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HUMOR  
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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

## Electric Scotland's Weekly Newsletter for July 24th, 2020

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

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

### Electric Scotland News

We got a ton of rain this week and as a result all the homes around me had flooding in their basements all expect myself. Of course most won't have had insurance cover for flooding so that's a problem. I'm told I don't have a sump pump and that's because the system I have which apparently shuts down the water to prevent it coming into the basement. Haven't a clue how that works but Claud from across the road said I had to have had that as I didn't have a sump pump and didn't get flooded.

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.

Echoes of Empire: Aboriginal Australians and the legacy of colonialism

In the past three decades, more than 400 Aboriginal people have died in police custody despite findings and recommendations from a national inquiry back in 1991.

Read more at:

<https://www.bbc.com/news/world-australia-53436225>

Climate change: Summers could become too hot for humans

Millions of people around the world could be exposed to dangerous levels of heat stress - a dangerous condition which can cause organs to shut down.

Read more at:

<https://www.bbc.com/news/science-environment-53415298>

Fiscal Transfers and Shifting Narratives

In a piece first published by Reaction, These Islands chairman Kevin Hague explains how the United Kingdom is bound together by fiscal transfers.

Read more at:

[https://www.these-islands.co.uk/publications/i354/fiscal\\_transfers\\_and\\_shifting\\_narratives.aspx](https://www.these-islands.co.uk/publications/i354/fiscal_transfers_and_shifting_narratives.aspx)

The Critic Magazine podcast with Kevin Hague

These Islands chairman Kevin Hague spoke to Graham Stewart for The Critic Magazine's latest podcast, on the Scottish independence question. How did we get here, and what might come next?

Listen to this at:

[https://www.these-islands.co.uk/publications/i353/the\\_critic\\_magazine\\_podcast\\_with\\_kevin\\_hague.aspx](https://www.these-islands.co.uk/publications/i353/the_critic_magazine_podcast_with_kevin_hague.aspx)

Fact Checking a Fact Check

The National today published a 1,000 article rather hilariously labelled as a "Fact Check" which amounted to little more than a personal attack against me.

Read more at:

<https://chokkablog.blogspot.com/2020/07/fact-checking-fact-check.html>

New film tells the story of ancient drove roads and launches guide to off-road cycling in Highland Perthshire  
As a new film launches about drovers, men who moved cattle to market over long distances, Gayle Ritchie looks at the history and legacy of Scotland's ancient drove roads.

Read more at:

<https://www.thecourier.co.uk/fp/nostalgia/1446770/new-film-tells-the-story-of-ancient-drove-roads-and-launches-guide-to-off-road-cycling-in-highland-perthshire/>

Oxford vaccine triggers immune response

A coronavirus vaccine developed by the University of Oxford appears safe and triggers an immune response.

Read more at:

<https://www.bbc.com/news/uk-53469839>

HMS Challenger: The voyage that birthed oceanography.

The 3.5-year voyage to the furthest corners of the globe reshaped marine science and permanently changed our relationship with the planet's oceans.

Read more at:

<http://www.bbc.com/travel/story/20200719-hms-challenger-the-voyage-that-birthed-oceanography>

The UK internal market

The government has recently issued a White Paper setting out how the UK's single market and customs union will work as we leave the EU's single market and customs union.

Read more at:

<http://johnredwoodsdiary.com/2020/07/21/the-uk-internal-market>

The revolutionary boat powered by the ocean

The Philippines' traditional three-hulled boat is being redesigned, to draw its power not from fossil fuels, but from the energy of the waves.

Read more at:

<https://www.bbc.com/future/article/20200718-the-revolutionary-electric-boat-powered-by-the-ocean>

The U.K.'s Response to Covid-19 Has Been World-Class

One country has done more than any other to stop the spread of the coronavirus.

