

to indulge in the pleasures of national partiality, and to criticise wiser and better men than themselves, as well as to partake of the comforts of the feast. The room was decorated with numerous transparencies and emblems of the "native soil." (I can not say whether they had a *fiddle* ;) and the whole, the dinner particularly, did great credit to the landlord. When it was on table, the hoarse tones of a hoarse bagpipe, summoned the party to the gorge. The gathering of the clans, seemed however, rather out of place, when the native countries of the guests are considered, and a Dutch medley might have been better. The gallant *Old Buck* presided, and filled the chair with the consequential dignity of a feudal chieftain, though he did not seem to be so much at home as when acting the quack-doctor before a dozen squaws in an Indian wigwam.—Daddy *Dull*, who makes his scholars *smart*, was the nightingale of the day, and, occasionally giving a stave or two of the pathetic, made himself more agreeable, than when reciting his Sunday prayer, with his covenanting whine. Mr. *Billytap* was also one of the select, and, as usual, put too much brandy in his water : at his earnest request, the pleasure of his company was soon dispensed with, and (as the president did shortly after) he walked into the street, and laid himself comfortably down on a pile of wood near the door, where he slept for two hours, in a heavy rain, until he was as completely drenched without as he was within. Mr. *Shortleg Donaldson*, shewed his wit by his manners, but, being young and thoughtless, it is not surprising he should behave a little foolishly. Another genius *marshalled* the decanters in a truly bacchanalian style, and displayed his soaking qualities so wonderfully, that one would have thought him a