

and that I most indulge in that species of humour that has a moral in it. "Life in a Steamer," is fraught with it, as I shall proceed to show you; but before I point it out, I must tell you a story, (more meo) for I find I grow somewhat rigmarolly as I advance in years, and am more and more addicted to the narrative. While making the tour of Scotland, I spent a few days at Kelso, for the purpose of exploring the ruins of an ancient abbey, wherein are deposited the remains of the old chieftains—the Slicks of Slickvillehaugh, whose name I have the honour to bear. I don't mention this little circumstance out of personal vanity, for I am too old for that; and, besides, between you and me, I see nothing in an ancient Scottish descent from any rational man, to be proud of. I never read of a Scot of the olden time, notwithstanding all that Sir Walter has collected, or written on the subject, without the idea suggesting itself to my mind of a huge raw-boned, hard-featured unbreeched savage, very poor, very proud, and very hairy. Indeed, there are good authorities at variance with him on this subject.

A vest Prince Vortiger had on,
Which from a naked Scot his grandsire won.

Now, the obvious meaning of this passage is, that one of the prince's predecessors ran down one of these boors in the chase, skinned him, and made a garment of his hide, which he wore as a trophy of his skill and valour, in the same manner that a North American Indian decorates his person with the skin of the bear. This, however, is merely a matter of opinion, as well as a digression, and I only mention the circumstance at all, to gratify my American readers, who, though staunch republicans, are great admirers of old names, and are all in a nearer or more remote degree, allied to the first families in the peerage of Great Britain. While thus employed in enacting the part of Old Mortality, on the banks of the Tweed, I observed one morning a more than usually large assemblage of the yeomanry of the