

usually in staving off the catastrophe for a season. In short, the school of the branch bank was a very admirable school; and I profited so far by its teachings, that when questions connected with banking are forced on the notice of the public, and my brother editors have to apply for articles on the subject to literary bankers, I find I can write my banking articles for myself.

The seasons passed by; the two years of probation came to a close, like all that had gone before; and after a long, and, in its earlier stages, anxious courtship of in all five years, I received from the hand of Mr. Ross that of my young friend, in her mother's house, and was united to her by my minister, Mr. Stewart. And then, setting out, immediately after the ceremony, for the southern side of the Moray Frith, we spent two happy days together in Elgin; and, under the guidance of one of the most respected citizens of the place,—my kind friend Mr. Isaac Forsyth,—visited the more interesting objects connected with the town or its neighborhood. He introduced us to the Elgin Cathedral;—to the veritable John Shanks, the eccentric keeper of the building, who could never hear of the Wolf of Badenoch, who had burnt it four hundred years before, without flying into a rage, and becoming what the dead man would have deemed libellous;—to the font, too, under a dripping vault of ribbed stone, in which an insane mother used to sing to sleep the poor infant, who, afterwards becoming Lieutenant-General Anderson, built for poor paupers like his mother, and poor children such as he himself had once been, the princely institution which bears his name. And then, after passing from the stone font to the institution itself, with its happy children, and its very unhappy old men and women, Mr. Forsyth conveyed us to the pastoral, semi-Highland valley of Pluscardine, with its beautiful wood-embosomed priory,—one of perhaps the finest and most symmetrical specimens of the unornamented Gothic of the times of Alexander II. to be seen anywhere in Scotland. Finally, after passing a delightful evening at his hospitable board, and meeting, among other guests, my friend Mr. Patrick Duff,—the author of the “Geo-