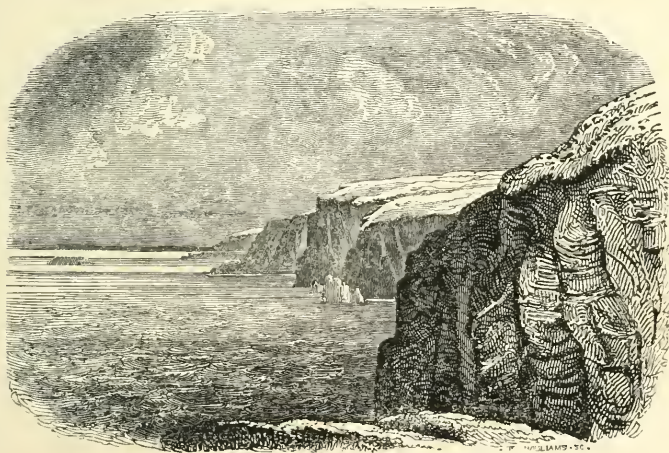




EXCURSIONS
THROUGH THE
HIGHLANDS AND ISLES OF SCOTLAND
IN
1835 AND 1836,

BY THE
REV. C. LESINGHAM SMITH, M.A.
FELLOW, AND LATE MATHEMATICAL LECTURER, OF CHRIST'S
COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.



NORTH COAST, FROM CAPE WRATH.

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TO THE

REV. ALEXANDER CROMBIE,

LL.D., F.R.S., AND M.R.S.L.,

AS A TOKEN OF RESPECT FOR HIS TALENTS,

AND OF GRATITUDE FOR HIS KINDNESS,

THIS ATTEMPT TO DESCRIBE A PORTION OF HIS

NATIVE COUNTRY,

IS DEDICATED,

BY

HIS OBLIGED AND SINCERE FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

101335

P R E F A C E.

SCOTLAND has been so copiously illustrated by the writings of eminent men, and so often explored by the Southron for himself, that any book upon the subject of that country may seem to require no common apology. Yet the untravelled public have, in all ages, been predisposed to receive with favour an author, who professes to carry them into distant lands; justly regarding his work as an additional glass, through which, unless it be very opaque, they may speculate once more on scenes remote, and obtain more accurate notions of objects, viewed hitherto perhaps only in fictitious colourings, or distorted proportions. And even those, who have already trodden the same ground, and who may be supposed to have exhausted curiosity by a personal examination, disdain not to turn over the pages of some succeeding adventurer; and sometimes linger with

delight over descriptions of scenery, which they had almost forgotten, or of manners, which they had scarcely observed. No book of travels, therefore, as such, stands in need of much excuse; it may take its place in the library among its predecessors, as the last picture is suspended in the hall among the family portraits; each of which bears a general resemblance to the others; but each also is distinguished by peculiarities in age, or fashion, or feature.

But the finished portrait is not the only one which may command attention. We may derive pleasure and instruction from the examination of a mere sketch, provided the outlines, as far as they go, be executed with grace and fidelity. Hence the foregoing remarks upon books of travels in general are applicable, in some degree, to such light productions as the following Journals; which do not profess to exhibit a picture continuous, and perfect in all its details. Accordingly this little volume must depend for success, or failure, on its own intrinsic qualities. It can neither conciliate applause, nor stifle censure, by bearing on its front an elaborate apology; which, if the book become popular, will not be required; and if it fall into neglect, will never be heard.

In the autumns of 1835 and 1836, while the Author was rambling, for the purpose of recreation, through some of the wildest districts in Scotland, he kept these diurnal records of his adventures. The former Journal was written solely for his own amusement and that of his family ; but, on his return to England, he was induced to print a few copies for the use of his friends. In this narrow pale, embracing, however, a few for whose judgment and learning he entertains great respect, his little volume acquired considerable popularity ; relying, therefore, upon their decision on its merits, and not unwilling, perhaps, to listen to encouragement generally so questionable, he now ventures to produce it, with the subsequent Journal of 1836, upon a more extended theatre.

His object, throughout his travels, was to record at night, for his own future reference, the impressions which his mind had received, and the information which it had acquired in the course of the day ; so as to arrest ideas, which might otherwise have been transient, and to create a picture, as vivid and as faithful as he could, of the various scenes, which passed in array before him. This is a task, which, if executed with fidelity, demands more than an ordinary degree

of perseverance ; especially in a mountainous region like the Highlands, where the remoter and more romantic glens are accessible only to the pedestrian, are deficient in wonted food and shelter, and are often exposed to long-continued rains and storms.

To retire at eve to a cheerful home, and there, amid the comforts and luxuries of life, to write at leisure the story of the day ; to paint the beautiful or magnificent in scenery ; to discuss the monuments of antiquity or art ; to describe the localities of events, historical or legendary ; to narrate the amusing or instructive incident or dialogue — all this to a cultivated mind may be a labour, not only of ease, but even of delight. It was the Author's lot, however, to write under very different auspices. In fragments of time, snatched from his meals, or hours of rest, often in discomfort and fatigue, and occasionally even in hunger and cold, the following pages, especially the latter part, were compiled. These circumstances are not advanced with a view to deprecate criticism upon the Work at large, which, if the Author shrink from examination, ought never to have been obtruded upon the public ; but rather to account for those duller portions of it, which he

would gladly have withdrawn altogether, if he could have done so without sacrificing the force and concatenation of the whole. It is of the nature of a journal to be unequal; and all that should be demanded of such a composition is, that the interesting should decisively predominate over the dull.

The Author's random sketches and reflections, then, marked down within a few hours, or at furthest, within a day or two of the transactions which they delineate, are here presented to the reader, with few curtailments, additions, or alterations, save such as are merely verbal, or such as a respect for the feelings of individuals necessarily demands. He cannot, of course, imagine, that a perusal of them will impart to others the same distinct conceptions, and agreeable associations, which he himself derives from them; yet he ventures to hope that they may not be without interest, nor wholly destitute of instruction to his readers, more particularly to such as have already preceded, or may hereafter follow him, in exploring the same ground.

The proper end of writing, it has been observed, is to make men better enjoy life, or better

endure it. And if these pages should impart to the reader a more lively perception of the beautiful scenes, social as well as natural, which the Highlands present; or if they should animate him to bear with philosophy the little privations and disappointments, which await him abroad; then surely they will not have been written in vain. Neither is the Author without a still more adventurous hope, that he may, however humbly, have promoted the cause of that Almighty Being in whose service he is enlisted, by teaching his brother travellers, without the formality of precept, that we should not rest satisfied with a bare inconsequential admiration of nature, but should habitually refer the glories of earth to the great Author of all; blessing Him, that He has made this our mortal home so beautiful and so grand, and has endowed us with faculties to appreciate its wondrous perfection.

As the Author has now explored nearly all the most attractive localities of that great section of Scotland lying north of Edinburgh and Glasgow, which not without inaccuracy he has included in the term "Highlands;" and has, moreover, travelled over a considerable portion of the Conti-

nent; he trusts he may, without the charge of presumption, advance his opinions respecting the claims of the northern extremity of our island upon the notice of the English traveller.

The object of most general interest in every country is its scenery; and in this respect the Highlands may be classed in the foremost rank. In absolute magnitude the mountains are extremely inferior to the Alps; and are consequently destitute of those perennial snows, which in Switzerland produce such grand and startling effects. The glacier with its azure pinnacles and horrid clefts, and that tremendous chain of snow-clad mountains, bristling up into gigantic battlements, and pyramids, and domes, from whose summit descends the dreadful avalanche—these, indeed, in the Highlands will be sought for in vain.

Yet who can look down from the crags of Ben Nevis without a shudder, or survey with indifference the gloomy magnificence of Cornishk? It is true that Mont Blanc soars to the elevation of 15,000 feet, and that the highest of the Scottish hills attain to little more than a fourth part of that enormous altitude. The geometer with his quadrant assures us, that these things are so. But without adventitious aid, the mind is in-

capable of making such nice admeasurements. It has no ready scale of comparison, by which to decide; and that which would appear insignificant in Savoy, may assume the character of greatness in Skye.

The truth is, that, after a certain limit, varying according to the experience of each individual mind, magnitude ceases to be a necessary ingredient in the sublime; form, or figure, becoming after that point more important than dimension. Hence it is, that all, who visit Scotland, whether travelled or untravelled, come away with a strong impression of the grandeur of its scenery.

And, if this character be allowed to the inland tracts, how much more must be granted to the coasts and isles! The huge mountains arrayed along the western shore; the vast perpendicular cliffs which, terminating the land all around, are fantastically chiselled into columnar islets, or subterranean caves; the boundless ocean, so prolific when calm, and so fearful in its wrath, but majestic alike in sunshine or in storm;—these are features which compensate, in no slight degree, for the soaring granite, and the everlasting ice.

