

obelisk has been erected to the memory of the poet. He lived, also, at Southdean (pronounced Souiden) and could easily reach the banks of the Tweed and Teviot, and the ruins of Jedburgh, Dryburgh and Melrose in his rambles, or could have done so, had not indolence and self-indulgence been his besetting sins. Every one has heard of the lady who said she "had discovered three things concerning the author of 'The Seasons'—that he was a great lover, a great swimmer, and rigidly abstinent," at all of which, Savage, who had lived much with him, laughed heartily, saying that he believed Thompson never was in cold water in his life, and that the other particulars were just as true. The anecdote of Quin, regarding Thompson's splendid description of sunrise, has been equally wide-spread. He, with Savage, asserted that he believed Thompson never saw the sun rise in his life, and related that, going one day to see him at Richmond, he found him in bed at noon, and asking why he did not get up earlier, was answered, listlessly, "he had nae motive."

It has been recorded that the manse in which the poet was born, at Eduan, has disappeared, and a new, square and unpicturesque one built upon the site, "for," adds the writer, "perhaps no class of people have less of the poetical or picturesque in them than the Presbyterian clergy of Scotland. The hard, dry, stern Calvinism imparted by John Knox has effectually expelled all that. The country people of Scotland are generally intelligent, and have a taste for poetry and literature, but to a certainty they do not derive this from their clergy. In no country have I found the parish clergy so ignorant of general literature, or so unacquainted with anything that is going on in the world, except the polemics in their own church." This is an Englishman's opinion of the present

day, but Scott says of his own countrymen: "The Scotch, it is well known, are more remarkable for the exercise of their intellectual powers, than for the keenness of their feelings. They are, therefore, more moved by logic than by rhetoric, and more attracted by acute and argumentative reasoning on doctrinal points than influenced by enthusiastic appeals to the heart and to the passions, by which popular preachers in other countries win the favor of their hearers." Charles Lamb says "it takes a mallet and wedge to drive a joke into a Scotchman's brain," and gives as an instance that he was in the habit of speaking of a favorite picture as "my beauty." "And what," said he to a Caledonian present, "do you think of my beauty?" "I canna' say mickle for your beauty, Mr. Lamb, but your talent nae man can gainsay." Any reflection upon Scottish peculiarities may be pardoned in so enthusiastic an admirer of their national and individual worth as myself.

From Hawick we went again to Fife-shire by way of the Frith of Forth, from Edinboro' and its seaport, Leith, and our experience of Cupar led us to comprehend the sententious warning of old Caleb Balderstone to the master of Ravenswood, in all its significance: "Ah, weel! A wilfu' man maun hae his way! Who will to Cupar, maun to Cupar," nor in spite of the same ready obligingness and spirit of accommodation from the people here as elsewhere, can I "invent even a wee figment" upon the attractions of the town. On the Fife line of railway, ten miles to the southwest of Cupar, is the old Falkland palace, historically and architecturally memorable. A painful interest attaches to its walls from its having been the place of imprisonment of David, duke of Rothsay, eldest son of Robert III., king of Scotland. He suffered here the agonies of death by starvation, and the tragedy