

when the untidy looking servant lass has thrown your supper upon the table, wi' as little grace as if she had been administering to the requirements of a stock sow—and when your big tae is clowering at ye frae the hole in your stocking, that has been undarned for the last three weeks, in sic circumstances ye instinctively begin to croon some such lyric as—

“There's nought but care on every han',
In every hour that passes, O:
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses? O.”

“Auld nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O:
Her apprentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O.”

MAJOR.—A worthy grocer named Sandy Ferguson, who flourished in Glasgow some six and thirty years ago, and whose elegy was quaintly written by Lockhart in one of the primary numbers of *Edony*, used to chant the song which Bonnie Braes has just cited, at the periodical gatherings of the sugar dispensing fraternity. Sandy, however, on these occasions made a slight emendation upon the words of his author. He intoned—

“What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for *mdasses*, O!”

DOCTOR.—What a wonderful old fellow Judge Halyburton is to be sure. With the frosts of eighty winters upon his head, his sarcasm is as sharp, and his wit as elastic as ever. There is a freshness, and a plethora of fun about *Nature* and *Human Nature*, which is equal to any thing in the first series of *The Clock Maker*.

MAJOR.—Some wise-acres object to the jocosi- ties of the venerable Judge, as being inconsistent with the dignity and gravity of the Bench.

DOCTOR.—Dolts and buzzards! If these stolid gentry were not immeasurably beyond, or to speak more correctly, beneath the operation of argument, it would be easy to demonstrate to them that in certain cases ridicule and satire are the best, if not the only weapons by which popular vices and follies can be effectively attached. John Bunyan was well aware of this when he said—

“A song may find him, who a sermon flees.”

PURSER.—It is indeed a great, but by no means an uncommon mistake, that wisdom and a starched demeanor are as inseparably connected as the Siamese twins. One of England's greatest statesmen, when diverting himself with some youngsters, suddenly intermitted his sport and exclaimed, “Come, boys, let us be grave. *Here comes a fool!*”

LAIRD.—I say, Sangrado, as we a' seem inclined to tak' a blaw at the pipe except your- self, may be you will solace us wi' a slice or twa o' *Human Nature*.

DOCTOR.—I am *convenient*, as our lovite Jack Trainer hath it. Some very appetizing morsels I shall dole out to you from the chapter headed:

FEMALE COLLEGES.

“Mr. Slick said a young lady of about twelve years of age, to me wunst, ‘do you know what gray wackey is? for I do.’

“Don't I?” saith I; ‘I know it to my cost. Lord! how my old master used to lay it on!’

“Lay it on!” she said; ‘I thought it re- posed on a primitive bed overlaid by salacious rocks.’

“Silicious is the word, dear.”

“No, it ain't,” said she; ‘and I ought to know, for the presedentess (Professor) calls it salacious.’

“Well, well,” saith I, ‘we won't dispute about words. Still, if anybody knows what gray wackey is, I ought, but I don't find it so easy to repose after it as you may. *Gray* means the gray birch rod, dear, and *wackey* means layin' it on. We always called it gray whacky in school, when a feller was catching particular Moses.’

“Why, how ignorant you are!” said she. ‘Do you know what them mining terms, *clinch*, *parting* and *black bat* means?’

“Why, in course I do!” saith I; ‘*clinch* is *marrying*, *parting* is getting *divorced*, and *black bat* is where a feller *beats* his wife black and blue.’

“Pooh!” said she, “you don't know nothing.”

“Well,” saith I, ‘what do you know?’

“Why” said she, ‘I know Spanish and mathematics, ichthyology and conchology, as- tronomy and dancing, mineralogy, and animal magnetism, and German and chemistry, and French and botany. Yes,’ and the use of globes too. Can you tell me what attraction and repulsion is?’

“To be sure I can,” said I, ‘and I drew her on my knee, and kissed her. That's attrac- tion, dear’ And when she kicked and screamed as cross as two cats, ‘that my pretty one,’ I said, ‘is repulsion. Now I know a great many things you don't. Can you hem a pocket handkerchief?’

“No.”

“Nor make a pudding?”

“No.”

“Nor make Kentucky batter?”

“No.”

“Well do you know anything useful in life?”

“Yes I do; I can sing, and play on the piano, and write valentines,” saith she, ‘so get out.’ And she walked away, quite dignified, muttering to herself, ‘Make a pudding, eh! well, I want to know!’

“Thinks I to myself, my pretty little may- flower, in this everlastin' progressive nation of ourn, where the wheel of fortune never stops