

THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SEDERUNT XXVII.

(Major, Doctor, and Laird.)

LAIRD.—Confound me if I believe that there is an ounce o' pure unadulterated pawtriotism to be met wi' in this misbegotten middenstead o' a world!

DOCTOR.—Pray, what's the row now! if a person may make so bold as to inquire?

LAIRD.—It's weel seen ye hae na heard thae news, or ye never would ask sic a needless question!

MAJOR.—Sincerely do I trust that there is nothing seriously wrong. Has Miss Girzy—

LAIRD.—Hang Miss Girzy! Na, na! Girzy's alive and kicking, puir woman! She's no' the gear that will traikie!

DOCTOR.—In the name of common humanity put a termination to our big agony!

LAIRD.—I thought that by this time every body and his wife had been cognizant o' the crushing fact that I had lost the election for the County o' Pork!

DOCTOR.—Angels and ministers of grace defend us! You a competitor for Parliamentary honours!

LAIRD.—Listen to me, Sangrado! I tell you once for a', that I will submit to name o' your impertinence 'this blessed night! My heart is sair enough, without having ye yelping and snarling at my heels, like a tinkler's cur!

MAJOR.—But, Bonnie Braes, I never so much as heard that you had become a wooer of the "free and independent!"

LAIRD.—Dinna put the cart before the horse! It was the Conservatives o' Pork courted me, and no' me them! When I last wet my thrapple in this Shanty, I had as sma' notion o' contesting the field wi' that cheat-the-wuddy, Cornelius Chops, as I hae noo o' becoming Governor o' Gomorrhah, or Patriarch o' Peleponnesus!

DOCTOR.—Of course, with your wonted fossil obstinacy, you came out on the pro-clergy reserves ticket?

LAIRD.—Didna I say that I was the elect o' the conservatives? Some folk like to ask needless questions!

MAJOR.—Why, Laird, I always opined that our friends, the Tories, predominated in the thriving County of Pork!

LAIRD.—And ye werena wrang in sae holding!

DOCTOR.—Ifow, then, did you chance to get the mitten?

LAIRD.—Oo, the thing's easy enough explained!

MAJOR.—Go on! We are fevered with impatience to fathom the mystery!

LAIRD.—Once upon a time a young dandy being smitten wi' the blandishments o' a red coat and cocked hat, purchased a commission in the army, when we were at war wi' Boney.

DOCTOR.—What the mischief has all this to do with the matter?

LAIRD.—Whoesht, ye sorrow, and let me gang on!

DOCTOR (*aside*).—A pestilence take the old, long-winded gander!

LAIRD.—Weel, as I was saying, Maister Otto Rose—for that was his name—being somewhat lacking in courage, directed the tailor who fabricated his martial garments to sew a plate of steel into the breast of his jacket.

MAJOR.—But, Laird—

LAIRD.—Bide a blink! The snip, having taken a glass too much, mistook the commands o' his customer, and lined the stern o' the warrior's breeks with the defensive metal!

DOCTOR.—I wish he had tacked it to your tongue!

LAIRD.—As Otto's marching orders were peremptory, there was nae time to rectify the error, and he was landed in Portingall, steel plate and a', and joined his regiment just as it was moving to attack Jack Puddock!

MAJOR.—Touching the Conservatives of Pork, however?

LAIRD.—I'm coming to them as fast as I can.

DOCTOR.—Fast as the progress of a wooden-legged fly through a glue pot!

LAIRD.—Puir Rose soon got terrified oot o' his sma' stock o' wits, when the enemy appeared, and, after the opening volley, he took leg bail, and ran as if Mahoun was after him. In his haste he came upon a thorn hedge, and attempting to clear the same he miscalculated his distance, and landed in the very thickest o' the thorns. There he stuck fast, his head down, and a quarter o' his corporation that I would be blate to name, elevated in the face o' the modest and blushing sun!

DOCTOR.—Is this cataract of words to last for ever?

LAIRD.—As Otto was sprawling and spurling