



ELECTRICCANADIAN.COM
AGRICULTURE & WILDLIFE
ARTICLES
BETH'S FAMILY TREE
BOOKS
BUSINESS
CHILDREN'S STORIES
CLANS & FAMILIES

CULTURE & LANGUAGE
DONNA'S PAGE
ELECTRICSCOTLAND.NET
FAMOUS SCOTS
FAMILYTREE
FORUMS
FOOD & DRINK
GAMES

GAZETTEER
GENEALOGY
HISTORIC PLACES
HISTORY
HUMOR
JOHN'S PAGE
KIDS
LIFESTYLE
MUSIC

NEWSLETTER
PICTURES
POETRY
POSTCARDS
RELIGION
ROBERT BURNS
SCOTS IRISH
SCOTS REGIMENTS
SERVICES

SHOPPING
SONGS
SPORT
SCOTS DIASPORA
TARTANS
TRAVEL
TRIVIA
VIDEOS
WHATS NEW

HELP TERMS OF USE CONTACT US

Electric Scotland's Weekly Newsletter for July 3rd, 2020

For the latest news from Scotland see our ScotNews feed at:

<https://electricscotland.com/scotnews.htm>

Electric Scotland News

Just wanted to let you know that Sport Kilt has been making tartan masks in the US since early April, in 70 different tartans, with straps that go around the head for those that don't like the ear loops. Feel free to let your fans know!

<https://sportkilt.com/product/tartan-facemask/>

Best Regards,
James Ansite

Scots kiltmaker creates new tartan drinking masks and they are perfect for the return of pubs. The face covering comes in Black Watch tartan and features a handy slot for inserting your straw. Learn more at: <https://www.dailyrecord.co.uk/scotland-now/scots-kiltmaker-creates-new-tartan-22275896>

I did order a mask from the Celtic Croft and it took around 4 weeks to be despatched on 23rd June via UPS and so far it still hasn't arrived and it's now the 2nd July. I had heard that UPS were having delivery issues so looks like this proves the case...

June 25, 2020, 1:09 pm

Processed Through Regional Facility

CHICAGO IL INTERNATIONAL DISTRIBUTION CENTER

Your item was processed through our CHICAGO IL INTERNATIONAL DISTRIBUTION CENTER facility on June 25, 2020 at 1:09 pm. The item is currently in transit to the destination.

I'm amazed at how many stupid/selfish people there are during this pandemic. Just looking at the flood of people going to protests and beaches makes no sense. Mind you if many of them die as a result it will be a win win for all us as we certainly could do with less stupid/selfish people around us.

Scottish News from this weeks newspapers

Note that this is a selection and more can be read in our [ScotNews](#) feed on our index page where we list news from the past 1-2 weeks. I am partly doing this to build an archive of modern news from and about Scotland as world news stories that can affect Scotland and all the newsletters are archived and also indexed on Google and other search engines. I might also add that in a number of newspapers you will find many comments which can be just as interesting as the news story itself and of course you can also add your own comments if you wish which I do myself from time to time.

The folklore behind some of Scotland's fabulous plantlife

Greg Kenicer is a botanist in the education department at the Royal Botanic Garden Edinburgh

Read more at:

<https://www.sundaypost.com/fp/honest-truth-the-folklore-behind-some-of-scotlands-fabulous-plantlife/>

Scotland's largest Pictish settlement

A much-loved local landmark with an ancient fort at its summit, Tap O'Noth is a gently sloping hill overlooking the lush rolling farmland around the village of Rhynie in Aberdeenshire

Read more at:

<http://sceptical.scot/2020/06/scotlands-largest-pictish-settlement/>

Educational Erewhon

If you want to know what is wrong with Scottish education, you need look no further than the absolute shit-show we've endured for the last two weeks or so.

Read more at:

<http://sceptical.scot/2020/06/educational-erewhon/>

The new polling which shows that most of us are proud of our history. We need to study it more.