Read more at:

<https://www.bloomberg.com/opinion/articles/2020-07-22/british-response-to-covid-19-has-been-world-class?srnd=opinion>

Seattle's Tarnished Dream

A generous safety net doesn't mean much if you can't find jobs or afford housing.

Read more at:

<https://www.city-journal.org/seattle-safety-net-remains-unrealized>

Britain's newly discovered ancient sites

Lidar technology has revealed a whole new timeline of human occupation across the UK, from prehistoric burial mounds to hidden Roman roads to medieval farmsteads.

Read more at:

<http://www.bbc.com/travel/story/20200722-britains-newly-discovered-ancient-sites>

Trigger warning: we are not an effing amusement park

If Scottish cringe is uncomfortable, then Shortbread Scotland as portrayed by the media blob in London is insufferable.

Read more at:

[http://www.thinkscotland.org/thinkpolitics/articles.html?read\\_full=14224](http://www.thinkscotland.org/thinkpolitics/articles.html?read_full=14224)

## Electric Canadian

The Challenge of the Mountains

Issued by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, Montreal, (1904) (pdf)

A great description of the Rockies which you can read at:

<https://www.electriccanadian.com/transport/challengeofthemountains.pdf>

Canadian Living

The Ultimate Cook Book (pdf)

A great resource for you to create some great meals and you can read this at:

<https://www.electriccanadian.com/lifestyle/Canadian-Living-The-Ultimate-Cookbook.pdf>

How to own a farm in Western Canada (pdf)

An old but interesting boolet which can be read at:

<https://www.electriccanadian.com/transport/agriculture/HowtoownafarminwesternCanada1.pdf>

Thoughts on a Sunday morning - 19th July 2020 by the Rev. Nola Crewe.

This is Nola's weekly video for Sunday watching which normally goes up on the Saturday. You can watch this at:

<http://www.electricscotland.org/showthread.php/5558-Thoughts-on-a-Sunday-morning-19th-July-2020>

Curling In Canada

Radio Talk by Gordon M. Hudson given over the CBC Network, December 20th, 1937. Distributed With the Compliments of The Great-West Life Curling Club. 1938 (pdf)

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

## Electric Scotland

History and Antiquities of the County and of the Town of Carrickfergus

From the Earliest Records till 1839 by Samuel McSkimin. New Edition with Notes and Appendix by K. J. McCrum, F.R.S.A. (1909) (pdf)

You can read this at: <https://electricscotland.com/ireland/carickfergus.pdf>

The Mercer Chronicle

Has been added to our Clan Mercer page providing more information on the name and can be read at:

<https://electricscotland.com/webclans/m/mercer.html>

Sketches of Highland Character

Sheep Farmers and Drovers (1875) (pdf)

It is well known that the Highlands have undergone a great change within the last thirty years ; that the human population has become less dense, the woolly population more so; that the old proprietors have nearly all disappeared to make room for new; that bogs have been drained, and moors reclaimed, making the "bonny blooming heather" succumb to the "yellow corn." Much, however, remains to be known of the ways of the people—how they eat, and how they drink; how they speak, and how they act; how they live, and how they die. The object of the following Sketches is to show something of this, and to begin with a night with drovers and sheep-farmers on the Mull of Cantyre.

You can read this at: <https://electricscotland.com/books/pdf/sheepfarmersdrovers.pdf>

The White Head Hunter

Added a video about him to our page at: [https://electricscotland.com/history/articles/head\\_hunter.htm](https://electricscotland.com/history/articles/head_hunter.htm)

The Scotch-Irish People

Their influence in the formation of the Government of the United States by J. H. Bryson, D.D. (1892) (pdf)

You can read this at: <https://electricscotland.com/history/scotsirish/scotchirishaddresses.pdf>

## Story

I thought I'd bring you the first half of the story I highlighted above to give you a flavour of how challenging it is to write in the Scots accent. Now there may well be some spelling mistakes in this but you can of course re-read the actual book and mind the other half of the story is still to be told.

