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THE EPISTLES O'
HUGH AIRLIE

(Formerly o' Scotland ; presently connekit wi' Tam Tamson's
Warehouse in Toronto.)

ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

Toronto:
GRIP PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY,
1888.

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PREFACE.

TO THE GRIP PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO.

SIRS,—The meenit I got your letter requestin' ma permis ion tae publish thae odd letters I've been i' the way o' writin' tae ma brither Wullie, aff I set a cablegram, costin' me nae less than saxpence a word, tellin' that young man tae pack up ma letters an' send them tae me *instantly*. As a nateral consequence here they are, an' muckle gude may they do ye. I'm sure ye deserve great success in yer enterprise, if it was for naething else than for the oncommon gumption ye've displayed in kennin' on which side yer bread was buttered in publishin' an *ante-mortem* edition o' ma letters. I consider that's a faer decenter way o' proceedin' than publishin' a man's private correspondence after he's dead, howkin' him oot o' his grave, as it were, an' a' the mair sae that by that time he's no in a position tae enjoy ony o' the profits comin' tae him frae the sale o' sic correspondence.

Sae houpin' the first may no be the last edition,

I remain, yours truly,

Hugh Airlie.

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EPISTLES O' AIRLIE.

FIRST EPISTLE.



MR. HUGH AIRLIE FULFILLS A PROMISE.—HOW THE IGNORANCE OF A
“COONTER HAPPER” MADE HIM MAD.—HIS DISGUST AT A MAN
WHO WOULD TELL A “LEE.”

DEAR WULLIE,—Ye ken I promised tae write the moment we landed, but fegs! that's easier said than dune. We got the length o' Toronto yesterday, an' hech! man, but it's a wunnerfu' place: omnibuses an' muckle yellow caravans fleein here an' there in a' directions, like tae knock a body doon, an' croods of folk poorin' doon the street a' the time, just for a'

the warl' like a kirk skailin'. I haena' been sae dumfooner'd sin' the day we lost oorsels on the Broomielaw brig.

The folk here are terrible ignorant though. Ye see I lost my pocket neepyin, an' bein' in sair distress, I just daunnert intil ane o' the shops on King-street, an' speert at the coonter-happer gin he had ony pocket-neepyins for aboot tippence ha'penny or so. The creatur' just glowred at me an' says he "Beg yer pardon." I tellt him there was nae offence that I was awaur o', but I jist wantit a pocket-neepyin. Wad ye beleint—the muckle cuif was that ignorant, that he didna ken what a neepyin wis! I tuk pity on the puir benighted moudiewart, an' explained that a neepyin was a cloot for blawin' a man's nose in. Weel then, aff he ran, an' back he cam again wi' a bit muslin about sax inches square. Losh! I was mad. "What the deevil d'ye ca that?" "A handkerchief." "That's no the kind I want," says I, "I want ane o' the great big red anes, wi' black an' yellow spats in't. Ye see," says I, "we're gaun up to Turtle Mountain to tak up lan', an' I need something that'll no need washin' till we get there." He said that I wad be apt to tak considerable land up wi' me, if I didna wash afore we got there. "Weel noo," says I, "gie me three bawbee's worth o' bools." "Bools?" says he, "what's that?" "'Od just bools," says I, "bools for the bairns to play at the boolholes wi'." "Haven't any," says he. "D'ye ken whaur leears gang tae when they dee," says I very solemnly, "did ye ever hear tell o' Annanias an' Sapheery? Hoo *daur* ye stand there an' tell me sic a lee to my face, an' that box fu' o' bools there richt afore ye" "Bools," says he, "these are marbles." "Weel! weel! then I forgie ye, but ye see I come frae a ceeveleezed kintry whaur they ca' them bools," an' sae I cam awa. I'll tell ye mair neixt week,—aboot a' the ferlies we see here. Yer brither,

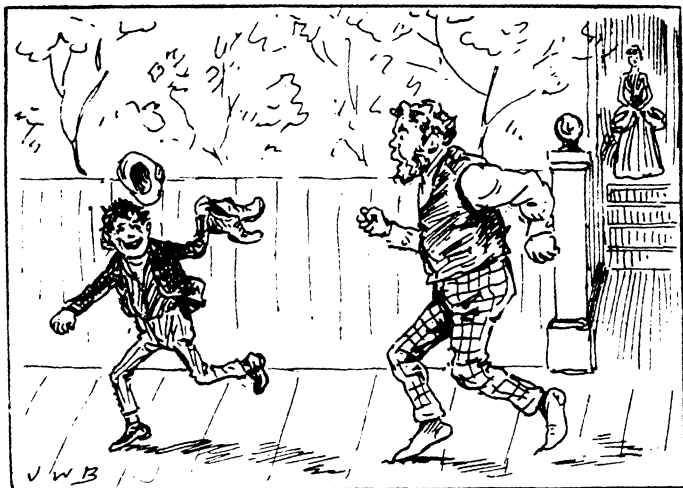
HUGH AIRLIE.

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SECOND EPISTLE.



HUGH'S IDEA OF TORONTO'S SEMI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION—HOW AN INDEPENDENT CANADIAN LASS SPOILED HER CHANCES OF AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE—AN IDEA OF WHO INVENTED THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

DEAR WULLIE,—I sent ye a letter a fortnicht syne, but gude kens if ever ye'll get it, for the toon's clean upside doon, flags fleein' an' bands playin'; the het weather set them a' clean daft. Sic' anither through-the-muir I never laid my een on; processionin', an' the meelitary oot, airches, an' pictures on them, an' the thoosands on thoosands o' weel-dressed folk; I thoct tae mysel' 'od the Queen maun be marrit again, or has General Gordon brocht hame a pyramid as a keepsake frae Egypt? or what on airth is a' the rejoicin' aboot. So at the risk o' bein' ca'ed inquisiteeve, I speered at a man yesterday, what's the steer? "Oo!" says he, "D'ye no ken the toon's just fifty year auld the day." "Is that a'?" says I, "dearee

me—oor kintra is twa-ree-hunner year auld, an' ye never hear a cheep about it." "Oh! well, it's good to be patriotic," says he. "Pawtriotic!" says I, "that's a new kind o' pawtriotism, I dinna understand the kind o' pawtriotism, that craws sae crouse ower a kintra that's nae yer ain. Deed I think it's nae-thing but upsettin' impidence tae be pettin' on sic airs, afore they can ca' the kintra their ain. But I'm forgett' ' tae tell ye about the ferlies—first an' foremost I'll never marry a Canadian lass. They're ower independent. There's a lass here, my landlady's dochter—a bonnie creatur, but a born limmer. Yestreen I tuk aff my boots an' tellt her to clean them, so as no' to be breakin' the Sawbbath day the morn's mornin'. Gude-sake! She luckt at me an' then she luckt at the shoon, then she up wi' her fit an' kicked the pair o' them clear through the open door into the street, an' here I had to rin oot on my stock-in' soles, an' doon three streets after a laddie that picked them up an' ran off wi' them. The neixt thing I speered her very ceevily, wad she bring me a drink o' water. Na! indeed no. She telled me there was water i' the tap an' plenty mair i' the lake. I could help mysel'. Did ever ye ken sic a limmer— they dinna ken hoo tae bring up women oot here.

I'm vera sorry to see sae mony Cawtholics here. In fact, I'm just switherin', if it's no' my duty, tae gang an' warn them o' the danger o' popish doctrines—only in a new kintra gude folks are awfa' scarce, an' I'm feared if they were to pit me in an' o' the popish dungeons I micht never be heard tell o' again. Hooever, the Cawtholics I've met hae been oncommon ceevil, an' I've nae doot if our folk wad only do awa' wi' organs an' sic like, we would sune get them converted frae the error o' their ways. There was a grand show o' fireworks at the water-edge last nicht, nae end o' poother an' brimstone, a' vera fine nae doot, but I've my ain private opinion o' Professor Hand. I can say this much, that if he had lived in my great-grannies time he wad hae been burnt in a fat tar barrel, lang-syne; for nae man, no' even a wizard, could bring sic wunners oot o' fire

an' brimstone unless he was very familiar, an' accustomed to thae things at head-quarters. About the electric licht I'm sair mistaen if that's nae the invention o' some ither deil's buckie, way that licht gangs fizzin' an' snortin' is extraordinar, the very silver mune lucks as gin she had the jaundice, when she lucks'doon. But I maun stop, for if I pit ony wecht they'le charge me anither three bawbees for postage. Yer brither,

HUGH AIRLIE.



THIRD EPISTLE.



MR. AIRLIE'S SENSIBLE REMARKS ON THE BOUNDARY QUESTION—AN ADVENTURE WITH A SEEKER AFTER FRESH AIR—HOW A PARTY DANCE SCANDALIZED THE HONEST SCOTCHMAN—THE EFFECT OF EATING TOO MUCH ICE-CREAM.

DEAR WULLIE,—Ye see I haena gotten awa yet ; I think I'll bide a wee an' see some mair o' this most extraordinar toon. No haein' very muckle tae dae this mornin' I gaed daunerin' doon amang the noospaper folk. They're awfu' sociable sort o' chaps, an' I never was sae dumbfooner'd in a' my born days as when I saw them a' crackin' quite freenly to ane anither. Gudesake ! the way they blackguard ane anither i' the papers, wad gar ye think they wadna' come within a ten-acre park o' ane anither, and here they are just like brithers. Maybe they dinna attach the same importance to a bit lee or twa—as we dae ower the water. There's a great through-the-muir on the noo about some cheil they call Mowat, that's gane hame to

London to fin' oot about the boondery line between Ontary an Manitoby. Noo what the man gaed home tae England for tae fin' that oot, clean dings my comprehension. If they canna mak oot their ain boondery line here richt on the spot, hoo on airth do they think folk living twa-ree thousan' mile awa are gaun tae tell them. An' I wad like tae ken what business they hae to be fleein' away ower the water wi' every little fykey thing, just as gin they hadna' enough gumption to manage their ain affairs. Noo, if they had come to me wi this sma maitter, I cud hae tellt them that onybody wi half an ei cud see plainly that if Ontary's on a'e side, of coorse Manitoby *maun* be on the ither, and if they canna fin' the boondary line, canna they tak a bit o' string and measure the hale thing, an' then stick a post richt atween the twa. There could be naething fairer nor that, but nae! naething 'll dae but ower the water to get nae end o' lawyers clish-ma-claver about it a'. Aye, 'deed aye, an' come back just as wise as they gaed awa.

I'm just clean red wud at the way folk impose on me here in my boordin' hoose. I have to sleep i' the room with anither fellow, a no-that-ill kin o' a chiel, but has a maist abominable trick o' sleepin' wi' the window wide open a' nicht through. Last nicht I rowed up ma watch, an' gaed awa to ma bed just at nine o'clock. Ye may be sure I tuk gude care to steek baith the door an' the window. The ither chap, he had been oot at a party, an' nae doot it was a bonnie-like time o' the nicht when he cam in. Hooever, when he did come, he bangs the bed-room door wide open, an' I hears him say: "Good heavens! (he's a great swearer) Phew!" an' wi' that he makes straught for the window and throws 't up clean to the tap. "What's the maitter?" says I, "is the hoose a fire?" "Fire," says he, "nae danger 'o that, nae fire would burn here." "Sae muckle the better," says I, "but if I was you I wudn'a swear just when I was gaun to my bed like that; hoo d'ye ken ye'll ever see the licht o' anither day?" "Not much chance with that window shut," says he. Weel then I just haudit my tongue; for

I thoct it was nae use wastin' ma breath on onybody sae fu' o' self-conceit.

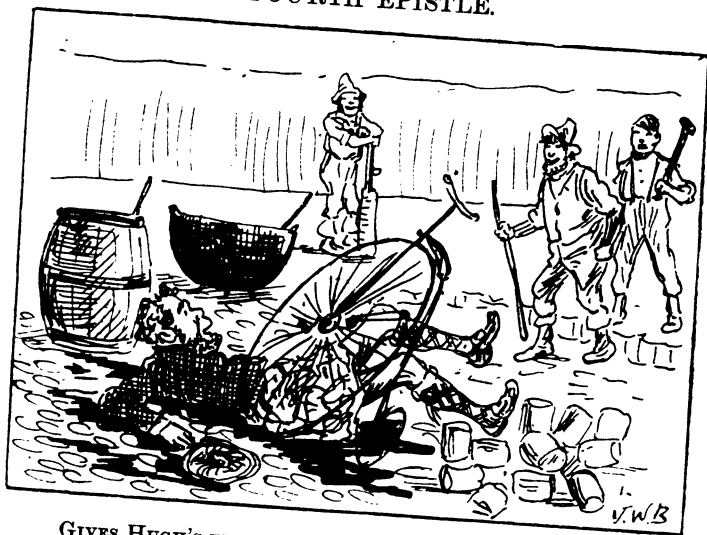
They're great folk for pairties here. Oor landlady inveeted me tae a pairty i' the hoose here last week, an' shure's death, I haena gotten the better o't yet. They had twa'-ree fiddles an' a pianny, an' they danced a' nicht. But I never ance had a chance to get on the flure. They never ance played a reel, or onything that cud pit mettle in a body's heels, naething but that sing-sang, dronin' bum-bee music, aye the same hech-how ower again, an' what they ca' dancin' is a way they have o' cuddlin' ane anither an' whirlin' roon an' roon till it maks ye dizzy to luck at them. I declare tae ye, when I saw them cuddlin' ane anither like that *afore folk*, I did'na ken whaur tae luck; I never was sae scandaleezed in a' my born days. That limmer o' a landlady's dochter cam up, just as I was sittin' there wi' a face as red as a nor-wast mune, an' had the impidence to speer gin I wud'na like tae hae a waltz. "God forbid," says I, "hae ye nae shame in ye?" an' wi' that aff she flew. Then a very ceevil spoken kimmer cam up an' speered "wud I take some o' this ice-cream," and she hands me a bit glass saucer. "Gin ye'll bring me a plateful an' a tablespune, I'll sune let ye see hoo I'll mak awa wi't." She glowered at me for a minit an' then aff she ran, an' in anither minit she cam back wi' twa mair lassies, laughin' like to split their sides. She brocht me a great big broth plate fou' o' ice-cream an' a muckle table spune to sup it wi'. Weel, I thought I wud just let them see I cud sup it for a' their laughin', so I yoked tae an' began to ladle in the ice-cream, though it did taste terrible cauld. Ye ken it's awfu' hot at a pairty, sae the first twa'-ree spunefu's did'na effect me sae muckle, but afore I got half through—Gude forgie me! I lut the plate flee tae the ither end o' the room, an' was loupin' an' skirlin', an' tearin' ma hair oot by the roots like a veritable madman. Oh, Wullie! Wullie! I thoct the very croon o' ma head was gettin' pried aff wi' a crow-bar—it was ma auld enemy the tuthache. I stamped and roared like a bull, I got

doon on the flure an' hammered ma head on the partition till the vera plaister came rattlin' doon, an' the landlady, puir body, was near daft wi' fear. She never saw a Scotchman wi' the tuthache in a' her life afore, but she got a bottle o' whusky an' she just keepit poorin't richt in tæ me, till I got that drunk that I was roarin' an' greetin' an' laughin', an' singin' a' at ance, an' neist mornin' they tellt me that I fell asleep singin' "Auld Lang Syne." That's what I got for sleepin' wi' open windows, an' eatin' ice-cream, when it's hot, at a pairty. Yer brither,

HUGH AIRLIE.



FOURTH EPISTLE.



GIVES HUGH'S EXPERIENCE IN TRYING TO RIDE A BICYCLE.

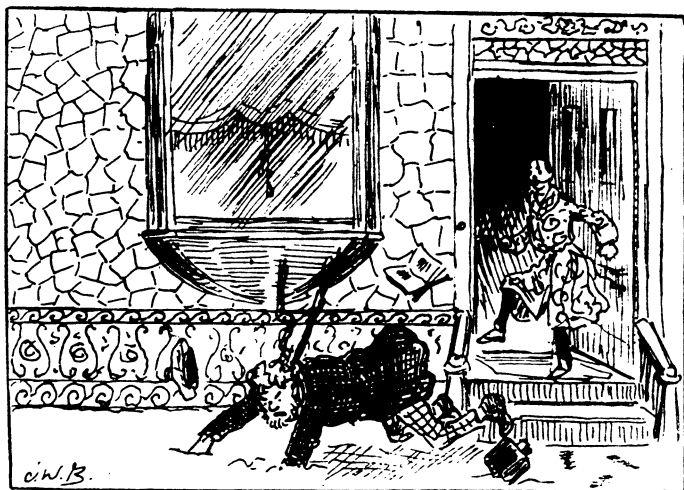
DEAR WULLIE,—It's a wunner I'm leevin'. I'm black an' blue frae the sole o' ma head ta the croon o' ma fit. I'm blin' o' ae 'ee, an' canna see very weel oot o' the ither, an' it cost me a hale tally cannel to creesh ma nose wi'. There's naething like a tally cannel, it's a fine thing for the nose. I dinna think ma ain mither wad ken ma noo, I'm sae fou' o' wounds an' bruises. Ye see I got an invitation tae attend the Mowat demonstration—an' a demonstration it turned ont to be frae a Tory point o' view. Noo, thinks I, here's a chance for me tae bring mysel' into notice like. Ise gets a bicycle an' I'll pit on my McPherson tartan kilt in honor o' sir Dauvit; it'll a kind o' console him, for the onmercifu' snubbin' he got frae Blake the ither day. Ye see I'm tryin' to get a gover'ment place, an' as I dinna ken exactly which pairty I micht be obliged tae yet, I

thocht I wad haud wi' the cat an' play wi' the kitten; that's tae say, I wad figure in the Grit procession, but wi' the Phairson kilt on. Sae I got a bicycle. A bicycle is ae solitary muckle wheel, a' silver-eeged round the rim; an' ye get astride this wheel, an' it rins awa wi' ye the minnit ye begin tae ca' yer feet up an' doon time aboot; an' then there's a little wheel that comes rinnin' ahint ye like a little collie doggie. The great deeficulty is tae get up on the wheel, an' tae bide there when ye are up. Weel, I got ma bicycle oot intae the back yard, an' after I got mysel drest up in my new kilt, I gets out a chair an' proceeds to mount the machine. I canna understan' to this day hoo it cam aboot, but the first thing I kent was a fearfu pain in ma nose, a' the stars o' the farmament dancin' afore ma een, an' mysel spreed oot on ma face, an' the bicycle ridin' on tap o' me instead o' me on tap o' it. This was very humiliatin' tae a respectable man like me, the mair sae that giggin' limmer, my landlady's dochter, was stannin' at the kitchen window just splittin her sides at the sicht o' me in a kilt fleein' heels ower head, like that. Somehoo or ither I got up, an' after I got a' the bluid an' dirt washed off my face, I resumed the attack. I thoct on Bruce an' Bannockburn, an' tuk courage. I kent that lassie was lukin' at me, so I staps up quite brisk, an' after hoppin' aboot wi' ae leg up an' anither doon, for a while, I boldly threw my ither leg ower the wheel, an' sat doon—on the sidewalk. It was maist extrao'rdner. I began tae think that either me or the bicycle was bewitched. It beat McPharson's horses. It was a most terrible settin' doon, an' I felt mair oncomfortable than I could very weel express tae ye. My nose by this time had swelled tae sic an extent that I couldna see straught afore me; but for a' that, I was determined tae try again. There's naething like perseverance. Sae I got a haud o' the confooned thing, an' wi' some very superior engineerin' I just managed for the first time tae get fairly set doon in't, when flap ower it gaed sideways as flat as a flounder, an' me in the maist ondignified poseetion imagin-

able, bein' there, no able tae get up, wi' a bicycle a-tween ma twa legs, an' ma head in a shallow trough o' water, that the landlady keeps there for her jucks to soom in. The twa-ree minutes I lay there I began to hae a most profoond respect for the clever fellows that cud gang whirlin' awa' like the wind on ane o' the machines; an' here's me couldna even get up on ane without gettin' doon agin' willy-nilly. However I was vera shure I wasna' gaun to let that conquer me, sae I up an' at it, an' though I cam skelp doon every ither time, an' had a gude skin fa' o' sair banes—heth, I got the upper haun after a', an' sat up as stiff as a poker, wi' ma feet gaun paddlin' up an' doon like the fins o' a deevil-fish. The warst job was the steerin' o' it. Dae what I like it wad rin across the road an' land me intae a plate glass window, or gang careerin' ower some puir body's peanut stand, an' a' sic cantrips, that not only poover-eezed ma purse, but brocht doon on ma puir head sic horrible profanity, tae sae naething o' bein' landed in an open sewer heed first, an' left there wi' my tartan stockin's wavin' i' the air. The vera day afore the procession I was birlin' awa' doon the street, an' I was just thinkin' sic a wonderfu' thing perseverance was, an' had cum to a corner o' a street where they were layin' the block pavement, when I turned the crank the wrong way, an' awa' it flew intae the middle o' the street, an' whumled me clean heels ower heed among the new laid tar, whar I lay an' stuck fast, till some jabberin French Canadians cum an' peeled off half the gravel. The half o' ma kilt I left stickin' on the pavement, but on my road hame I tuk the bicycle an' marched it in to Andrew's auction rooms, whur onybody can git it for the same money as I paid for't. Noo—if I canna afford to get a horse or a cuddy, I'll just ride on shank's nag for the rest o' my days. Gude folks are scarce in this country, an' if that machine was tae rin me intae the bay some day, the Government micht hae some diffeulty in fillin' the vacancy I'm waitin' for, sae for the present I'll just sign mysel, yer brither,

HUGH AIRLIE.