Why does history matter? Well, as I wrote on this site nearly a decade ago, history can give us a common, shared body of knowledge and values which we then pass on to the next generation.

Read more at:

<https://www.conservativehome.com/platform/2020/06/chris-skidmore-churchill-colston-and-the-new-polling-shows-that-most-of-us-are-proud-of-our-history-we-need-more-study-of-it.html>

To take advantage of Brexit, we must look beyond a stagnant Europe and belligerent China

Enhanced relations with India should be a top trade priority for post-Brexit Britain

Read more at:

<https://capx.co/to-take-advantage-of-brexit-we-must-look-beyond-a-stagnant-europe-and-belligerent-china>

MSPs slam serious failings in Scottish medicines system

Their inquiry found an almost complete absence of useable data about whether drugs were effective or even taken

Read more at:

<https://www.bbc.com/news/uk-scotland-scotland-politics-53222792>

Macron's very bad election day

The charismatic young president, lionised by the international press, is seriously unpopular at home

Read more at:

<https://capx.co/macrons-very-bad-election-day/>

Mental wellbeing worsens for Scottish teenagers

Scotland's teenagers are suffering a negative shift in mental wellbeing, according to a government survey.

Read more at:

<https://www.bbc.com/news/uk-scotland-53220560>

As China rose, the West was still sleeping - now it's time we woke up

The CCP recognises only two types of states; rivals to be defeated and clients to be exploited

Read more at:

<https://capx.co/as-china-rose-the-west-was-still-sleeping-now-its-time-we-woke-up>

Don't Let Erdogan Erase Turkey's Christian Past

The Turkish president wants to turn Istanbul's Hagia Sophia back into a mosque. Destroying its dual Orthodox-Islamic heritage would be a blow to religious pluralism and tolerance.

Read more at:

<https://foreignpolicy.com/2020/07/01/hagia-sophia-erdogan-erase-turkeys-christian-past/>

Hundreds arrested as crime chat network cracked

A top-secret communications system used by criminals to trade drugs and guns has been successfully penetrated, says the National Crime Agency.

Read more at:

<https://www.bbc.com/news/uk-53263310>

Electric Canadian

Woman; Her Character, Culture and Calling

A Full Discussion of Woman's Work in the Home, The School, the Church and the Social Circle; with an Account of Her Successful Labors in Moral and Social Reform, Her Heroic Work for God and Humanity in the Mission Fields, Her Success as a Wage-Earner and in Fighting Life's Battle alone; with Chapters on all Departments of Woman's Training and Culture, Her Claims to the Higher Education, and the Best Methods to be pursued therein by a Galaxy of Distinguished Authors in the United States and Canada with an Introduction by Miss Frances E. Willard, President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and Edited by the Rev. Principal Austin, A.M., B.D. of Almac Ladies' College, St. Thomas, Ontario. (1890) (pdf)

You can read this at: <https://www.electriccanadian.com/lifestyle/woman.pdf>

Carry On Canada Cook Book

Compiled and Published by The Members of the Wildey Rebekah Lodge No. 107, Medicine Hat, Alberta (1941) (pdf)

You can read this at: <https://www.electriccanadian.com/lifestyle/canadacookbook.pdf>

Thoughts on a Sunday Morning 28th of June 2020 by the Rev. Nola Crewe

You can view this at:

<http://www.electricscotland.org/showthread.php/5551-Thoughts-on-a-Sunday-Morning-28th-of-June-2020>

Canada West

By Canada Dept. of Immigration and Colonization. Other copies can be found on the Internet Archive

You can read one issue at:

https://www.electriccanadian.com/magazines/canada_west01.pdf

Other issues can be read on the Internet Archive at:

<https://archive.org/search.php?query=%22Canada%20West%22>

Canada and British Immigration

By Brigadier-General M. L. Hornby, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. of Lethbridge, Alberta and Invermere, B.C. (1936) (pdf)

You can read this at: <https://www.electriccanadian.com/lifestyle/CanadaandBritishimmigration.pdf>

Electric Scotland

Beth's Newfangled Family Tree

Hi Everyone. Here is BNFT July 2020 Section A. Hope you enjoy it. There are a couple of things that I hope will make you chuckle included this time.

