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[For the Republican.]

GIFT ENTERPRISE.

When Satan erst the tempted Saviour led
To a high mountain, overlooking space,
Below, earth's fairest kingdoms widely spread,
Whereon the eye might all its treasures trace.

"All this," the subtle demon said "is thine
Held by the tenure of a sole decree,
Renounce allegiance to the power Divine,
Kneel at my feet and humbly worship me."

A seraph stood upon a turret high,
The last earth-rest of feet as light as morn,
Fleeting to join its kindred in the sky,
Leaving earth dark for radiance thus withdrawn.

Thence gaz d we, silent, on the scene beneath;
The cities' glories all before us lay,
And then I dreamed some spirit did bequeath
To me that rich and glorious display.

Then spake I to the seraph "Take this gift—
By no vile tenure of obeying me;
Allow me but mine eyes to humbly lift,
And offer wealth and worship both to thee."

A HERO AND A MARTYR.

BY CHARLES READE.

Upon the second day of October, 1856, the Glasgow *Times* told the world a moving story.

A little boy was drowning in the Clyde. There were a score of people on the bank; but they only groaned, and glared, and fluttered at the child's screams and struggles; not one had both the courage and the skill to plunge in and rescue him.

But presently came an elderly man who was a peerless swimmer and diver, and had saved more than forty lives in that very river.

Alas! he was now stone blind; a little girl, his granddaughter, was leading him by the hand.

Yet to him his blindness seemed no obstacle. "Let me to him! let me to him!" he cried; "I'll save him yet."

But in the general dismay and agitation, his appeal was unheeded at first. Then he screamed out in generous fury, "Ye daft fules, a mon disna soom with his e'en: just fling me in the water, and cry me (*) to him, and ye'll see."

His prayer would have been granted, but his granddaughter, with a girl's affection and unreasoning fears, clung round his knees and screamed, "Na, na, ye wadna, ye wadna!"

This caused a hesitation when there was no longer a moment to lose. The boy sank for the last time; a deep groan from the spectators told the sad end, and the poor blind hero went home, flinging his arms about in despair and crying like a child for, as he had afterward said, in telling the lamentable tale, "It was a laddie flung away; clean flung away."

The chronicler went on to enumerate the gallant exploits of this very James Lambert before he lost his sight; and the whole story set me thinking. I began to weigh the vulgar griefs of men against James Lambert's high distress. I taxed myself and dissected things that had made me rage or grieve; now they seemed small and selfish.

From that my mind went into books, and I fell to comparing with the feats and tears of James Lambert the feats and tears of heroes, whom history has embalmed or poetry canonized.

Strange to say, it was not my living contemporary, but the famous figures of poetry and history that paled a little in this new crucible. I often detected some drawback to their valor and a taint of egotism in their grief. This made me suspect that poetry, like its readers, may have been dazzled by the glare of armor and the blare of trumpets and left heroic men unsung, who best deserved a bard. For, look below the surface—unsung Lambert's was the highest courage; it was solitary courage, and no trumpets to stir it; no armor, no joint enthusiasm; often no spectators. Summer and winter he plunged into the Clyde, and saved men and women, with his bare body, and at great peril to his life; for the best swimmer is a dead man if a drowning person clutches him and cripples him. And what was his reward on earth? For his benevolent courage he was stricken blind, through so many immersions of his heated body in icy water.

Was not this a poetic calamity, and a fit theme for tenderest verse?

Being thus afflicted for his virtue, he heard a fellow-creature drowning. He was potent as ever in the water, but impotent on land, and they would not help him into the water; and so a young life was flung away, that he could have saved, and he went home flinging his arms about him in agony, and weeping tears that angels might be proud to dry with loving wing. Alas! and is it so? The eyes that can no longer see can weep.

A noble, rare, unselfish and most poetical distress, though told in the plain prose of a journal. It made me desire to see James Lambert, and hear his tale from his own lips, and give him my poor sympathy.

But, unfortunately, I am a procrastinator. Of course I can do unadvisable things expeditiously; but when a wise or good thing is to be done, "*nonum prematur in annum*" is my motto. So for ten mortal years, and more, I was always going—going—going—to visit James Lambert.

At last, I am ashamed to say when, being in Selkirkshire, I shook off "the thief of time," and went into Glasgow to see this man, a hero in his youth, a martyr in old age.

But I had lived long enough to observe that when you seek a man who was alive and elderly twelve years ago, you find he has been dead from four to seven. So, on the road to Glasgow, I blamed myself bitterly for my besetting sin, and actually said to myself, very earnestly:

"—— from this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand."

That was fine; only, not to deceive you, I had often repeated this high resolve with great fervor and sincerity; and then gone on procrastinating.

In Glasgow I made strict inquiries after James Lambert; I asked the landlord and all the waiters; went to every tradesman I knew in the city. Not one soul had ever heard of him or his exploits. This confirmed my fear that he had gone to a better world, while I was busy postponing here below. However, my tardy blood was up at last; so I took a cab and drove to the police chambers, and asked for the chief. The request I had to make was unusual; therefore I prefaced the matter after this fashion: "Sir, most people come here to ask you to find out some malefactor. I come hunting an honest man, and a man of great merit, one James Lambert, who saved many lives in the Clyde, years ago. I can hear nothing of him, alive or dead. If you will assist me with your machinery, I shall be truly obliged to you."

Now, they say the Scotch are not so quick to take a new idea as the English. That may be; but they are also not so quick to reject one. An English chief constable would probably have said at once, "That is quite out of our line; you should go to the parochial clergy;" but, after twenty minutes' discussion, would have relented and given me every assistance; the Scottish chief, on the contrary, though manifestly taken aback, thought before he spoke; thought, without disguise, for full thirty seconds. "Well, sirr," said he, very slowly, "I see—no—objection—to that." Then he turned to a tube and said, in a hollow voice, "Send me a detective."

This done, he took down my name and address in Glasgow, and what I knew about James Lambert.

One's idea of a detective is—a keen, lean man, with little glittering eyes—a human weasel. The door opened, and in walked a model of strength and youthful beauty that made me stare. He was about twenty-two years old, at least six feet four in height, and the breadth, and above all the depth of his chest, incredible. Until I saw John Heenan strip and reveal his bulging back and breast and every inch of his satin skin mapped with muscles, I took for granted the old sculptors had exaggerated, and carved ideal demigods, not real men. Nude Heenan showed me they had not exaggerated, but selected, and this detective confirmed the proof, for he was a much finer man than Heenan, yet not a bit fleshy; and, instead of a prize fighter's features, a comely, manly, blooming face and a high, smooth forehead, white as snow itself. I know no lady in the South with a forehead so white and delicate.

