

THE M^cILWHAM PAPERS:

IN

TWO LETTERS

FROM

THOMAS M^cILWHAM,

WEAVER,

TO HIS FRIEND,

MR. JAMES M^cNEIGHT,

EDITOR OF THE BELFAST NEWSLETTER.

EDITED,

AND ILLUSTRATED WITH NOTES AND A GLOSSARY, BY

JOHN MORRISON,

STUDENT, GLASGOW.

BELFAST:

WILLIAM M^cCOMB, No. 1, HIGH-STREET.

MDCCCXXXVIII.

PREFACE BY THE EDITOR.

I HAVE learned that, about this date, last year, a letter bearing the Rathfriland post-mark, and the signature of "WILLISON M'MURRAY," was received at the office of the *Ulster Times*, in Belfast, enclosing the copy of a letter from Mr. Thomas M'Ilwham to Mr. James M'Neight, and authorizing and requesting its publication. The Editor of the *Times* has informed me, that, though often puzzled about the meaning both of words and phrases, he perceived such unequivocal marks of a strong, though uncultivated mind, breaking through what he is pleased to call the "*Scotch mist*" in which it was enveloped, that he determined on giving it publicity. Unfortunately, however, either through the error of *Mr. M'Murray*, the copyist, or of the printers in the *Times' Office*, the name of "*Mr. M'Ilwham*," the author, was metamorphosed into "*M'Thoham*;" which "*Irish blunder*," as I may be permitted to call it, besides several defects and errors in the publication, produced the following letter from me, enclosing one from "*Mr. M'ILWHAM*" himself. Of the one I give an extract, the other I publish entire. Both refer to what has hitherto been a curious, and may hereafter turn out an interesting and instructive correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ULSTER TIMES.

Glasgow, 20th December, 1836.

SIR,—My kind friend, Mr. Thomas M'Ilwham, of Rosebank, has been with me in relation to a letter published in what you will permit me to call, and I do it in sincerity, your truly valuable Journal.

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In relation to Mr. M'Ilwham's letter, as published in your's of the 16th instant, I must say, it is certainly *very incorrect in the printing, and defective in matter*. Whether the fault lies with the copyist, or with the printer, I do not pretend to say. But, as the letter refers to an important subject, in which the Church of Scotland and her daughter in Ireland are deeply interested, I conceived it an act of justice to beg of you to comply with Mr. M'Ilwham's earnest desire to have it *reprinted*. Did you see the poor man's agonies of authorship, pity would induce you to grant him this favour. Trusting both to your generosity and justice, I have carefully copied it with my own hand; and while I could not persuade the author to allow me to *anglicise* the whole, I have occasionally modified the spelling, and added such notes as will render it more intelligible to your readers. I have the honour to be

Your faithful servant,

JOHN MORRISON, Student.

LETTER ENCLOSED IN THE ABOVE.

Roseybank, by Lanerick, Dec. 18, 1836.

SIR,—Yer papers o' the 16th o' the present month, cam to han on this day, which gars me admire the blessin an the speed o' the Steam Boats. Weel do I remem'er bein ance twa hail days atween Donaghadee and Portpatrick, wamlin an spuin i' the baud o' the auld Palmer, no to speak o' a voyage i' the Betsys, o' Belfast, whan I was seven days in Lamlash, twa in Lough Ryan, and ane in Campbellmouth o' yer Lough. But fegs its no ill said, "the mair haste the waur speed;" for never did I see sic a stramash as that Rafrikan body, ill-sweet tyke that he is, has made o' my bit letter. It put me a'maist daft whan I read it. Sae muckle o' mine has he left out, and sae muckle o' his ain has he put in, that he has botch't my best arguments an' left my letter like naethin' on the earth, excep' it be that its neether linsey nor wulsey, white nor grey, but just grogher yer papers, mair especial when she saw the unconshonable name gien me at the en' o' the letter—"Thomas M'Thoham." *Thomas M'Thoham*, quo she, wha on earth ever heard o' sic a name? Isn't M'Ilwham as guid a name as M'Murray ony day o' the year? Isna' the Laird o' M'Ilwham, i' the Mearns, yer name-sake, an' may be, yer relation. Ye sud na bear it, and ye manna bear it, if there's a drap o' man's bluid i' yer body. But what can I dae, says I. What can ye dae, says she; why no write this minnit till the body that's publisht yer letter, an' if there's grace or decency in him he wunna refuse to dae ye justice. Wow, but says I, Tam's writin an' my inditin', may maybe mak bad waur. Weel, then, quo' she, did ye no promise me a goon frae Glasgow for a new-year's gift; sae just sat aff by the coach that'll be passin' the noo, an' whan ye're in Glasgow ca' on the maister an' he'll write ye a letter as weel as ony Professor i' the hail College. Sae, as I maistly take Jeannie's bid-

din', for she's a canny an' a kinly creature, I just got Tam' to pen this doon, to leave for the maister—gif he sud be out i' the College—an he'll write ye o' what I want. But abune a', let me gie ye warnin' for the time to come, never to trust the Rafrikan man.

Yours to command,

THOMAS M'ILWHAM.

The publication of Mr. M'ILWHAM's letter of complaint, as I have also learned, produced, by return of post, the following defence from Mr. M'MURRAY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ULSTER TIMES.

Hill-head, Rathfriland, 26th December, 1836.

SIR,—In relation to Mr. M'Ilwham's letter in your last publication, all that I have to say is this: The original letter was written by his son Thomas, a boy of about twelve years of age, in a very middling hand, and on loose leaves of paper cut out of his copy-book, so that it is possible, I may have sometimes mistaken a word or omitted a part of the letter. I have also to acknowledge that I sometimes did not understand the meaning of a word or two, when I still thought I comprehended the drift of the whole sentence, and that, in such cases, I may have changed a few phrases, but never, I declare, with intention to mar or pervert the sense. Notwithstanding the provoking names he has given me, Mr. M'Ilwham, I must confess, is a man that does honour to his country and his rank, and that wanted nothing but further education to have rendered him a distinguished writer, as his letter will prove him to be a thinker.

I have the honour to be, your obedient servant,

WILLISON M'MURRAY.

This letter, though, at the time, far from satisfactory to the editor of *The Ulster Times*, was perfectly satisfactory to Mr. M'ILWHAM, the party most interested, and best qualified to judge. He has, accordingly, resumed his intimacy with Mr. M'Murray; and, by the cheap and convenient medium of a Rathfriland Pedlar, made him the depository of his second letter, from the *postscript* to which I am happy to find he is likely not only to continue his correspondence with his friend, Mr. M'Neight, but also to extend it to others. It may be partiality in me, having so long experienced the kindness of Mr. M'ILWHAM and his excellent helpmate, yet I will venture to say he has a talent for letter-writing; and although I have not yet succeeded in weaning him from his *Doric dialect*, yet I may

express a hope, that it is so far modified as to be generally intelligible to English readers.

By several good judges, both here and in Ireland, Mr. M'LEWHAM's letters have been deemed far too valuable to be allowed to pass into the irrecoverable oblivion of a newspaper. They have, accordingly, at his own request, been revised and corrected; and are now presented in a more permanent form to the public. Nor let any man be surprised, that the land which produced a Cowboy Astronomer, in a FERGUSON, or a Ploughman Poet in a BURNS, should also produce a Weaver Polemic in a M'LEWHAM, equally creditable to "bonny Rafrilan," where he was born, and the "banks o' Clyde," where he has been domiciled.