I happened to think that you might like to have the publication not take up the full screen. It is much easier to read at its normal size. Other than being the World Champ at "Clicking OK," I have not many computer skills. However, if you go to "View" and click on "Zoom," and then go to "Actual Size" the publication will be a bit smaller and more readable.

While Tom was proofreading the issue he commented on how much he enjoyed the Scottish Epitaphs article and the little collection of bagpipe jokes in this issue. If you have an opportunity to go to a real Ceilidh, this article would be nice tucked in your pocket so you could tell a joke or two.

My Letter from the Editor was really fun for me to do this time. Please know you are welcome to use any of the ideas shown there.

The Internet just scared me. It was telling about how many more virus patients there are now that people are more out and about. Please remember there is no vaccine yet. Life simply cannot go on as it was last winter. We have to continue to be very careful. Even if you are very young and are not worried about yourself catching the Covid-19, if you catch it, it is very possible that you can

give it to your parents, grandparents and others who stand a very good chance of the virus being fatal to them. Just think.

Remember to send me your new email address. Just send to <bethscribble@aol.com> at any time.

We are continuing to be well...and careful.

Please stay safe.

Aye,
beth

You can read this issue at: <https://electricscotland.com/bnft/index.htm>

The road to Inveramsay
By Kenneth Roy (2001)

You can read this article at: <https://electricscotland.com/history/articles/Inveramsay.htm>

The Old Stones of Scotland
A Field Guide to Megalithic and Other Prehistoric Sites, The Megalithic Portal Edited by Andy Burnham (pdf)

You can read this at: <https://electricscotland.com/stones/TheOldStonesofScotland.pdf>

Speaking to the Heart
By Thomas Guthrie, D.D. (1865) (pdf). Added a link to this book at the foot of his page at:
<https://electricscotland.com/history/guthrie/index.htm>

Added an article to our Robert Burns Lives! section on US couple donates £170,000 for Robert Burns research

You can read this at: https://electricscotland.com/familytree/frank/burns_lives267.htm

Littlejohn, Sir Henry Duncan
Medical officer of health and expert in forensic medicine.

You can read about him at: https://electricscotland.com/history/other/littlejohn_henry.htm

Scottish Banner for July 2020
You can read this issue at: <https://electricscotland.com/familytree/newsletters/scottishbanner/index.htm>

Soldier to Civilian
Problems of Readjustment by George K. Pratt, M.D. (1944) (pdf)

You can read this at: <https://electricscotland.com/history/scotreg/SoldierToCivilian.pdf>

Good Words for Children
By the Rev. Norman MacLeod, D.D.

You can read this at: <https://electricscotland.com/bible/children.htm>

Story

Peasant Life in Argyllshire in the End of the Eighteenth Century

I was born in the year 1774 at Barichreil, a small village of Nether Lorn.

My father was a descendant of that McCallum of Colagin, the sight of whom, as he entered Kilbride Church one Sunday, followed by his twelve sons in order of their age, provoked the Lady of Dunollie to exclaim: 'A third of Albyn were none too much for McCallum of Colagin!'

My mother's family, the Macnabs, belonged to Glenorchy. Her forefathers had been armourers and silversmiths for seven hundred years, the son stepping into the father's place throughout the whole of that long period.

My mother had a training such as fell to the lot of few Highland girls of the period in which she lived. In early girlhood she went to live in the family of a relative, whose wife had been educated in one of the best schools in Edinburgh. This lady delighted to teach my mother not only all that a good housewife ought to know but also the spinning of wool and flax, and the working up of both from the raw material to the finished web.

