, on the morrow, long-visaged and meek.
    The pulpit he mounts with a groan;
Huge tear-drops of sorrow run down o'er his cheek
    As he lets his affliction be known.
'I am called by the Lord to go elsewhere,' he cries,
  'And my hour of departure is come;
Oh! my heart-strings are breaking!' Tears gushed from his eyes,
  And he wept,—for with grief he was dumb.

'I am bound by my office,' at length he could tell,
  'To obey the behests of the Lord:'
He'd obeyed just the same had the call been from—well
  He of course never hinted a word.
The people all wept—'t would have melted a stone,
  And it crossed not one grief-laden brow,
Had it been to the poor paltry stipend alone,
  The Lord might be calling till now.
THE CLOOPIE BELLS.

TRADITION that used to be very common in the Shire was the one about the origin of The Cloogie Bells, and it was looked on as a warning to every one to refrain from scoffing at people enduring affliction in the cause of truth and godliness.

The story was that when the Wigton Martyrs were being drowned, there was one of the soldiers that were present at the execution, that was called Bell, and he had a good glass in him, and he was taunting and jeering them.

Hearing some one pitying them, he said in a scoffing manner—

‘There’s nae fear o’ them, the Lord ’ll come doon and help them, and they’l soon oot like djeuls.’
He then waded into the tide, and cried at the old woman—
'Soom! lucky, soom!'
The old woman, whose head was just above the tide, looked round at him and said—
'Ye can scoff at me noo, but the day'll come, when you and yours'll hae tae seek yer meat like djeuks, an' I'll barely get it.'

After the old woman went out of sight in the water, and the young one refused to recant, he was standing on the shore while the waves were dashing up again her head, some one remarked that she was long o' droomin.'
'Droom!' says Bell, 'she can soon like a djeuk, she'll never droom if I dinna help her.'

He waded in to her, and took his pike and pushed her head under water, and held it down till she was dead.

Bell's wife was in the family-way at the time, and when his son was born it was web-footed, and the hands were webbed between the fingers like a duck's foot.

Bell soon fell into drink, and went all to the bad, and had at last to beg his bread from door to door, and all his family for generations were beggars, and begged all over the country, and likely de yet.

They were all webbit like his son, and were well known all over Galloway and Ayrshire, but I never saw any of them mysel that I ken o', but one.

He was a decent-looking middle-sized old man, and grey-haired, and he had an old beaver hat on, which he took off when he came to the door, for he was looking for an awmus.

I brought him a plateful of meal—the usual awmus at that time,—which he put into the meal-poke he carried in his hand, and after he had put his poke right, he held up his right hand, and spread out his fingers, and said—
'Thank ye, gudewife! ye can say that ye hae served yin o' the Cloopie Bells.'

I examined his hand, and the web was quite real, and as distinct as a djeuk's, and it came rather above the middle joints of his fingers, and not quite as far as the top joints.

I asked him what caused it, and he said it was, 'the joodgment o' God for the Wigton Martyrs,' and that all his breed and generation were the same.

A VICIOUS BEGGAR.

EGGARS, and indeed poor people of every kind, were sore thorns in the side of Mr Stuart McGomeral, who was the great man of Newton-Stewart in my young days, and he was awfu sair on them whenever he could get the chance. He was terrible for apprehending beggars and sending them to jail, and when he could not find the sheriff-officer to take them up—for there were no policemen then,—he used to do it himself.

One day he thus seized an old beggar-wife, and was dragging her off to jail, when the old lady got savage at his rough treatment, and turned on him, and laid about his lugs wi' her meal-poke, and made such a hand of his beaver hat and his grand coat, that he was glad to let her go.

'There's a shilling for your spirit,' says he, 'and now what's your name, you old she-devil?'

'I'm sorry to say,' says the beggar-wife, 'it's the same as your own, for I'm come of that cursed house of Stewart, like yourself; there's yer shillin! I never tak siller from my puir relations,' and she flung the shilling in his face, and set him off cursing.
GAME-HUNTING.

COACHES were in those days the only means of communication across the country, and they carried parcels as well as passengers.

The Portpatrick and Dumfries coach changed horses at Newton Stewart, and one day Mr Stuart McGomeral got notice that the boot of the coach was crammed with game that had been poached in the neighbourhood. He and Mr Doyb of Swallowha, also a Justice of the Peace, were in waiting at the Inn to search the coach, and the moment the horses were taken out, and the passengers came down for refreshments, Mr Doyb jumped up to commence the search.

'Come down oot o' that,' cries the guard, 'what are ye wantin there?'

'Do you know who you are speaking to?' says McGomeral.

'I naither ken nor care,' says the guard, 'some scoundrels going to rob the coach, ir ye?'

'This is Mr Doyb of Swallowha,' was the reply, 'and I'm Mr Stuart McGomeral.'

'I don't care if he was Mr Devil of Hell,' cries the guard, pointing his gun at Swallowha, 'get doon oot o' that, or I'll blaw oot your brains wi' the blunderbuss; no man'll search this coach till it's out of my charge at Dumfries;' and he made them come down and wouldn't let them touch it, for it really was full of game at the time.

However he wasn't guard long, for so many complaints from lairds, ministers, and other characters of that kind, were made against him after that, that the owners of the coach had to dismiss him for fear of losing the contract.
A CURE FOR BAD PAYERS.

DOCTOR HANNAH in Newton Stewart was a droll sort of a buddy, and many queer stories used to be told about him.

One time a neighbouring doctor called on him, and they had a long talk on professional matters, and in the course of conversation the visitor remarked, that the people were terrible bad payers where he was, and seemed to think a doctor should be constantly running after them for nothing.

'That's a' yer ain faut,' says Dr Hannah, 'ye dinna charge them haln' aneuch: make infernal charges, an' they'll pey ye tae the last bawbee; but when yer charges are light, they think ye're no worth peyin ava.'

'An' just last week,' says the stranger, 'I drew ten teeth, an' they were a' awfully obleeg't tae me, forbye payment, but I haena seen a penny o' the payment yet.'

'Ye maun surely be an awfu simpleton,' says Dr Hannah, 'I get pey for every yan I draw; they wud never think o' comin here without the siller in their han'.'

'How in the worl' do you manage that?' says the visitor, 'I wish you would let me into the secret.'

'Nae secret ava,' says Hannah, 'they cheatit me the same way at first; but as sure as they forgot to pey me for the first yan, whenever they came back, I broke the second yan for them.'

'A gran' plan! a gran' plan!' cries the visitor, 'I never wud a thocht o' that! I'll ha'e tried.'

'O! but! I hae a better plan nor that noo,' says Hannah, 'if they dinna lay doon the shillin afore I begin, I just contrive to break the first yan, an' so they aye clap doon the siller noo, the verra minute they come in.'
FULL OR SATISFIED?

LIZA CONNELL lived at The Challoca in Glenluce, and she had been in England, and had turned horrid genteel, and so was very mim-mouthed, and exceedingly careful to avoid all vulgar phrases likely to lead anyone to consider she was Scotch.

A niece of hers they ca’ Tibby Milroy, came from Drochdool one day to visit her; and Betty, as folk called her behind her back, made a grand tea for her, and baked some grand kind of flour scons, or cakes, as she called them, that she had learned to make about Preston.

When the tea was about over, Betty insistit on Tibby eating some more of the cakes, for says she—

‘They’re dainties you’ll not get the chance of everyday.’

‘No thank ye, Auntie,’ says the lass, ‘I canna tak anither bite; I’m as fu as I can haud already.’

This was rural simplicity certainly, though not very elegant, and Betty was naturally sadly shocked, so she exclaimed—

‘You great vulgar brute! to talk about being full; couldn’t you say you were satisfied,’ putting a great accent on the “fied.”

‘No! Auntie,’ was the reply, ‘I wud be tellin a lee if I did, for I’m no satisfied ava: they’re sae nice, Auntie: I wud like tae eat mair if I could, but I canna.’

GRENNAN KIRN.

EW people now-a-days have any idea of the miserable wages or salaries the Schoolmasters, public and private, had to live on in my young days, or the expedients they were obliged to have recourse to, in order to con-
trive to exist. Indeed the Dominie was, and in too many instances still is, the worst paid man in the country, although no man deserves to be better done to; for it is the Dominie in a great measure, that has enabled the men of Galloway to fight successfully against fate in every corner of the world, and by their dogged determination and superior education, attain to fame and fortune which the barren rocks and mosses of their native district put entirely beyond their reach at home.

But that sort of thing is to a great extent done away with now, for of late years a paternal government has contrived some beautiful Education Acts, calculated to place classical education beyond the reach of the poor, and by reducing them to the level of the English, doom them forever to the condition of labourers. Though wretchedly paid, the Dominies of my young days were a very superior class of men to the gomeral youths of these days of School Boards, who often get large salaries and grand houses for giving elementary infant education, and who if taken out of the beaten path of their 'Standards,' would as frequently as not betray their helpless ignorance.

And strange to say, we have a Galloway man to thank for a good deal of it. Perhaps he wanted nobody to get on but himself.

The average Dominie of 50, or even 30 years ago, taught, in addition to an ordinary English education, Latin, Greek, French, and often Hebrew, with Algebra, Mathematics, Geometry, Navigation; and indeed nearly everything that would be wanted in most positions in life, and all for some twenty pounds a year, and often much less.

In those days every ploughman or drainer's son could be, and many of them were, excellent Greek and Latin scholars, and ignorant labourers, such as we are now beginning to
find, were not known in the district, if we except a few characters in the towns, and some miners and gamekeepers that came from England. Folk would hunger themselves to school their weans then; they hunger their weans now for whiskey, extravagance, and gentility in ower mony instances—to be like the English, I suppose.

A very common way of the Schoolmaster helping out his small salary, was for him to take the harvest somewhere, and the vacation was always in the harvest-time, partly to let the Dominie get to his harvest, and partly to let the scholars get the chance to make something to cleed them and school them in the winter.

Most farmers were glad to get a Dominie, for they were often such merry fellows, and kept all the harvesters in good fettle for work with their drolleries; for they were often stickit ministers, and able to sing a jolly sang, and tell queer stories, and keep everybody from wearying.

One year there was a Dominie from Stoneykirk, James McWhinnie I think they ca’t him, was harvesting at The Greenan, in Kirkmaiden, and he was a very merry fellow, and keepit them all in fun, and everybody likit him, and he was a great hand for giving them sangs and recitations in the forenichts, and putting everybody in a good way wi themselves. One of his favourite recitations was the then popular ‘Packman,’ beginning—

"I wha stan’ here in this bare scoory coat,
Was yince a Packman, worthy mony a great:
I’ee carried packs as big ’s yer muckle table,
An’ scartit pots, an’ sleepit in a stable."

There was a sang he used to sing they ca’t ‘Thè Tailor,’ which was a great favourite too in Galloway at that time, and the man that sang used to go through all the actions—
that a tailor performs at his work, and shot out his elbows
and dunched everybody near him.

Here is a verse or two of it.

"There was a wee tailor cam into the toon,
An' a' he wantit was elbow-room.
Gie me elbow-room!
Gie me elbow-room!
Gie me elbow-room!
Gie me elbow-room!
An' a' he wantit was elbow-room.

"The tailor sat at the head o' the toon,
An' a' he wantit was elbow-room.
Gie me elbow-room, &c., &c.
And a' he wantit was elbow-room."

He was a great hand for making sängs besides, and that
year, after the harvest was over, and he had gone back to
the school again, he made a säng about the Kirn, which was
very popular in the Rhinns for many a year.

He sent it in a letter to the farmer, and on the back of it
was written:—

"To James Milroy pray send this letter,
Nor look with what 'tis laden;
The sooner it is sent the better,
To The Gennan in Kirkmaiden."

I forget a good deal of the säng, but here is a verse out of it
here and there—

"Now Phœbus in the west does lour,
And eenin sends a peltin shower,
While through the feel's the lasses pour,
To be at Gennan Kirn, O.

Pride wasna there wi mouth asquint,
Screw't up like yin was chowin flint;"
Nane o’ her friens that I could hint
Were seen at Gremnan Kirn, O.

The music sweet an’ sweeter blew,
The dancers just like lichtnin flew,
While Campbelton or Hielan Blue
Kept time at Gremnan Kirn, O.

Kirkmaiden’s famed for witchcraft’s art,
I swear it’s true wi a’ my heart,
For Wutches I saw young and smart,
That nicht at Gremnan Kirn, O.

But no the kin’ that hurt folk’s gear,
Or pit the midnicht wretch to fear,
Or through the air on ragweed steer;
Thae werena at the Kirn, O.

Their witchcraft’s o’ a nobler hue,
Their dimpled cheek and bonnie mou’,
Their shinin een o’ black and blue
S’ no cannie at a Kirn, O.

If I should say that there I saw
A lass that rather waur’t them a’,
Guess richt or dinna guess ava,
But hey! for Gremnan’s Kirn, O.

I think this Schoolmaster didn’t stay long in Stoneykirk,
but I never heard what came of him.

NAE WUNNER.

GREAT lots of stories are gaun about the queer
ways of Kirkmaiden folk, and their supposed
wickedness, but few folk could guess what
makes them different from the other natives
of Galloway.

Being a narrow peninsula, with no part of it more than a
mile from the sea, and a branch of the Gulf-Stream striking
on its western shore, it enjoys a very mild and salubrious climate, and the snows in winter seldom lie more than a few hours, and the parish is often clear of snow, when all places in sight of it are white.

It is a wonder it does not become a fashionable watering place, for it abounds with chalybeate springs, and there used to be a strong aluminous one at The Muntlock. It used to be a holy well, and folk came from far and near for the water, which was carried to all parts of the country, and sold for the cure of sore eyes. They said that it was a fairy wife that told one Andrew McKitterick's wife at Sewtorren about it, and she cured her daughter's eyes with it, after all the doctors in the country had been beat with them. It is drained away now, but could be opened out again.

