

great many pair of them, and therefore capable of parting with one sample to a friend at a moderate price.

"Capital fellow, Mr. Sidewind—yes, it was no matter how he voted, I always supported him," said Runnymede. "See what it is to have a vote, sir!" he would exclaim to Nankin. "In some countries 'twould have been of little use; but, thank God! I'm an Englishman."

In a week, Jack Runnymede quitted the guard-ship, being appointed purser's clerk to a frigate.

"No, sir—no—I shall proceed by criminal information." These were the words of a grey-haired gentleman of sixty to a dingy, squab man of the same age. "He has accused me of peculation!"

"Well, but you know, between ourselves," said the dark man.—

"I know what you are going to say—that he can prove it—never mind that: I won't let him. I may do as I please on that point, for, thank God! I'm an Englishman."

The first speaker was a retired purser in his majesty's navy—and no other than Jack Runnymede. The short black-looking man, Nankin, the schoolmaster; who, discharged at the peace, had somehow swollen himself into an attorney of comprehensive employment.

Jack Runnymede had, with great industry, made himself a fortune. He was, therefore, particularly sensitive to an attack that had been levelled at his character as purser. He was resolved to punish the scandal; no matter whether the charge was true or false—he was the best judge of that. The law gave him protection—for, "thank God! he was an Englishman."

Shortly after this, the retired Runnymede was solicited for his vote. "Pray, sir," he asked the candidate, "what are your opinions on the law of libel as it stands—arrest for debt—and impressment?" And putting his arms under his coat-tails, Mr. Runnymede awaited an answer.

"In its present operation I am opposed to the law of libel—certainly, to arrest for debt—and most assuredly to the infamous and inhuman system of impressment," was the reply of the candidate.

"My service to you, sir," said Jack Runnymede, "you don't have my vote. Your politics may be very well for a garden of Eden, sir, but not for this country. What! change the law of libel? Leave open any man of property to the secularity of shirtless vagabonds—create litigation by abolishing imprisonment for debt—and sweep us from the world as a naval power, by doing away with impressment? No, sir; not while I can lift my voice will I consent to this. By losing one or all of these privileges, I should cease to be grateful, as I am, for my country—should no longer bless my stars that I am a Briton—no longer thank God that I am Englishman!"

DOCTOR.—Ha, ha, ha!

LARD.—Ye need na' keckle sac loudly, auld

Clear Grit that ye are! Jack Runnymede is a correct type and sample o' nine-tenths o' the liberal squad. Wi' exceptions few and far between, they become red-hot exclusives and Conservatives before the end o' the chapter—provided always, that they hae got onything to lose!

PURSER.—What a blessing is it that amidst all the thousand and one empiricisms of this quack-teeming age, the spasmodic school of poetry is meeting with no encouragement. Like the filthy "beard movement," it has had its day, and, together with the use of the razor, the *hoi polloi* are fast resuming their taste for lyrical simplicity.

LARD.—I'll wager a plack to a bawbee, that thae remarks are intended as a prologue to some bit screed o' verse!

PURSER.—Warlocks are not yet extinct! My observations were indeed prompted by some stanzas which I met with in an unpretending little volume, recently published, entitled *Rimes and Poems by Robin*. They thus run:

LITTLE KATE.

A winking, blinking little thing.
Full of deep-eyed witcherie;
Full of artless rollicking,
And ever busy as a bee;
Making all the house to ring,
She is very joy to me;
Waking, sleeping, early, late,
My heart is full of little Kate.

She fills the house with such sweet noise
That even a sage could not rebuke:
To listen to her silvery voice
I'd lay aside the wisest book;
And when I'd have my soul rejoice,
Deep, deep into her eyes I look:
I quite forget my day and date,
And lose myself in little Kate.

I hear her voice at break of day,
She's waiting for me when I wake:
And ever, when I go away,
She sobs as if her heart would break.
My darling Kate, I cannot stay,
Or gladly would I for thy sake:
I would the flighty hours would wait,
And let me play with little Kate!

Coming home, I catch her tongue
Ring as a little bell,
Joyous as a linnets song,
Dulect as a woodland well;
At the door I listen long,
Lest my entrance break the spell;
Ah, what a rattling, prattling state
Thy heart is in, thou little Kate!

She gives my days a sunny hue,
She keeps me in a world of light;
She is to me a honey dew
That bathes my soul at morn and night,