As the letters were originally published in Belfast, I have deemed it best that their republication should take place in that town rather than in this country.

JOHN MORRISON, Student.

Glasgow, 3d December, 1837.

LETTER I.

TO MR. JAMES M'NEIGHT.

Roseybank, by Lanerick, 20th o' November, 1836.

DEAR FRIEN' AND SCHULEFELLOW,

Mony a time, sin' we parted, hae I thoct o' ye, an' o' writin' till ye, just for the sake o' auld lang syne. Bonny Rafrilan' crownin' the hill-tap like a diadem, and the blue big mountains o' Mourne frownin' i' the distance, like the ruined wa's o' a giant's castle, and the wee bit craft whaur we pu'd the gowans, an' the wumplin burn whaur we fished an' paidled; oh! how they come ower me i' the lonely evenings, till I begin amais tae greet, wi' a mixture o' joy an' vexation, that nae man can comprehend, but ane that has been estranged from the hame o' his fathers, an' dreed an acquaintance in a foreign lan'. Abune a', dear frien', when I think o' the schule, an' the muckle birch rod, an' the wee brown tawted wig o' the dominie, an' the bit pliskies Tam Johnston an' yersel' an' me used to play on the body, I could crack my cheeks wi' perfect laughin'—mair especially about the time ye pat the powther in his pipe—Man, man, I think I see him yet, jumpin' maist "laverock height," as Burns says, at the terrible explosion—an' I think I still see the surprised an' innocent look ye pat on, an' how dexterously ye turned a' suspicion frae ye an' mysel, an' how puir Tam Jamieson payed the piper for the guffaw he set up at the hideous grimaces o' the maister. Ye ken, Jamie, I aye loved ye as a brither. I aye had a respec' for genius—an' ye war aye above me. I ettled after ye as hard as I might, but someway I never could get along side wi' ye. Losh man, I think I see whan ye first got the Brownie o' Bodsbeck;* I remember ye readin' t' by the side o' our fire, an' when the chip o' fir gaed out, I hae seen yer een glance i' the very dark like poushie's watchin' a mouse. I aye said that in time ye wad come to somethin'; an' so I fin' ye hae. For my ain part I canna

* "The Brownie of Bodsbeck," a tale of the Covenanters, by James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, intended as an antidote to the gross misrepresentations of Sir Walter Scott, in his "Old Mortality."

complain; I was aulder than ye, by some years, whan I left Ireland. I soon married a sonsie lass at Airdree, where I first settled. We hae five weans, three lasses an' twa lads, an' noo anither wee chap maks half-a-dozen; an' as ye ken my mither was a M'Neight, I wish to ca' him for yersel', an' I write to tell ye o't,—an', at the same time, to mention to ye a report a Raffilan' chiel has cadged ower wi' him, an' which I ken to be a lie; but still I wud wuss to hae the contradickin o't frae yer ain han'. *Burn the body, but he swears ye're turned Papish.* He reports ye hae written a book they ca' Peter Dens, five volumes, in Latin. He says a' the O'Connell's newspapers are praisin' ye to the skies, an' that it's expectet O'Connell will mak' ye Editor o' the *Dublin Gazette*, wi' an income o' a thousand a-year. Jamie! Jamie! I wuss ye ten thousand a-year—but wi' clean hans an' a clear conscience. I ken the story's a' a lie; but still I wuss, as I said, to hae the contradickin o't frae yer ain han'. I'm now an Elder in the true Kirk o' Scotlan', to whilk we baith belanged, an' I had expectet ye wad surely been the same by this time. Mony's the time I counted on yer bein' far abune an Elder; I aye thocht ye had a pow just made for a pupit. Write me, by the bearer, a' about yer affairs; but especially contradick the story about turning to the scarlet harlotry o' Rome.

May be its best the noo to pit ye in possession o' the bail story, sae I'll e'en tell it ye as the callan telt it to me. Ye ken I dinna belang to the present Revolution Kirk o' Scotlan'; still I canna say but I hae a hankerin' after her. She was ance the King's daughter, "a' glorious within," and there's a spirit and a promise in her still, Jamie, that winna be lost among the dross an' corruption o' these backslidin' generations. Like Ephraim she is beginnin to say, "What hae I to do ony mair wi' idols." She's begun to cut the craig of Patronage, an' I believe she'll never deval while there's a hale bane in its body. Aweel, as I was sayin', the Rathfrilan' chiel says to me: "*Yer auld freen M'Neight's turned Papish.*" "I canna believe it, says I." "Luk here then," says he, "an' believe yer ain e'en." Wi' that he pu's out the papers ca'd the *Belfast News-Letter*, an' pointed tae an advertisement about a wark o' Peter Dens—turned next tae what he ca'd the Editorial article, in which ye gie it a sly kin' o' praise, and recommend it to the attention o' yer readers. "O man! but" says I, "do ye no see the book's written by a member o' the Synod o' Ulster, and my freen M'Neight's a true Cameronian." "Yere a' wrang," says he; "Jamie kens a trick worth twa o' that. He's nae mair a Cameronian than I'm the Pope o' Rome. He's gaen clean owre to the Synod o' Ulster, an' might ca' himsel a member, as the Scotchman said, *after a' sort*, an' sae write the book an' gie himsel the title wi' a clean conscience. It's a' a lie thegither, I says. My auld freen, M'Neight, is name o' thae folk wha "*are given to change.*" The Cameronian bluid o' my auld mither's in him, an' I wud wad Lanarick Cotton Works, till a boy's rush mill, that he's staunch an' true to the back-bane. Man, man, I waxed het an' wrathfu', an' startin' tae the shelf, brought doon "the Brownie o' Bodsbeck," an' wipin' the stoor wi' my apron, luk at that, says I; could the man that writ that write a leeblon

the Kirk o' Scotlan'? Na, na, man—the thing's just clean impossible, as I will demonstrat till ye in twa words. See till the very title, man.

A REVIEW OF THE BROWNIE OF BODSBECK;

WITH
ANIMADVERSIONS ON SIR W. SCOTT'S CHARACTER OF THE SCOTTISH
NON-CONFORMISTS, IN HIS TALE OF "OLD MORTALITY," &c.

AN APPENDIX,

CONTAINING
AN ESSAY ON THE LAWFULNESS OF DEFENSIVE WAR, IN ANSWER
TO AN ARTICLE ON THAT SUBJECT, IN THE "DUBLIN
CHRISTIAN INSTRUCTOR."

BY JAMES M'NEIGHT.

NEWRY: 1824.

