

red light of the sinking sun fell on many a sweet wild recess, amid the labyrinth of islands purple with heath, and overhung by the birch and mountain-ash ; or slanted along the broken glades of the ancient forest ; or lighted up into a blush the pale stony faces of the tall pyramidal hills. A boat bearing a wedding party was crossing the lake to the white house on the opposite side, and a piper, stationed in the bows, was discoursing sweet music, that, softened by distance, and caught up by the echoes of the rocks, resembled no strain I had ever heard from the bagpipe before. Even the boatmen rested on their oars, and I had just enough of Gaelic to know that they were remarking how very beautiful it was. "I wish," said my comrade, "you understood those men : they have a great many curious stories about the loch, that I am sure you would like. See you that large island ? It is Island-Marec. There is, they tell me, an old burying-ground on it, in which the Danes used to bury long ages ago, and whose ancient tombstones no man can read. And you other island beside it is famous as the place in which the *good* people meet every year to make submission to their queen. There is, they say, a little loch in the island, and another little island in the loch ; and it is under a tree on that inner island that the queen sits and gathers kaim for the Evil-One. They tell me that, for certain, the fairies have not left this part of the country yet." We landed, a little after sunset, at the point from which our road led across the hills to the sea-side, but found that the carter had not yet come up ; and at length, despairing of his appearance, and unable to carry off his cart and the baggage with us, as we had succeeded in bringing off cart, horse, and baggage on the previous day, we were preparing to take up our night's lodging under the shelter of an overhanging crag, when we heard him coming soliloquizing through the wood, in a manner worthy of his name, as if he were not one, but twenty carters. "What a perfect shame of a country !" he exclaimed,— "perfect shame ! Road for a horse, forsooth !—more like a turnpike stair. And not a feed of corn for the poor beast ; and not a public house atween this and Kinlochewe ; and not