My childhood was cast in that transition period when the domestic life of the Highland people was gradually adapting itself to modern civilisation. To-day one can hardly realise a time when there were no railways, no steamboats, no penny post, no telegraph, no looms driven by machinery, no wheaten bread nor tea in country districts, no newspapers giving us the news of the wide world.

Clive had just laid the foundation of our Indian Empire. Canada had become one of our possessions. The first ominous mutterings were heard of the storm about to break over our American colonies. Australia and New Zealand began to loom on the horizon. That was abroad. At home the forces which were to overturn social life were already set in motion. Watt was busy improving his steam-engine. Arkwright's spinningjenny had penetrated into the Scottish Lowlands.

In the Highlands the spinning-wheel was beginning to supersede the spindle and distaff; schools were being established in every parish; the New Testament was translated into Gaelic, and the books of the Old Testament were in capable hands for translation.

At the same time the daily life of the people continued to be what it had been for ages. They had not outlived the simple life which had been theirs from time immemorial; the shielings were still theirs; nor were they restricted from fishing the rivers, or from taking a hare from the hill.

Our village was an important place in its own estimation. It consisted of a group of sixteen thriving families, whose boast it was that every known trade required in the district was represented among the men. That was something to be proud of in those days, when to be a first-rate tradesman meant that a man possessed as thorough a knowledge of every branch of his craft as a master-workman is expected to have in these days.

The town of Oban did not exist except in the brain of the then Duke of Argyll and his Chamberlain. The first time I walked into Oban there were but three houses on the bay: the Custom House, the Inn, and a farmhouse.

The edict that made the wearing of our national costume punishable made a tailor of my father. The finest linen underwear as well as upper garments were made at that time by the tailor. When some thrifty dame brought a web of linen and another of woollen material to be made up, my father turned the web of linen over to my mother, who could manipulate it as well as any tailor. When, on the other hand, my father was out boarding with a family till all the household sewing was finished, he received y^d. per day, which sum was considered to be very good pay.

When I was old enough to attend school my brothers pled with mother to allow me to accompany them. It was an unheard of thing for girls except the daughters of 'gentlemen' to be sent to school. But my mother came of a family that loved learning, and she knew how to value education, so it did not take much coaxing to get her to consent to my taking a winter at school.

So I trudged there and back in company with my kind brothers, who, if the weather proved severe, took turns in carrying me, so that I might sit dry and cosy at school.

It was always during the six winter months that we attended school. Each boy carried a peat under his arm to keep the fire blazing. One of the older lads provided a good broom of long, wiry-stemmed moss from the marsh, wherewith to sweep the earthen floor. All had helped to gather the thatch and cover the roof before the winter session began.

That season in school would, I was confident, enable me to go on by myself afterwards, so I made the most of my time. For I doubted whether there would come another opportunity. When could a woman find time for schooling with the clothing of the whole family dependent upon her knowledge and skill in working wool and flax; even the sewing thread had to be manufactured by her deft fingers. The women had also the care of the cattle to a great extent, and oftentimes they were obliged to grind the meal before baking it. How could time be spared to read and write?

When my eldest brother was old enough he was allowed to go to the harvest work in the Lowlands. On his return he brought with him an English Bible; he read it aloud to us in the evening, not in English but as if written in Gaelic.

My brothers learned trades. John became a farmer; another brother built many of the houses in Oban and the Congregational Chapel, which was the first place of worship in Oban. He erected also the high wall around Iain Ciar's grave.

One morning our quiet village was greatly startled by a rumour that we might have a visit from the press-gang. A friendly warning was sent us to the effect that the press-gang were in the vicinity and would be certain to pay us a call in the passing as we were quite near the highway.

The good wives of Barichreil were not in the habit of overstepping the bounds of modest conventional womanhood, but on this occasion they took the law into their own hands. The husbands, with all the sons and brothers old enough to be impressed, were ordered off to make peats, and forbidden to return until sent for. Boy scouts were stationed here and there to keep us women informed of the appearance of the enemy, and report his movements. Meanwhile, a supply of ammunition was prepared in the shape of clods and turf.