Noo luk man, just luk at the very preface—"the author," (James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd,) says my freen M'Neight, "has given a candid delineation of the Nonconformist character; in a satisfactory manner he accounts for their peculiarities, and lays the blame where it alone should rest, on the agents of arbitrary power;" an', a wee bit lower, adds my frien', "to vindicate the character of this much injured people the following review was written:"—Is it him write Peter Dens! Is it him leebl the character an' principles o' he's ain great-great-grandfather. But luk man, I says, just luk at the bottom o' page seven, an' hear my injured freen M'Neight. "It will be evident to all who will give themselves the trouble of perusing either their *history* or their *writings*, that *liberty*, the boast of the British Constitution, and the natural rights of mankind, were among the grand objects for which the Nonconformists (an' ye ken, man, that by them he means the Covenanters,) contended, for which they laid down their lives." Still farther doon the page, he adds, speaking o' the CAMERONIANS, "considered as *patriots*, as the friends of *freedom*, of their religion, their country—charity and candour should constrain us to lose sight of their private failings, in the recollection of their *public virtues*." Is that the man to leebl the Covenanters an' write, as I hear ye say, five volumes under the name o' Peter Dens, to brand the Kirk o' Scotlan' wi' a' political vice—that he has already ornamented, as he sud dae, wi' a' *public virtues*? "I dinna just say," says he, "that he writ five volumes o' Peter Dens, as ye hae simply misheard or mistaken; but it's said he writ twa pamphlets to prove that its what they ca' a mere *humbug* to accuse the Kirk o' Rome o' *persecution*, because the Kirk o' Scotlan', as your freen M'Neight is said to say, was as bad a *persecutor herself*." At this I waxed hetter and hetter still. I tell ye, freen, I says, that's indeed a *humbug*—an' whaever said it's a *humbug*—an' whaever said my frien', M'Neight, ever writ it's mair than a *humbug*—he's a doonright liar, as I'll prove to ye this very minit.

"Cast yer ee'here, man, says I, to page 9, and hear him, in the honesty o' an honest young heart, unhackneyed in the harness o' a dirty world, unbribed by party, Whig, Tory, or Radical—"Did the Non-conformists"—aye, keep in min', that's the auld Covenanters, now the Cameronians—"Did they, when in possession of power, persecute their adversaries for their adherence to their peculiar principles? Did they, by exorbitant fines, confiscations, imprisonment in loathsome cells, or banishment, endeavour to force to oaths contrary to the dictates of conscience, and avow principles they believed in their hearts to be false? Did they, BUT IN ONE SINGLE INSTANCE, (mark ye that, man,) but in *one single instance* place any of their bitterest enemies' legs in an iron boot, and by means of wedges driven in, squeeze out the marrow from the bones?" The question, ye see, is intended to carry its ain negative; an' my frien', M'Neight, concludes—the Covenanters were—a company that, I doubt na', he still belongs tae himsel', "*true honest men*, the noblest work of God." Ye see, then, how successfully I defendit ye, an' frae yer ain first wark. Little did ye ever think, whun ye prent it, an' in kindness, sent it ower to me, that it ever sud rise up, in sic a nice nick o' time to defend ye frae the charge o' leebellin the Kirk o' Scotlan', or palliatin the abominations that I hear o' in Peter Dens.

"Noo, just haud a wee," says the Rafrilan' callan, "till I rin doon to my lodgins, and fetch ye the pamphlet itsel'"—sae I just close my letter for the present, and wait till I see the brat ye're chargit wi' faterin.

December 3, 1836.

I hae noo, my auld frien', seen an' read that maist scandalous leeble ca'd *The Dens Humbug*, an' fause as it is, an' wicked as it is, there's naething in it, I'm persuaded, sae fause or wicked as the suspekkin' o' ye for the author. I only wonner, ye ever for a moment hae allowed yersel to lie under sic an unfounded suspicion. Ye may say its no worth yer while to deny it—ye may say nae man can openly prove ye guilty, an' ye may say it is unworthy o' ye to assert yer innocence—my frein, I beg leave to differ frae ye: gif ye heard the arguments o' the Rafrilan callan ye wad consider them nae laughin' sport. First, he says, ye hae been colloquiein' wi' the enemies o' the Kirk o' Scotlan': then he says the Papishes are a' begginin' to praise ye i' the Newspapers; then he says, as I confess I saw, ye hae gien a kin o' praise to the Humbug in yer ain paper,—a forbye thing, says he, when he has nae parti'cler interest. He tells me, mairover, that a gay wheen o' yer auld cronies are beginnin' to let out, in public, that ye hae been lang usin' *in private* the very statements an' arguments o' the *Humbug*. Another reason he gied the Spring whan I ca' wi' ye, as I purpose, on my way to see my auld friens at Rafrilan. The hail toat, I man tell ye, has nae weight wi' me; but still I think ye had better, at ance, put an end to these elishmaclavers by declarin' openly, in yer paper, that ye kenna wha writ the *Dens Humbug*. It grieves me to the heart man, to think

ye could ever be suspek't o' sic' a wark. I ken ye're as innocent as the child unborn, but what's the avail o' yer innocence, whan the innocence o' a hail kirk o' martyrs can get nae protection frae the calumnies o' Jesuits and priests. Some o' them hae been at wark at this foul business; but how they contrived to drap their illegitimate bairn at yer door, is beyond my comprehension. For ony sake write me a' about it, as I can hae nae peace till I hear frae ye; mair especially wad I be obliged gif ye send me a paper when ye publish yer disclaimer.* I wuss to dumfounder the Rafrilan chiel afore he wins away. He's a beddy body, wi' a terrible gift o' the gab, an' I want to gie him a cumsleesh that'll gar him wunner what ails him.

Noo, just afore concludin this tedioussome letter, gie me leave, as an auld frien, tae beg o' ye tae tak up the filthy Jesuit that has dared to cast his mud i' the face o' yer auld mither. Ye ance promised to be an ornament an' a bulwark tae her true "sufferin' remnant," and gif it be sae, that ye hae gane ower to the Synod o' Ulster, weel I wat, ye may hae changed yer *Kirk*, but ye hae never changed yer principles. The Synod's menin, I hear; and frae what I recollect, they had muckle need o' it. I doubtna, gif ye be really amang them, ye hae contributed nae sma share to the wark o' their reformation. The root o' the matter was early planted in ye, and I hope it is growin an ripenin. Ye war i' frae a bairn delegeant an exemplary in attendance upon ordinances. The five hour sermons o' precious Steevly fell on ye like rain on a dry lan; ye drank it in wi' greediness an grew like a bulrush. I lang to hear ye hae na declined in this matter. Write me a' about yer attendance on sermons an ither ordinances. I hae observed that learned folk sometimes become unco glaiket in these matters. I'm fain to see frae yer papers that ye're nae backslider; sae write to the eyes an' cry aloud i' the ears o' the nation—an' aye tak tent and clinch the sharp nail o' yer argument wi' the weighty hammer o' yer ain exemple.

But especially, dear frien', draw yer pen, an' let it be terrible as the claymore o' yer fathers, in defence o' Scotlan's Confession, Covenants, an' catechises, larger and shorter. The pawky Jesuit has minted to cover his Popish vestments under a Presbyterian mantle; but the Geneva cloak's owre skimpt for the lang shanks an' the cloven fit. Sae, just as the Brownie wad say, gie him a paik about the fifth rib o' his understandin' that'll steek his gab frae utterin' lies, tho' its fairly impossible to gar him speak the truth. Hear till him, foul-mouthed creature that he is, proclaimin' that the Confession, Covenants, an' catechises o' Scotlan' inculcat the *extirpation o' Idolators*, meanin' Papishes, an' o' *Prelatists*, meanin' the Kirk o' King Charles. Tell him the maist evident falsehood o' a' this. They taught the *extirpation o' errors*, (among whilk they reckoned *Idolatry* an' *Prelacy*,—an' owre good reason had they for bein' unco unfond o' baith,) but, as ye right well prove i' the *Brownie*, they never, "*in a single instance*," applied ony art o' *extir-*

* Note by Mr. M'Ilwham:—I hereby certify, that for this paper an the disclaimer of the authorship o' the *Dens Humbug*, I hae waited in vain; but expec it by the niest post after its publication.—T. M'I.

pation to even "the bitterest o' their enemies." I think I see yer een glancin' wi' a kin' o' secret delight, when I remin' ye o' that maist true an' happy expression. Challenge the filthy Jesuit then,—challenge him to produce you a *single instance* in which the Kirk o' Scotlan' ever embroiled her hans in the blood o' man, woman, or child, for conscience sake. Ye ken her hans are unstained; but a' the water i' the Clyde, tumblin' in white foam owre the Corralinn, wadna wash the neives o' the Jesuit frae the red marks o' St. Bartholomews; nor could a' the streams o' the Bann, as it slips awa' through the bonny meadows o' Rafterlan, clean awa frae his conscience the fearfu' recollections o' Portadown, in the year 1641.

