

We sauntered along the shore till the evening had darkened into night, lost in an agreeable interchange of thought. "Ah!" at length exclaimed my companion, "I had almost forgotten my engagement, Mr. Lindsay; but it must not part us. You are a stranger here, and I must introduce you to some of my acquaintance. There are a few of us — choice spirits, of course — who meet every Saturday evening at John Hogg's; and I must just bring you to see them. There may be much less wit than mirth among us; but you will find us all sober, when at the gayest; and old John will be quite a study for you."

CHAPTER II.

Say, ye red gowns, that aften here
 Hae toasted cakes to Katie's beer,
 Gin e'er thir days hae had their peer,
 Sae blythe, sae daft!
 Ye'll ne'er again in life's career
 Sit half sae saft.

ELEGY ON JOHN HOGG.

WE returned to town; and, after threading a few of the narrower lanes, entered by a low door into a long dark room, dimly lighted by a fire. A tall thin woman was employed in skinning a bundle of dried fish at a table in a corner.

"Where's the gudeman, Kate?" said my companion, changing the sweet pure English in which he had hitherto spoken for his mother tongue.

"John's ben in the spence," replied the woman. "Little