

pen around it; she sat herself down as leader of the fashions in the little province which she had in a great measure both discovered and colonized. She was, therefore, justly desirous to compel homage and tribute from all who should approach the territory.

"In other respects, Lady Penelope pretty much resembled the numerous class she belonged to. She was at bottom a well-principled woman, but too thoughtless to let her principles control her humour; therefore, not scrupulously nice in her society. She was good-natured, but capricious and whimsical, and willing, enough, to be kind or generous, if it neither thwarted her humour, nor cost her much trouble; would have chaperoned a young friend anywhere, and moved the world for subscription tickets; but never troubled herself how much her giddy charge flirted, or with whom, so that with a numerous class of Misses, her ladyship was the most delightful creature in the world. Then Lady Penelope had lived so much in society, knew so exactly when to speak, and how to escape from an embarrassing discussion, by professing ignorance, while she looked intelligence, that she was not generally discovered to be a fool, until she set up for being remarkably clever. This happened more frequently of late, when perhaps, as she could not but observe that the repairs of the toilette became more necessary, she might suppose that new lights, according to the poet, were streaming on her mind through the chinks that Time was making. Many of her friends, however, thought that Lady Penelope had better consulted her genius by remaining in mediocrity, as a fashionable and well-bred woman, than by parading her new-founded pretensions to taste and patronage; but such was not her own opinion, and, doubtless, her ladyship was the best judge."

In addition, and somewhat as a contrast to this, he gives the following picture of Meg Dods, an "old-world Landlady," whose temper had been soured by the abstraction of a share of business, in consequence of the erection of a more splendid and fashionable Inn. Hers is a character of a very singular description, and is exceedingly well supported. Possessed of money, her father had been able to relieve the former Laird of St. Ronan's from some pecuniary embarrassments, and by that means became the proprietor of the Inn, which he had formerly rented. Dying, he left Meg, the subject of the present remark, and his only daughter, in full possession of all, as his sole heiress and executrix. She had chosen to lead the life of a lone woman, as she describes it: and since the erection of the other Inn, and the turning of the road in a different direction, had diminished her business, she spent the greatest part of her leisure time, and indulged the increased acrimony of her disposition, in scolding her servants, and maintaining a rude, turbulent rule over all who visited her; not even excepting the few solitary passengers whom chance, or any other circumstance, brought to her nearly deserted habitation. The chief propensities of her mind accorded with her external aspect, as here delineated:

"Nature had formed honest Meg for such encounters; and as her noble soul delighted in them, so her outward properties were in what Tony Lumpkin calls a concatenation accordingly. She had hair of a brindled colour, betwixt black and grey, which was apt to escape in efflocks from under her mutch when she was thrown into violent agitation—long, skinny hands, terminated by stout talons—grey eyes, thin lips, a robust person, a broad, though flat chest, capital wind, and a voice that could match a choir of fish-women. She was accustomed to say of herself in her more gentle moods, that her bark was worse than her bite; but what teeth could have matched a tongue, which, when in full career, is vouched to have been heard from the Kirk to the Castle of Saint Ronan's?"

We have an excellent picture of a village Lawyer, in the person of a Mr. Bindloose, and though forming rather a long extract, we cannot