

*Shepherd.* Na—na—na—never I' the Snuggery, never i' the Sanctum, my dear auld man! For there we're a' brithers, and keep bletherin' withouten ony sense o' propriety—I ax pardon—o' inferioity—bein' a' on a level, and that lightsome, like the parallel roads in Glenroy, when the sunshine pours upon them frae the tap o' Benevis.

*North.* But we forget the fish.

*Shepherd.* No me. I'll remember him on my deathbed. In body the same, he was entirely anither fish in sowle. He had set his life on the hazard o' a die, and it had turned up blanks. I began first to pity—and then to despise him—for frae a fish o' his appearance, I expeckit that nae act o' his life wou'd hae sae graced him as the closin' ane—and I was pirtly wai and pirtly wrathfu' to see him *dee soft*! Yet, to do him justice, it's no impossible but that he may hae druv his snoot again a stane, and got dazed—and we a' ken by experience that there's naething mair likly to cawm courage than a brainin' knock on the head. His organ o' locality had gotten a clour, for he lost a' judgment atween wat and dry, and came floatin', belly upmost, in amang the bi snail-bucky-shells on the san' around my feet, and lay there as if he had been gutted on the kitchen dresser—an enormous fish.

*North.* A sumph.

*Shepherd.* No sic a sumph as he looked like—and that you'll think when you hear tell o' the lave o' the adventurer. Bein' rather out o' wun, I sits doon on a stane, and was wipin' ma' broos, vi' ma een fixed upon the prey, when a on a sudden, as if he had been galvencized, he stotted up intil the list, and wi' ne squash played plunge into the pool, and, awa' doon the eddies like a porpus. I thocht I sou'd hae gane mad. Heaven forgive me—and I fear I swore like a trooper. Loupin' wi' a spang frae the stane, I missed ma fact, and gaed head owre heels jntil the water—while amang the rushin' o' the element I heard roars o' lauchter as if frae the kelpie himsell, but what afterwards turned out to be guffaws frae your frien's Boyd and Juniper Bank, wha had been wutnessin' the drama frae commencement to catastrophe.

*North.* Ha! ha! ha! James! it must have been excessively droll.

*Shepherd.* Risin' to the surface with a gullter, I shook ma nicve at the ne'er-do-weels, and then doon the river after the sumph o' a saumon, like a verra otter. Followin' noo the sight and noo the scent, I was na lang in comin' up wi' him—for he was as deed as Dawvid—and lyin' on his back, I protest, ju' like a man restin' 'himsel' at the soomin'. I had forgotten the gaff—so I fasten'd ma teeth intil the shouther o' him—and like a Newfoundland' savin' a chiel frae droonin', I bare him to the shore, while, to do Boyd and Juniper justice, the list rang wi' acclamations.

*North.* What may have been his calibre?

*Shepherd.* On puttin' him intil the scales at nicht he just turned three stane trone.