

in this unpoetical attitude, up comes a grim full private o' the Imperial Guard, breathing fire, fury, blood, and wounds! Without ruth or pity he made a charge wi' his merciless beggonet upon the puir object, and gave him a prog emphatic enough to send half a dozen souls to the ferry boat o' Dan Charon!

DOCTOR.—Would that you had been one of the batch!

LAIRD.—To the speechless astonishment of the guardsman, however, a very different upshot ensued. The baggonet, instead of impaling the hedge-bound captive, drove him clean through the thorns, and lighting upon his trotters, Otto speedily conveyed himself out of harm's way. When he found himself in safety, the panting son of Mars put his hands behind him, and exclaimed wi' a candour that did him the highest credit—*Of a truth the tailor knew better where my heart was situated, than I did myself!*

MAJOR.—Now, since you have tipped us your parable, be gracious enough to favour us with the interpretation or application thereof!

LAIRD.—Blythely! When a deputation o' the freeholders o' Pork waited upon me at Bonnie Braes, they led me to believe that *principle* was the great hinge on which the electoral contest was to turn. “Measures, not men,” was the slogan which they dinned into my lug without devaul!

DOCTOR.—And you credited the syren song, oh thou most simple of plough-compellers!

LAIRD.—Indeed I did! I thoct better o' human nature, than to imagine that it was na a' Gospel!

MAJOR.—Well?

LAIRD.—Weel, I set about my canvass like a house on fire! Night and day I spent pilgrimaging through the five townships which constitute the metropolitan County o' Pork. There was na a schuil-house or chapel in which I did na haud a district meeting; and I rung the changes upon sacrilege and secularization till my throat got as dry as a saut herring!

DOCTOR.—What was the result!

LAIRD.—A majority o' fifty and a bittock, in favour o' the Clear Grit, Cornelius Chops!

MAJOR.—But whence this untoward catastrophe?

LAIRD.—Oo, it was a' owing to a trifling misconception o' the meaning o' the word *principle*!

MAJOR.—Pray expound!

LAIRD.—The denizens o' Hard Fist Township,

were Conservatives to the back-bone, but then they had taken a notion into their noodle, that I wanted to turn the course o' the river Sneddon, and mak' it run through the township o' Treddles! In vain did I vow and protest, baith by word o' mouth and in writing, that the Sneddon might keep its ancient course till doomsday, for my part, unless a majority o' the rate-payers o' Pork signified a wish to the contrary. The Hard Fists swore by bell, book, and candle that if elected the channel o' the river would be empty as a spendthrift's purse before six months had absconded. When the polling day cam' round they would na leave their harvesting on no consideration, protesting that their *principles* prevented them frae voting.

MAJOR.—Surely, however, the Conservatives of Treddles turned out to a man in your favor?

LAIRD.—Catch them doing ony sic thing! They were horn wud against me because I declined to divert the course o' the Sneddon, and *principle* kept them, likewise, at their harvest work when the combat was raging!

DOCTOR.—But where is the application of your parable all this time?

LAIRD.—Ye must be blind as a beetle no' to discover it without my help! As the *heart* o' Ensign Otto Rose was located in the back settlement o' his continuations, so did the *principle* o' the Conservatives o' Pork tabernacle in their pockets! But, for pity's sake, rax me the bottle! I'll choke if I dinna put the musty flavour o' the loons oot o' my mouth!

MAJOR.—Whilst Bonnie Braes is solacing himself with the creature comforts, I shall read for your amusement, a rambling epistle which I received a few weeks ago, from our old hair-brained gossip, Harold Skimpole!

DOCTOR.—Where has Harold been for the last twelvemonth?

MAJOR.—Nay, that is more than I can tell you.

DOCTOR.—Does the letter which you allude to, throw any light upon the subject?

MAJOR.—Not a bit of it. Like the majority of his “favours,” it is impossible to determine whether it deals in romance or reality.

LAIRD.—My turabler being concocted, and my pipe lighted, I am ready to listen to what Skimpole has to say for himself.

MAJOR.—Here goes then. [*Reads.*]

DEAR MAJOR,
I have the pleasure to inform you that I have consented to be put in nomination as a candidate at the ensuing election to represent the