

position be made for the company to wish one another a good night, he will observe, " My eyes are not shut yet." It is only when he feels himself under a necessity of closing his eyes, that he is willing to go to rest; and, what is not a little ludicrous, one of his eyes being much weaker, goes sooner to rest than the other. On the other hand, he never lies a-bed longer than he is fast asleep. The moment he awakes, up he springs, washes his face and hands, and goes somewhere or other; for he seems to have an aversion to rest, and is constantly in motion. He is of a wandering disposition, and never likes to stay long in one place: a very trifling motive, even at this day, would suffice to carry Donald Macleod to America, or to the East Indies.

Mr. Macleod talks, not unfrequently, on the subject of death, and in a religious strain. But he speaks oftener of the feats of his youth and manhood; and of men and women who have lived to great ages, several of whom he reckons in his own family. Alexander Macleod, Esq. of Ulinish, Sheriff of a District of Inverness-shire, his uncle, is now in the 100th year of his age.