### Sketches of Highland Character

I believe there is no town, district, or country without a grievance or difficulty. Great Britain has its neutrality and income-tax; France has its Bourbons, Orleanists, Imperialists, and gagged press; Russia has its Poland; Austria its Venetia; Turkey its Principalities; America its rebellion, and long bill to pay; and Argyleshire its Mull of Cantyre. I was guiltless of such wise reflections as these some years ago, as I started for the pretty well known sunny little town of Oban, I had heard a great deal about Great Britain, but neutrality was not practised there at the time, and the income-tax did not greatly affect me and as for the grievances and difficulties of foreign countries, I really cared very little about them; and, must it be confessed,

I had never heard of the Mull of Cantyre except in my geography lesson at school, until the day I began my travels, as just mentioned. It was a squally not very pleasant day as I bowled along on the Glasgow and Greenock Railway towards the latter town, where I was to join the "Arab," which was to sail thence for Oban at four o'clock P.M. I knew little of steamers, and it never occurred to me that the voyage might prove anything but an agreeable one. There was a sallow-faced man sitting opposite to me in the carriage, who kept constantly looking out at the windows, every now and then turning up his eyes as if he expected his death-warrant from the clouds that scudded past towards the east. He carried something between a portfolio and a parcel on his knee, which he nervously clutched when he took his eyes off the sky. He looked at me wistfully at last, and seemed desirous to make some communication; and as, I presume, he saw that I was ready to receive it, he leaned forward and said — "It's rather blowy, I'm thinkin'." I nodded assent. "Weel," continued my fellow-traveller, "that will be against me."

"No doubt of it, if you are going against it."

"I am goin' ower to Belfast, and I doot it will be roch wark or we win to Belfast loch; but no so bad as goin' roon the Mull o' Cantyre to Oban."

This was interesting to me, and he saw it "You '11 be goin' that gate?" continued he. "Yes; but I don't care much for the Mull of Cantyre."

Of course not, for I knew nothing about it.

"Lucky that for ye, for there will be a jabble there the nicht, or I'm no judge."

This last remark was uttered aften a long look at the sky, and was not very reassuring.

Immediately on arriving at Greenock I went to the quay, and found the "Arab" lying uneasily there, the wind whistling viciously through the rigging, and the steam screaming and tearing frantically from the steam funnel. I went on board and got my luggage disposed of, and walked to where I saw a number of people standing round the funnel busy talking, and having nothing particular to do I listened.

"Ye'll think it'll pe a plowy nichf?" said a hairy-faced fellow, who had a plaid rolled tight round his neck, as if he had serious thoughts of doing himself a grievous injury.

"Ay will it," answered a short squat man in moleskins, all covered over with coal-dust.

"Ye see the clouds, hoo they chase ane anither; that's a gran' sign o' wind; we'11 hae a dance on the Moil the nicht, or I'm mista'en. There is plenty o' that afore us, or the winter is ower."

"No toot o' that; but ye're accustomed to it, and 'ill no mind it."

"We wadna need, Dugald, for mony's the awfu' nicht we hae o' it on the Mull o' Cantyre."

"It'll pe sometimes washing ower the feshell"

"Washing ower the veshel! ay, man, sometimes washing ower the funnel, and near puttin' out the fire on us, and wad do sae if the smoke didna keep it frae comin' doon. I mind—"

At this point of the conversation I heard a bell ring, and my dusty friend disappeared leaving something very wonderful untold. After this I went down to the cabin, where I saw some three or four ladies sitting together in a quiet corner. I could not help hearing part of their conversation, and again it related to the Mull of Cantyre. It is unnecessary to repeat any part of it except the conclusion at which they arrived, as enunciated by one of the party.

"I have," said the lady, "lived in Argyleshire for fifteen years, and, but for this dreadful Mull of Cantyre, I would say it is as pleasant a place to be in, and as healthy as any part of the world. But I have much there to make me happy and contented," she added, "and I trust I am so, and grateful too, notwithstanding of the 'Moil,' and the wretched night I expect to spend in making the voyage round it."

