

THE
COALMAN'S COURTSHIP

TO THE
CREEL-WIFE'S DAUGHTER.

IN THREE PARTS.

I. Containing a very curious dialogue between the Carter and his Mother, who instructs him in the true Art of Courtship.

II. Sawny's Visit to his sweet-heart, and what passed betwixt them. With the curious house where Sawny got drunk—and an account of the terrible misfortunes he met with in consequence.

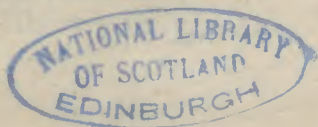
III. Description of his second Visit to his intended bride—what passed between them; and how Sawny was in danger of losing his sweet-heart. How her mother got all parties pleased again: with an account of the Wedding of this happy Couple—the whole abounding with the most laughable occurrences.



GLASGOW:

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131.



THE
COWLEY'S COURTSHIP
OR THE
CHEERFUL WIFE'S DAUGHTER.

IN THREE PARTS.

I. Containing a very curious dialogue between the Father and his Daughter, who has just returned from the Fair of Courtship.

II. Henry's Visit to his sweet-heart, and the account which she gives of her adventures, and an account of the various intrigues he met with in consequence.

III. Description of his second Visit to his sweet-heart, and what passed between them; and how Henry was in danger of losing his sweet-heart. How her father got all parties pleased again: with an account of the Wedding of this happy Couple—the whole abounding with the most laughable occurrences.

FOR
SALE
BY
ROBERT
AND
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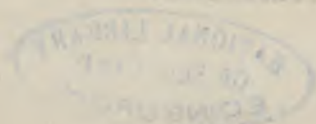


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1811



THE
COALMAN'S COURTSHIP
TO THE
CREEL-WIFE'S DAUGHTER.

ALL that are curious of Courtship, give attention to the history of Mary and her son Sawney, a young Coalman, who lived in the country, a few miles from Edinburgh.

Mary, his mither, was a gay hearty wife; had mair wantonness than wealth; was twelve years a married wife, nine years a widow, and was very chaste in her behaviour wi' her ain tale, for want o' chargin', for all the time of her widowhood there was never a man got a kiss of her lips, nor laid a foul hand on her hind quarters.

Sawny, her son, was a stout young raw loon, full fac'd, wi' flabby cheeks, duddy breeks and a ragget doublet; gade always wi' his bosom bare sometimes ae garter, a lingle or strae rape was gude enough for Sawny. His very belly was a'

sunburnt like a piper's bag, or the head of a
 auld drum, and yet his beard began to sprout out
 like herring banes. He took thick brose to his
 breakfast, and baps and ale through the day, and
 when the coals selled dear, and the win' was cauld
 bought an oven-farl, and twa Dunbar Wadders
 or a Glasgow Magistrate, which fish-wifes ca's
 wastlin herrin'.

His mitther, auld Mary, plagued him ay in the
 morning; she got up when the hens keckled, rip-
 ing the ribs, blew her snorterbox, primed her nose,
 kindled her tobacco-pipe, and at every puff
 breathed out frettings against her hard fortune and
 lanely single life. O but a widow be a poor
 name; but I live in a wilderness in this lang-
 lonen, mony a man gaes by my door, but few
 folks looks in to poor Mary. Hoch hey, will I
 never win out of this wearied life. Wa Sawny,
 man, wilt thou not rise the day; the sun's up,
 and a' the nibours round about; Willie and Char-
 lie is on the hill an hour syne, and half gate hame
 again. Wilt thou rise an gie the beasts a bite,
 thou minds na them, I wat man. Grumpgrump,
 quo Sawny, they got their supper an hour after
 I got mine. Shut to dead come on them every
 ane an they get a bit frae me till they work for't.

Sawny. But nither I've been dreaming that
 I was married, an' in the bed aboon the bride;

I wonder gin it be true? Od, I ne'er got sic fun: what will't be, think ye? how auld am I mither? do you think I could man a hissy yet? fegs I have a mind to try; but the saucy hissies will na hae me, I ken weel enough.

Mither. Say you lad, ay mony a hungry heart wad be blythe o' you, but there was never a sca'd Jockey but there was a scabbed Jenny till him yet: dinna be scar'd lad.