Noo dinna, I beseech ye, leave a stane unturned tae clear yersel' frae this business. I'm a puir ignorant body, an' yet I cud haud ye out a dozen proofs o' yer innocence as easy as I cud bawbees on a Saturday night. For example, ye hae aye been regarded as the very oracle an' mouthpiece o' the Ulster Presbyterians; ye ken ye hae been naething the waur o' that reputation, an' certes ye hae right weel deserved it. Ye aye gie their wise men a screed o' yer opinion in their darkness, an' a clippin' o' yer advice in their difficulties; an' I'm sure they maun feel greatly beladden tae ye, for yer mony wise an' fatherly attentions to their affairs. Noo ye can easily shew, that even gin ye wussed tae write the leebel on them, ye darra dae't for fear o' discovery. Ilka body kens ye're nae fule; sae just tell that ye're owre wise to write the leebel; as ye weel ken that leelin', like murder, can never be lang hid. An' tell how ye ken yer ain interest better than tae write it, haein' nae min' to fa' out wi' yer present parritch till ye hae ance made sure o' a better breakfast. Then why sud ye no mak yer appeal to the consistent character o' yer papers? Our auld frien' Wilson, o' the craigs, has aye noo an' then been senin' me a copy, an' jottin' a bit pen-mark at the maist remarkable o' yer opinions an' prophecyins. Frae them I hae seen, that even gif it be true that ye hae jeed a wee in religion, still ye hae never been a political weathercock, birlin' about to every airt o' the compass. Na, na; sud ye dee afore me, an' I be privileged to write yer epitaph, I cud pit yer hail political life and carraekter into ae sentence,—Here lies "*Steady*." An' then, what's still mair to yer credit, while ye hae keepit steady to yer first principles, as the needle tae the North Pole, still ye hae keepit sae nicely steerin' yer veshel atween what the schule-maister ca's "*Silly*," an' "*Corruptus*,"* that while ither fules hae been rampagin on the tae side an' rampagin on the tither, ye hae cannily slippin on at yer aul jog jog-body that whiles cam to Rafterlan fair, a wee after the time o' the ruction.† He was a skeely an' a droll creature; an' when ony body used to speir what sort o' a man he was,—"I was a Mason," quo' he, o' Malta; but I was aye "*mooderat*." I became a United-man frae simple secrecy, up till a county delegate; but I was aye "*mooderat*." I saw the folly an' the danger o' that, an' I becam' stanch loyal, an' amaist a kin o' an Orangeman; but I keepit aye "*mooderat*": an' gif ye want to ken what I'm noo, I'm just "*mooderat Johnny Bell*."

* *Silly* and *Corruptus*,—evidently a mistake for Scylla and Charybdis.
† *Ruction*, probably "insurrection of 1798."

I never cud be certain sure whether Johnny was joking or sklent at ither folk. But, jokin or earnest, he was aye a kinly earnest about his ain "*mooderation*,"—I sometimes thoct he was gi'en a swatch o' his ain history, and sometimes I thoct he was takin a slee sklent at anither body. Mony's the time he dant ye on his knee, an' pattet yer head, an' stroked down yer hair, an' ca'd ye his bonnie laddie, an' led ye wi' gin-ger-bread, for perfect love o' yer cracks. Ye'll maybe no recollect him noo, but I'm sure ye hae profited baith by his precepts and example. Some folks, quo' Johnny, think they're "*mooderat*" when they believe in the *truth* o' their ain opinions, but allow credit for *sincerity* to the ither side. Some folks think they're "*mooderat*" when they can bear to argue as peaceably as an advocat, without flytin like a fishwife. Ither folk thinks they're "*mooderat*" because they'll gie ye a kin o' Scotch convoy i' the wark o' improvement, that's just step owre the midden wi' ye, but no a bit farther frae the door. They'll help ye to new sklate, an' sweep, an' paint, an' glaze, an' in that way wark yer wull frae the cellar till the garret, but they'll no let ye pick out ae pinnin-stone frae the auld house, till ye hae plan't, an' estimatit, an' biggit, an' furnished them a new one. But that's neither sense nor "*mooderation*." True "*mooderation*," quo' Johnny, is to speak obscurely when ye're quite clear i' yer ain min', but no just sure o' yer neighbour's,—to blame sae gently that ye cud soon turn it to praise, and to praise sae cauldly that ye cud sune turn it to blame,—to haud yer opinions tenderly, and *modify* them *timously*,—abune a' things, quo' Johnny, to be cautious, and aye hae a leaning to the strongest an' uppermost side.

Neist, man, even gin ye sud hae been, as fules say, *reformin' a wee backwards*, still, can't ye shaw how its nowise possible that ye cud mak sik a stride in apostacy as to leebel yer ain auld honest mither for sake o' the birkie in scarlet. Na, na, man; I'm certain sure ye hate every bane in her filthy body, an' never langed for a smile o' her painted face. But, aboon a', ye can bauidly affirm ye're owre magnanimous to tak up a *fause name*, an' use it as a poacher wad a whun dyke, to shoot owre at a hare or a paltrick. Weel, weel do I recollect ye; an' ye war aye the very born picter o' courage. There's craters wha aye remin' me o' a wheasel or a rat, stretchin' its bit neck out o' a rickle o' stanes; then peepin' east, then wast, then north, an' then south, before it can ever think o' venterin' to slither frae its hidden place. Noo, this is what ye never did, an' never cud do. Had ye been the author o' the *Humbug*, ye wad hae pit yer name till it as weel as tae the *Bromie*, an' attacked in daylight like a man, an' no stabbed like an assassin i' the dark. Can ye no tell, besides, that ye're owre honest to leebel the kirk o' Scotlan' while ye vow friendship. Nae man that kens ye will dare to charge ye wi' even pretendin' kindness an' respect, an' then takin' sly an' hidden opportunities o' smitin' yer frien', as Joab did Abner, the son o' Ner. Ye hae, nae doubt, had rivals or enemies; but then ye hae been aye manfu', an' honest, an' consistent, an' courageous in yer battles,—yer character's yer shield, an' a' the spears o' yer adversaries will turn frae it as the point o' a rush frae a thrust at the Cartlan' Crags.

But I maun draw this bletherin' till a conclusion. I wuss, I wuss, I had followed in time after baith yer advice an' yer example. I was gleg enough at the uptak, but I was mair fand o' fishin' spriklybags i' the bog-holes than listenin' tae aul' M'Whirter at the Knaws. Sae ye sit drivin' the pen, an' I sit drivin' the shuttle. But I manna repine. Still I'm makin' up the negleck o' mysel' in the edication o' my son Tam.

