

11. THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—This bow, or rather nod, took its rise in the long sessions of 1814, when many members, worn out with the excessive fatigue they had encountered, found this mode of salutation very useful. It served to remind the opposition that they (the members) were aware of the Ayes and Noes, that they had not taken a sleeping part. From the house it has found its way to the auction, or assembly-room, where it is quite indispensable, as it saves all danger of breaking the os colli.

12. And last.—*The Equisite*.—Every young man fancies himself master of this piece of refinement; and therefore, it would be needless for me to lay down any particular rule. It is a sort of finish which is easily gained, and when tastefully executed, looks uncommonly interesting. There is a sort of languishing and affected manner about it which touches the heart, as it were of the young lady, who is the cause of the throw out of the perpendicular. It is generally noticed that the gill is pulled, or the chin felt with the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, immediately after the performance.—Whether this is to qualify a gentle blush which is apt to flow under some fair skins, or to rectify a stiff cloth, which in the exertion may have been displaced, I cannot pretend to say, but a few hours' devotion to the looking glass, will soon render a man perfect master of any of the twelve bows above printed. Should any hints be favourably received, I may be induced to send a few more on the art of shaking hands,—but enough for the present.

SCOTCH SONG.

Fareweel! ae kiss, and then—fareweel
To Mary and her milking sheil;—
The bugle gies the ca'—away!
And I maun part, come weal come wae!

The lint white seeks the prickly whin,
And builds her cosey nest within;—
But the eggs will chip, and the birds will flee,
Lang, lang ere I come back to thee.

The gowan unfaulds its wee white flower,
And the hawthorn buds aroun'd my love's bower;
But the flower will die the leaf will fa',
And still the bugle blast will blaw.

Oh! bathe thy cheek, while the May dews last,
And screen it frae December's blast!
For summer will shine, and winter rain,
Ere I shall press thy cheek again.