Sawny. A hech, mither, I'se no be lordly an' I sud tak a beggar wife aff the hi' gate; but I'll tell ye something that I'm ay thinking on, but ye maun na tell the neihbours, for the chiels wad aye jaw me wi't.

Mither. Wad I tell o' thee lad? I wad tell o' mysel as soon.

Sawny. Do ye mind mither, that day I gade to the Pans I came in by auld Mattie's your countrywoman, the Fife wifc, it cam' out o' the town ye cam frae, the wife that says Be-go laddies, I gade there, an she was unco kind, and made me fat brose out of the lec side o' her kail-pot: there was baith beef and paunches in't; od they smell'd like ony haggis, and shined a' like a gould fac'd waiscoat: fegs I suppit till I was like to rive o' them and had a rift o' them the morn a' day; when I came out I had a kite like a cow wi' calf; she spiered for you, mither, and

I said ye was gaily; and she looked tō me, and leuch, and gripped my shakle-bāne, and said I would be a sturdy fallow yet—I looked to her, and thought I liked her, and thinks on't aye since syne: she leugh, and bade me seek out a coal driver for her, for she didna like to carry a fish creel.

Mither. Forsooth, Sawny, I'll gie my twa lugs for a lav'rock's egg if she binna in love wi' thee, and that will be a bargain.

Sawny. An upon my word mither, she's a sturdy gimmer, well worth the smoaking after; she has a dimple on every cheek, an haunches like a sodjer's lady's hoop, they hobble when she shakes, and her paps play nidlety uod when she gangs; I ken by her keekling she has a conceit of me.

Mither. But Sawney man, an thou see her mither Matty in the town, 'auld be-go laddie as you ea' her, gie her a dram, she likes it weel; spout ye a mutchkin of melash in her cheek, ye'll get her mind, and speed the better.

Sawny. But mither, how sud I do when I gang to court her? will I kiss her, an kittle her and fling her o'er as the ehiels do the hisses amang the hay. I've seen them gang owre ither, and owre ither, and when they grip them by the wame, they'd cry like a maukin.

Mither. Hout awa, daft doug it thou is, that's no the gate; thou maun gang in wi' braw good manners, and something manfu', put on a Sunday's face, and sigh as ye were a saint, sit down beside her, as ye were a Mess John, keek aye till her now and then wi' a stowen look, and haud your mouth as mim and grave as a May-puddock, or a whore at a christening; crack well o' our wealth, and hide our poverty.

Sawny. Ay, but mither there is some ither way in courting nor that, or the lassies would na couple so close to them.

Mither. Ay, but Sawny man there's a time for every thing, and that too; when ye sit where naebody sees you, you may tak her head in your oxter like a creesh pig; dab nebs wi' her now and then; but be sure you keep a close mouth when you kiss her, clap her cheeks and straik her paps, but for your drowning gang na farther down; but fouks that's married can put their hand to ony part they like.

Sawny. Aha but mither I didna ken the first word o' courting, the lassie I'll no ken what I'm com'd about.

Mither. Ay will she lad, wink and keek well to her, she'll hae a guess, seek a quiet word of her at the door, and gin it be dark, gie her a bit wee kiss when ye hae tell'd her your errand, and

gin they gie you cheese and bread, or ony meat, be sure you ca't guid, whether it be sae or no; and for my blessing, be mensfu wi your mouth, and dinna eat unca muckle, for I've seen you sup as mony milk brose as would have saired twa men to carry on a barrow.

Sawney. Aha, but mither your'e lying now, for I never did it but ance, but an they set meat afore me an I be hungry, deil claw the clungest an I binna upsides with it for the same. Adeed mither, fouk maun hae meat an they should neer get wives, and there some of them no worth cursing, an a body werna setting an oath whether or no; a hear ye that now, when ye put me till't, and gar me speak, ay by my sooth, I would rather hae a bit good poncy and a pund of cheese, or I were bound to bab after ony hizzies buttocks I see yet.

Mither. Wa Sawny man, thou's a fool, an that's a fault; gin every ane were as easy about women as thou is, the warld wad be a wilderness in a wee time, there wad be nae body to inhabit the earth but brute beasts; cats and dogs wad be worrying ither, and every thing wad gae to confusion. Gae to the courting, ye dog that ye are, and either do something or naething at a'.

PART II.

