

placed under his care, you may rely on it, that Mr. Hay's plans for convenience and comfort, will be ably carried out by him.

LAIRD.—Do ye na think that the site of the new Hospital will be unhealthy?

DOCTOR.—A very decided opinion to that effect has been expressed, I know; but several parties, whose opinions should be respected, deem it otherwise. I would, however, like to see the matter properly discussed in the city papers, before it be too late.

MAJOR.—I noticed, Laird, that you drove up to the Shanty in your cutter. Did you find the sleighing good?

LAIRD.—First rate! My auld and faithful mare, Jenny Geddes, drew me here frae Bonnie Braes wi a little trouble, as if she had had naething at her tail except a joint stool!

MAJOR.—Of all locomotive inventions, commend me to an easy gliding cutter! A railway car is not a circumstance in comparison. My ancient and much respected friend, Samuel Johnson, was in the habit of declaring that the *summum bonum* of existence, consisted in being whirled along a King's high way, in a post chaise, at the rate of ten miles an hour. Had this illustrious lexicographer, however, been privileged to enjoy a drive in one of our wheel-lacking chariots, he would for ever have divorced his affections from the vehicle propelled by circular frames turning on an axis!

LAIRD.—Man, that's a grand, round-about way o' describing a wheel! I doubt whether the honest Doctor, himself, could hae employed mair words to describe sic a sma' affair! "Circular frames turning on an axis!"

DOCTOR.—How delicious to recline in a sleigh, replete with buffalo robes, (a slave, of course, driving), your nose being sheltered from the attacks of Boreas, by the genial talisman of a pipe, pregnant with unsophisticated tobacco!

LAIRD.—And then the kindly chiming o' the bells! When I shut my een, I can amaisht fancy that I'm King o' the Fairies, surrounded by my jingling courtiers!

DOCTOR.—That is too good! Just picture, if you can, Oberon, with the brawny shoulders, and colossal pedestals of our bucolic chum! Why, Titania would lose herself, irrecoverably, in the brush-wood of your whiskers!

LAIRD.—Joke awa'! I canna' be angry at any thing, seeing that I got sax and saxpence for the balance o' my wheat frae John Hyde, this blessed morning!

MAJOR.—I agree with the Laird in his appreciation of the sleigh-bells. To me, they are as suggestive as the Vesper Chimes, immortalized by Tom Moore.

LAIRD.—Did you ever notice, Crabtree, the different impressions they produce, according to the mood o' the listener? I'll just gie ye a couple o' cases in point. On Monday last, I drove up to Esquesing, to visit an auld friend lying, I fear, upon his death-bed. We had come oot to Canada in the same year, and our wrestlings and strugglings up the Hill Difficulty o' a back-wood life, had been nearly identical. I had na' seen Squire Pettigrew—Peter Pettigrew is his name; for the better o' five years, and ho! what a stun my heart got, to behold the once buirdly man, withered and shivered up by the cauld, simoom-like breath o' death! On my road home, the bells about Jenny Geddes' neck sang naething but dirges. At ae time they would play

"I'm wearing awa', Jean,
Like snaw when it's thaw, Jean."

Then they would change to

"Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds?
And I sae weary, fu' o' care!

And finally they rang the accompaniment to Susannah Belamire's touching sang:

"What ails this heart o' mine?
What ails this watery e'e?
What gars me a' turn could sae death,
When I take leave o' thee."

MAJOR.—You need not sneer Sangrado, my own experiences completely coincide with those of Bonnie Braes.

LAIRD.—Yesterday I was engaged in a pilgrimage o' a very different nature. It was to assist at the nuptials o' Peggy Patullo, the daughter o' another auld and respected friend. The Reverend Duncan Drumclog tied the knot, and after he had departed, dancing commenced, according to the canonical Scottish fashion. Auld ruling elder as I am, I took my share in the reels wi' the youngest o' the birkies, and what for no? It was a fraction after "elder's hours" before I set oot on my return, and I can promise you that Jenny's bells serenaded me wi' a set o' airs as different frae that which they had performed the preceding day, as light is frae darkness. As I drove awa' frae the festive domicile they struck up wi' a berr and smiddum that constrained me to tak' part in the stave:

"Fy! let us a' to the bridal,
For there'll be litten there:
For Jock's to be married to Maggie,
The lass wi' the gowden hair.