One of my sons discovered a grand sulphureous spring at Carrigcundy, that an enterprising man could make a fortune out of, but there's little encouragement for anything down there but turnips and cheese.

There is a story that one winter some English noblemen were visiting at Maxwell's of Monreith, on the opposite side of the Bay of Luce, and they were out looking for hares or something, and one of the English, seeing the land across the bay free of snow, while there was six inches where he was standing, asked Sir William how it was that there was no snow on that place across the bay.

'Snow in Kirkmaiden?' says a laird present, 'hoo the devil could snow lie yonner? yon's the pot-lid o' Hell.'

A Kirkmaiden laird that was there retorted—

'It's nae wonder then, that we Fingauls are sae much better than you Machars folk, for we'll live aboon 't that way; but ye ken, tradition says that ye were bred out o' the scum that boiled ower atween that pot an' the lid.' If that be true, I doubt the Machars folk'll be the queerest o' the twa.
MARRIED LIFE.

ORRID heaps of anecdotes about married life are current all over Galloway, and if I tell't ye the half o' them, I would just tire ye out, but I may mention one or two of them.

There was yin Rab Shaw that married a lass down in Stoneykirk, and the night of the wedding he said—

'My bonnie Maggie! she's mine at last; my hinny jewel! I wudna gie her for a' Logan lands, so I wudna.'

'Bide a wee! bide a wee!' says Andrew Morrow, 'afore ye're married a fortnight ye'll be glad tae swap her for a kail-yard my man, an' naebody 'll swap wi ye.'

'Aye!' says auld Mag McMurray in Sorbie, one night they were talking of the effects of marriage, 'ye may say what ye like, but I could tell a married man amang a hunner, so I could; they hae aye sic a cowed look about them; deed! I could pick yin oot in the dark, there's aye a kind o' burnt smell about them, as if the wife had been bleezing their head wi a peat-coal, so there is.'

Aul' Lucky Milroy at Clashwhannen used to say to the young lasses, 'Callens!' quo she, 'afore I got John Milroy, a' my thocht was hoo tae get him; I never imagined I could need ocht else; but after I got John Milroy, I fun' I needed a' ither things: deed, callens! if I had ken't then, what I ken noo, naither John Milroy nor the best man ever steppit in leather shoe wud a got me, I can tell ye.'

'Women be hang't,' says Aul' Uthred McCulloch yae day, 'the less ye hae to do wi them the better; they'll flanch an' flatter ye, and pretend they're fond o' ye till they get ye tae marry them; and the minute they're married, they'll set their horns at ye like a boxing goat.'
Andrew Heron at Airylick took unto himself a wife, and a bonnie toohoo he made about her, but it wasna lang till he changed his tune, for he could hardly get his meat ready't, wi her stravaigin about amang the neighbour houses.

' Aye!' says he, 'when I married Peggy Dunbar, I was as pleased as a fool about it; I thocht I had gruppit a goodspink; butwhen I had her, I fan' oot she was naething but a wully-wagtail.'

QUALIFICATIONS OF AN ELDER.

AM not exactly sure at what period the following happened, but I have been told that it is perfectly true, though I think it must have been about the close of the last century.

The story was that there were two new Elders wanted in Stoneykirk Parish, and they were accordingly elected in the ordinary manner, which I suppose means that they were nominated and appointed by the minister, who is usually a sort of imitation Pope in his own particular parish.

When the Session met to confirm the appointment, and pray them into their new positions, one of the old Elders got up and said—

'I doot, minister, I maun object to Mr What-d'ye-call-him.'

'What!' says the minister, astonished to find that any one dared to interfere with the Divine appointment made through him, 'what objection do you make to him? he's one of the most respectable farmers in the parish; I'm told he pays a very large rent.'

'O! I dersay he's respectable aneuch,' was the reply, 'but I object to him because he haesna the proper qualification.'
‘What qualification does he want?’ says the minister, ‘he seems to me to be extremely well qualified for an Elder.’

‘Na! na!’ was the reply, ‘he’ll never do ava; he’s the only man in the Session that haesna haen a chance wean laid tae him, an’ we’ll just be disgraced wi the like o’ him amang us; I object verra strongly to his being made an Elder.’

The minister looked sheepish, and scarcely knew what to say, but he muttered something about a gig and two saddle horses, while the new man stood up and said—

‘It’s a queer fault canna be mended; dinna let that be ony objection.’

NO SOUL.

AMIE McTAGGART lived at the foot of the Paithbrae in Newton Stewart, and he was a kind of Episcopalian, or Infidel, or Unitarian, or something of that kind; but onyway he wasna a bad customer at the public-house, for he swore he could swallow whiskey with any man alive.

One market-day he was arguing away with some of the dealers, about the immortality of the soul, and was going a great length, when Aul’ Auchenmalg frae Glenluce asked him—

‘Hae ye nae sowl yersel, Jamie?’

‘SORR’ the morsel,’ says Jamie, ‘nae mair nor your collie.’

‘Weel! I’ll no say he’s wrang,’ says Auchenmalg, looking round at the rest, ‘for if he ever had yin, it wud a been washed oot wi whuskey mony a year sin’.

Jamie hadna anither word to say on the subject—that day, onyway.
McGAW.

Kirkmaiden contains, among others, a considerable clan of the name of McGaw, who according to an account I have seen somewhere, are the descendants of Aodh, one of the Fingaül chiefs. Unfortunately for this account, Aodh is pronounced Hugh, and his descendants are still to be found in Ireland under the names of McHugh and McCue.

The most reliable tradition makes out the McGaws to be the descendants of Ham the son of Noah, and affirms that they have been settled in Kirkmaiden ever since the Flood, their original name having been McHam, gradually corrupted in the course of ages into McHa, which by an easy transition became McGa or McGaw.

Other traditions state that they were originally Danes or Norsemen, and were at first called Gauls or Strangers, which word, in accordance with the well-known rule in Scotch, which softens down such words as ball, hall, fall, and call, into ba, ha, fa, and ca, was gradually softened down into Gaw, from which McGaw as a matter of course originated.

Other accounts say they came from Torryburn in Fife, and were the descendants of some great persecutor; while others again make them out to be some of the Moray men who were sent down to Kirkmaiden by Malcolm IV. at the time of his famous Saxon colonization of Galloway.

But wherever they came from, or whether they sprung spontaneously from the soil, they are still there, and they are divided into several sub-clans or varieties, known as the Rory, Tory, Mory, Pin, Gun, Gæst, and Gaunt McGaws, and they are said to be very proud of their various distinctive titles.

The Rory McGaws are said to have got that name be-
cause they were great singers, and roared most desperately: the Tory McGaws because they were masterful, domineering men, just like Tories; the Mory McGaws because they were great, strong, savage McGaws; the Pinn McGaws, because they were little short stumpy McGaws, just like pits; the Gun McGaws were mere walking apologies for McGaws; the Gaet McGaws were long skeleton McGaws; and the Gaunt McGaws are those that swallow all the meat and it does them no good.

I have been told that there are some of all the kinds there yet, but they are becoming fewer under the big-farm system, though at one time there were eighteen or twenty farmers in the parish of the name, and they are very scarce elsewhere.

I am not sure to which of the varieties the McGaw mentioned in the following popular rhyme belonged, perhaps some of themselves could tell.

"Bonnie Wullie! pretty Wullie! lang Wullie Gaw! What'll a' the lasses do when Wullie gangs awa? Some'll lauch, an' some 'll greet, an' some no care awa, An' some 'll kilt their petticoats, and follow Wullie Gaw."

In some parts of Galloway I have heard it called "Bonnie Wullie Skaw," but I don't know which is the right name.

**Extempore Baptism.**

ONG ago it used to be the fashion in some parts of Galloway for poor people to carry their weans to the Manse on a particular day to get them christened, but I think it is entirely done away with now.

I mind of hearing one Martha McQuoid telling that when they took their Jamie to Stoneykirk Manse to get christened, Mr Stewart was from home, having had occasion to go else-
where that day. As they were returning homewards disappointed, they met Mr Stewart on the road, and he made a great apology for disappointing them, and said that if they liked he would do it now, for it was a long way for them to come.

There was a great gorrach on the road where they stood, made by the cart wheels, and he broke the ice on it with the heel of his boot, and lifting a little water out of the hole christened the wean on the spot, and after putting up a short prayer, sent them off delighted at not having to go back again.

Mr Stewart was a man very prompt in his actions, and a great favourite,—for a minister.

MAIDENS' MOUTHS.

EN, or at least marrying men, were very scarce about Galloway in my young days, and I doubt they're scarcer than ever now, if I'm ony judge.

Even in the Muirs they were bad to get, if we're to believe the story they used to tell about Adam McClure's dochters in Penninghame.

Adam lived about Glenvernoch, and he had two awful grand genteel dochters that were getting rather elderly, and nae signs of anybody coming to look after them, and like a' women in the same predicament they were in fair desperation to catch a man o' some kind. That's how so many Galloway lasses tak Irishmen,—and even Englishmen, if there's naething else to be had.

They were horridly troubled with Adam however, for he hadna a morsel of gentility about him, and upset all the grand mantraps they concocted, till sometimes one of them would be tempted to exclaim in despair—.
It's a queer thing everybuddy's father dees but mine.

As a specimen of his diabolical outrages on gentility, the following may serve.

One evening they had a grand tea-party, and several eligible young men at it, and to dazzle their een a bit, they had bought a grand new Japanned tea-tray—a great novelty at that time—which they fully expected would carry all before it, and cast a glamour over some of the visitors sufficient to bring them to the point of marriage.

But Och-a-nee! old Adam had hardly got the blessing asked when his eyes fell on the grand tray, and with a wicked leer in his eye he accosted the gudewife,—

'Ye can tak awa the tray noo, gudewife; everybuddy has seen't I daresay: if they haena, just hand it roon' for them to look at; it'll only be in the road when we're eatin.'

It's quite clear Adam wasna henpecked.

Another day Adam had been down at Newton-Stewart at the market, and when he came home there was a party of marriageable men that had been got up in his absence.

'What news the night, father?' cried the dochters, 'ony new fashions come oot this week?'

'O! gude news the nicht, lasses,' says he, 'there's a new law come oot, that every lass that haes a wee mouth haes tae get a man fun' her by the Government.'

The dochters were haith weil provided-for in the mouth way, but Jenny, to make her mouth as little as possible, pursed it out, and simpered—

'Is it so?'

'It's as fack as daith,' was the reply, 'an' them that haes a muckle mouth 's tae get twa.'

'That's mirawclus!' says Jean, opening a mouth ye could hae stappit yer bonnet in, while Jenny, not to be out-done by her sister, opened hers wide aneuch tae hae swallowed a peat-stack.
GALLOWAY GOSSIP.

GREED.

ANNY McGILL and Sarah McHaffie in Glen-
luce were talking one Sunday night on religi-
ous matters, and were criticising a sermon on
the next world that the parish minister had
preached that day.

As some old folk may mind yet, there was an awsome
downcome in the value of land and of farm produce soon
after the Battle of Waterloo, and farmers that had taken
farms in the dear time, couldn'a pay their rents on account
of the low prices, and so scores of them were ruined and had
to give up their farms and emigrate.

There were some men of the name of McMaster from the
Laigh country somewhere, that came and took a great lot of
the deserted farms at cheap rates, and created quite a con-
sternation among the natives, and so the discourse turned on
them.

'I'm thinkin,' says Nanny, 'that the suner we dee the
better, an' get tae the next worl'; what wi Ayrshiremen an'
Eerish we'll sune be hunger't oot o' this yin.'

'I hope,' says Sarah, 'there'll be room aneuch in the next
worl' for us, there'll sune be nane here; thae McMasters'll
sune hae a' this yin grabbit up; onybuddy et wants tae
gang tae heaven'll hae tae dee afore they get their claugths
on't.'

'Dinna be fear't,' says Nanny, 'if we only wun tae heaven,
they'll no be likely to fash us there; but Gude guide us,
there's nae sayin if we'll get in, they'll want a' the ither bit
tae theirsels, an' the wicked'll hae tae flit somewhere tae
mak room for them.'
BUTTER.

ONE of the queer byewords they have in Galloway says, 'The Butter gangs mad three times a year: It gangs mad wi saftness, it gangs mad wi hardness, and it gangs mad wi dearness.'

I never heard of them sending it to the Asylum, though; they just cured it at home.

NEW MEDICINES.

PETER GOWDIE had a shop in Portpatrick, and like most shopkeepers in small towns and villages in Galloway, he sold everything from flour to fly-blisters.

Peter and Patrick being synonymous terms in Galloway, and lots of Irishmen of the name of Patrick being employed on the harbour works at that time, Peter Gowdie was sometimes for devilment called by the same name as the Irishmen,—Paddy—and he was awful mad about it; for he was afraid people might think he was Irish, particularly as he was redheaded, and sair marked wi the smallpox; and when the boys found that out, they used to cry 'Paddy Gowdy' at him to torment him.

One of the English coastguardsmen stationed there had a child that took badly, and he sent for Doctor McWhirter to come and see it, and when the Doctor was there he had also to prescribe for the other children, one of whom had a sore leg, and the other a scabbed head, and he instructed the man to get some Paregoric Drops for the first child, some Basilicon Salve for the second, and some Sulphur Vivum for the third.

The coastguard, who was an intelligent fellow for an Eng-
lishman, went off to Peter Gowdie's to get them, and on the way he fell in with an Irishman called Timothy O'Wheeligan, who was going there also, and they had a chat about the Harbour works by the way, which rather confounded his recollection of the names of the medicines, and so when he went into the shop, the first thing he asked for was a half-penny-worth of the Sulphate of Ivy.

Peter had never heard of this stuff before, but on being told what it was for, he persuaded him to take Flowers of Sulphur instead, and then he enquired 'what else.'

The Coastguard asked if he had any Wheeligan Saw.