UP got Sawney in the morning, and swallowed owre sodded meat flag by flag; and aff he goes to the coals and the courting, liting and singing like a laverock in a May morning—O to be married if this be the way.

The colliers wondered a' to see him sae well buskit wi a pair of wally side auld-fashioned leather breeks of his father's, and an auld creèshy hat, mair like a fryingpan than ony thing else; a lang cravat like a minister or Baillie Duff at a burial, a clean face and hands, and nae less than a gun-sleeved linen sark on him, which made his cheeks to shine like a sherney weight, and the colliers swore he was as braw as a horse gaun to a cow's dredgy.

But Sawny came off wi his coals, whistling and whipping up the poor beasts, even as outrageous as ony ram at riding time; well might ony body see there was a storm in Sawny's nose, light where it like; for no sooner had he solded his coals, than he left his horse to come hame wi a nibour callan, and gad keekin up the Cowgate, and through the closses, seeking auld Be-go, his guid-mither to be; then in through the fish-market, where he bought twa lang herrin, and twa baps, a pair of suter's auld shoon, greased black

and made new again, to make his feet feasible like, as he kend the lass would look at them (for his mither tell'd him the women looked ay to the mens legs or they married them, and the weel-legged loons gade ay best aff.)

So Sawny came swaggering through a the shell wives, but she was no there, going down the town below the guard he met auld Be-go just in the teeth, an she cries, Hey laddie my dow, how's your mither honest Mary? Thank you, quo' Sawny, she's meat hale, aye working some—how's a at hame, is Kate and the laddie weel?

Matty. Fu' weel, my dow: ye're a braw sonsy dog grown, a wallie fa'me gin I kend ye.

Come, come, quo' Sawny, and I'll gie ye a nossack to heat your wame, it is a cauld day, and ye're my mither's countrywoman.

Na, fair fa' you, Sawny, I'll nae refus't; a dram's better the day than a clap on the arse wi' a cauld shule, sae follow me, my dow.

So awa' she took me, quo' Sawny, down a dark stair, to ane o' the houses beneath the yird, where it was mirk as in a coal heugh, and they had a great fire. Sweet be wi me quo' Sawny, for it minds me of the ill part; an a muckle pot has a little cauldron, seething kail and roasting flesh, the wife forked them out as fast us she could into

coags and caps, for there came in a wheen sutor like fallows, with black thumbs and creeshy aprons, that cutted them all up in a wee time, but they never fashed with us, nor we with them; we first got a gill, and then got a het pint. A vow quoth I, Matty, is Kate gaun to get a man yet?

Matty. A man laddie, wha wad hac her? a muckle, lazy, useless jade; she can do naething but work at husband wark, card and spin, wash ladies rooms, and a gentleman's bonny things: she canna tak a creel on her back, and apply to merchandizing as I do, to win a man's bread.

Sawny. I think some of the fishers and her might mak it up.

Matty. A fisher, laddie! haith the fishers wad rather hae a pickle good bait to their hooks, and twa three bladders to their lines, than put up wi' the like of her, a stinking prideful jade, altho' I bore her, ay scourin and washin at hersel, prickin and prinnin keeps, her face ay like a Flander's baby, and naeless than ribbons and rings, and her shoon made of red clouts; a devil stick pride, when our auld guidams ran barefoot, and our gutchers gade wi bare hips. Gie her a man! ill thief stap a gouk in her arse first, that may cry cuckow when e'er she speaks o't; she can do naething but scour ladies pishpots, and keep clean the tirlie-pherlies that hang about the fire: haith

she's o'er gentle brought up to be a poor man's penny-worth.

Heigh how, quo' Sawny, and 'tis e'en a great pity, for she's weel-far'd lusty hissie; he had a great kindness for her.

Matty. A well-a-wat she's no lingletailed, she may be a caff bed to a good fallow, but an thou had but seen me at her age, I was a sturdy gimmer; there was nae a Hynd in a Dubbyside could lay a corpen to a creel wi me, the fint a fallow in a Fife but I wad a laid on the bread of his back, and a' his gear uppermost, I was na a chicken to chatter wi indeed laddie, for I had a flank like an ox, and a pair of cheeks like a chapmans arse.

Sawny. Nae doubt but ye had a pair of beefy buttocks, for your very cheeks hings like leather bags to this day; but I'll tell you what I'm gaun to tell you—do ye think that your Kate wad tak me, an I would come to court her?

