

into that mournful, unlovely, and decayed skeleton still standing between river and hill.

The roof of thatch has long since fallen and vanished, but a chimney remains. The woodwork has rotted away, and the windows and doors are mere irregular holes that leer and gape, like blind eyes and a toothless mouth, upon the beholder. One wall, falling out, has displayed the interior, and the soulless house lies in this lonely region like a cracked nut, whose kernel has long since been extracted, whose broken shell endures. Around about stretch shattered walls, and on them glimmer wonderful fabrics of moss and lichen interwoven. Here dwells the *cladonia*—its *chrysopræ* vegetation splashed with scarlet, and other lichens are in form of agate sections, or like the clammy gills of water-breathing beasts. Reindeer moss makes grey lacework in the heathy fields, and other mosses thrust their glimmering and dewy fingers into the herbage. A seedling rowan has rooted up aloft, and ivy struggles over one wall, but there is no majesty or grandeur in this ruin. In prosperity it was but a mean abode, and now it perishes meanly, and lacks alike the dignity of historic age and the beauty of worthy architecture. Yet the solemnity that marks any human achievement of the past it possesses.

Now the ruin fades back into nature like a cloud,