Peter said he didna ken, but he would look, and he went and looked, and brought two or three sizes of hand-saws, and asked if any of them would answer.

'No! no!' says he, 'I want Wheeligan Saw.'

'Is it making fun of my name you are?' says Timothy, in a rage, 'Ile tache ye better manners, be japers.'

And he squared up at the Englishman, who protested that he meant no offence, but just wanted some Saw for a sore leg, and he thought 'Wheeligan' was the name of it.

Peter asked if it wasn't Basilicon Saw he wanted, and he said he believed it was, and took a pennyworth.

'Anything else?' says Peter, grinning.

'Tuppince worth of Paddy Gowdy's Drops, if you please,' says the Englishman.

Peter got into a desperate fury, and said—

'I'll Paddy Gowdy ye, you insultin scooneral! ye couldna let Timothy alane, an' noo maun start on me! I'll Paddy Gowdy ye! my name's Peter Goodie sir! ye're verra likely Eerish yersel, if a' was ken't: just look at yer face! Paddy Gowdy!! get oot o' my shop or I'll set the dog on ye; Paddy Gowdy's Draps atweel!'

Peter would listen to no explanation, and the Englishman
had to go away over to Stranraer, and get Dr McWhirter to write down the exact name of the Drops he wanted.

THE LOWER ORDERS.

UEER folk have queer ways, and the Ayrshire way of singling turnips used to be thought a queer one, though it is now so common in the Shire that nobody thinks there is anything queer about it.

There was a terrible ado over it when the Ayrshiremen first introduced it, for it was considered an attempt to make the Galloway folk as nearly like brute beasts as it was possible to get them in a Christian country, for instead of standing up and singling the turnips with a hoe, they gart them crawl on their hands and knees like a drove of swine, and single them with their fingers.

There used to be a story about some young gentleman of the name of Agnew that had been sent away to a school in the South of England, for fear he would learn to speak Scotch and disgrace the family; and one year when he was home for a holiday he was out in the carriage with his father, who lived somewhere about Stranraer, I forget exactly where, and he noticed about a score of women and boys and bits of lasses singling turnips in a damp clay field, not far from Leswalt Kirk.

Their backs were to him, and their heads close to the ground, and of course out of sight, so that they looked like a lot of immense bee-skeps, covered with coarse bags, on which the word 'Guano' was printed, generally upside down.

After staring attentively at the strange looking objects for a minute or two, the lad observed that they were moving, and thinking they were some of the wild beasts of the country he shrunk into the corner of the carriage, exclaiming—
'Goodness! gracious! father! what sort of creatures are those!'

'Singlers, my boy, Singlers,' was the reply.

'Singlers! father?' says the young man, and he tried to call to mind what sort of ferocious animal a Singler was.

Seeing that his father didn't appear to be the least afraid of them, he felt reassured, and concluding that they were some sort of domestic animals, he enquired——

'Father! do they eat hay?'

'O! no, my boy,' was the answer, 'they don't eat hay; they're sort of half human.'

'Are they dangerous, father?' says the young man.

'O! no, not at all,' was the reply, but they're very troublesome, and bad to manage.'

'In what way, father?' says the lad.

'They are the working people, you know,' says the father, 'and they're always grumbling; they want more money, better houses, shorter hours, and all sorts of things that poor people have no right to think of.'

'What shocking creatures!' replied the son, 'why don't they shoot them?'

**CATCHING A MAN.**

RABIN ROSS had a bit grun they ca't the Laigh Clash, and like ither young men he gaed a courting, and made up to Nanny Mc William at Kilstey, and an odious courter he was, and courtit awsome strong.

Like all furious courtships it didna last lang, and in a short time Rabin left off visiting altogether.

When anybody asked him when the wedding was coming off, he would reply,—
'I can har'ly tell ye, deed! I doot there'll be naething o't noo, for the swine has run through't.'

Nanny however, looked on it in a different fashion, for she said—

'O! the scooneral, he coortit me, an' he better coortit me, an' pretendit he couldna leeve without me; he provokit me tae like him, the villian, an' than he left me; I would believe nae man noo; deed! if the Apostle Paul was comin' courtin' me, I wudna believe him; na! not Nebuchadnezzar aither.'

But Nanny was the wrang woman to sit down and dee of love; she just put up her hair affresh, and lookit out for another, and it wasn'a lang ere she was married.

'Aye!' quo she, 'I sune settle't John; for when he was flanchin I never let on I heard him, an' as sune as I got a richt chance, I sunk my teeth in his coat-tails, an' hel' on like grim death.'

One day after she was married, she fell in with Rabin, and Rabin, jeering, asked her what kind o' a man was that she had got.

'Deed! Rabin,' says Nanny, 'he'll compare wi you ony day; he's a clever lookin falla, though he's kin' o' shauchly about the feet, like yersel.'

This settled Rabin, and he went his way, and Nanny turned to the woman that was with her, and said—

'Oer John aye gaed strobblin, ye ken, for he's ill-fittit onyway,—deed! I'm just plagued wi him, for he'll never tie his shoon; I hae aye to tie them on him when he's sleepin, an' he gangs oot an' never notices 't in the morning; but it's no likely I wud let on about that tae yon red-nebbit haveril.'
SACRAMENT SUNDAY.

SACRAMENT SUNDAY used to be a great day in every parish, and in some it was a terrible grand affair, far grander than a fair, and of all the grand Sacraments, the Stoney-kirk yin was the grandest, and it was the talk of the haill country; and every kind of drunkenness, debauchery, vice, and wickedness that could be named, were carried on at it, till the haill of Galloway was disgraced wi the name o’it.

In a general way, when it was the Sacrament Sunday in any parish, the ministers of the neighbouring parishes shut up their ‘establishments’ and went to help, and their congregations went far and near to enjoy the grand performances. It was the only substitute for a theatre allowed them, ye ken.

Of course the kirk couldna hold the half o’ them that day; and so, after the first sermon had been preached in the kirk, each minister when he had done his part inside, came out and stood on a thruchhstane in the kirkyard, and preached there; and any of his own congregation that were present, gathered round him, and got tokens from him, and took the Sacrament with the others.

The first Sermon was always preached in the kirk, and when they were serving the tables inside, one of them came out and preached in the kirkyard, and then the one that served the tables in the kirk came out and relieved the minister on the thruhhstane, and preached till another came out and relieved him.

In the afternoon there was no preaching in the kirk at all, it was all in the kirkyard.

People always brought provisions with them, ministers
and all, and ate them in any houses or Publics that were near, and many of them just ate them off the gravestones.

Those who knew of houses to take their refreshments at, usually brought a small cheese they called the Sacrament Cheese, with them, the remains of which, and of the other provisions, were always left with the people for their trouble, and in addition, a small present was usually sent afterwards.

When there was no public-house near-by, people usually brought some spirits with them also, and the ministers kept some in the Session-house for their private use during the intervals of the services. Indeed I have heard it whispered, that towards the close of the day, the spirit that pervaded their discourses, was very often strongly suspected to have come out of a bottle in the vestry.

**CORBIES’ TALK.**

HERE used to be a conversation between twa Corbies, that was a favourite with young people all over Galloway.

The Corbies forgathered on a knowe, and the one said to the other—

'Whaur hae ye been the day?'
'At the Braes abune Glenapp.'
'What did ye get there?'
'A deed sheep.'
'Was't fat?'
'Na! na! cabrach! cabrach!'

By ‘cabrach’ they meant that it was lean, cabrach being a term for any sort of lean carrion.
THE GHOST AT THE CRAICHLAW.

UNTIL late years there used to be a Ghost that haunted the old castle of The Craighlaw, and frightened everybody nearly to death.

I have been very often there, but I never saw it myself, though I knew plenty of folk that did, and I mind that one night I was staying there, I asked Miss McKeand (McYan) if it was true that the castle was haunted.

'Deed!' says she, 'if it had pu't the blankets aff you as aften as it haes pu't them aff me, ye wud hae nae need o' askin."

The kitchen fireplace was arched over like a bridge, and people could stand below it, and it was a common place for the lads to hing about in the forenichts.

One night in the darkening the cook gaed to the pump for water, and when she came in again the Ghost was standing in the fireplace.

She thought it was one of the lads with a white gown on, trying to frighten her, and she said to it,—

'What ir ye doin' there, makin a gowk o' yer sel?'

And it just turned up its great big een, and glowered at her, and disappeared, and she loot a scraigh and fainted.

Captain Hamilton was about the castle at the time, for there was a room kept for his use in the shooting season, and he heard the ado and questioned her about it.

She tell't him what she had seen, and he said it was all nonsense; he only wished it would appear to him, for he would put a shot through it and stop its capers.

Some time after this, he was coming in from shooting, with the gun in his hand, and lo and behold! it was standing right before him in the lobby, and he ordered it to go
down on its knees and confess who it was, or he would blow its brains out, but it just opened its eyes on him, and stood still.

He was reckoned a dead shot, and he raised the gun and fired, and knocked some plaster off the wall, while the Ghost just stood and glower'd at him as before.

He then fainted, and had to be carried upstairs, and it was some time before he came down again.

There was a room which the Ghost used to throw the chairs and tables out of whenever any were put in't, but since the Ghost was laid, everything has been quiet there.

**THE POT WELL.**

ERY queer stories used to be told by an old wife they ca't Sarah Mac-a-Shennan that lived in Newton-Stewart, and one of them I mind was about what they called the Pot Well.

It was on the roadside near Glenhapple, on the Barr road, and had been made by one of the Lairds of Castle-Stewart, by putting an old stone pot from the ruins of the old kirk, under a spring.

The story was that he put a silver ladle for the folk to drink out of, and gave it out that the first couple that had lived together for a year and a day without quarrelling would get the ladle, and the second as idie of bacon.

For some years nobody came to claim either the ladle or the bacon, but at last a pair did come, and went to Castle Stewart to make their claim. They were set into a room to wait till the laird would send for the ladle for them, but no sooner were they left by themselves, than they began to quarrel about what they would do with the ladle when they got it, the one wanting one thing and the other something else, so that when the messenger returned with the ladle,
they had one another claut by the hair of the head, and were raging fearfully.

The Laird of course sent them off without the prize, but somebody must have got it, for neither the ladle nor the pot, nor the well either for that matter, have ever been there since I can mind—and I doubt never were.

TOO SALT.

ULLIE KENNEDY lived at Knockglass, on the road from Stranraer to Portpatrick, and he was unco fond of a glass, and when he had to go to Stranraer on the market days, there was no getting him home before one or two o'clock in the morning, and sometimes not very sober.

At first the wife used to sit up for him, and put herself into a great state about him, and vexed herself; and several times she talked very seriously to him about it, but she soon found out it was no use; and so at length she just went to bed and left his supper sitting on the dresser for him,—a bowl of porrithe, another of milk, and a spoon,—and after a feed he rolled into bed, and snored away like a hero till the morning.

One night he came home drunker than usual, and he went to the wrong end of the dresser, where he fell in with a bowl of oatmeal drooked with cold water, which had been made ready to give to the hens in the morning.

Finding the milk and spoon at last, he emptied the milk in among the wet meal, and sat down in the dark, for the fire was happit, and devoured the contents of the bowl, growling all the time at the wife because his supper was so wærsh, and asking her how she would like to sup porrithe without salt hersel.
The next time he went to Stranraer, he came home as drunk as ever, and instead of finding his settlement of porridge, he again took the wrong bowl, which this time happened to be full of coarse salt, for the butter—for she settled to kirm in the morning.

Getting the spoon and the milk, he poured the latter in among the salt, and sat down to eat it, but he swallowed it with a bad grace, till at last he was obliged to stick up, and say to the wife,—

'Confound ye for a thrawen limmer, if I did say there wasn' aneuch saut in the porridge, that was nae reason for ye te mak them a' saut thegither.'

However, it did him gude in the lang run, for the salt he suppit made him very ill for nearly a week, and set him so much again drink, that he would uenever taste more.

AULD MACHERADYNE.

Enophon truly said that the greatest crime a man could commit was to represent men and things as they are; one would almost think he had spent part of his life in Britain.

Aul' Macheradyne must have been great criminal in his day, for he had a great haunt of speaking the truth, which was very aggravating to many of his acquaintances.

His name was Gilbert Mackilvain or Milvain, and he had a small farm called Macheradyne, beside Logan Moss, and close to the southern march of Stoneykirk, and he was famed all over the Rhinns for his blunt sayings.

One day a neighbour called, and asking for the wife, Macheradyne replied,—

'She's gane ower ayont the Moss to Kilaiser, to 'swap a tea" wi the wife there.'
It was and still is an understood custom in that quarter, always to invite to tea at your house those who have invited you to a tea at theirs.

A neighbouring farmer came over to him one day, to ask him to put his name to a bill for him, to raise some money at the Bank, and he made great complaints about his bad luck, and the losses he had lately sustained.

'Bad luck be hang't,' says Macheradoyne, 'good care taks the head aff bad luck; if ye wud look better after yer farm, ye wud hae less bad luck tae haver about.'

'Say nae mair aboot it,' says the farmer, 'but just set yer name doon here; it's just for an obleegement, ye ken, yae neighbour obleegin' anither, an there's nae risk, ye ken.'

'Na! na! Andrew,' was the reply, 'ye hae an unco glib tongue, 'but ye'll no come Paddy ower me wi' the day; an' forbye, the wife's no at hame, an' I never do business without her advice aforehan'.

'Aye! Aye!' says Andrew, 'I ken that, but yer wife wud never fash her head wi' a trifle like that; ye canna ca' that business; just lendin yer name tae obleege a frien'; I'm sure I wud never need tae be ask't twice tae do the like for you.'

'Ye'll never be askit, Andrew,' says Machery, an' I'm guant tae sign nae names; there's just twa things I'll lend tae naebody, an' that's my wife an' my name, an' gin ye had a tongue that wud wile the lugs aff a cuddy, ye'll get nae name here.'