By this time the conviction forced itself upon me that Argyleshire had a real grievance, and was to be felt for, and I began to imbibe a decided dislike to the Mull of Cantyre, and wondered very much how I had never heard of it before, when it was so well known to every one else. With this feeling gaining fast upon me, I again went on deck, and saw every kind of lumber for the Highlands taken on board. Old beds, old tables, old chairs, old boxes, old hampers, old every thing, were knocked about in great confusion; but the principal part of the cargo consisted of tar barrels. These were rolling in all directions, and perfuming the boat and all in it in a way I did not by any means like. There was a number of patriarchal-looking rams—some with astonishingly tortuous horns, and some with none—cooped up forward; and as to the number of wild, savage-looking fellows, with large whiskers, unshaven beards, and dirty faces, and gaunt but sagacious-looking dogs, their name truly was legion. All this was soon seen, and I must say it did not prepossess me with any favourable opinion of the comforts of the "Arab." The longest voyage I had ever before made was from Newhaven to Kirkcaldy, and I was therefore not aware of all the manifestations of a disagreeable one in prospect, that presented themselves to more experienced eyes than mine.

After losing a couple of hours of good daylight, everything was got on board, but certainly not in a ship-shape condition, and we started for Oban. I like to see everything going on around me, and instead of again going below to the cabin, I mounted up to a cross plank resting on the two paddle-boxes, which I heard them call "the gangway," and found a good-looking quiet man standing there looking right before him, and not taking the least notice of anything but the head of the vessel. I went up to him, and remarked it promised to be a good night.

"O yes," he said, "it's a good night." He then looked down to where the tar barrels were crowded about the deck, and cried, "Take you there, M'Innes, some planks and confine these sheep well forward, the shepherds will help ye. You, Beaton, get Gome hands and stow away these tar barrels, and make things snug for the night." "Ay, ay, sir," sounded from below.

"You are the captain of the 'Arab?'"

"Yes."

"She is a good boat," I ventured to say.

"Yes, sir, she's a good boat," shortly.

"Is the wind fair, captain?"

"It will do very well if it keeps this way."

"You do not expect a change; do you, captain?"

"Well, sir, it is difficult to say when to expect a change and when not. I do not expect any change to signify."

I observed that he looked at the moon, which was surrounded by a bright golden ring. The clouds were scudding past her very fast, and a black cloud stood right ahead of us, which I would have willingly steered clear of, if that were possible. I saw the captain every now and then looking to see that his orders about the tar barrels had been carried out, and I confess that a sort of disagreeable idea began to creep upon me that we were to have a stormy passage round the Mull of Cantyre. I kept up on the gangway to see how matters were likely to go, and I began to perceive a decided heaving under me. This suddenly increased, and the steamer gave a plunge that made my heart start to my mouth. Still the reflection of the moon shone brightly on the water, and there was plenty of laughing and talking on all sides of me, which made me think, at all events, that there was no danger. The plunges became more frequent, and by and by the vessel began to go down sideways, and then come up with a sudden spring that was very unpleasant to me. Shortly after this a bell rang, and I saw a man making his way towards me, and with much ingenuity avoiding the many obstacles that lay in his path. He would dive under one thing, round another, and lightly step over a third. I am quite certain that I saw him make a stepping-stone of the body of a recumbent Celt, almost without being noticed. At last he reached me and said, —

"Tea is ready, sir; will you be pleased to take some?"

"Well, I suppose I had better."

