

there a solitary tree is so beautiful, and so much in keeping with a Scottish landscape, that I confess its very dreariness is as grateful to my eye, as the more cultivated and regular beauty now stretched out before us. What do *you* think?" she continued, appealing to George Allison.

The party addressed, as in duty bound, replied to the effect, that he would scarcely venture to express an opinion at variance with that of so good a judge, even if he entertained any such opinion; adding that the view of Millseat from his farm, with the water of Deer seen at intervals, as one got a peep into the little valley where the church stood, with the woods of Aden away to the right, added much to the beauty of the view from the other side.

"That's a beautiful river for trout, Henry!" said Tom Somers, pointing to the nearest branch of the stream, which ran at some little distance beneath them. "I remember once catching two dozen of the most beautiful fish that ever eye looked upon."

"He may well say, *once*," said Helen Morrison, as if *aside* to Jane Somers,—“for his zeal for Isaac Walton, is not very well rewarded: however, patience and perseverance are excellent qualities in a young gentleman.”

"You always pretend to be doubtful of my abilities in the fishing line," said Tom, who had heard Helen's remark as she meant he should; "but I might easily appeal to George."

"Pray, do not take that trouble," replied Helen, "for George would be obliged to state some unwelcome facts, and your character might suffer."

"But it was only the other day I caught a dozen."

"With a silver hook?" asked Helen, as she cantered off, followed by most of the young ladies—for young ladies *will* gallop up hill, reason or none.

"She's gone over bank, bush and scaur," said Tom, following at a rapid rate, leaving the more sedate of the party to come up at their leisure.

The main road, by which our party had hitherto proceeded, turned to the left along the face of the hill, while their route lay slightly to the right, and almost directly over it. Though the parish was very populous, in less than twenty minutes they had left behind them all traces of cultivation, and almost of life, except that here and there a shepherd might be seen stalking slowly about, and occasionally giving directions to his dog, as a stray sheep wandered to too great a distance from the main body. Now and then, too, a muirfowl would start from under the very feet of the horses, uttering its shrill wild note as it whirled past them like a flash.

As they proceeded, a "shieling" or small turf hut, might be seen just on the side of the path, a new settlement in the waste,—but very different indeed from the new settlements on this side of the Atlantic. There is not a stump to be seen; not a tree, no barn, no oxen; nothing that attracts the eye of a

traveller through any of our newly settled towns. The smoke, however, rises in long wavy columns from the dry turf, which was turned up by the spade many weeks before; and yonder is something like an enclosed patch, from which the barley has been reaped some time since. Alas! that industry should toil herself almost to helplessness in cultivating a sterile and ungrateful soil, when so many thousand acres on this side of the Atlantic, need only the twentieth part of the labour to be transformed into the abode of plenty and contentment.

If you look behind, you may see the face of a woman, looking from the pane of glass, which forms the only window the cottage can boast of, or perhaps a girl of about three years of age has climbed upon the sod dyke which encloses the few paces of earth, called the garden, and is looking with surprise and wonder after the retreating party.

The road, though considered passable for carts, was in truth, nothing but three pretty deep ditches, worn by the horses feet and cart wheels, and made still deeper by the heavy rains which every now and then sweep down from the hill sides, by means of their half natural, half artificial, channels. There was just room for two to ride abreast, and fortunate was Henry Lawson, in being placed by his good genius alongside Margaret Morrison, on that mountain path. The slight tinge of melancholy which one always feels in first entering the mountains had yielded to the excitement of the exercise and the fineness of the day. Henry had seen at a glance, that Margaret Morrison was not one of those ladies with whom the stream of talk must run on in a continual succession of insipid nothings, or rapid attempts at wit or fine sayings. Margaret, on her part, with the acuteness of a woman, had appreciated the excellence of Henry's character, and the knowledge that he was the intimate friend of George Allison had done something to remove the feelings of constraint, which she naturally felt in presence of a stranger. She was therefore at her ease, and of consequence, Henry's natural reserve gave way; new powers of utterance seemed given to him, and in a short time there was established between them, a feeling of intimacy, which, under other circumstances, might have been the result only of long acquaintance. Time, however, flew but the faster, the more deeply they were interested, and the party soon reached the object of their visit.

The "Stanin' Stones of Parkhouse," as they were called by the inhabitants of the parish, were the remains of an ancient Druidical temple, not a few of which are scattered over the whole island. It consisted of seven immense rocks, or masses of unhewn stone, ranged round a central one of extraordinary size, the flat top of which measured fifteen by twenty feet. The space included within the exterior pillars or blocks, might be about half an acre, the whole presenting at a distance, the appearance of a ruined