

its perch on the southern side of the hill, as day was drawing to a close, when the tall precipices amid which it had lodged lay deep in the shade; and how picturesquely it used to catch the red gleam of evening on its plumage of warm brown, as, sailing outwards over the calm sea, many hundred feet below, it emerged from under the shadow of the cliffs into the sunshine. Uncle James once shot a very large eagle beneath one of the loftiest precipices of the southern Sutor; and, swimming out through the surf to recover its body,—for it had dropped dead into the sea,—he kept its skin for many years as a trophy.* But eagles are now no longer to be seen or shot on the Sutors or their neighborhood. The badger, too,—one of perhaps the oldest inhabitants of the country, for it seems to have been contemporary with the extinct elephants and hyænas of the Pleistocene periods,—has become greatly less common on their steep sides than in the days of my boyhood; and both the fox and otter are less frequently seen. It is not uninteresting to mark with the eye of the geologist, how palpably in the course of a single lifetime,—still nearly twenty years short of the term fixed by the Psalmist,—these wild animals have been posting on in Scotland to that extinction which overtook, within its precincts, during the human period, the bear, the beaver, and the wolf, and of which the past history

* Uncle James would scarce have sanctioned, had he been consulted in the matter, the use to which the carcase of his dead eagle was applied. There lived in the place an eccentric, half-witted old woman, who, for the small sum of one half-penny, used to fall a dancing on the street to amuse children, and who rejoiced in the euphonious though somewhat obscure appellation of "Dribble Drone." Some young fellows, on seeing the eagle divested of its skin, and looking remarkably clean and well-conditioned, suggested that it should be sent to "Dribble;" and, accordingly in the character of "a great goose, the gift of a gentleman," it was landed at the door. The gift was thankfully accepted. Dribble's cottage proved odoriferous at dinner-time for the several following days; and when asked, after a week had gone by, how she had relished the great goose which the gentleman had sent, she replied, that it was "Unco sweet, but O! teuch, teuch." For years after, the reply continued to be proverbial in the place and many a piece of over-hard stock fish, and over-fresh steak, used to be characterized as, "Like Dribble Drone's eagle, unco sweet, but O! teuch, teuch."