

tion, I stood still, marvelling if I wasna dreaming the vision o' Ezekiel the prophet, and Jock, seeing me in that trance, came running in a splore o' wonder, crying, 'Odsake, Laird, if John Angle, the surveyor, hasna a loadstone watch in his curiosity, that tells the airts o' the wind!'"

The Laird's eyes at this crisis of his narrative kindled, and he became agitated with indignation. "My corruption rose," said he, "and stamping wi' my foot, I said to Jock, 'How durst you let the Boar into our vineyard? The bairns o' the town would tak but eggs, and birds, and blackberries, but Rupees and his rajahs are come to rob us o' home and ha'.' Whereupon Jock—he's as true's a dog—before the shape o' my breath was melted in the air, ran to them, and wi' the butt o' a fishing-rod he had in his hand smashed at ae blow a' their wheels o' evil prophecy into shivers, and told Caption that if he didna leave our land, he would mak sowther o' his harns¹ to mend them. Then there arose a sough and sound o' war, and rumours o' war, which caused me to walk towards them in my dignified capacity as one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace, and I debarred them in the King's name, and with his royal authority, from trespassing on my ground—trampling the rising corn, doing detriment wi' their hooves to the herbage, and transgressing the bounds o' dyke and fence, to

¹ *Mak sowther o' his harns.* Make solder of his brains.