

last and a wheen hides. Na, neither the sheriff nor his understrappers 'll covet anything in Davie Watson's shop," he replied scornfully.

"Then look how we're kept down for want of capital,"—the trader went on, seeming pleased to get his grievances ventilated on one who, for the time being, appeared to represent the delinquent British nation. "If we only had a little of the capital they sink in peppering the French, or even of what they spend among our neighbours over there, helping to enrich our enemies, we could get on, and clear our land, and make roads, and raise such crops as would astonish them. Aye, if they had but taken thought in time, they might have raised enough wheat out here to feed the famishing folk that broke in the windows of the bakers' shops when they found themselves starving; and might have saved themselves the law about brown bread, too."

The discussion was getting too warm for the officer, who did not relish the attacks from which he found it difficult to defend his country, in regard to matters, too, of which he found himself very ignorant. He was glad of an opportunity that presented itself for making a diversion, when the driver, handing him the reins, sprang from his seat in front of a hawthorn in full bloom, and broke off some large boughs, with which he proceeded to decorate the horses' heads.

"What's that for, John?" he inquired.