FIFTH EPISTLE



HUGH BECOMES A BOOK AGENT AND RELATES WHAT BEFELL HIM IN HIS ENDEAVOR TO ENLIGHTEN THE PEOPLE.

DEAR WULLIE,—I jist think I see ye haudin' up yer twa hands an' exclaimin' "Ma' conscience! gude gosh! has't railly come to that—oor Hughie, a Book Agent! hech! hech!" It is awfu to think o' me, Hugh Airlie, a braw Scotchman, the affspring o' decent paarents, a gude scholar, weel read i' the Catechism, an' a member o' the Established kirk—degenerated doon until what wad in auld times wad be ca'd a gangrel bodie, but noo, wi' modern politeness designated—a Book Agent. Weel, what's done is na ta dae, but I'm fear'd the name o' the thing will stick tae me for life. The bookie I was tae sell is ca'd "*Canadians as seen by Englishmen*"—a maist remarkable publication, by a man that spent a hale week in Canada, an' kens a' about it—a book nae intelligent Canadian should be without, see'n it gies him a glisk o' himsel as ithers see him,

detailin' a' the mainners and customs o' the Canadians in a way that mak's the folk an' the kintre quite, onrecognizable, an' wad seem tae hae been gotten up specially for the wonder an' astonishment o' Canadians. A' this rigmarole I had to rin aff my tongue end like thread off a pirn at ilka, door I cam tae, an' losh! Wullie, it was awfu' monotonous, sayin' the same thing ower an' ower again; it was waur than the prayers in the English Kirk. It was terrible cauld the first mornin' when I set oot wi' ma valeece in ma haund tae tak the toon by storm. The windows were white wi' rime, so I cudna see what kind o' a day it was, but I could hear the cart wheels screechin' wi' the frost, an' the folks feet gaun chirk, chirk, chirk, ower the frozen snaw, an' every noo and then the sidewalks wad gang crack! in a way that made ye think that O'Demon Rossa maun be busy liberatin' Ireland. Sae I rowed up ma chowks wi' ma new red an' yellow grauvat, pittend roon my haffits five or sax times so's the best fringe wad hing doon in front below ma beard, an' then I pat ma gude Kilmarnock on, an' ma mittens, an' wi' ma valeece in ma' haund, I slippit intill the next room whaur a muckle gless hung, tae tak a yiew o' mysel afore settin' oot. After takin' a gude steady look, I cam to the conclusion that ma vera appearance wad sell the book. A braw decent lookin' fellow like me, was a guarantee that the book sic a man carried maun be gude; in fack, I began to think a man can make ony trade respectable. There was Garibaldi noo, for instance, made caunels for his livin' at one time; it's the prerogative o' great men, they can dae onything without the dirt stickin' to their fingers. Sae takin' this consolation to mysel' I gaed up the steps o' a very respectable luckin' hoose an' very genteely chappit at the door. Then I tuk oot ma pocket-neeypin' an' blew ma noose quite easy like, an' stuck ma Kilmarnock a wee tae ae side, an' spread oot ma beard a kind o' brisk like, for thinks I, maybe some braw young lass may come to the door. Then, as naebody cam, I chappit again an' waited; but nae answer! I kent they were in, for I heard a

pianny playin' an' somebody cryin' oot "one-two-three-four; one, two, three and four and"—an' then I heard them lauchin'. This provokit me; the idea o' them gigglin' an' singing an' me stanin' near frozen tae death on the door-step was enough to provoke onybody, but thinks I—'od I'll mak them hear whether they will or no. Sae I tuk ma fit an' began kickin' on the panels o' the new varnished door. I hammered sae lood, the folk on ilka side next door, cam peekin' oot tae see what a' the noise was about. But I just nodded to them an' gaed on kickin', when on a sudden the door flew wide to the wa's an' a little white-faced mannie, wi' twa lang waxed ends on his moustache, an' a dandie dressing-gown wi' tassels hinging frae his waist, yells oot very oncivilly, "What the devil do you mean, sir? Why didn't you ring the bell?" "Na! what the deevil do ye mean, ye insignificant lookin' cretur," says I, for I was mad, "hoo was I ta ken ye wanted yer bell rung? I didna come here tae ring bells, I cam to see gin I could sell you a vera fine book, it's—" at this meenit his e'e lichted on the panel o' the door whaur a' the varnish was kicked aff wi' ma feet, an' afore I could oonerstaun' hoo it happened, up flew the dressin' goon, something struck me right in the staurn, an' I lichted headforemost wi' ma valeece amang the snaw on the edge o' the sidewalk, an' heard the most awfu' profanity ringin' in ma lugs an' the door bangin' like thunder. When I pickit mysel up again the hale raw o' doors was fu' o' folk grinnin' an' lauchin' at me an' my valeece lyin' in the snaw, but heth! I defied them, an' after I shuk the snaw oot o' ma een, I strutted doon afore them a' wi' ma heid i' the air, the very same as gin I had been a Duke o' the Hielands wi' a piper playin' afore him. It was a mair humble hoose I chappit at next time, nor did I hae to wait a meenit afore it was opened by a sleepy lookin' fellow wi' a muckle red jersey sark on outside o' his waistcoat. Afore I cud open ma mou to speak, he yells out "Halleluia!" wi' sic a vengeance that I was frichtened amaist to say a word. Sae very ceevily I began, "This is a work, sir—" "Ow! I down't

waunt it," says he, interruptin' me in the maist ill-bred mainer, "I've renounced the devil and all his works." "I'm vera glad to hear that," says I, "but this book—" Naething wad dae but he maun interrupt me again. "Do you belong to the ahmy?" says he. "Weel, no exactly," says I, "but I'm a kind o' conneckit wi't like, my gude brother's cousin was a soger an' gaed a' through the Crimean war, an' was at the siege o' Lucknow—" "Ow! that's the devil's ahmy!" says he wi' a kind o' a sneer, "Weel, that's true, they were deevils to fecht, nae doot aboot that," says I. "But we fight against the devil," says he. "Weel noo," says I, "the best thing ye could dae would be to buy one o' the books, for gin the devil was to get readin' this book, the representations wad be the death o' him." Wi' that, up he comes tae me, an' layin' his heavy hand on ma shoulder, says he, "My friend, the devil has got a hold of you." "Aye, so I see," quo I, an' oot I cam, seein' there was nae chance o' makin' a sale. Luck oot for anither epistle next mail frae yer respeckit brither.

HUGH AIRLIE.



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is gettin' up on his hind legs again; there's naething i' the world frightens *him* like the tune o' the "Hunder Pipers"—but whaur they're gaun to get a hunder pipers noo beats me. The landlords drave oot the braw Hiellanman tae mak room for their game, an' noo they can send oot their game to fecht the Arabs an' the Rooshians. But a' this of course has naething tae dae wi' my book-agency; an' noo I maun tell ye the maist remarkable circumstance that decided me tae gie up the book-bisness. I canna help laughin' yet when I think o' a'e day I cam up tae a vera respectable luckin' hoose, an' a sort o' a presentment gart me gang up the stair an' chap at the door, wi' ma valeece i' ma hand. After chappin' I waited a wee, an' then gettin' nae answer I tried the bell; an' naebody comin', thinks I, I'll just try the door tae see if onybody's in. Tae my astonishment, the door opened quite easy, an' thinkin' maybe the folk o' the hoose might be deaf, an' me bein' anxious tae mak a sale, I just gaed daunderin' awa in, but saw naebody. Maybe, thinks I, they are a' on the tap flat, an' wi' that I gaes slippin' up the stair. I wasna' half way up, hooever, when I sees a woman's head keekin' oot o' a door at the head o' the stair, an' the meenit she clapt an e'e on me, she lut a great skreich—an' banged tae the door, an' began haulin' up the bedstead an' the chest o' drawers an' the wash-stand, an' piled them a' on tap o' ane anither tae barricade the door. Raily, I cudna' help laughin' at the silly creatur—but I didna want tae fricht her, sae I loots doon an' pittin' ma moo tae the key-hole I roars in till her, "Hoots! ye silly glaikit woman; what are ye fleyed at? Did ye never see an honest, gude-luckin' man a'yer days afore? Open the door—like a sensible woman—I've a book here——"

Afore I cud feenish what I was gaun tae say, I heard some thing like the bell o' an alarm clock dirlin' awa for twa re-meenits, an' then the woman she cries tae me, "Hello! hello! is that the Central?"

Of course, I made an answer at once through the key-hole.

"No," says I, "it's just me—I'm selling a book here——"
"Connect with number 24—Thompson's wholesale——"
says she.

"No," says I, "nae connection wi' onybody but masel'.
I'm the agent for this work. It's a book——" but just as I
was gaun on she cried oot real glad-like :

"Oh! is that you, dear?" I didna' vera weel ken what
tae think o' this.

"Yes," says I, "it's me - an' if ye'll just open the door an'
come oot o' there—the very sicht o' me 'll convince ye that I'm
an honorable man."

"Come at once, dear," says she, "there's a man in the
house."

"A man!" says I, "whaur is he? dy'e think he wad buy
a book?"

"No," says she, "I think he must be an escaped lunatic—
he acts so queer—I'm awfully frightened, and the girl has gone
down town."

"Hoot-toots," says I, "dinna' be feared, gin ony man
offers tae lay a hand on ye when I'm here I'll lay his head open
wi' ma valeece."

I begood to see noo what made her sae feared, it was the
man in the hoose somewhaur, that she had locket hersel' in for
fear o'.

"Oh, my darling! my darling! I am so frightened—do
bring some of the force along with you," says she again—an'
then the bell gaed dirl again.

Man, it just touched me tae the very roots o' ma heart, to
hear that puir cretur ca'in' me her daurlin' like that; I just felt
as gin I had kent her a' ma days—an' I says—through the key-
hole :

"Dinna be alairmed my bonny doo," says I, "I'll just sit
doon on this sheeps-'oo' mat at yer bed-room door here, till yer
servant lass comes in—an' if the man tries tae come naur ye
he'll hae tae stap ower ma dead body first," an' wi' that I just

settled mase! doon comfortably on the mat wi' ma back up again the door, an' was just sittin' thinkin' hoo it maks a man's heart-strings dirl tae hear a woman say, "*my daurlin*," when I hears a licht fit fleein' up the stair, an' afore I cud get up, a fellow sprang at ma throat an' thrappled me till I was black i' the face, an' very naur by wi't. I cudna' believe ma 'een when I saw twa big policemen busy clappin' a pair o' shackels on me—an' the man sayin' to them, "He's a desperate ruffian I am afraid—you'll better be careful how you handle that valise—he is very likely a dynamiter." The thocht o' *me*, a respectable Scotchman, bein' ta'en for a deevilish dynamiter was mair than flesh an' bluid cud stand—every drap o' Hielan' bluid was up in a meenit, an' I'm no sure but what maybe I swore a wee—but says I, "Ye ill-minded deevils, d'ye ken wha yer speakin' about? Can a respectable book-agent no protect a puir helpless woman wi' his dead body, withoot bein' ta'en for an ill-prettit dynamiter?" An' wi' that I maks a grab for ma vaece, but the moment I made for't, the twa peelers flew doon the stair like wildfire, an' we could hear their muckle feet rinnin' awa doon the sidewalk. Weel, I gat a haud o' the vaece wi' ma shackled hands an' I turned oot ma books richt at the man's feet. "Noo," says I, "as sure's my name's Hugh Airlie—" "Hugh Airlie!" cries the man (an' I thocht his face was a kind o' familiar) "Hugh Airlie! Not Hugh Airlie' of Cleekimin Tollgate, Scotland, surely?" "The very man," says I, "but wha may you be!"

"Why, don't you remember Tam Tamson, your old school-mate, who used to go nest harryin' with you in Cleekimin woods?" "Ma conscience! is that you Tam?" says I. Weel, the upshot o' a' this is, I'm in a fine situation in Tamson an' Tamson's wholesale warehouse, but ye may be very sure I keep oot o' the road o' Tam's wife, for it was her I heard speakin' to Tam through the telephone, a' the time I thought she was speakin' tae me. Yer brither,

HUGH AIRLIE.

SEVENTH EPISTLE.



RELATES HOW A "DEEVIL O' A CLERK" LED HUGH A WILD-GOOSE CHASE ON A HUNT FOR A WIFE, AND HUGH'S RESOLVE TO GET EVEN "WI' THAT IMP O' SAUTAN."

DEAR WULLIE,—I never thocht sae muckle shame in a' ma life as I dae at the present meenit sittin' doon tae tell ye what happened tae me sin' I wrote tae ye last—an' railly I dinna think I could thole tae live a day langer if it wasna that I tak intae consideration that the best o' us a' are liable tae fa' intae temptation, an' come oot sma'er men than we gaed in. An' then again I'm no the first great man that has made a mistak' in his lifetime; anither thing, the deeviltry in the risin' generation is beyond human comprehension. Ye see I had gotten geyin weel acquaint wi' ane o' the clerks, an' had just opened ma mind a wee till him, an' tellt him that noo whan I was in a gude sitiuation, I thocht it was onbecomin' a responsible man like me—a friend o' Tam Tamson's, to be bauthered luckin'

after sarks and stockin's, an' a' sic like paltry women's wark, an' that I was thinkin' o' luckin' oot for a wife tae just kind o' tak care o' me like.

Weel, ae day in great confidence he says tae me: "Noo, Airlie," says he, "dinna ye be led awa wi' thae frizzed-up limmers o' lassies ye see gigglin' aboot, just ye keep a calm sough, an' wait till ye see an advertteezement in the papers frae some decent woman wantin' to correspond wi' an honest man, an' just answer that, an' ma word for't ye'll get, withoot ony trouble or expense, some gude woman—ready tae drap intae yer airms like a ripe apple. I thocht that was rather a queer way o' gettin' a wife, an' in fact I tellt him sae, but he solemnly assured me that it was the only reliable way o' securing a rail gude wife in this kintra—besides it was a great savin' o' siller in the way o' treatin' to ice-cream, an' concert tickets, an' a' the rest ot, wi' the chances o' gettin' the mitten after a' ma ootlay. I couldna help seein' there was a gude deal o' force in what he said—sae I promised to lie low an' keep ma weathar e'e open for matrimonial advertteezements. Lo! an' behold ye! the vera neist day he brings me a *Telegram*, wi' this advertteezement: "*A widow lady, without encumbrances, and possessing considerable property in her own right, would like to correspond with an honest man, with a view to matrimony. Scotchman preferred. Strictest confidence preserved.—Box 142, Telegram.*"

Man, Wullie, when I read this, it just luckt tae me like a special dispensation o' Providence for ma particular benefit—for ye see I was baith steady an' respectable, an' then I was a Scotchman. It moved me profoondly, an' I just stud for a meenit wi' the *Telegram* in ae hand an' the broom i' the 'tither, an' fixin' ma een on the clerk I quoted, wi' great solemnity an' feelin', the words o' Shakespeare:

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will."

The puir fallow couldna control his emotion, an' clappin' his pocket neepkin to his face he gaed awa up i' the elevator,

blawin' his nose a' the road up. The meenit I got hame tae ma boardin' hoose an' got ma supper, I slippit awa up tae ma bedroom an' wrote the following letter :

"Dear a Hunder an' Forty-twa,—Seein' yer advertteezement for a man, I tak upon masel to write an' tell ye that I'm baith steady and respectable, an' come more-over o' a respectable faimly—to wit :—the Airlies o' Cleekimin toll-gate—an' a direct decendant o' the 'Bonnie Hoose o' Airlie,' sae celebrated in Scottish sang. I'm a vera cautious man, an' dinna believe in buyin' a pig in a poke, sae afore we proceed ony farther wi this bisness, I wad like ye tae send me yer photograph—so's I could see the pig, like, afore makin' the bargain. Just address yer letters tae Hugh Airlie, Esq., Tamson an' Tamson's Wholesale, Toronto."

This espistle I carried an' deposited safely wi the *Telegram* lass at the coonter. The vera next afternoon ma freen, the clerk, hands me a letter in a most beautifu' handwriting, from which I at wance concluded she maun be a woman o' fair education. The first thing I luctk at was the photograph—Ma certy ! she was a strappin kimmer, as fine luckin' a woman as ye'd meet wi' atween twa parishes, an' wi' a pair o' rougish een that could glower ye through an' through. Of course she had a wheen mair ruffies an' falderals an' ribbons roon her neck than 'I approved o', but then, twa ree plain words after we were marrit, wad settle a' that vanity. The letter was short and tae the point, showin' her to be a woman o' sense—an' nae haveril.

"Dear Mr. Airlie,—Yours received. At your request I enclose photograph. Although a widow I flatter myself I am as good-looking as ever, and am bound to make a good wife. I have considerable money and property of my own—and have determined to marry only a Scotchman. Any questions you may ask I will answer in my next. Please answer at once as there is another candidate in the field. Yours truly,

"MARIAN MATHESON."

