

ment He was busy, evidently, among the crags and bosky hollows, and would have enjoyed himself more had he been alone. In the middle of one noble precipice, that reared its tall pine-crested brow more than a hundred yards overhead, there was a bush-covered shelf of considerable size, but wholly inaccessible; for the rock dropped sheer into it from above, and then sank perpendicularly from its outer edge to the beach below; and the insulated shelf, in its green unapproachable solitude, had evidently caught his eye. *It* was the scene, I said, —taking the direction of his eye as the antecedent for the *it*,— it was the scene, says tradition, of a sad tragedy during the times of the persecution of Charles. A renegade chaplain, rather weak than wicked, threw himself, in a state of wild despair, over the precipice above; and his body, intercepted in its fall by that shelf, lay unburied among the bushes for years after, until it had bleached into a dry and whitened skeleton. Even as late as the last age, the shelf continued to retain the name of the “Chaplain’s Lair.” I found that my communication, chiming in with his train of cogitation at the time, caught both his ear and mind; and his reply, though brief was expressive of the gratification which its snatch of incident had conveyed. As our skiff sped on a few oar-lengths more, we disturbed a flock of sea-gulls, that had been sporting in the sunshine over a shoal of sillocks; and a few of them winged their way to a jutting crag that rose immediately beside the shelf. I saw Chalmers’ eye gleam as it followed them. “Would you not like, Sir,” he said, addressing himself to my minister, who sat beside him,—“Would you not like to be a sea-gull? I think I would. Sea-gulls are free of the three elements,—earth, air, and water. These birds were sailing but half a minute since without boat, at once angling and dining, and now they are already rustivating in the Chaplain’s Lair. I think I could enjoy being a sea-gull.” I saw the Doctor once afterwards in a similar mood. When on a visit to him in Burntisland, in the following year, I marked, on approaching the shore by boat, a solitary figure stationed on the sward-crested trap-rock which juts into the sea immediately below the