

gether, and so perplexing is the intricacy, that I felt as if I had got into a *forest* of hills, and was in danger of losing my way. From the imperfect drainage occasioned by the want of continuous valleys, the district abounds in mossy swamps and little shallow lakes, or rather lochans, remarkable for the vast number of water-lilies that, in the flowering season, mottle their surface, and relieve, by their quiet beauty, the general ruggedness of the scenes in which they occur. A brown and scanty vegetation, much interrupted by gray precipices, partially clothes the hill-sides; and, among the groups of turf cottages which the traveller occasionally sees embosomed in solitary recesses beside their scanty patches of corn, he may find the last lingering remains of rude and primitive contrivances that have become obsolete in every other part of the British islands. Those small cottage-mills, — the immediate successors of the hand-mill, — in which the water-wheel moves horizontally, and which, when laid open by the antiquary in some encroaching moss or drifted sand-hill, he regards as the relics of a remote time, — are still extant and in use in this rugged gneiss region.

The Red Sandstone of the district rests immediately over the gneiss, but belongs to a widely different epoch. The gneiss we find uptilted in every direction, as if it had been operated upon by the disturbing forces from many centres, and for many ages; whereas the sandstone which rests unconformably over it presents a series of unbroken strata, reclining usually at low angles, and which had no share in the deep-seated convulsions which uptilted and broke up the rocks below. Along the coast, — as in Durness in the Cape Wrath district, at Ru-Store, and on towards Loch Broom, Gairloch, and Applecross, it presents very much the scenic character of the Old Red Sandstone on the east coast; and nothing can be more striking than the change which takes place in the landscape, in passing