Ye may be vera shure grass didna grow at ma heels afore I answered this very sensible letter. I quickly sorted up ma parcels, an' after soopin' up the warehouse, I borrowed a sheet o' paper an' an envelope frae ma freen, the clerk, an' slippit awa doon intae the basement, whar in the privacy o' a capawcious packin'-box, I poored oot ma hale heart on paper. I tellt her that when I luckt on her photograph I exclaimed wi' the poet Cowper:—"Would that those lips had language."—an' that, afore lang, I houpet tae hae the pleasure o' preein' that bonny moo. Ye see, that, "My Daurlin'," o' Tam's wife was dinlin' i' ma heart yet, an' I thocht hoo fine it wad be tae hear this bonny picter ca' me the same. Sae after twa ree mair saft words, I proceeded tae the bisness pairt o' the maitter. I tellt her that as a primary condition tae becomin' Mrs. Hugh Airlie, she maun be able to mak baith brose an' parritch properly; no like crowdy or sawdust steered up in boilin' water an' saut, but fine, lithe, mellow parritch, that wi' a wee drap o' milk would slip doon a body's throat like an oyster. I would also like her tae ken hoo tae roast a fine bafft herrin', tae mak a pot o' gude kale, an' a farl o' crumpy shortbread for a New Year's day. Abune a' thing I tellt her that gin she was a leeterary woman I wad hae naething whatever tae dae wi' her. I said I was a bit o' a leeterary man masel—an' a poet forbye, an' I wasna gaun tae hae ma ain wife settin' up in opposition tae me, besides, I believed in women keepin' in their ain places, an' no trespassin on the preserves o' the nobler sex. It was a' vera weel tae crack aboot the works o' Mrs. Hemans, an' Mrs. Brownin', an' George Eliot, an' Mrs. Stowe an' a wheen mair—but just think what has been lost tae the world in the way o' washin' an' mendin' sarks, daurnin' stockin's, shooin' on buttons, an' scrubbin' flures, the time they were daidlin' awa wi' their poetry an' sic like. Anither thing, a leeterary woman is no near sae apt to be meek an' obedient tae her lord an' maister as a woman wha is content tae tak her ideas frae her lawfu' husband, or tae live for him an' him only, an' tae be humble an'

obedient according tae Scriptor. Na! na! nae leeterary woman for me; I couldna' pit up wi' ony sic truck. About the baw-bees an' the property, seein' I had nane o' the twa masel', I thoct the suner we were marrit the better, so we could become a kind o' joint stock company like, an' I tellt her I could get ma freen, the clerk, for best man, an' get the hale thing ower wi' as little expense as possible. Tae this letter I received an answer the very neist day, appointin' a meetin' at the fit o' Simcoe street, just opposite the freight sheds, at aicht o'clock i' the e'enin' o' Tuesday.

Ye may be vera sure ma heart gaed pit-a-pat tae meet the bein' that was tae be the better half o' masel', an' the life-long pairtner o' ma joys an' sorrows. For the first time i' ma life I spent a hail 'oor, kaimin' oot ma beard, an' fiddlin' awa wi' ma neck-tie, so as tae mak a gude impression on ma intended, although, tae tell the truth, I had little fear. Ma grannie used tae sae I was the best luckin' o' the family—the vera floer o' the flock in fack. I had aye a grand nose, sin' ever I was a laddie in the tippeny book, its sae lang an' substantial, an sony; an' in conjunction wi ma lang upper lip, gies me an appearance at wance respectable lookin' an' sagawcious.

Ma ain private opinion is that I favor Sir Walter Scott in the expression o' coontenance. No! as I said afore, a luck i' the glass convinced me that I had naething tae fear on the score o' looks, sae stickin' ma red silk pocket neepkin' in ma breast pooch so as the corner could be seen properly, an' takin up ma stick i' ma hand, I gaed daunderin' awa doon Simcoe street just at the darkenin'. It sae happened that the assistant bookkeeper, an' a when o' the clerks were gaun doon that way at the same time, an' I brak out in a cauld sweat tae think, what if they should stick tae me, an' I wadna get a chance tae meet ma fate after a'. Hooever, they said they were in a hurry tae meet some freens at the train, an' sae they passed on tae ma great relief. I hadna lang tae wait, hooever, for as sune as it was aicht o'clock, I saw a black veiled figure

come slippin' oot o' the dark shadow o' the station. I thocht o' Isaac gaun tae meet the veiled Rebekah, an' on the wings o' love an' expectation I cut across the street tae meet ma destiny.

"Ma dear Mirren," says I, squeezin' her hand, an' admirin' her fine tall feegur. Sae overpooered was she at ma affection that she burst oot a greetin' an' had tae keep a blawin' her nose a meenit or sae afore she could command her voice. At last she says in a quiverin' voice, "My dear Airlie."

"Dinna ca' me Airlie," says I, "ca' me Hugh—ca' me yer darlin'," says I, whisperin' low an' pittin' ma airm roon her waist. At this supreme moment, tae ma great disgust, wha should come up an' pass by but the bookkeeper an' twa clerks—but they lookit as gin they had been at a funeral—an' gaed by without takin' ony notice o' me.

"Ma darlin', I love you," whispered the widow in ma lug, an' nearly daft wi' joy an' the thocht o' the siller an' the property—I said, "Ma dear Mireen, we're engaged noo, let's get marrit at wance."

"Next week," quo she, blawin' her nose again.

"Weel, then," says I, "your wull is ma pleasure, sae next week be it; but for the present just let me pree that cherry moo."

The puir creature was shakin' like curds in a spune, an' she turned awa her head, but I insisted, an' liftin her veil wi' ma stick I printed (Gude forgie me), a stoundin' smack—on a muckle black moustache! Tae say I was horrifeed, wadna begin tae describe ma feelin's, the mair sae when she began flingin' up her heels, an' laughin' fit tae split the sides o' a rhinoceros. I immediately recognized the voice, as weel as the breeks an' cutikins' o' that deevil o' a clerk, wha had gotten up the hale sell for the benefit o' the clerks an' salesmen, the hale crood o' whom were at that meenit congregated across the street an' doobled up every wan o' them like as they had been seized wi' the cholera. But wait—the mills o' the gods grind slow—I'll get even wi' that imp o' Sautan yet. Yer brither,

HUGH AIRLIE.

EIGHTH EPISTLE.



RELATES HOW HUGH SECURED HIS REVENGE FOR THE TRICK PLAYED ON HIM BY JACK ; ALSO GIVES AN AMUSING ACCOUNT OF A MISTAKE THAT HUGH MADE, AND OF HOW THE UNIVERSITY STUDENTS IMPRESSED HIM AS A LOT OF LUNATICS.

DEAR WULLIE,—Of coorse ye canna but be awaur that I was weel shucken up wi' the terrible matrimonial misshanter that was brought on me wi' that deevil o' a clerk, an' hooveer I was gaun tae face up in the warehooose I didna ken. The vera thoct o't cowed me, an' gin it wasna for disappointin' Tam an' deprivin' him o' my valuable services, I wad never hae set fit in the warehooose again. But the next mornin' I just sat doon an' considered. What's dune canna be ondune ; as the auld sang says, " It'll no improve yer pooer tae bite, man, gnashin' at an airn wa'." Sae wi' this bit o' philosophy ringin' i' ma lug, I put on a face o' brass, an' gaed doon an' began soopin' up the

warehouse just as gin naething had ever happened. The only thing that bauthered me was, hoo cud I get upsides wi' that mischievous deevil o' a clerk. Ye see he was sic a daft, aff-handed kind o' a callant, an' sic a favorite i' the warehouse that it was hard to get a grip on him, like. But I determined tae play the pairt o' a speedir an' keep a calm sough till I got an opportunity tae nab ma flee. Ilka time the door opened I thocht it was him, an' I luckt up tae say "gude morning," but nine o'clock, ten o'clock, an' eleven o'clock cam, but ma birkie never put in an appearance. Hooever, just as I was concludin' that he maun be a coward o' the first water, I got a message that Maister Tamson (that's Tam) wanted tae see me i' the office.

Tam (he's a fine fellow, Tam, just his grannie's vera image) was sittin' i' the office wi' a muckle pen stuck ahint his lug, on ane o' the whirlygig chairs, an' the meenit he heard my fit he turned richt aboot wheel, an' says he tae me: "Do you think, Airlie, that you could take Jack's place?" Noo, "Jack" was the name o' the clerk that had played the trick on me, an' I at ance cam tae the conclusion that he had dismissed him on that account. "Weel, Tam," says I, "eh! I mean Maister Tamson, since ye've thocht richt tae dismiss him for his impidence i' makin' a fule o' an auld freen, like masel, I——"

"Look here, Airlie! If you like to make an ass of yourself it's none of my business. Jack is not dismissed by any means, but he belongs to the Queen's Own and they're ordered off to the North-West, and if you can supply his place till he comes back I'll be very glad, and of course you will get an advance of salary."

Noo, ye see hoo, in the coorse o' Providence, I was revenged already. At the thocht o' ma promotion a' animosity vanished an' ma only thocht was hoo I cud dae him a gude turn. The only thing I cud think o' was tae buy him a Bible—for I kent he was a vera thochtless fellow, an' noo when he was aboot tae fae the enemy an' maybe the King o' Terrors himsel', he wad

be mair like tae pay attention to the passages I wad mark oot till him. Sae I gaed doon tae a shop an' laid oot fifty cents on an unrevised edition copy o' the Scriptures, an' I sat up till twal o'clock at nicht markin' oot passages applicable tae his posection. I markit in particular thae passages, "Seest thou a man wise in ain conceit? there is mair houp o' a fule than o' him," "Cast out the Ammonites," "Thou fool, etc.," an' ithers calculated to set him a-thinkin'. I was terribly scandaleezed at the way folk were careerin' aboot the hale Sawbath day, instead o' gaun tae the kirk an' bidin' i' the hoose till Monday, an' the sicht o' thae puir laddies sellin' newspapers a' day vera naur brak ma heart. Hooever, I gaed doon till the station tae see them aff, an' sic a steer ye never saw in a' the days o' yer life. I was lifted bodily aff ma feet wi' the crood, some lauchin, some greetin', an' the thocht maist forcibly suggested tae me was that this wad be a tough kintra tae conquer. The vera lunaticks were oot in a body tae see them aff. The puir fellows! ma vera heart was sair to see siccan a decent body o' young men deprived o' reason just at the ootset o' life. But I've nae doot but it maun be hereditary. I was staunin' amang the rest waitin' for the troops when I hears somebody ahint me sayin', "Here come the lunaticks," an' wi' that I hears a maist terrible roar, for a' the world like the yells o' the lions and tee-gers in a menagerie; an' turnin' roon I beheld tae ma horror a hale airmy o' the puir creatures, led on by their keeper, a fellow wi' a pair o' muckle fearsome black een that blazed like coals o' fire. They were singin' "Auld Grimes, Auld Grimes, Auld Grimes," at the tip-tap o' their voices tae the tune o' "Auld Lang Syne," an' I could nae help thinkin' "tae what base uses dae we come at last." It was eneuch tae gar ma national poet turn ower in his grave. But "wha can administer till a mind diseased?" Then they mairshalled up along the platform, an' whether the reality o' the situation had dawned on their benighted visions for a meenit, I dinna ken, but they began a-singin' "We'll hang Louis Reil on a soor aipple tree,"

an' faith, I began tae get feared they nicht in their patriotic rage mistak me for him an' string me up there an' then ; sae I clamb up on tap o' the verandah place an' sat watchin' the performances o' the puir creatures. They sang the drollest and maist laughable things wi' sic an onnatural gravity o' coontenance, that I prayed tae Providence that whatever nicht be in store for me I nicht at least be spaired ma reason. I saw twa ree policemen ee'in' the lunatics wi' an expression o' coontenance that wad be hard tae decephher—an' waur tae describe—but evidently they thocht "least said sunest mended," an' there I agreed wi' them.

I shuk hands wi' puir Jack. Losh ! he luckit grand in his regimentals ; the band struck up "Auld Lang Syne," an' ma heart cam up an' stuck i' ma throat, clean chokin' me, at the soon' o' the cheerin' that swelled for a' the war' like the roar o' Niagara. I cudna speak ; I just grippit Jack's hand hard, an' stickin' the Bible in his belt, made aff an' was lost in the crood, whaur onnoticed I cud gie ma een a bit dicht on the sly. But what was ma horror, on comin' hame, to find that in ma hurry an' confusion, I had stuffed a pocket edition o' Don Quixote into Jack's hand on partin', instead o' the Bible that was in anither pooch. Lord-sake ! I wadna sic a thing had happened—no for ten-pound. Yer brither,

HUGH AIRLIE.



NINTH EPISTLE.



RELATES HOW HUGH RECEIVED AN INVITATION TO DINE OUT, HOW ONE OF THE BOARDERS BORROWED HIS CLOTHES, AND HOW HUGH WAS ARRESTED THROUGH WEARING A SUIT LOANED HIM BY ANOTHER BOARDER.

DEAR WULLIE,—Gin I was ane o' the ignorant auld heathen astrologers I wad be tellin' ye that ma star is in the ascendant the noo for I hae been nae less than inveted tae dine wi' the maister o' the establishment: Maister Tamson, o' Tamson an' Tamson's Halesale Warehooose—he's a fine fallow, Tam—an's growin' mair like his grannie ilka day. Losh? when I luck at him mairchin' up an' doon the warehooose wi' just sic anither air as Sandy Selkirk micht hae haen, when he promenaded up an' doon the bit island that was a' his ain, or maybe, auld Nebicudneezer, afore his nails begood tae grow. I aye think o' the bit laddie wi' the blue peeny on, comin' doon till his grannie's for tippence worth o' potted-head. It just

shows what can be done wi' energy an' perseverance. Weel, ma inveatation was handit tae me by ane o' the clerks—an' who dae ye think it was frae but Mrs. Tamson hersel'! Losh, help me! it was like as gin I had been strucken wi' lichtnin', for ye see I mindit hoo I heard her coortin' awa at Tam through the telephone. Hooever, I thocht it was extraordinar' gude o' Mistress Tamson, an' wha kens but what this might be a preleminary stap tae stappin' in as pairtner i' the bisness some day. The denner was tae come aff at sax o'clock, sae I just tell't the bookkeeper wi' a pawkie wink, that I wad like tae get aff an oor or twa earlier than usual. Hame I ran—aff wi' ma claes, an' intill a tub as fast as I cud wallop, an' gae masel' sic a scoorin'—losh! I haena got sic a dookin' sin' the day I fell intae the mill dam when I was a bit callant o' five years auld. I never was gien tae soomin', like ma brithers—ma mither was aye feart—bein' the youngest, I wad tak the cauld, or get drooned, an' then whaur wad I be noo? Weel, after I had dried masel' an' gotten on ma flannels, I taks oot the key an' opens ma trunk, to get oot ma best white linen sark, ma black breeks, an' waistcoat, an' ma gude black coat. But, waes me! there was neither coat, breeks nor sark to be seen—everything was there but the suit an' the sark I wanted. Did ever ye ken sic a predicament? But I was aye remarkable for ma presence o' mind, sae haulin on ma auld breeks again, I gaed tae the tap o' the stair an' I just gae ae roar that brocht the landlady an' about a dizzen boorders instantly tae the front.

“Whar's ma sark, an' ma Sunday breeks, an' ma best black coat,” says I tae the landlady, fixin' ma e'e on her sternly?

“Why, what do you mean, Mr. Airlie?” says she.

“I mean,” says I, “whaur's ma claes? Can ye no oonerstaun the Queen's English?”

“What the deuce is all the row about?” was the answer I got frae a voice like a craw, on the tap story. “There's your blamed clothes. I never was so uncomfortable in all my life—couldn't dance worth a cent in 'em.” An wi' that doon comes

the hale suit, sark an a', on ma devoted head. Tae say that I was clean dumfooned wad puirly express ma feelin's—but, tae mak a lang story short—that impident blackguard in the attic actually had the stamack tae open ma trunk an' tak a loan o' ma gude Sabbath-day claes to gang till a low shindy, whaur he danced in ma best braidclaith till fower o'clock i' the mornin'. Ma landlady, decent woman, gaed up an' ordered him oot o' the hoose there an' then—but that didna mend maitters i' the meantime; for time was fleein', an ma coat was stinkin' o' whusky an' tobawky, an' tae croon a', ma braw fine linen sark was like a dishcloth. I didna greet, Wullie, but I maun confess I cu'dna help swearin' a wee. There's really times in a man's life when a gude swear is as refreshin' as a gude sneeze, an' raily, I think, it's a preventer o' bluidshed sometimes, tae let aff steam wi' a gude roon swear—but mind ye I'm no a swearer—far frae it. Ma landlady was vera sympatheesin' an' gaed doon an' tell't the boorders that I was gaun oot tae dine wi' Maister Tamson—an' hoo ma claes warn a fit tae pit on a swine till they had been cleaned an' smeekit wi' steam. Wi' that, ma room was in twa meenits like a drygoods store wi' neckties, coats, vests, breeks, collars, cuffs an' sarks o' every description—it was extraordinar' the kindness o' the fellows, an' shewed their appreciation o' a man like me. But, waes me! the breeks—they nicht dae tae cover their sma' spindle shanks, but I couldna get the calfs o' ma legs doon ower the knees o' them, they were a' sic diminutive creatures, an' hadna been brocht up on gude parritch an' milk as I had been. At last a new boorder, a fine stalwart fellow, sic like's masel', offered tae lend me a suit frae tap tae tae, a bonny marled grey suit, that just fitted me tae a tee. At length an' lang I got ready, an' altho' I say't masel', there wasna a finer luckin' fellow on the street than masel'—an' I made up ma mind tae get a suit the vera marrow o' that I had on as sune as possible. I was just in time, an' was shewn in tae the maist beautifu' room it was ever ma fortune tae licht on—in fack—I was feared tae sit

doon, for the chairs were covered wi' licht blue satin, sae I just tuk oot ma white cawmrick pocket-neeppin' an' spread it on the chair afore I sat doon. I didna see what the servant lass could get tae lauch at, but it fairly nettled me when she speered me for ma name. I was sae mad I never let on I heard her—but when she speert the second time what ma name was, it was mair than I could stand. “Ye impident little limmer,” says I, “hoo daur ye stand up there an' demaund the name o' yer maister's veesetors? I kent your maister—an' his granny afore him, lang afore ye were born—sae——” Just at this meenit the door bell rang, an' she ran awa, when, tae ma disgust, wha should stap in but the bookkeeper an' twa clerks, wha, like mase' had been inveeted tae denner. Losh! I was ta'en doon maist terrible! Here's me, thinkin' that I had been picket oot for special honor, when, in fack, it turned oot that Tam was in the habit o' inveetin his clerks an' employees twa-ree times a year up tae his hoose tae dine by way o' cultivatin' gude freenship. It was a dooncome, but the denner was sae gude, an' Mistress Tamson sae gracious, that after a while I forgot a' ma annoyance aboot it; in fack—I was a kind o' glad after a' that the clerks were there, for when we sat doon at the table, there were some bits o' things that I just didna weel ken hoo tae manage, an' I didna want Tam's wife tae see that I was ahint Tam himsel' in onything. “What d'ye ca' the bits o' white cloots faulded up sae pernickity like?” says I tae the clerk in a whisper. “These are napkins,” says he, “just use one for yourself.” An' wi' that he taks up ane o' them an' spreads it oot, an' sticks it in his vest—but thinks I—I'll let them see I ken what's proper, an' just as Mrs. Tamson was makin' some pleasant remarks, I taks up ma neepkin', an' wi' a great flourish, I blew ma nose, wi' a blast like the last trump, an' then wi' muckle dignity I gae ma face a rub an' stack it in the breast pocket o' ma coat. They a' sat vera quiet after that, an' then, evidently overpooored wi' ma example, they a' began tae blaw their noses, but no wi' the neepkins. I noticed they used their

ain pocket neepkins for that purpose. Then the conversation becam kind o' general like, an' when it cam tae ma turn, Tam, he lucks at me, an' speers what I wad like. I tuk a gude glower a' roon the table, an' then says I, "Weel, raily, there's sae mony gude things I hardly weel ken what tae pick on. Hooever, ye can just gie me a clash o' the neeps, an' a hoch o' the bubbly tae begin wi'." Tam lucked at me for a meenit, an' then he laid doon his knife an' fork, an' he lauched, an' they a' lauched till I got tae be real oncomfortable. "Excuse me, Mr. Airlie," says he, "but do you know that for a minute I could not think what you meant. That is Scotch for a spoonful of turnips and a leg of turkey—or bubbly-jock, as we used to call that bird, eh! Airlie?" An' wi' that he helpet me tae ma hert's content, but sic lauchin' an' merriment I never saw—in fack, I had a kind o' an' inklin' that Tam was lauchin' at mase'. But the climax cam when after denner I was busy tellin' Mrs. Tamson, siccan a weel-faured woman Tam's grannie was, an' hoo she wad chase us twa wi' a stick hame in the e'enin's. Ane after anither drappit speakin' an' begood tae listen tae ma discourse till finally I fairly had "the floor," as the debaters would say. I tuk the opportunity tae tell them the terrible funk I was in, an' aboot the blackguard borrowin ma claes, an' aboot ha'en tae borrow the suit I had on tae come wi', an' I had them a' lauchin' fit tae split, when she servant lass handed me a bit note. It was frae the man I borrowed the suit frae—requestin' me to return hame at ance, as he had got a telegram tae gae aff by the nine o'clock train. Losh! wasna I vexed tae leave the pairty just i' the middle o' the merriment, but there was naething for't but tae jowk an' let the jaw by; sae I said gude nicht an' cam awa. But I hadna gotten within three yairds o' ma boordin' hoose, when just below a lamp-post a strong hand grippit me by the collar, an' afore I could draw ma breath, I was handcuffed an' cleekit atween twa policemen. "In a' the face o' the airth what does this mean?" says I, chokin' wi' wrath an' astonishment. "It means," says the

fallow on my richt side, "that you, Mr. Morton, *alias* O'Gorman, *alias* Tomkins, *alias* De Tourville, *alias* Flannigan, are nabbed at last." "But ye're mistaken, ma man, ye've gotten the wrang soo by the lug—I'm Hugh Airlie." "Not much, Mary Ann! here's the description: grey suit, felt hat, broad rim. Shew me the name inside your hat"—wi' that he aff wi' ma hat, an' sure eneuch, there was *A. Morton* i' the croon o't. Morton was oor new boorder, an' a notorious forger. Gude help me—this was awfu'—mair neist week. Yer brither,
HUGH AIRLIE.



