

a drop of whisky ; perfect, perfect shame of a country !” On his coming up in apparently very bad humor, we found him disposed to transfer the shame of the country to our shoulders. What sort of people were we, he asked, to travel in such a land without whisky ! Whisky, however, there was none to produce ; there was no whisky nearer, we told him, than the public house at the sea-side, where we proposed spending the night ; and, of course, the sooner we got there the better. And after assisting him to harness his horse, we set off in the darkening twilight, amid the hills. Rough gray rocks, and little blue lochans, edged with flags, and mottled in their season with water-lilies, glimmered dim and uncertain in the imperfect light as we passed ; but ere we reached the inn of Flowerdale in Gairloch, every object stood out clear, though cold, in the increscent light of morning ; and a few light streaks of cloud, poised in the east over the unrisen sun, were gradually exchanging their gleam of pale bronze for a deep flush of mingled blood and fire.

After the refreshment of a few hours’ sleep and a tolerable breakfast, we set out for the scene of our labors, which lay on the sea-shore, about two miles further to the north and west ; and were shown an outhouse,—one of a square of dilapidated offices,—which we might fit up, we were told, for our barrack. The building had been originally what is known on the north-western coast of Scotland, with its ever-weeping climate, as a hay-barn ; but it was now merely a roof-covered tank of green stagnant water, about three-quarters of a foot in depth, which had oozed through the walls from an over-gorged pond in the adjacent court, that in a tract of recent ruins had overflowed its banks, and not yet subsided. Our new house did look exceedingly like a beaver-dam, with this disadvantageous difference, that no expedient of diving could bring us to better chambers on the other side of the wall. My comrade, setting himself to sound the abyss with his stick, sung out in sailor style, “three feet water in the hold ;” Click-Clack broke into a rage. “That a dwelling for human creatures !” he said. “If I was to put my horse intil’t, poor beast ! the very hoofs