This Hercules-Apollo—his Scotch name I have forgotten—stood at the door and, drawing himself up, saluted his chief respectfully.

"—— ——," said the chief, "this is Mr. Redd, fr' England. He is looking for an old man called Lambert, that saved many lives in the Clyde some years ago. Ye'll take means to find him—here's his description—and ye'll report to Mr. Redd at his hotel. Ye understand now; he's to be found—if he is alive."

The detective saluted again, but made no reply. He took my address and the particulars, and went to work directly, as a matter of course. I thanked the chief heartily and retired to my hotel.

About nine in the evening Detective Hercules-Apollo called on me. All he had detected was a brave man, called John Lambert, that had saved lives out of a burning ship in the port of Greenock. I declined John Lambert—with thanks.

Having now no serious hope of finding James Lambert alive, I took the goods the gods provided, and interviewed Hercules-Apollo, since he was to hand. I questioned him, and he told me he was often employed in captures.

"Well," said I, "You are the man for it. You don't often meet your match—eh?"

He blushed a little, and smiled, but it did not make him bumptious, as it might a small man, say a life-guardsman or drayman. He said, "I assure you, sirr, I need it all, and whiles, mair." He then pointed out to me a window in the Trongate, exactly opposite the room we were in. "Yon's just a nest ot theeves," said he, "they wark wi' decoys, sirr, a wife wi' a tale of woe, or a lass with a bonny face, and the like. The other night a gentleman put his hand through the window and cried 'thieves.' So I ran up the stairs. The door was lockit, ye may be sure. I just put my foot till't—"

"And it flew up the Chimney!"

"Ha! ha! No far as that, sirr. Aweel I thoucht to find maybe twoor three of them. But there was nigh a dizen o' the warst characters in Glasgee. However, I was in for't, ye ken; so I was in the middle of them before they had time to think, and collared twa old offenders. 'I'll tak this handful,' says I, 'and I'll come bock for the lyve;' (*) marched 'em oot, and the gentleman at my heels. He was glad to wend clear, and so was I. My hairt beat hard that time, I shall assure ye; but I did not let the vagabonds see *thaat*, ye ken." He intimated that was all gas for any one man to pretend that he could master half a dozen, if they were resolute. "Na—we beer the law in our hairts, and they beer guilt in theirs. That's what makes the odds, sirr."

After a conversation, of which this is only a fragment, we returned to James Lambert, and he told me he expected news, good or bad, by break of day, for he had fifty policemen questioning on their beats, in the likeliest parts of the city. "Ah," said I, "but I am afraid those beats are all above ground; now my poor hero is underground."

I went to bed with this conviction, and having hitherto blamed myself, which is an unnatural trick, I now looked around for somebody else to blame, which is customary and wholesome; and herein my smattering of the British drama stood my friend; I snarled, and said—out of St. Peter—"He has died on purpose to vex me."

I heard no more till half-past one next day, and then my gigantic and beautiful detective called. This time he had a huge pocketbook—enormous—in a word, such a pocketbook as he a man. He opened it, and took out an old newspaper with an account of James Lambert, and also a small pamphlet. I ran my eye over them.

"That will be the man, sirr?"

"Yes."

"Aweel, then we've got him," said he, quietly.

"What! got him alive?"

"Ou ay; he is in vara good health. He's not an old man, sirr. He will not be mair than saxty."

"Have you seen him with your own eyes?" said I, still half incredulous.

"Ye may be sure o' thaat, sirr. I wadna come here till I had spoken him. He stays at No. 36 Little street, Calton."

I thought Calton was some other town, but he told me it was only a suburb of Glasgow, and all the cabmen knew it. Then I thanked him for his zeal and ability, and stood a sovereign, which he received with a grateful smile, but no abatement of his manly dignity, and I took a fly that moment and drove to Little street, Calton.

For some reason No. 36 was hard to find, and I got out of the fly to explore. I found the population in a flutter, and it was plain by the swift gathering of the juveniles, and their saucer eyes, that this was the first triumphal car which had ever entered that miserable street. However, if there was amazement, there was civility; and they vied with each other in directing me to James Lambert. I mounted a stair, as directed, and knocked at a door. A woman's voice said "come in," and I entered the room. There was but one.

On my right hand, as I stood at the door, and occupying nearly one-third of the room, was a long large wooden machine for spinning cotton; the upper part bristled with wooden quills polished by use. Behind it the bed in a recess. Immediately on my left was a table with things on it, covered with a linen cloth. Exactly opposite me the fireplace. On my right hand of it the window, but in an embrasure.

An old woman sat before the window, a young woman sat all in a heap the other side of the fire; and in front of the fire stood a gray headed man with well cut features, evidently blind. He was erect as a dart, and stood before his own fire in an easy and gentleman-like attitude, which does not, as a rule, belong to workingmen; they generally slouch a bit, when not at work.

"Does Mr. Lambert live here?" said I, for form.

He replied civilly, "I am James Lambert. What is your will with me?"

"Mr. Lambert, I have come from some distance to have a talk with you—about your exploits in saving lives."

"Aweel, sirr, I'll be very happy to hae a crack wi' ye. Wife, give the gentleman a chair."

When I was seated he said, "We are in a litter the day, but ye'll excuse it."

I saw no litter, and did not know what he meant. Before he could explain, the young man called for him, no doubt by appointment; and Lambert begged me to excuse him for a moment; he had a weekly pension, and they would not pay it after three o'clock; but it was not far, and he would return directly. He then left me seated between the two women. I looked hard at the young woman. She never moved, and seemed quite stupid or stupefied. I looked at the table on her side of the room, and wondered what was under the linen cloth. There seemed to be a prominence or two, such as objects of unequal height would cause, and I fancied it must be the best teapot, and other china, covered to keep off the dust.

The young woman was repellant, so I turned round to the old one, and praised her husband.

"Ay," said she, "he has been a curious mon in his time—a mony a great faitour (†) he did—and mony a good suit he destroyed that *I* had to pay for."

This last sentence being uttered earnestly and its predecessors apathetically, coupled with the stress on the "I," gave me the measure of the woman's mind. However, I tried her again. "Did you see any of his exploits?"

