

languished for lack of sustenance, another variety continues to draw its food from the same tract, and after that, perhaps, yet another variety more; how, at length, the productive matter is so exhausted that all is barrenness, until, after the lapse of years, it is found to have accumulated again,—all these, with the other mysteries of vegetation, furnished him with interesting subjects of thought and inquiry. One of the best and largest of his fields was situated on the edge of that extensive tract of table-land which rises immediately above the town, and commands so pleasing a prospect of the bay and the opposite shore; and from time immemorial the footpath which skirts its lower edge, and overlooks the sea, had been a favorite promenade of the inhabitants. What, however, was merely a footpath in the early part of each season, grew broad enough for a carriage-road before autumn; and much of Mr. Forsyth's best braird was trampled down and destroyed every year. His ploughman would fain have excluded the walkers, and hinted at the various uses of traps and spring-guns; at any rate, he said, he was determined to *build up the slap*; but the merchant, though he commended his zeal, negatived the proposal; and so the *slap* was suffered to remain unbuilt. On sometimes meeting with parties of the more juvenile saunterers, he has gravely cautioned them to avoid his ploughman Donald M'Candie. Donald, he would say, was a cross-grained old man, as they all knew, and might both frighten them and hurt himself in running after them. Mr. Forsyth retained the farm until his death; and it shows in some little degree the estimation in which he was held by the people, that his largest field, though it has repeatedly changed its tenant since then, still retains the name of Mr. Forsyth's Park.

Shortly after he had engaged with the farm, Mr. For-