Matty. Tak you, laddie, tak you, faith she'll tak you, for she would tane a poor button thing of a half blind tailor, wartna me, a poor, blind; bowly, scabbit like creature; I've seen the day I wad hae carried him in my pouch. Wode I'se warrant her jump at you; like a fish at a flee, wad I say tak you, and she winna tak you, I'se tak you mysel, but she an I cust out the day about

her cockups and black caps, gar'd me say muckle of her; but she's my sonsy dawty for a that; weel-a wat she's a weel-natured lassie; and gin she turn an illnatured wife I canna tell.

Sawny. A well then I'll venture on her as she is, for my mither's pleased; an ye're pleased, an I'm pleased; wode I am sure to get her, an the taylor has nae bridled her; or tane a trying trot o' her.

Matty. But Sawny, man, I'll tell you what we'll do, I'll hame and broach her the night on't, an come ye the morn, we'll mak it fu' fast in a wee time, so thou's get mair tocher than a Cramon, gammon to gammon; she has baith blankets and sheets, a covering, and twa eods o' caff, a caff bed and bowster, and hear'st thou' my laddie, I hae a bit auld hogger, and something in't, thou's get it when I die; but by my sooth it will be the last thing that I'll part wi', I kenna what I may need yet—it is an auld wife that kens her ain weird.

On this they paid their spout and parted; but when Sawny came out, he stoited and staggered like a sturdy stot: molash was chief commander, for Sawny thought every body had twa heads and four een, and more noses than they needed, while in the dark house he sometimes thought it was the morning of a new day: a hech, said he, when was I a night frae my mither before; she'll

think I am put in the guard, tane wi' the deil or the doctors, or else married, and working at the wanton trade of weans making.

Matty. Hute, daft laddie, the soup drink's in your head, and gars ye think sae, this day and yesterday is ae day : ye'll be hame in braw time yet.

Sawny. A well, a well then, good day to you, good mither ; ye maun gar Kate tak me, or thief tak you a thegither : I'll hame and tell the length it's come, and if it comes nae farther, it maun e'en stick there.

Off he goes, tacking about like a ship against the wind, as if he would knock holes in the walls and windowss wi' his elbows ; he looked as fierce as a lion, with a red face like a trumpeter, and his nose was like a bubbly jock's neb, as blue as a blawart : but or he wan half way hame his head turned heavier than his heels and mony a filthy fa' he got, through thick and thin he plashed, till hame he gets at last, grunting and gaping by the wall, when auld Mary thought it was their nibours sow, he was sae bedaubed wi dirt ; by the time she got him to bed, he was in a boiling-barrel fever, and poor Mary grat wi grief.

Sawny. Hech, hey ! but courting be a curst wark, and costly too : an marrying be as mortifying and murdering, the deil be married for me.

Mither. Wa Sawny, man, what's come o'er thee now? thou hast gotten skaith, some auld wife has witcht thee, or the deil has dung thee o'er in some dirty midden; where hast thou been, or what hast thou scen; thae een reel like a wild cat's, and the sweat is hailing o'er thy nose; thou's witcht, thou's witch't, O man, what will I do.

Bock, bock, gaed Sawney; but it could na win up for bubbles and herrin banes. Oh, quo' he, keep me in my bed for my days will soon be done; a curse on your courting wark, for it has killed me, and wives are but wicked things, I ken by the same.

Mither. O dole, dole, my bairn has gotten poison, for the smell of it is like to poison me.

Sawny. Gin herring and het ale be poison, there'll no be mony left alive. Bock, bock, Oh, quo, Sawney the bed's filed!

Mither. O my bairn, thou was ay a cleanly bairn till now; thou's surely lost thy senses when thou files where thou lies, like the brute beasts: thou never did the like of this before since thou left rocking of the cradle.

PART III

Pooa Sawny had a terrible night o't, wi a

sair head and a sick heart, his eyes stood in his head, his wame, caddled like ony cow's milks, and puddings crocket like a wheen puddocks in a pool; his mither rocket and wrung her hands, crying, a wae be to the wife that brewed it, for I hac lost a weel foster'd bairn wi' their stinking stuff, a meikle deil ding the doup out of their caldron, my curse come on them and their whisky-pots, it's brunt him alive; ay, ay, my bairn he's gone.