"Na, na; I was aye minding my wark at hame. I saw leetle o' his carryings on."

I said no more, but remembered Palissy's wife, and other egotistical mediocres, and turned to the young woman, but she seemed unconscious of my voice or my presence.

From this impenetrable I turned in despair to the covered table; tried to see below the cover with my eagle eye, and had just settled positively it was the china tea service, when, to my great relief, James Lambert returned, and conversation took the place of idle speculation.

We soon came to an understanding, and I asked him to give me some details; and to begin at the beginning.

"Aweel, sirr," said he, "the first case ever I had was a baker—they ca't a case—ken the noo; aw thing is a case—an awfu' fat man he was. I was about fourteen or fifteen then, but a gey guid soomer (*). Aweel, sirr, me and Rab Rankin, and John Murdoch, and a hantle mair lads, went doon to the bathing place, an' we were divairting oorselves in the water, when the baker strips and comes out on the deal. Noo ye'll understond there was shallow water and deep, and the deep was at the far end o' the deal. They ca' at, 'the Dominie's Hole,' fra' a schulemaister wha was drooned there a hundre' years agone. So this baker comes oot to the vara eend o' the deal, and dives in heed first, as if Clyde belanged to him—ha! ha! ha! He dinna come up for a while, and I said to the other callants (†) 'Hech, sirs, ye'll see a bonny dive.' Presently up he comes panting, and baashing and flinging his arms; and doon he goes again with both een glowering. 'Mairey on us,' cries ane, 'the mon's drooning.' However, he comes up again baashing and spluttering. I was ready for him, and just swam forereicht him, and took him by th' arm. That will let you see what a senseless cauf I was. I suld hae gone and flung him ae end of my gallows or my naepkin (‡), and towed him in; but instead of that he gat houd o' me and grippit me tight to to his breest, and took me doon with him. Noo, tell me, sir—y' are a swoomer yoursel'?"

I said "yes."

"What was our lives worth, the pair? Him a twanty stane mon, and me a laddy?"

"Not much indeed, unless you could slip away from him."

"Ay, but I could na: he huggit me till him. Aweel, sirr, if he was wild, I was desperate. I flang my heed back and gat my knees up to his breast, and after my knees my feet, and I gied the awfu'est spang with my feet against his breast, and I got clear a' but the skin o' my forefinger, that I left in his hond. I raised to the surface and called to the boys to mak' a chain. I was afeard to dive for him. But by Gude's mairey he came up yance mair, just to take leave o' Scotland. I got ahint him and gave him a sair crack on the heed, drove him forud, followed him up wi' a push, and then the lads took hands and won to him, and pulled him to the deal, and I soomed ashore and I hadna been there a minute when I swooned reicht way."

"How was that?" I asked.

"I think it was partly the pain, but maistly the faintheartedness at sight o' my finger streaming wi' bluid, and the skin away. When I came to mysel' the baker had put on his claes and gaed awa."

"What, without a word to his preserver?"

"Ay."

"Didn't he give you anything?"

"Deil a bawbee. But there was two gentlemen saw the affa—, and gied me fifteen shellin'. I went hame sucking my sair finger, and my mither gied me an awful hiding for spoiling my clothes. She took me by the lug (§), and made me cry 'murder.'"

"Fine, sympathetic creatures the women in these parts," said I, "*circumferens acriter oculos*," as my friend Levy hath it," and withering a female right and left, as playful men shoot partridges. Unfortunately, neither of them observed I had withered her; the hero's narrative and my basilisk glances were alike unheed,

"And on the impassive ice the lightnings play."
—Pope.

James Lambert, duly questioned, then related how a personal friend of his had been seized with a cramp in the middle of the Clyde. "For, sirr," said he, "the Clyde is deadly water, by reason of its hot and cold currents, and sand holes and all."

His friend had sunk for the last time; James Lambert dived for him, and brought him up from the bottom and took him ashore.

"And, sirr, maybe ye wadna think it; but the resoolt was—I lost my freend."

"What do you mean?" said I, staring.

"He just avoided me after that. He came to see me twaree (‖) times too; but I obsairved he wasna easy till he was away; and bymby I saw nae mair o' the lad." This he said without passion, and apparantly only to discharge his conscience, as a faithful narrator of real events, and men as they are in life, not books. But I, who am no hero, boiled.

I took time to digest this human pill, and then questioned him. But I omit two cases—to use his own words—as they had no particular feature.

"The next case, sirr, was an old wumman; ye ken the wives come on Glasgee Green to wash. Well, this auld wife had gone oot at 'the three stanes' to dip her stoup i' the water, and overbalanced herself and gone in heed first, and the stream carried her oot. The cry got up, 'there's a wumman droonin'. I was a lang way off, but I heerd it, and ran down and into the water after her, clothes and all. She was floating, sirr, but her heed was doon, and her feet up. I never saw the like in a' my life. I soomed up to her, and lifted her puir auld gray heed out o' the water—a rale riverend face she had—and broucht her ashore on my arm as quiet as a lamb, and laid her doon."

"Was she insensible?"

"Not a' thegither, I think, but nigh hand it, just scared like oot 'o her senses, puir saul. Vara sune she began to tremble all over and greet sair. I turned my bock, no' to greet mysel', and went aside and ridded my claes. Aweel, sirr, the first word she spoke was to speer for me. She cried out, quite sudden, 'Whaur's the mon that gat me out; for Gude's sake, whaur is he?' Sae the folk pushit me, and I behooved to come forrud and make my confession. 'Wife,' says I, 'I'm the mon.' So she looks me all over. 'The Lorrd protect ye,' she cried. 'The Lorrd bless ye!—Im a puir auld body,' says she, 'I hae naething but my washing bay (¶). But come you wi' me, and I'll pit it away, and get ye twaree schellin for saving me fra deeth.'

"Heeh, sir, I felt it awfu' keen; it was just her livelihood, you ken, her washing bay; and she'd pit it i' the pawn for me. 'Puir auld body,' says I, 'and is that a' ye hae?' And I just clappit a schellin in her hand, and I tel't her I needed naething; I'd a gude wife and a gude wage. I was warking at Somerville's mill ower the water; 'and,' says I, 'if ye wait for me Saturday afternoons, when I lift my wage, I'll whiles hae a schellin for ye.'"

"And did she?"

"Na, na," said he; then, thoughtfully, "She was ower puir to gie, and ower decent to take."

