

straw, on which, in order to increase the pressure, a man or a couple of boys generally stand; but, besides the difficulty of keeping their balance, this is a fatiguing operation, and therefore they sit on a chair whenever they can procure one.

## EXTRACTS

FROM SELF-DEVOTION.

## SCOTCH CRONE.

THE next moment, they stood within a house which borrowed something like an air of superiority over the other dwellings of the glen, from the whitewashing of the window-sill and hearth-stone, and the circumstance of an old rug being stretched by the bedside. Moreover, a cheerful fire of peats burnt upon the hearth, and a large black cat was coiled up beside it, with an air of snugness which was quite enlivening.

In a three-cornered arm-chair, on one side of the chimney, there was an old woman knitting busily, whose person was a sort of living illustration of three separate peculiarities; a wonderful erectness of carriage, a scrupulous cleanliness of person, and an expression of face which, without being exclusively indicative of sickness, discontent, or mental affliction, was cross enough to have sat for the combination of all three.

"Well, Elspet," said Katherine in a cheerful tone, "how's the cough today? I could not come to see you yesterday, but I hope you got the nice mixture I sent you over by Jeannie."

"Oo, I ne'er expectit ye to come," said the old dame in reply, when her guests had seated themselves on two stools beside her: "I'm an auld withered stock noo, no able to serve onybody mysel, so I canna expect service frae ither folk. Ise warrant ye'll hae braver friends to look after than puir Elspet."

And she eyed Marion sourly, as if she suspected her of intruding on her own privileges.

"Well, but you got the mixture; and it brought you a good night's rest, did it not?" pursued Katherine, without noticing the insinuation.

"Rest!" was the indignant reply; "awee! I wot, it was a windstree's rest on a windy nicht then. I ne'er had sic a nicht sin' ever I took it; I just hostit and hostit even on, and ne'er devald Na, na, it's nane o' yere drugs that's to cure a host like mine—naething 'll e'er cure it but the spade an' the shool. Gin ye had sent me a drap oot o' the grand bottle ye promised to Peggy neast-by there, I might hae pitten it intil my bowl o'gruel, and been mair the better o't. But I dinna ken sae weel how to fleech ye as she does, or I might hae gotten it too."

"You're tired of the raspberry vinegar, then?" said Katherine. "Why, Elspet, you had only to send Ivan to the manse, and you should have had your glass of sherry in five minutes, you stupid body."

"Na, Miss Randolph," answered Elspet, in a tone of triumph; "na, na, I'm no just come the length o' a beggar yet; though I dinna refuse the bits an' buns ye send me at your pleasure. I'm sadder-bred, Miss Katherine, but I'm major-minded, an' I'll n'er ask onybody for what I may jalousie they're no willing to gie me."

"Now, Elspet, hold your tongue," replied Katherine, with invincible good-humour: "you know very well that you would apply to me with all your heart if you had a desire for any thing I could give you, if it were only for the sake of gratifying me; and you shall have the wine for tonight's gruel whenever I go home. How does the new toy I sent you yesterday please you? You are looking quite handsome in it, I think."

"Oo, it's no that ill," answered Elspet reluctantly, and as if at a loss for something to grumble at. "But wow! how the hue comes aff on my clean matches!"—and she pushed back the hood of coloured flannel as she spoke. "It'll haud me ay daicherin' an' washin' them, and ruin me for sape forbye."

"Never mind that, Elspet, it will only give you an excuse for putting on a clean one every day; and that's what delights you," answered Katherine. "Has papa been seeing you lately?"

"Oo ay, honest man," replied the dame, with a wonderful accession of respect in her tone: "he was here this morning, and gied me a lang discourse on the cheerfulness o' Christian ho. Hech me! hoo folk will cumber themselves wi' the mony things o' this sinfu' unsubstantial world: 'gin a' body had as little world's gear as I hae, there wad be the less to fash them."

## AN OLD ANGLO-INDIAN.

THE other end of the sofa was occupied by a little wrinkled old man, in a shining suit of snuff-brown, a magnificent diamond ring, a gold chain, studs, breast-pin, and spectacles. His hair was frizzled up to that dry wiry fineness of texture which indicates long residence in a warm climate, and his complexion resembled that which majesty wears on a new struck farthing. He was reading a red book, wonderfully resembling the almanack, with all the intensity of attention which generally characterizes people engaged in any employment to which they are totally unaccustomed; and his small sparkling gray eyes wore, even when fixed upon the page, an expression of such intense acuteness, that you might have thought them capable of searching for gold in the bowels of the earth.