

nation. It has been said that Scotchmen who go abroad to push their fortunes are, generally speaking, men of more ability than those who remain at home. A Scotchman was once asked to explain this, and he replied that "at every outlet persons were stationed to examine all who pass, so that, for the honour of the country, no one should be permitted to leave it who is not a man of understanding." If this statement be reliable, and any stupid Scots have escaped abroad, they must have been smuggled out of the country. Dr. Johnson's dislike of the Scotch, amounting in him almost to a mania, is rather difficult to account for. It is on record that a person once inquired of the burly doctor "why he so hated the Scotch?" His answer was, "I don't hate them, sir; neither do I hate frogs; but I don't like to have them hopping about my chamber." There it was. He found the sturdy, intellectual Scots too much in his way, and perhaps not sufficiently ready to acknowledge his literary sovereignty. One thing struck me much in Scotland—the almost entire absence from beggars. In all my rambles I was only once importuned by a beggar. An ancient dame, in a street of Stirling, humbly requested that I would "give a baubee to a puir auld body,"—adding, "ye'll never miss it." An Irish beggar, in similar circumstances, would have suggested long life, good luck, a large family, and prayed fervently that "the heavens might be my bed at last," as an inducement to give. This old Scotch lady simply hinted "ye'll never miss it,"—a straightforward, sensible, though not a lofty appeal, and one that showed a considerable knowledge of human nature. It is on record that an Irish beggar once assailed Sir Walter Scott with a higher demand,—he boldly asked for a sixpence. Scott gave him a shilling, adding "now, my man, remember you owe me sixpence." Pat's eye twinkled with fun as he replied, "Och, shure enough; and God grant yer honour life till I pay you!"

From Edinburgh I made a journey by rail across Fifeshire into Forfarshire, and on, by way of Dundee and Perth, to Stirling. The limits of this brief sketch prevent me from saying anything of this trip. Still, I cannot pass Stirling without a word or two. It has a noble situation, and from its external appearance might be called a little Edinburgh. No other place, except Edinburgh, is so closely connected with the history of Scotland. It was long a royal residence, and a favourite abode of the Jameses of the Stuart race. The view from the battlements of Stirling Castle is truly magnificent. In the distance the peaks of Ben Lomond, Ben Ledi, and others of the Highland range are visible; the vale of Men-teith stretches away westward; the rich Carse of Stirling, with the silvery Forth winding through, spreads itself out below; and the Ochil Hills close the prospect in the north-east. The Bridge of Allan, a favourite resort in the summer holidays, with its lovely scenery, is but three miles off; and close at hand is the Abbey Craig, on which stands the monument to the hero Wallace. But, most interesting of all, the field of Bannockburn—the Marathon of Scotland—is but a short walk from Stirling. Here, in 1314, the invading English were defeated by the Scots under Robert Bruce. The eye sees nothing now but waving wheat-fields, as though the "red rain" that fell 500 years ago had made a richer harvest grow here than elsewhere. It is something to stand on the field of Ban-