

comfort gilded by the beautiful. And there was much, doubtless, in the very sight of all this for the poor man to enjoy. We still entertain a vivid recollection, distinct as a picture, of the beautiful vista in a gentleman's woods,—tall, green, finely arched, close over head as the roof of a cathedral,—through which we could see, almost every evening, as the twilight faded into darkness, the Inchkeith light twinkling afar off, like a star rising out of the sea. The noble grove through which it shone was scarce a hundred yards distant from the humble cottage in which we lodged.

But the cottage was an exceedingly humble one. It was one of a line on the way-side, inhabited chiefly by common labourers and farm-servants,—a cold uncomfortable hovel, consisting of only a single apartment,—by many degrees less a dwelling to our mind, and certainly less warm and snug, than the cottage of the west-coast Highlander. The tenant, our landlord, was an old farm-servant, who had been found guilty of declining health and vigour about a twelvemonth before, and had been discharged in consequence. He was permitted to retain his dwelling, on the express understanding that the proprietor was not to be burdened with repairs; and the thatch, which was giving way in several places, he had painfully laboured to patch against the weather by mud and turf gathered from the way-side. But he wanted both the art and the materials of Red Murouch. With every heavy shower the rain found its way through, and the curtains of his two beds, otherwise so neatly kept, were stained by dark-coloured blotches. The earthen floor was damp and uneven; the walls, of undressed stone, had never been hard-cast; but, by dint of repeated whitewashings, the interstices had gradually filled up. They were now, however, all variegated by the stains from the roof. Nor had the pride of the apartment, its old-fashioned eight-day clock or its chest of drawers, escaped. From the top of the drawers the veneers