He has written every word o' this letter frae my ain mouth, an' says, he'll get the maister to men' the grammer i' the morn. Rememer me kinly to a' inquiren' freins an' aul' neebours, an' please to consither me, yer frein' an' schulefallow,

THOMAS M'ILWHAM.

P. S.—My laddie's just been tellin' me that the maister, wha is a Glasgow student o' the third year, an' a desperat sticker for yer frien', Sir Robert Peel, wanted to ding out my Scotch for his new-fangled English. But I telt him just to let it be, as the Scotch was familiar tae us baith, sin' we acted "The Gentle Shepherd" in Ephie Forgeson's barn, an', as ye ca'd it, spouted "Tam o' Shanter" after the singins. Fourteen lang years o' acquaintance hae made it mair dear an' familiar to me than ony ither dialect, an', for sake o' the auld "Brownie," I'm sure ye'll no despise it.

He has also just tell' t me, that the Rafrilan cheil cam intil the schule, an' hearin' the maister readin' my letter, laugh'd an' girn't like a showman's monkey. He's an honest an' sensible after a', for he vowed he was baith delighted an' convinced by my arguments, an' beggit leave to copy the letter to shaw his friens at hame. The maister refuset peremptor; but I hae thocht it best to let him hae it, as what convinced ae honest sensible man, is sure to convince ithers. I hadna thocht my puir letter wad be sae speedily effectwal; but sin' it has been sae, ye'll maybe prent it. Ye hae my leeberty to gie the hail, or sic extracts as ye may think worthy o' a place in yer colyms.

Direck yer reply to the care o' Mrs. Cooper, i' the High-street o' Lanerick.

LETTER II.

TO MR. JAMES M'NEIGHT.

DEAR FRIEN' AN' SCHULEFELLOW,

I RECEIVED yer answer to my letter o' the 20th o' Nov., by the Lanerick carrier, an', along wi' it, the presents and sweeties for the bairns; an' I hae nae doubt ye are uncoly wearin' for my answer; which ye sud hae gotten langsyne, had it no' been for the followin', amang ither weighty reasons:—First, then, yer wee namesake, Jamie M'Neight M'Ilwham, (whilk his mither ca's a most beautiful name,) was, aboot that time, sairly scaddet wi' brose; sae much sae, that his life was despair'd o' for mony a day. The unfortunate thing happened wi' his wee brither, wha is a real M'Neight in his fandness o' brose; an' wha, thinkin' that wee Jamie maun like it tae, was tryin' to feed the bairn wi' it i' the cradle. An' what wad ye hae o't, but he coupit the luggie an' the scaddin' brose aboot the neck an' face o' the puir thing, an' left yer namesake in an awesome pickel. The puir thing screeched, an' his brither roared; I jumpit aff the loom, an' a' the hoose ran aboot the cradle. But, O, Jamie, what a sight was there! The hail face an' neck o' the bairn wur conglomerst into ae blister, an' the twa lovely een, that wur as like yer ain as ae cat's till anither's, wur perfectly steeckit up wi' brose. It was lang afore the bairn got weel, an' its illness pat a' ither things out o' my head. But its now skin-hail; an' its een, though lang southered thegither, are noo glancin' an' bright as yer ain. But, secondly, mairover, there are several portions o' yer letter that I dinna fully understan'; of whilk, havin' studied them lang, I yet can mak' neither head nor tail, an' maun, therefore, state them to yersel' in order. Ye say, "ye war young an' inexperienced whan ye writ the Review o' the Brownie,—little acquainted wi' literature, an' less wi' the world;" an' to gie pith tae whatever meanin' ye hae in these observations, ye add the words o' the Apostle,—“Whan I was a child I thocht as a child.” Noo, Jamie, my man, am I to understand by this that yer triumphant arguments i' the Review, in vindication o' the Nonconformists, or Covenanters, wur the mere froth o' inexperience and childish ignorance, an' that noo, in yer manhood, ye're ashamed o' them? Na, Jamie, I'll no let that doun. Ye're aiblins noo a better scholar than whan ye wur the Brownie, I mean whan ye writ the Review o' it. An' ye're nae doubt mair hacknied in the ways o' a sinfu' ward; but surely, Jamie, that canna change the force o' argument, or the nature o' truth. Gin I thocht ye wanted tae eat in yer words, an' tae countenance apostacy wi' the sayin' o' the Apostle, I wud just gie ye ae screed o' Scripture for anither, an' pit ye in min', “That whosoever will not receive the kingdom o' God as a little child, shall not enter it,” while

my Scripture wud be like a leal an' true witness, comin' right willin' into court, an' bearin' testimony tae the truth,—yours, Jamie, like a witness that, by crooked an' roguish cross-questionin', is represented as bearin' testimony the very reverse o' what he meant. But weel I ken, Jamie, that canna be yer meanin'. Yer arguments in the Review, in defence an' vindication o' yer sufferin' forbears, the Covenanters, nane but the faither o' lees cud be ashamed o'. They are historical facts, an' thae, ye ken, are "chiefs that dinna ding, an' winna be disputed." "It will be evident," say ye, "to all who will give themselves the trouble of perusing either their history or their writings, that liberty, the boast of the British Constitution, and the natural rights of mankind, were among the grand objects for which the non-conformists contended,—for which they laid down their lives, and, in many instances, with almost unparalleled fortitude, endured the most execrating tortures." Noo, dae ye ca' yersel a mere bairn, Jamie, for havin' written sic truth, which even the infidel historian, Hume, cudna pervert or deny? An' wud ye consither yersel a *man*, if ye had said that the Covenanters contended only for tyranny, and the power to become persecutors? Save us, Jamie, ye might be ca'd a *man*, but it wud be sic a man as nae M'Neight cud ever be,—a man o' malice, fausehood, and lees. But ye're truth itsel', or ye're greatly changed sin I first kent ye. An' weel I wat ye're nae sae utterly changet. The bluid o' my auld mither's owre thick i' yer veins for that. I dae, an' I maun confess it wi' sorrow, ye are gleed a wee frae the principles o' yer forbears; but ye hae a lang, lang gait tae gang before ye become sae hopelessly degenerate. The second thing in yer letter which I dinna fully understand, is what ye say about the Den's Humbug. "*They cannot prove*," ye say, "*you were the writer of it*." Dear me, Jamie, is this yer bail defence against sae foul a charge? Is this a vindication worthy o' a M'Neight? Dae ye no ken, Jamie, that the verdict o' "*no proven*," in a Scottish court, amounts but to this, that aften the pannel or culprit has been sae cunning a vagabond, that, while ilka man believes him guilty, nae man can prove his guilt,—that he has just had sae muckle o' the deevil aboot him, as to dae the deevil's wark i' the dark. But, Jamie, man, gin ye had complied wi' the tempter tae write that foul leebel on yer ain ancestors, there are three that cud an' wud aye prove ye did it. The Father o' Truth, an' author o' the ninth commandment, is ane,—the Father o' Lees, that maun hae tempted an' assisted ye in it, is anither,—and ye, yersel, wad be the third, when ye cam tae that awfu' time an' place spoken o' in Rev. xxi. 8,—"*And all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death*." But I wud lay my life, Jamie, ye never writ a word o' sic shameless fausehood, which, like a bastart bairn, has a strumpit for a mither, an' nae faither willin' tae acknowledge it. I jalouse ye're just makin' game o' me, an' I'm a great fule to be writin sae seriously aboot it. But, save us, Jamie, why dinna ye just come forit at ance, in yer ain manly way, an' deny the authorship o' the *Dens Humbug* atgether, an' thereby pit tae silence the clishmaclavers o' the creatures that dares tae represent ye as the writer o' sae fause an' cowardly a leebel! This I expeck ye'll dae in an early publication; an', for sae o' my peace o' min', ye canna be a minnet owre sune. There's, howsomever, twa ither things in yer letter that I dinna understand, or, at least, that I dinna like. Ye say that "if I were not so much prejudiced in favour of the Standards of the Scottish Covenanted Church, I would see that they encourage persecution, and have not a few things in com-