'It's just a mere matter o' form, Mr Milvain,' says Andrew, 'I could a got plenty tae do't, but I thought I wud let you have the honour o't, as ye were an aul' frien'; I just said to the wife afore I cam awa,'—"I'll no fash the laird wi't, it's sic a trifle, I'll just gang ower tae Mr Milvain, an' he'll do't in a minute,"—that's just what I said, an' she'll
think we hae fa'en oot if I gang back without it; ye'll better just put it doon, I ken ye were only jokin'.

'Sorra the bit o' Meyer' was the reply, 'there's nae joke about it; I wud rather gie my siller awa, or throw't into the tide, than be cheated oot o' Meyer; so ony mair ye say about signin' names 'll be like singin' Psalms tae a dead horse.'

When the wife came home, he told her all about it.

'Well!' says she, ye were richt no tae sign, but ye shouldn't a been sae plain wi' him; they're verra genteel folk, an' never miss a Sunday at the kirk; and forbye everybody says he's sic a nice man.'

'O aye!' retorted Macharadyne, 'he's verra genteel, deed; ower genteel tae pay his debts, I doot; an' licks the wife at hame, the smirkin hypocrite; just like ony ither flanch, a causeway god an' fireside deevil.'

Next week Andrew failed.

TEETH.

Ae day a Smuggler from the Isle of Man, of the name of Quirk, came into Aul' Doctor McKitterick's at Dalmaholly in Kirkmaiden, to have a teeth pulled, and after it was out he took the teeth in yae hand, and the shilling in the ither, and looking the Doctor in the face, said,—

'A shilling! a shilling for drawing a tooth; it's far too much; it's a perfect imposition.'

'O weel!' says the Doctor, taking the shilling out of his hand, 'dinna grumble, if ye're no satisfied, just sit doon an' I'll draw ye yin or twa mae o' them, till ye think ye hae aneuch for yer money.'

He didna.

Galloway folk never say 'tooth,' unless they are genteel; they always say 'teeth,' which is both singular and plural, the same as 'sheep.'
It used to be the fashion among young folk, whenever they got a tooth pulled, to row it carefully up, and take it home, and stab it into the hottest part of the fire, repeating:—

"Fire! fire! burn bane,
Send me back my teeth again,"

and it was supposed that another tooth would grow up in its place.

In some parts of the country they say, 'God send me my teeth again.' I suppose it must have been some old heathen sacrifice handed down from the days of Paganism.

**ZEAL.**

EAL in a good cause is sometimes carried to an extravagant length, and in the matter of Grace before Meat it sometimes stretches that intended thanksgiving into a prayer, confession, and supplication combined, of the weary length of twenty mortal minutes, during which the food gets cold and spoiled, and very scrimply a 'mercy' at all, to a lot of folk riving with hunger.

Zeal in this line is sometimes misplaced as in the celebrated grace:—

"Bless the sheep for David's sake, he herded sheep himsel;
Bless the fish for Peter's sake, he gruppit fish himsel;
Bless the soo for Satan's sake, he was yince a soo himsel."

Amen.

which was said by some old farmer when he had mutton, fish, and pork to dinner.

But I think the best instance of distorted zeal, combined with intense selfishness, is the celebrated grace of Simon McGomery or Montgomery, that lived at the Head of the Toun in Wigton, to hear which Simon's house was often
crowded about supper-time with young lads, who made it the standing joke of the borough. It was—

"O Lord! bless me an' my wife;  
Jamie Montgomery an' his wife;  
Us twa an' nae mair;  
O Lord! that's a': Amen."

Jamie Montgomery was his brother, and lived about the Market-place, and like pious people, as they undoubtedly were, they considered man and wife to be 'one flesh,' and consequently prayed the Lord to bless 'us twa an' nae mair,' so as to keep all the blessings in the family.

"O Lord! send health an' money an' meal  
To them et wush us a' weel;  
May the deevil rock them in a creel  
Et dinna wush us a' weel. Amen."

They used to call that 'Balmeg's Benison,' but whether it was 'Aul' Balmeg' that made it or not, I couldn'a tell."
HAIR.

A GALLOWAY TALE.

(From the Galloway Gazette.)

A tattered drunkard staggers along,
He falls in the melting snow,
The scorn and the jest of the passing throng
That scoff at his self-sought woe.
Ah! little they think that the withered cheek
That lies on the mud-stained ground,
Was a mother's pride and was soft and sleek;
And ruddy and bright and round;
That the lips now cursing the Powers above
Had been tutored to praise and prayer,
Or that tear-dimmed eyes still look with love
On a lock of his own bright hair.

He rises, he staggers along again,
He dashes against the wall,
He struggles to steady his steps—in vain!
He only can rise to fall.
Till a woman goes past, with a cold hard face,
But a heart still soft and warm,
For she turns and pities his dire disgrace;
And she leads him away from harm.
Oh! why in her eyes do the tear-drops start,
As she looks on the drunkard there?
Oh! she treasures in love on her once light heart,
A lock of his bright brown hair.

She shudders! she knows him! with heart distress't
She shrinks in the deepest shade;
What thoughts arise in her tortured breast
As she looks on the wreck she made!
For she loved him once, and his heart was hers
In her joyous and youthful days;
Oh! bitter remorse, her heart bestirs,
As she thinks o'er her selfish ways;
Looking back to the eve when he told her his love,
That wretched outcast there,
When she took that token of endless love,
That lock of his bright brown hair.
What sweet sad thoughts of the buried past
    Now crowd her accusing mind!
What clou’ds of sorrow her heart o’ercast!
    For he once was good and kind.
She had told that wretched ruined man
    That she loved him heart and soul,
Then threw him aside in a selfish plan
    For a higher and brighter goal;
And he plunged in vices to smother his love,
    And he drank to drown his care,
And she scorned him, yet treasured all else above
    That lock of his once bright hair.

Deeper and deeper he plunged in sin,
    Lower and lower he fell,—
Dropped like a star from the sphere she was in,
    Where he lighted she ne’er could tell.
She had blighted his heart, and the one she prized
    Had as cruelly spurned her own;
Though loved awhile, she was soon despised,
    And her cherished hopes o’erthrown.
Oh! she lifted her tearful eyes above
    As she sank in her dark despair,
And she treasured with deeper and purer love
    The lock of that once bright hair.

Oh! it lights up a glow in her cheerless heart
    As she looks on that keepsake now;
And the scald’ing tears from her blue eyes start,
    As she thinks of her broken vow:
Reproaches rise in her aching breast,
    As she treasures that token still,
And she kisses it fondly, and sinks to rest
    With a sad but enraptured thrill:
Her dark lone heart it lies above,
    Ah! fondly she keeps it there,
And her tear-dimmed eyes still look with love
    On that lock of his once bright hair.
AUCHABRICK GHOST.

UCHABRICK in Kirkmaiden used to be haunted by a Ghost, and likely is yet for anything I ken, though to be sure ghosts have gone greatly out of fashion of late years; and I would hardly have mentioned this one, only it differed from almost all the ghosts I ever heard of, for it was the ghost of a man, while the majority of ghosts are in the appearance of women. This one too, was usually when seen, engaged in an occupation not in harmony with its sex—if ghosts are really of different genders,—for it was most frequently seen standing before a looking-glass, brushing and arranging its hair. It used to be seen almost every night after dark, and when not emp'oyed dressing its head, it would walk up and down the house, out of one room into another, opening every door it found shut, passing through and slaming it to behind it, every now and then till the morning; but if the door happened to be open it just passed through and didn't slam it at all.
It went on this way for years, and the people just got used to it, and left all the doors open at night to save it any unnecessary trouble.

It was said to have been the spirit of somebody that was murdered there about the time of the Smugglers, for it used to be an awesome place for smuggling down there, and all the farmhouses almost were undermined with secret cellars for stowing away their goods in, and the heughs were as full of their holes as a rabbit warren; and lots of them are to be seen to the present day.

THE LOST CART.

Before my time there was hardly such a thing as a cart in many parts of the Shire, at least I have heard the old folk say so, and they used to tell a story about Allan Hannah, a son of Chippermore's in Mochrum, and his notions of a cart.

At that time there were no cowp-carts: I suppose they wouldn't be invented then, but when they wanted to turn the cart, they just loused off the bellyband and the traces, and lifted the shafts into the air and cowped it that way.

Chippermore had got a cart and harness, and it was counted a great ferlie, and Allan would let nobody work it but himself, for he had a kind of want.

One day they were gathering stones in the fields, and cowping them over the heugh, and as luck would have it, Allan forgot to place stones to chock the wheels when he backed it against the edge of the brow, and the consequence was, that when he lifted the shafts, the cart, stones, and all went over, leaving Allan and the beast standing like twa fules.

The heugh at the place was a steep green slope, and the cart when it came near the bottom, went round a sort of
point or ridge out of sight, so that when he missed the cart and went down to look for it, he couldn't find it.

He fell in with two boys gathering limpets on the shore, and he asked them if they had seen anything of his father's cart.

'Na! na!' said the boys, 'we didna, but we saw a muckle box lyin' roun that point, an' twa-spinnin-wheels on't.'

They went and showed it to Allan, and behold! it was the cart, lying bottom upwards.

'Is that what ye're lookin' for?' cried the boys.

'Na! haith lads!' says he, 'that's no it; my father's cart had the wheels in ablow 't, but this yin haes them on the tap; na! na! it canna be oors; that yin maw find belongae somebuddy else a' thegither.'

And he went home and told his father that he had lost the cart.

He was astonished when the cart was set up again and found to be theirs.

WHAT THE CAT SAYS.

CATS make a peculiar noise when purring, and children are very fond of listening to it, and older people tell them that the cats are singing because they are pleased.

The children of course next want to know what their cat is singing, and so they are told that it sings, 'Three threads in a thrum, three threads in a thrum,' which the noise really is like.

In Galloway it has been magnified into a rhyme, possibly in the days when the country swarmed with weavers, though to be sure weavers were always among the old-established tradesmen of the country.
"Three threads in a thrum,
Three threads in a thrum,
Draw the deevil doon the lum,
Three threads in a thrum."

Thrums are the superfluous thread-ends hanging from the end of a web, like the fringe of a shawl.

**AULD INSHANKS.**

ESPERATE heaps of most desperate queer stories used to be gaun about the Fingauls or Heehhenders, for being a desperate out-of-the-way place, there were desperate lots of desperate droll characters about the Heehhend, and the maist o’ them’had such desperate curious sayings, and still more desperate odd ways o’ gaun on, and they were considered by folk that didn’t know them to be at least a century behind everybody else.

When they had to go to Stranraer or Glenluce, a distance of 18 or 20 miles, they thought they were going away abroad, and prepared accordingly, and used to take great bannocks with them to feed them till they came back again; and after they came home in safety, and would be telling their adventures, they used to quarrel and fight about where they ate the last of their bannock; always excepting, of course, the bit they keepit to throw in at the Co of the Gressnan for the Fairies.

When they biggit a house they always nailed a horse-shoe to the back of the door, to keep out the witches, and were careful always to leave one of the heads of the nails sticking out a bit, on which to hang a stone with a hole in it, or adder stone, to keep away spiteful fairies.

When a cow calved they put a little salt in the pail when they first milked it, to take away the power of the witches
over the milk, and when they kirned they put a horse-shoe under the kirn, to prevent the witches taking the butter; and when a cow took ill, if it appeared to be elf-shot, they put an adder-bead into some spring water, and gave it to the cow to cure it; but if it appeared to be witched they made a thick rope of green lint, and forming it into a circle or ring, held it up and drove the sick animal through it three times, twice forwards and once backwards, in order to break the spell.

Then some of them had such queer sayings—Auld Inshanks, for example, was an old bachelor farmer of the name of McGaw, or McColm, or McCulloch, or McClurg, or McLumfa, or McKitterick, or something of that kind, and he stood six feet seven inches and three quarters in his stocking soles, that is to say when he had stockings on, which was not often, and they used to torment him horribly about a great lang skinny lass they ca’n’t Peggy Adair, and speer when he was gaun to marry her.

‘I wunner ony man could think. I wud fa in love wi a rickle o’ banes; ye nicht as well sleep wi a goat! She wud mak an odious gran’ craw-bogle, I daresay; but if ye think sae much o’ her, gang an’ marry her yersel.’

He once made a journey to foreign parts as far as Glenluce, to be examined before the Gauger and the Justices in order to make him pay taxes for a riding-horse, a thing he had little notion of, although he maybe had the horse.

However that day he left the horse about The Genoch and walked the rest of the road, getting his feet well clartit with glaur before he made his appearance in the presence of the powers that be.

When questioned about the horse he answered—

‘What need has a man like me for a horse? wi’ shanks like thae!’ and he held up one leg to them to let them see
the glaur. "Whaur do ye think I wud get a horse fit to
carry me?" he continued, drawing himself up to his full
height, "I'm thinkin I wud sune hae to carry it."
The examiners were astonished at the size of him, for he
was very stout made, unlike most tall men, but they still
enquired,—' How did ye get here the day?'
"O! I shank't it, sir, I shank't it," was the reply, and up
went the shank again.
"But you'll surely ride in to Stranraer to the Market?"
"Na! na! sir, I shank it, I aye shank it," was the reply.
"But how do you wun hame again, ye canna walk baith
ways."
"An' what for no?" was the reply, "I'll try ye there an'
back for a guinea! Deed aye, sir! I aye shank it back again,
I aye shank it."
"But surely you didn't shank it to Logan on the rent day;
you would ride there to look respectable."
"Deil a bit! sir," was the answer, "I shank't it too, sir, I
aye shank't it; deed sir, I look mair respectable on my fit
nor yin o' you bits o' crowls on a horse."
"But you'll ride to the kirk? there's no cess on a horse to
ride to the kirk."
"Maybe no, sir," says Inshanks, 'ye'll ken best; but I aye
shank it, sir, I aye shank it!'
"Just so! but how do you manage when the wife's cryin-
oot? ye'll have to ride to Stranraer for the doctor?"
"Lord be thankit!" was the reply, "I hae nae wife yet,
sir, an' if I keep my senses, I never wull; but if I had tae
gang, I wud shank it, sir; deed I wud shank it; I could
be there afore ony horse in the Rhinns; na! na! sir, when
I'm gaun ony gate ava, I like best tae shank it."
They could make nothing out of him, and had to let him
off, though nobody got off that day but himsel.
MACINDOE.

