

part of this year by George Ross, a native of Ross-shire, who had realized an immense fortune in England as an army agent. He was one of those benefactors of the species who can sow liberally in the hope of a late harvest for others to reap; and the townspeople, even the poorest and least active, were soon made to see that they had got a neighbor who would suffer them to be idle or wretched no longer.

He found in William Forsyth a man after his own heart; one with whom to concert and advise, and who entered warmly into all his well-laid schemes for awakening the energies and developing the yet untried resources of the country. The people seemed more than half asleep around them. The mechanic spent well-nigh two thirds of his time in catching fish and cultivating his little croft; the farmer raised from his shapeless party-colored patches, of an acre or two apiece, the same sort of half-crops that had satisfied his grandfather. The only trade in the country was originated and carried on by Mr. Forsyth, and its only manufacture the linen one which he superintended. In this state of things, it was the part assigned to himself by the benevolent and patriotic Agent, now turned of seventy, to revolutionize and give a new spirit to the whole; and such was his untiring zeal and statesman-like sagacity that he fully succeeded.

One of his first gifts to the place was a large and commodious pier for the accommodation of trading vessels. He then built an extensive brewery, partly with the view to check the trade in smuggling, which prevailed at this time in the north of Scotland to an enormous extent, and partly to open a new market to the farmers for the staple grain of the country. The project succeeded; and the Agent's excellent ale supplanted in no small measure, from Aberdeen