

part of flood tide, fall inwards towards the river, till both become perfectly level; during the latter part of the ebb the reverse takes place, and at low tide the descent outwards is probably from fifteen to twenty feet. At high water for about a quarter of an hour, vessels and boats may pass in comparative safety, but should the ebb tide overtake them, they must inevitably be dashed to pieces. On each side the rocks are rugged and precipitous, as if they had been rent asunder, and displaced fragments occupy the intervening channel. An attempt was made about fifteen years since to extend a truss-bridge across this chasm, or rather a little below it, but the fabrics gave way, and a number of lives were lost on that occasion.

AMICUS.

THE CHRONICLES OF DREEPDAILY.

No. 2.

TOUCHING THE BEWITCHMENT OF BEAU BALDERSTON.

[We deem it expedient to mention here, once for all, that in the following "Chronicles" considerable liberties have been taken with the text of our late friend Peter Powhead. In point of fact the honest "Barber-Chirurgion" left behind him little more than skeletons or memoranda of the memorabilia which diversified the annals of his beloved Dreedpaily; and, consequently, the task of filling up the outlines became a matter of absolute necessity. Wherever it was practicable, however, we have allowed Peter to speak for himself, and tell his story in his own way. After this preliminary explanation our *Anglo-American* friends will not be scandalized if they should now and then stumble upon a seeming anachronism, in the course of these veritable legends—and the critic who seeks to make capital out of such apparent blunders will *ipso facto* stand convicted of snobbery in the first degree, and "*write himself down an ass!*""]

It has often struck me, Peter Powhead to wit, that the most difficult question which could be propounded for solution to General Council or University, is, whether witchcraft still holds its place in this restless and ever-changing world of ours?

That it *did* exist when Time was a younger man than he now is, cannot be gainsayed except by some infidel Salduece who idioti-

cally believes in nothing that he can neither see nor handle. Not to speak of "Peden's Prophecies,"—and "Satan's Invisible World Discovered"—(a work of singular learning and piety, written by a Professor of Divinity in the Glasgow College)—not to speak, I say, of these and many other similar pieces which could be cited, we have the statute law of Scotland, denouncing "*pit, gallows, and faggot*" against the inter-communers with Mahoun.

There are many, it is true, who halve the difference, so to speak. There are many who maintain that though haply the "black art" once existed and was practised, still it has long ceased, and become extinct, like the volcanoes which in the spring-time of creation vomited smoke and flames over the hills and dales of bonnie Scotland. These parties triumphantly call upon you to show proofs to the contrary, and challenge you to produce a witch or a warlock in contravention of their assertion.

Whilst I am free to admit that in modern times the facts demanded, are few and far between as angel's visits, or Queen Anne farthings, still there are some which, as Robin the immortal ploughman sings:

"Winna ding, and downa? be disputed!"

One of these tough and incontrovertible verities shall form the subject of the present narration.

Before, however, descending into the pit of my story, it may be permitted me to hazard a hypothesis (as Dominie Fauny would observe) touching the diminution of witchcraft in the present enlightened century.

It is a matter of history that the she vassals and servitors of the Foul Thief, used to resemble their blasted liege lord in nothing more than his preposterous ugliness! A wrinkled brow—toothless gums—parchment skin—and bleared blood-shot eyes, being essential requisites—*sine qua non*—(to use the jargon of Quirk McQuibble the lawyer) of all candidates for perdition. This is a fact

"Which nobody can deny!"

Now, from all that I can read or hear tell of, the beldames of "Auld Langsyne" had a churlish and grewsome ill-favouredness far surpassing anything that is now to be met with! In our day and generation, the breed