At length the press-gang arrived, and looked greatly astonished on finding a village composed of women and children only. Before they had time to ask, 'Where are the men?' the wives attacked them with such a volley of clods and turf that they wheeled right about and marched off, the officer saying he 'wasn't going to fight with women,' and there was no time to go about the hills searching for the men.

Our village lay in a green glade, flanked by two low, brown hills. The houses were clustered on both sides of a burn that divided the glade in two and fell into the river Euachir just below the highway. The Euachir is a fine salmon stream running through a deep channel between steep banks covered with birch and hazel.

My brothers were keen fishers. There was a beautiful salmon that haunted a deep pool in the Euachir ; all the fishermen about had tried in vain to catch it. My brothers were determined not to be baffled; they would blaze the river. They got up during the night and sallied forth with torches and fish-spears. I was suddenly awakened at daybreak by the call, 'Get up and see our fishing!' In a twinkling I was up, dressed, and in their midst. There among smaller fish was the great big beauty!

Salmon was so plentiful that when a farmer engaged a ploughman he was bound to promise not to give him salmon oftener than four days in the week.

Each family in Barichreil owned a few sheep and cows. The sheep provided us with wool for clothing, the cows with milk, butter and cheese.

The sheep were the native sheep of the Highlands ; small, intelligent creatures covered with fine wool, each answering to its name, and milked as well as the cows. We were obliged to fold them at night, because of the numerous foxes and wild cats that prowled about freely. Our fowls, too, had to be carefully closed in for protection.

Our household utensils were made of wood and a few of pewter. Bowls of all sizes were made of hard wood, preferably birch, because of its sweetness, also because it was easily kept clean. Tubs, too, were of all sizes; shallow tubs for holding milk and for working butter in, as well as wash-tubs such as are still in use. There were cogues for milking, luggies for feeding calves, pails and stoups for bringing water from the well. Our spoons were of horn, some thin and finely ornamented, and used only on special occasions.

Each croft had a plot set apart for the cultivation of flax. On it we depended for linen for household use as well as for underwear.

The cloth of which the men's suits were made was very much the same as that called tweed or homespun nowadays. The women wore drugget. Their best dresses, as well as the cloaks of the men, consisted of a firm shiny material called temin, which lasted a lifetime, being manufactured of the longest and finest wool, and treated in the working exactly as flax was. The temin for dresses was often watered to look like silk. A softer cloth was called caimleid, which was as fine as temin. It was, however, dyed in the web, and dressed so as to have a nap on the cloth.

The dye-stuffs for all kinds of cloth were gathered, each in its season, all the year round. Berries, flowers, leaves, bark, roots, heather, and lichens formed our principal stores of dyes. There was hardly a plant on hill or meadow that was not laid under contribution for dye, or medicine, or food. Even the autumn crowfoot had its use as a substitute for rennet, when no rennet could be had ; nettles were prized when the ' curly kale ' was exhausted in spring.

The fulling of a web of woollen material was the least agreeable as also the most toilsome labour connected with the manufacture of cloth. When the web came home from the weaver, word was sent out to the most experienced women and girls to the number of from sixteen to eighteen. A fulling-frame of fine wicker—the common property of the village—was set on trestles of the proper height. It was from two-and-a-half to three feet wide, and eight or nine feet long. The most experienced and careful woman was installed mistress of ceremonies at the head of the frame, to deal out the web and watch over the working.

Seven women stood on each side of the frame, care being taken that each couple were of the same length of arm. There was one at the foot of the frame to fold the cloth as it was passed along, and to attend to it being kept soaked with liquid as it was being thickened.

About a yard of the cloth was unrolled to begin with, by her who stood at the head. It was soaked at once with ammoniated liquid,

then drawn slantwise across the frame; that is No. one on the hither side worked with No. two on the opposite side—not with the woman directly in front of her, for that would bring no nap on the cloth, and it would be streaky, because the treatment would not be equal. Then the cloth was rubbed and pounded to thicken it, and drawn backwards and forwards till it was ready to be passed on for the next two couples to thump, and rub and see-saw it and pass it down farther to undergo the same process.

