John Feddes and the old scafaring Millers; and so I weakly remained at my post, and did what the Association deemed my duty. I trust the banker did not recognize me, and that now, after the lapse of more than twenty years, he will be inclined to extend to me his forgiveness. I take this late opportunity of humbly begging his pardon, and of assuring him, that at the very time I brought him. to bay I was heartily at one with him in his politics. But then my townsfolk, being much frightened, were perfectly impartial in smoking Whigs and Tories all alike; and I could bethink me of no eligible mode of exempting my friends from a process of fumigation which was, I dare say, very unpleasant, and in whose virtues my faith was assuredly not strong.

When engaged, however, in keeping up our cordon with apparent success, cholera entered the place in a way in which it was impossible we could have calculated. A Cromarty fisherman had died of the disease at Wick rather more than a month previous, and all the clothes which had been in contact with the body were burnt by the Wick authorities in the open air. He had, however, a brother on the spot, who had stealthily appropriated some of the better pieces of dress; and these he brought home with him in a chest; though such was the dread with which he regarded them, that for more than four weeks he suffered the chest to lie beside him unopened. At length, in an evil hour, the pieces of dress were taken out, and, like the "goodly Babylonish garment" which wrought the destruction of Achan and the discomfiture of the camp, they led, in the first instance, to the death of the poor imprudent fisherman, and to that of not a few of his townsfolk immediately after. He himself was seized by cholera on the fol lowing day; in less than two days more he was dead and buried; and the disease went creeping about the streets and lanes for weeks after,-here striking down a strong man in the full vigor of middle life,—there shortening, apparently by but a few months, the span of some worn-out creature, already on the verge of the grave. The visitation had its wildly picturesque accompaniments. Pitch and tar were kept burning during the