

And there'll be lang kale and pottage,
And bannocks o' barley meal;
And there'll be good saut herrin',
To relish a cognie o' good yill."

After a season I began to meditate upon the parting smack which I had bestowed upon my sonsie, hazel-e'd partner, and to speculate upon what the Kirk Session would say, had they been cognizant o' the fact. My self-possession, however, was completely restored by the bells uplifting the canty ditty:

"Some say that kissing's a sin,
But I think it's nane ava,
For kissing has wonn'd in this world,
Since ever that there was twa.
Oh if it wasna' lawfu',
Lawyers wadna' allow it;
If it wasna' holy,
Ministers wadna' do it.
If it wasna' modest,
Maidens wadna' tak' it;
If it wasna' plenty,
Puir folk wadna' get it."

Next—

DOCTOR.—I rise, Major, to order. If the Laird be permitted to go on at this rate, stringing his scraps o' crazy rhymes together, like an old maid engendering a quilt, there is but slender chance of our overtaking the legitimate business of our sederunt.

LAIRD.—"Mad rhymes," ye auld kiln-dried, timber-headed, howker-up o' dead bodies!

MAJOR.—I pray you "speak no biting words," most excellent of clod pulverizers. The Doctor hath reason on his side, though his interruption savoured somewhat of the uncourtly. Much have we to do, and the night waxeth ancient.

LAIRD.—But crazy rhymes! Does the man tak' me for a bedlamite?

DOCTOR.—I withdraw the obnoxious expression, and beg leave to introduce to the meeting Mr. Hanson's singularly interesting volume entitled "*The Lost Prince*."

LAIRD.—Is that the quik which pretends to mak' oot that the Yankee Mess John, Eleazar Williams, is Louis XVII o' France?

MAJOR.—In my humble opinion there is no *pretending* about the matter. A stronger and more satisfactory chain of circumstantial evidence, never was brought together for the establishment of a question of identity.

LAIRD.—Wha's crazy now, I should like to ken? Div you mean to tell me that the puir ill guided wee laddie didna' gie up the ghost in the temple? Have na' I read Beauchesne's narrative o' that damnable tragedy, till my een got as red as the shell o' a boiled lobster, wi' greeting? The man's in a creel!

MAJOR.—I do not marvel at your incredulity. Until I read the volume, under discussion, I was as much an unbeliever in the claim put forth by Mr. Williams, as you can possibly be.

DOCTOR.—Is the proof indeed, so very cogent?

MAJOR.—In my humble opinion it could hardly be more complete.

LAIRD.—Can you gie us an inkling o' the same within a reasonable space o' time, say before the supper tocsin is sounded?

MAJOR.—The thing is utterly impossible, Bonnie Braes. As well might you ask me to compress the Iliad into a nut-shell.

DOCTOR.—Your illustration is somewhat unfortunate. Erasmus speaks of a cunning penman, who wrote the great work of the immortal blind ballad singer, in characters so small, that the surtout of a filbert contained it without pressure—or *churting*, as our North British mess-mate would more emphatically say.

LAIRD.—Does the preacher-king attempt to mak' ony bawbees oot o' his pretensions?

MAJOR.—Very far from it. But by way of a more specific answer to your question I shall read to you the concluding remarks of Mr. Hanson. They are eloquent and impressive in no small degree:

A word before I conclude, with respect to the position of Mr. Williams. On his part there is no claim and no pretension. The last thought in his mind is that of political elevation. Educated in a republican country, he is himself a republican in sentiment and feeling. A minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, he has no wish but to labor in her fold and worship at her altar until death. Devoted to the regeneration of the Indian, his chief earthly hope is to rear among those formerly reput'd his countrymen, a temple to the name of the Almighty God, which shall rear once a means in future years of recalling them from their ignorance and vice, and a monument of his love and sacrifices for them. He is now rapidly approaching that period of life when the ambitions and the interests of earth are of little avail. Had he known all he now does, thirty or even twenty years earlier, the case might have been different. If at times thoughts and aspirations of a different character have entered his mind, he has now dismissed them; and to go down to a Christian's grave in peace, usefulness, and honour, is all he wishes for himself, and all his friends wish for him.

His late years have been embittered by many sorrows, and especially by the knowledge of his early history, and having been myself the means of dragging him into an unpleasant notoriety, I have deemed it my duty to do what lay within the power of an unpractised pen, to vindicate him from assaults.

To the eye of a cold philosophy, kings and the sons of kings, are much like other men—but few of us are philosophers, and God forbid we should be, if it would deprive of sympathy for the