

mouth in that respect, especially at the present."

"Ye're just the greatest ne'er-doweel ever I kened," replied Mrs Wishart; "but yet, reprobate as ye are, I canna think o' seem ye gaun that gate frae ne week's end to another. Hie's four gude shirts that I have unco little use for now-a-days. Better ye should wear them, than that they should gang to the moths. Tak them hame wi' ye, man, and make yersel something trig, and donna gang to think that I'm aye to be gi'ing ye the bullet without the bite."

Jock did as he was bid, and towards the end of the week Luckie Wishart asked him "if he ever thought of taking a walk on a Sunday evening wi' his lass to Restalrig, to treat her wi' curds and cream, or ony thing o' that kind?"

"Oh, I daresay I have, mistress," said Jock, "in my day. but," added he, "I have fallen out of a suit of Sunday claes, and of course, nae lass 'il gang wi' a chiel like a beggar."

"Weel, Jock," said the lady. "I think ye canna do better than just step into my auld gudeman's claes bodily, and let us hae nae mair wark about it."

This was accompanied with a look so significant, that Jock could not pretend to misunderstand it. He all at once felt as if the stool which he had drawn in towards the fire, was burning under him, while all the burnished covers on the opposite wall looked like so many moons dancing in troubled water. "Od, mistress," he stammered out, "are ye serious?"

"Ay that I am," answered she; "and donna let yer modesty wrang ye, my man, an' ye be wise. Ye see every thing ready to your hand, and if ye just be steady a bit, as I'm sure ye will be, wi' me to look efter bath your meat and your winnings, ye may be the suggestest painter in town. What wi' what ye can make, and what wi' what I can make, we'd be very weel, or I'm muckle masta'en."

"But Luckie," said Jock, "I maun get my ain consent first; and that, I'm feared, it'll no be sae easy to get. There was a lass —"

"Oh, very weel, John," said Mrs Wishart; "of course ane man may lead a horse to the water, but twenty winna gar him drink. There's some folk that dinna ken what's gude for them, and ye're aye o' them. But see, lad," she added, opening the cupboard door, "what a score ye hae here! Twa pounds fifteen shillings and eightpence. When will ye be gaun to pay that?"

"I suppose I maun pay't when I can," said Jock, striding sturdily up stairs into the street.

Next day he was served with a summons to the Sheriff's court for two pounds fifteen shillings and eight pence, and as he never appeared to dispute the claim, a writ was allowed against him, warranting either the incarceration of his person or the distraining of his goods. Goods Jock had none; his person therefore came into immediate request among certain individuals of whose companionship he was not ambitious. It would be vain to tell all the strange miracles by which he was enabled for some weeks to elude the pursuit instituted against him. Sometimes as the officers were entering at the door, he was escaping by a back window. Once he had to drop himself down two stories into the alley. At another time he sprang across a gulf about ten feet wide, between two gable windows, nine floors from the ground. This course of life could not continue long. He could not get rest any where to pursue his ordinary business, and of course he soon found himself upon very short allowance both as to meat and drink. Just at this crisis, Jock heard of an expedition which was about to sail for Loth, for the purpose of colonising Poyais, and through the intervention of an old chum, who was going thither, he was permitted to join the corps. On the night before the vessel was to sail, he skulked down to N. shaven, and got on board along with the family of his friend. He now, for the first time, during these weeks, found himself, as he thought,

safe from the avenging persecution of Luckie Wishart. For one happy night he slept amidst a parcel of sacks in a corner of the cabin, surrounded on all hands by squald and squalling children, whose cries, however, were nothing to the dread which he had recently entertained for the fell Dido of the Canongate. Next morning, the sun rose bright, the sails were set loose, the heart of every man on board beat high with hope, and Jock's bosom's lord sat lightly on his throne—when, oh manacles and fetters! a boat came along side, containing a whole bevy of sheriff's officers. Jock now thought that it was all over with him, for, simple man, he believed that he was the sole individual in request. The case, however, was quite different. On a demand being made for admission into the vessel, the whole of the passengers, with one consent, raised their voices against it. "What! let these fellows in!—as well give up the whole expedition!" The officers pleaded to have at least a representative on board, to show their case to the captain, which, after a great deal of difficulty, was consented to. One messenger was accordingly hoisted on board, and proceeded to call the names of the persons for whom they had captives—Jock Colquhoun among the number. But personalities of this kind were not to be endured. The passengers rose in absolute mutiny against the captain, demanded that he should instantly proceed on the voyage, even although one of the expedition was yet to join; and as they feared to let the boat once more approach the vessel, they insisted that the messenger should be retained where he was, and carried out to Poyais and back again, as a punishment for his temerity. It was a mad affair altogether, and so small an addition to the general frenzy was of little moment. So the boatswain, or somebody else, "gave the dreadial word," and, notwithstanding all the remonstrances of the *detenu*, which were both loud and vehement, the leav'ng boat o' the officers was soon seen unwillingly rowing to land, while, instead of any white hand to wave adieu to those on board, the fist of big Pate Forsyth, the chief of the fraternity, was observed shaking an impatient rage over the stern, as much as to say to the captain, "If ever you come back to Loth, ye ken what ye'll get."