But about the break of day, his wind brak like the bursting of a bladder, O happy deliverance, cried Mary his mither; tho' dirt bodes luck, and foul farts file the blankets, I wish ne'er waur be among us. The next thing that did Sawny good, was three mutchkins of milk made into thin brose, and a pickle fine pepper in them, yet he had a sougning in his lugs like a saw-mill, and every thing gade round about wi' him a' that day; his mither gat him out of bed, and put him in the muckle chair wi a' pair of blankets about his shoulders, a cod at his back, and a het brick to his soles, to gar him trow he was nae well, and there he sat like a lying-in wife, cracking like a Holladdie, and ate twa dead herrin' and a crust, telling a the outs and ins about the bridal, and when it was to be, for he had gotten every body's consent but the bride's about it.

Mither. But Sawny, man, that's the main thing; ye maun hae that too.

Sawny. Na, na, mither, I'm the main thing myself, aye she's but a member; the men maun aye be foremost—gang what way it will, I'se aye be uppermost.

Mither. But Sawny man, what way is thou gaun to do? will ye make a penny wedding; or twa or three gude neebours, a peck of meal baken, wi a cheese and a barrel of ale; will that do?

Sawny. Na na mither, I'll take a cheaper gate nor ony of them; I'll gar-a-crown and half a mutchkin, or a rake of coals do it a', then a body has nae mair to do but piss and tumble into bed.

Mither. Na na, my man Sawny, I hae mony a time heard thy honest father say, that never a man would do well that capstrided the kirk or cuckold the minister.

Sawny. A tell nae me, mither, of the minister; they're aye for their ain end as well as ither fouk, and if a poor beggar body had a bit wean to christen, the deil a beit they-ll feike him o't.

Mither. Hute awa man, there's na body has weans but what has siller to pay the christening of them; or if they be that poor, they sudna get nae weans, and they wadna be fashed syne.

Sawny. Ha ha mither, the poor fouk, like

the lice, ay when they meet they marry, and make mae of them; and I think the ministers might christen their bits of weans for naething, the water's no sae scant; they are weel paid for their preaching, they may very weel baith marry and christen a' the poor fouks into the bargain, by the way of a maggs.

Mither. Ay, ay, my man Sawny, marriage is a sweet thing for young fouk, and the bed undefiled.

Sawny. What the vengeance, mither, do ye think a body's to file the bed every night because they did it ance.

Mither. Na, na that's no what I mean; it is the happiness that fouk hae that's married, beside the lonesome life that I hae, lying tumbling and gaunting in a bed my lane: O sirs, but a man in bed be a useful body, an it were but to claw anes back, as for a body's foreside they can claw it themselves.

Sawny. Ah mither, mither, ye hae fun a string again; I think ye might a wanted all your days, when ye hae wanted sae lang; ye hae plenty of baith milk and meal, snuff and tobacco; but ye smell at the crack of a whip, I kend my mither wad ride yet, for I've seen her fit waggan this lang time.

Mither. A dear Sawny man, an thou were

ance fairly aff the fodder, I'll be cast into a hole of a house by mysel, where I'll just lye and break my heart, and weary myself to death; but an I could get a bit honest weaver, a cobbler, or some auld tailor by the tail, I would tackle to him yet, let the country clash as they please about it.

Sawny. A well, a well mither, tak your ain flight, there's nae fool like an auld fool; for the morn I'll be aff or on wi' the hissie I hae in hand.

So on the morrow Sawny got all his claes cleaned, his hair combed and greased with butter, and his face as clean as if the cat had licked it, and away he goes singing.

I will buy a pound of woo',
 I will wash't and mak a plaidy,
 I'm gaun ower the muir to woo',
 Carlin, is your daughter ready.

Now poor Sawny, although he sang, he was as pale as a ghost from the grave; his face was whitely white, like a weel bleached dishclout, and he looked as if he had been caten and spued again; but at length he came to the bride's door, and in he goes with a brattle, crying, how's all here the day? and what's comed of thy mither lassie? O Saunders, quo the bride she's awa to the town: what came of ye yesterday, she waited

on you the whole day, ye gart her lose a day's trade lad, and she is awa this morning cursin' like a heathen, and swearing Be-go that ye ha' gien her the begunk.

Sawny. A dole woman, I took a sudden blas in the hame gaun and was never sae near dead in my life.