All our other provincial dialects are harsh and ugly, but the Scotch is guttural on the consonants and on the vowels divinely melodious. I wish I could convey the exquisite melody of James Lambert's voice in speaking these words: "Puir—auld—body; an' is that a' ye hae?"

The story itself, and the brave, tender hero's tones were so manly yet so sweet that they brought water into my eyes, and I thought this tale at least must touch some chord even in the dull domestic heart. But no; I looked at the young woman, and she sat of a heap, still wrapped in herself, dull, stupid, and gloomy beyond description, and the narrative, far from touching her, never even reached her. That was evident somehow. Thought I to myself: "Oh, but y'are a dour wife, y'are."

Perhaps you will be incredulous at my thinking in Scotch; but the truth is I am little better than a chameleon; I take the local color, willy nilly. After a day in France I begin to think in French; in Scotland, Scotch. I think in bad French and bad Scotch—very. But that is a flimsy detail; the broad fact remains. So I dubbed her a "dour wife;" (*a*) and really I felt wrath that such pearls of true narrative should be poured out before young Apathy and ancient Mediocrity.

Of mediocrity there is no cure, but there is of apathy, at least in Scotland. That cure is—whisky. When whisky will not thaw a Scotch body at all,

O then be bold to say Bassanio's—dead.'

So I beckoned a dirty, but attentive imp, that gleamed, all eyes, in a dark corner, and postponed my inquiries till after the thaw.

But, before the imp could return with apathy's cure, several footsteps were heard on the stairs, and three or four men entered, all in good black suits A few words of subdued greeting passed, and then they removed the white linen cloth from what I, with my eagle eye and love of precision, had inventoried as the best tea service.

It was the body of a little girl, lying in her little coffin. The lid was not yet on. She looked like frozen wax.

After the first chilling surprise, I cast my eye on the young woman. She never moved nor looked, but she shivered by the fire when the men touched the coffin behind her.

She was the dead child's mother. Even I—in spite of my eagle eye—could see that now.

I whispered to James Lambert, "I have intruded on you at a sad time."

"Ye haena intruded at all," he said out loud. Then he told me, before them all, what made it worse was, that the father had gone away and not been seen those three days.

"Ay, but," said Mrs. Lambert, "ye mauna let the gentleman think he is ane that drinks. Na, he is a real, quiet, sober, decent man."

"He is thaat," said the bereaved mother, speaking for the first time, but in a crushed and dogged way.

"I'm no' exactly denying that," said James, cautiously. "But whaur is he—*at the present time?*"

It was evident that this quiet, sober, decent man, upon the death of his daughter, had gone away on the fuddle, and left his bereaved wife to bury the child how she could.

Such are the dire realities of life, especially among the poor.

With what different eyes I looked now on the poor creature, bereaved mother, and deserted wife, whose deep and numbing agony I had taken for sullen apathy—with my eagle eye.

And now came in an undertaker, and the coffin lid was to be screwed on. Before this was done all the men, myself included, took a last look at her, who was taken away so early from the troubles of the world.

"Ay, sir, said the undertaker to me, "it is just clay going to the dust;" and never was a truer word, nor more pictorial. That clay seemed never to have lived.

The lid was soon screwed down, and then, to my surprise, the undertaker delivered a prayer. Now that was the business of the minister, and besides the undertaker had the reddest nose I ever saw. For all that he delivered a grave, feeling and appropriate prayer, and then the deceased was carried out for interment, and I was left with James Lambert, his daughter and his wife. I asked James Lambert would not the minister meet them at the grave.

"Na," said he, "there's nae minister intill't. The wives daur na tell him, or he'd be speering 'Why is na the guide man here?' and then he'd get a poublic rebuke. Whisper, sirr. Hae ye no obsairved that the women-folk aye screen a blackguard?"

"Yes," whispered I; "especially when they suffer by him."

So the poor wife let her child by prayed over, and buried, by a laymen, sooner than expose her husband to the cencure of the Church.

All this made my bowels yearn, and, for the first time. I addressed myself directly to her. I said, "My poor woman, nobody can console a mother that has lost a child; that is beyond the power of man. But, if it is a part of your trouble that you are left without help, and perhaps hard put to it for expenses, I can be of some little use to you in that." Then I pulled out two or three of those deplorable old rags, Scotch one pound notes, by means of which the national malady is perpetuated, and passes from hand to hand.

I don't know whether it was the stale words, or the old rags, or both, but the poor woman burst out crying and sobbing with almost terrible violence.

We did what we could for her, and tried to get her to swallow a few drops of whisky; but she put her hand up and turned away from it.

The quick-eared old man found this out somehow, and explained her to her face; "She can take a drap as weel as any body; but noo she blames it for her mon being away." Then, rather roughly to his wife, "Hets, ye fute, let the lass greet. What'n harm will that dee her."

Soon after this the two women exchanged one of their signals, and went out together, I think to pay the undertaker; and such is the decent pride of the Scotch character, that to be able to do this was probably a drop of comfort in the bitter cup of their affliction.

When they were gone, the old man's expressive features brightened a little, and he drew his stool nearer me, with a certain genial alacrity. There are book makers who would not let you know that, Madam, lest you should turn from their hero with aversion; but, when I deal with fact, I am on my oath. At all events, understand him, before you turn from him. You see the present very clearly, the past through a haze; but this man, being blind, could not see the present at all, and saw the past clearer than you do; for he was compelled to live in it. He had never seen the grandchild he had lost; an unfamiliar fragment of this generation had gone away to the grave; a man of his own generation sat beside him, and led him back to the men and things he knew by sight and by deed.

"Well, Mr. Lambert—now tell me."

"Aweel, sirr, ye've heerd o' the callant they wadna let me save—Hech, sirr, you was a wean wastit (*)—noo I'll mak' ye the joodge whether I could na hae saved that ane, and twarree mair. There's a beck they ca' 'the Plumb' rins doon fra' the horse brae into the Clyde near Stockwell Brigg. The bairns were aye for sporting in the beck, because it was shallow by ordinar, and ye'd see then the color o' vilets, and no' haut sae sweet, wi' the dye that ran i' the beck. Aweel, ae day there was a band o' them there; and a high spate (†) had come doon and catched them, and the resoolt was I saw ane o' th' assembly in the Clyde. I had warned the neer-do-weels, ye ken, mony's the time. By good luck, I was na far away, and went in for him and took him by the ear. 'C'way, ye little deevil,' says I. I had na made three strokes when I'm catched round the neck wi' another callant."

