

torily disposed of, let me read to you a communication which I lately received from Montreal.

LAIRD.—Montreal, did ye say? I thought that the *Anglo American* was unknown in the city o' rotten eggs!

MAJOR.—You are mistaken. All the inhabitants of that clachan do not belong to the Clan Ferres, as the letter in my hand will demonstrate. It is to the following purport:—

“MY DEAR *Anglo*,

“During the lang winter nights of the weary year that's awa, I was ance a month, at least, present in the *Shanty*, enjoying the cracks o' the Laird, the Purser, and a'. I mean, of course, that I was present in the spirit. Now that the braw simmer weather has set in, I feel fidgein' fain to get a glimpse at ye wi' my material optics, and hae at least ae merry night wi' sae mony friens. Friens I ca ye, for sorrow tak' me if I dinna' ken ye as well as a beggar kens his howf, and a blyth set ye are. So if ye will just gie me a kindly welcome, I'll tak' the gait some fine morning, and be with you ony day ye set.

“To tell you the naked truth, living down here among Frenchmen and annexationists maks me as sour as sma' yill in simmer, and I ken o' naething that could sweeten me up a bit sae effectually as spending a day or twa wi' the loyal and leal members o' your Social Synod.

“Since I am inviting mysel, I'll no' come empty-handed. There's a chiel here, o' the name o' McEwan, that maks braw *Finnan Haddies*—maist as guid as the genuine Aberdeen article—and I'll bespeak a score o' bunches o' them, to bring up, and we'll send them down wi' a spate o' the swipes that ye speak sae temptingly about.

“This Sebastopol business maks unco drouthy wi' keeping a lad just in a fever o' expectation frae a week's end to the ither—at least frae ae telegraph to the next. I dinna' like thae telegraph despatches, especially them that come through the Yankees. If there is guid news, they give us nane o't, and if bad they make it ten times waur than it is.

“Speaking o' telegraphs puts me in mind o' a sappy incident that took place here no lang ago.

“A leading merchant o' our clearing, named M——, who is blessed wi' mair dollars than brains, got an electric message frae his partner, wha chanced to be at Quebec. Nae sooner did honest M—— peruse the document, than aff he set to the office, and having got a hold o' the operator, swore at him like a Flanders trooper, for sending him such a barefaced forgery. “As if,” said the irate trader, “I didna' ken my ain partner's signature!”

“Ye neena' gang sae far as Dollardom for daft-like non-sequiturs and cognate absurdities. If ye tak a look at the Montreal papers, you'll find a trinitarian firm o' dry-goods huxters, advertizing as great bargains, fifteen cart loads o' ginghams, and sic like vanities, that were

burned at the great fire in their premises! Now can ye tell me what a burned muslin dress would be like? *Ex nihilo nihil fit*—as we used to say in *Walker's*. Which adage may be thus translated for the benefit o' Bonnie Braes, “*A purser's sark, wi' the tail and sleeves aff!*”

“Yours truly,

MUNGO M'GRUTHER.”

DOCTOR.—I beg leave to move that Mr. Mc-Gruther be invited to visit the *Shanty quam primum*.

LAIRD.—I second the motion, which I see is carried unanimously. Mungo, I doubt not is, a decent and a sociable man, but I think that he is a fraction forward. He might hae waited wi' his translation, till I had craved him for the same. Does the body suppose I didna' ken as weel as himself that *nihil* means a *purse's sark*?

MAJOR.—Looking over the *London Magazine* for October, 1736, I found one or two items, which may be interesting to our Maine Law friends. We are informed that when the bill against spirituous liquors was passed, the people “of Norwich, Bristol, and other places, as well as at London, made themselves merry on the death of Madam Gin. Some of both sexes got soundly drunk at her funeral, for which the mob made a formal procession, but committed no outrages. To evade the act, the brandy shops in High Holborn, St. Giles, Tothil Street, Rosemary Lane, Shoreditch, the Mint, &c., sold drams under the names of sangree, tow-row, Cuckoldo's comfort, Parliament gin, Bob, make-shift, the last shift, the ladies' delight, the balk, King Theodore of Corsica, cholic, and pipe waters, &c.”

PURSER.—That nomenclature may be of signal service to our publicans, when cold water becomes the order of the day in Canada.

LAIRD.—What kind o' a book is this, lying beside the grey-beard? I mean the *Castle Builders*, by the author o' *The Heir of Redclyffe*.

MAJOR.—One of the chastest written stories which the press has hatched during the last twelve months. You would call it somewhat *sectarian*, but bating its “High Church” characteristics, it is replete with good sense, sound taste, and a refreshing absence of all clap-trap. If Girzy did not swear by the Solemn League and Covenant, I would ask you to present the volume to her, with my best respects.

LAIRD.—Oo, Girzy, poor woman, is no sae straight-laced, as a' that comes to. Rax me the book, and I shall lay it at the feet of the maiden in your name. But I tell you what will be better still. Let you, and the Purser, and