

that we may still see among the ruins. His hour had come, an' he had fallen in a fit, as 'twould seem, head foremost among the water o' the trough, where he had been smothered; an' sae, ye see, the prophecy o' the kelpie availed nothing."

"The very story," exclaimed my friend, "to which Sir Walter alludes, in one of the notes to 'The Heart of Mid-Lothian.' The kelpie, you may remember, furnishes him with a motto to the chapter in which he describes the gathering of all Edinburgh to witness the execution of Porteous, and their irrepressible wrath on ascertaining that there was to be no execution, — 'The hour, but not the man, is come.'"

"I remember making quite the same discovery," I replied, "about twelve years ago, when I resided for several months on the banks of the Conon, not half a mile from the scene of the story. One might fill a little book with legends of the Conon. The fords of the river are dangerous, especially in the winter season; and about thirty years ago, before the erection of the fine stone bridge below Conon House, scarcely a winter passed in which fatal accidents did not occur; and these were almost invariably traced to the murderous malice of the water-wraith."

"But who or what is the water-wraith?" said my friend. "We heard just now of the kelpie, and it is the kelpie that Sir Walter quotes."

"Ah," I replied, "but we must not confound the kelpie and the water-wraith, as has become the custom in these days of incredulity. No two spirits, though they were both spirits of the lake and the river, could be more different. The kelpie invariably appeared in the form of a young horse; the water-wraith in that of a very tall woman, dressed in green, with a withered, meagre counte-