

"And they coast *keels* them amang
Wha should to the greenwood gang."
—Couspatrick: *Border Minstrelsy*.

Knoll, a knoll, a hillock:—

"Ca' the yowen (owen) to the *knoll*."
—Allan Ramsay.

"Upon a *knoll* they sat them down,
And there began a long digression,
About the lords of the creation."
—Burns: *The Tea Dogs*.

Lane, the condition of being alone:—

"I wander my *lane* like a night-troubled ghost."—Burns.

Lave, the residue, the remainder, that which is left, or, as the Americans say in commercial fashion, the "balance":—

"I'll get a blessing wi' the *lave*,
And never mair't."
—Burns: *To a Mouse*.

"First when *Magpie* was my care.

Whistle o'er the *lave* o't."
—Burns.

Laverock, the lark.—This word, so pleasant to the Scottish ear, and so entirely obsolete in English, was used by Chaucer and Gower:—

"She made a wondrous soun'
Sometimes like unto the cock,
Sometimes unto the *laverock*."
Gower: quoted in Halliwell's *Archaic Dictionary*.

"Why should I sit and sigh,
When the wild woods bloom sae briery,
The *laverocks* sing the flowerots spring,
And a' but me are cheery."
—Buchan's *Songs of the North of Scotland*.

Leal, loyal, true, true-hearted; "the land o' the leal," i. e., heaven:—

"A *leal* heart never hed."
—Scottish Proverb.

"I'm wearing awa', Jean,
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean,
I'm wearing awa'
To the land o' the leal."
—Lady Nairne.

Lift, the sky—that which is lifted above the earth; whence, by a similarity of origin, *heaven*—that which is heaved, or hoven up:—

"When lightnings fire the stormy *lift*."
Burns: *Epistle to Robert Graham*.

"It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin' in the *lift* sae hie;
She shines sae bright to wile us hame,
But by my tooth she'll wait a wee!"
—Burns.

Lin, or *lin*.—This termination to many Scottish words supplies a shade of meaning not to be expressed in English but by a periphrasis; as *westlin*, inclining towards the west. *Able*, perhaps; from *able-lin*—inclining towards being able, or about to become possible. *Backlin*, inclining towards a retrograde movement:—

"The *westlin* wind blaws loud and shrill."
—Burns.

"Now frae the east neck o' Fife the dawn,
Speel'd *westlin* up the *lift*."
—Allan Ramsay: *Christ's Kirk on the Green*.

Linn, a linnet:—

"Dr. Norman Macleod mentioned a conversation he had with a Scottish emigrant in Canada, who in general terms spoke favourably of his position in his adopted country. 'But oh! sir,' he said, 'there are no linnets in the woods.'"
—Dean Ramsay.

"The word *lin* conveys to my mind more of tenderness and endearment towards the little bird than linnet."
—Idem.

Lave, to burn, to blaze, to flame:—

"A vast, unbottomed, boundless pit,
Filled fou o' *lavin* brimstone."
—Burns: *The Holy Fair*.

Lgass, grey,—from the Gaelic *lath*:—

"His *lgass* hairlets" (locks of thin grey hair).
—Burns: *Cottar's Saturday Night*.

"Twa had mantles o' adolef black,
But ane in *lgass* hung."
—Burns: *The Holy Fair*.

Malison, a curse.—The twin-word *blessison*, a blessing, has been admitted into the English dictionaries, but *malison* is still excluded, although it was a recognised English word in the time of *Piers Ploughman* and Chaucer:—

"Thus they serve Sathanas,
Marchands of *malison*."
—*Piers Ploughman*.

"I've won my mother's *malison*,
Coming this night to thee."
—*Border Minstrelsy*.

Marrow, one of a pair, a mate, a companion, an equal, a sweetheart.—This word is beautifully applied to a lover or wedded partner, as one whose mind is the exact counterpart of that of the object of his affection. It appears in early English literature, but now survives only in the poetry and daily speech of the Scottish people:—

"One glove or shoe is *marrow* to another."
—*Lauderdale MSS.*: quoted in Halliwell's *Archaic Dictionary*.