TENTH EPISTLE.



RELATES HOW HUGH SECURED HIS LIBERTY THROUGH THE RIGHT MAN BEING CAUGHT; AND HOW "MAISTER TAMSON" GOT VERY EXCITED OVER THE ELECTIONS.

DEAR WULLIE,—I' ma last letter I tell't ye I was arrested on ma way hame tae ma boordin' hoose by twa idiots o' detectives, wha were as prood o' their supposed capture as a dog-catcher powndin' some pair onfortunate innocent terrier dowgie. But when they tell't me tae ma face that I, Hugh Airlie, was a born forger, wi' a string o' *aliases* as lang as the ten commandments tacked on tae me like the tail o' a kite—losh, Wullie, it was mair than I cud stand; my bluid boiled, an' afore I cud get grip o' masel' I up wi' ma twa fists, shackles an' a', an' gae ane o' them a whustle i' the nose that gart him stagger aff the sidewalk and sit doon in the gutter wi' mair speed than ceremony. The ither ane, gettin' feared, begood

flourishin' a muckle baton ; but afore he cud come doon on ma skull, I doon wi' ma head an' made for his stamack like a billy goat. The pair onfortunate deevil doobled up immediately wi' an expression o' coontenance that wad hae drawn pity frae the heart o' a stane. At that meenit up comes the sergeant an' wanted tae ken what was the maitter. "The maitter," says I, "is just this: here's twa o' yer clever fellows shackled *me*—a decent warehoooseman, on ma road hame frae ma employer's hooose—Tamson an' Tamson, tae wut, an' arrested *me* for a forger wi' a hunder an' fifty names, a' because I happened tae hae a grey coat on ma back. Gin that's no maitter eneuch, I'll be obliged tae ye gin ye'll tell me what can be waur." The sergeant lauched, an' said the forger was safe in the lock-up, but advised me tae wear ma ain claes after this. Wi' that he opened the shackles wi' a key an' ance mair I was masel' again. Fu' o' ma adventure, I flew hame tae ma boordin' hooose—but what was ma surprise tae find a' the boorders assembled in the dinin'-room an' the landlady greetin' an' roarin' oot that her hooose had been disgraced. The braw new lodger wha had sae generously lent me the grey suit was the vera forger I had been mista'en for. Noo, wha wad hae thocht it !

The excitement i' ma boordin'-hooose, hooever, was na' a flee bite compared wi' the terrible steer an' commotion in oor warehooose the neist mornin'. It was awfu' ! Ye see, I had a wee bit bizness tae settle at the police coort for assaultin' the police—although, as I tell't the mawgistrate, it was them assaulted me, an' no me them. Weel, on accoont o' that, it was eleeven o'clock i' the day afore I got doon tae the warehooose. As was nateral, I concluded they were haudin' an indignation meetin' ower me bein' areested in sic an onlawfu' mainer, they were sae mony tongues gaun an' sic angry soonds comin' oot o' the office. I was just about stappin' in tae throw ile on the troubled waters like, by tellin' them that I had been dismissed wi' a warnin' no' tae dae the like again, an' that the real forger was safe in government quarters, when I was strucken fairly

dumb wi' the sicht o' Tam—I mean Maister Tamson—comin' oot o' the office door, an' luckin' as if the warehooose had been a-fire. He was in's sark sleeves, an' tryin' frantically to get his coat on, his pen instead o' bein' ahint his ear as usual was stickin' clean upright oot o' the croon o' his head, an' he was jabberin' awa in sic a high state o' excitement that he couldna see that the sleeve o' his coat was ootside in, an' as for me he glowered clean ower ma head the same as though I wasna there.

Somehoo I began to jalouse that it wasna me that a' the steer was aboot, for by the time he got him smuggled inside o' his coat, he rammed his hat doon ower his een an' gaed tearin' oot' o' the warehooose door like a man possessed. I cam tae the conclusion that the bank had broken, or some o' his customers failed, an' offered him five cents on the dollar, for the condition o' the man's mind was awfu'. Sae I just tied on ma apron an tuk ma broom i' ma hand an' slippit awa doon tae the basement. Gudesake! ye'd think the world had come till an end there tae. There were a' the clerks, an' aboot a dizzen country shopkeeper bodies, customers, a' claikin' an' gabblin' like jucks roond a water pump. Sic anither Babel, argyfeein', an' jawin', an' lectirin'. An' what d'ye think it was a' aboot? The sma' affair o' eleckin' twa men tae represent them in Paurliament! Yer disgusted brither,

HUGH AIRLIE.



ELEVENTH EPISTLE.



RELATES HOW HUGH VISITED THE "MOOTH O' HELL," AND THE TERRIBLE CONSEQUENCES WHICH FOLLOWED A TOO FREE INDULGENCE IN THE SEDUCTIVE COCKTAIL.

DEAR WULLIE,—There never was a truer word said than that naebody can tell what a day may bring forth. Hech! hech! wha wad hae thocht it? that I, Hugh Airlie, could hae lived an' de'ed through the awfu' events o' this last week! An' me a temperance man! Losh! it beats a'! Ye see, I was stapin' awa hame frae the airt gallery on Saturday afternune, when just at the corner o' Yonge Street I sees a man stannin' glowrin' at me in a maist conspicuous mainer. He keepit on luckin' at me, an' me luckin' at him, wonderin' what he was luckin' at, till at last he staps up, an' wi' a bit lauch in his e'e, says he tae me, "Man, I ken yer face weel, but I canna name ye."

"Weel," says I, "I'm the same way o' thinkin' respeckin' yersel'; yer face is quite familiar. Hooever, ma name's Airlie," says I.

"The vera thing," says he, comin' doon wi' a great skelp on ma shoulder, "the vera name. It was just on the neb o' ma tongue. Losh, Hughie! d'ye no mind Tawse?—Jock Tawse, 'o the Hech-howe Hotel?"

Sure eneuch, it raily was Jock, but wha wad ever hae thocht o' meetin' him oot here? When I left hame he was doin' a thrivin business on the Hech-howe roadside. He explained tae me, hooever, that the temperance movement had played the vera deevil wi' the publics an' halfway hooses in the auld kintra, an' that instead o' waitin' on the bar an' takin' life easy crackin tae drouthy customers, he had actually tae either turn tae an' work like ither men, or come tae Canada to seek his fortune. He had some cash left yet frae the proceeds o' the sale o' his place on the Hech-howe road, an' he said he was gaun tae enjoy himsel' a bit an' luck aroon a wee afore settlin' doon. It wad be time eneuch, he said, tae luck for wark when he was short o' siller. After answerin' a' ma questions aboot the auld place, a' o' a sudden he turns, an' says he tae me, "Hae a cocktail, Airlie?"

"A cocktail!" says I. "What d'ye ca' that? I'm vera fond o' sheeps' tails, an' pigs' tails, an' ox tails, but I canna say I ever tasted a cocktail—in fack, hae nae notion what kind o' an eatable it is."

"Airlie," says he, "ye're naething but a barbarian. Come, we maun hae ye ceevilized. The cocktail is the great offspring—an' efflorescence o' Christian ceevilization. Let's hae a cocktail first thing." An' cleeckin' ma airm in his, aff he tuk me tae get a cocktail, whatever that might be. Afore I kent whaur I was he had me inside o' a bar-room. I kent it was a bar-room by the smell o' beer an' tobawky, the extraordinar' big chromos on the wa's, the windows covered up frae the gaze o' the public e'e, an' by the barkeeper, a kind o' white-dickied, gold-preened,

hair-oiled high priest o' Bauchus like, stannin' ahint the bar, an' receivin', it appeared tae me, the greatest reverence frae the votaries o' cocktail. Of coorse the meenit I fand oot it was a bar-room I tell't Jock it was against ma principles tae be seen in siccan a place, but he protested it was against his principles as weel as mine, a' he wantit was a cocktail—an' wi' that he winks tae the high priest, an' says he, "Two cocktails, prime—Old Tom." Wi' that the barkeeper he whusks his towel ower his shouther, an' takin' a tumbler he rins aff a quarter o' a pint or sae oot o' a silvereezed tap labelled "Old Tom." Then he taks a lang-neckit bottle, an' flourishin' it high abune his head, he poores wi' a practised e'e a lang jet o' some ither liquor intill the tumbler, which he hauds gracefully doon as far as the length o' his airms will alloo. That feat o' airms he repeated wi' anither bottle, garrin' the liquor i' the tumbler froth an' fizz as brisk as penny ale. Then intae that he draps a strawberry, a slice o' lemon, an' a chunk o' ice, an' "Noo," says Jock, takin' the decoction frae the hands o' the high priest, an' handin' it ower tae me, "drink that—that's a cocktail, the best temperance drink oot." As I said afore, an' I say again, I'm a temperance man, but if the weel-meanin' temperance folk wad just pit up a reward o' say twa-ree hunder dollars or sae, tae the man or woman wha wad invent a temperance drink equal tae that cocktail, there wad be nae necessity for a Scott Act. Man, it was grand! it was fine! it just gaed creepin' doon ma weasand wi' the maist delightfu' sensation imaginable. I thocht at the time that the nectar o' the gods we hear sae muckle aboot maun hae been a kind o' celestial cocktail. Anyway, Jock, seein' me smackin' ma lips wi' sic evident pleasure, says, "Hae anither ane, Airlie." Weel, as Jock was payin' for't, I thocht I micht as weel be hanged for a sheep as a lamb, an' sae tuk anither, sae did Jock. We were just comin' awa, me feelin' like as if I was stappin' on air, sae free an' licht-hearted like, when wha should step in but oor bookkeeper "Hello, Airlie," says he, "how do?—how-d'ye-do?—have a

cocktail?" Ma surprise at meetin' Maister Jones, wham I had aye luckt up tae as a pauttern man, in a bar-room, was only equalled by ma heartfelt grief at him catchin' *me* there. However, no tae appear self-richteous, I accepted his offer, an' swallowed his cocktail wi' a "Here's tae ye," that wad hae dune credit till a practised bummer. Then I introduced Jock till him, an' after crackin' a wee wi' oor backs tae the bar, an' oor elbows restin' on't backwards like, we cam awa. Jock said he couldna pairt wi' me yet, an' for the sake o' auld lang syne, he tuk me intill a restaurant an gied me ma supper. He was extraordinar' kind. I'll say that. Then he tuk me intill anither place whaur we had anither cocktail, an' then naething wad dae but he maun hae me tae gang tae the theatre, willy-nilly. Ye ken, Wullie, we were a' brocht up tae consider the theatre the road tae perdition, an' the vera mooth o' hell; but I thoct noo, when I had the chance, I wad just mak a'e nicht o't for ance in ma life, an' see what the mooth o' hell was like onyway—an' tae tell the truth, I was maist agreeably disappointed. I cud see naething tae indicate onything waur than masel', an' as for the folk i' the audience, they were a' as decorous an' decent as tho' they had been in the kirk—in fack, I've seen a camp-meetin' a great dea mair indecorous an' onbecomin'ly ordered in behaviour than the audience in the theatre that nicht. I've nae time tae tell ye aboot the play, only Wullie, it was beautifu'—maist beautifu'—an' I'll never forget it till the day I dee. The curtain had hardly weel fa'en on the first act when Jock he gies me a nudge, an' says he, "Let's go out, Airlie, I want tae see a man." "What man?" says I. "Wad he no wait till the mornin'?" "Weel, Airlie," says he, "You are verdant! Come on; I must see this man at once." "But," says I, "I wad like tae see the rest o' the play; this is only a'e act done." "Why, of course! We'll be back in a jiffy," says Jock, sae there was naething for't but resignation. He tuk me oot along a lang passage, an' we landed intill a bar-room where there was a great

mony mair men, a' come, as Jock tell't me, tae see a man. That man was the barkeeper, as I began tae find oot—but this time it wasna cocktails, it was “invariables,” a whusky composition, that they ordered. I had come tae this noo, that I cud drink onything, sae I whuppit ower ma allowance wi' the best o' them, though tae tell the truth, I was beginning tae feel a by ordinar' dizziness in ma head, an' an uncommon slackness in ma joints, an' a terrible inclination tae sing “Auld Lang Syne” a' the time. This seein' a man was repeated atween every act, a maist extraordinar' proceedin', I thocht; I didna see what way they couldna speak oot honestly an' say they wanted anither dram. But, of coorse, it wad hae been clean oot o' place to advertteeze ma temperance principles there at that oor o' the nicht. At iength the play cam tae an end—at least sae Jock said, for ma brain was sae muddled, the hale thing, stage an' audience, were whirlin' aboot waur than the witches in Tam o'Shanter. Jock, he grippit ma arm, an' we got safely oot o' the theatre, whaur a whiff o' the fresh air just seemed tae sober me up a bit. The last thing I mind after that was me stannin' under a street lamp wi' anither three Scotchmen, kissin' ane anither an' shakin' hands ower an' ower again, an' singin' “Auld Lang Syne” wi' the tears poorin' doon cor cheeks in the maist affectin' mainer.

The next thing I kent, I was lyin' on the braid o' ma back i' ma boordin' hoose at twal o'clock o' the Sawbath day, wi' a pain in ma head that made me feel as if ma skull was crackin' open in a' directions, an' ma tongue was rattlin in ma head like a dry burr thrustle. It was awfu'! I thocht shame tae show ma face, but kennin' ma landlady—decent woman—was at the kirk, I crawled oot o' bed an' got ma head doon below the kitchen tap, an' after drinkin' like a fish, I lut the tap rin full belt on ma puir burnin' skull for mair than a quarter o' an 'oor. If ever there was a repentant sinner it was me that Sawbath mornin'. On Monday I was still a kind o' through-ither, an' afore I could get doon tae the warehooose a policeman

cam in in a hurry tae get some o' the boorders tae sit at a coroner's inquest on a body. Bein' in a solemn frame o' mind, I gaed wi' the policeman. The body was lyin' covered up whaur they had fished it up frae Yonge Street Wharf. I didna look at it, but speired gin they kent wha the corp' was. Just imaugin ma feelin's, dear Wullie, when they tell't me it was mase'—Hugh Airlie, o' Tamson an' Tamson's warehoose—a puir deevil, they said, that Tamson had employed oot o' charity tae soop up the warehoose, but wha had ta'en tae drinkin' an' dissipation at nicht, an wha was last seen drunk on the street on Saturday nicht at twal o'clock. I was sick, Wullie, dead sick; an' when I luckt at the body, an' thocht hoo that was me, I slippit awa, tellin' them they wad hae tae get a substitute as I couldna stand the sicht o' a corp'. It was puir Tawse! We had exchanged hats in the confusion o' cocktails an' pawtriotism, an' the puir onfortunate deevil had, after easin' me o' ma pocket-book, daundered doon, an' fa'en intae the water. It a' cam oot at the inquest, but what I've since syne suffered, baith at ma boordin' hoose an' at the warehoose, I leave it tae yer imagination tae picter. Verily, the way o' the transgressors is hard. Yer brither,

HUGH AIRLIE.



TWELFTH EPISTLE.



HUGH EXPATIATES ON THE RECEPTION ACCORDED TO THE HEROES
OF THE NORTH-WEST ON THEIR ARRIVAL HOME.

DEAR WULLIE,—When Wullie Shakespeare said “There is a tide in the affairs o’ men, that, taken at the flood leads on tae fortune,” I’ve nae doot but what he kent brawly what he was speakin’ aboot, but I think when he was at it, he micht as weel hae supplemented it wi’ the statement that it’s only a’e man in a thoosand that kens whan the tide’s in, or has deceesion an’ gumption enough tae seize the magic meenit an’ launch himsel’ fearlessly oot tae float or soom tae fortune.

Noo, for instance, when a’ the fallows were listin’ tae gang tae the Nor’-Wast this spring, I negleckit an opportunity for floatin’ masel’, the like o’ which I mayna get for mony a lang year an’ day again. Losh sake! when I daunder doon Yonge Street, or tak’ a stravaig along King, I could tear the vera hair oot o’ ma heid tae think I’m juist a naebody—ane o’ the

common herd—instead o' bein' a glorious, patriotic an' immortal volunteer. What a blin' moudiewart I was last spring no tae tak' the flood o' the tide o' popularity an' gude luck, an' list for the Nor'-Wast wi' the rest o' them! Wha wouldna hae been a volunteer yon Thursday, an' be cheered an' welcomed back like the heroes o' a hunder battles? When they gaed awa they were just ordinar' men like their neebors, Jack the clerk, an' Tam the souter, an' Jock the teeyler, an' sic like—some o' them white-faced, sickly luckin' fallows. But luck at them noo! The air o' the Nor'-Wast has developed the milk an' water counter-loupers intae great, bronzed, bearded, brawny sogers, heroes an' demigods, wha come marchin' doon aneath the airches that a gratefu' city has ereckit in their honor. What although their breeks be mendit wi' meal-bags, an' their coats patched wi' auld blankets?—these are only badges o' honorable service an' gude conduct, an' I'm vera sure gin I had a pair o' breeks had seen siccan adventures by fire an' flood, an' come through as mony hair-breadth 'scapes, I wad keep them in honor o' the occasion, rowed up in camphor an' set on the parlor mantelpiece below a glass case. Wha wadna' hae been the men gaun hame tae their hooses a' decked up wi' flags an' evergreens, an' that a'e man especially wha had "WELCOME, JOHN," salutin' him on tap o' his ain door as he cam' awa up the street? tae say naething o' the poetry that's been written about them, an' the hunder an' fifty acres o' gude land, whilk nane has a better richt tae than the men wha preserved it tae the kintra! Hech! hech! an' tae think I've missed a' this, juist for fear o' bein' scalped by an Indian, or shot wi' a half-breed rifle!

