

amusing narrative of his journey, that for the space of twelve days he saw neither house nor corn-field, but deer, wild horses, wolves, and such like creatures. The wolf did not finally disappear from among our mountains until the year 1680, when the last of the race was killed in Lochaber by that formidable Ewan Cameron of Lochiel, with whom Cromwell was content to make peace after conquering all the rest of Scotland.

The sand dunes of the country,—accumulations of sand heaped over the soil by the winds, and in some cases, as in the neighbourhood of Stromness in Orkney, and near New Quay on the coast of Cornwall, consolidated into a kind of open-grained sandstone,—contain, like the mosses of the country, ancient human remains and works of art. There have been detected among the older sand dunes of Moray, broken or partially finished arrow-heads of flint, with splintered masses of the material out of which they had been fashioned,—the *débris*, apparently, of the workshop of some weapon-maker of the stone period. Among a tract of sand dunes on the shores of the Cromarty Firth, immediately under the Northern Sutor, in a hillock of blown sand, which was laid open about eighty years ago by the winds of a stormy winter, there was found a pile of the bones of various animals of the chase, and the horns of deer, mixed with the shells of molluscs of the edible species; and, judging from the remains of an ancient hill-fort in the neighbourhood, and from the circumstance that under an adjacent dune rude sepulchral urns were disinterred many years after, I have concluded that the hunters by whom they had been accumulated could not have flourished later than at least the age of bronze. It was ascertained in one of the Orkneys, about the year 1819, that a range of similar dunes, partially cleared by a long tract of high winds from the west, had overlain for untold ages what seemed to be the remains of an ancient Scandinavian village. In fine, very