"And when we came to Clovenford,
Then said my winsome *marrow*,
Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,
And see the bracers o' Yarrow."
—Wordsworth: *Yarrow Unvisited*.

"Thou took our sister to be thy wife,
But no'er thought her thy *marrow*."
—*The Dowie Deek of Yarrow*.

"Mons Meg and her *marrow* three volleys let flee,
For love of the bonnets o' bonnie Dundee."
—Sir Walter Scott.

"Meddle with your *marrow* (i. e., with your equal)."
—Scottish Proverb.

"Your *eu* are no *marrows* (i. e., you squint)."
—Allan Ramsay.

Maris, the singing thrush.—Spenser, in the following passage from his "Epithalamium," seems to have considered the *maris* and the thrush to be different birds:—

"The thrush replies; the *maris* does not play."
—

In Scottish poetry the word is of constant occurrence:—

"An eccentric divine discoursing on a class of persons who were obnoxious to him, concluded with this singular peroration: 'Ma freons, it is impossible for a *moderate* to enter into the kingdom of heaven, as for a *maris* (now) to sit on the top o' a thistle and sing like a *maris*.'"
—*Illustrations of Scottish Life*.

Mirk, dark:—

"A man's mind is a *mirk* mirror."
—Allan Ramsay's *Scotts' Proverbs*.

"Twixt the gloaming and the *mirk*, when the eye came hame."
—The Ettrick Shepherd.

Mools, from mould—earth, the grave:—

"And Jeanie died. She had not lain i' the *mools*
Three days ere Donald laid aside his tools,
And closed his forge and took his passage home.

But long ere forty days had run their round,
Donald was back upon Canadian ground—
With earth and gowans for his true love's grave."
—Donald McLeod: *All the Year Round*.

Raid, a warlike invasion on horseback into an enemy's territory; from *ride*. This word has only lately been admitted into the English dictionaries; but has long been common both in books and conversation.

Rax, to reach, to stretch; *raught*, reached:—

"Never *rax* aboon your reach."
—Allan Ramsay's *Scotts' Proverbs*.

"And ye may *rax* Corruption's neck,
And gi' her for dissection."
—Burns: *A Dream*.

Rigwoodie, old, lean, withered:—

"Withered *leblams*, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags."
—Burns: *Tam o' Shanter*.

Roose—old English *route*—to praise, to drink a toast or a health:—

"*Roose* the fair day at e'en."
—*Scotts' Proverbs*.

Rowan, the mountain ash.—This tree, or a twig of it, was supposed, in the superstition of Scotland, to be a charm against witchcraft. Hence the phrase, "A rowin the witch," in Shakespeare (who never corrected his proof-sheets), is supposed to be a misprint for "a rowan-tree-witch." The word occurs in no author previous to Shakespeare. There is an old Scottish couplet which lends countenance to this supposition:—

"*Rowan-tree* and red thread
Mak' the witches tye their speed."

Rowe, to roll or purr like a stream, to wrap up in cloth or flannel:—

"Where Nith runs *rowie* to the sea."
—Burns: *Song*.

"Hap and *rowe*, hap and *rowe*,
Hap and *rowe* the *rowie* o't."
—Burns: *Song*.

Rouch, plenty, abundance:—

"A *routh* o' rhyme to rave at will."
—Burns: *Scotts' Drink*.

"He had a *routh* o' auld knick-knackets."
—Burns: *Cyprian Grove*.

Scouth, room, elbow-room, space:—

"And he get *scouth* to wield his tree,
I fear ye'll both be paid."
—*Ballad of Robin Hood*.

"By break of day he seeks the dowie glen,
That he may *scouth* to a' his morning len."
—Allan Ramsay: *Posthumus on the Death of Matthew Prime*.

