

SINGULAR CHARACTER OF AN INHABITANT OF GLENORCHAY.

[From a Letter in the Gentleman's Magazine.]

I DO not recollect at present any thing particular to amuse you, unless the following account of a man in the upland part of my parish, be thought singular and uncommon. I can assure you that there is not a stroke in the picture embellished beyond the truth, nor a single trait given but what is really in the original. I have seen him occasionally two or three times, never indeed in the church but once, and that at the interment of his mother.

His name is Angus Roy Fletcher; he lives in the highest farm of Glenorchay, and has done so all his life-time. He has always made his livelihood mostly by fishing and hunting. The dog is his sole, though faithful attendant; the gun and the dirk are his constant companions. He sometimes indeed exchanges the gun for the fishing spear, but was never observed without one or the other. At a distance from social life, he has his residence in the wildest and most remote parts of the lofty mountains which separate the country of Glenorchay from that of Rannoch. In the midst of these wilds he builds his hut, and there he spends the most part of spring, summer, and autumn, and even part of winter. He has a few goats, which he tends at times on these lofty cliffs. These, with the dog, the gun, the spear, and the dirk, a belted plaid hose, and brogs, constitute the whole property of this savage. They are all he seems to desire. While his goats feed among the rocks and wide extended heaths, he ranges the hill and the forest in pursuit of the game. He returns to his little flock in the evening. He leads them to his solitary hut. He milks them with his own hands; and after making a comfortable meal of what game he may have caught for the day, and of the milk of his goats, he lays himself down to rest in the midst of them. By day they are his chief care, by night his only companions, the dog excepted. He desires not to associate with any of his own species, either man or woman; and yet if the step of the wandering stranger happens to approach his little hut, Angus Roy is humane and hospitable to a high degree. Whatever he is possessed of, even to the last morsel, he cheerfully bestows on his guest; at a time too when he knows not where to purchase the next meal for himself. Strange that a man who apparently has no affection for society, should be so much disposed to exercise one of its

hobbiest virtues! His contempt for society, however, is incontestable, for if he happens at any time to build his hut near the shealing of a farm, he abandons the hut. The moment the people come to the shealing he removes to a greater distance, and builds another habitation for himself. He seems to have in solitude a certain enjoyment, of which no other highlandman has any conception or feeling.

Such is the manner in which this extraordinary man spends the spring, the summer, and the autumn, and even part of the winter. But when the chill blast of December returns; when the excessive coldness of the climate forces him to depart from the mountain, to quit the solitary cell, he condescends to hold some intercourse with mankind. He descends into the village, but he enters with reluctance into a society where no man thinks as he does himself; where no man lives or acts after his manner. In this situation, and in such society, he discovers evident symptoms of uneasiness and disgust. To alleviate the pain as much as possible, to remove the languor of an intercourse in which he finds no enjoyment, he has devised the most proper expedient; he goes forth every morning, before the dawn, to the hill and the wood, in search of game. He returns not till late at night, and then goes to his rest, generally without seeing any body.

If ever he felt the passion for sex, it must have been in a degree extremely low, for he hardly ever discovered the symptoms of such a passion; and yet he dresses after the manner of the most finished coxcomb.

The belted plaid and the dirk are fitted on him with a wild and affected elegance; his bonnet, which is very small, after the same manner. His hair, which is naturally curled and very thick, is always tied with a silken or variegated cord at the root, and being loose towards the crop, it curls, and forms a great bunch, in size and figure resembling a large bunch of heath. This he esteems as one of his brightest ornaments. His look is lofty; his gait is stately and slow. Who can conceive that this coxcomb is his own butcher, baker, and cook? and when he kills a bird, a hare, or a deer, he prepares it himself for eating; makes his bed, washes his shirt, milks his goats.

Under all these circumstances, so seemingly