Jock soon found himself comfortable in his new situation. He had, no doubt, come on board without much luggage, and he was still the same greasy Pict as ever in respect of his attire. But then he was not, after all, much behind his neighbours; for if ever a fit gentleman for the care of Adullam was collected since the days of King David, it was this ship's company. The whole set resembled a troop of strolling players, going to act a grand historical drama in some country town. A gentleman in tartan trousers was to be a kind of Cincinnatus, alternating between the plough and the cares of state. A young lad in a blue bonnet, was to be Chamberlain, and Supreme director of Literature and the Arts. Another carried with him all the materials of a bank except credit and specie. The other characters and properties, to speak theatrically, were all on the same scale; and if a state could have been founded as easily as a castle of cards is built, or a puppet show set in motion, Poyais could have immediately taken its place among the nations of the earth. In such a system it was easy to find a place for Jock. The Chamberlain was good enough to divest himself, in favour of this new friend, of that part of his commission which related to the fine arts. Jock was therefore styled from this day forward Director Colquhoun; and every one including himself, agreed that the case could have only been improved, if he had happened to have any paints. However, nobody pretended to doubt that, so far as the fine arts could be cultivated without materials, Mr Colquhoun would prove an efficient member of the corps.

The voyage was a pleasant one, and during the whole time nothing was to be heard in the vessel but words of homage and gratitude to the Cazquo Mac-

gregor who had sent them out to take possession of his territories. The only individual who did not partake of the general joy was the poor *detenu*, and who, therefore sickened, and threatened to die before reaching the land. It was in vain that the Chamberlain promised to make him Lord High Constable of the Kingdom, if he would only keep up his spirits. Like the poor sparrow, who, in his last moment, refuses the finest crumbs held to his mouth, he said it was all humbug to make him these offers, when it was clear he could not live in such a hot part of the world as this. He would lay his death, he said, to their door, and, if at all possible, he would be sure to haunt them after death. To the great grief of the company, the unfortunate messenger died on the very day when they cast anchor off the shores of Poyais.

About seventy or eighty individuals, from the Old Town of Edinburgh—forming the staff of a great empire—now landed on a flat bushy part of the Mosquito Territory—ominous name!—in the Bay of Honduras, with the expectation of immediately falling into the enjoyment of all the luxuries and pleasures which this world can bestow. They were, indeed somewhat surprised to find that every thing was still in its primitive state, and that even their houses were as yet to be built. However, having found one small opening in the forest of brushwood, they established themselves there, with such goods and chattels as they had; and their first duty was to give a decent burial to the *detenu*, whose body they had brought ashore for that purpose. A grave having been dug, the Chamberlain, assuming the character of High Priest of the Kingdom, for want of a better, mounted an old shut over his clothes, by way of sacerdotal vestment, and proceeded to read the funeral service of the church of England over the body. In the very middle of the most solemn part of this ceremony, a large bird with a curious beaky face, somewhat resembling that of the deceased alighted upon a tree immediately above the funeral group, and cried, with a loud shrill voice, what was interpreted by all present (with the aid, no doubt, of a stricken conscience) into the phrase, "Pay your debt."

The colonists saw and heard with terror, believing that the spirit which had lately animated the body before them, was now addressing them in character, according to his threat before death; and, but for the protection which daylight always gives to the superstitious, the whole set, including both the civil and military departments of the state, would have fled from the spot. The Chamberlain saw the nature of the case, and drew hurriedly to a conclusion; but yet at every brief pause of his voice, there still came in the ear-piercing cry, "Pay your debt!" Before the grave had been closed, another and another bird of the same species drew towards the spot, and each lifted up his voice to the same tune—"Pay your debt!"—"Pay your debt!"—"Pay your debt!"—till the whole forest seemed possessed by one spirit, and the ghost of the sheriff's officer appeared to the distracted senses of the settlers to have dispersed itself into a whole leg ion of harpies. The fact was, that the birds were brought forth by the coolness of the evening according to their usual habits, and were now innocently amusing themselves with their accustomed cry, without the least idea of any personality towards the Poyaians. The Chamberlain of the colonists, who had learned from books of travels, that many American birds uttered something like a sentence of English as their habitual cry, endeavoured to to assuage the alarm of his companions; but nevertheless, a very general sense of terror remained.

"It may be all very true," said Jock Colquhoun, "that the birds of this country have each a particular word to say; but, od, its gay an queer that the Poyais bird should have pitched upon a thing that jags our conscience sae sair."

The first night was spent in a very uncomfortable manner. To a day of intense heat succeeded a cold