

I wiz for meevin' awa ; bit Jock nidges me an' says, "Hold on till the masin speaks." Weel, shortly aifter wir frien' wiz throu, an' accordin'ly the masin diz begin tae speak. I maun say, he didna look verra like a masin. He wiz naither stoot nor ruddy. In fac', there's nae mony o' the Soshlists verra robust pheesically. Am thinkin' they tak things ower forcie like tae grow fat. I took a gweed look at this chiel, as a'body seem't tae be expeckin' something better fae him. He hid sma', bit rale deep-set een ; an' although his chin wizna the kin' o' lower face-piece that bespeaks great determination, yet he hid a gran', pawky upper lip. He cam forrit wi' a smile on's roch diamond face, an' begood his speech in a cool dileeberit wye wi' a reference tae the winter sizzon an' fat it meent tae workin' men. Fae that he gaed on tae creetecize fat some Professor blok hid been sayin' aboot the lower orders, an' polish't 'im aff jist beautifu' an' wi' perfec' good-natur—speakin' rale seriously at this pint, iz, in fac', he did a throu fin the occasion demandit it. There wiz an awfu' difference a'tween this speech an' the ane afore't, baith in the speerit an' in the letter. Slaps o' fun, hamely references tae sic like maitters as the workin' man's denner o' saut an' pitawtis, allusions tae leeterature, history, an' science, wi' a threid o' common sense an' soun' theory throu a'. Some o's stories, min', war rale gweed. For instance, he tell't's that he hid ance met a man in the ceety o' Boston (for young iz he