

of grain, and peas, and beans, were there also, and a variety of vegetable specimens of the big things that the "jove" of man can force out of the bowels of mother Earth. Men hawking brandy balls were seen, and stalls with gingerbread, some plain, some gilt—as if gingerbread ever wanted gilding! I vow, though I hate medicine, that I would at this moment take a hundred pills of it, totally unguilt, upon the smallest consideration—or upon no consideration at all, if I could but get it. Then there were boys with apples in their hands; and bigger boys with a devilish invention for scraping people's backs, and making ladies think that their gowns were torn; and less boys with penny trumpets—more diabolical still.

Moreover—worse than all—was a man with a big trumpet, mounted upon the stage of a perambulatory theatre, and dressed in the worn-out suit of a beef-eater, with a countenance as resplendent as his coat, although the Tyrian dye with which it was taged, was probably limpid and white when he swallowed it. He blew, and he spoke, by turns, to the gazing crowd which stood beneath, hanging on his words. When he blew, he seemed to blow all the blood into his nose—unluckily, he did not blow it all out of it. When he spoke, he seemed as if he would have burst his whole frame, and certain it is, he had already gone so far as to crack his voice. Though not a soul could distinguish a word that he said, his eloquence,—it was action, action, action, according to Demosthenes—persuaded a great number of people to mount, and walk in, to see a bloody tragedy that was to be performed within, of which a pictorial representation was given without displaying horrors such as the tyrant of Padua himself had never conceived. Probably he would have persuaded me so, but that hard by, was an enormous caravan, of what people frequently called dumb animals—a slander upon them, to which they indignantly gave the lie from time to time, by outcrying the trumpeter, and outscreeching the trumpet; while over all the din, rose up the dong, dong, dong, the clash, clash, and the jingle, jingle of the drums, cymbals and triangles of half a dozen wandering bands, each playing a different tune. At a remote and respectful distance from these grander shows, but still near one of the principal entrances to the fair, was a booth of less pretensions, across the caravan front of which, was painted, in letters two foot long, an invitation to men, women, and children, to enter, and behold feats of mighty necromancy, performed by the great and celebrated Doctor Pequinillo, the world-renowned magician of Toledo. Before this booth there was less din, and the only living attractions apparent without, were a man with lugubrious face, dressed as a Merry-Andrew, and a little girl, with her hair tricked out with pink ribbons, and her person not too much covered by a spangled frock, of very dirty muslin. The man in the clown's jacket, might be an Andrew; but he certainly was not very merry—outside the booth, at least—and he seemed to have taken offence against some one; for his only audible words were—addressed to the girl by the way—"D—n him. I haven't had a gill all day, and its half-past ten now. Curse me if I'll be witty on cold water."

THE MAJOR.—A life-like picture, which we

have all witnessed, I doubt not, a dozen times.

THE SQUIREX.—There is likewise a good deal of point in the following little bit, as our chum Paul Kane would say :—

"Julian retired to his seat again, but left the door partly open, and in a few minutes after, a stranger presented himself: a stout man of about forty, or perhaps a little more, tightly buttoned up in a military coat, with a good deal of black lace about it. His face was broad, and not remarkable for beauty; but there was a sort of jovial, good-humored expression in it, far from repulsive; and a certain little foppery—shown in the attempt to conceal his corpulence, in the jingling spurs upon his heels, and the exceedingly neat cane he carried in his hand—exhibited an amusing specimen of the man, so frequently seen, who never learns how to pass gracefully from one stage of life to another."

THE MAJOR.—Bravo! It is a capital idea that of would-be youthful Pantaloons "never learning how to pass gracefully from one stage of life to another!" I vote, that on the strength of this bright thought, (not forgetting scores of other *bon bons*) the Prince Regent be voted an honorary member of our Club! Say I wot, my masters?

THE LAIRD, SQUIREX AND DOCTOR.—Agreed! agreed!

THE MAJOR.—I shall write the *shantyst elect* of the honour conferred upon him, and I doubt not that we shall have his legs under our mahogany ere long.

THE LAIRD (*tugging a couple of volumes out of his pocket*).—Hae ony o' you seen this work?

THE MAJOR.—I see it now, but am not much wiser in consequence of the vision!

THE LAIRD.—Oh, Crabtree, but ye are unco gleg, in catching at a body, whenever ye think ye discover a *lappus lingua*! You mind me o' what the Fox o' Kelso once said.

THE MAJOR.—And pray, gossip, what was the remark of the North British Reynard?

THE LAIRD.—The *Tod* in question was walking, on a warm summer's day, through a gentleman's *policy*, near Kelse, and sair did he perspire in the heat. "Oh," quoth he, at length, "*I wish that this thick tail o' mine were awa! It is mair than I can thole!—its a perfect burden in sic weather!*" Nae sooner were the words out o' his mouth, than bang! went a trap in the grass, and knippit aff his fud close to the rump! "*Its a queer place this,*" cried the pair fox, "*where folk are taken sac sharply at their word!*"

THE SQUIREX.—Having thus hit Crabtree pretty hard, perhaps you will now tell us the title of the book?

THE LAIRD.—It is "*The Life and Works of Robert Burns, edited by Robert Chambers*"—at least the first and second volumes thereof.

THE MAJOR.—With all due deference to my friend Chambers, I think that he might have employed his brains upon a less beaten field! Can anything new be said or sung, touching the glories Exciseman?