And if, turning from such tragic pictures, we would view Nature in her mood of loveliness and

repose, let us hie to the glens and lakes, the streams and waterfalls, the woods and glades of the interior: and as we gaze on the landscape, while it glows under the radiance of a setting sun, when every object is subdued and blended into harmonious softness by the summer's warm and brooding atmosphere; we shall neither envy the Tyrolese his valleys, nor the Italian his skies. It may well be doubted, whether in all the wide world a scene of more exquisite sylvan loveliness can be found, than that which Loch Katrine presents.

If we next consider the Highlands with regard to historical association, we shall find them, though greatly inferior in the eyes of the scholar to the classic lands of the south, by no means unworthy of attention. The Scottish annals abound in romantic incident; and while we listen to the story of a Bruce, a Wallace, or a Douglas, marvellous as the legendary tales of our infancy, we can hardly imagine, that we are attending to the sober voice of history.

In all the contests between the two kingdoms into which our island was divided, the object of the one was dominion, and of the other, liberty: and accordingly the scene of every great battle is

laid in Scotland, the weaker of the two. After the Union also, the Stuarts made their stand in the Highlands, where their cause was most warmly supported. The traveller, therefore, is frequently conducted to spots, which become deeply interesting, as the stages whereon deeds of chivalrous daring were enacted, or the critical points where the fate of revolutions was decided. As he contemplates the rocky citadel of Edinburgh, his blood may run cold at the recollection of the intrepid Randolph's desperate adventure; he may exult in the triumph of liberty upon the field of Bannockburn; or lament the disasters of mistaken heroism on the wastes of Culloden.

In monuments of antiquity Scotland is not rich; the fury of the Reformers having destroyed so many of those religious edifices which once adorned the land. Yet there are two noble structures still remaining, which have become doubly precious, as the sole survivors of all the mighty and gorgeous temples, which the zeal or munificence of earlier generations had piled upon the plains. The cathedral of St. Mungo at Glasgow, and St. Magnus at Kirkwall, and I believe the cathedral in old Aberdeen, are in good preservation; the rest are little more than a

heap of crumbling walls, broken columns and mutilated statues. The remains of castles and towers, but generally in a very dilapidated condition, abound in the Highlands; and Scandinavian or Pictish tumuli, cairns, burghs, memorial-stones, and vitrified forts, occur throughout to delight the antiquarian.

Passing from history to fiction, we may safely affirm, that no ground in modern times has been so hallowed by the spells of genius, as the country which we are now considering. The poet and the novelist have combined to render classical the isles and straths of Caledonia; and the pilgrim rarely wanders far among them, without the cords of his memory awakening with a thrill to the harp of Scott, or the lyre of Burns.

Lastly, let us advert to the inhabitants; to their language, and character. Throughout the Highlands, English is now spoken by the meanest peasant. Lowland Scotch occasionally prevails in the more Southern districts; but this has now become so familiar to the public, that few experience any difficulty in comprehending it; and many of its expressions have to the Southron all the raciness of a foreign tongue, without any of its obscurity. This universal capability of oral

communication, prevailing down to the lowest ranks, gives to the Highlands a considerable advantage over Switzerland and Italy, where the multiplicity of dialects bewilders the most accurate linguist.

It is, however, in the character of her mountain peasantry that Scotland may most proudly challenge competition with all the kingdoms of the world. The Author speaks not here of the Lowlands, where the people being congregated into cities, the great nurses of corruption as well as of civilization, differ very little from his own countrymen, and where they do differ, are not always superior: neither do the following observations extend to the most beaten part of the Highlands, in which the temptation to make a harvest of the wealthy traveller is often too great to be resisted. But in the more secluded districts, and especially near the great mountains on the extreme North-western coast, and in the distant isles, there is a simplicity, and moral beauty of character among the lower orders, which cannot be contemplated without an emotion of delight. A winning gentleness of manners, with a constant readiness to oblige, prevails throughout; and their honesty, which is as conspicuous as their poverty, often

induces them to refuse from the stranger a remuneration which they consider exorbitant. There is not a nation in Europe among whom security of person is more absolute and undoubted; so that the traveller in these virtuous regions, finding a friend in every man he meets, cannot even dream that he is unsafe.

That there are some exceptions to this agreeable picture is more than probable; but the Author certainly met with none. Temptations arise in every stage and mode of human existence; and that vice may lurk occasionally in the lowly hut, and that distress may sometimes point the way to crime—these are propositions too consistent with human nature to admit of any long dispute: nevertheless the moral aspect of the country has been, upon the whole, correctly represented.

Hitherto, only the attractive qualities of the Highlands have been enumerated; and candour demands, that those circumstances, which may appear repulsive to the tourist, should not be concealed. As long as he confines his wanderings to the usual routes, he will find the modes of travelling easy and agreeable. He must not, indeed, hope to enjoy the luxuries of a metro-

politan hotel in every Highland inn ; nor to roll his carriage over crags and torrents as speedily or as smoothly, as on the polished roads of Macadam. Still, he will meet with no inconveniences, which cannot be borne with a moderate share of patience and of health ; and none for which he will not be more than repaid, by an examination of the grand objects around him. But he, who attempts to explore the sequestered glens, and to thread his way along the western shores, requires a robuster frame, and a more resolute mind. To one who possesses these qualifications, the upper counties of Scotland present an ample and alluring field for adventure.

But the most solid objection to the Highlands arises from the nature of the climate. All mountainous countries are liable to rapid variations of weather ; and, if the land suddenly terminate in bluffs and precipices along the coast, so as to intercept the prevailing winds, which sweep over the ocean, it is sure to be exposed to heavy rains. The whole western coast of our island stands in this predicament ; and the humidity of the Scottish portion of it is still further increased by superiority of latitude,

The Author was singularly unfortunate in the selection of his periods for visiting the Highlands. The weather in the autumn of 1835 was very unsettled; and in 1836, the quantity of rain which fell at that season nearly doubled the average throughout Scotland; preventing the scanty crops of the North from coming to maturity, and thus involving the great mass of the population in severe distress. Sincerely must it be hoped by every friend of humanity that it will be long, ere another year so unpropitious to the peasant will occur: but as for the tourist, he may almost secure more favourable weather by selecting the months of June and July for his excursion. The Author has learned by experience that the autumn is too late.

From the foregoing investigation the conclusion is, that the Highlands of Scotland in spite of occasional deficiency in accommodation, and humidity of climate, will richly reward the perseverance of the traveller by the beauty and sublimity of their scenery—by the association of so many localities with the undying names of warriors and poets—by the rude but curious monuments, which illustrate the history of the Scandinavian and Pictish Tribes—and by the gentle

manners and generous hospitality of the present inhabitants: that by far the most extended and interesting section of this country can be explored without real annoyance by the moderately strong: and that the remainder affords an ample stage for the exertions of the hardier and more inquisitive tourist.

It only remains for the Author to acknowledge his great obligations to the Messrs. Anderson, for the accurate and various information contained in their "Guide to the Highlands;" a book which has been compiled with great diligence and learning, and is worthy of a place in the library as soon as it is withdrawn from the knapsack.

Shurdington,

21st Jan. 1837.

JOURNAL

OF 1835.

“ O Nature ! a’ thy shows an’ forms,
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms !
Whether the simmer kindly warms
 Wi’ life an’ light,
Or winter howls in gusty storms
 The lang dark night ! ”

JOURNAL

OF 1835.

I ARRIVED at Liverpool on the 15th of August, and after seeing the Exchange and a few of the principal streets of this noble city, I repaired to the Dock-yards—an inexhaustible scene of amusement. What multitudes of ships and men ! What stores of sugar and wool ! What long lines of ample warehouses !—The activity, the vital energy, of this queen of commercial cities, is truly wonderful. Some vessels are being stripped of their precious freights, while fresh ventures of merchandise are being consigned to the bowels of others. Part are undergoing repairs—the carpenters and blacksmiths being busy on their decks ; and part of them, by the excellent order of their tackle, indi-

cate a readiness to brave at once the "billows and the breeze." On the Quay, the exciseman is weighing, in gigantic scales, the huge bales in succession ; and the gauger, with his arithmetical rod, is probing the casks of sugar. All is life and spirit, and motion : no idleness, and no repose.

At three o'clock, I entered the City of Glasgow steamer—a beautiful boat—which, after a very awkward exit through the narrow lock, moved along the smooth waters most majestically. The Manchester, a rival packet, followed us immediately. About dusk, as we were passing the Isle of Man, I was much amused in watching the beautiful phosphoric lights, brightening among the agitated waves below us—evanescent sparklings, that reminded me of the glow-worm's lamp of love. All at once I saw some brilliant blue lights, from the deck of the Manchester, and on asking our helmsman what they meant, he said they were signals to another vessel, which was certainly bearing towards them, but was much more distant than we were. I have since learned that this was a signal of great distress, and that we ought immediately to have put about and helped them. It appeared that one of their engines gave way,

and for some time they were in momentary expectation of being blown up ; but at last they contrived to clear away the broken engine, and work the vessel with the sound one, the calmness of the weather being highly favourable to them, in this disabled situation. My berth was in the fore-cabin, and I retired to it at ten o'clock ; but, for all the sleep I had, I might just as well have staid on deck. It was so small that I could but just lie down in it—an admirable fit!—and then the incessant jolting of the engines, the roll of the vessel, the rumbling of ropes and tackle above, and the coughing, snoring, and restlessness of my very near neighbours around, altogether compounded such a distracting confusion of noises, that even Morpheus himself would have been bothered out of his sleep.