Whether it was me feelin' sae cheap aboot a' this or no, I dinna ken, but I never cam' nearer breakin' the peace than I did when I saw a caricature o' the dead heroes, made use o' as an advertisement in a hat store. There they were, the braw fallows luckin' like frichts, an' a' surrounded wi' hats o' every kind an' color, an' aneath was the legend, "I have

fallen for my country." Truly, says I to masel, they hae fallen low enough when their gude-luckin' features are caricatured in an advertisement for cheap hats, an' wi' that, I up wi' ma fit, an' in ma pautriotic indignation, was aboot tae gie vent tae ma outraged feelin's by kickin' the window intill a thoosan' pieces, when the consideration o' the price o' a pane o' plate-glass flashed through ma mind in time tae save me bein' clutched by the police, an' mairched aff tae the cells as a dangerous lunatic.

Bnt it was a grand reception, a royal reception, tae our royal volunteers, an' it set me athinkin' that the king was comin' the cadjer's road afore lang; for when the people honor the people, an' pay respect tae themselves, an' tae their ain bravery and worth, in sic grand fashion, the time is drawin' nigh when kings an' governors, an' a' sic like expensive figure-heads, can be safely dispensed wi'.

Amang a' the rejoicin's, hooever, aye a'e thocht was uppermost wi' me, an' after I cam' hame I just tuk ma pen an' scartit aff thae twa-ree verses, which I sign, yer brither,

HUGH AIRLIE.

THE HAME-COMIN'.

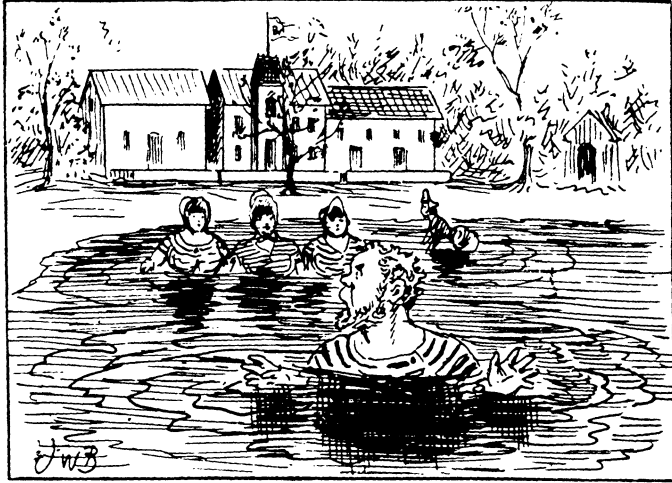
They're marchin' doon the crowded street,
 Our laddies bronzed an' braw,
 Through dangers dread, through frost, through heat,
 Hame safely through it a'.
 The bells ring out, the people cheer,
 The flags are wavin' gay;
 Wi' joy we greet the laddies dear
 We sent in tears away.

I hear the throbbin' o' the drum,
 The blithsome martial strain,
 The trampin' o' the feet that come,
 In honor hame again.
 But aye, 'mid a' the joy, the bliss,
 Awaitin' ane an' a',
 Frae happy lips that smilin' kiss
 The lads sae lang awa,

I think upon that field o' fame,
That far an' lonely plain,
Where sleep they wha to love or hame
May ne'er come back again.
I think upon the tears that fa',
The hearts bereft an' sair,
The faces missed frae mang us a',
The lads that come nae mair !



THIRTEENTH EPISTLE.



RELATES HOW HUGH'S LANDLADY MADE CERTAIN ADVANCES AND HOW THEY WERE REJECTED BY THE SCOTCH PHILOSOPHER—A VISIT TO THE ISLAND AND WHAT BEFELL OUR HERO WHILE THERE.

DEAR WULLIE,—I hae nae news in particular tae send ye, sae I'll just fill up ma letter an' tak' oot ma five cents worth o' postage wi' an accoont o' hoo I spent the ceevic holiday. Ye ken I never tak' muckle stock in holidays—when there's nae wark on hand I just feel as gin ma fingers were a' thooms—but, seein' I didna vera weel ken what tae dae wi' masel', ma landlady, Mrs. McClutch, a vera decent widow woman, says tae me, "What for, Maister Airlie, d'ye no gang ower tae the Island an' hae a soom an' a whuff o' gude, fresh air? It's a vera weel i' the auld kintra tae just wash yer face an' hands, an' maybe yer neck roon the haffits whaur it's seen, but, haith! it's a haesale washin' an' scoorin' o' yer entire solar system

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that's needed here." Raily, Wullie, I cudna but admire the justice o' her remarks, for, what wi' heat an' hard wark, a body at this time o' the year just fries in's ain creesh, an' then the stoor sticks tae ye till ye just feel as claggy as gin ye had been rowin' in treacle clack, an' a' the machinery o' the nerves an' sma' banes gets clean oot o' kelter. Sae I said, "'Deed, Mrs. McClutch, I'll e'en tak' gude advice an' go tae the Island."

"I wish tae gudeness I had kent ye were gaun, Mr. Airlie," says she, lookin' at me oot o' the corner o' her e'e, "but I suppose it wad be ower late noo tae get ready?"

"I'm afraid it wad, Mrs. McClutch, far ower late," says I. "In fack," says I, haulin' oot ma watch, "Lord sake! is't that time o' day already!" an' wi' that I made for the door as fast as I could. Ye may be sure the meenit I got safe oot I congratulated masel' on ma narrow escape. Ye canna be up tae thae widows, but I had "*Bardwell versus Pickwick*" in ma mind's e'e at that meenit, an' though she thinks me unco' green, I can see through her brawly. Mrs. McClutch is a woman that kens when her bread's buttered, an', mind ye, it's no ilka day she gets the chance o' throwin' sheeps' e'en at a man like me.

Hooever, aff tae the Island I goes in ane o' thae bits o' ferry boaties that paidle back an' forrit a' day, an' I had tae stand up a' the road ower for the vera gude reason that there was nae room tae sit doon. The first thing I noticed when I landed on the sandy, treeless waste, was ane o' thae kind o' creatures they ca' dudes. He was a' dressed up in bonny blue breeks an a white flannel coat, for a' the world like ane o' thae dolls o' the masculine gender that I've seen in store windows, the braw brass buttons bein' extraordinar' conspicuous. The meenit he saw me he clapt a goggle wi' a string on't tae his e'e, an' began e'ein me frae tap tae tae, till I thocht maybe he was some teel-yor's advertteezement lettin' on tae tak' ma measure for a coat an' breeks—but then, again, I thocht maybe the puir creature was shortsighted, an' bearin' in mind ma grannie's receipt for e'ewater, I thocht I micht as weel signaleeze ma veesit tae the

Island by doin' a gude turn. Sae, stappin up, I says till him, "I'm sorry tae see a creature like you shortsighted; frae yer general appearance I canna think ye've ever injured yer e'esicht wi' book learnin'; the midnight ile may enlarge the brain, even if it does contract the e'esicht. Noo——" Here the dude whurled roon an' set aff like a shot, an' a lot o' impident little scoondrels o' laddies set up a great cheer, but whether they were cheerin' me or him I cudna mak' oot, for I was just liftit aff ma feet bodily wi' the crood comin' surgin' up frae the boats.

I was real vexed tae think I had on ma gude Sabbath-day claes, for the bonny gloss was rubbit clean aff ma gude black coat. The crood was just awfu', but when I saw them landin' boatfu' after boatfu', like hauls o' herrin' at the simmer drave—losh! I began tae get feared. I never saw sae mony folk thegither in a' ma life, an' raily the majority o' them seemed to hae sic a superabundance o' what ye wad ca' adipose maitter that raily, when I began tae calkilate the wecht o' the hale aggregate, I got terrible oneasy. I thocht upon the Island o' Ischia awa in Italy there that sank twa-ree years syne wi' far less wecht on't than was here. I thocht, weel noo, wadn't it be awfu' if this Island was just tae slip cannily doon oot o' sicht an' settle at the bottom o' the lake, an' maybe twa-ree hunder year hence, get hoisted up again wi' a kick frae the hind leg o' an earthquake? Hech! hech! what a terrible sensation it wad mak' tae see a' thae hunders o' fossileezed pleasure-seekers—a solemn warnin' tae the thochtless lovers o' ease in that day an' generation. Sic an overpoorin' thocht! An' then there wad be masel'—a weel-preserved feeger, remarkable for perfect pheesycal development—an' hale columns o' the *Globe*, an' the *Mail*, o' that day an' generation, devoted tae the descriptions o' the cast o' ma muscles in the mud, an' quarrellin' aboot ma supposed nationality, some sayin' I was a North American Indian, but the *World* chiefly inclined tae think the ootline o' ma pheesygnomy was strikin'ly like the features o' the celebrated artist wha had come a' the road frae New Zealand tae

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paint his world-renowned picter, "The Ruins of London—A View from the Bridge." It was a solemneezin' thocht, an' ane calkilated tae set a man meditating on his latter end.

Hooever, tae prevent sic a catastrophe, an' tae relieve the Island o' several hunder tons avoirdupois, I thocht the suner a wheen o' us got intae the watter the better, sae I awa up tae the office an' bocht ma ticket for a room an' a bathin' suit. I cud see wi' half an e'e that ma bathin' suit was never intended tae cover a man brocht up like me on aitmeal, an' I had a terrible warstle gettin' masel' inside o' the things. Hooever, I managed somehow, an' got intae the watter. It was kin' o' cauld at first, an' made me sich an sob like, but afore I was weel clear o' the fence I saw a sicht that made me forget the cauld an' gar every individual hair o' ma head rise on end. Nae less than three o' the biggest women I ever saw, comin', waddlin' for a' the world like three fat jucks, right in ma direction. I never was in sic a predicament in a' ma born days. I never dreamed o' women an' men soomin' promiscus like this! An' what tae dae I'm sure I didna ken, nor did I get muckle time tae think, for doon they cam, sae in desperation I sat doon ower the head in the watter till they wad pass by. But the vera thing I did tae avoid them brocht them pell-mell doon upon me, for they had a haud o' hands, an' the middle ane no seein' me got tripped up, an doon cam' the hale three on tap o' me, like a shooer o' elephants! Losh me! siccan skreichen', an' skirlin', an' rowin', an' tumlin', an' scartin', an' clawin'! It beat a' the cockfechtin' ye ever saw. I was baith drooned, killed an' smothered. An' every time I wad get tae the surface an' yell "Murder!" I wad swallow aboot an ell o' lang, black hair floatin' on the watter. At length an' lang we got fairly sindered, an' the women soomed awa like as mony dolphins, an' left me tae ma ain meditations. It was a great relief tae me when I saw a weel-faured callant o' aboot sixteen come soomin' doon beside me an' speer gin I was sair hurt. I tell't him it was a wonder I was livin' ava, considerin' what I had

gaen through the last twa-ree meenits, baith in body an' mind. I hauled up ma sleeve an' lut him see the blue marks on ma shouther whaur the limmers grippit haud o' me, an' showed him a bare spot in ma croon whaur ane o' them had snatched a neivefu' o' ma hair. He was very kind an' said it was a shame, but for a' that I cud see he cudna weel keep frae laughin'. Hooever, he said he wad keep an e'e on me an' see I didna get ony mair ill-usage frae women folk. Sae we soomed around awhile, an' then, seein' he was a rale decent, weel-faured fallow, I thocht I wad gie him a bit o' gude advice. I tell't him tae steer clear o' women folk; they were a' kittle cattle, aye showin' themsel's whaur they werna wanted; gie them an inch an' they wad tak' an ell; gin they had their way, the men wad sune get kicked oot o' sicht a'thegither—wi' their roarin' for the franchisee an' a' the rest o't—an' I pinte oot tae him hoo they had invaded the vera soomin' baths, sae as a decent body cudna come doon tae get a soom ance in the year without bein' smothered alive wi' them. A' this advice, an' a gude deal mair, I gae the young fallow, an' I was glad tae hear him say that he preferred the society o' men tae that o' women ony day, an' that I nicht keep ma mind easy aboot him, for he wad never marry ony woman born. But what were ma feelin's whan we were comin' oot, tae see him cut clean awa up the ither side an' intae the women's rooms. For twa-ree meenits I just grew sick—fearfu' sick. "No possible!" I keptit sayin' tae masel', but for a' that I had a deepenin' conviction that I had ance mair been made a fule o'. The young limmer! an' me a' the time thinkin' she was a young man, wi' her close clippit head!

As I stud up in the watter meditatatin', I vowed never tae forsake the standards o' the Calvinistic Kirks, especially the doctrine o' everlastin' punishment, for it was naething but the fear o' riskin' everlastin' fire that keptit me frae droonin' masel' then an' there just tae be oot o' the road o' women.

Hooever, I scammelt up tae ma room someway, an' ye may be sure the meenit I got ma claes on, I never ance luckit ower

ma shouter, neither at the roller-coaster nor ony ither thing, but jist got doon an' aboard ane o' the sma' steamers, an' was glad tae find masel' on gude Toronto terry firmy ance mair. Aff coorse I didna want tae affront ma landlady wi' lettin' her ken that I had been fairly chased (figgeratively speakin') aff the Island by women, sae tae wile awa the time till sax o'clock, I tuk a daunder roon the ceety. I cam straucht up Yonge Street, an' turned aff on ane o' thae bonnie bits o' streets, green an' leafy, for a' the world like the far end o' a kintra village, an' afore lang I passed by a rale decent luckin' brick hoose wi' bay windows, an' at ane o' them wha should be sittin' but a braw lass, a' dressed up in nae end o' whirligigs an' falderals o' a'e kind or ither. Of coorse I tuk nae notice o' her, but just gaed by, takin' a swautch o' her oot o' the corner o' ma e'e. I cud see vera weel she was luckin' at me, but I never lut on—I wadna gratifee a woman's vanity that far. But just imaugin' ma feelin's tae hear her *whustlin'* after me! Raily, I cudna help exclaimin' in the words o' the poet, Charlie Mackay :

“Tell me, ye winged winds
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
Where women come no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the West,
Where, free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity, as it answered, ‘No!’”

I never ance lucked ower ma shouter, sae seein' I tuk nae notice o' the whistle, she cries oot, “Scottie! Scottie! Scottie Airlie!” Noo, Wullie, I haena the sma'est objections tae be ca'd by ma ain name, but a nickname I never cud thole—somehoo it aye raises a' the nick that's in me. Sae mairching' right back wi' dignity in ma appearance, an' fire in ma e'e, I stud up afore the young woman, an' says I, “Mem! nae doot ye think yersel' extraordinar' smairt tae be ca'in' names after a decent man that way, but——” Afore I cud feenish what I was gaun

tae say she disappeared ahint the curtains, cryin' "Scottie! Scottie!" an' laughin' sic anither eldritch laugh! Of coorse impidence sae onprovoked as this I cudna be expekit to stand, sae I made up ma mind at ance, an' stappin' up tae the door, I rang the bell an' said I wantit a word wi' the faither o' the young woman that was sittin' at the window. A rale respectable luckin' man cam tae the door, an' glowerin at me wi' great surprise, says, "Well!" I made nae apology, but merely said, "It's no for me to be keel-haulin' pawrents aboot their duty, but I'm jist gien' ye a freenly warnin' tae luck sharp after that dochter o' yours, or else she'll bring yer gray hairs in sorrow tae the grave." "What d'ye mean, sir?" he cries, grippin' me by the collar. At that critical meenit, "Scottie! Scottie!" comes ringin' oot o' the pawrlor. "Noo!" says I, "D'ye hear that? There's ockler demonstration for ye. Will ye believe me noo?" Lettin' go haud o' ma collar wi' a great laugh, he bolts intae the pawrlor an' brings oot a great big cage wi' a pawrot in't, an' the meenit the beast saw me he began whustlin' like mad, cockin' his head, an' stridin' up an' doon, an' windin' up his performance wi' fixin' on me an e'e like the Ancient Mariner's, an' exclaimin', "Hello, Scottie!" Just picter ma motions! Yer brither,

HUGH AIRLIE.



FOURTEENTH EPISTLE.



RELATES HOW HUGH POPPED THE QUESTION IN A NEW AND ORIGINAL STYLE.

DEAR WULLIE,—After three weeks' cawm consideration, an' after luckin' at the thing frae a' point's o' view, I'm driven tae the conclusion that love is a maist extraordinar' thing—a wunnerfu' thing. It's like a gless o' gude whuskey; it maks ye cauld when ye're het an' het when ye're cauld; it maks ye dull when ye're cheery an' vicy versey. I never kent the like o't. I used to lauch at a' that kind o' stuff, but, haith! I vera sune fand oot it was nae lauchin' maitter, seein' it deprived me o' the muckle-prized liberty o' ma bachelorhude, an' turned me intill a marrit man.

