

— 'A bargain's a bargain!' This was his ten times repeated phrase every day. It was the doctrine by which he swore, and Shylock would have died wi' envy to have seen Watty exacting his 'pound o' flesh.' I have only to tell ye that he has been twice married. The first time was to a widow four years older than his mother, wi' whom he got ten thousand. The second time was to a maiden lady who had been a coquette and a flirt in her day, but, who, when the deep crow's feet upon her brow began to reflect sermons from her looking-glass, became a patroniser of piety and religious institutions. Watty heard o' her fortune, and o' her disposition and habits. He turned an Episcopalian because she was oue. He become a sitter and a regular attendant in the same pew in the church. He began his courtship by opening the pew door to her when he saw her coming, before the sexton reached it. He next sought her out the services for the day in the prayer-book—he had it always open, and ready to put in her hand. He dusted the cushion on which she was to sit, with his handkerchief, as she entered the pew. He, in short, shewed her a hundred little pious attentions. The sensibility of the converted flirt was affected by them. At length he offered her his arm from the pew to the hackney coach or sedan-chair which waited for her at the church door; and, eventually, he led her to the altar in the seventy-third year of her age; when, to use his own words, he married her thirty thousand pounds, and took the old woman before the minister as a witness. Such, sir, is all I know concerning Cautious Watty.

"The next o' your auld class-mates that I have to notice, (continued Mr. Grierson,) is

LEEIN' PETER.

Peter Murray was the cause o' mair grief to me than any scholar that ever was at my school. He could not tell a story the same way in which he heard it, or give ye a direct answer to a positive question, had it been to save his life. I sometimes was at a loss whether to attribute his grievous propensity to a defect o' memory, a preponderance o' imagination over baith memory and judgment, or to the natural depravity o' his heart, and the force o' abominable habits early acquired. Certain it is, that all the thrashing that I could thrash, I couldna get the laddie to speak the truth. His parents were perpetually coming to me to lick him soundly for

this lie and the other lie; and I did lick him, until I saw that bodily punishment was of no effect. Moral means were to be tried, and I did try them. I tried to shame him out o' it. I reasoned wi' him. I shewed him the ^{four} and the enormity o' his offence, and also pointed out its consequences—but I might as weel hae spoken to the stane in the wa'. He was Leein' Peter still. After he left me, he was a while wi' a grocer, and a while wi' a haberdasher, and then he went to a painter, and after that he was admitted into a writer's office; but, one after another, they had to turn him away, and a' on account o' his unconquerable habit o' uttering falsehoods. His character became so well known, that nobody about the place would take him to be anything. He was a sad heart-break to his parents, and they were as decent people as ye could meet wi'. But, as they had respectable connections, they got him into some situations about Edinburgh, where his character and his failings were unknown. But it was altogether useless. He was turned out of one situation after another, and a' on account o' his incurable and dangerous habit, until his friends could do no more for him. Noo, doctor, I daresay ye may have observed, that a confirmed drunkard, rather than want drink, will steal to procure it—and, as sure as that is the case, tak my word for it, that, in nine cases out of ten, he who begins by being a habitual liar, will end in being a thief. So it was the case wi' Leein' Peter. After being disgraced and turned from one situation after another, he at last was caught in the act o' purloining his master's property and cast into prison. He broke his mother's heart, as covered his father's grey hairs wi' shame and he sank from one state o' degradation to another, till now, I believe, he is ane o' the

prowlers and pests o' society, who are to be found in every large town, and who live nobody can tell how, but every one can tell that it cannot be honestly. Such, sir, has been the fate o' Leein' Peter.

There is only another o' your book-mates that I have to make mention o', and that John Mathewson, or

JOCK THE DUNCE.

Many a score o' times hae I said that Jock's head was as impervious to learning as a mill-stane. It would hae been as easy to drive Mensuration into the head o' an

as instruction into the brain o' Jock Mathewson.