

who remarked to Peter Walker that "the ill of Scotland he found everywhere, but the good of Scotland nowhere save at home," was a sailor too. Mr. Forsyth was much attached to the seamen of this old and venerable class, and a last remnant of them might be found in his vessels when they had become extinct everywhere else. On the breaking out of the revolutionary war, his sloop, the *Elizabeth*, was boarded when lying at anchor in one of our Highland lochs by a press-gang from a king's vessel, and the crew, who chanced to be all under hatches at the time, were summoned on deck. First appeared the ancient weather-beaten master, a person in his grand climacteric; then came Saunders M'Iver, the mate, a man who had twice sailed round the world about half a century before; then came decent Thomas Grant, who had been an elder of the kirk for more than forty years; and last of all came old, gray-headed Robert Hossack, a still older man than any of the others. "Good heavens!" exclaimed the officer who commanded the party, "here, lads, are the four sailors who manned the ark alive still." I need hardly add, that on this occasion he left all her crew to the *Elizabeth*.

Some of the stories of Mr. Forsyth's sailors may serve to enliven my narrative. The master of the *Elizabeth*, in one of his Dutch voyages, when on the eve of sailing for Scotland, had gone into a tavern with the merchant from whom he had purchased his cargo, and was shown by mistake into a room in which there lay an old woman ill of a malignant fever. The woman regarded him with a long and ghastly stare, which haunted him all the evening after; and during the night he was seized by the fever. He sent for a physician of the place. His vessel was bound for sea he said, and the crew would be wholly unable to bring her home without him. Had he no medicine potent enough