

to the margin of the Conon. On our own side of the river, the more immature but fresh and thickly-clustered woods of Conon House rose along the banks; and I was delighted to find among them a ruinous chapel and ancient burying-ground, occupying, in a profoundly solitary corner, a little green hillock, once an island of the river, but now left dry by the gradual wear of the channel, and the consequent fall of the water to a lower level. A few broken walls rose on the highest peak of the eminence; the slope was occupied by the little mossy hillocks and sorely-lichened tombstones that mark the ancient grave-yard; and among the tombs immediately beside the ruin there stood a rustic dial, with its iron gnomon worn to an oxydized film, and green with weather-stains and moss. And around this little lonely yard sprang the young wood, thick as a hedge, but just open enough towards the west to admit, in slant lines along the tombstones and the ruins, the red level light of the setting sun.

I greatly enjoyed these evening walks. From Conon-side as a centre, a radius of six miles commands many objects of interest;—Strathpeffer, with its mineral springs,—Castle Leod, with its ancient trees, among the rest, one of the largest Spanish chestnuts in Scotland,—Knockferrel, with its vitrified fort,—the old tower of Fairburn,—the old though somewhat modernized tower of Kinkell,—the Brahan policies, with the old Castle of the Seaforths,—the old Castle of Kilcoy,—and the Druidic circles of the moor of Red-castle. In succession I visited them all, with many a sweet scene besides; but I found that my four hours, when the visit involved, as it sometimes did, twelve miles walking, left me little enough time to examine and enjoy. A half-holiday every week would be a mighty boon to the working man who has acquired a taste for the quiet pleasures of intellect, and either cultivates an affection for natural objects, or, according to the antiquary, “loves to look upon what is old.” My recollections of this rich tract of country, with its woods, and towers, and noble river, seem as if bathed in the red light of gorgeous sunsets. Its uneven