

molluscous or crustacean, according to the most approved methods ; but the exigencies of our wild life had never brought me fairly in contact with the cerialia ; and I had now to spoil a meal or two, in each instance, ere my porridge became palatable, or my cakes crisp, or my brose free and knotty, or my *brochan* sufficiently smooth and void of knots. My master, poor man, did grumble a little at first ; but there was a general disposition in the barrack to take part rather with his apprentice than with himself ; and after finding that the cases were to be given against him, he ceased making complaints. My porridge was at times, I must confess, very like leaven ; but then, it was a standing recipe in the barrack, that the cook should continue stirring the mess and adding meal, until, from its first wild ebullitions in full boil, it became silent over the fire ; and so I could show that I had made my porridge like leaven, quite according to rule. And as for my *brochan*, I succeeded in proving that I had actually failed to satisfy, though I had made two kinds of it at once in the same pot. I preferred this viand when of a thicker consistency than usual, whereas my master liked it thin enough to be drunk out of the bowl ; but as it was I who had the making of it, I used more instead of less meal than ordinary, and unluckily, in my first experiment, mixed up the meal in a very small bowl. It became a dense dough-like mass ; and on emptying it into the pot, instead of incorporating with the boiling water, it sank in a solid cake to the bottom. In vain I stirred, and manipulated, and kept up the fire. The stubborn mass refused to separate or dilute, and at length burnt brown against the bottom of the pot,—a hue which the gruel-like fluid which floated over also assumed ; and at length, in utter despair of securing aught approaching to an average consistency for the whole, and hearing my master's foot at the door, I took the pot from off the fire, and dished up for supper a portion of the thinner mixture which it contained, and which, in at least color and consistency, not a little resembled chocolate. The poor man ladled the stuff in utter dismay. “ Od, laddie,” he said, “ what ca' ye this ? Ca' ve this *brochan* ? ” “ Anything