

from the *infinite* powers of the others. But it is time that I go and prepare supper."

I visited the policies of Conon House a full quarter of a century after this time,—walked round the kiln, once our barrack,—scaled the outside stone-stair of the hay-loft, to stand for half a minute on the spot where I used to spend whole hours seated on my chest, so long before; and then enjoyed a quiet stroll among the woods of the Conon. The river was big in flood: it was exactly such a river Conon as I had lost sight of in the winter of 1821, and eddied past dark and heavy, sweeping over bulwark and bank. The low-stemmed alders that rose on islet and mound seemed shorn of half their trunks in the tide; here and there an elastic branch bent to the current, and rose and bent again; and now a tuft of withered heath came floating down, and now a soiled wreath of foam. How vividly the past rose up before me!—boyish day-dreams, forgotten for twenty years,—the fossils of an early formation of mind, produced at a period when the atmosphere of feeling was warmer than now, and the immaturities of the mental kingdom grew rank and large, like the ancient *cryptogamia*, and bore no specific resemblance to the productions of a riper time. The season I had passed in the neighborhood so long before,—the first I had anywhere spent among strangers,—belonged to an age when home is not a country, nor a province even, but simply a little spot of earth, inhabited by friends and relatives; and the verses, long forgotten, in which my joy had found vent when on the eve of returning to that home, came chiming as freshly into my memory as if scarce a month had passed since I had composed them beside the Conon. Here they are, with all the green juvenility of the home-sickness still about them,—a true petrification of an extinct feeling:

TO THE CONON.

Conon, fair flowed thy mountain stream,  
Through blossomed heath and ripening fold,  
When, shrunk by summer's fervid beam,  
Thy peaceful waves I first beheld.