August 16.—Understanding that it rained very hard, and that nothing was to be seen, though we were so near Ailsa Craig, I did not think it worth while to turn out of my berth till six o'clock. The mist and rain continued till we arrived at Greenock, so that I saw nothing of the fine scenery of the Clyde.

As I entered the inn, the White Hart, all the good citizens were going to kirk, and if my coat had

not unfortunately been wet, through my portman-teau, which I had laid on the deck, I should have gone too ; but I was told that it would be scarcely decent to appear there in a shooting-jacket. Now that the people are in the kirk, the town looks like a desert, not a soul stirring, and the very dogs having gone to kennel. And the same silence and stillness continues, till the evening kirk is past, as it is thought improper to walk about between the services.

In the afternoon, a discussion took place among four or five of us, with respect to infant baptism. A gentleman who had gone over from our church to that of the Baptists, maintaining the unlawfulness of it. I never heard any discussion, still less a religious one, carried on with so much temper and gentleness. Of course, we all ended with being of precisely the same opinion as when we started the subject.

August 17.—The same disagreeable small rain. I left Greenock, at nine, by the steamer, which traverses Loch Long and Loch Goyle. At the head of this last, we found a coach waiting to convey us on to St. Katherine's Ferry. The distance is about eight miles, through a fine pass, of which, as well as of the Loch scenery, we saw

nothing, in consequence of the weather. The road is very hilly and bad, severe work for these poor tired horses. The ferry-boat conveyed us across Loch Fine to Inverary. Though the sky has cleared a little since I have been here, I am very much disappointed at present ; however, with such a gloomy atmosphere around me, and a prospect not much more cheerful within, I am, perhaps, incapable of giving an impartial opinion : I therefore, for the present, suspend my judgment.

The Castle of Inverary, which I have visited, is undoubtedly ugly : an uniform, modern building, with all the clumsiness, but none of the real strength of a proper castle ; built with a slaty blue stone, and surrounded with formal laurels, low and regular, disposed in the shape of a geometrical labyrinth. The interior contains very commodious apartments : in the hall are ranged, in circular form, a quantity of guns and bayonets that were used in the '45. The Flemish tapestry in the bedrooms is worth noticing, and the Parisian tapestry in the drawing-room is really superb. I now passed through the grounds, which are clothed with trees, and intersected by the course of the Aray, a clear mountain stream, from which the town takes its name ; and then ascended Duna-

quaich, a beautiful mountain, most romantically clothed with wood, from the summit of which there is a grand prospect. But these envious clouds!

Strolling along the banks of the Loch, I fell in with the man who rents the salmon fishery. He says that the fish come up in shoals, headed by a leader who may always be seen sporting at the surface of the water, or throwing himself out of it. I watched two or three of these adventurous admirals at the head of their squadrons, while I was walking with the lessee. When they reach the top of the Loch, they usually turn and coast along the sides, so as to fall into the nets spread for them. The herring fishery, which is peculiarly fine in this water, has been very inferior in its produce this year, as to quality and quantity. The steamers are supposed to injure the fisheries materially.

August 18.—Set out with four other gentlemen for Oban, through Dalmally. As we approached the head of Loch Awe, the scenery became magnificent, but, unfortunately, it was much concealed by the clouds. Perhaps, however, we were in some measure compensated for this concealment by the strange and magic lights and shades thrown

upon the prominences and hollows of the mountains.—The isles in Loch Awe are beautiful, some clothed with graceful trees, and some adorned with monastic ruins. But the finest object that presented itself was Kilchurn Castle, seated on a rocky prominence that overhangs the loch. The effect of this time-worn, massive, and deeply-shaded edifice in the midst of the bright waters, with the heather-stained hills and blue mountains beyond, was most imposing.

We continued to skirt the base of the enormous Ben Cruachan, commanding, throughout, enchanting prospects, and at length following the course of the Awe, came in sight of Loch Etive. The character of its scenery is extremely wild and solitary on all sides, and the view towards Ben Cruachan is sublime.

Two miles beyond Connel Ferry, on a jutting promontory, is seated Dunstaffnage Castle, a very interesting ruin which I hope to say something more of by and by.

Just as we were descending to Oban, we perceived the smoke of the Staffa steam-boat, by which we had intended to visit that island, ascending above the hill, in front of us; we were just one quarter of an hour too late, a sad disappoint-

ment to my companions. I fully meant to proceed at once in an open boat, but unluckily I had not strength of body enough to weather out a night's sail, having taken a severe cold. The next boat does not sail till three days hence, and the beds at the inn here are all bespoken to-morrow, in consequence of the boat-races. I must therefore retire again to Inverary, where I have left my port-manteau.

August 19.—Mounted the coach at ten o'clock, and retraced my steps back as far as Taynuilt along the shore of Loch Etive. On the opposite coast is the residence of Gen. Campbell, the proprietor of this territory, and, what is of infinitely more interest to me, a neat white church sleeping among the quiet woods, with not a house visible for miles around it. One wonders how so desolate a region as this can possibly supply a congregation, but I understand that people attend from immense and almost incredible distances. There it stands upon a dreary shore, peacefully rearing its slender spire among the stunted trees that surround it, a temple in a desert! And what spot more appropriate could be selected, from which to send up homage from the creature to the Creator? In these vast and trackless regions man is nothing,

and can scarcely imprint one trace of his existence upon the huge mountains that surround him ; but God—the everlasting—it is HE who poised them by the ocean side, and robed their summits with clouds and storms !

Again I passed Dunstaffnage Castle, and again I admired its venerable form, which now appeared more commanding from the tide being out. Flocks of voracious crows were seeking a meal on the dripping beach, and the gull was keeping stirless but eager watch for his prey upon some rock, that had just emerged from the sea ; while a solitary heron lazily flapped her way just above the surface of the water. The road which we are traversing must have been extremely expensive on account of the difficulty of making a firm foundation on these bogs and moors. Great quantities of peat are dug in the month of May ; it is spread on the ground, turned two or three times, and by the end of August it is sufficiently dried and fit for the stack. They make charcoal here also to supply the smelting furnaces at Bunaw. These are very valuable, and have made the fortunes of the present lessees, who have held a large tract of waste land of the Campbell family on a ninety years' lease now near expiring—their rent was about

£200; the land is now worth £3000, from the abundance of wood which it produces.

Leaving Taynuilt, we wound along the banks of a rapid stream at the bottom of a romantic glen; the mode in which the hills that skirted it were wooded, reminded me very much of Tyrolean scenery. Near the highest point there is a small heap of stones rudely thrown together, called the *Exciseman's Cairn*. It seems that a collision took place here between this officer and the peasants, who used him with great cruelty, cutting off his ears and nose. It is customary with the Scots to hand down the memory of any remarkable transaction by these rude cairns or monuments, every passenger adding a stone to the heap; but in spite of their pious labours the pyramid seldom rises to any great height, being subject to be knocked down by cattle, and to other accidents.

At Kilchrenan we left the coach and were ferried across Loch Awe, to Port Sonachan, where another coach awaited us. The view towards the head of Loch Awe was majestic, and the weather was now so far improved as to leave little else to desire. The heights of Ben Cruachan were occasionally revealed, his canopy of clouds con-

stantly shifting both in form and position. Gleams of sunlight ever and anon found their way to the mountains, and imparted to those, which remained in shade, a still more gloomy hue. The effect of changing the light is really magical: it is like shifting the scenes of a theatre. We soon arrived at the top of Glenary, where, according to our coachman, one gains a true idea of Burke's sublime and beautiful. I do not altogether coincide with him of the whip in this opinion, for the scene is too barren and lonely to excite any idea of the beautiful—sublime, however, it truly is. Range succeeding range of heathery mountains, from the near and awful Ben Cruachan to the distant and majestic Ben More, with every gradation of colouring, from the greens and browns in the foreground to the misty purple in the distance; the whole scene, too, invested with the most absolute solitude, no trace of animal existence being discernible all around.

I arrived at Inverary at six, and mean to stay here some days, for the Duke of Argyle's grounds are most inviting; and the Argyle Arms is a very comfortable hotel.