"Where on earth did he spring from?"

"I dinna ken I was attending to number ane, when number twa poppit up, just to tak' leave o Glasgee I tell't them to stick it in to me, and carried the pair ashore. Directly, there's a skirl on the bank, and up comes number three, far ahint me in the Clyde, and sinks before I can win (‡) to him. Dives for this ane, and has a wark to find him at the bottom. Brings him ashore, in a kind o' a dwam; but I had nae fear for his life; he hadna been doon lang; my lord had a deal mair mischief to do, ye ken. By the same token he came too vara sune; and d' ye ken the first word he said to me?"

"No."

"Nay, but guess."

"I can not."

"He said, 'Dinna tell my feyther!' ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! 'Lordsake, man, dinna tell my feyther!' ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!"

I never saw a man more tickled by a straw than James Lambert was at this. By contemplating him I was enabled in the course of time to lose my own gravity, for his whole face was puckered with mirth and every inch of it seemed to laugh.

"But," said he, "wad ye believe it, some officious pairson tell't his feyther, in spite o' us baith. He was just a laboring man. He called on me and thankit me vera hairtily, and gied me a refreshment. And I thoucht mair o't than I hae thoucht o' a hantler siller on the like occasions."

After one or two sayings that would have gained a man a medal in the South, but go for nothing in this man's career, and would dilate the more colored incidents, James Lambert prefaced a curious story by letting me into his mind. "By this time, sirr," said he, "I was aye prowling about day and night for vectims."

"Tell the truth, James. You had the pride of an artist. You wanted them to fall in that you might pull them out and show your dexterity."

"Dinna mak' me waur than I am, ha! ha! ha! Nay, but ye ken, in those days folks was nae sae acquainted in sooming, and accidents was mair common; and sae, if such a thing was to be I wad like to be there and save 'em. Eeh, the sweetness o't! the sweetness o't!

"I raised every morning between three and four, and took a walk; it was a kind o' my natur, and the river was ay the first place I ran tae. Aweel, ae morning, before 'twas weil light, I heerd high words, and here was a lass fleichting (§) on a lad, and charging him wi' beein' her ruin; and presently she runs away skirling, and flings hersel' into the river. The lad he just turns on his heel and walks away."

I expressed my surprise and horror—no matter in what terms.

He replied loftily, "My dear sirr, d'ye ken this? there have been men in the name o' men, that were little mair than broom besoms."

I acquiesced.

"'Twas na for sport neither. The lass knew the water, and ran straicht to the deepest pairt, opposite Nelson's Monument; her claes buoyed her up, and I got her out easy eneuch. She was na ashore a moment when in she flees again, the daft hizzy. Noo the water maistly cools thir sort o' lasses, and reconciles them to terree firmee. But she was distrackit; she was just a woman that wanted to die. So I went in again and lectured her a' the time I was pulling her oot. 'Hae ye a quarrl wi' Him that made ye, ye daft cummer' (*), says I; and I held her on the bank itsel'; but if I was strong in the water she was stronger on land wi' her daftness, and she flung me off, and in again. 'Vera weel, my leddy,' says I. Sae, d'ye ken what I did noo?"

"No."

"I just drooned her. I pit her heed under water, and keepit there till I made her taste the bitterness o' dethe for her guide, ye ken. Hech, sirr, but it sickened her o' you game. She brought up a quart o' Clyde, and then she lay and rolled a bit, and pu'd the grass, and then she sat up quiet as a lamb; and I stood sentinel over her leddyship, and my claes a dripping. By this time a wheen folk cam' aboot to see, and doesna the lad that was wi' her step forrud and complain to me. 'Ye'd little to do to interfere,' says he; 'she was wi' me, she was na wi' you.' 'What,' says I, 'd'ye begroodge the lass her life?' 'Not I,' says he, 'but y' had no need to meddle; what's your business?' So I gied him his answer. Says I: 'You have taen her character, and turned her on the mairey of the warld, and noo it's a' your vexation that ye could na' be rid of her in the Clyde. But she shall outlive you, ye blackguard,' says I, 'please Gude. So then he challenged me to fight. But as I mad' ready to take of my coat a fine lad steps forrud, and lays his hand on my arm. 'Ye're no fit for him,' says he, 'an' ye've done your wark,' says he, 'and this is mines.' So at it they went, and t'other stood up and fought for about five minutes. But oh, he napped it. My lad just hashed him. Gied him twa black een, and at the hinder end laid him sprawlin' and smothered i' bluid."

"But the woman?"

She "na a woman. She was but a lassie, about nineteen."

"Little fool! and thought she was ruined for life—when all her life was before her."

"Ye may say that, sirr; why, that very year wasna she married on a decent tradesman? I often saw her after she was married; but she wadna speak to me. She couldna look me straught i' the face. She'd say, 'Gude morning,' though—when she couldna get by me."

"Ungrateful little brute!"

"Na, na; it was na ingratitude ava; it was just shame. Aweel, she needna run fra' me noo; for I canna see her, nor ony of those I hae saved."

This made me gulp a bit, and, when I had done, I said, "She measured you by her small self. She would have been sure to blab, in such a case, so she thought you would."

"Aweel, then," said he, "she was mistaen; for I maun tell ye that some mischief maker let on something or other about it to her man, and he was uneasy, and came and asked me if 'twas true I had taken his wife out o' the water. 'A,' said I, 'her and twarree mair.' 'What had she to do i' the water?' says he. 'That's her business,' says I, 'mine was to tak' her oot.' He questioned me had she been drinking. 'Like enough,' says I, 'but I couldna say.' He questioned me, and questioned me; but I pit the collar on, ye ken. I behooved to clear the wife a' I could. I didna lee, neither; but I was afflicted wi' a sooden obleevion o' sma' parteeculars, haw! haw! I didna think muckle o' yon carle He had a rare gude wife; they a' said so, and whaur was the sense o' him diving into her past life, to stir the mud?"

Passing over an easy job or two, and a few melancholy cases, in which he had dived and groped the river, and restored dead bodies to their friends, I come now to a passage, which but for its truth, I should hesitate to relate exactly as he had told it me; but, if I were to yield to squeamishness and slur it, a chapter of human nature, revealed to me, would by me be meanly carried to my grave and hidden from the scholars of other ages and nations.

Thus, then, it was: James Lambert was bathing in the Clyde one evening at the hour when it was allowed at that epoch.