"This way, if you please, sir;" and away he went in the same eel-like manner as he came, but every moment looking back and saying,

"This way, if you please, sir." I soon found following him a matter of no small delicacy and difficulty. Every place that was not taken up by tar barrels and other unsavoury lumber was occupied by human beings, who lay about in inconceivable places, and I found myself tumbling and floundering among them, kicking this one, trampling upon that, and leaving behind me a track of "oich-oichs" and guttural benedictions which I did not pretend to understand. My first feeling on getting into the cabin was one of dislike to everything I saw. There was a smell of fish, flesh, and fowl, combined with a close and oily atmosphere, and the fumes of toddy and bilge water, which prejudiced me against the display I saw of dish covers, cups, and plates, surrounded by a goodly row of weather-beaten, rugged faces, seemingly intent upon some expected event of considerable interest.

"This way, sir, if you please." said my friend the steward, who steadied me into a seat, and then bustled out of the cabin. There was solemn silence for a few minutes, and I observed my neighbours never took their eyes off the dish covers, and one or two began to finger their knives, as if impatient for the word of command. The captain made his appearance at the door, and there was a simultaneous move of satisfaction. He sat down quickly, said grace, and instantly off flew the dish covers, giving to view an enormous quantity of substantial fare. It was worth while seeing the earnest alacrity with which the passengers turned-to.

"Mr. Finlay, I'll trouble you for a bit of feesh." The party addressed was at the moment conveying a liberal allowance of ham and eggs to a capacious and willing mouth, and gave a questionable grunt before he seized the fish slice and helped the requisitioner. The clatter of knives and forks went on for a long time with scarcely an interruption, except now and then that one would ask another for something that he fancied.

"Mr. M'Craw, I'll thank ye for a little cheecan," and forthwith the cheecan was consigned to the tender mercies of a case of powerful grinders. I do not know that I ever before saw good cheer done such ample justice to. The assailants, however, began by and by to give in, one by one, but some of them returned more than once to the charge, and seemed reluctant to give up to the very last. Indeed it is difficult to say when some veterans would have finally ceased, had not the steward commenced operations whereby he very summarily cleared the tables. For my own part, I felt little disposed to eat. Every time I attempted to swallow anything, there was a repelling movement inside, which, as I did not understand, I marvelled at. When tea was over, I rose to take possession of an unoccupied sofa, but of a sudden felt as if the top of my head had flown off, and I dropped into my seat again in much perplexity. An intolerable heat came over me, and the perspiration came streaming out of every pore. The steward came past, and I said to him —

"The room is too close; will you open the window?"

"All battened down for the night, sir."

"Steward, what can the matter be with me? I feel very uncomfortable."

"Perhaps you are getting sick, sir," without even attempting to throw a grain of compassion into his voice;

"a little brandy might do you good, sir."

"Bring me some" and forthwith it came, but I cannot say that I experienced much relief from this sovereign remedy for sea-sickness. The rest of the tea-party still lingered about the table, as if there yet remained something to be done, and my helpless state, for I may now call my state helpless, attracted their attention. They instantly began to prescribe. "A pottle of porter did me goot once," said one.

"I think ale's petter," said another.

"Goot room (rum) is apout the pest thing I know," said a third.

"If ye tak my advice," said a gaunt old fellow, with a pair of threatening eyebrows, "ye 'll gie a rub to the pit of your stomach wd' a little turpentine and vanagar."

"Weel, chentlemen," said a round-faced jolly little Celt, "I wadna gie a drap of good whusky for them aal put together."

"Ferry goot observation, sir," responded on all sides. At this time a fine old man, with a shrewd intelligent face, came quietly up to me, and advised me to lie down on the sofa, and keep very quiet in whatever position I felt most free from the intolerable feeling of sickness and nausea I had. The good old fellow, God bless him, helped me to the vacant sofa himself, and made me snug there. I lay flat on my back, and was greatly relieved; but the least movement brought back the sickness. My feelings and faculties were in a

preternatural state of vigilance and susceptibility, and a mouse could scarcely move in the cabin without my hearing her. Under these circumstances, none of the sayings and doings of my fellow-passengers escaped me, and for a time they nearly drove me distracted. As the sickness went off, however, I became more reconciled to them, and by and by I was for a time almost unconscious that there was any one in the cabin, though I afterwards remembered every word that was uttered, as well as every thing that was done.

