

"There's a gentleman wants some soap and wather."

"Divil sweep you!—Soda-wather, you mane. You'll get it under the sideboard."

"Is it in the can, sir?"

"The curse o' Crum'll on you!—in the bottles."

"Is this it, sir?" said Andy, producing a bottle of alc.

"No, bad cess to you!—the little bottles."

"Is it the little bottles with no bottoms, sir?"

"I wish *you* wor in the bottom o' the say!" said Mr. Morgan, who was fuming and puffing, and rubbing down his face with a napkin, as he was hurrying off to all quarters of the room, or, as Andy said, in praising his activity, that he was "like bad luck—everywhere."

"There they are!" said Morgan, at last.

"Oh! them bottles that won't stand," said Andy; "sure, them's what I said, with no bottoms to them. How'll I open it?—it's tied down."

"Cut the cord, you fool!"

Andy did as he was desired; and he happened at the time to hold the bottle of soda-water on a level with the candles that shed light over the festive board from a large silver branch, and the moment he made the incision, bang went the bottle of soda-water, knocking out two of the lights with the projected cork, which, performing its parabola the length of the room, struck the squire himself in the eye at the foot of the table, while the hostess at the head had a cold bath down her back. Andy, when he saw the soda-water jumping out of the bottle, held it from him at arm's length; every fizz it made, exclaiming, "Ow!—ow!—ow!" and, at last, when the bottle was empty, he roared out, "Oh! Lord—it's all gone!"

Great was the commotion;—few could resist laughter except the ladies, who all looked at their gowns, not liking the mixture of satin and soda-water. The extinguished candles were relighted—the squire got his eye open again—and, the next time he perceived the butler sufficiently near to speak to him, he said, in a low and hurried tone of deep anger, while he knit his brow, "Send that fellow out of the room!" but, within the same instant, resumed the former smile, that beamed on all around as if nothing had happened.—[*To be Continued.*]

The Widow's Child.

You said my lip was red, mama;

You said my face was fair;

You said my brow was white, mama,

An' silken was my hair,

An you ca'd me your infant lassie sweet,

While I sat on the green grass at your feet;

An' you said, while laigh was your tearful mane,

I was like my father dead an' gane:

O! I aye wad like to be, mama,

What thou cu'd luv'e fu' weel,

An' ever by your knee

Your bairn wad like to kneel, mama;

Your bairn wad like to kneel,

Do you mind the simmer day, mama,

When through the woods we went

When the e'enin' sunlight red, mama,

Wi' the leaves sae green was blent?

An' ye shaw'd me the wild wud birdies a',

The lintie green, an' the wren sea sma';

An' I heard ilk singer chaunt the sang,

The green, green leaves an' buds amang,

An' O! their sangs war sweet, mama,

An' their life was blithe and free;

An' there's ane I there did meet,

Whilk I wad like to be, mama;

Whilk I wad like to be!

It's no the lintie green, mama;

An' it's no the robin grey;

An' it's no the little wren, mama;

Nor the mavis on the spray:

But O! it's the bonnie wee croodlin doo,

That churm'd its sang whar' the beeches grew,

Wi' its downy wing and its glossy breast,

An' its loving heart, an' its forest nest.

An' though my lip be red, mama,

An' though my face be fair,

I wish my hame war made

Wi' the honnie wild doo there, mama;

Wi' the honnie wild doo there!

If I had the wild doo's wing, mama,

I far awa' wad flee,

Whar my father, whom ye inourn, mama,

Is watchin' thee an' me!

And I wad press his lips to mine,

As ye aften press my cheek to thine;

I wad say to him my e'ning prayer,

An' drap to sleep on his bosom there!

Syne back your wee croodlin doo, mama,

Wad come to its mither's hand,

And tidings bring to you

O' that far an' better land, mama,—

O' that far and better land.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.—It is related of Sir Walter Scott, that when in health he never refused to see any one, however humble, who called upon him; and that he scarcely ever received a letter which he did not answer by his own hand.

ANONYMOUS WINE.—On Lord Byron's favorite servant one day opening a bottle of Wine in Greece, his Lordship questioned him as to its name and lineage, of both of which Fletcher acknowledged his ignorance. "Then away with it?" rejoined Byron, "I hate anonymous Wine!"