Suddenly Mrs. Cooper, that kept the Society's house, cried to him over the window, "Rin Jamie Lambert, there is a laddie in the water."

Up ran James Lambert, but the boy had sunk; a bystander directed him to the place, but it is not so easy to mark the exact spot where a body has disappeared in the water, and James Lambert dived twice and came up without the child. He dived a third time and groped along the bottom. He was down so long that the cry got up he was drowned too. Others scouted at the idea. James Lambert drown! They had known him cross the Clyde under water, from bank to bank. Some time having elapsed since the first alarm, people had poured across the green and down the banks, and there was quite a crowd there, murmuring and gazing, when up came James Lambert, panting, with the child in his arms.

There was a roar of exultation at the sight, but James Lambert did not hear it and did not see the crowd. (Take note of that fact). His whole soul was in the lovely boy that lay white and inanimate in his arms. He ran into the house uttering cries of concern.

"But, when I got him in the hoose, he opens ae eye on me—like a bonny blue bead it was. Eh! I was happy! I was happy! I gied the bonny bairn a kiss and hands him to the wife, and orders her to the fire wi' him. Then I'm going oot, when a' of a sooden I finds I haena a steek on me, and twa hundred folk about the doore. Wad ye believe it, *wi' great excitement, I never knew I was nakit*, till I saw the folk, and bethought me I rins back again, and at the stair-foot there's a bundle o' linen. I was na lang napping mysel', I can tell ye, and oot I comes, as bold as brass, in the wife's apron and a muckle sheet. The sight o' me made the lasses scairt and skirl (†); for I was like a corp just poppit oot o' the grave. I went for my clothes and—they were away. My bluid gat up at that, and I chackit them sair. 'Hech,' says I, 'Ye maun be a cauld-hairted set o' theves,' says I, 'to tak' my very claes, when I was doing a mon's pairt. Bymby (‡) I sees a young leddy in a silk gown wagging on my (§), and she points to a hedge near by. So I went, and there was my claes. She had put them aside for me, ye ken, and keepit her ee on them. Wasne that thochtful o' her noo?"

"It was, indeed."

"Aweel, sirr, I got my things on at the hedge an' tied up the wife's bundle, and cam' forud; and by this time the folk was dispairsed like. But the same young leddy was walking to and fra, with her een doon, reflecting like. She wagged on me, and I came to her. So she askit me who I was, and I tell't her I was a cotton spinner, and they caed me James Lambert. So then she lookit at me full, and says she, 'James, are you married?' 'Oh, yes, ma'am,' says I, 'this three years.' So she lookit at me all over, in a vara curious way; and she says saftly, 'James—it—is—a—great—pity—yere married—for—yere a vara—gallant—man.' So you see, sir, I could hae had a young leddy—for her ee tell't me mair nor her words—if I had na had the wife. But then I'd no hae had the wife. So it comes a' to the same thing."

I stared at him with surprise, for to me it did not seem quite the same thing to marry high sympathy, quick intelligence, and plenty of money, and to marry poverty, plus grovelling mediocrity. However it was not for me to satirize conjugal affection and its amiable delusions. But I proposed the young lady's health, and we drank it cordially.

By this time I conclude I have so spoiled the readers of John Lambert, that they will care for no passage of his extraordinary career that does not offer some new feature. So I go from water to the double peril of ice and water at the freezing point.

"It was a hard winter, and I had charge of the gentlemen belonging to the skating club. So I had to go to Hugginfield loch. But I was clean wastit there. I was armed wi' ladders an' ropes and corks. Mon, ony fule can stand and fling gear till a drooning body. And I gat an awfu' affront intil the bargain; they castit in my teeth that I was partial, and saved the rich afore the poor. Noo I let naebody droon, but my bargain was with the club to save them first, so I behooved to keep to the contract. Aweel then I did nae execution there worth speaking o', the thing I'm comin' to was at the bend of the Clyde they ca' the 'peat bog.' A number was skating on the rivur, and the ice began to heave an' shake wi' the high tide. So I chased all the boys off wi' my belt, and warned the men; but some folk winna be warned by me. The ice breaks under a laboring man, and in he goes, and the tide sucked him under in a moment. I ran to the place as fast as I could and under the ice after him. Aweel, I soomed and soomed and did na catch him. I soomed and soomed, ay hoping to find him, till I had nae chance to come back alive if I did na turn. But, just as I turned, my feet struck him. Then my hairt got up again, I grippit him and dragged him back wi me, and soomed and soomed for my ain life the noo, as weel as his. Eh, mon, I was amaist gane, But I wadna loose him. 'Twas bath live or bath dee. I'm just givin' in, when I see the light o' the hole, mak for't and get him oot and on the ice, and dizna it keep breaking direckly with the pair o' us, and sae we go flounderin' and smashing, till we are helpit ashore Noo, I'll tell ye a farce. I'm haulding the chiel prisoner by the collar, and shaking t'other neif (*) at them a'. Ye ken I wanted to fleicht on them, for saying I riskit myself mair for the rich than the puir. But a' I could say was, 'wow—wow—'—the brethe wadna come bock to my body. And while I was 'wow—wow—wowing at them, and gripping my coptive like a mollyfactor, dizna he turn round and thank me in a brief discourse vara ceevil. Eh, mon, I glowered at him; I lossed him an' rolled away backwards to glower at him. He could hae repeated his catecheesm, and I could only baash an' blather. The man was a better man than me; for he had been langer in. Oh, I declared that on the bank, sune as ever I could speak."

I come now to the crowning feat of this philanthropic and adventurous life, and I doubt my power to describe it. I halt before it, like one that feels weak, and a mountain to climb; for such a feat, I believe, was never done in the water by mortal man, nor ever will again while earth shall last.

James Lambert worked in Somerville's mill. Like most of the hands, he must cross the water to get home. For that purpose a small ferryboat was provided; it lay at a little quay near the mill. One Andrew had charge of it ashore, and used to shove it off with a lever, and received it on its return. He often let more people go into it than Lambert thought safe, and Lambert had remonstrated and had even said: "Ye'll hae an occident some day that ye'll rue but ance, and that will be a' your life." Andrew, in reply, told him to mind his own business.

