

"I thought as much," he said with a calmness more dreadful than any emotion. "It's all over, flesh and blood can stand it no longer. Turks, Russians, Hungarians, English—all Scotchmen! Its more than I can bear—I shall go home!"

"Home!" echoed I in amazement; "why you've hardly been out six months yet."

"What of that!" groaned the victim, clutching his forehead distractedly with both hands; "there's nothing left for me to do here. I came out as an interpreter; but if all the nations in Europe talk nothing but Scotch, what use can I be? I shall go home at once, before I lose my senses altogether. I shall be talking Gaelic myself before long."

I never saw him again after his departure; but I have since heard, that to the day of his death he remained firmly convinced that the Turkish conquest of Constantinople, and the subsequent rise of the Ottoman empire were a malicious invention of historians, and that all the inhabitants of Eastern Europe were in reality Scotchmen in disguise.

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#### "OH FOR A LODGE IN A VAST WILDERNESS."

Dear reader did you ever swear? Did you ever feel the perspiration crawl over you like the tickling fingers of unseen, yet exasperated spirits? Did you ever feel like the dutchman's son, who sat in the corner after a sound thrashing; sobbing and saying all manner of things, and have your father come to you in his parental mode and say—"Wat ist dat you shay?" and you reply notting fadder; and he says; "yes you shays notting, but you tinks got tam, and I lick you for dat?"—Were you ever "there"?

Well we suppose you "tinks" a good deal and like us;—well you have expressed your thoughts, although not publicly put forth; you "know how it is yourself." Knowing *that* you can appreciate our "feelings," as a man used to say.

We sit up nights and arrange the matter for our paper—we revise the proof, and hope in the end, that it will come out all right. We send the mail book with all the additions of new names, over to the mail clerk and hope everybody will be "happy."

Alas! after a week the letter-carrier brings in complaints until we shudder to see any more.

One says "we have not received our October number, what is the matter"—Another, it is now the 20th of the month and the November number has not come to hand"—Another and another, all in the same style. Old "Bosby" happens to drop in as we open the letters, and says, "Frank, for heaven's sake, don't swear." We say we "don't swear, only it is enough to make the eleven apostles feel mad"—and he replies, "swear not by Heaven, for it is his footstool" and we reply, "didn't you say for Heavens sake, when you came in?"—and how do you suppose he got out of it? says he, say unto them, "dod darn it." We ask him if he ever lent a horse on a Sunday afternoon to "two nice young men" and have them bring home horse and buggy smashed up, and try to get out of it by saying "the horse was blind in one eye and shied to the right and went into the ditch—and if so, what did you say"? and he stood in the profundity of his personal appearance, and he cried out, "don't ask any more; those fellows are in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone, *If I am a prophet.* In our vexatious