I canna weel tell ye hoo it cam aboot, but as far as I can mind it was something like this. For twa-tree days after ma veesit tae the Island I was feelin' awfu' no weel like. I wasna

ill, an I wasna weel, an' I was a' a kind o' blawn up like aboot the stammack. The vera sicht o' ma parritch gart me grue, an' whether I was takin' the fivver or the cholera or the sma'pox I culdna just sae, I was in sic a swither, an' I culd dae naething but walk up an' doon the hoose wi' ma twa lufes spread oot' on ma waistcoat. An' though I had eneuch adae wi' masel', it made me faur waur tae see Mrs. McClutch luckin' at me sae waefu' like—for onybody wi' half an e'e culd see that the puir creature was just breakin' her heart aboot me. She wadna hear to me takin' the fivver or the cholera, but she was vera sure I was hatchin' the smal'pox, an' wanted tae ken if ever I had been nockilated. I speired at her gin she tuk me for a benighted French-Canadian, an' I tell't her I thocht they were faur waur than the rebellious Israelites i' they wilderness, for *they* had the sense tae luck at the brazen serpent when they fand themsel's bitten, but thæe Montrealers were sae blinded wi' ignorance and superstition they wadna tak advantage o' vaccination that science hed set up, but would rather see themsel's an' their freens deein', deein' by hunders, or gaun through life wi' their faces like the back o' a porous plaster or a section o' coral reef. Mrs. McClutch, puir creature, thocht that was a' the mair reason I should get nockilated, for fear o' gettin' ma gude looks spoilt, for if there was a'e thing mair than anither she liket tae see it was a weel-faured face. The justice o' her remarks an' her kindly concern for the appearance o' ma coontenance commended itsel tae ma common sense, an' I just gaed at ance an' got masel' nockilated. Eh! little did I think that bein' nockilated wi' the coo pock wad hae the effeck o' infectin' me wi' a faur waur disease—the terrible affliction o' love an' matrimony. If I was sick afore I was ten times waur'noo. I culdna sleep a wink wi' the stounds i' my airm, an I can safely swear that I never afore kent sic a kindly thing a woman can be till I was laid up and nursed an' poulticed by Mrs. McClutch. It wasna in human natur' no to be affectet at the way she daikered aboot me, an' aye she wad remark, sic

a helpless cretur a man was without a wife—it was maist as bad as bein' a widow, an' no a man body in the hoose tae frichten awa' burglars. Noo, a' the like o' this set me a-thinkin': first o' a', Mrs. McClutch was a weel-faured woman an' a splendid nurse for a man when he happened tae be sick; second, she was comfortable an' cud mak a gude livin' ony time I micht happen tae be oot o' wark; third, the winter was comin' on, and it wad be sic a comfort tae come in an' dad the snaw aff ma feet, again' ma ain hall stove, an' Mrs. McClutch soopin' me doon an' making me comfortable; an' then she really needed a man body about the hoose. Sae, takin' a'thing in consideration, I thocht I micht dae waur than marry Mrs. McClutch. But hoo tae manage the business was mair than I cud tell. My airm was mendin' brawly, but I cudna get up ma speerits, ava; for hoo tae broach the subject I didna ken. A'e day, hoeover (losh, I'll never forget it), we were a' sittin' at oor tea. Mrs. McClutch was lookin' oncommon weel wi' a new goon (she maks them a' hersel', an' that's a savin') an' a white apron on. A' at ance ane o' the boorders raxes ower tae the butter an' taks a tremendous clash o't on till his plate. I lucket at Mrs. McClutch, an' she lucks at me, as muckle as tae sae, "D'ye see that?" I cudna stand it. "Maister Henderson, are ye aware that *that* butter is twenty-five cents the pund?" says I, fixin' ma e'e on him sternly. "It's weel worth't, Mr. Airlie," says the impident rascal, raxin' ower an' takin' anither slap o't wi' his knife, "It's weel worth twenty-five cents, I'm sure," an' he tak's anither an' anither cut, remarkin' every time that it was splendid butter. I wasna gaun tae submit tae siccañ extragavance as that, sae I tell't him that he had better understan' that, for the future, I—Maister Airlie—was gaun tae rin this boordin'-hoose, an' I wad request them a' tae eat butter tae their bread instead o' bread tae their butter, an' tae tak baith in moderation. Losh sake! ye wad think a thunderbolt had fa'en amang them, an' as for Mrs. McClutch, she got up frae the table an' ran' intae

the pawrlor, an' me after her. She had'na the sma'est notion o' sic' a thing, she said, but no tae mak me oot a leear afore the boorders, she thocht she nicht as weel marry me as onybody else. Sae, 'dear Wullie, that's hoo it happened, an noo, in addition tae bein' boss o' the basement in Tamson an' Tamson's, I hae a 'weel furnished hoose o' my ain, a gude wife tae tak care o' me, an' a cheerie lookoot for the approachin' winter. Wi' respects frae Mrs. Airlie, I am, yer brither.

HUGH AIRLIE.



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FIFTEENTH EPISTLE.



RELATES HOW A DOMESTIC QUARREL INVADÉS THE HOME OF THE AIRLIES, AND THE MORAL THAT HUGH LEARNED THEREFROM.

DEAR WULLIE,—Me and Mistress Airlie hae haen oor first fecht, but whether I cam aff first or second best, it would be hard tae tell. I think it's aboot what ye wad ca' a drawn game, for I'm meeserable an' she's meeserable, but nane o' the twa 'ill be the first tae gae in. So there we staun, as Coleridge, the poet, beautifully describes the sitiuation—

“ Like rocks that hath been rent asunder
A dreary sea now flows between.”

But in oor case it's no a “dreary sea” that lies atween us—it's a bustle—a woman's bustle!

Ye see, me an' ma wife, Mistress Airlie, were inveeted oot tae tea ae nicht. Weel, I shaved an' got ready, an' after waitin' an' oor or mair, at last Mistress Airlie cam doon the

stair in great style an' luckin' extraordinary weel till she turned roon', an' losh ! I near fainted. She had a hump on the sma' o' her back big eneuch tae set a Newhaven fishwife's creel on ! " Mistress Airlie," says I, " haul doon yer goon—it's a' up in a bunch at yer back."

" Hoots," says she, " d'ye no ken that's ma bustle."

" Yer what ?" says I.

" Ma bustle—ma dress improver, ma dignifeer," says she ; " ye ken I cudna gae oot without that."

" Weel," says I, " Mistress Airlie, I *did* gie ye credit for some sma' modicum o' common sense, but I'll hae tae let that tow gang wi' the bucket noo. I've nae the sma'est objection tae gang doon the street wi' a decent woman an' my ain wife, but if ye think me daff^d eneuch tae gang doon Yonge Street, airm an' airm, cleekit wi' a dromedary, ye'll find oot ye've gotten the wrang soo by the lug. Na ! na ! Mistress Airlie, ye maun either tak' aff the bustle, or bide at hame."

" I'll nether tak' aff the bustle nor yet will I bide at hame," quo' she. " Mair than that—I'll wear just what suits me, whether you like it or no."

" Noo, ma dear," says I—for I saw the horns were beginnin' tae sproot, an' I thocht I wad take her canny—" hoo wad you like gin I was tae wear onything you didna like."

" Ye can wear what you like for ocht I care ; ye can wear a bustle tae, gin ye like," quo' she, fixin' up her goon wi' her twa hands so as tae make it look bigger an' bigger, that awfu hump ! I think Auld Nick entered intae me at that meenit, for her speech suggested a means o' gettin' square wi' ma wife an' at the same time bringin' her tae reason.

" Weel-a-weel, then," says I, " a bargain's a bargain," an wi' that I slips up the stair an' pits on my swally-tailed black coat that I was marrit in.

" Good gracious !" says Mistress Airlie, " ye're never gaun wi' that coat on, are ye ?"

" What for no ?" says I. " A bargain's a bargain, ye ken."

An' wi that we started aff tae the pairty, after tellin' oor servant-lass tae luck weel after the boarders an' see they hained the butter. It was Maister Tamson's we were gaun tae, and I was determin'd tae get a word in private wi Tam—that's Maister Tamson—an' let him ken the trick I was gaun tae play ma wife. Tam gaed hert and sowl intae the conspeericy, an' the result was that when the dancin' began, Tam an' me slippit awa up stairs, an' I got ma shape, what the women folk ca' improved, wi' ane o' Mistress Tamson's big bustles tied in alow the swally tails o' ma coat! Tam lauched, an' I lauched, an' doon the stair we cam, me and ma big hump like a camel's on my back. Ma wife was dancin' at the far end o' the room, sae keepin' ma back tae the door I made my best boo till a lass that was sittin' near by; an' when the music struck up again awa' we set, careerin' roon' the floor amang the rest, the bustle all the time bob-bobin', and ma coat-tails stickin' oot an' whurlin' like the petticoats o' a dancin' dervish. Weel, sic anither tempest o' lauchin' an' skirlin' brak oot that the music was completely drooned oot, an' a'body stoppit dancin' but ma pairtner an' me. "What are they lauchin' at?" says she. "Oo, some nonsense," says I; "dance awa'!" An' we did dance, till ma pairtner, seein' they were lauchin' at us, stopped, an' catchin' a glisk o' ma bustle, she lut an eldricht screich an' flew in amang the crood, leavin' me stanin' there—me and ma improver. "Leddies and gentlemen," says I; "hoo d'ye like my dress improver? A hump on a body's back is sic a gracefu' thing, sic an improvement on nature, that I think it's nae fair that the leddies should hae the hale monopoly o' this artistic dromedary style. An' noo that ye've sic a glorious opportunity o' seein' hoo gracefu' it looks, I houp the gentlemen present will a' move, second an' adopt the wearin' o' bustles under their coat tails." There was great clappin' o' hands an' cheerin', but when I luket roon tae see hoo the lesson was taen by Mistress Airlie, she wasna tae be seen, an' Tam tell't me the meenit her e'en lichted on

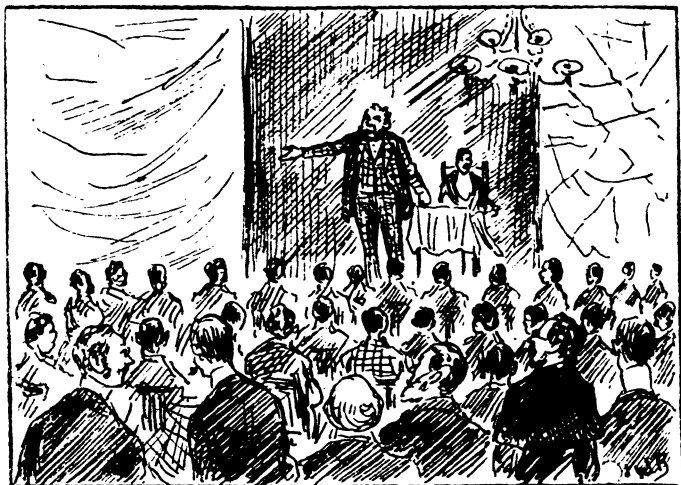
me wi' the bustle on, she said she had a headache, an' he was feared she had gane hame.

Weel, Wullie! I've often heard o' women's tongues, but I never had the least notion o' what they could be capable o' till I cam hame that nicht. It gaed steady for twa stricken oors! Gudesake! I think I hear't yet, but she's gien't a lang rest, for she's nae opened her mooth tae me for the last twa days, an' if the din o' her tongue was ill, this silence is faur waur, an' the moral I've learnt is—never, *never*, NEVER, intefere or meddle in ony shape or form wi' a woman's way o' dressin', for if ye dae, ye'll come oot at the sma' end o' the horn, like. Yer brither,

HUGH AIRLIE.



SIXTEENTH EPISTLE.



OUR HERO DELIVERS A SPEECH AT THE YOUNG LIBERAL CLUB.

DEAR WULLIE,—In place o' a letter the noo, I beg tae forrit tae ye a speech I made at the meeting o' the Young Leeberal Club which I hae clippit out o' ane o' the ceety papers. I gaed tae the meetin at the invitation o' Tam—that's Maister Tamson—an I'm mortal sure it was him pit them up to ca'in on me for the speech. Ye'll see I was n'a just prepared wi onything for the occasion.

MA RESPECTET FREENS,—This bein' positeevly ma first appearance in public, I suppose the correck thing for me tae dae wad be tae begin, "Freens, Romans an' kintramen, len' me yer ears," only ye see that wadna be tae the pint, seein' there's no' a Roman i' the kintra, an' anither thing, the members o' this club are confined neither tae ma freens, nor ma kintramen. As for yer ears, I dinna want the len' o' them, for

the gude reason that I happen tae be furnished wi' a gude whuppin' pair o' ma ain. It's aye been an onaccoountable mystery tae me hoo a respectable Roman like Maister Anthony, noo, cud make sic a rideekless ass o' himsel' as tae seek the len' o' the folks' ears, I canna accoont for't in ony way except on the suppoosition that he had been makin' ower free wi' Cæsar's funeral whuskey. What was the use o' askin' the thing he kent brawly they cudna gie him? Nae doot there's some folk in this world that wad pairt wi' their lugs if they were lowse, but it's ma private opeenion that the Roman lugs were a' weel fastened on, an' at a respectable distance frae the croons o' their heads, but grantin' they had been slack enough for them tae haul them aff and len' them till him, what on earth cud he dae wi' them? They cudna hae been less than sax or eenven hunder at the funeral o' sic a celebrated man as Cæsar—an' what the man wanted wi' siccan a quantity o' ears I'm sure I canna think, unless he raily wanted tae bury Cæsar in them, or mak' a floral tribute o' them like. Anither thing I dinna like, is the way he keepit herp—herp—herpin' on, aboot Brutus an' the rest o' them there beein' honorable men. For my pairt I dinna see hoo Brutus was onything by ordinar' honorable. Like mony mair in this world he micht be honorable eneuch when it paid him either in pouch or carackter tae be sae, but the pawkiest sophist in auld Rome cudna get, me tae believe that ony man wi' a spark o' honor in him wad gang prowlin aboot the toon wi' a murderin' knife stowed aneath his cloak, for the express purpose o' murderin' an' unsuspectin' freen an' bosom crony, the very first chance he got. Na! na! ye micht as weel say the moon is made o' green cheese, as, fegs! it micht be, for onything we ken tae the contrar'.

I'm very sure if Maister Anthony had been in his sober senses instead o' been half seas ower, as is maist evident, he wad hae indicted the hale caboose o' them for murder, instead o' crackin' them up for honorable men, for the ondeniable fack is they were naething but a pack o' envious, scheemin', self-

seekin' scoondrels; and if Maister Anthony was here noo I wad tell him sae tae till his face. The warst o' a' is him sayin what he wad dae gin he was Brutus—I declare I can hardly keep ma temper wi' him there. Weel did he ken he cudna be Brutus without daein' as Brutus did, an' tae say that Anthony turned intill Brutus wad pit a tongue in ilka wound o' the murdered man's body an' set them a' claikin' an' skreighin' till the very stanes o' the causey wad rise an' mutiny—did ever ye hear tell o' sic anither clishmaclaver? Noo, hoo cud a stane mutiny? hoo cud ae man turn intill anither ane? whaur wad he get the tongues tae pit intill the wounds? was that what he wanted wi' the ears he wanted the len' o'? an' even sae, hoo cud he mak an ear intill a tongue? I tell ye the hale thing shows a lack o' discreemination that ye dinna expect frae a man o' sic gumption as Maister Anthony. But, hooever, wi' the exception o' thae twa slips o' the tongue, the result nae doot o' grief an' funeral whuskey, the oration, takin' 't a' in a', is no' sae bad ava, an' wad pass vera weel, if it was only tae show that amang ither things copied frae the Romans we didna forget the funeral sermon.

But whaur was I? I declare I've clean forgotten what I was gaun tae say! Bein', as I was sayin', ma first appearance on ony stage, ma thochts naterally got a wee jammilt, like; till here's me, stannin' amang the crood i' the Forum listenin tae Cæsar's funeral sermon! Sic anither association o' ideas! I really think—Iosh, save us! Ma time's flown!

An' wi' that I boo'd gracefully an' sat doon.

There was a great clappin' o' haunds, I mind, and ane o' them said it was the maist to the pint o' ony poleetical speech he ever heard, but this I doot was flattery.—Your brither,

HUGH AIRLIE.

SEVENTEENTH EPISTLE.



RELATES HOW HUGH'S SNORING CAUSED TROUBLE BETWEEN HIMSELF AND HIS WIFE, AND OF THE UNPLEASANT CONSEQUENCES WHICH FOLLOWED THEREON.

DEAR WULLIE,—I've just been doon tae the office o' Fleecim' an' Pluckembare, Barristers, tae enter a ceevil law-suit against the Street Car Co. for ten thoosan' dollar damages tae ma person, an' ma reputation as a decent man ; a' brocht on through the Street Car Co. neglectin' tae rin the street cars for ma comfort an' conveniuce as a respectable citizen. It wad tak me a month o' Sawbaths tae tell ye what I've suffered—a' on account o' haen tae paidle knee-deep through the sleet abune an' the glaur below—gaun hame on an empty stamach tae ma supper, after a hard day's wark tumblin' aboot packin' boxes an' soop-in' up generally. The upshot o' the hale thing was a cauld in the head. Hae ye ony notion o' what it is tae hae a cauld i'

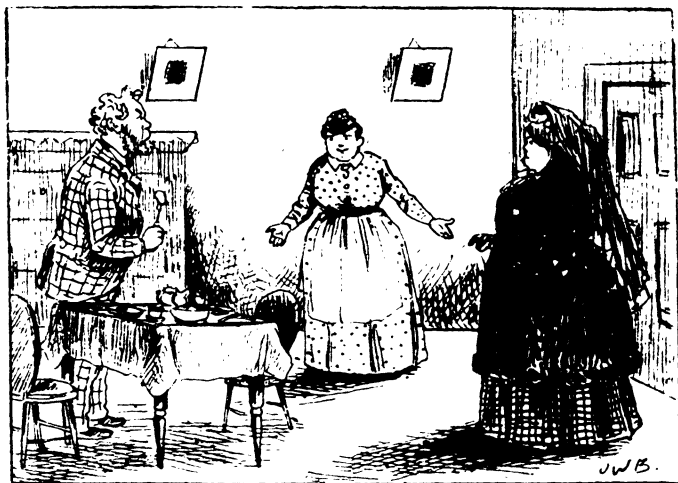
the head? tae gang about a' day pechin' an' blawin' like a grampus, yer een rinnin' oot o' water—an' yer nose stappit up sae ne'er a breath can get up nor doon—an' shinin' like a danger signal on a dark nicht? That was the condition the street car drivers' straik brocht *me* till. But wait a bit, that was na the warst o't,—ma very respeeriatory organs got sae oot o' kelter wi' inflammation that I did what I never was kent tae dae in ma life afore, I tuk tae snorin! Noo, for ony single man tae snore maitters little—mair or less—but let me tell ye its a very different thing tae lie trumpin' awa like a mad elephant at yer wife's lug a' nicht. The first nicht Mrs. Airlie was dead tired—fairly dune up, she said (she'd been oot a' day collectin' for the Kirk Organ Fund)—an' consequently she sleepit soon. But a' nicht through she dreamed the young man next door had taen tae playin' on the trombone—an' then a piper cafn an' stood on the bed-post an' played for a' he was worth tae droon the trombone, an' he'er stoppit till I got up tae licht the fire, when she waukened up wi' a head like tae split. Then the next nicht I was waukened wi' ma wife's elbow thumpin' on ma ribs. "Hugh," says she, "get up for gude sake! there's a cuddy ass stuck his head through the window, an' he's been brayin' awa there for the last twa hoors an' mair; he's just this meenit waukened me up, but I heard him in ma sleep a' the time." Weel, of coorse, I oot ower the bed, an' grabbin' the stove-poker I made for the window—an' afore I was fairly wauken—I cam bang doon wi' the poker, smashin' the window frae tap tae bottom. The fresh air comin' in brocht me fairly tae ma senses, an' I turns till ma wife, an' says I, "there's the window smashed, but whaur's the cuddy ass?" "Whaur's the cuddy? Look i' the glass an' ye'll see him," says she, wi' an angry humph! Losh! there's sitewations when a man gets fairly murderous! Stridin' up tae the bedside, I stud up in grate dignity, an' says I, "Badab! your coduct this dight opeds by eyes to the kide of wobad I barried for a wife." "You just shut up there," she snaps, "how would you like it if I lay an'

brayed at *your* lug a' nicht?" "Me?" says I. "Yes, you," says she, "and I won't put up with it anither nicht. I'll get a divorce on the ground o' snorin'," an' wi' that she burst oot a greetin'. What cud I dae? It kills me tae see her greet, sae I just kissed her an' promised I wud never snore again while the warld stood. Gude forgie me! I wasna weel happit up again afore I was at it tooth an' nail, grindin' awa like ony saw-mill. Noo, ma wife swears that she has just cause tae leave ma bed an' board. I'm worn awa till a skeleton for want o' sleep—for ma wife rams a darnin' needle intil ma hide whenever I begin—an' then I'm terrified tae drap aff again for fear o' anither prod. There's three dollars an' a half tae the glazier for that window—an' I leave ye tae judge gin I haena a strong case against the Street Car Company. It shows hoo far reachin' is an evil action. An' let Maister Smith refleck the next time he tries tae domineer an' refuse men their reasonable richts, that the influence o' his tyranny may affeck a decent respectable man like me, an' verifee the auld proverb, that "the innocent aye suffers for the guilty." In muckle distress,
 yer brither,

HUGH AIRLIE.



EIGHTEENTH EPISTLE.



POOR HUGH DESCANTS ON THE "PHILOSOPHY O' THE MITHER-IN-LAW," AND DESCRIBES A VISIT HE RECEIVED FROM ONE OF THE GENUS.