The whole of this toil was set to music. Every movement of the hand was regulated by a waulking-song, sung in perfect tune by all. If a part (or the whole) of the cloth needed more working, the women never said, 'It will take another half-hour, or hour's work,' but 'It will take another song,' or 'It will take so many more songs.'

The tweed being thickened and smoothed to the satisfaction of the experts, a thin straight board three inches wide was brought, on which to wind the web. This process was called 'winding the cloth into a candle.' The board was necessarily a little longer than the width of the cloth. The winding of the web was done with the minutest care, lest there should be a crease or a wrinkle or an unequal overlapping of the selvages anywhere. In this winding the cloth, the women kept slapping every inch of each fold with all their might, with the open palms of their hands. The song sung during this performance required a different measure from the other. It was called Port-nam-bas, the palm-chant, or rather palming-chant. Those who sang it were well acquainted with the gossip of the country-side. They knew who was the favoured laddie of each lassie, present or absent. In the song the names of the maidens and their real or supposed sweethearts were coupled, thus adding to the merriment and the interest. Such songs are termed 'pairing' songs. The candle of the cloth was left lying as it was till next day, when it was soused in water and left to dry.

Here is a specimen of one of the 'pairing songs' sung on such an occasion. The title is, 'An Long Eirionnach,' The Irish Ship. It begins with the lines:—

The rhythm of the words requires that it be translated:

Ho! who sails with me, on the ship 'Irishman,'
With a fiddle, with a harp, on the ship 'Irishman'?
Ho! who goes with me, on the ship 'Irishman'?
Mirag I'll take with me, on the ship 'Irishman'!

Ho! who sails with me, on the ship 'Irishman'?
Donald I'll take with me, on the ship 'Irishman'!
O'er the billows riding free, on the ship 'Irishman'.

And so on to any number of couplets, as long as there were names in the district to be linked together. When those gave out the next district yielded a fresh supply, till the web was rolled into a 'candle.'

Very gradually during these years, potatoes were becoming more and more an article of diet, but so little were they used that we set aside only one creelful as seed potatoes against the following spring. Turnips, too, were slowly coming into general use. Tea was still a rare treat; baker's bread—soft, spongy stuff!—was not to be thought of. Until then it was honey that was used for sweetening. Salt was very expensive, being taxed to more than forty times its value.

There was one kind of food used occasionally which is probably unknown nowadays. Some of the stronger cattle were bled in spring by an expert; the blood was carefully prepared, salted in a tub and set aside for use. We called it black pudding.

We had no winnowed rye-grass or turnips in those days to feed the cattle; we were entirely dependent on the natural grass. When the lower pastures became bare it was necessary to take the cattle to be fed once, or in some districts twice, a year to those higher pastures where sweet hill grass was plentiful. This relieved the lower pastures, allowing the grass on them to grow afresh.

A green, grassy hill was called an Airigh (pronounced ah-ry). When spring work was over, the men of the village went to the airigh to get the sheilings, that is the huts, into order. Being built of turf they required to be put into thorough repair, so as to make them habitable after the storms of winter and the rains of spring, which were sure to dismantle the roofs.

One end of every hut was banked up some eighteen inches from the rest of the floor, and part of it covered with heather-tops for a bed. The heather made a fragrant springy couch, and, as it was to be used in June weather, a thin blanket to cover it, and another to cover the sleeper, were all that were needed for comfort. The remainder of the banked up space served for a seat. We did with as little furniture as possible for our six weeks' picnic.

The little village of turf huts was a woman's township. Only one man, the aireach (herdsman) was there to help about the cattle in all matters that needed such experienced aid as his special knowledge could afford.

