

**SCOTTISH FOLK-LORE; OR,
REMINISCENCES OF
ABERDEENSHIRE FROM
PINAFORE TO GOWN; PP. 1-244**

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Scottish Folk-Lore; Or, Reminiscences of Aberdeenshire from Pinafore to Gown; pp. 1-244 by
Duncan Anderson

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OR

REMINISCENCES OF ABERDEENSHIRE
FROM PINAFORE TO GOWN

BY

THE REV. DUNCAN ANDERSON, M.A.

AUTHOR OF "THE LAYS OF CANADA," ETC.

Eheu! fugaces labuntur anni.



NEW YORK
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BY
J. SELWIN TAIT & SONS,
NEW YORK.

TO THEIR EXCELLENCIES,
The Earl and Countess of Aberdeen,
THIS HUMBLE WORK IS DEDICATED BY
SPECIAL PERMISSION ;
DEDICATED, IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF SELF-DENYING LABORS,
ON TWO CONTINENTS, TO PROMOTE
HUMAN HAPPINESS ;
IN ADMIRATION OF UNTIRING PERFORMANCE OF EVERY
PUBLIC AND PRIVATE DUTY ;
AND, ESPECIALLY, AS AN EXPRESSION OF THE
HEARTIEST SYMPATHY WITH THAT NOBLEST OF TASKS THAT THEY
HAVE CHOSEN AS PECULIARLY THEIR OWN--
TO BUILD UP AND FOSTER
AMONGST ALL, A HIGHER, A PURER, A SOLIER
BROTHERHOOD.

MONTMURE, November, 1888.

L. M. H. H. H. H. H.
13 guest
1-8/30

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA,
October 15, 1895.

DEAR MR. ANDERSON,

To be associated with any of your literary or other work, and more especially in the case of what cannot fail to be a very interesting narrative, would be agreeable to Lady Aberdeen and myself; therefore I cordially assent to your kind proposal regarding the dedication of your forthcoming book. With best wishes, I remain, very truly yours,

ABERDEEN.

11-6-36 7-11-85

INTRODUCTION.

By these mysterious ties, the busy power
Of memory her ideal train preserves
Entire; or when they would elude her watch,
Reclaims their fleeting footsteps from the waste
Of dark oblivion.

—AKENSIDE.

THE late Dean Ramsay of Edinburgh, in the preface to his Reminiscences, says, "It is interesting to preserve national peculiarities which are passing away from us."

The remark is one that strikes with peculiar force every Scotchman, and as the years go by, and those who capped our best stories with some of their own, join the majority, the feeling deepens with us that the opportunities of preserving such peculiarities are indeed very materially lessening. Not much more than a decade of years has passed since I was invited to meet, at the house of an intimate friend, two or three acquaintances, formerly residents of Quebec, but whose lines had now fallen to them in other places.

We were all of us of that class, that, loving Scot-

land as it should be loved, enjoyed the pleasure of telling, and hearing told, the stories of our native land.

It need scarcely be remarked that the sun's hours were reached long before we thought of separating. Before, however, Auld Lang Syne was sung, the host remarked, "What a pity that these stories that have been told here to-night should be lost! Could a stenographer have been stationed within earshot, what an interesting paper might he have supplied to thousands of readers, and would not the object be thus gained of rendering imperishable what after all, may, in a few years, be difficult, perhaps impossible, to recall?"

This remark struck us all, and we then agreed, that, if ever a convenient season came, we would put our heads and pens together, and endeavor to do, each in his way, what the reporter might have done for us.

That convenient season, however, never came, and when I looked around me only lately, I was painfully reminded that it could now never come. Impelled by a feeling of regret, I resolved to do alone, in a humble way, what might have been so much better done by us all. I felt like the subaltern under fire, who knows that, however unfit he may be, yet it is still his duty to lead on, when his superior officers have been laid low on the field of battle.

But how to perform my duty in the best way, I was at a loss to determine. The mere stringing of anecdotes together did not take my fancy, and it would be difficult to follow in the footsteps of such men as Ramsay and O'Rell, without provoking a comparison that might be at least unpleasant, and I had, in consequence, to relinquish all idea of relating almost anything except what was mainly my own.

Another way then lay open to me, for which I had, I believed, one special qualification, and that way I adopted. So far as my recollection of individuals, and of circumstances connected with them, was concerned, memory never failed me. Like the musician whom two or three notes will often enable to repeat the almost forgotten melody, so, on recalling some acquaintance of my early years, the outline, at first only dim and indistinct, becomes gradually clothed with a flood of light, and the minutest traits of appearance and character, and life and sayings, stand out boldly as if I had been contemplating them but yesterday. This decided me. I had no intention of creating characters to suit my story, if indeed story it might be called, for like Canning's needy knife-grinder, I might say—

“Story? God bless your honor, I have none to tell, Sir,”

but there were men and women that I had known