August 20.—This morning by great perseverance I have at last succeeded in purchasing a

palette. The vendor, a hosier, grocer, &c., &c., has just given up the pursuit of drawing, and is therefore delighted at this opportunity of selling off so capital a portion of his old stock. He says, assizes are held here twice a year, and that there are usually a great number of prisoners; assaults and sheep-stealing being the most prevalent crimes. The temptations to this last must be very great, when such numerous flocks graze at large upon the mountains; indeed the little animals are so active and graceful in their motions, and so very elegant in their forms, that I am more than half disposed to steal one myself. Accoutred at all points, with pencil, palette and brush, I sat me down on a rock in the middle of the Ary, and endeavoured to transfer to paper a very lovely scene; but I did not at all succeed.

In the evening I found the coffee-room filled with a very noisy set of people, "bit Glasgow bodies awa' on a pleasurin' tour." There was one solitary man with a weather-stained countenance, who, when I took my seat near him, addressed a few ordinary words to me. I was soon after called away by the waiter to another table, where tea was placed for me, and the weather-beaten man

was again left alone. He seemed so utterly abandoned by his kind, that I could not refrain from speaking to him again ; on which he immediately drew his chair to my table, seeming delighted to have a human being to associate with. He said he was just returned from Canada, where he had been residing for the last four years. The Government he described as being in a very unsettled state, on account of the animosity existing between the English and French population. In their House of Assembly, some of the speeches are delivered in French, and some in English. He resided within gun-shot of the American frontier, and spoke in no very measured terms of the American character. It is a frequent practice with them, he says, to get into debt upon the Canada side, and then step over the frontier, and defy their creditors. Mrs. Trollope's book is very little exaggerated, for they have no manners, and no feeling. They speak of attending an execution as "taking a day's pleasure !" They are utterly selfish, even within the pale of their own family ; and when the cholera raged there, many deserted their own parents and brethren. This disease was so destructive that churchyards were covered with dead bodies, for which neither coffins nor

graves could be provided. A friend of his was tossed with other carcasses into the general heap, and quicklime was actually strewn over the whole, the poor man being perfectly conscious all the while, but unable to stir: at last he contrived to crawl out, and is now alive and well. Many persons were buried in this horrid and premature way, for the Americans never keep any body for more than a day, a man being good for nothing when he is dead. He told a singular story of three Irishmen, who were seized with cholera when perfectly intoxicated, and were carried in a cart to the sheds erected outside the town for the reception of the sick. The surgeon, who was exhausted with his day's work, said he should not attend to men who had no respect for their own lives; and so having administered medicines to the other patients, he left the Irishmen to their fate. When he returned in the morning, all were dead except the neglected Paddies, who, on seeing the doctor, immediately exclaimed, "When will your honour be ordering us a drop of drink?" — One of the victims of this pestilence was Brandt, the chief of the Huron tribe: he was a fine young man, much beloved by his people, a captain in the English service, and a descendant

of that General Johnson who had such great influence with the Indians. He died as much from drinking, as from cholera; and it seems that this fatal habit is destroying numbers of the red people. My new acquaintance stated, that, on arriving at Glasgow, he wished to see three of his friends who were living there when he left Scotland; but, on enquiring, he found that they were all under the sod.

“ I am a native,” said he, “ of this very country, and was born under the sides of Ben Cruachan: I am a true Highlander, and Gaelic is my native tongue. But, though this is my birthplace, I am as much a stranger here as you, who are a Southron. My father and mother died when I was a lad, and I am now alone in the world.”

Poor fellow! I pitied him from the very bottom of my soul. Yet he was of a sturdy frame, and seemed fully competent to push on through life without a friend. He afterwards told me, that in Canada he had resided with English people, and, though born a Presbyterian, he had joined our Church, at first from necessity, but since from choice: our funeral service he deeply admired, his own countrymen having nothing of the kind. When we separated, I held out my hand, for

which he seemed scarcely prepared ; for he shook it very heartily, and said most feelingly—

“ God bless you !”

I involuntarily replied—“ Thank you ;” and surely a benediction so unsolicited, and so sincere, was a proper subject for gratitude.

August 21.—His Grace’s grounds are really most enchanting. I have never seen such a variety of fine timber trees so tastefully disposed. The limes are gigantic ; the sycamores, Spanish chestnuts, ash, and beech, are nobly grown. The oaks are not very striking in size, but the firs again are monstrous.

This is the season of hay-harvest, and I observe that here it is made with rakes, as in the South ; but in general the people toss it about with their hands. Every little bit of ground on the moors, which has been so fortunate as to possess a natural drainage, is mown with care ; and the crop of rush, heath, and grass, when, after a dozen soakings, it is finally dried, is dignified with the name of hay. Yet their horses seem to thrive well too ; and I am sure their cattle do—little black sprightly things, the very personifications of health and activity. A young bull that I saw the other day was a perfect picture. I thought

very highly of Landseer's "Highland Drovers," before I had seen the animals which he has so faithfully depicted; but my admiration is now still further increased; for I see that it is painted indeed to the life.

August 22.—I walked six or seven miles up the Glen-shira, or Vale of the Silent Stream, and back again, but was scarcely repaid for my trouble, the scenery being merely pretty. My landlord, Mr. M'Kellar, having been born within it, has very naturally contracted a great partiality towards it, which leads him to exaggerate its beauties.

In the evening I fell in with a Gloucestershire man, residing in or near Cirencester; of course a magnetic attraction sprung up between us, directly we discovered ourselves to belong to the same county—and such a county! We agreed prodigiously with regard to its merits.

August 23.—I have just returned from kirk, whither I went in company with my Gloucestershire friend. The doors were opened at half-past eleven, and the service began at a quarter before twelve. The clerk took his place first, in a seat that looked like our reading-desk; and then the minister entered the higher one, corre-

sponding to our pulpit. These seats were covered with black cloth, as was also the front of the opposite gallery. The body of the kirk was crowded. The minister opened the service by saying, "Let us begin the worship of this day by singing a portion of the 65th Psalm." He then read the psalm, and the clerk sang it afterwards—the people joining when he had entered upon the second line of the first verse. The people now all stood up, (having continued to sit during the singing,) and the minister uttered an extempore prayer, offering up praise and glory to God, and invoking his blessing upon the proceedings. A portion of scripture was now read by the minister, beginning Acts xxiv. v. 26. on which he proceeded to comment, and to give, in fact, what we call a sermon. It was extempore, long, and desultory. At the conclusion of it, one of their scripture translations in verse was sung—the people sitting—and then the minister offered another prayer, in which he besought God that the people might be benefited by that day's service, and prayed Him to bless the king, royal family, the established churches of the land, and that particular parish and congregation. Then another psalm, and the final blessing, which

differed but little from ours. During the prefatory and concluding prayers, the people stood; all the rest of the time they sat—no kneeling whatever.

Such is the service of the Presbyterian kirk of Scotland. I went to hear it with a predetermination that I would not allow myself to judge hastily or harshly; yet my firm conviction is, that in no single respect whatever can it bear a comparison with the service of the Church of England.

In the first place, not a line of scripture is read, except for the text. Perhaps it is thought that people may study their bibles at home. But to shew the fallacy of this reasoning, let us put two simple questions: Do all who attend the kirk study the bible at home?—Are there not some among them who cannot read?—Until it can be shewn, that none of our congregation neglects the scriptures, I trust that our church will continue to adopt a portion of them into her services.

In the second place, the Scottish kirk has no Liturgy, for I cannot dignify by such a name the wretched versification of the Psalms, which they use so copiously. To me this has always appeared to be the most satisfactory part of our public

worship: it is something which one can *depend* upon; and however feeble or incapable the clergyman may be, he cannot prevent us from offering up this noble and affecting homage to God. The ignorant, as well as the learned, are benefited by it; for while its language is intelligible to the simplest understanding, it cannot fail to satisfy the most refined.

Lastly, let us compare the sermons of the two churches. The comparative merits of these, it may be said, must, of necessity, be determined by the individual talents of the respective preachers. But let it be remembered that the Presbyterian discourses are generally uttered extempore, whilst ours are very rarely, and ought never to be so. I have heard many extempore sermons from clever popular preachers; but never one which I admired throughout; or in which the poorest scholar could not have detected faults of grammar, diction, or argument. Cases, in which a man can speak better than he can write, may, by possibility, occur; but such cases must be rare indeed. For this simple reason, therefore, I think our church has greatly the advantage even in the sermon, which is the Presbyterian's pride.

August 24.—Bade adieu to my countryman, and

also to my landlord and his daughter. Mr. M'Kellar reminds me of the description given by an old historian of a Scotch knight; "he was a handsome man with a broad face, a red nose, and large flat ears; with an awful look when he was displeased." The little bare-legged Gaels about the town seem to regard him with the most profound veneration, and he stalks among them like a giant.—He is more than six feet high, three feet broad, and as to his legs, which are displayed in tights, I am convinced that if they were seen in the neighbourhood of Gibraltar, they would be taken for the Pillars of Hercules. He has a glance of the eye when pleased, that is inexpressibly droll; and when I said a few civil things of his native Glen-shira, it twinkled preposterously. He promises me a fine day to a certainty; he can always predict the weather, for he has only to send his fleet of geese to the loch-side, and if they put out to sea, it will be fair; if they anchor on shore, it will be rainy. Upon my expressing my satisfaction with his hotel, he said,

"Well, Sir, I doot that'll be no great compliment, for my dochter says you are easily pleased."

