

till him—loup—loup--loupin' intil the air, describin' in the spray the rinnin' rainbows! Scarcely cou'd I believe, at sic a distance, that he was the same fish. He seemed a salmon divertin' himsell, without ony connexion in this world wi' the Shepherd. But we were linked thegither, sir, by the invincible gut o' destiny—and I chasteessed him in his pastime wi' the rod o' affliction. Windin' up--windin' up, faster than ever ye grunded coffee—I keepit closin' in upon him, till the whalebone was amaisit perpendicular outowre him, as he stopped to take breath in a deep plon. You see the savage had gootten sulky, and you micht as weel hae rugged at a rock. Hoo I leuch! Easin' the line ever so little, till it just moved slichtly like gossamer in a breath o' won'--I half persuaded him that he had gotten aff; but na, na, na man, ye ken! little about the Kirby-bends, gin ye think the peacock's harl and the tinsy hae slipped frae your jaws! Snouxin' up the stream he goes, hither and thither, but still keepin' weel in the middle—and noo strecht and steddly as a bridegroom ridin' to the kirk.

*North.* An original image.

*Shepherd.* Say rather application! Maist majestic, sir, you'll alloo, is that flight o' a fish, when the line cuts the surface without commotion, and you micht imagine that he was sailin' unacen below in the style o' an eagle about to fauld his wings on the cliff.

*North.* Tak tent, James. Be wary, or he will escape.

*Shepherd.* Never fear, sir. He'll no pit me aff my guard by keepin' the croon o' the causy in that gate. I ken what he's ettlin' at—and it's naething mair nor less nor yon island. 'Thinks he to himsell, wi' his tail, 'gin I get abrist o' the broom, I'll roun' the rocks, doon the rapids, and break the Shepherd.' And nae sooner thocht than done—but bauld in my cork-jacket—

*North.* That's a new appurtenance to your person, James; I thought you had always angled in bladders.

*Shepherd.* Sae I used—but last season they fell down to my heels, and had nearly droon'd me—sae I trust noo to my body-guard.

*North.* I prefer the air life preserver.

*Shepherd.* If it bursts you're gone. Bauld in my cork jacket took till the soomin', haudin' the rod abune my head—

*North.* Like Cæsar his Commentaries.

*Shepherd.* And gettin' footin' on the bit island—there's no a shrub on't, you ken, aboon the waistband o' my breeks—I was just in time to let him easy owre the Fa', and Heaven safe us! he turned up, as he played wallop, a side like a house! He fand noo that he was in the hauns o' his maister, and began to lose heart; for naethin' caws the better part o' man, brute, fule, or fish, like a sense of inferiority. Sometimes in a large pairty it suddenly strikes me dumb—

*North.* But never in the Snuggery, James—never in the Sanctum—