

HIGHLAND RAMBLES.

FEUDAL HEROES.

DOMINIE.—That same Allan with the Red Jacket was surely a terrible chield. I'm thinking that his moral and religious yedication must have been *urr*a much neglected.

CLIFFORD (*gravely*).—I should strongly suspect so.

DOMINIE.—Something might surely have been made of him by subjeckin him to proper early nurture and restraint.

CLIFFORD.—Aye, there is no saying what might have been made of him if you had had the flog-ging of him, Mr. Macpherson.

DOMINIE.—Preserve me, sir ! no salary upon yearth could have tempted me to undertake the flagellation of such a birky.

CLIFFORD.—Why, to be sure he might have rebelled a little under the lash ; and if he had once run away from you, you would have been somewhat troubled to have caught him again. He would have been a grand fellow for a steeple chase. He would have beaten the world on foot across a country.

DOMINIE.—These MacKenzies and MacDonells were fearful chaps. I have many a story about them.

GRANT.—I have a few myself ; and a legend which a friend gave me of a MacDonell of Glengarry and a Lord Kintail has this moment occurred to me, suggested by its similarity in certain circumstances to part of that to which we have been listening.

AUTHOR.—Will you favour us with it ?

CLIFFORD.—If he does, it must be by my especial licence. Our friend, Mr. MacPherson, is first in my book. But as I see he has lighted a fresh cigar, and as Grant has smoked his to the stump, he may e'en end it by throwing it into the fire,

and commence his tale without farther loss of time.

GRANT.—I bow to your supreme will.

CLIFFORD.—Pray make it short, if you please, for I begin to be rather sleepy, and I should be sorry to affront you by yawning. Besides, I mean to be up betimes to-morrow to try for a salmon.