"I think, chentlemen," suggested a sober-looking young man, with dark hair and a lively twinkle about the eye, "that we would pe the petter of something warm aifter our tea."

"Ferry goot observation" was repeated simultaneously by the whole company, who with astonishing unanimity seated themselves round the table.

"What will ye pefor, chentlemen?" asked the first speaker.

"will we have prandy?"

"Prandy is a fery goot trink, there is no toubt," answered a round-faced drochy, with very broad shoulders and large whiskers, "and I like it fery well."

"So do I," and "so do I," was repeated by several.

"Weel, chentlemen," said an old man of immense stature, wearing a very broad hat, "I have nothing particular to say again^st prandy, altho' three or four smaal tastings that I took of it the other morning pefore preakfast at Falkirk did not agree with me. Put to tell ye the truth, I would rather whusky; the real Talisker is the thing for me."

This brought down a shout of applause, and the Talisker was accordingly ordered. "It's a fine speerit, the Talisker," said the stout gentleman, looking round.

"Ou ay," said a dozen voices, "a fine speerit"

"There 's no a petter made. That is the real right thing, chentlemen, I would know it anywhere," continued the stout gentleman, "and weel I might, for many 's the trop of it I have drank. No man knows goot whusky petter than Talisker himself; tacent man, Talisker."

"A goot man," sententiously pronounced a leathern-jawed middle-aged man, dressed in home-made shepherd's plaid clothes.

"A goot man and a goot whusky is goot company," answered the gentleman that suggested the brandy.

"Chentlemen," said the stout man, in a voice that all understood to preface a toast, "chentleman, I see aal your classes are filled; I think, after the Falkirk we have had, we may trink goot markets."

"Goot toast, Glenbogary;"

"excellent toast;"

"no one can object to that toast;"

"aal feels interested in goot markets;"

"the whole country is the petter of goot markets," were the various remarks suggested by this toast, which was drunk with much good-will.

"I heerd," said the abominable old fellow that wanted me to burn myself up with turpentine, who turned out to be a stray Lowlander that had settled in the North, "that ye got a lang price for yer queys, Glenbogary."

"What did ye hear, Mr. Chaik?" (meaning Jack.)

"I heerd twenty punds for ane."

"Forty for two, and fifty was got for them the next day, but the queys was goot." All expressed astonishment and admiration, which greatly flattered Glenbogary,

"Tell us aal apout it?" demanded several voices. Glenbogary took a deliberate gulp out of his tumbler and

commenced, —

"Chentlemen, since it is your pleasure, I'll tell you aal apout it. I thought I would take a turn to Falkirk as usual, although I had nothing to sell there, and when leaving home it came into my head that I might take some peasts with me to pay my expense. So I sent away the two queys, one of them is pranded and the other plack. People looked at them as they went along, and I heard them saying, "'Fine animals,' 'goot peef,' and observations of that kind; and when I got to the toun of Stirling, out comes a fat short pody, and says he to me,

'Are them queys yours?'

'Ay, they're mines yet,' says I.

'Will ye sell them?' says he.

'Yes,' says I.

'What are you seeking for them?' says he.

'Forty pounds,' says I. 'I'll gie ye thirty-six,' says he.

'I'll no take a penny less than forty,' says I. He then took another look at them, and pressed me to take thirty-six pounds, then forty with four pack, put I would not, and went on my way to Falkirk.

The night pefore the tryst, who comes up to me put Peter Lamont from Atholl. Ye'll aal know Peter. He took a goot long look at the queys, and then he turns to me and asks my price—'Forty pounds, and no a penny less.'

'They're mines,' says Peter, shaking my hand,

'and I '11 take them off your hands in the morning, and pay the money now or then.'

'The money any time you likes, Mr. Lamont,' says I, 'and the queys now or never.'

