

indeed, is in danger of being the loser. For it is the character of the common Scotch people, in this kind of barter, to take as much and give as little as they can. Not such, however, the character of the common English. I found I could get from them as much information of a personal nature as I pleased, and on the cheapest possible terms. The Englishman seems rather gratified than otherwise to have an opportunity of speaking about himself. He tells you what he is, and what he is doing, and what he intends doing, — gives a full account of his prospects in general, — and adds short notices of the condition and character of his relatives. As for you, the inquirer, you may, if you please, be communicative about yourself and your concerns, and the Englishman will listen for a little; but the information is not particularly wanted, — he has no curiosity to know anything about you. And this striking difference which obtains between the two peoples seem a fundamental one. The common Scot is naturally a more inquisitive, more curious being, than the common Englishman: he asks many more questions, and accumulates much larger hoards of fact. In circumstances equally unfavorable, he acquires, in consequence, more of the developing pabulum; just as it is the nature of some seeds

but it's sair cauld here in the winter." — "And so it is six miles to Killin?" — "Ay, they ca' it sax." — "Scotch miles, I suppose?" — "Ay, ay; auld miles." — "That is about twelve English?" — "Na, it'll no be abune ten short miles" — (here we got on so fast, that I began to think I should be dismissed at last), — "but I never seed them measured. And ye'll ha'e left your family at Comrie?" — "No; I am alone." — "They'll be in the south, maybe?" — "No; I have no family." — "And are ye no married?" — "No." — "I'm thinking it's time?" — "So am I." — "Weel, weel, ye'll ha'e the less fash." — "Yes, much less than in finding the way to Killin." — "O, ay, ye'll excuse me; but we countra folk speers muckle questions." — "Pretty well, I think." — "Weel, weel, ye'll find it saft a bit in the hill; but ye maun had wast, and it's nae abune ten mile. A gude day."