

bosky thickets of wild rose and sloe-thorn, that some anchorite of the olden time *did* make choice of it. A grey shapeless hillock of lichened stone, shaded by luxuriant tufts of fern, still bears the name of the old chapel; and an adjacent spring, on whose overhanging sprays of ivy we may occasionally detect minute tags of linen and woollen cloth,—the offerings of a long-derived superstition, not quite extinct in the district,—is still known as the Saint's Well. But who the anchorite was, tradition has long since forgot; and it was only last year that I succeeded in recovering the name of the saint from an old man, whose father had been a farmer on the land considerably more than a hundred years before. The chapel and spring had been dedicated, he said, to St. Kennat,—a name which we need scarce look for in the Romish Calendar, but which designated, it is probable, one of our old Culdee saints.

The various beds of the Eathie deposit,—all save the lowest, which consists of a blue adhesive clay,—are composed of a dark, finely laminated shale; and, varying in thickness from thirty feet to thirty yards, they are curiously separated from each other by bands of fossiliferous limestone. And so impalpable a substance are these shales, that, when subjected to calcination, which is necessary to extract the bitumen with which they are charged, and which gives them toughness and coherency, they resolve into a powder, used occasionally, from its extreme fineness, in the cleaning of polished brass and copper. They were laid down, it is probable, in circumstances similar to those in which, as described by the late Captain Basil Hall, extensive deposits are now taking place in the Yellow Sea of China. 'At sunset,' says Captain Hall, in the narrative of his voyage to Loo-Choo, 'no land could be perceived from the mast-head, although we were in less than five fathoms water. And before the day broke next morning, the tide had fallen a whole fathom, which brought the ship's bottom within three feet of the