

turns and windings frae Contin to the sea. My faither, too, for a twelvemonth or sae afore his death, had a boat on ane o' its ferries, for the crossing, on weekdays, o' passengers, an' o' the kirkgoing folks on Sunday. He had a little bit farm beside the Conon, an' just got the boat by way o' eiking out his means; for we had aye eneugh to do at rent-time, an' had maybe less than plenty through a' the rest o' the year besides. Weel, for the first ten months or sae the boat did brawly. The Castle o' Brahan is no half a mile frae the ferry, an' there were aye a hantle o' gran' folk comin' and gangin' frae the Mackenzie, an' my faither had the crossin' o' them a'. An' besides, at Marti'mas, the kirk-going people used to send him firlots o' bear an' pecks o' oatmeal; an' he soon began to find that the bit boat was to do mair towards paying the rent o' the farm than the farm itsel'.

“The Tower o' Fairburn is aboot a mile and a half aboon the ferry. It stands by itsel' on the tap o' a heathery hill, an' there are twa higher hills behind it. Beyond there spreads a black, dreary desert, where ane might wander a lang simmer's day withoot seeing the face o' a human creature, or the kindly smoke o' a lum. I dare say nane o' you hae heard hoo the Mackenzies o' Fairburn an' the Chisholms o' Strathglass parted that bit o' kintra atween them. Nane o' them could tell where the lands o' the ane ended or the ither began, an' they were that way for generations, till they at last thocht them o' a plan o' division. Each o' them gat an auld wife o' seventy-five, an' they set them aff a'e Monday at the same time, the ane frae Erchless Castle an' the ither frae the Tower, warning them aforehand that the braidness o' their maisters' lands depended on their speed; for where the twa would meet amang the hills, there would be the boundary.