

of the 'Lang Toun'. Even more richly endowed with sweetness and quiet beauty is the Raith, immediately adjoining Kirkcaldy. There is only one Raith, and to those who have known it the wide world may be searched in vain for its equal. Every son and daughter of Kirkcaldy carries through life the memory of its charm, with its beautiful lake and waterfalls, its heather lodges, its gently swelling uplands, its magnificent trees of every variety, all combining to give to the Raith an air of perfect sylvan beauty.

An entry in the diary under date of January 13, 1845, must be given in full, for the sake of the spirited description it contains of a little-known Scottish festival : 'Auld Hansel Monday. Went down with others to Duravale to see Miss Simson's picture of the Slave Market at Constantinople, and then returned to Haugh Mill. Next morning I entered the kitchen at six o'clock. Here is the master at the fire heating the meal, and the mistress at the boiler stirring and boiling the head of a fat ox. On a long row of tables are placed wooden cogs now filled with oatmeal, into which is poured the water in which the head was boiled. The plowmen with their wives and children come in, upwards of forty of them, with a noise of endless "Fine days", and "Merrie Hansel Mondays to ye", with the shaking of hands, &c. Now they are all seated on forms, benches and planks of wood. Silence reigns after the blessing is asked, except for the noise of the horn spoons and the sloustering and snoring of the company. What a scene of happiness, scarcely to be imitated by the pencil of Wilkie ! But this is not all. The beef is now commenced upon, and crowned by the introduction of Bacchus. The master begins, "Here's a' yer healths an' mony a Hansel Monday may we see". The bottle passes round the table, and the feast is never closed until the whole may well say they are fou' and as thankfu'. The plowmen now set out to visit their friends, and the farmer's sons and relations get the guns ready for the field sports. They commence at a favourite field ; those that have guns take their station at regular intervals, the boys and others without guns filling in between. So they scour the fields one after