

direckly. Man, the day's bit young yet.) It gaed me a kin' o' a turn tae hear them singin' rattlin' sang tunes on a Sunday. Bit iz the philosophers say, the turn wiz involuntary, an' only for a meenit. My jidgment hid naething adee wi't. Fin I lookit roon the ring o' loons, an' saw them goin' ahead in perfec' unconsciousness 'at there wiz onything vrang in fat they were deein', I wisna carin' a dockin.

The first speaker wiz a mim lookin' chiel, wi' a kin' o' a lisp fin he begood tae speak, or something affeekit like aboot 'im ony wye. Fin he cam struttin' forrit wi's fite face, he min't me on Wattie Scott's description o' the Laird o' Langcale in 'Aul' Mortality.' The laird hid a conceitit kin' o' a strut, if ye min' ; an' fin I sees this lad, thinks I, " There's naething muckle tae be expeckit fae you—ye look a gey loaf-an-treacle kin' o' a cove." Bit faith, min, he spoke up winnerfu. He seemed tae be strugglin' hard tae mak a Scotch tongue as Inglifeet iz possible ; an' although I'm nae muckle o' a grammarian mysel, I could see 'at he wiz makin' some gey ogly slips baith in grammar an' pronunciation. I widna hae care't sae muckle aboot that, hooever, gin he hid been speakin' sense. Bit it wiz a terrible onding o' stuff 'at we wiz gettin', an' I couldna help winderin' 'at the Doctor could think onything o' fowk 'at hid sae little rizzon an' knowledge iz this failla appear't tae hae. He wiz awfa side upo' the ministers, an' indulg't in a heap o' sentiment aboot mill-quinnes an' fishwives. He appear't tae hae a par-