

Some odds and ends about his lady love
Cuffee had whisper'd to a colour'd dove,
Drifted the curly ebonite at last.

Dun night o'er Dartmouth spread her sable wing,
And silence slept embalm'd in summer dew,
When Index, summon'd by a double ring
That told some vulgar hand was at the spring,
Turn'd 'help' himself, and to the passage flew.

Another tug, still harder than before,
Brought start'ling thoughts of the discarded
nigger,—
And as he slowly open'd up the door,
The broad moon rising, through the wreath she
wore,
Shadow'd to him a very diff'rent figure.

Shadow'd it was—for muffled in a plaid,
Before him stood a questionable thing ;
First, *Sir*,—then, *Miss*, unconsciously he said ;
But as the shape no answer to him made,
He asked civilly why it did ring.

'Sweer, sir, sweer,—sweer,—sweer, 'only to
sweer,'
A Scotchman answer'd in his mother tongue.

'Swear, sir!—the Devil!—who has sent you
here,
This trick of yours, perhaps, may cost you dear,'
And fiercely at the emigrant he sprung.

'What must I swear?' said Index in a rage,
'Are you that Irish outlaw, Captain Rock,
Some ruthless villain—but, sir, I'll engage'—

'Ou na,' says he of Scottish equipage,
'Ye're sair mista'en tho', for ma name is
Jock.'

Well, Jock, or James, to me is all the same.

'Tell me,' quoth Index, 'what has brought
you here.'

Ou, a' want naething, sir, let me gang hame,
A' was for land,' said Jock, 'an' merely came
To see if ye wad let a body sweer.

'A' only landed here this afternoon,—
And as a' want to hae a wee bit land,
A' was enquirein' how the thing was dune,
An' a' was tell'd it wad be gettin' sune,
If a' could swear that a' had nane on hand.

'Now after a' was tell'd the like o' that,
A' sought about to see where a' could sweer ;
A'm sorry, sir, if I be in a fau't,
But some one said ye was a maugstrat,
And so ye si, sir, a' cam just down here.'

Index, delighted, heard the simple story,
His wrath had melted into real enjoyment,

And cutted short Jock's outland category,
By telling him he was extremely sorry
At the mistake, and offer'd him employment.

'Dare say,' said Jock, 'it wad be just as weel,
Though ony way it makes but little matter,
A doubt o' toons a'll hae but nae great skeel,
But a'll gang up and speak it o'er wi' Shiel—
A' brought some word to him frae Tiot water.

'Ye si, a've aye been in a country part,
An' brought up maistly a' ny days wi' herdin',
Sometimes a've dune a little at the cart,
Though a' was never counted verra smart,
But a' can delve and work about a garden.

'If ye've a farm, a might do weel enough,
As I can manage stock o' any kind,—
And when my feyther rented the Millheugh,
A' often held a yokin' at the plough,
Sae a' sal settle wi' ye if ye've a mind.'

'Well, Jock,' said Index, '(but is that your name,
Or is it John, the Scotch are mostly scholars?)
What are your wages?' Jock replied with shame,
'They used to ca' me aye Jock Sheep at hame,
But it's John Shepherd—a' maun hae ten dol-
lars.'

'Well, Master Shepherd, you'll sleep here to-
night,—

And in the morning I'll be gone—however,
You may walk out and see if ye can light
Upon the donkey—mind it does not bite ;
I think you'll find it down about the river.'

'Od man !' says Jock, 'but that's a kittle thing,
A' never ken'd a cow to bite before,
The whites about the ca'fin time in spring,
It naething unca for to si them fling,
An' some will gie a most confounded roar.

'Wi' had a meer that used to tako the reits,
And fiend a one about the place could thole 'er,
But how am a' to ken the wicked beast?'
Index, who now began to smoke a jest,
Told him it was a beautiful mouse colour,

Next morning early up and off was Jock,
The hour exactly is forgotten now ;
But when the Ordnance Bell struck five o'clock,
He met Judge Stewart down by the Black Rock,
And bluntly asked him if he saw—a cow.

'A cow !' exclaim'd the Judge, and well he might,
Are you the lad that lives with Mr. Slayter?'
Says Jock, 'His name is Index—yesternight
He said he lost one rather gi'en to bite,
A beautiful mouse-coloured kind o' craytur.'

'A cow—a cow !' the Judge ejaculated ;