Scrog, a stunted bush, furze; *scroggy*, abounding in under-wood, covered with stunted bushes or furze like the Scottish mountains:—

"The way towards the city was stony, thorny, and *scroggy*."
—*John Ruskin*.

Sir Walter Scott, when in his last illness in Italy, was taken to a wild scene on the mountains that border the Lago di Garda. He had long been apathetic, and almost insensible to surrounding objects; but his fading eyes flashed with unwonted fire at the sight of the furze-bushes and scrogs, that reminded him of home and Scotland, and he suddenly exclaimed, in the words of the Jacobite ballad:—

"Up the *scrogs*, mountain,
And down the *scrogs* glen,
We darena gang a-hunting,
For Charlie and his men."

Shaw, a small wood, a thicket, a plantation of trees. This word was once common in English literature. It still subsists in the patronymics of many families, as *Shaw*, *Aldershaw*, *Hunshaw*, *Hackshaw*, *Hackshaw* (or *Oakshaw*), and others, and is used by the peasantry in most parts of England, and every part of Scotland:—

"Whither ridest thou under this green *shaw*?
Said this yeoman."
—Chaucer: *The Friar's Tale*.

"In summer when the *shaws* be shene,
And leaves be bar and long,
It is full merry in fair forest,
To hear the sweet birds' song."
—*Ballad of Robin Hood*.

Sib, related; of kin by blood or marriage:—

"He was *sibbe* to Arthur of Bretagne."
—Chaucer.

"He was no fairy born or *sib* to elves."
—Spenser.

"A boaster and a liar are right *sib*."
—*A' Stewarts are no *sib* to the king*."
—*It's good to be *sib* to siller*."
—Allan Ramsay's *Scotts' Proverbs*.

"We're no more *sib* than sieve and riddle,
Though both grew in the woods together."
—*Cheshire Proverb*.

To be continued.

The reconstruction of the Strasburg Library is making rapid progress. Besides the united action of the academies and booksellers of all Germany, there are single gifts pouring in of no small value, prompted occasionally by sad enough motives. Thus the well-known scholar Landfermann, of Coblenz, has offered his own entire library, the result of many years' careful collection, chiefly rich in philology and history, and containing not a few rare works no longer to be had in trade, to the civil commissary Von Kuhlweiter, as a contribution towards the new Strasburg Library. He had hoped, he adds, to leave these books some day to his son (Johannes Landfermann, a most promising young historian) that he might use them after him. But he had gone down in the trenches before Metz, and the professor did not know what better purpose these books could serve now than the one he has under the circumstances destined them for.

FLAVOR AND RELISH IN FOOD, ESSENTIAL.

From the Scientific Press.

Too little consideration is generally given to the importance of flavor and relish in food; although no close observer has failed to notice that a little food, well relished, will go further in sustaining the system, than so much badly cooked or so imperfectly flavored that it cannot be eaten with a relish. Frenchmen are smaller eaters than people of other nationalities, because they pay more attention to the relish or flavor of their food.

A common failing in flavoring food, arises from over-doing the thing. A very little nutmeg, for instance, will flavor a dish, when a very slight excess will spoil it.—Nature's flavors are exceedingly delicate.

Taste and appetite in the natural man, before the senses become vitiated by abuse, is a pretty sure safeguard to the stomach. Just so instinct is almost infallible in governing animals in the selection of their food—perhaps always so in those which have never been domesticated. We should never allow ourselves to eat anything disagreeable to the taste; food so taken will be but poorly appropriated by the system. Articles which require cooking, should be considered *done* just as soon as they have their flavor most perfectly developed. Eaten under such conditions, they afford the greatest possible amount of nutriment.

A pound of fried meat, says one who has studied up the matter, will not afford so much nutriment as a pound of broiled meat. Who does not recognize the vast superiority of flavor and relish in the one over the other; and yet how many people will put up with their fry, and—dyspepsia!

