

nary sport of such places to set the dogs to unhouse the badgers. The wild sport which Scott describes in his "Guy Mannering," as pursued by Dandy Dimmont and his associates among the Cheviots, was extensively practised twenty-nine years ago amid the dingier haunts of the High Street and Canongate. Our party, like most others, had its dog,—a repulsive-looking brute, with an earth-directed eye, as if he carried about with him an evil conscience ; and my companions were desirous of getting his earthing ability tested upon the badger of the establishment ; but on summoning the bar-keeper, we were told that the party below had got the start of us : their dog was, as we might hear, "just drawing the badger ; and before our dog could be permitted to draw him, the poor brute would require to get an hour's rest." I need scarce say, that the hour was spent in hard drinking in that stagnant atmosphere ; and we then all descended through the trap-door, by means of a ladder, into a bare-walled dungeon, dark and damp, and where the pestiferous air smelt like that of a burial vault. The scene which followed was exceedingly repulsive and brutal,—nearly as much so as some of the scenes furnished by those otter hunts in which the aristocracy of the country delight occasionally to indulge. Amid shouts and yells, the badger, with the blood of his recent conflict still fresh upon him, was again drawn to the box mouth ; and the party returning satisfied to the apartment above, again betook themselves to hard drinking. In a short time the liquor began to tell, not first, as might be supposed, on our younger men, who were mostly tall, vigorous fellows, in the first flush of their full strength, but on a few of the middle-aged workmen, whose constitutions seemed undermined by a previous course of dissipation and debauchery. The conversation became very loud, very involved, and, though highly seasoned with emphatic oaths, very insipid ; and leaving with Cha,—who seemed somewhat uneasy that my eye should be upon their meeting in its hour of weakness,—money enough to clear off my share of the reckoning, I stole out to the King's Park, and passed an hour to better purpose among the trap rocks than I could possibly have spent it beside