Well, one evening James Lambert wanted to get away in the first boat load. This was somehow connected with his having bought a new hat; perhaps he wished to avoid the crowd of work people—here I am not very clear. However, he watched the great wheel, and the moment it began to waver, previous to stopping, he ran for his hat, and darted down the stairs. But, as he worked in an upper story, full a dozen got into the boat before him. He told Andrew to put off, but Andrew would not till the boat should be full; and soon it was crammed. James Lambert then said it was a shame of him to let so many go on board. This angered the man, and, when the boat was so crowded that her gunwale was not far above water, he shoved her violently off into the tide-way, and said words which, if he has not prayed God to forgive them in this world, will perhaps hang heavy round his neck in the next.

"To hell—ye beggars!" he cried.

This rough launching made the over-laden boat wobble. The women got frightened, and before the boat had gone twenty yards she upset in dark, icy water, ten feet deep. It was night.

"Before the boat coupit (†) athegither, they a' flew to me that could, for they a' kenned me. I' the water, them that hadna a haud o' me, had a haud o' them that had a haud o' me, and they carried me doon like leed."

Now it is an old saying and a true one that "After-wit is everybody's wit." Were I to relate at once what James Lambert accomplished hundreds would imagine they could have done the same. To correct that self-deception and make men appreciate this hero correctly, I shall stop here and entreat my readers, for the instruction of their own minds, to lay down this narrative and shut their eyes, and ask themselves how it was possible for mortal man to escape drowning himself, and to save those who were drowning him. You have seen that it cost him the skin of his finger to get clear of a single baker. Here he was clutched pinned by at least four desperate drowning creatures, strong as lions in their wild despair, and the weight* of twelve people more hanging on to those that clutched him, so that the united weight of them all carried down the strong swimmer like a statue in a sack.

"Sirr, when yeve two feet i' the grave your mind warks hard. I didna struggle, for it was na mair use than to wrastle wi a kirk. I just strauchtened myselt oot like a corp (‡) and let them tak me doon to the bottom o' the Clyde; and there I stude up right and waited; for I kenned the puir sauls would droon afore me, and I saw just a wee wee chance to save them yet. Ye shall understond sirr, that when folk are drooning they dinna settle doon till the water fills their lungs and drives the air out. At first they waver up and doon at sartain intervals. Aweel, sirr, I waited for that on the ground. I was the only ane grunded, ye'll obsairve. A slight upward movement commenced. I took advantage and gied a vi'lent sprang wi' my feet against the bottom and wi' me choosing my time, up we a' cume. My arm was grippit, but I could strike oot wi' my feet, and before ever we reached the surface I lashed oot like a deevil for the quay. Aweel, sirr, wi' all I could do, we didna wend abune a yard, or may be a yard and a hauf, and doon they carried me like leed. I strauchtened myself as we sank, and I grunded. The lave we a roond me like a fon (§). I bides my time, and when they are inclining upward I strikes fra the grund; an' this time, mair slanting toward the quay. That helpit us, and in a dozen vi'lent strokes we may be gained twa yards this time. Then doon like leed. Plays the same game again, up, and doon again. And noo, sirr, there was something that turned sair against us; but then there was something for us, to bolance it It was against us that they had all swallowed their pint o' water by this time, and were na sae buoyant; it was for us that the water was shallower now, may be not mair than twa feet ower heed. Noo this twa feet wad droon us as weel as twanty; but wi' nae mair nor twa feet abune us, I could spring up fra the grun by mere force; for the grun gies ye an awfu' power for a foot or twa. Sae noo I'm nae suner doon than up again, and still creeping for the quay, and the water aye a wee bit shallower. The next news is, I gat sair spent, and that was bad; but, to bollance that, some folk on the quay gat rapes and boat hooks and pickit off ane or twa that was the nearest; and now ilka time I cam' up they pickit ane off, and that lightened my burden; and bymby I drave a couple into shallow water mysel' wi my feet. When I was in seven fut water mysel', and fewer folk hauding me doon, I got to be maister, and shovit ane, and pu'd anither in, till we landed the whole saxteen or seventeen. But my wark was na done, for I kenned there were mair in the river. I saw the last o' my ain band safe, then oot into the Clyde, wherever I heerd cries, and sune I fand twa lasses skirling, takes 'em by their lang hair, and tows them to the quay in a minue. Just as I'm landing (‖) thir twa, I hear a cry in the vara middle o' the river, and in I splash. It was a strapping lass—they caed her Elizabeth Whitelaw. 'C'way, ye lang daftie,' says I, and begins to tow her. Lo an' behold I'm grippt wi a man under the water. It was her sweethairt. She was hauding him doon. The hizzy was a' reicht, but she was drooning the lad; pairts (¶) these twa lovers—for their gude—and takes 'em ashore, one in each hand. Aweel, sirr, I saved just one mair, and then I plunged in again, and sairched; but there was nae mair to be seen noo; three puir lasses were drooned; but I did na ken that at the time. And noo I'll tell ye a farce. I'm seized wi' a faintness, and maks for the shore. But I gat weaker, and dazed like, and the lights o' Glasgee begins to flicker afore my een; and thinks I, 'I'll no see ye again; I'm done this time.' It was all I could do for the bare life, to drift to the hinder part of the quay. I hadna the power to draw mysel' oot. I just grippit the quay, and sobbit. The folk were a' busy wi' them I had saved; nane of them noticed me, and I wad ha' been drooned that nicht; but—what d'ye think saved me that had saved sae mony?—an auld decripit man; haw! haw! haw! He had a hookit stick, and gied me the handle, and towed me along the quay into shallow water, and I gat oot, wi' his help, and swooned deed away. I'am tauld I lay there neglecktt awhile; but they fand me at last, and then I had fifty nurses for ane."

Have I exaggerated? Does history record any other example of a man being clutched by a great number of drowning people, and carried to the bottom, and saving them all in the lump, and then dashing in and saving the outsiders in detail?

By way of illustration let the reader imagine an umbrella frame, and only four or five curbed whalebones attached to the top part of the upright; now fasten several other curved whalebones high up, to each of those four or five curves. Now plunge the whole frame into water, till the upright touches the ground. Not one of the sixteen curved pieces will touch the ground: but in the water, if a person, male or female clings to a fixed upright, that person's body floats up more or less; at all events, it inclines toward the horizontal.

