

fairly owing to it,—I shall take the liberty—casting myself on the forbearance of such of my audience as are least artistic in their tastes—of occasionally touching upon it in my course.

I need scarce refer to the scenery of our mosses,—these sombre, lake-like tracts, divested, however, of the cheerful gleam of the water,—that so often fatigue the eye of the traveller among our mountains, but which at that season when the white cottony *carnach* mottles their dark surfaces, reminding one of tears on a hatchment,—when the hills around, purple with the richly-blossoming heath, are chequered with the light and shade of a cloud-dappled sky,—and when, in the rough foreground, the grey upright stone of other days waves its beard of long grey lichen to the breeze,—are not unworthy, in their impressive loneliness, of employing, as they have oftener than once done, the magic pencil of a Macculloch. I need as little refer to the scenery of those sand dunes which gleam so brightly amid some of our northern landscapes, and which, not only in colour, but also in form, contrast so strongly with our morasses. The dark flat morass is suggestive always of sluggish and stagnant repose; whereas among our sand dunes, from the minuter ripple-markings of the general surface, to the wave-like form of the hills sloped in the direction of the prevailing winds, and curved, like snow-wreaths, to the opposite point of the compass, almost every outline is equally suggestive of motion. I could, however, fain borrow the pencil of our countryman Hill, as he employs it in his exquisite cabinet-pictures, to portray the story of the last Barony: rolling hills of sand all around, the red light of a stormy summer evening deepening into dun and lurid brown, through an eddying column of suffocating dust snatched up by a whirlwind; the antique garden-dial dimly shadowing forth the hour of sunset for the last time amid half-submerged shrubs and trees; and, full in