

was much mirth, and no little humor. Ferguson sat at the head of the table, and old John Hogg at the foot. I thought of Eastcheap, and the revels of Prince Henry; but our Falstaff was an old Scotch Seceder, and our Prince a gifted young fellow, who owed all his influence over his fellows to the force of his genius alone.

"Prythee, Hall," I said, "let us drink to Sir John."

"Why, yes," said the poet, "with all my heart. Not quite so fine a fellow, though, 'bating his Scotch honesty. Half Sir John's genius would have served for an epic poet, — half his courage for a hero."

"His courage!" exclaimed one of the lads.

"Yes, Willie, his courage, man. Do you think a coward could have run away with half the coolness? With a tithe of the courage necessary for such a retreat, a man would have stood and fought till he died. Sir John must have been a fine fellow in his youth."

"In mony a droll way may a man fa' on the drap drink," remarked John; "an' meikle ill, dootless, does it do in takin' aff the edge o' the speerit, — the mair if the edge be a fine razor edge, an' no the edge o' a whittle. I mind, about fifty years ago, when I was a slip o' a callant," —

"Losh, John!" exclaimed one of the lads, "hae ye been fechtin wi' the cats? Sic a scrapit face!"

"Wheesht," said Ferguson; "we owe the illustration to that; but dinna interrupt the story."

"Fifty years ago, when I was a slip o' a callant," continued John, "unco curious, an' fond o' kennin everything, as callants will be," —

"Hoot, John," said one of the students, interrupting him, "can ye no cut short, man? Rob promised last