"I am always pleased," I rejoined, "when I meet with civility, and still more when I meet with kindness."

“ May you never meet with any thing less, and God bless you.”

This is the second benediction I have received. So I bade the old man good bye, and also his little daughter, whom I then saw for the first time. How she could possibly discern the placability of my temper I was at a loss to discover; but I suppose she must have overheard me extolling the beauties of Glen-shira; or perhaps expected that I should have stormed at having been delayed by M’Kellar’s horses on Tuesday, so as to lose the Staffa boat.

A wretched gig, and worse horse, (whose name I am not likely to forget, as every little ascent elicited it from the driver; “ Yep! Jenny, Yep! Jenny!”) conveyed me safe to Dalmally; or rather my luggage, for I walked the greater part of the way, both up hill and down, Jenny having no idea of trotting any where but on level ground. Arrived here, I set off after a hasty lunch to see the ruins of Kilchurn Castle, one of the most picturesque in the Highlands. By dint of jumping over rivulets, and wading through morasses, I contrived to gain the extremity of the swampy peninsula upon which it stands.—It is an absolute ruin, no trace of any thing remaining but the bare walls, and here and there a recess for a fireplace. Its situation is

admirable, elevated on a platform of rock, and commanding beautiful views of Loch Awe and its numerous islands. The square tower, erected by the celebrated Sir Colin Campbell, founder of the Breadalbane family, is easily distinguishable amid the general ruin.

On the island of Fraoch Elan, very near Kilchurn, are the remains of another castle ; and those of a third upon the lovely Innis Chonnell, once the residence of the Argyll family. Still another crumbling edifice, sole remnant of a noble convent, may be seen upon the island of Innis-hail.

This realm would serve for a bridal portion to the haughtiest owl that ever whooped ; for all is desolation and ruin. Shattered towers and ivy-mantled walls, mouldering staircases and dripping vaults, all attest the slow but inevitable encroachments of time. And the gloom and solitude of these decaying stones make a still deeper impression upon the imagination, when one reflects that they were all perhaps existing in their pride and strength at the same æra, and were tenanted by restless and scheming men ; that the clang of armour or the wassail shout echoed along the waters of the Loch, while the bell of vespers swung in the tower of Innis-hail.

From the neighbourhood of the castle-walls there is a singular and striking view of my old friend Ben Cruachan; one looks into a vast semi-circular crescent scooped out of the bosom of the mountain; which crescent was now brilliantly illuminated by the sun, while all the rest of his vast form was enshrouded in gloom. I know not how to describe the effect of this immense hollow thus filled with liquid light, better than by saying that it resembled a giant's bowl of sun-beams.

I also visited the church at Dalnally, or Church of Glenorchy; there are many very ancient tombstones, with rude figures of warriors in armour carved upon them in the church-yard. They were brought from Innis-hail, and very probably were intended to be memorials of the mail-clad men, who lived and died in the neighbouring fortresses.

August 25.—This has been the worst day's weather I have met with in the Highlands, the rain pouring down in torrents without a moment's cessation. In an open car, or cart, with springs to the seat, but none to the wheels, I set out for Oban, above twenty-four miles; which journey I accomplished in five hours. Having travelled this road before, and sufficiently admired its beauties, I cared but little for the clouds.

As we passed along the shores of Loch Etive, near the Connel Ferry, the tide happened to be out, so that the *marine* cataract, caused by the narrowing of the opposite rocks of this salt-water loch, was in full force.

At Oban I dined with Colonel C., a gentleman of great property and influence in this neighbourhood, and five or six others, at the Caledonian Hotel; several of them had come hither in order to be present at a great dinner given yesterday to the Member for Argyleshire, all Whigs. At six o'clock, the rain still pattering, I walked down to the Staffa boat, having fully resolved to go, be the weather what it would. On reaching the quay, I was given to understand that the captain would not sail till the next morning, so I had just to walk back again, being thoroughly wet through. The evening however was passed agreeably with Colonel C., who was well acquainted with America and India: he told me that the red deer are very abundant in his neighbourhood; and that in the winter when the snow is deep, they are often caught in the Isle of Mull, exhausted by their efforts to extricate themselves. There were also in the company two young Swiss, very handsome and agreeable men. They were born at Fribourg,

in Switzerland, but the elder had resided all his life at Paris; the younger had been a great traveller, and was delighted to meet with a person who had witnessed, and could appreciate the sublimities of his native scenery. He sketches admirably. They speak very little English, but French is to them as easy as their native tongue.

August 26.—Rose at five o'clock and went down to the steamer, resolved to visit Staffa, even if I saw nothing. There were very few passengers in consequence of the wretched state of the weather, but my young Swiss friends were fortunately among the adventurers. I found them throughout the day lively and instructive companions. At six o'clock we left the quay. As we none of us expected any great degree of gratification from the day's trip, we were in the end most agreeably disappointed.

Rain, however, abundant rain, was our portion at first. We could scarcely discern the Isle of Lismore, though we were very near it. "Tradition says, that it was once a deer-forest, and that some of Fingal's huntings took place here. The inhabitants point out Sha-nan-ban-Fioun, the hill of the Fingalian ladies." Entering the sound of Mull, we saw on our left the remains of Duart

Castle held formerly by the Macleans, upon a fine headland, and further on upon the mainland we passed the ruins of Ardtornish Castle, rendered classic by Sir Walter's Lord of the Isles. Below the Castle is the bay, according to the same authority, where Robert Bruce, with his brother Edward, and sister Isabella, cast anchor after their passage from Ireland. Tobermory on the Isle of Mull, is situated securely at the bottom of a fine bay, in which the Admiral's ship of the Invincible Spanish Armada was blown up, having been forced to take refuge here by a violent storm.

Steering close to the shores of this Island, admiring its bold and beautifully coloured headlands, and leaving some very picturesque and rocky islands to the right, we at length came in sight of the object so much longed for; and here, as our good fortune would have it, the rain ceased, and we were enabled to enjoy all the wonders of this most extraordinary spot without a single drawback.

Approaching from the North, there is nothing in the first view of Staffa to elevate it in interest above its neighbours. As we neared it in a boat, we began to distinguish the clustered pillars of basalt, small indeed in this quarter, and covered

with patellæ, bullæ, &c., so as to lose a great deal of their effect. But on rounding a projecting point, one commands at once an uninterrupted view of the gigantic columns, and fearful recesses of Fingal's cave. The sides of this stupendous cavern are composed of basaltic columns, dark, yet shining from the ocean's spray, arranged in a vertical position with such symmetry, and such variety, that the imagination is vividly impressed with all the harmonies of an architectural perspective. The roof also being formed of horizontal sections of the pillars, which are generally pentagonal, has the appearance of being fretted and embossed, while the colours of the stalagmites, suspended from its crevices, add greatly to the splendour of its decorations. The floor is the green and crystal sea, of a hue indescribably beautiful, and transparent beyond imagination! In the calmest weather it is ever in motion; marking, like some mighty pulse, the vibrations of the vast Atlantic. From this circumstance it derives its Gaelic appellation Uaimh Binn, or the musical cave.

Our boats entered with perfect safety, there not being a breath of wind; and I was the first to spring upon the rock and scramble to the end of

the cave along a line of broken columns, forming a tolerable pathway for those, who are not subject to giddiness. At the extremity of the cave, then, at a considerable height, and quite alone, I watched the party carefully passing to the rocks from the boat; while beneath me the heaving waters were ever and anon sullenly dashing against their final barrier, with a roar of thunder and a sheet of foam. I shall never forget the animation of that scene! The booming of the sea at stated intervals against the reverberating rocks, the wild and irregular cries of the Gaelic mariners, echoed and re-echoed along the roof and pillars of the cave,—the agitation of the great sea-boats, now borne inwards by the entering tide, and now swept back by its resorbent power—while the steamer in the distance, seen through the opening of the cavern, appeared utterly devoid of motion, sleeping on the waveless main—oh what a combination of sights and sounds, what a scene of enchantment and diablerie!

Tearing ourselves with reluctance from this most wondrous spot, we passed along the grand causeway, which is a slope, intervening between the base of the cliff and the sea, composed of irregularly fractured columns, at first vertical, with horizontal sections exposed; but afterwards inclining

in various degrees. To our right lay the detached islet of Bouchaille, or the Herdsman, consisting entirely of small columns, closely attached to each other, and sloping in the most grotesque and unexpected directions.

