

Longing for some profession in which his proper work would give exercise to the faculties which he most delighted to cultivate, my cousin resolved on becoming candidate for a Gaelic Society school,—a poor enough sort of office then, as now ; but which, by investing a little money in cattle, by tilling a little croft, and by now and then emitting from the press a Gaelic translation, might, he thought, be rendered sufficiently remunerative to supply the very moderate wants of himself and his little family. And so he set out for Edinburgh, amply furnished with testimonials that meant more in his case than testimonials usually mean, to stand an examination before a Committee of the Gaelic School Society. Unluckily for his success, however, instead of bringing with him his ordinary Sabbath-day suit of dark brown and blue, (the kilt had been assumed for but a few weeks, to please his brother William,) he had provided himself with a suit of tartan, as at once cheap and respectable, and appeared before the Committee,—if not in the garb, in at least the many-colored hues of his clan,—a robust, manly Highlander, apparently as well suited to enact the part of color-serjeant to the Forty-Second, as to teach children their letters. A grave member of the Society, at that time high in repute for sanctity of character, but who afterwards becoming righteous overmuch, was loosened from his charge, and straightway, spurning the ground, rose into an Irvingite angel, came at once to the conclusion that no such type of man, encased in clan-tartan, could possibly have the root of the matter in him ; and so he determined that Cousin George should be cast in the examination. But then, as it could not be alleged with any decency that my cousin was inadmissible on the score of his having too much tartan, it was agreed that he should be declared inadmissible on the score of his having too little Gaelic. And, of course, at this result the examiners arrived ; and George, ultimately to his advantage, was cast accordingly. I still remember the astonishment evinced by a worthy catechist of the north,—himself a Gaelic teacher,—on being told how my cousin had fared. “George Munro not allowed to pass,” he said, “for want of