mon with Popery." Noo, Jamie, I'm uncolly at a loss to ken what ye mean by *prejudice*. I'm sure, sae far as it has any connection wi' my judgment o' our Standards, it sud mean candour an' impartiality; for, wi' baith feelins o' min', many's the time I hae read them,—"*Searching the Scriptures daily to see if these things were so*." There is a rampant, rampagin, radical infidel in Lanerick, ca'd Jock Sinclair; an' aften has he tellt me, that gif I wur na sae *prejudiced* in favour o' the Bible, I wud see that it encouraged incest, robbery, murder, an' the maist degrading superstition; an' I canna help thinkin' that yer charge an' his are twin brithers; for naething but partial, garbled readin', an' unfair an' uncandid judgin', can gie a shadow o' support tae the tae or the tither. Ye aver that "*the Standards give the King power to suppress heresy*," but dae they tell him tae dae it wi' fire an' faggots? Ye canna say that. An' is a King sae terrible an' animal, that sud the Scriptur an' the Kirk acknowledge in him a power to labour for reformation o' offenders, he maun instantly destroy them, and sae put them beyond the reach o' a reformation? In this supposition ye wud flatly contradick the author o' "*the Humbug*," for he has represented William the Third scruplin' the royal oath for Scotland, least it sud obligat him tae persecute. But ye ken King William scrupled, because the meanin' o' the confession had been misrepresented by Papishes then, just as it is misrepresented by weak or false Protestants noo; he therefore scruplet, just because the honest man's conscience was tender, an' his understandin' not fully informed; but when better instructed i' the maenin' o' the aith, as explained an' exemplified i' the conduct o' the Covenanters, he acknowledged his mistake, an' actually an' willingly took that aith. An' noo I rejoice to consider this reference a conclusive evidence, that my dear frien', Jamie M'Neight, is nae the hiddlin', skulkin' author o' the *Dens Humbug*; for again a' the charges o' encouragin' persecution that ever war, or ever can be, brought against the Covenanted Standards, I will place his ain eloquent and honest defence i' the Brownie.—"*Did the Nonconformists*," says the *Review*, "*when in power, persecute their adversaries for their adherence to their peculiar principles?*" Did they by exorbitant fines, confiscations, imprisonment in loathsome cells, or banishment, endeavour to force them to tak oaths contrary to the dictates o' their conscience, and avow principles they believed in their hearts to be fause? Did they but in *one single instance* place any o' their bitterest enemies' legs in an iron boot, and, by means o' wedges driven in, squeeze out the marrow from the bones?" These are questions that can best be answered in yer ain words,—"*Never in ae single instance*," and, therefore, to charge the true Church o' Scotland or its standards wi' persecution, ye ken, Jamie, is the real HUMBUG. Wi' respect to the Standards, "*containing many things in common wi' Popery*," I'm willin', in a sense, tae admit it. Popery has in it several points o' the revealed truth o' God, albeit darkened an' defiled wi' human inventions, an' sairly jumbled up wi' saul-destroying errors; and the standards o' the Covenanted Church must hae wanted muckle o' the truth had they cast out every thing contained i' the doctrines o' Popery. But I wud be unco fand, Jamie, to learn frae you, wha are noo sic a schuller and pheelosofo, hoo it is that the folk that's loudest in chargin' somethin' o' Popery on Protestant standards, are a', without exception, avowed friends o' the Papishes, and ready to run wud to hae them encouraged by the state, and exalted to power in the nations! How comes it, will ye tell me, that they are sic enemies to the shadow, and sae terrified by the gaist o' Popery, when they think they see it arise,

by dint o' their ain glamoury, in a Protestant Church, an' yet they are ready to rush into its embraces where it is embodied in the vera flesh and banes o' the auld whore of Babylon? I shall name her nae plainer, but ye ken what I mean. Does it no luik much like strainin' and swallowin' camels! But while I candidly admit that our Standards contain the doctriens o' the unity o' the Godhead, Trinity o' persons, inspiration o' the Holy Scripture, an' sic like, in common wi' Popery, I deny that they retain ane o' her *human inventions*. The case ye mention o' the church's powers "to remit or retain sins," is nae frae the Pope, but frae Christ. The Confession quotes his vera words; sae that unless ye join Radical Jock Sinclare, an' fa' foul o' the Divine Word itsel', ye can fin' nae faut, unless by misinterpretation. I had nearly forgotten that in yer charge anent the Standards o' encouragen persecution, ye refer me to the texts out o' the Auld Testament, annexed to the parts in the Confession and Catechisms, in which the ceevil magistrate is authorised to suppress heresy; an' which texts as they refer to temporal punishment upon idolators, blasphemers, an' sic like, ye seem tae think prove the authors o' the Confession tae hae intendid penalties o' the same kind for ilka example o' the same sins. Noo surely, Jamie, as ye yersel' hae shewn, the true Kirk o' Scotlan' never did use persecution; an' disna that gang a gay bit, think ye, tae interpret her meanin', an' shew her *intention* in her Standards? But niest, Jamie, are na' a' these texts portions o' the Divine mind? Are they no the words o' an unchangin' God? Is it wi' *them*, then, that ye wax angry? The Standards, ye ken, are either formed an' founded upon those texts in their true and genuine meanin', or they are no. Noo, gin they be na founded upon the true meanin' o' the texts, ye hae nae right tae charge them wi' that meanin'; but are bound to show how they misunderstand or misrepresent the texts. But gin they be formed exactly upon their true meanin'; yer objections, Jamie, never phaised on the Standards or their authors, but clash directly again the Divine Word; an' (I shudder to write it,) again God himsel'. 'Tak tent then, Jamie lad, an eschew this evil, or ablin ye'll turn Infidel i' the binner end. Schu-lership an' pheelosofy, o' which ye hae doutless a bantle, are like fire an' water, gude in their ain places; capital servants, but awfu maisters. An' ye ken, Jamie, there is a wisdom o' this world whilk is foolishness wi' God, an' it is possible to be spoiled, the Apostle says, wi' pheelosofy and vain deceit.

I see I maun reserve some ither things in yer letter, on which I had intendid a few observations, till a future opportunity, which I expec will be sune, an' whan ye may depend on hearin' frae mair at large. In the mean time, I'm weel pleased that ye hae gien up thoughts o' enterin' the Kirk, as I'm beginnin' to jalouse yer hardly soun about the fundamentals; an' I sud be sorry ye brought ony discredit on the Kirk, or that her disapprobation sklentet upon you. I'm also glad to fin' frae yer letter that ye're sae nearly clear o' yer auld stomach complaint an' the me-grims; tho' I wish it had been by some ither cure than smokin' Tabacca. Jamie man, gin ye ance saw yersel wi' a lang pipe i' yer gab, an' spu'in' reek frae yer jaws like the lum o' a Glasgow mill, the Brownie himsel' wadna mak a type o' ye. But gin ye be past a' reformation o' mouth, I sen ye alang wi' this some nice wheelin yarn for stockings, which ye can knit whan yer takin yer smoke; an' also twa Kilmarnack keps wi' red tifts at the tap, which I coft the ither day, frae the chapman body that carries this tae Rafrilan'. They will keep yer head bet whan ye're at the cauld study o' pheelosofy. Jeannie sends ye her respects, an' the bairns

thanks for the sweeties; an' expeckin tae hear frae ye soon, I am, dear fren, yours very truly,

THOMAS M'ILWHAM.

