

they're able to keep the country for her, with what help we regulars can give, even in the event of a sudden attack."

"Ay, may be ; sma' thanks to *her* then, when our gude blood's been spilt to keep it," grumbled Davie.

"Wait till *your* blood's been shed, Davie," remarked the farmer, good-naturedly, but with significance.

"If England only knew her own interest," said the Newark shopkeeper, who had hitherto listened in silence to the conversation, "she'd give a little more thought to her property over here. It's always been the way since she had any on this side the Atlantic. Folks at home wouldn't even take the trouble to see how the land lay, and ~~what~~ should be done. The Boston tea troubles were all of a piece with the rest, and a nice piece of work they made of that. And then, how they've bungled our boundary line for us ! Any one, that looks at the lie of the land on the map even, could tell we should have had Maine, at least, on our side, to say nothing of Detroit and that country. But the Yankees were wide awake, and the folks at home were half asleep—that's about how it was."

"Tak' care, Maister Martin," said Davie with grim satire ; "gin ye gang on at this gait, ye'll be ta'en up for a rebel, and maybe confiscated and sold out while ye're in gaol, like puir Sandy McTavish."

"You're more likely to be taken up yourself, as far as that goes," was the retort.

"Deed, not I ; a puir shoemaker wi' nae gear but my