Now, James Lambert, by artificially straightening his body, made himself the stick of that human umbrella, or the upright post they all clung to directly or indirectly, and so were kept floating in a curve instead of sinking to the bottom This enabled him, but only by patiently and artfully watching the fluctuations up and down of these floating bodies, to spring at the nick of time from the hard ground and carry them all to the surface for a few seconds. The rest is detail, and his own narrative makes it clear. But see what intellectual and moral qualities were here combined. Genius is often without courage, courage is generally without genius, and so indeed is bare skill; and, in desperate danger, how often has genius lost its head and blundered like an idiot; how often has courage lacked invention, and relied on precedent that did not fit the novel danger, and so lead it to death. But this man, even as his body touched the water, was all cool courage and swift inventive genius. He did not repeat himself, as mere skill does. Hugged in the water by a single man—the baker—he hit, with prompt invention, on the one way to save both lives; he used the baker's own chest as a fulcrum, and so tore himself free. But clutched by a dozen and more, he never attempted to get free at all, but straightened himself into an upright position and used the ground as a fulcrum to save himself and those who were drowning themselves and him.

I come, now, to the sad ending of all these glorious deeds.

James Lambert was up the river working, but at what business I forget. An engineer fell into the water, and sank for the last time before James could get to the place.

Following the direction of persons on the bank, he flung himself from a bridge and dived for the man. But the others had not marked the place precisely, and when, after repeated efforts, he brought the man to land, life was gone forever. To use his own words: "It was a dear jump. He lost his life, and I lost my sight."

It was winter, and he was perspiring freely when he jumped into the icy water.

Very soon after, a great dazzling seized him, followed by darkness. It cleared after a time, and he saw again. But the same thing occurred at intervals, and by degrees the attacks came oftener and remained longer, until at last the darkness settled down, and the light fled forever.

Think of it. This twenty years he can no longer see the "Dominie's hole," nor "the three stanes," nor the "peat bog," nor the "dead-house," nor the Clyde itself where every bend is the scene of some great good feat he did. More than fourscore eyes he rescued from the darkness of the grave: yet unjust fate and dire calamity, have not left him one poor orb to see the blessed day and the faces of those he has saved.

Now turn back to the story repeated from the Glasgow *Times*, and surely you will say that it was a rare, and noble, and poetic distress, and worthy to be sung by some great poet.

I am no poet, and can not adorn so strong a tale; therefore I have aimed at that which all honest men can attain if they will but take the trouble, viz: the exact truth. I traveled to see him. I stayed in Glasgow many days to know him. I took him down to the Clyde and verified the spot, and got him to tell me each principal incident over again at his own site, and I noted down his very words, as well as I could.

The next thing was to rescue his features from oblivion. I asked him to meet me at the photographer's. He did so. But, horrible to relate, dressed as all Scotchmen dress on Sundays.

"James," said I, severely, "was it in this clerical suit you saved so many lives?"

"No likely," said he; "except you carle that was bathing o' the Sabba' day. Mon, I was for coming in my auld claes that I wrought in at the mill yon time, but the wife cried shame; she wadna let me."

Observe how devoid of common sense is common sense the moment it meddles with the things of genius. So I sent him back for his old clothes, and I now present you not indeed the hero himself, but his true wreck. The picture will mislead you, unless you will allow for that sad misrepresentation of the manly mouth which takes place when a hero loses his front teeth. Observe the thin straight lips, and the strong chin; those lips, when the teeth were behind them, marked iron resolution. Add to the straight, thin, American mouth, an eye full of fire; and, by the wreck, you may divine the man. [An electrotype of this portrait was forwarded by Mr. Reade, but has not yet reached us.—Ed.]

OBSERVATIONS.

James Lambert is of ordinary size, but very clean built and wiry. The signs of great activity still linger about him. The easy attitude in which I first saw him, was that of a man who could spring across the room in a moment from where he stood.

In manner he is two men; sometimes grave, slow and thoughtful; sometimes fiery and vivacious; and the changes are well timed; for he relates his facts with French vivacity, but makes his reflections in a slow, thoughtful way that is Scotch all over. It is just possible that race may have a hand in his vivacious half, for he admits a French progenitor, and Lambert is a French name.

I have not known him long enough to draw his whole character, but to what is revealed in his recorded acts I can add one trait; he is a man without bile. I offer one example: After describing with great spirit how he saved a respectable acquaintance, he told me that the said individual had afterward avoided him; and then he stopped, and went in a moment from his French manner to his Scotch.

"And I had—obsairved, sir, that the maist part—of them I have saved—shuns me."

Straight I exploded with ire at their baseness. But I could not convey my spleen into this heroic bosom void of bile.

"No, sir," said he, with the same measured thoughtfulness; "I just—think—it is our great—a debt—to awe to ony man; and they feel it a burden."

Almost any other man, finding in a certain base biped, vanity too strong for gratitude, would have vented the discovery in tones, either of wrath or of piteous complaint; but this man sounded like a patient, inquiring philosopher; certainly a faint tone of regret pierced through, but no more than became a philosopher, gently disappointed in mankind. To me who have seen so much storming and blubbering over trifles, this thoughtful, uncomplaining dignity was as pathetic as it was noble.

If the man seems egotistical, his discourse being all about himself, you must remember that I kept drawing him out, and that the true balance of the dialogue is not presented, since I have suppressed the greater part of my questions, as not worth printing.

I ought also to tell you that his manner of relating his exploits had no touch of vanity, nor boasting, nor self-gratulation. It was a thing both strange and fine to see how he was carried away out of the dark present into those glowing scenes, lighted by the sun of memory. As he related, the whole man quivered with excitement. When he was telling me how he dived for

(*) Cry me to him, i. e., Cry right—left—etc., till I find him.

(*) The lave—The rest.
(†) Faitour—Feat.

(*) Soom—Swim.
(†) Callant—A boy.
(‡) Napkin—Handkerchief. English.
(§) Lug—Ear.
(‖) Twarree—Two or three.
(¶) Washing bay, or bayne—Tub, French, "bain."
(*a*) Dour—Grim—severe. Latin, "Durus."

(*) A wean wastit—A child thrown away.
(†) Spate—Flood.
(‡) Win, won, etc.—Tenses of the verb "wend"—to go. Saxon.
(§) Fleichting—Scolding.

(*) Cummer—A woman of the people. French, commere.
(†) Scairt and skirl—Run and squeal. Scair is French "sortir."
(‡) Bymby—By and by.
(§) Wagging on me—Beckoning to me.

(*) Neif—Fist. English.
(†) Coupit—Upset.
(‡) Corp—Corpse.
(§) Fon—Fan.
(‖) Thir—These.
(¶) These—Those.