We now came to the Clam-Shell Cave, where the basaltic columns increase in size, and, on one side of the aperture, are most singularly distorted, so as to resemble the timbers of a ship, with traces of transverse fractures occurring at nearly regular intervals. Ascending to the green platform, which constitutes the main surface of the isle, we obtained some striking views of Mull and the adjacent islets.

We now re-embarked, and as we receded from the shore, there was displayed before us the whole grand columnar façade, pierced here and there by the various caves, whose gloomy recesses were strongly marked out by a transient gleam of sunshine.

By what mighty convulsion, in the dim epochs of the past, the crust of the earth has been broken up, and compacted into these prismatic shapes—by what devices of mechanic force, or chymic skill, the hand of nature has fashioned into geometric form the mouldings, and shafts, and capi-

tals, and all the other decorations of this her masterpiece in her architectural composition—we still remain in ignorance the most profound. Some crude and feeble theories have been invented by speculative men, but how unsatisfying are these—and how unphilosophical!

Before we had lost sight of Staffa, Iona, the Island of Waves, sometimes also called Icolmkil, or the Isle of Columba's cell, claimed our attention. Its first appearance was still more unpretending than that of Staffa; but the interest which attaches to it, is not physical but moral. Its cathedral tower, rising over a flat green plain, abstracted from its traditionary and historic associations, is a simple unobtrusive ruin; yet, when first descried among these wild and rock-girt isles, peopled only by the silent cormorant, or the wailing gull, it assumes an interest of the most impressive kind. When it was in its flourishing state, there existed a firm belief that the great fountains of the deep would be broken up once more, seven years before the end of the world; and that all the nations of the earth would be again destroyed in this general cataclysm, while Iona alone would float upon the face of the waters. To this belief in its prophesied security,

joined to the sanctity of its monastic buildings, the island owes its celebrity as a burying-place. The kings of three separate and mighty nations, Scotland, Ireland, and Norway, are entombed among these crumbling ruins, and chiefs and warriors, without number, repose by their side.

An anxiety to hand down to posterity one's own mortal remains, can prevail only in a barbarous age; but the desire of preserving memorials of others—the loved, the great, the good—will never be extinguished among nations, however civilised and refined, as long as human ties and human sympathies shall exist. Let man philosophise as he will, he cannot regard, with ordinary concern, the decaying monuments of greatness that has passed away; nor tread without emotion upon the bones of a monarch or a hero^a.

Yet, not because of its mighty dead does Iona assume its most imposing aspect to me: it is as a sanctuary of religion and learning—as the sole beacon of an age immersed in the darkness of superstition and ignorance—that I venerate the Isle

^a When these sentences were written, the Author had not read Dr. Johnson's *Tour to the Hebrides*: he was afterwards much struck with the resemblance which they bear to the reflections of the great Moralist upon the same subject.

of Waves. Who, that has experienced the consolations of religion, and the pleasures of knowledge, can contemplate unmoved this little spot, which in such ferocious times sent up to Heaven—not the roar of battle—but the voice of prayer; and scattered among the neighbouring hordes the treasures of knowledge, instead of the seeds of strife.

As we landed upon the red granite rocks, the whole population came out to meet us, half-clothed and squalid, from their wretched hovels. One of them, an old man, either drunk or mad, who spoke more Gaelic than English, assumed the office of Cicerone: he pointed out the different tombs, and their dates; but as these were all comprehended in one general formula — “500 years beside Christ,”—I became very sceptical with regard to his chronology, which, at all events, was extremely monotonous. After detailing the history of some heroine who lies buried here, he concluded with declaring—

“And that’s all true and plain, and it’s she that’s down at home there,” pointing to the gravestone.

Lastly, he summed up the exploits of a Highland chieftain, with this doubtful eulogy—“That’s

Macfarlan o' Ulva, the vera mon to like the whisky, when alive."

The rain began to fall in torrents directly we re-entered the steam-boat, and continued without cessation for the remainder of the day. We did not reach Oban till past nine, and as there was no moon, we found some difficulty in passing up the Sound of Kerrera: we were obliged to send out some boats to reconnoitre the rocks which lie in the middle of it. We arrived, however, in safety after a most interesting day, and a most fortunate one too, for the weather held up just at the very time we needed. I sat up with the young Fri-bourgers till twelve o'clock, comparing our impressions of continental scenes; and then bid them adieu with regret.

August 27.—No steamer for Inverness arrived this morning, in consequence of the Crinan canal having burst. I therefore set off for Dunstaffnage Castle, about four miles from Oban. The clouds had all passed away, and I now, for the first time, enjoyed Scotch scenery in Italian weather. I begin to think that the "Land o' Cakes" will rival even Switzerland in my estimation; for the landscapes I have gazed on this day have been faultless. The castle, which I went in quest of,

stands upon a rock at the extremity of a flat promontory on Loch Etive. It is, like all other castles in this region, a bare ruin ; but is interesting from its being the place where was deposited the regal stone, removed hence to Seone, and afterwards to Westminster Abbey. From the summit of the castle there is a noble view of Ben-Cruachan, rising majestically over the blue waters of the loch. One may descry also at its base the green and level plain, through which flows “ the roaring Lora,” after having descended the Fall of Connel, and on which the Fingalians were supposed to live in winter when driven from the gloomy retreats of Glencoe. More to the left is seen an isolated mound, conjectured to be the site of the Pictish capital, Beregonium, on which exists a good specimen of a vitrified fort. The Gael who ferried me across to the Castle declared, that seven castles once existed there, and that the cinders of their remains may still be seen.

Near the castle is a small roofless chapel, with some fine windows, where some of the kings of Scotland are said to be buried. Descending the steep external staircase of the castle, with the young Highlander who served as my guide, and passing by what he called “ ta loupin on stane for

ta leddies," I entered this monastic ruin. It is now used as a burying place, and a poor woman had been interred there the day before. Over the grave they had put the broken portions of a sculptured stone, so that the same monumental honours, that had graced the obsequies of a chieftain, were now applied to the funeral of a peasant. What a sermon was here! On asking the lad where the echo was, which I had heard so much of, he said,

"Och, she's over yonder; her nain sell will shew her."

So placing me opposite to the chapel, he retired behind a rock, and sang a Gaelic song, which appeared to issue from some person within the building. This is certainly a very curious acoustic phenomenon. I had a delightful walk home, lingering here and there to enjoy the magnificent scenery of Loch Etive.

August 28.—Dunolly Castle, within a mile of Oban, stands upon the summit of a great basaltic rock; it is an ivy-clad square keep four stories high, but it is now a mere shell. This, as well as Dunstaffnage, is an ancient seat of the Macdougals of Lorn. It commands a fine view of the Sound of Kerrera. There is a large Golden Eagle

kept here. These birds are now becoming scarce in consequence of the great exertions of the shepherds to destroy them. The method of proceeding is this. They throw a dead sheep within musket-shot of some good hiding-place; the ravens, who track their prey by the smell, are the first to discover it, and come down in flocks; the musketeer now frightens them away, and the lordly eagle from afar seeing these birds, which are to him what the jackall is to the lion, or the pilot-fish to the shark, comes swooping down like an arrow. After looking around him a little while he sets greedily to work, and becomes an easy prey to the concealed marksman. The red deer are likewise in danger of becoming extinct; but the roe, in consequence of the large plantations on the mountains recently made, is increasing too rapidly. This information I obtained from a Capt. G., a sensible well educated man, whom I met on board the Inverness steamer, which at last arrived at Oban.

I was landed at Coran Ferry with a Scotch gentleman, and proceeded with him in a car to Ballochulish, where we crossed another ferry. These ferries are situated of course at the narrowest part of the lochs, and the consequence is

that there is always a tremendous current either up or down, according as the tide flows or ebbs, along the middle of the channel, while a less powerful back-current takes place along the sides ; hence in crossing, we describe a curve like the letter S.

August 29.—Set out with the stout young Scotsman to see the pass of Glencoe, celebrated for the abominable massacre committed by the Campbells on the Macdonalds in the reign of William. But we staid to see a large drove of black cattle “swum” across the loch. The animals were driven to the water’s edge by dogs and men, and appeared to enter, as if they were well accustomed to such exercise. There was some difficulty at first in making them start properly, as they attempted to come to shore again ; but at last one of them struck right out, and they all followed him closely, the drove being kept in the right direction by men in boats behind them. The mass of heads and horns upon the surface of the water presented a curious appearance. They had great difficulty in landing, in consequence of the extreme slipperiness of the wetted rocks.

Crossing “the roaring stream of Cona,” so often alluded to by Ossian, we entered the dark

and deep ravine of Glencoe. The porphyritic mountains on the north side, are magnificent in shape and colour, rearing their ruddy, rugged ridges to the clouds of Heaven, while the more gloomy and precipitous crags on the south frown horror and desolation on the glen. There is a small lake called Treachtan, which adds greatly to the natural grandeur of this pass, and which discharges itself into Loch Leven, by the river Cona. This was the birth-place of Ossian, and there are many wild traditions in the neighbourhood illustrative of the manners of his heroes. For instance, the Ferry at Ballachulish is called Phalas or Phatric, from Patrick, a son of the king of Denmark, who was drowned here. It seems the Fingalians, when they went forth from Glencoe to hunt, used to jump over this ferry with their hunting-spears; Patrick's leaping-pole unfortunately broke, and he fell into the middle of the loch, and was drowned.

