

with his "toady" Boswell and "snivelled his compliments" to the noble Flora Macdonald who aided the Pretender thus far in his flight. "It is pleasant" writes Mr. Smith, "to know that Johnson and Flora Macdonald met. It was like the meeting of two widely separated eras and orders of things. Fleet street and the Cuchullins with Ossianic mists on their crests came face to face. It is pleasant also to know that the sage liked the lady and the lady the sage."

Mr. Smith's pages revel in quaint stories, grim legends and vivid pictures of the living, breathing characters he encountered during his tour. We would willingly place many lengthy extracts from the book, before our readers, but we content ourselves with the following from a description of Dunvegan castle, not that it is by any means the best we could select, but simply because our space will not permit us to make a more lengthy one.

"By a narrow spiral stair we reached the most interesting apartment in Dunvegan,—the Fairy Room, in which Sir Walter Scott slept once. This apartment is situated in the ancient portion of the building, it overlooks the sea, and its walls are of enormous thickness. From its condition I should almost fancy that no one has slept there since Sir Walter's time. In it, at the period of my visit, there was neither bedstead nor chair, and it seemed a general lumber-room. The walls were hung with rusty broadswords, dirks, targets, pistols, Indian helmets; and tunics of knitted steel were suspended on frames, but so rotten with age and neglect that a touch frayed them as if they had been woven of worsted. There were also curved scymitars, and curiously-hafted daggers, and two tattered regimental flags,—that no doubt plunged through battle smoke in the front of charging lines,—and these last I fancied had been brought home by the soldier whose portrait I had seen in one of the modern rooms. Moth-eaten volumes were scattered about amid a chaos of dusty weapons, cruces, and lamps. In one corner lay a huge oaken chest with a chain wound round it, but the lid was barely closed, and through the narrow aperture a roll of paper protruded docketed in clerkly hand and with faded ink,—accounts of—from 1715 till some time at the close of the century,—in which doubtless some curious items were imbedded. On everything lay the dust and neglect of years. The room itself was steeped in a half twilight. The merriest sunbeam became grave as it slanted across the corroded weapons in which there was no answering gleam. Cobwebs floated from the corners of the walls,—the spiders which wove them having died long ago of sheer age. To my feeling it would be almost impossible to laugh in the haunted chamber, and if you did so you would be startled by a strange echo as if something mocked you. There was a grave-like odour in the apartment. You breathed dust and decay.

"Seated on the wooden trunk round which the chain was wound, while Malcolm, with his hand thrust in the hilt of a broadsword, was examining the notches on its blade, I inquired,—

"Is there not a magic flag kept at Dunvegan? The flag was the gift of a fairy, if I remember the story rightly."

"Yes," said Malcolm, making a cut at an imaginary foe, and then hanging the weapon up on the wall; "but it is kept in a glass case, and never shown to strangers, at least when the family is from home."

"How did Macleod come into possession of the flag, Malcolm?"

"Well, the old people say that one of the Macleods fell in love with a fairy, and used to meet her on the green hill out there. Macleod promised to marry her; and one night the fairy gave him a green flag, telling him that, when either he or one of his race was in distress, the flag was to be waved; but after the third time it might be thrown into the fire, for the power would have gone all out of it. I don't know, indeed, how it was, but Macleod deserted the fairy and married a woman."

"Is there anything astonishing in that? Would you not rather marry a woman than a fairy yourself?"

"May be, if she was a rich one like the woman Macleod married," said Malcolm, with a grin. "But when the fairy heard of the marriage she was in a great rage whatever. She cast a spell over Macleod's country, and all the women brought forth dead sons, and all the cows brought forth dead calves. Macleod was in great tribulation. He would soon have no young men to fight his battles, and his tenants would soon have no milk or cheese wherewith to pay their rents. The cry of his people came to him as he sat in his castle, and he waved the flag, and next day over the country there were living sons and living calves. Another time, in the front of a battle, he was sorely pressed, and nigh being beaten, but he waved the flag again, and got the victory, and a great slaying of his enemies."

"Then the flag has not been waved for the third and last time?"

"No. At the time of the potato failure, when the people were starving in their cabins, it was thought that he should have waved it and stopped the rot. But the flag stayed in its case. Macleod can only wave it once now; and I'm sure he's like a man with his last guinea in his pocket,—he does not like to spend it. But may be, sir, you would like to climb up to the flag-staff and see the view."

"A Summer in Skye" will be found a very pleasant companion for a leisure hour.

A VERY OLD STORY.

