

their notice; and nowhere could he tell it half so well as at his own table. Never was there a man who, through the mere indulgence of the kindlier feelings of our nature, contrived to make himself more friends. The chance visitor spent perhaps a single day under his roof, and never after ceased to esteem the good and benevolent owner. His benevolence, like that of John of Calais in the old romance, extended to even the bodies of the dead; an interesting instance of which I am enabled to present to the reader.

Some time in the summer of 1773 or 1774, a pleasure-yacht, the property of that Lord Byron who immediately preceded the poet, cast anchor in the bay of Cromarty, having, according to report, a dying lady on board. A salmon-fisher of the place, named Hossack, a man of singular daring and immense personal strength, rowed his little skiff alongside in the course of the day, bringing with him two fine salmon for sale. The crew, however, seemed wild and reckless as that of a privateer or pirate; and he had no sooner touched the side, than a fellow who stood in the gangway dealt his light skiff so heavy a blow with a boat-hook that he split one of the planks. Hossack seized hold of the pole, wrenched it out of the fellow's grasp, and was in the act of raising it to strike him down, when the master of the yacht, a native of Orkney, came running to the gunwale, and, apologizing for the offered violence, invited the fisherman aboard. He accordingly climbed the vessel's side, and disposed of his fish.

Lord Byron, a good-looking man, but rather shabbily dressed, was pacing the quarter-deck. Two proprietors of the country, who had known him in early life, and had come aboard to pay him their respects, were seated on chairs near the stern. But the party seemed an unsocial one. His lordship continued to pace the deck, regarding his visitors from