In the middle of the pass we overtook the Killin carrier, who promised to show us the Devil's stairs.

“A routh o' gentles comes to see thae stairs.”

“And does the De'il himsel' walk up them sometimes?” asked my companion.

“ I canna say as I ever seed him.”

“ May be ye’re no muckle acquent ?”

“ Na, na ; I dinna like to hae ower mony deal-in’s wi’ the likes o’ him.”

Having walked nine miles along the glen, I left my friend to proceed to Fort William, while I returned back again to Ballachulish. So much had I been fascinated with the sublimities of Highland scenery, that I did not feel the slightest fatigue, though with by-excursions I had walked upwards of twenty miles.

August 30.—There was no service in English in any of the churches of this sequestered neighbourhood. In the evening, after shaking hands with my landlord and his daughter, the bonniest lass I have seen in all the Highlands, I left with regret this little inn. I had been the only person there, and finding every thing strictly clean though homely, and the inmates simple in manners and kindly in disposition, I could scarce prevail with myself to relinquish so congenial a habitation. But I have heard much of the grandeur of Skye scenery, and I am anxious, while the weather is so calm, to make a voyage to this now classical island. A gig conveyed me and my luggage to Fortwilliam along the shores of Loch

Linnhe, which presented at every step the most varied and romantic mountain views. Within about three miles of the Fort, I obtained a sudden glimpse of the lofty Ben Nevis, elevating his tabular and massive summits far above the adjacent hills. At the Caledonian Hotel I have again encountered my Scotch acquaintance, and have agreed with him and another gentleman to ascend Ben Nevis to-morrow morning.

August 31.—The same glorious weather invites us to our toilsome march. The distance from the inn to the summit and back again is said to be only fourteen miles; but these are the hardest fourteen miles in Britain. The ascent is more difficult than that of any of the mountains, which I scaled in Switzerland: this is owing chiefly to the loose stones that retard one's progress, and the sharp ridges that bruise one's feet; and also to the extreme steepness of the mountain, which rises directly, a well-defined mass, from the shore of Loch Linhe. When we had accomplished the first most laborious brae, B. was so ill that he wanted to return; however we waited for him some time, and he gradually recovered, so as to proceed with increasing strength. The rills of water are abundant and most refreshing, especially

when qualified with a little whisky. At length we arrived at the first summit, and looked down the fearful precipices on its northerly side—they are quite perpendicular, and from this point of view appeared to form a circular hollow of gigantic proportions, at the bottom of which a man would have dwindled to the size of a crow. It was magnificent to watch the wreathing clouds boil up from this infernal cauldron.

The highest point is considerably above the one I am describing, and we now, therefore, began our last ascent, comparatively an easy one; and when we sat down at the rude cairn, which the travellers have piled up there, we felt fully rewarded for our perseverance and fatigue. I know not whether, even in Switzerland, I have witnessed finer crag scenery, than the summit of Ben Nevis presents. That there are more enormous rocks and deeper abysses among the Alps, I readily grant; but none which can be grasped more palpably by the sense of vision—none which speak in more appalling tones to the sense of fear. With regard to the surrounding view, I, perhaps, cannot speak with justice, because the weather was hazy, and the clouds occasionally veiled it entirely from our sight; but I think it cannot bear

the slightest comparison with the panoramic grandeur of the Righi or the Faulhorn. The mountains are too monotonous, all the outlines being rounded and swelling, instead of soaring into minarets and aiguilles. Still the views are varied by the windings of the shore, the indenting lochs, and the inland lakes, which are seen in all directions; and the great chain of lakes forming the Caledonian Canal, is a very striking feature. My companions were so tired and came down so slowly, that I left the guide with them, and hastened on, to order a substantial meal against their arrival. I must not omit to mention that we were so singularly fortunate, as to espy a huge red deer grazing in one of the glens near the first summit, a noble animal, but too distant to be seen to advantage. Ravens and ptarmigans were flitting through the fog, and one of the former came so near me while I was sketching, that I was positively startled by the amazing noise of his wings.

September 1.—Breakfasted with B., who is a W. S., and has invited me to spend a day with him in Edinburgh. Having a great desire to see the far-famed parallel roads of Glen-Roy, I hired a gig to the Bridge of Roy, and then walked four miles up the glen and back again. It is a deep

gorge in the mountains, at the bottom of which, roars and winds a considerable torrent; but the most remarkable objects in the glen are those three horizontal terraces or roads, which, keeping always at the same level, and always parallel to each other, skirt the sides of the mountains. They exist on both faces of the glen at corresponding elevations, so as to impress one forcibly with the idea that they mark the successive levels of a lake or sea; but the firm belief of every lover of romance is, that these were once vast roads, made by the Fingalians through the deep forests, which once flourished on these desolate hills, in order to assist them in the chase of the deer. And to him, who looks on this wild scene with a poet's eye, it will require but a slender stretch of the imagination to re-clothe the braes with oaks and pines, and catch the spectral forms of the gigantic huntsmen, hurrying with their spears along these level paths. Yet to the calmer reason every thing bespeaks, that the roads of Glenroy are of natural and not artificial formation. For it has been well remarked, that in those rude ages no engineer could have been found with sufficient skill, to construct three routes so exactly horizontal and parallel; nor would he have taken the trouble to carry them

round every nook and recess in the mountains. Besides, if the roads had been cut out of the side of the hill, the slopes above and below them would have been continuous, whereas the slopes are discontinuous, that is, if produced they will not meet each other. Still there is great difficulty in accounting for the phenomenon by natural causes, for since the fossils found in the glen are none of them marine, it is clear that these banks, if ascribable to the operation of water at all, must have been the boundaries of a fresh water lake, successively standing for long periods at three different levels. In this case there must have been some limiting barriers which successively gave way, of which however no trace can be now discovered. Similar terraces have been observed in other parts of the Highlands, and also in Peru; these of Glenroy are generally about sixty feet wide, but the American roads are so broad, as to put the supposition of their having been constructed by human labour quite out of the question. After dining at the Bridge of Roy, I returned in the gig to Fort William, highly pleased with the examination of this geological valley.

September 2.—A gig conveyed me as far as Kinloch Aylort, through scenes as lonely and sa-

vage as can well be imagined. At Glenfinnan a monument is erected on the very spot where Prince Charles, surrounded by that small but gallant band of Camerons, unfurled his standard, previous to the disastrous day at Culloden. From this wild spot he went forth, in the very spirit of adventurous daring, to claim and do battle for the crown of his fathers; he returned with blighted hopes and ruined fortunes, an outcast and a wanderer, amid the sternest regions of this remote and savage country. Yet who can read of his patient endurance of cold, fatigue, and hunger; of his unconquered spirit in the extremity of misfortune; of his activity in escaping the toils of his enemies; without paying him the homage due to a gallant soldier, if not that which he claimed as a royal prince.

At Kinloch Aylort I discharged the gig, and shouldering my knapsack, commenced the walk to Arasaig, twelve miles. The hills were most exquisitely clothed with heath, birch, and rock, and being lighted by the evening sun, presented at every step different combinations of the most brilliant colours. At last from a bower of birch I beheld before me Lochanamougal sea, a branch of the broad Atlantic, dotted with innumerable rocky

isles, and rippled by the gentle breeze. In the distance rose the Scur of Eig, a remarkably shaped mountain in that island, and beyond this the dark majestic mountains of Rum. The scenery of this coast is magnificent, and I wonder extremely, that I have never heard it praised or mentioned; but I believe it is very little visited. Mistress Fraser, the landlady of the small inn, according to the predictions of mine host at Fort-William, is a very tidy widow. Her husband was drowned in making the very voyage that I am to attempt to-morrow; but he was too bold a sailor.