P.S.—Just as I had finished the above lotter, the Lanerick carrier brought in tae the hoos a parcel frae our fren M'Murray, o' Rafrilan', wrapt up in ane o' yer News-Letters. Casting my een ower whilk, they fell upon a paragraph headed "*Our Scottish Forefathers, a tale of the Ulster Presbyterians*," an' as the subject was dear tae my heart, an' the book, sin its publication, a favorite wi' a' the family, I read or rather devored yer observations wi' singular aveedity. But Jamie, Jamie, what a bitter morsel did I fin' it! Ye say ye usually write wi' a steel pen, an' a bitter morsel did I fin' it! Ye say ye usually write wi' a steel pen, an' that ye mak yer ain ink, but certes, man, ye must hae used a pen o' brass this time, an' for ink I suspec ye had the gaw o' a Moudewark. Why naething but the speerit o' an elf or water kelpie cud hae dictated sic illeceberral, uncandid, an' unfounded observations. When I had read it, I handed the paper to the schule-maister, wha had just came in, an' wha will shortly be a licentiate in the true kirk o' Scotlan'. He lucked ower it, an' calmly said, "whatever the author o't be in heart, in words he bears mony marks o' an Arian or an Infidel." Vexed an' spited as I was, at what ye had written, I cudna hear this. Na, na, says I, he's neither ane nor ither, but the child o' gude honest Cameronian parents, a wee degenerate, to be sure, but nae sae far gane as that. "A gude cow may hae a bad calf," replied the maister, "he may have been ance among Cameronians, but I'll warrant him far enough from them noo.—An' what apud you think, Thomas," quo he, "if yer acquaintance or frien, be aproaching the last stage o' apostacy, having already passed from sound Calvinism into flippant Arminianism, thence to the mists of Arianism, and, finally, into the pit of Liberalism and indifference, which is not many days' travel from the borders of rank infidelity? That he actually has run this unhappy race," continued the maister, "I wont pretend to affirm, but you must acknowledge, that the spirit of his attack on '*The tale of the Ulster Presbyterians*,' furnishes strong reason, if not for me to suspect him of such declension, at least for you, his friend, to warn him of his danger. Taking the most charitable view of the subject,—that he has merely taken the advantage of this public opportunity to vent some personal pique, or avenge some supposed offence,—still, such a man's opinion, (continued he,) is of no value upon any religious work, nor would any Orthodox author have reason to be proud of his praise." Ye may depend Jamie, I didna let him awa wi' this. I'm a wee vexed wi' ye, but wunna gie ye up yet. What ken ye, quo I, o' my frien an' schulefellow? (for the bluid o' the McNeights was up in me,) or on what authority dae ye bring sic charges again him? "I am sorry," says he, still wi' provokin' calmness "to say anything against your friend and school-fellow, nor do I know anything of him, except from the paragraph you just now handed me." An' how, quo I, can ye ken a ye alledge again my frien frae that we bittock o' a paragraph? "Why," said he, "you will observe, that while it is written professedly against the *execution of the work*, it eventually goes to injure the *cause* which the work was intended to illustrate and advance; and it manifests, in particular, a large share of poor, impotent, yet viperish spite against the person to whom the work is dedicated. Besides, Thomas," continued he, taking up the paper again, "your old acquaintance, (for frien he cannot long be,) is no better than an assuming, pedantick, wiseacre; and his criticisms are all either dogmatic

assertions, puerile observations, or ignorant, unfounded statements. As a sample of the first," continued the maister, "take the assertions, that the tale is barren of incident, and that in it the plainest rules of composition and grammar have been unsparingly violated. Now, without alleging that the tale is as full of incident as his favourite Brownie, I maintain that it has more incident in it than the critic would like to experience; and, with respect to the composition and grammar, I will engage to show a greater number of violations of grammar, and inelegancies of composition in this *News-Letter* critic's one column, than in any five pages of the tale. See, for instance, the 3d, 7th, 10th, 13th, 15th, 19th, and 21st sentences, all of which are most inelegant, and some of them absolutely ungrammatical. As a sample of puerility," continued the Dominic, "attend to what he calls an *Anachronism*,—the singing of David's Psalms some 12 or 20 years before the present Scotch metrical version was in authorised use. Were not the *same Psalms* in use in the days of the tale? and would the object which the author had in view, to exhibit the piety of those times, be, in any respect, less accomplished, should the metrical arrangement of words have been at that time somewhat different from that which he now publishes? Besides, the metrical version of Psalms, at present authorized in Scotland, is not absolutely the production of Rouse, to whom they are attributed, but a compilation made out of several versions, some of them previously in local use through the country. And how does this self-sufficient pedant know, that the Psalms, in the very version published in the tale, were not in use at the time in those localities to which the tale refers? When this creature reviewed the 'Brownie of Bodsbeck,' did his keen eye discover any Psalms there that never were sung by Covenanters' lips, yet attributed to them by the author? Did he censure this fiction as falsehood? No; for he then had no private pique to indulge, no public malice to vent. Anachronisms! (continued the now indignant master,) does not Virgil make Æneas and Dido contemporaries, and as good as husband and wife? And I would ask this canting critic, whether at the wedding, Æneas was an old bachelor, or Dido a young maid? I would whip such a squinting critic, added the Dominic, if he were in even a third class under my care. With regard to ignorant, unfounded statements, I offer you, (added the Dominic,) his account of the propensities of the crows and magpies. What reason he has for taking the part of the magpies, and publishing a libel on the crows, I do not pretend to know; but you, Thomas, (added he wi' a knowin' kin' o' grin,) could likely tell. He may chatter like a magpie, or he may, like it, be proverbially thievish,—a literary plagiarist, strutting like a jackdaw in the plumage he has filched from better birds; or his political or religious principles may, like its feathers, be party-coloured,—or he may be, like it, a self-admirer, and vain of glossy but superficial acquirements,—or he may be, in a thousand other particulars, like a magpie; but, be that as it may, I maintain and will prove the carrion-eating propensities belong to his friend the *magpie*, in *high perfection*, and are totally unknown to the *crow*. Wi' that, he skipped out, an' in twa minnets returned wi' a big volum o' natral history; an' lo! an' behold it was just as he had said. Losh, man, but I'm vex'd at yer mistak an' ignorance. I hae aye heard that ye wur great at mental pheelosophy; an' I aye thoct ye mair o' a natral, also, than to mistak a *Crow* for a *Corby*. Is it possible ye can hae forgot the time when Billy Elshender shot the black *Crow* i' the whuns, the whilk ye pooked wi' yer ain twa hans, branded, an' swallowed wi' weel-wullin' gums?—An' guid ment ye said it was, an' wadna spare me a preelin' o't.