'Say ye sae,' says Peter;

'now then be it' Peter is a sure hand. Weel, chentlemen, I sees Peter next evening, and asks him if he had sold the queys.

'Oh Yes,' says Peter, 'I sold them, and made of them too.'

'How much, Mr. Lamont?'

'Ten pounds.' 'Ten pounds! Peter, you're choking. Fifty pounds for my two queys ! that was a price.'

'That is just the figure I sold them for to an Englishman that wants to gain a prize wi' them, and I wish he may.' Now, chentle- men, that is the whole story. Put the queys was goot, and the price was goot."

"And the story is goot," answered Mr. M'Craw. "I'll pe pound there wasn't a pair of queys like them at Falkirk this many a day. Twenty pounds for a quey! that is a price."

"Forty pounds for two queys, and fifty the next day," said Glenbogary, as setting the matter in a clearer point of view, "put the queys was goot."

"Ye maun hae gien them oil-cake," said Mr. Jack. "I did not, sir," replied Glenbogary very decidedly. Mr. Jack still looked dissatisfied.

"Tell us their age, and how reared, Glen," demanded Mr. Finlay, who wanted the brandy. Before doing so, however, another supply of Talisker was placed on the table, and the tumblers were promptly replenished.

"You want to know their age, and rearing, chentlemen. You will know it then, chentlemen. The mother of the plack came from Barra, out of the Colonel's fold, and the mother of the pranded from Harris, old Tonalt Stewart's fold, poth as goot preeds as anyAvhere. Weel, the plack; no, it was the pranded; — no, but it is no matter; the one was three years old on the 3d of April, and the other fourteen days later. Then as to the rearing of them. Chentlemen, they got their mother's milk, every trop of it, and they never were hungry again. 'Deed, chentlemen, I don't like hungry man or peast apout me."



"Ferry goot observation, sir," was repeated here with much emotion. Mr. Jack did not join in this mark of confidence, but mumbled something between his teeth about oil-cake, and shook his head sceptically.

"Pless me, Maister Chaik," said Mr. Finlay, "ye wat refuse anything. Glenbogary has told as plain as any English how the queys was porn, pred, and prought up, and ye look as if ye thought that he wat cheat people as the old Carles of Achanadrish tid when they used to went to the market."

"Mr. Finlay," answered Mr. Jack solemnly, "I am no gien to cheatin' mysel', and I dinna like folks that is; but for a' that has cam and gane, I think the queys maun ha'e gotten oil-cake."

"It matters ferry little, Mr. Chaik," said Glenbogary with warm dignity, "what you or the like of ye thinks. Put my advice to you is, when ye py accident find yourself among chentlemen, to pehave yourself like a chentleman, and no like an ill-put-thegither low-country nowte as ye are."

"Weel, Glenbogary," answered the impervious Mr. Jack, "whether ill or weel put thegither, I maybe will haud thegither as lang as yoursel'."

As Glenbogary was about to make a suitable reply, the vessel gave a plunge that made the glasses tumble about, and a good deal of liquor was spilt. There was considerable commotion, and the warmth that began to manifest itself was cooled, and the embryo quarrel forgotten by the time things were got into their proper places, and a new supply of Talisker was on the table. When the glasses were once more charged, a short squat man, with a lively pair of grey eyes, large whiskers, between a yellow and a grey, and a sharp hooked nose, got up. He seemed to be liked by the rest of the company, and no wonder; his laugh was the loudest and merriest, he had most to say, but principally to those immediately around him, and there was none among them that took his tipple with more scrupulous fairness. He no sooner stood up than there was a general cry of "Scoodarach." I wondered what was meant, and thought if I had been hailed by such a cognomen, I should be very angry. He however bowed, as if flattered by his reception, from which I correctly divined that Scoodarach was his patronymic.

