

blended with fear characterizes the faces of the lovers, while hate, mingled with rage, indicates the father. I will merely add that the lovers succeeded in escaping, but their troubles are not yet ended. To the extreme left of the picture at the foot of the bridge is delineated a humble cottage, where the loving pair resided for a few years in happiness and safety, living on money obtained by her taking in washing and sewing. At last they were discovered by the outraged father, who ordered the police to take them in custody for the theft of his money. But, happily, they succeeded in making their escape; and may be seen in the painting, sailing down the river in a small covered boat. They land on an island at some distance from their former home, represented also in the plate to the left; here the young couple resolve to spend the rest of their days in peace. The secretary for a subsistence devotes himself to agricultural pursuits, and resolves to write a work on the potato rot. This book, though meriting great praise, unfortunately reveals to the statesman the *locule* of his son-in-law. He again orders the police after them, and they are surprised. In the scuffle which ensues the secretary is killed, and his wife in despair sets fire to the house and perishes in the flames. (The Laird heaves a deep-drawn sigh.) The gods, in pity for the misfortunes of the unhappy couple, change them into turtle doves, and they may be seen at the top of the plate billing and cooing with each—

LAIRD (intensely indignant).—Hau'd, hau'd, hau'd, man; d'ye mean to run yer rigs, gammoning auld chiefs sic as us wi' yer senseless stuff, telling sic a lang rigmarole about a common crockery plate, sic as Grizzy an' I have eaten aff these last fifty years? Ye ought to know better, ye young deevil, an' you a doctor, too! Ye are na worthy o' a seat in oor Shanty. Major, let us vote him out.

MAJOR.—No, no; I saw the joke, though not at first, and considered it would have been unkind, especially as you were so earnest about it, to undeceive you.

LAIRD.—Ye are as bad as the Doctor, Major. I'll gang to Mrs. Grundy, and tell her yer tricks. (Exit Laird, who almost immediately returns, holding in his hands a "willow-pattern plate.") Weel, weel (laughing), Doctor, I forgie ye. But tell me, noo, what made ye think o' sic a trick.

DOCTOR.—Well, Laird, the other day, as I was passing Pell's picture-shop, I saw in the window an engraving of this plate, which was presented and inscribed by Mr. Punch to his readers. This plate also called to my mind a tale which I had read many years back somewhere, and I thought it would be an excellent joke if I could give you a free and easy version of it, without your guessing my object; that I succeeded I can see very well, but I question much, if it were related to the

readers of the *Anglo*, whether they would be so apt to be *sold*. However, we must not neglect our sedurant. What is there to chat about? Have any of you dipped into the third part of Lord John Russell's "Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore?"

MAJOR.—I have done more, oh son of Esculapius, I have positively *devoured* it!

LAIRD.—Wonders will never cease! I would hae opined that any thing coming frae the pen o' the wee Whig Lordie, would hae destroyed your digestion.

MAJOR.—Silence, Laird, and jump not thus at conclusions, as if you were making a leap over one of the rail fences of *Bonnie braes*! I do not dislike Russell the less, but only love Anacreon Tom the more!

DOCTOR (interrupts).—What a horrid pun.

MAJOR.—Most fortunately Lord John has the good sense to let Erin's sweetest warbler, have all the speaking to himself on this occasion, and of a verity, he discourseth most appetizing matter, though occasionally, over-strongly tainted with the mouldiness of *liberalism*.

DOCTOR.—Crab tree! I protest against these outbreaks of fossil Toryism at this board.—You are enough to drive a rational reformer like myself, into the embraces of red republicanism!

LAIRD.—And a bonny armfu, the randy would get! But touching Tummas, will you favour us, Major, with some o' his sappy sayings?

MAJOR.—With great pleasure. I shall read you off a bundle of amusing *ana*, worthy of John Wesley himself.

NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTES.

"A cloddish beau, who could not speak a word of decent English, joined us, with a little footman in gaudy livery, of whom he seemed to be more careful than if it had been his wife; had him inside the coach, and brought him into the same room with us at supper,—a footman evidently a new circumstance to him. This dandy found me out by the name on my trunk, and my having said I lived some time in Leicestershire—proved to be the son of the extraordinary man alluded to by Southey in his *Espriella* letters, who had a museum of the ropes in which various malefactors had been hanged, all ticketed and hung in order round his room. If I recollect right, Southey says his *own* ought to have completed the collection. He was, notwithstanding this ferocious taste, a poor, weak, squeaking, unmanly mannered old creature; for I knew him a little."

LEFT HANDED COMPLIMENT.

"A good story in Mrs. C.'s "Memoirs" of Stephen Kemble, who sleeping at an inn in a country town, was awakened about daybreak by a strange figure, a dwarf, standing by his bed in extraordinary attire. Kemble raised himself up in the bed, and questioned the figure, which said—"I am a dwarf, as you perceive; I am come to exhibit at the fair to-morrow, and I have mistaken the bed chamber; I suppose you are a giant come for the same purpose."