The sheilings were generally ready for occupation by the first week of June; then a day was fixed upon for the setting out. Of course the whole village set out together. The children were welcome, boys as well as girls, at that first outset. There were so many articles

to be carried that all alike could be of help. There were the utensils and implements needed for making butter and cheese—cogues, churns, luggies, milk-tubs, cheese-vats, a large iron pot for heating the milk in, and a block of iron which, when heated red-hot, was used to sterilise the milk. The women took their distaffs and wool, for they were in the habit of going among their flocks twirling their distaffs as they minded them. Household provisions were taken, clothing too, and a few dishes and cooking utensils, and each company carried a milking-stool.

The cows and the little sheep knew the way and gave little or no trouble. To prevent any bother about the calves, a churn called an imideal (butterer) was carried on the back. This special make of churn was flat on one side, so as to fit on to the back, and was covered with a skin. The lid also was secured with a skin round it; but on such an occasion as this setting out it was not so tightly fastened but that a few drops of milk were jolted out of it while climbing the hill, and trickled down over the skin covering. The calves, lured by the dropping milk, followed the imideals of their respective owners, licking the skin as often as they were able to overtake the climber, and thus they arrived at the airigh.

There were frequent journeys to and from home during those six weeks. As often as a certain quantity of butter and cheese was ready it was carried home to be stored for future use. When the home was not too distant some of the stronger young women were accustomed to put the proper amount of cream into the imideal, then, strapping it on to their backs, they thus carried it to its destination, the churning being done by the jolting in going down the braes. The butter in this case was washed and salted after arrival. The churn did not slip off when it was bumped up and down so much, because it was held securely by two stout straps, and rested on the bunched gathers of the drugget skirt as on a cushion. When several of those heavy drugget and plaiding skirts were worn, as was the habit then, there was quite a shelf for the churn to rest on.

Every meal taken in the open air was a feast. We rarely took our food indoors. We had whey porridge very often, which I liked better than the rich milk porridge, which was our Sunday treat. What a wealth there was of wild strawberries and blaeberrys, as many as we could eat! We had children's rhymes to repeat too for almost everything we met.

When we children came upon a bed of cuckoo-stockings and primroses, we sang out:

Primrose, cow-sorrel, wood-sorrel, white clover;
Food for all the little children all the bright summer over!

Did we come upon a bird's nest, we covered our mouths, believing that if our breath came near the eggs it would taint them and so scare the bird away. In leaving the nest we sang:

Tweet-tweet-tweet- O,
Who spoiled my nest so sweet, O?
Should he be a tall man,
Fling him headlong from the keep!
Should he be a small man
Toss him from the rocky steep!
But a clown—who doesn't care!
Turn him over to his mother And leave him there!

If a corra-chosag—a wood-louse—crossed our path, we instantly stopped and asked it gravely:

O, corra-chorra-chosag, pray,
Will to-morrow be a lovely day?
If you tell me quick and true,
A pair of brogues I'll make for you!

When the cuckoo was due to return in April we were careful to eat a bit of bread before turning out in the early morning, as it was deemed unlucky to hear it for the first time in each season with our fast unbroken. But in June, it was bound to forsake its summer haunts, so we addressed it thus:

'Cuckoo!' cried the gowk on a spray,
'I've missed thee yestre'en and to-day';
'Cuckoo!' cried the cuckoo, 'farewell!
By the hunter I'm chased from the dell!'

The little blue scabious was treated rudely, I don't know why. Holding it by the neck firmly between the root of the thumb and the palm of the hand, we twisted the stem with the other hand, then, loosening the pressure of the thumb, the flower began to turn slowly round. As the flower began to turn round we repeated:

Gillie, gillie blue-boy, if thou turn not round, down comes my fist upon thee.

Suiting the action to the word, at the emphatically pronounced word 'down' we crushed the head of the flower by the violence of the blow.

END

And that's it for this week and hope you all have a great weekend and mind and keep your distance, wash your hands and stay safe.

Alastair