

they shut their eyes against its heavenly light, which exposes their evil deeds; they strive to spread the fatal delusion, and to make their own darkness universal.

During the remainder of Saturday night, the mob continued in front of the Mansion-House, but besides occasionally molesting the soldiers, they were not guilty of any further outrages there. The dragoons were ordered to draw their swords, with the sides and backs of which, they dealt them some hard blows. About midnight the rioters went in a body to the Council House, and smashed the windows. The cavalry pursued and charged them, which they returned by showers of stones from the corners of the streets and lanes. At the top of the Pithay, (a steep narrow lane,) having struck one of the 14th Dragoons, the soldier turned, and shot a man who is believed to have been unconcerned in the riots; no other lives were lost.

Amidst such scenes of tumult was the morning of the Lord's day ushered in. These wicked disturbers of its peace were at length driven from the streets, and they retired to plot further mischief on their beds.

What a miserable contrast was this to the peaceful happy close of the week, so beautifully described in the "Cotter's Saturday Night," by the favourite poet of Scotland, whose strong pathetic genius always true to nature, has given in that poem such a picture of his own home, as must lead us to lament that his pen was often employed far more unworthily.

The toll worn cotter frae his labour goes,  
*This night*, his weekly toil is at an end,  
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,  
 Hoping the morn in rest and ease to spend,  
 And weary o'er the moor, his course does home-ward bend.

The cheerful supper done, with serious face  
 They round the ingle form a circle wide,  
 The sire turns o'er wi' patriarchal grace,  
 The big ha' Bible, once his father's pride;  
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside.