

sprang forward to warn him of his danger, and keep him back ; but he was unbelieveing and in haste, and rode express, he said, on business that would brook no delay ; and as for the " fause ford," if it could not be ridden, it could be swam ; and, whether by riding or swimming, he was resolved on getting across. Determined, however, in saving him in his own despite, the Highlanders forced him from his horse, and, thrusting him into the little chapel, locked him in ; and then, throwing open the door when the fatal hour had passed, they called him that he might now pursue his journey. But there was no reply, no one came forth ; and on going in, they found him lying cold and stiff, with his face buried in the water of a small stone font. He had fallen, apparently, in a fit, athwart the wall ; and his predestined hour having come, he was suffocated by the few pints of water in the projecting font. At this time the stone font of the tradition—a rude trough, little more than a foot in diameter either way—was still to be seen among the ruins ; and, like the veritable cannon in the Castle of Udolpho, beside which, according to Annette, the ghost used to take its stand, it imparted by its solid reality a degree of authenticity to the story in this part of the country, which, if unfurnished with a " local habitation," as in Sir Walter's note, it would have wanted. Such was one of the many stories of the Conon with which I became acquainted at a time when the beliefs they exemplified were by no means quite dead, and of which I could think as tolerably serious realities, when lying a-bed all alone at midnight, the solitary inmate of a dreary barrack, listening to the roar of the Conon.

Besides the long evenings, we had an hour to breakfast, and another to dinner. Much of the breakfast hour was spent in cooking our food ; but as a bit of oaten cake and a draught of milk usually served us for the mid-day meal, the greater part of the hour assigned to *it* was available for the purpose of rest or amusement. And when the day was fine, I used to spend it by the side of a mossy stream, within a few minutes walk of the work-shed, or in a neighboring planting, beside a little irregular lochan, fringed round with flags and rushes. The