"Chentlemen," commenced Scoodarach, "I pelieve it is pretty fresh weather outside" (he had to hold hard by the table to prevent being pitched off his feet), "and I cannot see the reason why we shouldn't refresh ourselves inside" (hear, hear, and ferry goot observation).

"Chentlemen, we have here a chentleman that is an honor to the whole country, and I challenge the world to produce another man that got twenty pounds for a quey at Falkirk."

"Forty pounds," cried Glenbogary, "and fifty pounds the next day."

"Yes, chentlemen," resumed Scoodarach, "forty pounds, and fifty the next day; altogether ninety pundts !"

"Guide us! Scoodarach," interrupted Mr. Jack, "ye 're no gaun to say that Glenbogary got ninety pundts for his twa queys?"

"I says more, Maister Chaik. They were worth a hundred to any man that took a fancy to them. (Great applause, and Mr. Jack refused a hearing. Then, chentlemen, as my friend and your friend Glenbogary is so well worthy of our pest thanks for the honor he has prought upon the country-, we'11 trink his health in full pumperns." Very great honour was done the toast — heel taps were out of the question. Glenbogary got up quite overcome; but as the labouring of the vessel made it difficult to stand, he sat down immediately, and begged permission to return thanks sitting, which was of course granted.

"My tear friends," commenced Glenbogary, affected, "I wish I had the tongue of Donach Ban, the bard, to speak for me. I would then pe able to do chustice to my heart. Ye have tone me creat honor, chentlemen, and I am ferry much opliged to ye aal. I am getting an olt man now. Chentlemen, I have stoot thirty Falkirks without missing one."

(Hear, hear, and applause, which encouraged a young man that had said nothing before, doing every justice to Talisker all the time, however, to say, "My father stand thirty-five, and he is alife yet.")

"Tid he ever get twenty pounds for a quey there?" broke in Mr. Finlay.

"Forty for two queys," persisted Glenbogary, "and fifty the next day; put the queys was goot."

"Put, Mr. Finlay," said Scoodarach, "how tid the Carles of Achanadrish cheat when they went to the fairs?"

"Eh, Scoodarach! I thought everypody heard of them. The way they tid was this: Pefore they would start with their horses they would put a number of peats round their fires, and turn out their wives and bairns; then one would go to his neighpour and ask him if he

was to send a horse to the market The answer was 'yes' of course. 'I'll puy him.'

'What will ye give?'

'I will give so much, peing always a pound or two more than the prute was worth. This offer was refused, and the offerer wat hasten home, and wat in his turn pe called upon in the same way, and the same scene pe gone through. After every one that was to send a horse to the market had got his offer, they wat aal go away to the fair. Well, when they got there they asked a few shillings more than they had peen offered at home.

'That is a great teal too much,' the purchaser wat say.

'Oh no,' the seller wat say, 'I was offered within three shillings of it at home.'

'Impossible!'

'May I never again see those I left around my fireside if I was not.'

"The auld sconrels," said Mr. Jack, "they should ha'e been banished."

"Well, Mr. Chaik," answered Mr. Finlay, "whether they should or no, and whether they was or no, you'll find none of them in the country now."

"Weel, I am thinkin' it 's no a bad riddance. But whar ha'e the rogues gane till?"

"Some of them is in Australia, some in America, some on the sea, and some in their graves. Poor men! sorry they were to pid farewell to the prawn hills of the Highlands; put the times was against them, and they were aal sent away."

"Noo, Mr. Finlay, we'll say nae mair aboot them wi' your leave," said Mr. Jack, who was warming to the work; "but I am of opinion that a drap mair of Glenbogary's frien' Talisker wad do us nae hairm. What say ye a', gentlemen?"

END.

And mind you can read the rest of this story at:

<https://electricscotland.com/books/pdf/sheepfarmersdrovers.pdf>

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. Don't be stupid or selfish and instead be considerate of others and wear a mask if going shopping or into a crowded place and consider whether you should indeed go into a crowded space in the first place.

Alastair