

life to a baggage of a house like this, and made liable, like other husbands, for all its debts. Is there no way of getting a divorce?" "Don't know," he emphatically replied, with somewhat of a nasal snort; and so we parted; and I saw or heard no more of Peter M'Craw until many years after, when I found him celebrated in the well-known song by poor Gilfillan.* And in the society of my friend I soon forgot my miserable house, and all the liabilities which it entailed.

* Well known as Gilfillan's song is among ourselves, it is much less so to the south of the Border; and I present it to my English readers as a worthy representative, in these latter days, of those ludicrous songs of our country in the olden time which are so admirably suited to show, notwithstanding the gibe of Goldsmith,

"That a Scot may have humor, I almost said wit."

THE TAX-GATHERER.

O! do ye ken Peter, the taxman an' vriter?
 Ye're weel aff wha ken naething 'bout him ava:
 They ca' him Inspector, or Poor's Rates Collector,—
 My faith! he's weel kent in Leith, Peter M'Craw!
 He ca's, and he comes again,—haws, and he hums again,—
 He's only ae hand, but it's as gude as twa;
 He pu's 't out an' raxes, an' draws in the taxes,
 An' pouches the siller,—shame! Peter M'Craw!

He'll be at your door by daylight on a Monday,
 On Tyesday ye're favored again wi' a ca';
 E'en a sleo look he gied me at kirk the last Sunday,
 Whilk meant,—"*Mind the preachin' an' Peter M'Craw.*"
 He glowrs at my auld door as if he had made it;
 He keeks through the key-hole when I am awa';
 He'll syne read the auld stane, that tells a' wha read it,
 To "*Blisse God for a' giftes,*"*—but Peter M'Craw!

His sma' papers neatly 'ranged a' completely,
 That yours, for a wonder, 's the first on the raw.
 There's nae jinkin' Peter; nae antelope's fleeter;
 Nao *cuttin'* acquaintance wi' Peter M'Craw!

* A devout legend, common in the seventeenth century above the entrance of houses.