

lich, called Oakwood Cottage, where he and his brother Jamie spent the remainder of their lives in comfort. During the numerous subsequent visits which I paid to this quarter in my youth and early manhood, I generally lived at the farm-house on the Milltown, which was long occupied by Charles Paterson, a brother of the trio referred to. Like them, he was in good circumstances, and being well read and intelligent, being also one of the elders of the parish, he was regarded throughout the district as one to whom might justly be applied Dr. Chalmers' significant designation, "a man of wecht." "Milton," as he was called, delighted in nothing so much as a "twa-landit crack" *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, and his remarks on such occasions were always shrewd and to the point, expressed though they were in the broad Doric for which Aberdeenshire is famed. His garb was the same as that of his brothers, and included the blue bonnet worn by them. His features, though not cast with regularity, were pleasing, especially when lighted up by a smile, and he might have sat to a painter as a model for a picture illustrative of Burns' *Cotter's Saturday Night*, his appearance as he advanced in age being highly venerable and attractive. With "lyart haffets wearing thin and bare," his head was well formed, and his light-blue eyes looked keenly forth from underneath bushy overhanging eye-brows. Milton's sole weakness was his fondness for snuff, of which he imbibed large quantities; but he cultivated the habit "under difficulties" which would have deterred most people from practising it. He had a troublesome fleshy growth in his nostrils, which almost entirely obstructed them, and rendered it necessary for him to exert some force in "redding" them, when about to take a pinch, by a series of loud snorts, portentous and alarming to one hearing them vented for the first time. Having thus cleared a passage for his snuff, the same force had to be exerted to make it ascend high enough to effect the desired titillation, so that the administration of each pinch was the work of several minutes. At church, Milton's snuff-taking ("lickin" is the Aberdeenshire phrase) came to be regarded as an "institution," and, as he ventured only on one or two pinches in the course of the service, the dissonant tones of his nasal organ but little disturbed his fellow worshippers. Sitting with him at the Milltown on one occasion, engaged in a crack, I referred to the difficulty under which he laboured in discussing his snuff, as he was then enduring more than ordinary inconvenience from the obstruction referred to. He had just with great exertion got a pinch up the distance required, and as a rejoinder to my remark he said, "It's sae il to get the sneeshin up, add sae little guid it does me that when I've gotten it there, that I nicht just as weel lick aiss."\* He persevered, however, in snuff-taknig to the end of his life. But enough of these reminiscences for the present. My space and "aiblins" my reader's patience are both exhausted, and I reserve for a future occasion notices of sundry other folk in Tullich and Ballater, with peculiarities more marked than those I have attempted to chronicle, for whose sayings and doings, as observed by me

In life's morning march, when my bosom was young,

I shall ever reserve a cherished nook in my memory. I ask for these