

tion of the land had raised it beyond the reach of the highest stream-tides ; and when my gang and I took possession of its twilight recesses, its stony sides were crusted with mosses and liverworts ; and a crop of pale, attenuated, sickly-looking weeds, on which the sun had never looked in his strength, sprang thickly up over its floor. In the remote past it had been used as a sort of garner and thrashing-place by a farmer of the parish, named Marcus, who had succeeded in rearing crops of bere and oats on two sloping plots at the foot of the cliffs in its immediate neighborhood ; and it was known, from this circumstance, to my uncles and the older inhabitants of the town, as Marcus' Cave. My companions, however, had been chiefly drawn to it by a much more recent association. A poor Highland pensioner,—a sorely dilapidated relic of the French-American War, who had fought under General Wolfe in his day,—had taken a great fancy to the cave, and would fain have made it his home. He was ill at ease in his family ;—his wife was a termagant, and his daughter disreputable ; and, desirous to quit their society altogether, and live as a hermit among the rocks, he had made application to the gentleman who tenanted the farm above, to be permitted to fit up the cave for himself as a dwelling. So bad was his English, however, that the gentleman failed to understand him ; and his request was, as he believed, rejected, while it was in reality only not understood. Among the younger folk, the cave came to be known, from the incident, as “Rory Shingles' Cave ;” and my companions were delighted to believe that they were living in it as Rory would have lived had his petition been granted. In the wild half-savage life which we led, we did contrive to provide for ourselves remarkably well. The rocky shores supplied us with limpets, periwinkles, and crabs, and now and then a lump-fish ; the rugged slopes under the precipices, with hips, sloes, and brambles ; the broken fragments of wreck along the beach, and the wood above, furnished abundance of fuel ; and as there were fields not half a mile away, I fear the more solid part of our diet consisted often of potatoes which we had not planted, and of peas and beans which we