

me—oor kintra is twa-ree-hunner year auld, an' ye never hear a cheep about it." "Oh! well, it's good to be patriotic," says he. "Pawtriotic!" says I, "that's a new kind o' pawtriotism, I dinna understand the kind o' pawtriotism, that craws sae crouse ower a kintra that's nae yer ain. Deed I think it's naething but upsettin' impidence tae be pettin' on sic airs, afore they can ca' the kintra their ain. But I'm forgett' ' tae tell ye about the ferlies—first an' foremost I'll never marry a Canadian lass. They're ower independent. There's a lass here, my landlady's dochter—a bonnie creatur, but a born limmer. Yestreen I tuk aff my boots an' tellt her to clean them, so as no' to be breakin' the Sawbbath day the morn's mornin'. Gude-sake! She lukt at me an' then she lukt at the shoon, then she up wi' her fit an' kicked the pair o' them clear through the open door into the street, an' here I had to rin oot on my stock-in' soles, an' doon three streets after a laddie that picked them up an' ran off wi' them. The neixt thing I speered her very ceevily, wad she bring me a drink o' water. Na! indeed no. She telled me there was water i' the tap an' plenty mair i' the lake. I could help mysel'. Did ever ye ken sic a limmer—they dinna ken hoo tae bring up women oot here.

I'm vera sorry to see sae mony Cawtholics here. In fact, I'm just switherin', if it's no' my duty, tae gang an' warn them o' the danger o' popish doctrines—only in a new kintra gude folks are awfa' scarce, an' I'm feared if they were to pit me in an' o' the popish dungeons I micht never be heard tell o' again. Hooever, the Cawtholics I've met hae been oncommon ceevil, an' I've nae doot if our folk wad only do awa' wi' organs an' sic like, we would sune get them converted frae the error o' their ways. There was a grand show o' fireworks at the water-edge last nicht, nae end o' poother an' brimstone, a' vera fine nae doot, but I've my ain private opinion o' Professor Hand. I can say this much, that if he had lived in my great-grannies time he wad hae been burnt in a fat tar barrel, lang-syne; for nae man, no' even a wizard, could bring sic wunners out o' fire