

butter set out in a lordly dish. The fare was noways to scoff at in Drumglass in those old days, whether by laird or lout, clerk or layman.

Back from the hills he comes to dinner, sharpset with the appetite which awakens so readily betwixt the Bank of Duchrae and the Ulloch Cairn. Bacon ham is waiting for him, with potatoes doubtless, bread and home-brewed beer, and with a glass or so of spirit out of the square-faced Dutchman from the corner cupboard. Can the sum total of a just man's contenting farther go?

Thereafter came tea, talk, and in due time again the four-poster. Men fare worse than at honest Drumglass where it looks down on the shining levels of the Water of Dee, and faced a broad view—not (be it understood) for æsthetic reasons, but “for the greater conveniency of keeping their doors clean.” That is to say, the farmer heaved his rubbish down the slope!

In the essence of things there is mighty little difference to-day, though something has been effected by the County Authority, to whom wise men have spoken in the gate with regard to drainage and pig-styes.

Of course there were many things behind all this which our grave and sober laird did not see. Country mirth and jollity were subdued before him. Riot avoided his steps, and doubtless many an odorous dub was drained and many a fat midden-head abated at the mere whisper of his coming. But that is the wont of others besides Galloway folk, and in times more recent than the Year of Grace 1786.

Nevertheless Mr. William Cuninghame saw in Galloway a land of comfort, bien and real—a grateful, contented, solid folk, dwelling in ceiled houses, costing as much as seventy pounds each at a careful estimate. And he found men standing firmly upon their rights, thankfully enjoying the fruits of their labour in this life, and looking out not unhopefully to the next.