Everybody almost in the Shire used to know Macindoe the Dancing-Master, all the families of the farmers and wee lairds having hopped sometime or other to the music of his fiddle.

He was a gentlemanly kind of man, and always smartly dressed, and he wore a wig, and had his head shaved every week to make it fit well.

He usually stayed about the bigger farm-houses, and had his dancing-school in the barn or granary, and everybody with any pretensions to respectability, sent their sons and daughters to him—Cameronians of course always excepted.

He was famed for queer sayings, and as queer doings, and latterly he fell terribly into drink, and was often in the horrors, and when he was the worse of drink he used to get the fiddle, and play 'The girl I left behind me,' and greet horrorly.

The women used to say he was the prettiest greeter they ever saw tryin' t.

Then he would go up to his bedroom and brush up and arrange his hair, or rather the hair of his wig, and strut up and down before the glass and admire himself; and after gazing at himself awhile, he would exclaim—

'Lord be merciful to me a sinner, for Macindoe's a devil.'

He used to buy terrible lots of sweeties when he was drinking, and treated every lass he met with them, but he very often forgot to pay for them.

When anyone would bring him their son to learn dancing, and say, as they often did, that they dinna ken how the lad would do, he used to say,—

'O! never fear; if he doesn't do himself, I'll mak-him-do.'
One night they were going over the Catechism in a house where he was stopping, and they came to—'What is the chief end of man?'

'Aye!' say Macindoe, 'they may talk of the chief end of man as they like, but I know the chief end of Macindoe's his feet.'

He had been a few times in England, professionally, and had formed a horrid poor opinion of the English.

'England!' he would say contemptuously, 'there're a set of ignorant brutes there, so ignorant indeed, that they have no idea in the world who made them, except by the report of the country.'

'Fairplay!' he would exclaim, 'I've seen English Fairplay, and I'll tell ye what it is. I saw a little hump-backed Irishman in Manchester, fiddling for halfpennies, and a big Englishman picked a quarrel with him, because he was a stranger, and before he could play cheep, a dozen of them set on him, and knocked him down and kicked him and jumped on the top of him; and as soon as they saw me coming out of the Inn with the poker, to try and save him, they all ran off for fear they would be punished for it. That's the only kind of Fairplay I ever saw in England.'

'Filial affection!' he would say, 'O! yes! the English are noted for that; when the father or mother turns old, if they're poor, they wish to God they would die, to be rid of the expense and trouble of keeping them; and if they're rich, they still wish to God they would die, till they get a jolly blow-out with the money; O! yes! they're great for filial affection.'

One winter some of the bigger lasses at his school, were sent by their genteel parents to consult him about what was the proper dress for them to wear at his ball; and it happened that he was at the kirk the day before, and the min-
ister had been reading in the Bible about 'Blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine twined linen.'

He had been rather tasting that morning, and the whiskey and the Scripture had got jumbled up together in his head, and so the only answer the lasses could get out of him was, 'Scarlet and fine twined linen.

They went home and told their mothers, and the good ladies, being determined that their daughters should be the belles of the ball, sent them there in scarlet dresses trimmed with white linen, and they certainly did take the shine out of everybody else that time.

When putting the stupid ones through their steps, he would say,—

'There! confound you! I've shown you that step again: you might mind that all your days, and after you're dead too.'

He was terrible bad to do with where he stopped, and he had such strange fancies; he made them blacken the soles of his shoes and slippers, and every Sunday night he had to have buttermilk porridge, very well made and boiled, and sugar to eat to them.

He had a great haunt of looking in the newspapers for accounts of people that had died through drink, and had a terrible dread of going that way himself, but still he couldn't keep frae't; and always when he was far gone in drink, he would start and gret about the dreadful death that was before him.

He was always neatly dressed in black, with a claw-hammer coat, and open vest, and he wore a white tall hat with a black band, and was quite a dandy.

He used to say there were just two Robert Macindoes made, and that was him and his nephew; but when he was teaching him to be a dancing-master, the nephew took the huff and died, because there was two of them.
FORMERLY they used to have a queer custom in the Machars, and maybe have yet, for anything that I ken, that of making a Kirn-Doll when the harvest is nearly done, to take out to the field the day the 'Hair' has to be cut.

The Hair is the last pickle corn that is cut on the farm, and it is plaited up where it grows, and the harvesters stand up at a distance, and throw their heuks at it, and the one that manages to cut it gets the Doll to carry to the farm-house and gets a dram.

The Hair is put up above the kitchen door, and then the name of the first man that enters, is the name of the future husband of the woman that cut the Hair; or if a man cut it, the name of the first woman is that of his future wife.

The Doll is carried to the parlour and set up in the corner till the night of the Kirn, when it is taken to the barn where the kirn is held, and set up in a conspicuous position during the festivities.

It is made of a wisp of straw, dressed in a wean's long white frock, and a ribbon round the waist, with a wooden ladle for the head and neck, a clay face and bead eyes; the ladle making the back of its head, and being covered with a wean's mutch: and the whole is fastened to the shank of a fow, or hay-fork as the English call it, and it is set up in the field and the barn by sticking the prongs into the ground.

When they are carrying it home they sing, according to the farmer's name—

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Baraar's corn's weel shorn,
Bless the day that he was born.
Kirny, Kirny, oo!
Kirny, Kirny, oo!
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GALLOWAY GOSSIP.

I have heard it said that in old times it used to be an image of the Virgin Mary they carried instead of a Doll, but I suppose that would be changed about the time that John Knox converted the Papists to Christianity.

GIB. JAMIESON.

ILBERT JAMIESON was an awful droll kind of buddy, and had a bit grun about The Garthland in Stoneykirk, and many of his queer sayings were kenned far and near.

One day he hurt his shin again a thorn stump in the hedge, and when he was telling about it he said,—

'I dersay there has been a horrid mistake made when folks' legs were put on; they should a haen the bane ahin, oot o' the way, an' the flesh afore: if the wrang side hadna been foremost, the shin wudna hae been sae much in the road, for I'm sure it's aye gettin' hurt the way it is.'

One of the lasses about the house was going to be married, and when he got to know who it was to, he said to her—

'Och! anee! callen, could ye get naebuddy but him? ye might a got a better yin made at the tileworks, if there had been onybuddy to lick a face on't.'

He didna like Tam McNeillie much, or any of his family, and he would tell folk—

'Aye! we canna get leevin for Tam Neil's dochters, crawlin' aboot the road at nicht like taeds, I daresay they'll want me tae ax some o' them up, but they needna fash.'

One of the lasses was hired to a neighbour farm, and brought her kist down a day or two before the term, and set it on the kitchen table.

'What's this stannin' here?' says he.

'It's my kist, sir,' says the lass.
‘Samuel Tamsen!’ says he, crying one of the men, ‘yok the cart an’ tak the Ark o’ the Covenant awa to; what the deevil ir ye doin wi the Ark o’ the Covenant sittin in my kitchen?’

Another day a young man that was coming out for a minister was passing the house, and spoke to one of Gilbert’s daughters.

‘Weel Maggie!’ says he, ‘have ye met the young clergyman? a bonny craiter yon to mak a minister! but maybe it was the best thing they could do wi him; he wud a made a verra middlin tailor, an’ that’s the only ither thing he was fit for.’

INEFFECTUAL PROPHYLACTICS.

Hugh McAndrew lived about Blednoch Water fit, and worked at McLellan’s famous Distillery there, and it happened one day that he had to take the place of another man that had taken badly, and so he was set at the end of the worm, to keep the whiskey as it run from the still.

About the middle of the day Mr McLellan came in to cut the spirit, and he found Mr McAndrew in a terrible way, for he boke’t and spue’t every minute, and said his head was like to split.

‘O Hugh!’ says the distiller, ‘it’s the steam off the whiskey’ll hae done’t; ye should hae taen a bit dram afore ye begood, an’ than it wudna a hurt ye.’

‘Dram be hang’t,’ says McAndrew, as he gied anither boke, ‘it’s not a hang’t bit o’ use; I hae taen nearly a dizen o’ them since I cam in, an’ I’m gettin aye the langer the waur;’ and wi that he gied a great stacher and fell sprancheling on the floor.
KYLOES AND GALLOWAYS.

It has long been a Proverb in the Rhinns, that 'The Kyloes will drive the Galloways over the head of the Moill,' and though this Proverb has not been attributed to Peden, it is coming to pass, literally and figuratively, as surely as if it had been one of his.

In my young days there were scarcely any cattle of any kind in the Shire, except Galloways; and Kyloes were little known, and considered of very small value.

The present fashionable breed of Ayrshire cows are now called Kyloes, and I have lately seen a grand account of their origin from a cross between a short-horn and some imaginary native breed; but the grand account I doubt is nothing but a concoction or invention or whatever they ca't, for when I was young the Ayrshire was counted a kind of bastard cross between the original Irish Kyloe and the Galloway cow, and it was little thocht o', for it fed badly.

Now, since Cheese-and-Butter-making has become the principal business of the farmers in Galloway, and the rearing of cattle for the English market has gone out of fashion, there are scarcely any Galloway cattle to be seen, as the Ayrshires or Kyloes are considered better milkers.

In the Rhinns, where fifty years ago a kyloe was stared at as a kind of wild beast, there is not a single farm now with a Galloway stock; an occasional bull on a butter farm being all that remains, while kyloes are universal.

And so with the people, for except on the estates of the Earls of Stair and Galloway, there is scarcely a Galloway farmer in the Shire,—all Ayrshire or Irish.

The lairds appear to want big farms to save repairs to steadings, and the building of workers' houses, and so they get Ayrshire Factors, who drive out the natives to make
room for their own countrymen; the native farmers, according to their account, being 'too damned independent.'

And so the Galloways and the Galloway people will soon be among the things that were. Even now, a Scotch farmer in Wigtonshire is the exception, and an Ayrshire one the rule, and the proverb, whoever made it, is very near being fulfilled.

JAMIE TH DYKER.

JAMIE THE DYKER was a Poet that lived about the Greannan in Kirkmaiden, and he was an awful droll kind of buddy, and could make sungs about anything, but I canna mind any of them now.

When he was biggin dykes at the roadside or anywhere else, if anybody came up to him, he would stand up and talk to them, and it didna matter whether they were folk he ken't or strangers, it was all the same; he aye said to them,—

'Did ye hear the news the day? God! man! Milroy's bees haes taen the gate, an' ower the muckle hill o' Kilbride, an' doon bye Martha's Slope; an' they cry't "Jeemie! ran!" but I tell't them I was nane of the starkest folk, but I had a brither at hame that was far better o' hiving bum-bees than me; an' I ran nane.'

Strangers thought he wasna wise, but he was right enough. He had terrible heaps of droll stories, and such a droll way of telling them, and a great lot of them were about some old farmer, that used to be terrible sore on the workers, and used to go to their houses and waken them at three o'clock in the morning, crying,—

'Rise up! rise up! there's a brugh roun' the mune an' it's gaun tae to be wat; we maun get this pickle hay in.'
When Jamie was biggin dykes for him, he would get up by daylight and pull out stones, and pick holes in the dykes, so as to furnish faults with the work as an excuse for cheating him out of part of the price.

Jamie used often to tell about some old herd at the Mull, that was sent out one day to count the kye and nowt. When he came back he said he couldn’a count, but they were all there, and if they likit he would tell them where they were, and what they were doing, and they could reckon for themselves. He then said that such a cow was standing with its head over another one’s back, another was looking over a dyke eastward, another had its tail lying over its back, another had its head turned to the north, another was lying on the grass, another scampering about the field and so on, till he accounted correctly for the whole hundred of them.

**HORSE-DEALING.**

"EEP US A'!" said Davie McMonnies when he came home from Newton-Stewart Fair. "but I hae been nippit the day; just look what kind o' beast I hae brought hame wi me."

"Deed! maister," says Tam Ross the cotman, "I think ye hae; I declare ye hae brocht back Aul' Jess et ye sell't last year for flinging in the pleuch: whatever possess't ye tae tak her again?"

"Faith, Tam!" was the reply, "I baith bought her an' pey't for her; but she was a bonnie black meer than, an' no a white spot on her."

"Ah! weel, maister," says Tam, "she has her white face on again, and the far hin' leg just as it used to be."

"Aye! Aye!" says Davie, "this afternoon's rain has changed her sairly."

"Wha did ye buy her frae?" says Tam.
'I bought her frae a namesake o' yours, Tam; that new dealer frae Maybole.'

'I thocht ye had mair sense, maister,' says Tam, 'nor buy a beast frae an Ayrshireman; the verra best o' them's a lang way on the sharp side o' honesty; I never heard the like o't: na! that's the man they say tried the experiments on the horse to see hoo little it could leeve on, and when he had got it tae leeve on three straws a day, it dee't in the thraw, an' made him a loser in the en'.

'O! that's the man, is't?' says Davie, who was busy looking the mare's mouth, 'I declare if he haesna brunt the beast's teeth, an' made her ten year younger nor she was when I pairtit wi her! but what's tae be dune wi her, Tam?'

'Just you get Samuel Morrow's Booer to pent her ower again,' was the reply, 'an' sell her back tae Tam Ross at a profit; he comes frae The Barr, an' I'm hang't if he disna cheat Ross waur nor Ross cheatit you: it takes yae Ayrshireman tae be upsides wi anither, I can tell ye, for the buddy else can haud their ain wi them.'

