

tue of his own statute, the runaway negro who had taken refuge from the tyranny of his master in a British port, no man could have protected *them* from the Inveresk laird, their proprietor, had they dared to exercise the right, common to all Britons besides, of removing to some other locality, or of making choice of some other employment. Strange enough, surely, that so entire a fragment of the barbarous past should have been thus dovetailed into the age not yet wholly passed away ! I regard it as one of the more singular circumstances of my life, that I should have conversed with Scotchmen who had been born slaves. The collier women of this village,—poor over-toiled creatures, who carried up all the coal from under ground on their backs, by a long turnpike stair inserted in one of the shafts,—bore more of the marks of serfdom still about them than even the men. How these poor women did labor, and how thoroughly, even at this time, were they characterized by the slave-nature ! It has been estimated by a man who knew well them,—Mr. Robert Bald,—that one of their ordinary day's work was equal to the carrying of a hundredweight from the level of the sea to the top of Ben Lomond. They were marked by a peculiar type of mouth, from which I learned to distinguish them from all the other females of the country. It was wide, open, thick-lipped, projecting equally above and below, and exactly resembled that which we find in the prints given of savages in their lowest and most degraded state, in such narratives of our modern voyagers as, for instance, the "Narrative of Captain Fitzroy's Second Voyage of the Beagle." During, however, the lapse of the last twenty years this type of mouth seems to have disappeared in Scotland. It was accompanied by traits of almost infantile weakness. I have seen these collier women crying like children, when toiling under their load along the upper rounds of the wooden stair that traversed the shaft ; and then returning, scarce a minute after, with the empty creer, singing with glee. The collier houses were chiefly remarkable for being all alike, outside and in : all were equally dingy, dirty, naked, and uncomfortable. I first learned to suspect, in this