DEAR WULLIE,—Did ye ever sit doon an' think oot the philosophy o' the mither-in-law? It's something like this: When a man marries a bonnie bit lass, her laughin' een, her neat ankles, her jimp waist an' licht airy feeger are a' sae photographed on his mind's e'e, tae say naething o' his heart, that hoever muckle she may change in coorse o' time this photograph is aye the same. A photograph taen by the sun on a caird is naething compared wi' the likeness stampit on the heart by the a' pooerfu' licht o' love. Then again the change is gradual, the bloom o' youth fades frae the cheek, but somehow ye never miss it; the gracefu' feeger may become angler an' o' a vinegary thinness, or wha kens, very likely develop intill the very stoot mawtron whose greatest trial in life is tae

rax doon tae lace her ain shoon. But a' this comes on a man as I said afore—gradual—ye grow auld an' ugly thegither, an' by slow degrees. But when without a word o' warnin' the mither-in-law, a full-fledged monster in the iron-gray stage o' a woman's existence, springs oot o' the door o' a hack an' lichts wi' her trunks on the sidewalk in front o' a man's door, like Minerva springin' full-armed frae the head o' Jove—hech, man! the shock is awfu'! There she is a byordinar substantial fack, yer wife's mither, no to be explained or argued awa by ony logic, the maist formidable fack ye've ever encountered in this vale o' tears, an' sic a picter o' robust health that ye turn yer face tae the wa', so her sharp een mayna' see yer jaw drap in fell despair.

Brither Wullie, sic an experience has just been mine. She was fairly sprung upon me, ma mither-in-law—ma very hand shakes an' the great blobs o' perspiration stan' on ma broo when I think about it; an' o' a'e thing, I'm shure, I'll never be the same man again, never as lang as that woman is within the range o' a telescope. Ye see, we were sittin' quite cosy at oor denner, me an' ma wife, just like twa doos in a dookit, when up drives a hack tae the door an' stops there. I was jist in the ack o' liftin a bit tawty tae ma moo when ma wife jumps up an' cries, "Well! well! there's ma mither!"

"Yer—wha?" says I.

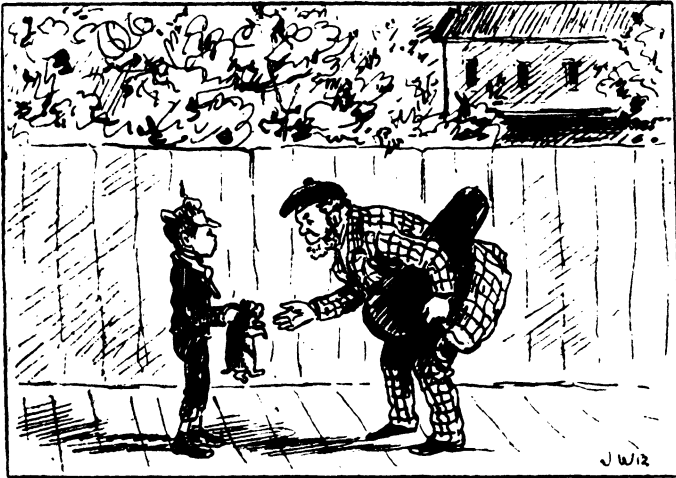
"Ma mither," says she; "she's just come from Californy." I canna describe the cauld grue that began tae creep doon ma back-bane, but wi' that a capawcious feeger appeared at the dinin'-room door, an' after wheezlin' an' kissin' ma wife she tuk a bird's eye view o' me frae tap tae tae, includin' the petawty I was still haudin' on ma fork, an' then she says, "Well, I suppose we'll have to put up with him," wi' sic an air o' resignation that fairly tuk ma breath awa'. In a half paralyzeed condition I laid doon ma knife and fork, an' for ceevility's sake says I, tellin' her a thunderin' lee, "Yer welcome, mem." But when I tuk her hand tae shake it (as a mere matter o'

form) the deevil a shake was in it; it just lay in ma lufe as cauld an' lifeless as a dead fish. Noo, if there's onything that chills the life bluid in ma veins a'e meenit, an' then sends it gallopin' wi' indignation tae flare in ma face the next it's a cauld, clammy, heartless hand, a twa-fingered hand; it's waur than "the curse in a dead man's e'e," an' if there's ony reciprocity in this world, it ocht tae be first an' foremost in a hand-shake. Hooever, I conquered masel'. She was ma wife's mither after a', sae I says, "Haul in a chair an' hae a bite o' denner." "Hadn't ye better go and carry up them trunks?" she said, "and put them in the best bed-room, and by-the-by, don't forget to pay the cabman." I said naething, but I felt something like a Scot's thrussle beginnin' to bristle in ma inside. Nevertheless, there was nae doot that auld woman was accustomed tae command—ye cud see it in her e'e. It cowed me, sae I set ma teeth thegither an' paid the cabman, an' after patiently carryin' five-dirty, muddy trunks on ma back up the stair I slippit oot o' the back door an' awa' tae the warehoose without feenishin' ma denner. The meenit Maister Tamson clappit his e'e on me he cries, "Why, Airlie, what's up? Are you sick?" "Yes," says I, "I'm sick baith in mind an' body. Ma—ma gudemither has come?" Weel, Wullie, I never afore got sic sympethy, sic a display o' Christian fellow-feelin'. A' afternoon the basement was fu o' clerks sittin' roon on packin'-boxes wi' ilka face as lang's an ell; a' condolin' wi' me on the great calamity that had befa'in me. Next week I'll gie ma experience at supper-time wi' the auld leddy.

Your brither, in great meekness,

HUGH AIRLIE.

NINETEENTH EPISTLE



RELATES HOW A BRILLIANT IDEA FOR GETTING RID OF HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW OCCURS TO HUGH, AND HOW IT WAS CARRIED TO A SUCCESSFUL ISSUE.

DEAR WULLIE,—The auld proverb, “a skeleton in every closet,” has in my humble opeenion done service lang enough in the way o’ expressin’ the fact that ilka man has his ain domestic troubles, an’ by way o’ improvement I wad just suggest that the phrase, “There’s a mither-in-law in every hoose,” be adopted in its stead, as no only expressin’ the painfu’ truth, but also indicatin’ waur an’ mair o’t.

But gin onybody thinks that I’m the man tae let mesel be saddled by ony Auld Man o’ the Sea, faur less ony auld woman, they little ken the mettle o’ Hugh Airlie. When I gat hame after ma’ day’s wark that nicht, instead o’ dreelin’ in in ma ordinar free an’ easy mainer, bangin’ the door, rattlin’ the chairs aboot, an’ helpin’ mesel tae half-a-dizzen roosin’

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smacks frae ma wife's cheeks, the first thing I sees was Mistress Airlie meetin' me on the door stap, shakin her fore finger i' ma face an' whisperin' in ma lug sae frichted like, "Whisht Hugh! whisht for yer life, ma mither has jist lain doon for a nap, an' mauna be disturbit. Sit ye doon an' tak aff yer shoon on the door stap there, an' come in saftly on yer stockin' soles. Ma mither says she canna dae without her sleep, an I dinna think she wad stay wi' us lang gin ye mak' a noise."

Noo, for me to be requested tae sit doon ootside on ma ain door stap, an' tak aff ma shoon, like Moses afore the burnin' bush, was raily, in ma hungry state, like rubbin up the birse the wrang way. Hooever, no bein' a swearer, I said naething a but sat doon, an' whuppit aff ma shoon wi' sic a vengeance that ane o' them flew richt intae the middle o' the road an' disappeared in the glaur, an' the ither ane, comin' aff wi' a jerk gaed whurlin' clean ower ma head, smashin' the hall lookin' glass, an' bringing ma mither-in-law tae the tap o' the stairs whaur she held forth for a strucken 'oor aboot the seven years ill luck I had brocht on the hoose, through breakin' a lookin' glass.

An' yet, wad ye believe me, her voice micht hae been celestial music for onything I cared; for at that supreme moment ma wife's words had suggested an idea, a hope, a plan, that filled me wi' joy—even at that oor when the shadow o' ma mither-in-law had faen across the sunlicht o' ma marrit life, for a' the world like Sawtan lichtin' like a muckle black splairge on the sun's disc, as he came traivellin' on his ill prettit journey tae Eden. I apologeezed very humbly tae the auld leddy, slippit roon for an oor or sae on ma stockin' soles, an' then I gaed out an' bocht a fiddle. On ma road hame wi' ma fiddle in ma oxter, I offered a bit laddie a quarter for a little sookin' pup he was carryin'; it was newf-newfin' and yelp-yelp-in' at sic a rate that I tuk pity on the pair brute, the mair sae that I saw at ance that it was the verra thing I wanted. I was correck; the perseverance o' that pup was an example tae

a' wha wad succeed in life, an' when ma mither-in-law cam down till her breakfast she declared she never closed an e'e a' nicht for a neebor's dowg yawpin'. After breakfast I sent doon word tae the warehooose that I couldna venture oot I was sae ill wi' the cauld; sae I tuk up ma fiddle, an' a' day I scartit an' scrapit wi' a perseverance worthy o' the pup. Tae tell ye the truth, I was heartily sick o't masel, but I persevered a' day, and the pup he persevered a' nicht, till on ma word o' honor we fairly newfed and scrapit ma mither-in-law doon tae the station tae catch the nine o'clock train for Hamilton.

Next mornin' I was doon at the warehooose blythe an' early, an' it wad hae done ye gude tae see me struttin' roond the basement wi' a' the importance an' magnificence o' a bubly-jock. Of course, I needna say that I received the congratulations o' a' the clerks wi' a dignity that was as natural as it was becomin' tae

Yours victoriously,

HUGH AIRLIE.



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TWENTIETH EPISTLE.



HUGH GROWS POETICAL, BUT A SPIRIT APPEARS TO HIM AND WARNS HIM TO DESIST.

DEAR WULLIE,—The comfort o' ha'e'n yer fireside tae yer-
sel! The comfort o' gawn hame tae yer ain hoose i' the e'enin'
without the fear o' yer mither-in-law afore yer eyes! Hech,
mon! I just felt that saft, an' in sic a pure an' heavenly frame
o' mind after the exit o' the auld leddy, that after ma wife had
rowed up the clock an' gane awa up tae her bed, I actually
grew poetical, an' raxin' ower for pen, ink an paper, I sat doon,
intendin' to write oot a skreed o' the finest poetry ever written
in ony language. Feeguratively speakin' ma fit was in the
stirrup; I was maist in the saddle—Pagawsus was champin'
the bit an' pawin tae' be aff, an' careerin' awa on the hichts o'
Parnassus—the ink was in ma pen, ma heid cockit, ma e'e fixed
on a cobwab i' the nor-wast corner o' the ceilin', makin' believe

it was the muse an' me castin' sheep's-een at her like. Ideas flashed across ma brain like electric gleams loupin' frae horizon tae horizon; I shifted ma e'e frae the cobwab tae the paper—I tuk anither stolm o' ink, in anither meenit I micht hae made masel immortal an' a fit subject for anniversary resurrectionists, but at that supreme moment a soft, warm hand was laid kindly on ma shouter, an' a kindly Scotch voice said, "Dinna!"

As oot flew the licht in auld Alloway kirk, when through the window the immortal Tam encored the dancers on that eerie stage, sae vanished the licht o' poesy frae ma mind at that solemn word; in a moment a' was dark, an' turnin' ma head, I saw by the flaffin lowe o' the fire—"BURNS!"

"Lord bless me!" says I, jumpin' up in nae sma' fricht, for wha could mistak that manly feegur, that pooerfu' broo, the wunnerfu smile o' that eloquent dark e'e.

"It's only me, Airlie," sit doon, man, sit doon. I've just pairted the curtain that hangs atween us, an' come oot for twa-ree meenits tae gie ye a word o' freenly warnin'. Dinna do't, Hugh! Dae anything but that! Hap yer heart up weel oot o' sicht, keep 'thocts that breathe an' words that burn' for a less thankless world; droon oot that divine fire that burns but not consumes; bid the angel within you be silent, for, ance let her voice be heard an' woe betide ye gin ye dinna ever after lead an angel's life! Luck at your humble servant, wha was fule enough to write a bit sang oot o' the fulness o' his heart, for Scotland an' for humanity. What a reward is mine! Mair than a century an' a quarter sin I had dune wi' this puir earthly clay; sin I settled the last score wi' the judge o' a', an' yet, an' yet, ahint that curtain that hings atween the leevin' here an' the leevin' there, I can hear the yearly wranglin', the wurrin' an' growlin' o' the human jackals that are never tired o' gnawin' at ma puir defenceless banes. Lord, man Airlie! canna they let me lie? Canna they find enough tae dae in this busy age o' your's without aye howk howkin' awa at magrave? Canna they let the folk sing ma sangs without yearly remindin'?

them that the author was a drunkard, an' a blackguard, an' a monster o' licentiousness? Oh tae be as mythical as Shakespeare, or as auld as ma freen Homer inside the coortain there! an' the meanness o' the thing is, that there's nae gettin' even wi' sic critics. There's na chance o' *their* dust bein' rakit up year after year—*they* may sleep in peace; sic desecration is reserved only for the grave o' genius, for the spirits wha come to earth but ance in mony centuries, an' wi' pens dipped in their ain hearts' bluid, make us laugh or greet at will; wha hae gien the world the purest intellectual pleasure, an' whase sangs come ringin' doon through the dusty din o' the ages, pure an' sweet as the lilt o' the lairock, i' the dewy dawn o' a simmer mornin'. Na! na! Airlie, gin 'after life's fitful fivvir' ye wad sleep weel—dinna daur tae prove yersel a genius—gude nicht!" Wi' that he raised his hands, an' liftin' some inveesible coortain, he lookit doon an' stappit ben!

* * * * *

"Bless me, Hugh! what dy'e mean sittin' there snorin', wi' the cat on yer shouther—gin ye dinna gang tae yer bed at nicht hoo are ye gaun tae get up i' the mornin'?" Such was the question ma wife put tae me as I opened ma een an' saw her stannin' in her nicht-noon in the door-way. An' heavy was the sich I gae as I got up an' shuk aff the cat—but I didna tell ma wife o' ma dream—there's nae use castin' pearls afore—eh—weel. Your brither,

HUGH AIRLIE.

TWENTY-FIRST EPISTLE.

RELATES HOW HUGH WAS "HORRIFIED" AT THE SIGHT OF A CIRCUS TENT, AND HOW HE WAS IMPRESSED WITH THE BEAUTIES OF THE CIRCUS WOMEN.



DEAR WULLIE,—If there is a'e thing mair than anither that wad raise ma wife twenty-five cents in ma estimation, its the incident I'm just gaun tae relate tae ye in ma ain graphic way. Ye see I was just pittin' on ma hat tae gang awa doon tae ma wark last Wednesday mornin', when ma wife says tae me, "Hugh, I think ye'll better tak a snack o' bread an' cheese wi' ye the day instead o' comin' hame tae yer denner."

"Bless ma sowl!" says I in great alairm, "are ye no weel?"

"I'm weel eneuch Hugh, but ye ken the circus is comin' the day."

"The circus! an' what the Auld Harry has the circus tae dae wi' ma denner?" says I, wi' mooth an' een wide tae the wa's wi' astonishment.

"O'o weel, ye ken, the procession's a graund sicht, an' I promised Mistress McGab tae gae doon an' see it."

Weel, ye ken what women are, clean carrit awa' wi' ootward show, an' brass, an' tinsel, an' a' sic like flummagairies—clean opposite tae sober judgement o' a man body like mysel. Sae I thocht I wad just indulge her weakness a wee bit—even at the saucrisfeeze o' ma denner, an' takin' a rive o' the loaf an' a whang o' cheese, I rowed it up in a biography o' Archbishop Lynch in the *Globe* an' set sail for the warehooze. The mornin' was exterordinar' quiet—the silence was eerie—no a youngster to be seen within the range o' ma naked e'e. As I can' trampin'

doon frae Bloor street, hooever, I began to be sensible o' a great bizzin' an' bummin' soond, an' turnin' a corner sharp, I lichtet on a tent wi' hunders an' thoosan's o' youngsters bummin' roond it for a' the world like bees hiven' oot o' a skep. The gray fences were like an auld kintra hawthorn hedge in the month o' May—just buddin' an' blossomin' wi' bairns—dressed in white, an' pink, an' a' kind o' coloured peenys—their e'en shinin' an' a' on the alert waitin' to see the muckle leather elephants, an' the lions an' the teegers an' a sic cattle. But what horrifeed me was the sicht o' the circus tent pitched richt at the back o' the Presbyterian Kirk on College street, richt afore the nose o' the minister! Did ever ye ken sic owdawcious impidence! "The nearer the kirk the farther frae grace," thinks I, but what a glorious opportunity for the minister tae stap in an' administer a word in season! sic an opportunity as this only happens aboot ance in a lifetime; an' I've nae doot that baith the minister an' the Salvation Airmy will hae a graund story tae tell o' the croods o' sinners they hauled in when they cuist the Gospel net i' the circus grounds.

I was just sittin' on a packin' box, at the warehouse door chawin' awa at ma bread an' cheese, when the soond o' a drum an twa-ree dizzen fat women rinnin' for dear life appreezed me o' the fack that the procession was comin', but deil ane o' me moved a fit. Gin they want me to luck at their procession they can e'en come tae me, says I, so they cam, an' of coorse I cudna but luck. Eh man it was wunnerfu'! But what tuk ma e'e was a beautiful Roman drivin' a chariot, man. Cleopawtra herself couldna be bonnier than her representative. I never in a' ma born days did a thing o' the kind, an' of coorse I wouldna like Mrs. Airlie tae ken, but sae impressed was I wi' their beauty an' refinement, that on ma road hame I tuk a daunder roon the tent whaur the women were housed tae just get anither glimpse o' Cleopawtra an' the braw Roman, wha I was sure was just anither Volumnia sae noble an' sae graund. I gaed intae the side shows but saw naething there but females wha

lucked tae hae mair legs than religion aboot them, an' some o' them had their hair stannin' on end like the fur o' a horrifeed cat. I wadna gang intae the circus—I never was in a circus i' ma life, an' anither thing—there was the fifty cents—na! na! But I keepit prowlin' roon the back tents in the howp o' seein ma divine Roman jist ance mair. I was beginnin' tae despair, when Lordsake! I thocht surely the mouth o' hell had opened,



for sic a torrent o' foul-mouthed cursin' an' swearin', poored intae ma pair onfortunate lugs as made ma flesh creep an' the hair o' ma head bristle up like a hedgehog! It was ma divine womanly Volumnia! wi' the pent washed aff her face, and the poother stickin' inch thick roond her temples an' her lugs, her hair a' up in papers, an' a dirty drab o' a goon trailin in the dirt ahint her. She was quarrelin' wi' Cleopawtra—an' Cleopawtras' bangs were a' curled up wi' papers—an' her skin was like some Egyptian papyrus—inscribed wi' lines no tae be deceepered in a mixed assembly. Eh, didna Mistress Airlie luck sweet in her clean goon an' white apron. staunin' on the door stap wunnerin' what was keepin' me sae late! Your disenchantid brither,

HUGH AIRLIE.



TWENTY-SECOND EPISTLE.

HUGH BECOMES A "PAWRENT" AND FINDS ITS "NAE JOKE," JUST AS MANY AN HONEST MAN HAS BEFORE HIM.



DEAR WULLIE: It's wi' feelin' o' nae sma' satisfaction an' solemnity that I ca' yer attention tae the following notice frae the *Daily Mail* o' the 6th:

On the 5th instant, the wife of Hugh Airlie, Esq., of Thompson & Thompson's, of a son. Rosshire papers please copy.