POPULATION.

ONG ago, when I was young, the Lairds and farmers in Galloway were nearly all Scotch, and the tradesmen in the villages as well, while better than three-quarters of the labouring part of the working population was Scotch too; though there was a strong sprinkling of Irish, half-breeds, and Crosses, even then; hundreds having come over at night in boats, to save their lives, about the time of the rebellion in 1798.

Now you could scarcely find a real Scotch cotman or drainer in the county; the very herds in the muirs are often half Irish, and a large proportion of the tradesmen as well.
GALLOWAY GOSSIP.

The farmers are mostly Ayrshire, or the half Irish descendants of some laird’s favourite flunkey, that may have got a farm for fathering a few children for him; though here and there an odd Scotch farmer may yet be found.

The most of the lairds, again, are about eight or nine tenths English, and care little for the country except for the game, and the rent, and the power of making the farmers vote whatever way they are ordered in the case of an election.

Wigtownshire, if named after its inhabitants, might now justly be called Little Ulster, or New Belfast, or Ayrshire-Ireland, or something of that kind.

MORE LIGHT WANTED.

ORE stories are told in Wigtownshire against Ayrshire farmers, I daresay, than about any other folk, and very likely the half of them never happened, but farm-workers are very fond of telling them for all that.

They used to tell that when Mr Reid came first to Killbryde, he gave them always sowens to their supper, and they were set down boiling-het in the pot, so as to make the servants take a long time to get through them, and then they would think they had got a great lot; for they were very scrimpit, but they wanted to make them look plenty.

Mr Reid always sat down and took his supper alang wi them, and they all dipped their spoons in the one pot; but he was that hard and miserable that he wouldn’t allow them a candle to see to sup them, and the more the servants asked for one the more determined he was not to give it.

At last, Michael Ross the odd-man, clapt himself down next the master one night, and the sowens happened to be terribly hot, and he watched his chance and rakit his spoon through the hottest of the sowens, and lifting it full, just as
the farmer was opening his mouth for a spoonful, he stappit
it richt in, and burned the master's mouth most dreadfully.
He roared and cursed and spluttered, but Michael said,—
'I beg your pardon, maister; but I couldna see theroad
tae my mouth, an' it gaed into yours by mistak; I couldna
help it, so I couldna.'
They always had a light after that night.

SATAN'S MISTAKE.

ABODY in these days of science would be
likely to make as great a mistake as Andrew
McCaig did one morning in Stranraer.
It happened that a new Supervisor of Excise
had come to Stranraer, and he was a complete
limb, and was getting folk taken up and fined right and left,
and all the smugglers, and farmers, and ministers in the
county were working a joogement or something on his head,
for his malicious interference with their bits of comforts.
It also happened that a grand menagerie had come to the
town, and among other things they had an elephant, the
first, I believe, that ever was in Galloway, and through some
carelessness or other it got loose through the night, and
wandered about the streets foraging for provender.
Andrew had been hoking his pratas, and had left some
pokes of them sitting about the door, and Mr Hautee falling
in with them, proceeded to help himself to a bellyful, but as
the pokes were tied, he made such a stramash tossing them
about to tear them open, that it wakened Andrew.
Andrew, thinking some thieves were breaking into the
house, seized the blunderbuss and made for the door, but the
moment he opened it his hair liftit his pinnie six inches from
his head, and his knees knocked together with terror, for
right before him stood an immense black being, ten feet high,
swaying to and fro a tremendous tail—as he thought it, and
shaking its long white horns at him.

Thoughts of a future state rushed into his head, and fears
of his probable destiny took away his breath, and he gave
himself up for lost; till at length it flashed into his mind that
he was an Elder of the Cameronians and so there maun
be some mistake, it couldn'a be wantin him.

At last he was able to speak.

'Gude Deevil!' says he, 'it's no me ava, I'm no the
Gauger! ye hae made a sma' mistak, if ye please, ye hae teen
the wrang street; the Gauger leeves in Princes' Street, three
doors frae the end o' the raw.'

The supposed Devil said nothing, but rattled about the
stowp at the door as if he was dry, and Andrew thinking to
get into his good graces, again addressed him,—

'Gude Deevil, sir, if ye please sir, I'll fetch ye a stowp o'
water, or milk if ye like it better.'

As he turned to bring it out, Satan appeared inclined to
enter, and Andrew fell down on his knees before him, ex-
claiming,—

'O! gude Deevil! dinna come in sir, I hae some grand
brandy in the hoose, just bide whaur ye ir sir, an' I'll bring
oot the bottle, an' ye can help yersel sir.'

When he came back with the bottle the Devil was just
turning to leave, and Andrew, after again inviting him to
take a dram, cried after him,—

'Dinn forget the hoose, three doors frae the end; I'm
sure a' Galloway 'll bless yer name for ever amen for't; gude
mornin, an' Gude bless ye.' When Satan was fairly out of
sight, Andrew thus soliloquised:—

'Gude keep us a!' what a fearfu lookin craiter the Deil
is! Lord be thankit for pittin 't in his head tae come for the
Gauger: I was fear't he micht a been wantin me.'
OLD FREETS.

Old Freets are fast going out of fashion, principally, I guess, because people grudge the expense and trouble of observing them, but still a few are kept up, the most of which are connected in some way with the anticipation of marriage.

When any one was going to be married in Galloway, there was a great ceremony called the Feetwashing held at the houses of the Bride and Bridegroom, the night before the wedding, and great lots of people were invited, and there was a great spree over it, and often a grand party.

There was a ring put into the nap the feet were washed in, and all the young people grabbed in among the dirty water, and the one that got the ring was supposed to be the one that would be first married.

The custom however is nearly done away with now, on account of the expense of feeding so many people.

On ordinary occasions, when anybody washes their feet at night, it is considered very unlucky to allow the water they are washed in to remain in the house till the morning; it must be carefully emptied and thrown out, because it is believed that if this is neglected, there would soon be a death in the house.

When I was young if we met a Ruhh-worm, or Hairy Oobit, or Hairy Caterpillar, or whatever they call it, we used to lift it by the hair with our right hand, and clod it over our left shoulder, and say the name of anything we wanted—a new frock, a string of beads, a big-headed preen, or a halfpenny, or any other grand thing that came into our heads, and we believed that we would get it in consequence.

We thought it was not lucky to kill them.
Folk used to imagine that if a buddy had anything in their hand when they first saw the new moon, they would have plenty of it till that moon was done, and so when folk went out on the night of a new moon, they took out a sixpence with them to have in their hand at the time they would see it, as it was thought unlucky to have nothing.

FIREPLACES.

People now-a-days would think it queer to have a fire in their house, and no grate to put it in, but in my young days very few houses had grates, except the houses of the lairds and the ministers.

In the older farm houses the fire was usually in the middle of the floor, and continued there in the kitchen-end long after they got grates and lums in the room-end. The fireplace was usually a little higher than the rest of the floor, and generally was paved with small round water stones, while the rest of the floor was paved with bigger stones, or flags, and there was a hole in the roof above it for the reek to go out at, and generally a kind of lum of sticks and clay and straw-ropes, above the roof, to make it draw.

In the newer houses the fire was made at the ends of the rooms, against the walls and was level with the floor, but paved the same way, and a funnel-shaped vent hung down from the top of the roof over it, made of sticks wattled with straw, and clumbered with clay, and a rannel-tree across it to hang the pots to, or rather the crooks to hang the pots on. The vent was held up by the two corner sticks in front coming down into the floor, and when there was a vent over the fire when in the middle of the floor, it rested on four sticks or poles, and was wattled to within four feet of the ground, and left open below, and the rannel tree was close up against the riggin.
I have lived to see an account of some of the burnt paving-stones dug out of an old hearth in Galloway, which were carried before a learned Antiquarian Society, where a great lecture was read, shewing that they were stones used thousands of years ago by the aborigines for boiling their beef; which they cooked by putting it in water into a bag made of raw hide, heating these stones red hot, and dropping them into the bag till the water boiled and cooked the beef.

The best of the joke was that the Society decided that it was quite correct, for it seems some kind of savages do that somewhere.

The first grates I mind of seeing, were made by drilling four holes in each of two square stones, and putting four iron bars in the holes, and connecting the stones that way. Three of the bars were on a level, for the bottom of the grate; and one above the front one, at right angles, for the front of it. They burned peats in them; and when the fires were on the floor they burned peats and moss-sticks, which were placed in a circle round the central fire, with the ends touching it, and they were gradually pushed inwards as they burned away. There were no coals then.

The last place I saw a fire on the floor, was at The Balloch in Kirkmaiden, and I had to climb up a rock about four feet high, to get from the door to the fire, which was against the wall. The old wife was burning heather, as there are no peats there, and eighteenpence a week, the usual parish allowance for old women in that quarter, was little enough to buy meal and pay rent with, so that coals were luxuries not to be thought of, even in her dreams.

The old woman had propped up the roof with sticks in several places, and I was glad I got out alive. But you know, she was only a Pauper, and it didn’t matter about her.
FACTOR’S TRICKS.

QUIRKS and quibbles are usually supposed to be the peculiar weapons of the legal profession, with which to diddle other peoples property and pecuniae into their own particular pockets; but it would appear that Factors can sometimes handle them too, for the benefit of their employers.

When I was young, a great many people had little patches of land, from two to perhaps twenty acres in extent, which they held on the ancient Gaelic tenure; that is to say, their progenitors had held the same land from all eternity almost, and had never paid rent to anybody, but they had no written titles to it, seeing that it had been in their possession before writing and titles were invented.

They had, however, in old times, to fight, when the laird, or rather chief wanted them, and to supply him with a certain amount of food, but with peaceful times both these services fell into disuse.

The laird had no particular title to these patches either, but he held a general charter of lordship over the barony they were in.

There are none of these holdings in Galloway now.

When the lairds began to get foreign factors their greedy eyes were turned on these patches, and their energies were speedily devoted to the task of extending the possessions of the laird.

The Factor comes down to one of these Crofters, as I may call them, and demands angrily to know why he has not come with the other tenants to pay his rent.

The Crofter replies that he is a tenant, that he never paid any rent, and doesn’t intend it.
The Factor says the land is not his, tells him he has no
titledeeds for it, and challenges him to produce them.

The Crofter admits that he has none, but says that the
land is his notwithstanding.

The Factor tells him that he has been cheating the laird
of his rights all along, but he is going to stand it no longer,
and is going to take the Law of him and a lot of others, and
turn them out at once.

The Crofter has an awful horror of the Law, and besides
has a firm conviction that no justice is to be had at the law
for a poor man, when a great laird is his opponent, and so he
stands dumbfounded.

The Factor becomes very friendly, and advises him for his
good to go and ask the laird to give him a three years' lease
of his ground, and he will use his influence, and induce the
laird to give it to him at a nominal rent, say half-a-crown a
year for the lot, and he will pass his word that the laird
would never disturb him or raise his rent for him.

The Crofter, in terror of being turned out and ruined by
lawyers, grabs at the offer, presents his kind friend the Factor
with a £5 note to get him off easily, goes to the laird and
gets a three years' lease as a great favour, and comes home
joyful at escaping the clutches of the Writers, and having
only half-a-crown a year to pay.

At the end of two years and a half some fault is found
with him, the laird and Factor are very angry, and in spite
of all his promises to do everything as required in the fu-
ture, he receives notice to quit, and is bundled out neck and
crop without mercy, and either struggles with poverty in
the nearest village—if, the laird permits villages on his
estates, or emigrates to some far-off land, to become wealthy,
it may be, and bring up a family in hatred to Britain and
all that is in it.
As soon as he is out, the old house is knocked down and carted away, the little old fields disappear, the garden is rooted up, and the whole patch is made into a field for the nearest big farmer; or if conveniently situated, is divided among two or three of them, and the Crofter, when he returns from America or elsewhere after years of prosperity there, to have one last look at the old place where he passed his childhood, and where his forefathers resided for generations, he can with great difficulty even guess at the place where it has been.

Clever fellows, some of these factors were, even the Gudeman's craft or the Devil's Neuk failed to escape their rapacity.

On some estates where there were no leases, the Factor used to send word to the farmers that he wanted so many of their best cattle by such a day, at such a price, usually about a half or two-thirds of the market value—for cattle were the principal crop then—and if the farmer neglected to send them or refused the price, he had to leave his farm next year for some other fault; and the consequence was, that Factors in those days made immense fortunes, while the farmers could seldom pay their rents, and so farmers and lairds were kept alike in poverty.

I am glad to say that Factors now are mostly honourable men, and farmers and lairds are mostly rich and prosperous, and leases are the rule; but in my young days Factors were looked upon as the most infernal scoundrels in the world, worse even than Writers or Justices of the Peace.
A MOTHER-IN-LAW'S RECKONING.

AB McKEE lived about Kirkhobble up the Water of Cree, and he was a kind o' simpleton and had a sort of want, but no just what ye could call daft either; but he was a steady industrious man, only like ither gowfs, he was unco keen to be married.

There was a lass they ca't Jean McCracken was a great beauty thereabouts, but she had a kind of light name, but however, Rabin took a horrid notion of her, and ran after her night and day, but she just made a fool of him, which wasna bad to do, as he was half a fool to begin with.

Ae Sunday however, everybody was astonished to hear them 'cried' three times in the kirk, and on the Wednesday they were married, and a terrible grand weddin Rab made o't, and the neighbours made a country's talk o't.

