

ant—I may take the liberty of giving all I remember of the piece, as a specimen of her easy style :—

“In Cromarty Bay,  
As the ‘Driver’ snug lay,  
The Lieutenant would venture ashore ;  
And, a figure to cut,  
From the head to the foot  
He was fashion and finery all o’er.

A hat richly lac’d,  
To the left side was plac’d,  
Which made him look martial and bold ;  
His coat of true blue  
Was spick and span new,  
And his buttons were burnished with gold.

His neckcloth well puff’d,  
Which six handkerchiefs stuff’d,  
And in color with snow might have vied,  
Was put on with great care,  
As a bait for the fair,  
And the ends in a love-knot were tied,” &c., &c.

I greatly enjoyed my visits to this genial-hearted and accomplished lady. No chilling condescensions on her part measured out to me my distance : Miss Dunbar took at once the common ground of literary tastes and pursuits ; and if I did not feel my inferiority there, she took care that I should feel it nowhere else. There was but one point on which we differed. While hospitably extending to me every facility for visiting the objects of scientific interest in her neighborhood,—such as those sand-wastes of Culbin, in which an ancient barony finds burial, and the geologic sections presented by the banks of the Findhorn,—she was yet desirous to fix me down to literature as my proper walk ; and I, on the other hand, was equally desirous of escaping into science.