

SOMNOSALMONIA.

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CLIFFORD (*asleep.*)—Ha! ha! ha!—There he comes! What a noble fish! Didn't I tell you I would do for him? Ha! there—there now—I shall land him beautifully at last.

AUTHOR.—Why, he's asleep, Grant; give him a good shake, will you.

CLIFFORD (*half-awaking.*)—Oh! oh! oh! what are you at? Will you throw me into the water, you scoundrels? Hah! what are you at? Aw—a—a! what a magnificent salmon I had caught when you snapt my line. Eh!—hah—aw—a—aw. I believe I have been dozing.

GRANT.—Nay, not dozing only, but snoring; and, finally, fishing in your sleep.

CLIFFORD.—Then am I a fool, aw—a—a—to

stay here awake doing nothing, when I might go to bed and there so happily continue the sport which you so cruelly interrupted,—aw—a—aw, so good night to you,—I'm off.

Taking up his candle, Clifford quickly disappeared, and following his example, we broke up for the night; and having agreed to devote the next day to our friend's favourite sport, we invited our new acquaintance, the schoolmaster, to dine with us again.

Next day Grant and I spent five or six hours in thrashing the river, without being gratified even with a single rise; whilst Clifford killed no less than three large salmon and one grilse. We expected that he would have crowed mightily over us, and we accordingly exhibited great humbleness of aspect in his presence. But he was magnanimous beyond our hopes.

CLIFFORD.—Don't be downcast, my dear friends, your fate had been mine and mine yours, had we only exchanged our fly-boxes in the morning. Your flies have been made by some Cockney, for fishing in the New River. These Limerick hooks are the things; they never fail. You shall try them next time, and I'll warrant your success.

Clifford picked out the best fish for our dinner, and after a liberal provision of those ingredients which are supposed to contribute to the sociality of an evening.

AUTHOR, (*to Clifford*).—Come along, Mr. Secretary, “how stands your book?”

CLIFFORD.—Mr. MacPherson is down two or three times over. But, for aught I know, he may have told all his tales last night while I slept. By the by, I have to apologize to him for having done so.

DOMINIE.—Hout no, sir, I am sure I am well pleased if my tales can in any manner of way contribute to your happiness, whether it may be by exciting your interest or mirth, or by lulling you to sweet repose. I am not the first story-teller whose tales have had a soporific yeffeck.

CLIFFORD.—Can you favour us then,—you will yourself recollect which of your stories comes first in the list.

DOMINIE.—’Pon my word, sir, my memory does not serve me in that respect. But I have another story altogether, in which the Laird of Ballindalloch was also concerned; and, as it has been brought to my mind, nay, I may say, into my vurra mouth at this moment, by the pleasing

flavour of Mr. Clifford's excellent fish, on which we have all dined so heartily, I may as well give you that.

CLIFFORD.—You are a perfect mine of legendary lore, Mr. MacPherson.