

along the shore, he saw the huge Ben Wevis towering darker and more loftily over the Frith as he advanced, or turned aside, from time to time, to explore some ancient burying-ground or Danish encampment. There is not a tract of country of equal extent in the three kingdoms where antiquities of this class lie thicker than in that northern strip of the parish of Resolis which bounds on the Cromarty Frith. The old castle of Craig House, a venerable, time-shattered building, detained him, amid its broken arches, for hours; and he was only reminded of the ultimate object of his journey when, on surveying the moor from the upper bartizan, he saw that the groups of men and cattle, which since morning had been mottling in succession the track leading to the fair, were all gone out of sight, and that, far as the eye could reach, not a human figure was to be seen. The whole population of the country seemed to have gone to the fair. He quitted the ruins; and, after walking smartly over the heathy ridge to the west, and through the long birch wood of Kinbeakie, he reached, about mid-day, the little straggling village at which the market holds.

Thomson had never before attended a thoroughly Highland market, and the scene now presented was wholly new to him. The area it occupied was an irregular opening in the middle of the village, broken by ruts and dung-hills and heaps of stone. In front of the little turf-houses, on either side, there was a row of booths, constructed mostly of poles and blankets, in which much whiskey, and a few of the simpler articles of foreign merchandise, were sold. In the middle of the open space there were carts and benches, laden with the rude manufactures of the country: Highland brogues and blankets; bowls and platters of beech; a species of horse and cattle harness, formed of the twisted