

a ship-boy at the time in a vessel with some Government stores aboard, that, shortly before the battle, was seized by the rebels ; and have heard him tell how, when joking with them,—for they were by no means a band of cut-throat-looking men,—he ventured to speak of their Prince as the Pretender, and was cautioned by one of them to use a more civil word for the future. We remember, too, being brought by two grown-up relatives to visit an old man on his death-bed, who, like the first, had fought at Culloden, but on the side of Hanover. He had been settled in life at the time as the head gardener of a northern proprietor, and little dreamed of being engaged in war ; but the Rebellion broke out ; his master, a kindly man, and a great Whig, volunteered in behalf of his principles under Duke William, and his attached gardener went with him. At the time of our visit, when stretched on the bed from which he never afterwards rose, he had outlived his century. He had been an extremely powerful man in his day ; and the large wrinkled hand, and huge structure of bone, and deep full voice, still remained, to testify, amid the general wreck, to what he had once been. His memory for all the later events of his life was gone, so that the preceding forty years of it seemed a blank ; but well did he remember the battle, and still more vividly, and with deep execration, the succeeding atrocities of Cumberland. These vestiges of the age of Culloden passed away, and the generation immediately behind them fell into the front ranks,—ancient men and women, who had been mere boys and girls at the time of the “ fight,” but who vividly remembered some of its details. We knew one of these, an aged woman, who, on the day of the battle, had been tending some sheep on a solitary moor, separated from that of Culloden by an arm of the sea, and screened by a lofty hill, and who had sat listening in terror to the boom of the cannon and the rattle of the musketry, scared as much by the