

kle on the horn, slowly repeated my astonished companion; puir body, he is daft, as sure as the world. No, my man, said I, not daft, but wiser. In America, for you must know I come from that far-off country, we *ascertain* the ages of our cattle by examining their horns, at the root of which, at the end of three years, there appears a small ring or wrinkle, and each succeeding year is marked by another. This has given rise to a saying when a man acquires a new idea, that he has got "another wrinkle on his horn"—do you take?

Puir thing, said he, with a look of great pity, he has gone clean daft—and he so far from home too; has he nae friend to see till him?—and he turned away and left me.

But, gentle reader, it was he, and not I, that was daft. He was a clown, and even a Scottish clown, as far as I could observe, is no way superior to a clown of any other country,—and he did not understand me. It *was* a wrinkle on my horn, and I have since availed myself of it. I judge of mankind by sample. One hundred and ten passengers, taken indiscriminately from the mass of their fellow beings, are a fair "average sample" of their species: the vessel that carries them is a little world, and life in a Steamer is a good sample of life in "the great world." This little community is agitated by the same passions, impelled by the same feelings, and actuated by the same prejudices as a larger one. Poor human nature is the same every where. Here are the same complaints, the same restlessness, and the same air of perverse dissatisfaction in their letters, as we meet with on land. The analogy that these Atlantic trips display to the great voyage of life, is very striking. We are no sooner embarked, such is the speed with which we advance, than we arrive at our point of destination. Our course is soon run. It is the power of steam in both, and although