

The inhabitants of the village, though by no means numerous as to quantity, are remarkable in point of quality, for they are a happy combination of all that is best in the characteristics of the people of both countries, with a little preponderance in favour of the Scot, perhaps, seeing that they reside on the northern side of the border. According to my thinking, any such combination will produce a race of human beings difficult to match and impossible to excel.

Craigmuir is the home and haven of a brave and hardy band of fisherfolk, whose small fleet of fishing smacks, or cobles, as they prefer to call them, are as well known all along the eastern coasts of our island, as their crews are famous for skill, honesty, industry, and endurance, and as they rove from Inverness to Deal, that betokens a very considerable celebrity indeed.

In the one long narrow main street of the village, along the quay and around the little harbour, there is generally an all-pervading smell of fish. And no wonder; for what with fresh fish, and what with salt fish, what with fish in process of conversion from the one condition to the other, and what with the fishiness that attaches more or less to all the articles employed in that process, fish is present to the dwellers in the village of Craigmuir through all the seasons and all round the year.

Nevertheless, the cottage homes of Craigmuir, white-washed without, tidy and clean within, with their snug-looking thatch, their trim bit of garden ground, and their general aspect of industry and thrift, show clearly enough that they are the homes of a happy and con-