

horn spoon and suppit his porridge from a dainty wooden caup, the milk that seasoned it being contained in a smaller timmer luggie. The only difference between him and the lads at the front dresser was, that Johnny had tea, and oat cakes and butter daily, whereas the lads got butter an' breid only on Sabbath mornings. At Klyack, Yule, and other festivals, master and servant feasted royally together at the same table, along with sundry invited guests, usually from among the residenters at Smiddyward. Johnny's clothing, moreover, was of exactly the same type as it had ever been; indeed, some pieces of it still extant and in use had been worn since he was a young man. What is yet more wonderful, when we think of the general habit of the prosperous part of society in this particular, Johnny had never once dreamed of "cutting" an old acquaintance because of the stigma attaching to him on account of his poverty. There was he, a man perfectly "independent" in pecuniary matters (and not less independent in his opinions and feelings), who certainly had a very good balance at his banker's, and, as was pretty broadly hinted, had, under a strong appeal, at one time actually lent money to his laird, and who yet, at kirk or market, would accost any dyker or ditcher in the parish on terms of perfect equality. The odd thing, too, was that all this did not seem in the least to lower Johnny in the respect of these poor folks, who accepted his opinions with greater deference than they were sometimes disposed to accord to those of people making much higher pretensions.

In politics, Johnny Gibb was what would be called an advanced Liberal,—only the term, I rather think, had not been invented then. When the first Reform Bill was under discussion he became conspicuous by his vehement declarations in its favour. The smith and the souter