

## TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE &amp; NEWS.

PLEDGE.—We, the undersigned, do agree, that we will not use Intoxicating Liquors as a Beverage, nor Traffic in them; that we will not provide them as an article of Entertainment, nor for persons in our Employment; and that in all suitable ways we will discountenance their use throughout the community.

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## The Glasco' Buchts; or, the Lost Horse.

AN OWRE TRUE TALE.

"It's a fine nicht, sir."

This was true, for the night on which this remark was addressed to me, was one of the most beautiful evenings of the leafy month of June, in the year 18—, when I happened to be strolling along the banks of the Forth and Clyde Canal, in the neighbourhood of Castlecary. The railway between Glasgow and Edinburgh was not then completed, and the above remark regarding the weather was addressed to me by a tall, slouching, country 'child,' who had landed from the 'fly-boat,' and now seemed to be proceeding homewards. His dress was better than the average run of farm-servants; and judging from his appearance, he might have been taken as the son of some moorland farmer, well accustomed 'to smear sheep and to cast peats.'

'It's a fine nicht, sir,' was repeated once more; for I was engaged in reading from a small pocket edition of 'Paradise Lost,' the beautiful description of 'gloaming.'

'Now came still evening on and twilight gray.'

that I had not replied to the first ejaculation with sufficient expertness. Not wishing to be interrupted, I muttered a monosyllable or two, and went on to read; but 'muirland Willie' was not to be balked in his determination for a 'crack;' no, not for Milton's Pandemonium itself; for after a short pause he advanced right in front, and looking in my face, he abruptly said, 'May I speer, sir, if ye're a lawyer?' Somewhat amused and startled at such a question, I dropped Milton into my pocket; and now that the coast was clear, my companion, measuring me from head to foot, and staring me earnestly in the face, said, 'Ye'll pardon me, sir, gin I ask if ye're a lawyer?'—No, I have not the honour of being a limb of the law,' I replied. 'Weel, sir, ye'll exkase me; but I thoct ye were, frae the beuk ye were reading; and I'm joost at this same time wonnerfu' anxious to get the advice o' a lawyer. I hae been east at Falkirk to see an aul' frien' o' my faither's wha is a writer, but he's aff to the West on some business; and I'm joost gaun back wi' my finger in my mouth. An', sir, since the law has been uppermost in my heid a' this day, I joost thoct, on coming along there, when I saw ye wi' ye're beuk, that ye might sibbly be a lawyer; an' I was joost gaun to mak as free as I could to ask ye'te advice on a sair bisness that has happened to me, nae farer gaen than last Monday.' I saw at once, that whatever this business might be, my companion was in downright earnest, and that he appeared to be the most open, simple, and unsophisticated 'kintra chiel' I had ever met with. I expressed sympathy for him, and assured him that, although not a lawyer, I would endeavour to help him with my advice to the best of my ability.

'Weel, sir, to mak a lang tale short, it was very early on Monday morning last that I set aff to the Glasco' Buchts, to sell the best horse my faither ever had, and the best that was ever seen in oor parish. To tell ye the truth, sir, I'm

a bridegroom! I hae been cried already ance in the parish kirk; and oh, sir, what am I to dae?' Here the poor fellow utterly broke down. 'But what has this to do with your horse?' 'Oh, sir, ye see times hae na been guid wi' sma' farmers as they were wont to be; and my faither cam to this at last, that I micht sell our best horse, and the price o't wad help me to set up house, and begin the warl wi'—Here there were some ehoking sighs, for the poor fellow was in deep distress. I was now fairly interested in his story; and seeing this, he proceeded—'Weel, sir, I never was at the Buchts o' Glasco' before. I had rigged out my horse to the very best; an' when I was stautin' wi' him, a decent-like fallow, well dressed, as I thoct, cam up, and asked me to gie my horse a turn or twa along the Buchts. Then he speer'd whar I cam frae, and what the beast had been accustomed to dae, and whan I was gaun hame; an', man, I thoct he was a rare decent fallow, for he gaed aff at ance, and said he wad bring me a merchant for my horse. He brocht anither man in about a minute; and after looking at the horse, he said at ance that he wad gie me twenty-aicht pounds for't, ready money. I was pleased wi the offer; an', man, the twa fallows, as I thoct, very kindly invested me tae a public-house, and said they wad treat me, and that we wad hae ae half mutchkin thegither owre the heid o' the bargain. Awa we went to a public-house. A callant got my brow horse to haud at the door, and that was the last sicht I got o' 'im. Drink was got in; an', man, as I had got naething since I left our ain house, about four o'clock i' the morning, the deevilish drink soon gaed to my heid—the bla'guards, for they were naither thing than bla'guards, when I thoct they were friens wad hae me to drink; an', oh man, what a fuil I was; oh, man, what a fuil! I sang an', tauld them o' my marriage, and mair drink was sent for; and then they told me if I wad take a bill for the price o' the horse an' pay the drink, and also anither half-a-crown, or, three shillings for a bill, they wid gie me thirty pounds for my horse, which wad be payable at sicht at Coatbrig Bank. Man, I kent neathing about bills, an' about payable at sicht; but they tauld me that I wad hae neathing to dae but joost present the paper to Mr Andrew Warnock, the manager, as they said, o' Coatbrig Bank, an' I wad get the money straucht i' my loof, and that this was the way a' men o' business did. I thoct a' this was richt eneuch; an', man, as twa pounds mair was a great concern to me, I agreed to tak the bill to Coatbrig Bank. I gied the publican three shillings out o' my han' to get what they ca'd a stamp; an' when he brocht the paper, ane o' the rascals wrote upon it that I was to get thirty pounds frae Mr Warnock o' the Coatbrig Bank, an' that this was to be payable at sicht. Mair drink was sent for; there was nae less than a mutchkin o' brandy, an' this fairly turned my heid. I kent naething abot whaur I was till I wauken'd in braid day licht next mornin', wi' a heid joost like to rive, as if twenty harrows had gaen owre't; an' a throat as dry an' burnin' as a brisl't peat, which I thoct a' the waters o' the Candren