

them I succeeded in preserving in a little traditional work published a few years after his death. I was much a favorite with Uncle James—even more, I am disposed to think, on my father's account, than on that of his sister, my mother. My father and he had been close friends for years; and in the vigorous and energetic sailor, he had found his *beau ideal* of a man.

My Uncle Alexander was of a different cast from his brother both in intellect and temperament; but he was characterized by the same strict integrity; and his religious feelings, though quiet and unobtrusive, were perhaps more deep. James was somewhat of a humorist, and fond of a good joke. Alexander was grave and serious; and never, save on one solitary occasion, did I know him even attempt a jest. On hearing an intelligent but somewhat eccentric neighbor observe that "all flesh is grass," in a strictly physical sense, seeing that all the flesh of the herbivorous animals is elaborated from vegetation, and all the flesh of the carnivorous animals from that of the herbivorous ones, Uncle Sandy remarked that, knowing, as he did, the piscivorous habits of the Cromarty folk, he should surely make an exception in his generalization, by admitting that in at least one village, "all flesh is fish." My uncle had acquired the trade of the cartwright, and was employed in a workshop at Glasgow at the time the first war of the French Revolution broke out; when, moved by some such spirit as possessed his uncle—the victim of Admiral Vernon's unlucky expedition—or of old Donald Roy, when he buckled himself to his Highland broadsword, and set out in pursuit of the Caterans—he entered the navy. And during the eventful period which intervened between the commencement of the war and the peace of 1802, there was little either suffered or achieved by his countrymen in which he had not a share. He sailed with Nelson; witnessed the mutiny at the Nore; fought under Admiral Duncan at Camperdown, and under Sir John Borlase Warren off Loch Swilly; assisted in capturing the *Generoux* and *Guillaum Tell*, two French ships of the line; was one of the scamen who, in the Egyptian expedition, were