

is heightened by the tradition that the life of the prisoner was sustained for some time by a woman's milk, conveyed from her breast through a reed. However, in his novel of the "Fair Maid of Perth," represents Catharine Glover and the gle maiden, Louise, who were confined in the castle at the same time, as conveying to the unfortunate Rothsay, by means of a cleft in the end of a long willow wand, bits of cake soaked in broth, through a small fissure in the wall of the castle, which communicated with the dungeon. The nourishment came too late to save his life, as his death was accelerated, probably, by violence. Kirkaldy (Kirkoddy) and Cupar have each their one main street about a mile long, but the only attraction to me of the former dull, prosaic town, lay in its being the place where was produced the book "which undoubtedly has done more for the good of the community than any other written in Scotland;" "his last and greatest," says Chambers. Here, for the ten quiet, studious years, previous to 1778, while Adam Smith worked at his "Wealth of Nations," the philosopher lived in his mother's house; so does one in travel come constantly upon some old, quiet, grass-grown place, memorable for some great life which there opened to the light in the past, or departing, left behind an unquenched radiance gilding the present.

There is an air of dignity and refinement in the quiet, academic town of St. Andrews, this royal burgh and ancient Episcopal post, very different from the bustling, thriving manufacturing places we have been in, and greatly more pleasing. It must in summer be agreeably cool and healthful, and its retirement renders it an admirable locality for its many justly celebrated schools and universities. The arrangement of its main streets appears to be nearly identical

with those of early times, before St. Andrews gained the sad renown of its ruined shrines. Then, as now, when the earliest group of buildings was the Culdean monastery at the east promontory, the three chief streets radiated from the cathedral precincts like the spokes of a wheel. The range of vision to the north is bounded by the Sidlaw and Grampian hills. The opposite coast is Forfarshire, separated from Fife by the Frith of Tay. St. Andrews bay is studded to the east with distant sails on the way to Dundee and other ports, the more fortunate in having avoided the east winds, very prevalent here, and blowing directly from the ocean, accompanied by a "haar," or thick mist, which wraps every object in an impenetrable cloud. Snow lies neither deep nor long here, the saline particles continually deposited on its surface having the infallible effect of rotting it like honey comb. Our experience was, frosty weather, clear and crisp but not very cold, an unusual one, we were told. St. Andrews bay is very dangerous, and shipwrecks, for many years, are said to have averaged over three per annum, notwithstanding a first class life-boat crew of experienced men, rocket apparatus and all the appliances for saving human life. From the records of the town I draw the following contrast between the condition of the place in 1830 and as it now appears. Then there was no side pavement in any of the streets; filth and squalor abounded unchecked; cows and pigs grazed in front of the cottages; the venerable ruins were fast going to decay; the lines of the public streets were broken by awkward abutments of ungainly houses; there were few visitors even to the splendid links, which lay with all its vast capabilities almost untrodden, and generally, St. Andrews, considering the prestige of its antiquity as an ecclesiastical capital, and its rank