

continuous howling of her dog, which she regarded as coupled with some supernatural cause, as by the deadly "thunders in the moors." We intimately knew another who witnessed the battle, though in no very favourable circumstances for minute observation, from the Hill of Cromarty. The day, he has told us, was drizzly and thick; and on reaching the brow of the hill, where he found a vast group of his town-folk already assembled, he could scarce see the opposite land. But the fog gradually cleared away: first one hill-top came into view, and then another, till at length the long range of coast, from the opening of the great Caledonian Valley to the promontory of Brugh-head, was dimly visible through the haze. A little after noon there rose a sudden burst of round white cloud from the moor of Culloden, and then a second burst beside it, and then they mingled together, and went rolling slantways on the wind towards the west; and he could hear the rattle of the smaller fire-arms mingling with the roar of the artillery. And then, in what seemed a wonderfully short space of time, the cloud dissipated and disappeared, and the boom of the greater guns ceased, and a sharp intermittent patter of musketry passed on towards Inverness. Such was the battle of Culloden, as witnessed by the writer's maternal grandfather, then a boy in his fourteenth year. The years passed by, and he and the generation to which he belonged followed the generation that had gone before; and then the front rank in the general march to the tomb came to be occupied by those so long known in Scotland as the Culloden-year people,—a class of persons who stood in no need of consulting records and registers for the date of their birth, for the battle had drawn, as if with the sword-edge, its deep score athwart the time, so that all took note of it. But the Culloden-year people passed from the stage also: every season in its flight left them fewer and feebler; and we now see the front rank composed of their