I.

A DEMON crept into a young man's breast,
And said, "Oh, here is a pleasant nest
For a weary demon like me to rest,—
But woe to him that shall wake me!"

II.

So the demon slept, and the young man grew
Older and stronger, and never knew
That a demon within him was growing too,
Though he slept 'n his nest so soundly.

III.

This man had a brother that tended sheep;
He, too, knew nought of this demon's sleep,—
Or his mother might not have had cause to weep,
When his flocks were bleating lonely.

IV.

But words were loud, that should have been low,
And the demon awoke,—and a brutal blow
Made that brother feel, if he did not know
What a demon he had awakened.

V.

Since then, that demon has never slept,
But, raging and foaming, has madly swept
Over the earth, but God has kept
A record of all his doings.

VI.

O man or woman! guard well thy heart!
For this demon's a demon of matchless art,
And strong is the voice that can say, "depart,"
When he enters and chooses to linger.

VII.

O gentle maiden of sweet, fair face!
O boy in the heyday of boyish grace!
You think not this demon can find a place
To lurk in your tender bosoms!

VIII.

But beware! for this demon has many forms;
Like a snake amid flowers amid your charms,
He may carry a sting when he least alarms,
To fester, and rankle, and poison!

IX.

He enters softly, and for a while
He cheats his victim with hellish guile,—
But God sees murder in every smile
Of him who hates his brother!

J. R. CLERE.

MISCELLANEA.

THE election of a new Lord Provost of Edinburgh has just taken place, when Mr. William Chambers, head of the well-known publishing firm, was elected.

Mr. F. C. Burnand is about to publish his new opera burlesque, "L'Africaine, or the Queen of the Cannibal Islands."

Continental journals announce the decease of the fattest man in the world. Herr Helw was a German, and followed the profession of translator for booksellers and merchants. He was forty-two years of age, and weighed 500 lbs. He had but little faith in the banting treatment, and his obesity increased to such an extent that latterly he was unable to enter doorways of ordinary size.

Botanists may be glad to know that the second part of Bentham and Hooker's "Genera Plantarum" has just been published. Lindley and Moore's "Treasury of Botany," which has also been announced for some time, is at length nearly ready for publication.

The new work, by the Emperor of the French, "On the Policy of France in Algiers," after having been privately circulated for some time was published about a fortnight since in Paris. The book is a small quarto, printed at the Imperial press, and in the form of a letter, is addressed to Marshal Mac Mahon, Duke of Magenta.

Dr. Lankester is about to commence a *Journal of Social Science*. It will be published once a month, and will be devoted to the publication of papers, reviews of books, and information on the various subjects embraced in the departments of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science. Dr. Lankester has had a good deal of experience in writing and teaching, and is promised the help of many students of social science.

The Roman Catholic Bishop Dorrian, a member of the Literary Society and Reading Room, in Belfast, has been foiled, by a vote of the shareholders, in an attempt to regulate the Society according to a law of his own. The Bishop modestly insists that no rule shall exist, or book be introduced, or member be admitted, that has not his approval; and he adds, that he will "debar from sacraments all and every one" who do not agree to his conditions!

A commencement has been made of the works for the Pneumatic Railway, which is to connect Waterloo Terminus with Whitehall by means of a tunnel under the Thames.

The tomb of Horace Vernet is just completed. The place is marked by a single block of granite, on which rests a white marble slab, the upper part of which, although placed in an horizontal position, is in the form of a Latin cross. A palatte and brushes sculptured on the front of the monument symbolize the profession of the deceased.

Very characteristic of the man is one of the latest official acts performed by Lord Palmerston, the placing the name of Mr. Capern, the Bideford poet, on the Civil List for an additional 20*l.* per annum, making a total of 60*l.* which the postman poet now enjoys.

Mr. Samuel Baker, the discoverer of the new lake near the sources of the Nile, has arrived in London. We may expect, therefore, soon to have further details of his exploit.

There has recently been discovered under the ruins of the ancient Amathusia, in the Island of Cyprus, a magnificent vase. It is of a hemispheric form, and measures six feet in height; its diameter at the top is about fourteen feet, and its weight not far short of 30,000 lbs. The vase is enriched by sculptured bulls, and ornamented by handles of peculiar and elegant form. It was buried at the summit of a hill eight hundred yards from the shore, and the crews of two French vessels commissioned by the Government have recently been engaged disintering and removing the vase down to the beach. A moveable tramway, however, had to be constructed before this object of antiquity could be got on board the vessel.