Scientists call the principle which gives relish to food and drink, *osmazome*. This principle is very volatile, and may be entirely driven off by over-cooking. It is found in everything we eat or drink. When, by over-cooking, the "taste," or the *osmazome*, is gone, we try to replace it with various flavors and condiments; hence certain mixed and re-cooked meat, some kinds of sausages, etc., are made more palatable by the addition of condiments.

A person would undoubtedly starve to death in a very short time, with plenty of food before him, if it was so cooked and re-cooked so as to entirely remove all the *osmazome*, or smell, as it may be called. His stomach would soon get such a loathing for it, that although it might be forced down by the pangs of hunger, still the system would refuse to appropriate it.

An experiment of this kind has been tried upon a dog, which was shut up with plenty of good food before him, from which, however, the *osmazome* had been so carefully extracted by cooking and re-cooking, that although the muscle and fat-making elements were left, still it had neither taste nor smell. The result was that the dog gradually pined away, until starvation was so imminent that the experiment was considered conclusive, when proper food was placed before the brute to nourish and restore him.

These things show the importance of good palatable food, properly cooked.—Even the manner of serving up food is important in this respect. Who, especially with a poor appetite, does not relish his food better when it is placed before him in a tempting, tasteful manner. Even the white cloth, and graceful manner of serving the table, add to the relish, and in just so much increase the actual nutritive power of the food. Who has not realized the fact that when food is not relished, the stomach is oppressed by its contents remaining undigested, until a little relish—either liquid or solid—is added to aid digestion. A good laugh or story, or pleasant company will also set the digestive organs thus arrested, once more to work. One will relish his food better when taken with genial companions, than when eaten solitary and alone, or in a mixed unsocial company.

THE DEAD MAN'S CANDLE.

A resident at Ningpo writes to *Once a Week*: "The credulity and superstition of the Chinese know no bounds; a striking instance of the former having just been the main cause of the terrible Tien-Tsin tragedy and the universal disquietude that pervades every part of China—ninety-nine out of every hundred Chinamen firmly believing that foreigners in general, but the Roman Catholics in particular, kidnap children for the sake of their eyes, hearts and other parts to be used in compounding a potent drug. The following horrible story has been related to me as a solemn fact by a Chinaman, who declares that he was an eye-witness of the latter part of what is here written: 'Some years ago when the Tai Ping rebels were devastating the most fruitful provinces in China, a novel plan was invented for discovering the money and other treasure concealed by the terrified merchants and people on the first warning of the approach of the rebels. Some ingenious Tai Ping thought within himself that as men are all devout worshippers of gold and silver, something composed from man would, in all probability, be more efficacious than anything else in discovering hidden treasure, without putting men to the pains of pulling down each separate brick of any suspected place to get at the coveted hoard. He therefore seized the first prisoner he could lay hands on, and quietly proceeded to cut him up and put him into a large cauldron, wherein he was allowed to simmer until a sufficient coating of oil had collected on the surface; this was carefully skimmed off, and then a roll of cloth was spread out and soaked in the human oil, after which it was tightly rolled up and converted into a torch. The rebel then lit his torch, and, in a fever of expectation, intently watching the flame, which shortly commenced flickering—like a man's fingers clutching at gold! The rebel was overjoyed at this sight, and felt sure that this was a sign that treasure was concealed exactly where the torch flickered; he accordingly set to work and pulled down that part of the wall, and sure enough there discovered a goodly hoard of silver. This plan was afterwards universally adopted in the Tai Ping camp, and became so notorious that on an imperial officer—in whose suite was my informant—taking one of the rebels prisoner, he questioned him as to the truth of the report, remarking, at the same time, that he could not possibly believe it. The prisoner declared that such was their method of discovering hidden treasure. Whereupon the officer replied that, as the prisoner persisted in vouching for the truth of the report, he would do himself the pleasure of testing its truth or falsehood on his person. The prisoner was immediately killed, cooked, and converted into a torch, and used with the greatest success!'"