And wha think you was in company wi Kate the bride, but the wee button of a tailor, who sat and sewed on a table, cocking like a t—d on a trencher; but when he kent wha was come, he leaped down on the floor, coost a dash of pride like a little bit prince, bobbet about, and so out he goes, with the tear in his eye, and his tail between his feet, like a half worried dog.

Sawny. Now, Katie, do ye ken what I'm comed about?

Kate. O yes, my mither tell'd me: but I'm no ready yet, I hae twa gowns to spin and things to make.

Sawny. Hute, things to make, ye hae as mony things as ye'll need, woman; canna ye spin gowns in your ain house wi me, as weel as here, wi an auld girning mither?

Kate. But dear Saunders, ye maun gie a body time to think on't—'twad be ill-far'd to rush the gither just at the first.

Sawny. And do ye think I hae naething ado

but come here every ither day hoiting after you, it will no do! I maun be either aff or on wi' you, either tak me or tell me, for I ken of ither twa, and some of you I'll hae, for as I'm a sinner, my mither is gaun to be married too, an she can get ony bit man of ony shape or trade.

Kate. Indeed, then, Saunders, since you're in such haste, ye maun e'en tak them that's readiest, for I'm no ready yet.

Sawny. Dear woman, when your mither and my mither's pleased, and I am willing to venture on ye, what a sorrow ails you?

Kate. Na, na, I'll think on't twa or three days; its o'er lang a term to see without a thought.

Sawny. Wode I think ye're a camstrie piece of stuff; its true enough what your mither said of ye, that ye're no for a poor man.

Kate. And what mair said she of me?

Sawny. Wode, she said ye could do naething but wash mugs, and scour gentleman's bonny things, but hissies that is bred amang gentle houses, minds me of my mither's cat; but ye're far costlier to keep, for the cat wastes neither ape nor water, but spits in her loof, and washes her ain face, and wheens of you can do nae ither thing; and up he gets.

Kate. O Saunders, but ye be short, can ye no stay till my mither come hame?

Sawny. I've staid lang enough for ony thing I'm to be the better; and I'm nae sae short as your totum of a tailor, that I could stap in my shoe, sae could I e'en.

Hame he goes in a passion, and to his bed he ran, crying, O death! death! I thought the jade wad a jumped at me: no comfort nor happiness mair for me. O mither, gae bake my burial bread, for I'll die this night, or soon the morn. But early next morning in comes auld Be-go his guid mither, wha had left her daughter in tears for slighting of Sawny, and hauls him and his mither awa' to get a dinner of dead fish; where a' was agreed upon, and the wedding to be upon Wednesday, no bridal fouks but the twa mithers, and themselves twa.

So according to appointment, they met at Edinburgh, where Sawny got the cheap priest, who gave them twa three words, and twa three lines, took their penny and a guid drink, wished them joy, and gade his wa's. Now, said auld Be-go, if that be your minister, he's but a drunken b—h, mony a ane drinks up a', but he leaves naething; he's got the penny for diel a hate, ye might cracket lufes on't, tane ane anither's word, a kiss and a hoddle at a hillock side, and been as

weel, if no better : I hae seen some honest man
 ay mair o'er their brose nor what he said a' the
 gither ; but an ye be pleased, I'm pleased ; about
 n the bed ends a', and makes sure wark—so
 here's to you, and joy to the bargain——its ended
 ow, well I wat.



A N E C D O T E.

LEWIS XI. although an unprincipled Prince, (of whom it was remarkable, that he did not scruple to perjure himself, except when he swore by the leaden Image of the Virgin) was yet very attentive to every circumstance that could increase the wealth and happiness of his subjects. He behaved with the greatest affability to such merchants whose superior knowledge could suggest any means of extending the benefits of commerce; and that he might engage them to be more communicative, he frequently invited them to his table. A merchant, named Mr. John intoxicated by the familiarity of the King, who very often admitted him in particular to dine with him, took it in his head one day, to request his Majesty to grant him letters of nobility. The King did not refuse his request; but when the new nobleman appeared at court, he affected not to know him. Mr. John, surprised at this unexpected reception, could not forbear complaining of it: "Go about your business, Mr. John, I mean my Lord," said the King: "When I used to invite you to my table, I considered you as the first of your profession; but now I would insult my nobles, if I would treat you with the same distinction."

THE END.