In about three months after they were married, the howdy had to be sent for, and the auld buddy brought Rab a fine son, but he was in a sair way about it, and would hae nane o't, and made a fool of himself; for he said it couldn'a be his, and he got into sic a rage that Jean's mother had to be sent for to try and pacify him:

'Rab,' says she, when she came in, 'what's the use o' you gaun on this way? ye ken verra weel the wean's yours, ye need never try tae deny't:—no nine months married! nine fiddlesticks! aren't ye twa months an' a half married tae her? an' isn't she twa an' a half months married to you? an' dis'nt that make five months? an' isn't there Jennywurry? an' isn't there Feberwurry? an' that maks twa months mair: an' wusna she a month spinnin sarks tae ye on the wee wheel? an' that maks eicht months; an' wusna she anither month spinnin breeks and blankets tae ye on the
muckle wheel? an' that mak's nine months; an' ye'll say the wean's no yours! wha's wud it be? d'ye think it's mine! O! my puir dochter! this villain'll be the daith o' her! gang awa ben an' ax her pardon, an' never let onybuddy hear ye talking like that again, or I'll no let her leeve wi ye; d'ye no think shame o' yersel, man?!

Rab reckoned it up three or four times, and at last was quite convinced, and went in and asked the wife's pardon, and they lived happily together for many years after't, and had a large family.

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

OME folk think a' the worl's comfortable when their ain feet's warm, like Aul' Marget McTaggart that had the bit farm aside Glenstockadale.

Marget had been in Stranraer at the George Hotel seeing about the hire of a carriage for the daughter's wedding, and as it was a fine day, she determined to walk in and out, for it was no great distance. However she was scarcely out of the town on her road home, when it came on such a tremendous rain, that in a few minutes she was completely wet through, and so cold that her teeth were gaun like the clapper of a mill.

As she drew nearer home, and came within the bounds of her own farm, she saw two of her cotmen on the rainy side of a dyke, trying to keep themselves warm turning over a muck midden.

'Puir men!' says she to hersel, 'they'll be perished there wi caul an' hunger, workin oot there sic a day: I'll hae some whiskey sent oot tae them the minute I wun hame; I wish I had a drappie mysel.'

As soon as she got into the house she says to the lass—

'Jenny!' says she, 'my heart is sair for yon puir me
et's turnin the midden; get some warm meat and drink ready for them, tae sen' them; an' dinna forget a dram apiece for them: but get me something first for mysel'.

She got herself changed, and after comforting her inner woman with a dram, sat down to a comfortable cup of tea, with her feet toasting on a stool before the fire, and a warm glow was soon sent through her entire frame. Just as she finished the tea the lass came in—

'**Mistress!**' says she, 'I hae a' the things ready for the men, but wha maun I sen' wi them?'

'Dear me!' says Marget looking out, 'I dinna think it's sae coorse a day as it wus; deed! it haesna been sae ill a day after a'; I'm real comfortable noo; an' the men's weel, pey't for't; ye needna fash tae sen' them ocht; they may be verra thankful it's nae waur.'

**NEEDY FRIENDS.**

IMES change but men change not, and neither did Cuthbert Stewart that lived at Aireyolland, in Mochrum I believe it is, for he said he had nae siller, and a' his needy friends together couldna get him to say ought else.

Cuddy was a curious sort o' buddy and got the name of having heaps of money, and so his spendthrift nephews were very anxious for him to die, so as to get the wherewithal to indulge in the riot and debauchery they wanted, but wudna work for; but he was a thrown kind of craiter, and lived on and on just to spite them, so that they began to think they might die themselves before he did, and so get nothing; and it is said they seriously debated whether they wudna hae him to shoot.

One of them went up to him one day, with a fine story about some grand chance he had of making money, if he
could only raise a certain sum, and if Cuddie would only lend him ’t—

‘Na! na!’ Jock, interrupted Cuddie, ‘ye’ hae come tae the wrang man; if I had a penny o’ my ain, I wud frame’t an’ hing’t up on the wa’.

Another nephew tried him in a different fashion, and began his attempt with a grand speech on the great happiness enjoyed by people that had plenty of money.

‘I dinna ken about that, Tammas,’ says Cuddy, ‘I think I wud be meeserable if I had ony siller; I couldna rest in my bed at nicht for fear some o’ my scapegrace friens wud rob me o’ t; I wud hae tae sit up at nichts and watch ’t take eep them aff’t, but Lord be thank’t I hae naething,’—and none of them could get a penny out of him.

**MERMAID-HUNTING.**

In the High End of Kirkmaiden there is still a belief in the existence of Mermaids on the shores of the Mull, and even in my time, one is believed to have been seen, and very nearly caught, and the account I got o’ t was frae yin o’ the men that saw’t, so that it’s no a second-hand wonder at all.

Tam Rinkin was a servant lad at the Mull farm, and he and his neighbour lad went down to the East Tarbert, and out along the shore, one Sunday afternoon, to look about them. The tide was a good bit out, and when they got down about Lagvag, they saw a queer looking animal sitting on a big stone about a dozen yards from the water; but they were not very sure what it was, only they imagined it was something like a white-coloured seal,—for there is occasionally a seal or two seen about there.

They crept cautiously up towards it, intending to try and
catch it, but when they came within about forty yards, they noticed that it was very like a buddy, and stopping to take a good look at it they were amazed to see that it was exactly like a young lass of about sixteen, rather good-looking, with light coloured hair, and quite naked, only down below the henches she was just like a fish; not a scaly fish, but more like a young pellock.

As she was sitting with the side of her face to them they had a good view of her, and they declared there was no mistake about the upper half of her being a woman, for she often raised up her arms, and kept combing and sorting her hair between her fingers, which were all the comb she had.

They determined to creep up between her and the tide, and try and catch her, and they very nearly succeeded; but just as Tam had got almost between her and the sea, creeping on his belly among the stones, his hand slipped on some wrack, and he came down with a splash in a hole of water, and said a bad word.

The Mermaid heard the noise and got down from the stone, and wabbled along with the hands and tail pretty quickly, and jumped into the tide as Tam got to his feet, and in doing so passed within two yards of him, so that he saw her quite distinctly.

Tam ran into the tide after her and nearly got hold of her, and the other lad wasn’t six yards behind her when she reached the water.

As soon as she found she was safe she turned round and stared at them for half a minute, as if they were some kind of monsters, and then went head-foremost into the deep water and disappeared, leaving the two lads terribly disappointed at missing such a wonderful prize.

That is the story just as Tam told me, and he was thought a truthful kind of man thereabouts.
SETTLING A DISPUTE.

ERY queer stories used to be told about the sayings of the McLumfas that lived at one of the Cairngarrochs of Stoneykirk, between the Meowl and Portpatrick. They were come of the old ancient McLumfas of Old Luce, one of whom is believed to have built and endowed the ancient chapel of Killumpha in Kirkmaiden, which was dug up to the foundations about fifty years since because it spoiled a corner of a turnip field.

One of the old lead coffins that was got about the ruins lay about the house for years, and I mind of about forty gold coins being found about the same place a few years ago. But that's no what I was going to tell ye about.

One day Billy McLumpha came into the kitchen in a great bizz and said—

'Janet! I have made a purchase to-day, and I want some butter and scon; a cairtfu of gentry to the Port; worth a crown-piece, certainly.'

'I'll gang wi them,' cries Sawney, 'so I wull! for the harness is mine.'

Says Billy, 'The cairt is mine, and I'll go.'

'But,' says Tam, 'the wheels is mine, and I'll go.'

'Well!' says Billy, 'The new back-band's mine, and I'll go.'

'But the new shafts is mine, and I'll go,' says Tam.

'O but,' says Gilbert, 'the whup's mine, and you'll have to let me go.'

And then they went on cangling fearfully.

Old Wullie was sitting in the peat neuk all the time, taking little notice, but at last he spoke out—

'Be quait, boys, be quait: noo!' he continued, 'ye're a
richt, I dersay, but the powney's mine, an' I'll sen' wha I like; and Billy made the purchase, so he'll go,' and Billy went.

The Purchase was the agreement to take the Gentry to The Port.

**MISS WHUTTERICK'S SHawl.**

HUTTERICK or WHITTERET used to be a tolerably common name in Galloway, though I don't think it is aboriginal, but it is a very scarce name anywhere, because it happens to be the Scotch name for a Weasel, and folk don't like to have it cast up to them that they are Weasels or Bloodsuckers, even by name. However it would be a grand name for a Writer—only the Whuttericks have all turned into Watrets and Waterets now, but that dissa matter.

The Misses Whutterick that lived about Kirkeala in the Muirs near Lochmaberry, although Whuttericks were not bloodsuckers, but they were very careful saving kind of buddies and understood every possible means of making a sixpence gang twice as far as a shilling.

They were twins, and resembled one another very much, and Miss Margaret ingeniously turned their likeness to account, by making it a rule to purchase one set only of 'best things' in the way of clothes for both of them, for as she remarked—

'Ae set's a' we need, for when Jean gangs oot I bide at hame, and when I gang oot Jean has tae bide, an' see that they dinna waste things when our backs is turn't.'

One Sunday one only went to the kirk, and wore the grandeur, and the next Sunday the other wore them, and the first one staid at home.
One summer they had got a grand set of new dress, and part of it consisted of a very splendid red and black shawl, which they were very proud of, because it had been got on purpose for them, and there wasna such another in a’ the Water of Cree.

A month or two after they got it, Jean went down one market day to Newton Stewart, and went into Glover the draper’s shop to make a small purchase, and Glover had got a large mirror fitted up at the end of the shop—quite a novelty there at that time—and Jean happened to look in the direction of the mirror, and was astonished to see her sister rigged out in the grand shawl, standing at the back of the shop looking at her. Wondering what she could be doing there, she advanced to speak to her, and Marget also came forward to meet her and when Jean came up to the mirror she exclaimed—

‘Gude bless me! Marget, what’s wrang when ye’re here too?’

The next moment she came dunt up against the mirror, and she would scarcely believe that the image in the glass was not her sister, till it was pointed out to her that she had the grand shawl on hersel, and that there wasna another like it.

Before they came to Kirkcala they had lived about the Inch somewhere, and like most Galloway folk they had a a great word of the Earl of Stair, and declared that although he was come of an Ayrshire breed, he was the best landlord out, for he never put ony auld standard out of their farm to give it to an incomer, but always keepit them on if they would bide.

‘Aye!’ Marget would say, ‘there’s some lairds ’ll turn their best tenants oot if a stranger only offers half-a-crown mair rent, but the Earl’s no that way, he’d raither do ocht
than let the aul originals flit; deed there’s some et haes been in the same grun for hunners an’ thoosans o’ years, and if they would sit till the day o’ jooldgment they wudna be disturbit.’

RHINNS FOLK.

AVIER is now known to have been the original inventor of the great American axiom that ‘shut mouths catch no flies;’ and it must be apparent to everyone with any gumption, that this marvellous fact points directly to the inference, that whatever history may say to the contrary, Xavier must have been a native of the Rhinns of Galloway. Unlike the natives of other parts of Galloway, the aborigines of the Rhinns are noted for never speaking directly on any subject: every communication they have to make, and every instruction they want others to carry out, is invariably conveyed in hints, and every statement they offer takes the form of an insinuation.

This peculiarity makes the Rhinns very awkward for strangers, who being unaccustomed to such circumlocution do not understand the hints, and consequently fail to see the hidden meaning which alone is understood and acted on by the natives.

It is all but impossible to get a direct answer from them to any question; they seem to have an idea that you are going to make a fortune out of the information you ask, and that it will be better for them to withhold it, and make money out of it themselves, or at least prevent you making any by it; which to them is the most desirable thing, next to making it themselves.

If for example you want to know how far it is from Stran- raer to the Lochans, and ask one of them that, they would
think you were going to run a coach that way and make a fortune by it; and so they prevent you making it—perhaps to make it themselves sometime,—by being totally ignorant of the existence of either of the places, though very likely in them both every day—but they don't tell you they don't know—they only hint it, for fear you would make something out of their ignorance. The only way of getting the information wanted would be to commence first about the weather, then mention what a dreadful way it is to Stoney-kirk, four miles to a place they call The Lochans, and five miles more to Stoneykirk, and maybe the dirtiest road you ever travelled. Then the native may be trapped into showing off his local knowledge, and may tell you that he wudna like to say it's ony mair nor twa miles tae The Lochans, and it surely couldna be five miles tae Stoneykirk, but he couldna tell whether some folk might ca't three mile, or no. And so you might get it out of him that way.

Another peculiarity is well illustrated by the remark of a native young lady—

'Ye may consider aboot us what ye like, but I can tell ye us Rhinns folk always do say what we think o' ye, only we maybe dinna say't tae yersel.'

Among such people it is little wonder that queer folk sometimes cropped up, often so blunt and outspoken as to startle all their neighbours out of their propriety; witness old Macherowley or old Macheradyne.

By the way, I have mentioned the former several times, but never said who he was. He had a little farm in Kirkmaiden, now put into Low Currochtrie along with half a dozen others, to make a big farm. His name was Jamieson, and he was an independent high-spirited man, and cared for nothing and nobody.

Like almost everybody thereabouts in those days, he was
a weaver, for the country was hotchin wi them, and he had a son that was a misleered craiter, and up to every kind of fun and mischief. It was a great ploy of his when the father and him used to cast-out, to cock himself up on the loom, and mock his father weaving; then he would say—

'D'ye ken what my faither's loom says?' and he would screw up his mouth till he could squeak like an English singin-maister, and sing—

"Na! haith he yet! na! haith he yet!
Was there ever a Weaver won tae heaven?
Na! haith he yet!!!"

With sticking so close to the weaving—for it paid better than farming—Macheradyne was mostly late with his crops, and used often to cut them green, and when anybody took notice of it, he would reply—

'Weel! weel! if it disna ken when tae ripen, we ken when tae cut it,' and things were so often this way, that the saving soon became a proverb in the parish.

ILLEGITIMACY.

EAR after year the Registrar-General's reports are published in the papers, and year after year the newspapers are down on Wigtonshire about the infamous position it continues to hold in these Reports, and as it is hardly the subject for an old woman to write about, and yet is one that ought to be noticed here, Saxon takes up the pen to say a word or two on the matter.

