

ful language to Mr. Nat. Frier, when he reproved you for your idleness. The Court orders that you receive twenty smart lashes, with the cat-o'-nine-tails, upon your naked back, and that this sentence be executed forthwith, by the constables, at the whipping-post in the yard adjoining the court-house."

Jerry dropped his head, and his face assumed divers deep colors, sometimes red, and sometime shading upon the blue. He tried to glance round upon the assembled multitude, but his look was very sheepish; and unable to stand the gaze of the hundreds of eyes that were upon him, he settled back on a bench, leaned his head on his hand, and looked steadily upon the floor. The constables having been directed by the Court to proceed forthwith to execute the sentence, they led him out into the yard, put his arms around the whipping-post, and tied his hands together. He submitted without resistance; but when they commenced tying his hands round the post, he began to cry and beg, and promised better fashions if they would only let him go this time. But the constables told him it was too late now; the sentence of the Court had been passed, and the punishment must be inflicted. The whole throng of spectators had issued from the court-house, and stood round in a large ring, to see the sentence enforced. The Judge himself had stepped to a side window, which commanded a view of the yard, and stood peering solemnly through his spectacles to see that the ceremony was duly performed. All things being in readiness, the stoutest constable took the cat-o'-nine-tails and laid the blows heavily across the naked back of the victim. Nearly every blow brought blood, and as they successively fell Jerry jumped and screamed, so that he might have been heard well-nigh a mile. When the twenty blows were counted, and the ceremony was ended, he was loosed from his confinement, and told that he might go. He put on his garments, with a sullen but subdued air, and without stopping to pay his respects to the Court, or even to bid any one good-by, he straightened for home as fast as he could go.

Mrs. Guttridge met him at the door, with a kind and piteous look, and asked him if they hurt him. He made no reply, but pushed along into the house. There he found the table set, and well supplied, for dinner; for Mrs. Guttridge, partly through the kindness of Mr. Frier, and partly from her own exertions, had managed to "pick up something" that served to make quite a comfortable meal. Jerry ate his dinner in silence; his wife thought he manifested more tenderness and less selfishness than she had known him to exhibit for several years; for, instead of appropriating the most and the best of the food to himself, he several times placed fair proportions of it upon the plates of his wife and each of the children.

The next morning, before the sun had dried the dew from the grass, whoever, passed the haying field Mr. Nat. Frier might have beheld Jerry Guttridge busily at work, shaking out wet hay to the sun; and for a month afterward

the passer-by might have seen him every day, early and late, in that and the adjoining fields, a perfect pattern of industry.

A change soon became perceptible in the condition and circumstances of his family. His house began to wear more of an air of comfort, outside and in. His wife improved in health and spirits, and little Bobby became a fat, hearty boy, and grew like a pumpkin. And years after Mrs. Guttridge was heard to say that, "somehow, ever since that 'cre trial, Mr. Guttridge's natur' seemed to be entirely changed."

LAIRD.—I wish that we had sic a wise like law in Canada! There are at least a dozen o' Guttridges within rifle shot o' Bonnie Braes, wha's backs should be made intimate wi' the taws!

DOCTOR.—By the way, Crabtree, speaking of taws, do you not merit a taste of the same for having neglected to review Mrs. Traill's *Female Emigrant Guide*?

MAJOR.—Apparently I am without excuse in that matter, but the ungarmented truth is, I entrusted the job to our erratic amicus *The Purser*, and you know how he has been situated of late. However, better late than never. I shall tackle the work *quam primum*.

LAIRD.—Ye may spair yo'rsel' the fash, auld foggie! The buik needs nane o' your reviewing or puffing! It is selling by the thousand, and the printers and binders can hardly keep pace wi' the demand. And sma' wonder! Ilka housewife reads it for information, and her bairns for diversion. Never ca' me a true prophet if before twa years hae expired, it is na' to be met wi' as commonly in the mansions and shanties o' the Upper Province as the Pilgrim's Progress.

MAJOR.—And the *Anglo-American Magazine*!

LAIRD.—You just took the word oot o' my mouth!

DOCTOR.—I had a letter from Mrs. Traill, the other day, in which she enclosed me the following pretty little lyric:—

THE SCOTTISH EMIGRANT'S SONG.

She turns her wheel wi' busy hand
But her thoughts are far away
'Mid the bonnie braes o' her native land,
While she sings this simple lay.

I think upon the heathery hills
I ay hae lov'd sae dearly,
I think upon the wimpling burn
That wandered by sae dearly.

The little gowans tipped wi' dew
That 'mang the grass shone brightly;
The harebell waving in the breeze
That lowed its head sae lightly.