Or ha'e ye forgot the time we clam for Crows eggs i' the rookery, intendin' to boil them i' the wee pat,—for whilk ploy we were baith weel paid, wi' sma' profit tae our hurdies? Man, when I think on that adventure, I think I still see ye speelin' frae branch tae branch, an' glintin' at me wi' yer e'e, like ane o' yer ain magpies oglin a hen an' chickens. An' ye may well recolle', it was then that Billy Elshender compared ye to the Randle wife's monkey, climin' a sign-post; an' sticket a hay raip i' the waistban' o' yer breeks for a tail; at whilk we a' raised sic a gulravage, as brought the gate-keeper wi' his muckle rung tae thresh us out o' the wud. I ken it is maist presumptuous in me tae mint at advisin' ye. But gin I might mak sae free, let me just whisper i' yer lug, dinna defend egg-riflin, chicken-murderin, carrion-eaten Magpies, for sake o' their chatterin tongue and their piebald coat, nor leebal puir innocent Crows that never laid bill on the tane or the tither, though aiblins ye may ken wha laid his teeth on them.

I'll write tae ye shortly agin, for I hae aye a hankerin an' a hope after ye. I see ye're i' the net; but as we used to read i' the Universal Speillin Buik, the mouse, by its nibblin, may yet set the lion free.

Gie my kin regards tae a' our common freens at Rafrilan, no forgettin Billy Elshender, an' gif he aye lippens to the *Crow* shootin, tell him I'll sen him a pun o' powther just tae keep ye baith in remembrance o' auld times, and yer auld frien'.

THOMAS M'ILWHAM.

Rosey Bank, by Lanereck, Dec. 2d, 1837.

POSTSCRIPT TO LAST LETTER.

I'm for ever obleeged till ye for senin me sic a parcel o' yer ain papers. I hae begun tae read them wi' attention; an' I think I can clearly perceive frae them that ye never had a finger i' the dirty job o' the *Dens Humbug*. There's sic a speerit o' consistency in a' yer writins, that its evidently impossible. Ye were a gallant *Bronswicker*, I see, when that trade was in fashion; an' I'm sure ye're owre muckle o' a M'Neight tae hae either swappit or turnet yer coat. As I ken ye wadna just like tae be speakin muckle in praise o' yersel, I'll maybe pick out examples o' that special steadfastness o' principle, for whilk I doubt na to fin yer patters distinguished. I'm also muckle behadden for the Defence o' the *Westminster Confession o' Faith*, by the Rev. John Carmichael, o' Drumkeerin. That's a man o' the right sort. I hae just glinted at the wee bit letter you also sent me in reply to the Defence. Hech, man! but that letter's a gun o' a sma bore, yet wud fain gie a crack that simple folk wud tak for thunner. The maister has read it an' delivered his opinion, which I dinna weel comprehen. He says its indicative o' a vast developement o' the organs o' vanity. For my ain part, I believe a' organs to be vanity; an' if the body delights in a kist o' whistles, the first hour I hae leisure I'll gie him a kinch that'll let some o' the wun out o' his bellows.

NOTE BY MR. W. M'MURRAY.

THE foregoing letter, directed to Mr. J. M'Neight, came to my hands open, with leave to copy it, so that in case the original were withheld from the public, still the copy might see the light. I have accordingly committed it to the hands of that most accurate penman, Mr. Ebenezer

M^cWhirter, the venerable instructor of the two distinguished correspondents; and who purposes shortly to give to the world, *School-day Reminiscences* of both.

Compared with the original, and declared to be a true copy.

EBENEZER M^cWHIRTER, Philologue.

School-house of the Knows, near Rathfriland,
December 12, 1837.

GLOSSARY.

THE *ch* and *gh* have always the guttural sound. The sound of the English diphthong *oo* is commonly spelt *ou*. The French *u*, a sound which often occurs in the Scottish language, is marked *oo*, or *ui*. The *a* in genuine Scottish words, except when forming a diphthong, or followed by an *e* mute, after a single consonant, sounds generally like the broad English *a* in *wall*. The Scottish diphthong *ae*, always, and *ea*, very often, sound like the French *e* masculine. The Scottish diphthong *ey* sounds like the Latin *ei*.

Abune, above.
Aiblins, perhaps.
Airt, quarter of the heavens.
Aith, oath.
Amast, almost.
Atween, between.
Auld, old.
Aweel, but.

Bairn, a child.
Beddy, meddling.
Behadden, beholden.
Birtin, whirling about.
Botcht, spoiled in executing.
Breeks, breeches.

Cadged, carried.
Callan, a boy.
Canny, cautious.
Certes, certainly.
Chiel, a young fellow.
Claymore, a large sword used anciently by the Highlanders.
Clippin, a part cut off.
Clishmaclavers, idle talk.
Coft, bought.
Colloquiein, talking together.
Conglomerest, gathered together.
Coupit, tumbled.
Craft, a field near a house.
Craig, the throat.
Cronies, companions.

Cumsleesh, (Irish,) a civil set down.

Daft, foolish.
Danit, dandled.
Deval, cease, give over.
Ding, push.
Dinna, do not.
Dominie a school-master.
Dumfounder, to stun by a blow.

Ettled, aimed.

Fause, false.
Fegs, a petty oath.
Flytin, scolding.
Forbye, besides.
Fules, fools.

Gab, talk, chat.
Gaen, gone.
Gars, forces.
Gaw, gall.
Gay wheen, middling number.
Gie, give.
Gif, if.
Gin, if suppose.
Girnt, grinned.
Glaikel, wanton, foolish.
Glamoury, witchcraft.
Gleg, sharp-sighted.
Gleed, turned aside.
Glintin, glancing at brightly.

Goon, gown.
Gowans, the flowers of the daisy.
Grogram, home-made cloth.
Guffaw, an empty loud laugh.
Gultravage, a great noise.

Hail, whole.
Hail tote, whole bulk.
Hankerin, longing after.
Haud, the hold of a vessel.
Hech, Oh! strange.
Hurdies, the buttocks.

Iika, each.
Ill swelt tyke, a dog, used in jocularity to a person.
Jeed, inclined or moved to one side.
Jottin, marking.

Kelpie, water-witch.
Ken, know.
Kenna, know not.
Kin, kind.
Kinly, friendly.
Kist o' whistles, a Scots' name for a Church Organ.

Leebel, libel.
Leal, loyal.
Lippens, depend.
Luggie, a small wooden dish with a handle.
Lum, chimney.

Maunna, must.
Midden, a dunghill.
Mint, endeavour.
Minted, aimed.
Muckle, great.

Neives, fists.

Paik, to belabour one soundly.
Pawky, cunning.

Pliskies, mischievous tricks.
Ploy, a meeting for amusement.
Poushie, a cat.
Pow, the head.
Preein, a taste.

Rampagin, raging.
Raip, a rope.
Rickle, loose materials thrown together.
Rung, a clumsy stick.

Schule, school.
Screed, a piece torn off.
Senin, sending.
Sic, such.
Sheely, skilful.
Shimpit, short.
Skient, to look awry.
Slither, to slide.
Sonsie, lucky.
Southered, joined.
Speir, to ask a question.
Steek his gab, shut his mouth.
Steekit, closed and barred.
Stoor, dust.
Stramash, a riot.
Swatch, a pattern.
Sud, should.

Tawted, matted together.
Tent, care.

Wad, wager.
Wamlin, tumbling.
Wat, I know.
Waur, worse.
Weans, children.
Whaur, where.
Whilk, which.
Winna, will not.
Wumplin, curling.
Wuss, wish.