Tae describe tae ye wi' anything like clearness the state o' ma mind for the last fortnight wad be as hard for me tae undertak' as for ye tae understand. The bamboozlement an' bewilderment o' bein' a pawrent is nae joke, I can tell ye; for ye maun

kin I'm a pawrent; a rail *bonny feedy* pawrent—just a fortnight auld! Eh, mon, but it's a fine laddie! an' sae knowin'! sae auld farrant! he kens me already, an', wad ye believe it? the rascal actually winkit at me yesterday. I really, without prejudice, maun say he's the finest bairn ever I saw. He's a particularly fine head, no a hair on't yet, but as braid as it's lang, a kind o' what ye wad ca' a mathematical head—an' yet, when ye look at it, frae a different pint o' view, rather inclined tae the classical. I canna help bein' struck wi' the expression o' superior intelligence pervadin' his hale coontenance, but the drollest thing about him is he sleeps a' day and wakes a' night, an' he's a trick o' lyin' wi' his een half steekit, just lost in the profoondity o' thocht, an' then he'll smile, an' laugh at his ain dreams in sic a way that I wadna be a bit surprised gin he should turn oot tae be ane o' the first wuts o' the age. His

mither says he's awfu' like me aboot the nose, but though I tak' the compliment kindly—seein' its nateral ma wife wad be partial to masel'; still, onybody wi' half an e'e can see that he is the horn picter o' ma grannie. Ma grannie, puir body, was awfu' fond o' toastin' her taes at the fire, an' I can see the same hereditary tendency in that laddie, doon tae the very cawm look o' satisfaction on his coontenance when he spreads oot his little red taes afore the stove.

D'ye ken, I'm perfectly boo'd down wi' the wecht o' the responsibilities an' duties devolv'in' on me—there's his edication tae be properly seen till, an' though I've nae doot there's plenty o' competent professors in the University, still he'll be nane the waur o' the superintendence an' guidance o' his faither, sae I've begun the study o' Greek, an' ma freen Boyle, o' "Ye Olde Booke Store," has ma order for the best Greek an' Latin oowthers, an' they'll be there when the laddie's ready for them.

I'm sair bothered aboot a name for the laddie; his mither wants to ca' him a'e thing, an' I want tae ca' him anither, in fact, we had a doonricht quarrel aboot it a'e nicht. Just at twa o'clock i' the mornin', when his lordship had waukened us up, screichin' for his breakfast at that oneearthly oor, we gaumered an' barkit at ane anither for a hale half oor, an' at last we left the case tae arbitration, that's tae say, I tuk the Bible, an' whatever name ma e'e wad light on when I opened it, that was tae be the laddie's name. The first name I lichted on was Jehu, but gudesake! I cudna christen him a coachman; sae I steekit the book an' the next time it was Jeroboam—an' ye ocht tae hear the skirl o' his mither when she thocht o' the bairn being ca'd Jerry. "The third time tries a'," says I, an' wi' that I opens the book again, an' this time it was Jacob! "What!" says Mrs. Airlie, "ca' him after that leein', deceitfu' sinner—no indeed! I'll just ca' him Hugh after yoursel'—so *there*." Noo when Mrs. Airlie says *there* in that particular tone o' voice, that's the danger signal, an' experience has learnt me at sic times tae keep a cawm sough.

Sae the laddie's name's Hugh—junior—an' tho' I say it
nase', he's a wunnerfu' boy, an' it'll be a prood day for me
when I see him struttin' aroond in his first breeks wi' a pouch
in ilka corner o' them. Yours paternally,

HUGH AIRLIE.



TWENTY-THIRD EPISTLE.



HUGH DISCOURSES ON THE TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF THE MEDICOS.

DEAR WULLIE,—I've heard o' a herd laddie that was sic a deevil for playin' tricks on fowk, that he cam tae get the blame o' a' the mischief that was perpetrated within a radius o' twenty mile roon. The hale kintra side was doon on the puir sowl, wha, ta tell the truth, was nae waur than the feck o' ither laddies. If a stane cam crashin' through a window, it was Tam; if a dowg cam careerin' through the toon wi' a tin pan tied till his tail, it was Tam; if an auld wife's lum tap was stuffed up till the auld body was smeekit oot o' hoose an' hame—wha else but Tam did it? If a patriarchal cat was amissin', of coorse Tam maun hae made awa' wi't. An' wha but Tam preened the dishcloth tae the minister's coat tail when he was visitin', an' hauled oot the bung o' the treacle barrel, when the shopkeeper's back was turned, an' rang the kirk bell at twa o'clock i' the mornin'? Didna the elder's wife, the cleanest an' maist pernicky woman i' the parish, come in frae

an errand a'e day an' get a neebor's soo an' a' her litter o' pig's grumphin' awa' in her bonny clean bed, amang her snaw white sheets! Wha but Tam was possessed o' devilmint eneuch tae dae sic' a thing as that! It didna maitter though Tam was lyin' on the braes watchin' the kye, or listenin' till a lairrick singin' on the edge o' a cloud awa' up i' the lift abune him, the time a' the cantrips were played; nae maitter though a complete *alibi* were proved—Tam did it nevertheless—he was like the deevil, he could be in twa-ree places at ance—an' as for his will an' ability tae commit ony kind o' ootrage frae harryin' a nest tae robbin' a kirkyard—naebody ever dooted either the ane or the ither. At last the creator got doon-hearted ower the character he was gettin' an' ae day he brak oot in his ain defence—"Yer a' leers! I may be bad an' bad eneuch, but mind ye, I'm a hanged sicht waur than I'm ca'ed! "

Noo, Wullie, that, I jalouse, is just exactly the case o'oor medical students in the ceety here an' elsewhaur; they are a leevin' multipleed ockler demonstration o' the proverb, "Ye may as weel hang a dowg as gie him a bad name." Seein, however, that the body o' students wha represent this unfortunate onhanged dowg are a' sons, dear, cherished sons o' lovin' mithers, an' the pride an' joy o' kindly modest sisters, I maun confess that it's mair than I can stammack—tae believe that ony ane o' them consented tae the onmanly an' diabolical atrocity o' exposin' in the public streets, like a beast slaughtered at the shambles, the sacred representation o' the sex o' his mither an' his sisters. Na! na! the medical students may be bad an' bad eneuch, they may even be like Tam—a hanged sight waur than they're ca'ed, but, no, a deed like this was left for creatures o' a lower type; an' that commercial traveller an' the butcher, whaever they are, noo in custody, if fund guilty should be tarred and feathered an' ridden on a rail by the medical students, the commercial travellers an' the butchers o' the city of Toronto. As a rule, I dinna believe in Judge Lynch, unless in cases that there's nae law tae meet;

but I dinna think there's ony law tae punish as it ocht tae be punished, an' ootrage like this, sae I propose tae open a subscription for the purchase o' ten gallons o' tar an' twa-ree pund o' guse fethers, an' hereby head the subscription wi' twenty-five cents as follows :

By cash :

For purchase of tar and feathers 25c.

HUGH AIRLIE



TWENTY-FOURTH EPISTLE.



DEAR WULLIE,—“I wish ma grannie saw ye,” is the words o’ an auld sang, but I’m sure if my puir, auld, wizened, an’ lang departed grannie was tae tak a trip doon on an auld broomstick or some sic like celestial bycicle, an’ reveesit thae glimpses o’ the mune, ae glisk o’ ma face wad send her sailin’ awa’ up through space again wi’ the speed o’ a paper baloon. For a hale week yer humble servant hasna set fit outside his ain door—an’ as for gaun tae the warehooose—gude-sake! if I was tae appear *there*, the hale establishment o’ clerks, dowgs, cats and rattens wad tak heels an’ rin for pure terrification—an’ nae wonder, for I hae a veesage reflectin’ a’ the colors o’ the rainbow—an’ swelled!—ye wad tak me for a corp that had lain for sax weeks i’ the boddom o’ the bay.

That’s yer fine Canadian sports for ye! They’re naething but the deevil’s ain pawtent invention for transmogrifying a man’s weelfaured coontenance intil a villainous eemitation o’ a blackguardly prize fechter—tae sae naething o’ the skinfu’ o’ sair banes they supply him wi’. Foul fa the day ever had

onything tae dae wi' them, but ye see it was ane o' thae ceevil spoken deevils o' clerks that says tae me a'e day, jist as I was soopin the snaw aff the door step,—“Look here, Airlie,” says he, “its just heavenly. Ye just settle comfortably doon on yer hunkers in the toboggan, wi' half a dizzen pretty girls, tuck in, let go, an' swish! down ye shoot like a meteor! It's great I tell ye!” “Weel,” says I, “I wadna mind gaun for ance, just so as I wad be able tae describe tobogganin' when I gaed hame tae the auld kintra.” “A' right then,” says he. “I'll borrow Jim Crow's tobogganin' suit, he's a big fellow, an' it will fit you just O.K. ; come up to my room after supper and we'll go an' have a roarin' time.” Accordingly, hame I gaed, an' after supper I tellt Mistress Airlie that we were takin' stock that nicht, an' that I wad hae tae gang back tae the warehooose till aboot ten or eleeven o'clock, but no nae sit up for me, an' then, feelin' as cheap as dirt I made for the clerk's boardin' hooose. He wasna in, but had left word that I was tae dress masel in his room, an' that I wad find the toboggan suit up there in a bundle. Up I goes, an' there was the bundle sure enough ; but a' it contained was a nicht cap, a lang narraw red grouvat, a pair o' white flannen drawers an' a white flannen sark wi' red an' blue stripes a' roond the tail. I luckit aboot the room for the breecks an' vest an' coat, but seein' nane, I cam' tae the conclusion that the ootside pairt o' the suit hadna come yet, an' so sat doon tae wait a wee. As it didna pit in an appearance, hooever, I just steppit tae the door, an' speered at the landlady if this was a' that was left for me. “Yes,” she said, “that was a', just a toboggan suit.” Of coorse I saw there maun hae been a mistake. Hooever, I thocht I cudna dae better than just pit on what was there, they wad keep me warm onyway, the mair sae, that I wad hae them on tap o' ma ain. So I arrayed masel in the braw under breecks, an' the sark wi' the strippit tail, but the sweat was poorin' doon ower ma nose afore I cud get ma ain claes fastened on ootside o' them, an' twa-ree o' ma best buttons

cam fleein' aff an' gaed rowin' across the carpet, but I managed it wi' lettin' oot ma back straps. An' when at last I feenished ye wad hae sworn I was the twin brither o' John Bull.

Noo, I dinna deny that I tell't a wee bit o' a lee to Mistress Airlie that nicht, but for a' that, I brocht tae that toboggan slide some vera strong moral convictions. Ye see, I was greatly disturbit aboot what that Cautholic Bishop said aboot the immorality o' a tobogganin', that in fack it was just a slidin' scale tae perdition. Weel, the diel ane o' me was gaun tae perdition if behavin' masel' properly cud prevent it. Sae when the clerk said "all aboard Airlie," I just whippit me leg ower the bow o' the toboggan, an' though it gae a crack wi' ma wecht as I settled masel' doon, I managed tae hing on. "Ye see," says I tae the clerk, as he began to haul me aff in great alairm, declarin' I wud break ma neck, "in the first place I'm a marrit man an' consequently dead tae a' the vanities an' follies that misguided bachelors like yersel' are liable tae—but even if I wasna, I'm still Scotch, an' did ye ever see a Scotchman yet that wasna aye tae the front in the cause o' reform? I'm gaun tae remove this reproach frae this Canada o' oors an' show ye hoo tobogganin' can be enjoyed withoot the sma'est danger tae morality. Ye see, I want a' the lasses tae sit on the sole o' the toboggan, an' I'll sit up here on the boo, an' when ye let go we'll a' shoot doon as prim an' decorous as ye like; in fack, Archbishop Lynch himsel' cud occupy sic a position on a toboggan wi' baith pleasure an' profit an' wi'oot his ondooted morality sufferin' by the process." "Great Scott!" yelled the clerk, "yer mad, man, come oot o' there!" "Diel a fit," says I, "here I sit, an' yer can come when ye're ready." "Yer bluid be on yer ane head then, don't blame me," says he, an' then he sat doon an' let go. At least I thocht he did, for the next thing I kent was a feelin' o' bein' shot oot o' a cannon richt intill a threshin' machine, wi' a clamjamfrey o' skreichin', scramblin', wrigglin' women, clawin' an' clammerin' on tap o' me, some wi' their heels

diggin' intae ma een, some on ma mou', an' some trampin' in ma ribs, till ma body was as flat as a flounder. Hoo the breath o' life was left in me is a mystery—but the first thing that brocht me tae ma senses was them discussn' what tavern they wud carry me till tae haud the inquest. Then I managed tae rax up ma head an' beg the clerk for gudesake to carry me doon tae the warehouse and see what banes were broken. Instead o' that, hooever, didna they carry me straucht tae ma ain hoose! The trouble o' ma body was naething noo tae ma distress o' mind thinkin' hoo I was gaun tae account for this mischanter tae Mistress Airlie—but the clerk at wance proceeded tae explain hoo I had been set on by burglars an' hammered oot o' a semblance o' humanity because I wadna gie them the number o' the safe. At that meenit, hooever, her e'e lichtit on ma brow toboggan suit that had gotten a' exposed in the scrammle, an', pintin' her finger, she says, "What on earth's that?" Of coorse I was dead onconscious, but when I heard *that*, a cauld sweat brak' clean ower me, an' I began tae think that verily the way o' transgressors was hard. The clerk, hooever, cam again tae ma rescue, and explainted hoo, me feelin' a kin' o' cauld, he had made me pit on his toboggan suit. Then he exhorted her by a' that was gude tae keep the burglary a profoond secret, for if it wance got intae the papers then fareweel tae a' chance o' catchin' the murderin' vagabones! Noo, after sic an' experience, can there be ony doot whatever about the immoral effects o' tobogganin'?

Yours wi' sair banes,

HUGH AIRLIE.

TWENTY-FIFTH EPISTLE.

HUGH COMPOSES A POEM IN CELEBRATION OF THE BIRTH OF BURNS.



DEAR WULLIE,—For me tae let
Burns' birthday pass without
haudin' a private celebration a'
tae masel' wad argue a lack o'
appreciation an' respeck an' love
that I cudna' alloo masel' tae be
thocht guilty o'. Neither wad I
like tae gang against Scriptor sae
far as tae houd the licht o' ma
genius alow a bushel, sae if thae
bits o' verses meets wi' your
approbation, dear Wullie, I'se
e'en print them.

THE BIRTH OF BURNS.

Lang-syne when yet this world was young,
An' time was but a beardless callant ;
When Homer's lay was still unsung,
An' there was neither book nor ballant.

The poors abune, assembled a',
Wi' strang broos bent, an' een sae pawkie,
Sat in their great starn-lichted ha',
The crowns Olympus' tap sae gawkie.

The nectar flowed, the bowl gaed roon'
Till a' the gods grew crouse an' cantie,
An' ilk ane cried "a boon ! a boon !"
Tae mak the young warl prood an' vauntie."

Great Jove upon his breast let fa'
His mighty head, wi' thinkin' o' it ;
Then up he starts among them a'—
"I hae't ! I hae't let's mak a poet !

"A man o' men, sae weak, sae strang,
A creature fired wi' spark immortal ;
A quenchless voice o' love and sang,
Caged in the clay o' errin' mortal."

As when wi' crash o' music grand,
Breaks oot an' orchestra gigantic,
At signal frae the maister's wand,
Brak oot the gods wi' cheerin' frantic.

They clapped, they danced wi' heel an' toe
Till a' the starnies, winkin', wondered ;
An' mortals on the earth below
The noise heard, an' said, it thundered !

They made him up o' ends an' odds ;
Jove, he supplied a brain capacious,
To haud the gifts the kindly gods
Wad bring, tae mak him braw an' gracious.

Great Mars he brocht him courage strang,
An' pluck to strike at pride's oppression ;
The Muses filled him fu' o' sang,
An' Saturn gae'm a flail for threshin'.

Brisk Mercury, he brocht twa wings,
Around the poet's feet tae tether,
Sae that, when sick o' earthly things,
He'd soar awa to fields o' ether.

Minerva said 'twas a' in vain
Wisdom tae put in sic a jumble ;
She'd gie him enough to wince wi' pain,
When'er oot o' himsel' he'd tumble.

At last their gifts when a' displayed,
Jove mixed them in a toddy ladle ;
An' Venus, when the soul was made,
She rocked him saft in Cupid's cradle.

But whaur tae get a faither fit,
Or mither-love for sic a ferlie,
Made Jove wi' fell dismay doon sit,
An' a' the gods to wonder sair'y.

The wean for ages sleepit soon',
Lulled by the planetary motion ;
An' Venus in his ear would croon,
The faint far murmur o' the ocean.

While Homer cam an' Virgil sweet,
An' mony mair o' lesser merit ;
But for this soul nae parent meet
Yet lived—they feared he'd be miscarrit.

At last a'e day intae the bower,
Jove burst in breathless a' thro' ither ;
Quo' he—" gie me the wean oot ower,
He's found a birth-place an' a faither."

Sae Rab was born. The deil he heard,
 An' luck'd as though he'd ta'en the jaundice ;
 He seized an auld witch by the beard,
 An' whirled her roon an' roon the Andes—

An' raised a storm that blew a' nicht.
 Rab cuddled in his mother's bosie ;
 The deil he howled wi' rage an' fricht,
 But daured na' touch him *there sae cosie*.

" I want nae siccan spirits true,
 Tae knit men's hearts in love thegither ;
 An' whether just tae kill him noo,
 Or let him live, I'm in a swither.

" Just when I've gat things my ain way
 An' a' are servile, mean an' kannie ;
 Here, a' my doctrines to gainsay,
 Up starts this peasant-poet mannie.

" He'll tell them they are brithers a' ;
 He'll sing that man wi' God claims kinshup ;
 Wi' sang he'll wile their hearts awa'
 Frae meaner things, tae love an' freenship.

" Confound it a' ! I'll hae revenge !
 I'll wait until the lad gets frisky ;
 Gin poortith winna crush or change,
 I'll ply him weel wi' gude Scotch whisky.

" Tak' that e'en noo—an omen quick,
 O' what ye may expect hereafter."
 He raised his hoof, he gae a'e kick—
 Doon fell the gayle frae roof an' rafter !

The rest ye ken—his life, his fame,
 The deil, though weel his word he keepit—
 He couldna quench proud honor's flame—
 The love in which Rab's soul was steepit.

A mortal man—noo weak, noo strang—
 Wi' a' a poet's glamour o'er him ;
 The world that listened to his sang,
 Has been since syne, the better for him.

Yer brither,

HUGH AIRLIE.



GRANITE ITEM.

Inexperienced Member (to venerable skip)—Mr. MacFergus, what's a pat-lid?

Skip—Weel, div ye see, ye gowk ! ye ding yer stane cannilie, but nae sae feckly as tae hoggit. Nae haafins fleg, nor jinkin turn, ye ken, but tentiely, that it aye gars smoovin an' straught as an elder's walk, hogsnoutherin amang the guards, till ye land on the verra tee. When ye've dun that, laddie, ye've med a pat-lid, and ye ma bear the gree.

Inexperienced Member (somewhat piqued)—Thank you, Mr. MacFergus; no doubt the explanation is very accurate, but I think its lucidity would have been very much heightened if you had made it in English.

Skip—Tut man, and ye'll be a curler ye maun faumeelyerise yerse wi' the vernauckular.

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