The evil in question of course obtains in all Christian and civilized countries, and if I am rightly informed, is in reality very little worse in Wigtonshire than elsewhere, and a great
deal of it is due to exceptional circumstances connected with the social and general economy of the district, and in my opinion the newspapers are entirely at fault respecting the causes and proposed cures, as it is not due to one cause alone but to many, and I am quite certain that the Fairs, which are so much censured as the chief cause of the evil, have little or nothing to do with it. Poverty is I believe the greatest cause.

In a district where marriage is universally known to entail on both parties the most helpless poverty and wretchedness, and practical slavery for life, and to show no prospect in old age but eighteenpence a week or the workhouse; where both parties are obliged to begin the world sunk in an amount of debt they can never cast off; where marriage debar all hope for the future and all comfort in the present, and where in most instances it forms an almost insuperable obstacle in the way of obtaining employment; is it likely, I ask, that anyone is going to marry except they are forced into it?

It is no use to shirk truth—and truth says that where there are late marriages, or where marriage interferes with the possibility of getting employment, there must be illegitimacy.

The Big Farm system is perhaps the next cause, for big farmers have sons and farms are scarce, and so is genteel employment, and big farmers sons being unable to support themselves, dare not and do not marry till their fathers and mothers die and their sisters get married, and as natural passions do exist, although it is thought indecent to admit it, the little girls that go for servants may become the helpless victims of their position and the big farm system.

But I would require to write a large pamphlet to show up half the causes, and some day perhaps will; but I may men-
tion that in Wigtounshire if a lass 'fa's wrang' she is seldom married till after she is a mother, while in other districts and in England especially, the marriage takes place a month or two, or day or two, or even an hour or two before the birth of the offspring, which accordingly is returned as legitimate.

In my opinion, if all births were reported as illegitimate that occur within six and a half months of marriage, and all full-grown children born within 8 months of that event, and all these are practically illegitimate, Wigtounshire instead of figuring near the head of the list, would become one of the lowest in point of numbers.

As another reason why Gallovidians should not bear the reproach the Official Reports throw on them, I may give a statement sent to a local paper, *The Wigtounshire Free Press*, by I believe a Parish Minister; he says—

'The number of the lower grades of Irish society that have settled down in the South of Scotland for the last 30 years is Legion. . . . In the parish in which I live there are five Irish families, having fifty-four illegitimate children among them, and so far as I have been able to find out, four only of the said fifty-four belong to Scotchmen. Being born in Scotland they are registered as Scotch. . . . I am well aware that in many parishes in Galloway, even larger numbers could be pointed out as belonging to the same class.'

I have an idea that certain institutions of the Papist Church in old times, had a great deal to do with the origin of illegitimacy in Britain and elsewhere—the confessional and celibacy of the priesthood perhaps—but I may be wrong. It is certainly strange that it is all but unknown among the ignorant heathen, that we send so many godly missionaries to convert—at least till they make some progress in the new religion.

The Scottish Poor Law has also done a great deal to foster
illegitimacy, by offering a premium in the shape of a pension, to the mother of the requisite number of chance children, usually about double of what is allowed to a female pauper who has failed to fulfil the required conditions.

The English newspapers are sore on Scotch morality, but the following, copied from an English paper, may be useful in reminding them of the state of affairs at home.

"The Church at Little Winwick
It stands upon a sod;
And when a maid is married there,
The steeple gives a nod.
Alas! how many ages
Their rapid flight have flown,
Since on that high and lofty spire
There's moved a single stone!"

Little Winwick is in Lancashire, and when the English admit so much in a newspaper with a circulation of sixty thousand, I fear the morality of that district at any rate has little to brag about.

THE LAST TRUMP.

EDEKIAH McGOWN was a curious buddy that went preaching all up and down the Shire, partly for halfpennies, and partly for religion, for he had gane crack't wi religion, which was the reason he preached, and he needit the bawbees to get something to eat with, for spirit, nul food alone 'll no keep soul and body thegither.

One Sunday he was preaching about the Meoull in Stoney kirk, and he was on about the Last Day and the Millennium when according to his account the poor folk would be as wel off as the lairds and farmers, and 'Poltanton Burn would be rinnin wi treacle, and its sides be paved wi soda-scons.' He
told them that at the Last Day the saints would all be clothed in fine linen sarks, to distinguish them from the sinners, who would be draped in black, and be swept with a long cowe-boosum into the bottomless pit. This sermon seems to have put it into the heads of his audience to make what preparations they could for the Last Day, and as the white linen sarks seemed to be absolutely necessary to ensure them a position in heaven, they determined to have them provided in advance, remembering that the Scriptures say that no man knoweth when that hour cometh.

It so happened that Providence on this occasion came to their aid, and sent a Belfast Brig, the 'William Allen,' to be wrecked at Port-o-Spittal, and very thoughtfully caused the said brig to be laden with fine linens and muslins; and so that very Sunday night the hail countryside swarmed down to Port-o-Spittal, and drove away the guard that some sinful wretches had placed to watch the wreck. In a very few hours a sufficient quantity of linen had been secured to provide the whole of Stoneykirk for any possible contingency, the making of the sarks being the only thing to prevent the Last Day coming when it likit.

In the morning Zedie Gown heard of it, and instead of taking a philosophical view of the affair, he went into a rage about it, and called them rogues and thieves, and went on fearfu'. But then he belonged to the Laingh country, and consequently kent nae better, for vessels seldom come ashore there, and besides he was kind o' crackit. However he fell in with Kerlie Milravie and the cuddy, and Kerlie had a good a load of the linen as ony of his neebours, and maybe better, but onyway he startit on Kerlie and ca' t him every thing.

'Aye!' says he, 'ye'll hae a queer account to gie when the Last Day comes; ye'll rue ever ye touched that linen
when the Angel wi the Last Trumpet stands on the tap of Barnchillock, and sounds the notes that 'll wauken the dead, my heart 'll bluid for the people o' Staniekirk, gaun doon tae perdition in dizzans wi the wabs o' Eerish linen hingin about their necks.'

'Dinna fash yersel aboot them, Mr McGowan,' says Kerlie, 'there 'll benae Last Day in Staneykirk, tak my word for that; the trumpet 'll never blaw here: if ye had only seen them last nicht at the vessel ye wud never doot it. Dingit! the minute the Angel sets his fit on Barnchillock, the trumpet 'll be claucht oot o' his fingers, ere ever he has time tae gie a toot.'

'Deed! Mr Milravie,' was Zedekiah's reply, 'I'll no say ye're sae far wrang ava.'

The authorities offered a reward of fifteen pounds for the apprehension and conviction of the delinquents, but as that sum would hardly have been three-halfpence a piece for catching them, nobody bothered themselves about it. Whether the linen secured on that occasion enabled the Stoneykirkers to enter the celestial regions, has I think not been found out either.
O! Gallovidia fair! my mountain home!
Thy charms are ever rising in my mind;
Thy beauties haunt me wheresoe'er I roam,
Thy sylvan glades, for ever left behind:

O! Gallovidia! dearer to my breast
Thy streams meandering through the daisied plain,
Than all the beauteous islands of the west,
That rise resplendent from the azure main.

O! Gallovidia! o'er thy rocky wild,
The red deer, sportive, gambols in his pride,
O'er crag on crag in awful grandeur piled,
By wooded glen and rugged mountain side.

O! Gallovidia! by a distant sea
I think I hear the wavelets on thy shore;
Their gentle ripplings lead my thoughts to thee,
Recalling scenes now lost for evermore.

O! Gallovidia! in my midnight dreams
Thy rivers murmur softly in my ear,
The song-birds warble by thy silvery streams,
And wake my slumbering spirit with a tear.

O! Gallovidia! when the voice of death
Shall set my weary soul for ever free,
The sounds I falter with my dying breath,
O! Gallovidia! they shall be of thee.
A WIGTONSHIRE WATERING PLACE.

(From the Galloway Gazette.)

That proud incomer, Mrs Hay, cam daunerin up the toun,
An' drappit in on Mrs Bee yae Monday afternoon.
Douce Mrs Bee cam tae the door, an' says tae Mrs Hay,
'I'm just delichtit that ye've called; hoo ir ye? come awa.'
She steppit tae the kitchen end, and 'Sarah, lass!' quo she,
'Just wait till Mrs Hay gangs oot, afore ye mask the tea.'
Then she gangs ben tae Mrs Hay—' Pit aff yer hat an' shawl,
An' stay an' tak yer tea the day—ye unco seldom call.

'I just was tellin Bee I like't you an' your husband weel,
Ye'd pass for natives o' the bit, for, faigs! ye're baith genteel.'
' Ye're verra kind, deed! Mrs Bee,—I wunna bide the day,
I just cam in tae tak ye oot, an', trowth! we maun awa;
Yestreen I noticed at the kirk yon stranger wife again,
I'm sure she maun be unco dull, aye gaun aboot her lane;
She's real douce-lookin, sae I thocht I'd tak my hat an' shawl,
An' ask ye tae cam ower wi me, an' mak a friendly call.

'The decent buddy 'll be here a fortnight verra sune,
An' micht be glad tae hae some place tae pass an afternoon.'
'Oh! bless my heart,' says Mrs Bee, 'I couldna think o' that;
Did ye no see that person wore a three-and-sixpence hat?
An' for the gumflowers she had on't,—just here, in this bit toun,
I'm sure I'd get a better set for less than half-a-croon;
She's downright shabby—deed! I think we richt tae let her be.'
'It was the leddy—no her hat—I wantit ye tae see.'

'Leddy, atweel!' quo Mrs Bee, 'a bonny leddy yeu!
I couldn'a countenance the like—no even weel pit on;
Had ye yer sicht, ye micht a seen the jacket that she wore,
A seedy thing, would hardly cost as much as wan pound four;
It’s mair than ten months oot o’ date,—an’ did ye see the braid? The fashion’s change’t completely noo, since you aul’ rag was made. ‘I saw her jacket, Mrs Bee, I saw the braid and all, It was on her, an’ no on them, I wanted you to call.’

‘Ye’re verra funny, Mrs Hay, ye’re unco droll atweel, But ony yin see puirly clad can hardly be genteel; Did ye observe the gown she wore? maist likely second-hand; ’Twas silk indeed, an’ verra like she thocht it lookit grand; Did I no see it had been turn’t? just it she wore yestreen, And some cheap rubbish at the best, I ken it must hae been.’

‘Oh! deed I saw,’ says Mrs Hay, ‘she’d turn’t it upside down; But loosh! ye dinna think I dreamt o’ callin on her goun.’

‘Ye’re verra droll, dear Mrs Hay, upon my word ye ir, Ye dinna understan’ what for we shouldna call on her; Ye see, she’s no genteel aneuch,—maun I come ower’ again? For instance though she’ll hae a watch, she haeena got a chain; Her watch it maun be shabby too, I’m sure I maun be richt, For goold or silver she took care tae keep it oot o’ sight; I wudna wonder deed! a bit, if she had nane at all.’ Says Mrs Hay, ‘It isna on her watch I mean to call.’

‘Oh! maybe no,’ quo Mrs Bee, ‘ye’re unco fu o’ fun, Ye’d better carry oot yersel this project ye’ve begun; But as for me, I really think I should hae nocht to do Wi siccan vulgar low-bred folk, an’ haith! nae mair should you. She’s little worth, I saw her stan’ an’ talk wi fishwife Nell, Upon my word, it’s true as death, I saw her do’t mysel. I saw her carry frae the shop some biscuits in her han’, An’ tak an’ gie them, on the road, to some aul’ beggar-man.

Then Sarah met her carryin fish yae mornin doun the lane; I dersay it was just tae save a penny tae a wean; The stingy wretch! I’m sure she’s puir, an’ yet she has the face To lodge at Mrs Ceedee’s house, the grandest in the place. I wonder if she pays her rent;—I sairly doot, beside, She’ll be nae better than she ocht;—see hoo she stinks wi pride.’ ‘Weel! never mind,’ says Mrs Hay, ‘I tell ye once for all, It’s on the leddy, no her claes, that I intend to call.’
'An' ir ye really for awa? my dear just bide we me, 
Pit aff yer things an' dinna gang, but stay an' tak yer tea. 
Ye'll gang an' see her! weel, gude day.—She's gane—she wasna 
thrang 
To come on sic a yearn to me,—an' then to bide sae lang! 
Sic low mean notions she has got—I swear it was a sin 
To keep me starvin a' this time—come bring the tea-things in. 
She's just a glaikit muirlan' gowk, but then she dresses weel, 
An' folk maun kind o' countenance the wretches when genteel.

'To think that I'd affront myself by gaun wi her ava! 
To call on sic a low-bred wretch, 't would just disgrace us a'. ' 
So Mrs Hay gaed aff her lane,—the stranger was at hame, 
The 'vulgar low-bred wretch' she found a Countess Wha's-her-
name; 
They sune were friends. and walked a deal together by the sea, 
Which hurt the tender feelings sore of poor dear Mrs Bee, 
Who when she ken't the stranger's rank, declared to yin an' all, 
'Twas she that had, with great ado, coaxed Mrs Hay to call.
CONCLUSION.

EEING that this book has already attained a considerable size, it has been thought advisable to bring it to a close. A great many stories, traditions, and anecdotes have consequently been left over, enough indeed to form another volume fully half the size of this one; and if it is found that the present volume obtains favour with the Galloway folk at home and abroad, a second Wigtonshire volume may be issued, embodying the remainder of the materials in hand, and whatever additional articles and anecdotes may be contributed for that purpose, by the many people who have good Galloway stories to tell. Local traditions, local songs, and local superstitions preferred, and authentic anecdotes if with real names, so much the better, care being taken to ascertain if any relatives exist, likely to take offence at their publication, as it is very desirable to avoid giving offence to individuals. A very good story may however be told under a fictitious name where necessary, rather than allow it to be lost. Contributions acknowledged in the work or not, as desired.

FINIS

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