September 3.—Walked down to the beach, two miles, and there embarked in a small boat, with a couple of men and a boy, for Isle Oransay. The morning was most propitious, a bright sun and a fair breeze, so that our little vessel danced over the waters, her cordage straining, and her mast cracking with the weight of canvass. Sometimes the gusts came so heavily that we shipped water, and were obliged to let go the sail. I found that the two men were brothers and fishermen; one of them spoke no English at all, and the other very little, so that in making my bargain with them, I was obliged to employ Mrs. Fraser as interpreter. They were highly delighted with my pocket com-

pass, never having seen or heard of such a thing before ; and this circumstance shewed me that, in case of being driven out to sea, I should have to play the captain's part myself, being furnished with both chart and needle. In the practical management of the sail and rudder, however, they were perfect masters of their craft, and amused me very much by their animated dialogues in Gaelic. Their smoking apparatus was very original. One of them took out of his pocket a roll of skin, which proved to have belonged to an animal, the seal, which he had killed with his own gun. In this was most carefully deposited, what appeared to me to be a small dark cord coiled together. From the coil he tore off a portion, and unrolling it, shewed me that it was tobacco leaf: dividing it into small pieces he crammed it into the bowl of his pipe. The stem of the pipe was not a whit longer than the bowl, each being about an inch. He next extracted from his pocket a flinty stone, against which he laid some lint blackened with gunpowder water ; then striking the stone with a piece of iron, he obtained a light instantaneously. I can really recommend this method of procuring fire to my smoking friends. Once set going, the pipe was not allowed to be idle, for while one of

them talked or sang, the other enjoyed the sweets of King Jamie's diabolical herb, puffing away with amazing energy. They had stipulated for a bottle of whisky, to which they now made frequent application; but it did not appear to produce the slightest effect upon their seasoned frames. They had put into the boat a small bowl of water, with which I presume they originally intended to modify their liquor; but unfortunately the bowl leaked, and all its contents stole away before they thought of examining them;—a circumstance, which gave them no manner of concern. If the whisky had departed by this illegal vent, the case would have been very different.

I was landed safely at the Isle of Oransay, or rather opposite to it on the coast of Skye, after a speedy and agreeable passage, having been delighted throughout with fine views of the adjacent isles, Eig, Rum, and Skye, and of the magnificent coast of Inverness-shire. After dining on some eggs and potatoes, which being enveloped in their shells and skins, were the only things I could relish in the smoke-enveloped public, whose kitchen had no chimney, I resumed my knapsack, and walked ten miles to Broadford Inn. The first part of the road skirts the shore, and commands a

heart-delighting prospect of Loch Hourn, and the precipitous rocks of the opposite coast, with the Isle of Oransay and some jutting crags in the foreground.

Leaving these fascinating shores, I struck into the heart of the island, over a long, dreary, inhospitable moor, which could supply no subject of interest to any one but Copley Fielding. I would rather ascend a mountain, than traverse one of these forlorn and miserable wastes ; for on the former, one can always meet with pure cold water, whereas one cannot look without loathing on the dark red stagnant pools, that every now and then are seen in the hollows of the blackened peat-mosses. As I trudged along the lonely road, the hawk whistled over my head, and the hooded crow arose from some knoll, to view from a securer distance this intruder on his domains. At last I saw on the left some very remarkable mountains rising above the heaths and peat, and was much relieved by having such grotesque forms to amuse my fancy with, instead of the monotonous objects on the moor. These are the famed Cuchullins so often mentioned by Ossian. I find the inn at Broadford extremely comfortable, and the landlord speaks good English, a great accom-

plishment in these sequestered districts of the Gael.

September 4.—It was my full intention to have made a long day's excursion, but I have been disappointed by the weather. I rode a little pony as far as Killbride, but might as well have walked, so great was the exertion of putting the animal into motion. He seemed perfectly aware, that an umbrella was but a poor substitute for whip or spur, and therefore resolved to take the matter coolly. A mile before we reached Killbride, which consists, by the way, of a single house belonging to a minister, one of the sailors, who was to row us to the celebrated spar cave and Loch Coruisk, met us on the road, and told us that he did not think we could go to sea, because of the wind. I told him it was only a capful, and he must take me as he had promised. When I arrived at the shore, however, I found there was a very fresh breeze, though I had not an idea of such on the other side of the island; but I was resolved to go, if they would take me. After settling that they were to have a pound, and a bottle of whisky for their fare, four men took their oars, and I sat at the stern. We launched, and were soon tossing and rocking upon the At-

lantic. The breeze freshened, and the spray from the breakers washed our clothes gratis, while every moment the men found their task more arduous and, I suppose, more dangerous. The one who spoke a little English asked me if I wished to put back ; I said, " Certainly not," for I was sure there was no real danger then, whatever there might be thereafter ; and I enjoyed to ecstasy being swung up and down in our little cockle-shell upon the mighty billows. The man, a minute after, said I should never be able to reach Sligachan Inn during day-light, and it was dangerous travelling in the glen by night. I said I would take my chance of that, and if night overtook me I could gain a night's lodging at Mr. M'Millan's, at Camasunary. A few minutes more, and he again asked

" Are you willing to turn back, sir ?"

" Not if you think you can pull me through this sea, but if you see danger let us return."

" Well then, sir, we will run ashore."

So the boat was turned in a moment, and in two or three minutes the wind drove us back the same distance, which we had been half-an-hour in making. It was extremely provoking to be robbed of a day's pleasure, and the more so at the time,

because I did not think there was any danger, but only suspected the men of wishing to get more money or whisky ; however, the wind afterwards blew a strong gale, and the sea ran so high, that the small open boat would not have easily weathered it. I gave the men a few shillings for their labour and fright, and then walked back to Broadford, with the master of the boat, over the Macdonald country. The M'Leod country I understand begins at Glen Sligachan.

Since writing the above, I have travelled in a cart to Sligachan Inn, fifteen miles ; for I am resolved to see this noted glen by land, since I may not reach it by sea. I preferred riding to walking, because there was every appearance of rain. It held off, however, for the first ten miles, during which we wound among some of the exterior and smaller of the famed Cuchullins. The dark assemblage of clouds on their summits gave them a deep metallic hue, and an aspect, which I can only characterize by the term diabolico-sublime. Some of the precipitous glens, which run up between them, were every now and then drenched with streams of rain, while others near them at the same moment were illumined by torrents of sun-beams. Boisterous gusts of wind

swept fitfully past us, as we penetrated farther and farther; then an occasional shower; and at last the genuine Highland storm burst on us with all its fury. If any one desire to learn how thick and fast rain can fall, let him witness a tempest in the midst of the Cuchullins.

Thoroughly drenched, we arrived at what the guide-book calls "the uncomfortable inn at the end of the glen;" but, to me, it is a perfect palace, when contrasted with the cart in which I have been soaked and shaken. In fact, it is a recent building, infinitely superior to the old one. Its situation is the dreariest spot, that could have been selected for the abode of man: it stands at the base of the mountains, just in front of a torrent, which, for a hundred yards on each side of its channel, has strewn the ground with fragments of rock, hurried down from the crags. Beyond this is a peat-moss—then a portion of Loch Sligachan, surrounded by the bleak hills beyond. Such is the view from my bed-room, which serves me for parlour also. The interior, however, is more cheerful, and I am enjoying extremely the humble luxury of a peat fire, while the clean napkin on the table, and the fine coloured tea-things, invite me to a sober meal. I am content. If they will

but add kindly feelings to cleanly hands, I ask no more of these poor Highlanders. And I will do them the justice to declare, that I have hitherto invariably found them ready to meet more than half way, the proffer of social intercourse, and to anticipate, as far as they can, the wants of their visitors. For instance, to mention only what has occurred to-day; M'Innes, at Broadford, put his own good plaid cloak into the cart for my use without solicitation, saying,

“ You'll no be the waur o' this among the Cul-lins.”

And the coarse featured damsel who is now taking away the stewed meat, kipper salmon, and oat cake, expressed much regret at my having eaten so little. When she saw me ringing the wet from my clothes as I entered, she said, in a tone of compassion,

“ Ye'll be the better o' a spark o' fire !”

September 5.—The morning was what the country people here called “ very coarse,” that is, very rainy; however, when I stepped from the door of the little public, the sun shone, though the air was as keen as in the middle of winter. Happening to fall in with one of Lord Macdonald's foresters, and entering into conversation

with him, as was my general custom, I learned that to go to Coruishk would take five hours, and that indeed the whole day was requisite for the task. The weather being so very uncertain, I determined to take breakfast, and then settle whether to venture or not. Before I had dispatched the countless mutton-chops, the eggs, and the corresponding quantum of bread, which now constitute my very extensive breakfast, the sky cleared considerably, and the forester said, he was sure there would only be a few showers. I knew very well what a Cuchullin shower meant, but I resolved to go, saying,

“ If I get wet through, I can but go to bed.”

“ Oh ! you need na do that,” said my obliging landlady, “ for I’ll just be lending you a goon.”

So with this curious reserve to retreat upon in case of discomfiture, I set out with the forester, who, from having been employed fifteen years in preserving the red deer among these glens, is acquainted with every stone in them. He wore a sailor’s jacket, and carried a stout staff in his hand ; and a telescope in a leathern case swinging by a leathern belt round his shoulders, served him to watch for the deer, and also for poachers. He said, that when he first came, there were scarce a

dozen head of deer, but now there were three hundred or more. Some of the bucks weighed sixteen stones. Their horns were occasionally of great size, though cast every year in May; they were at first, when full grown, rough and soft, and just about this time they became smooth and hard. The deer seldom found any difficulty in getting food in winter, for very little snow falls in these glens; and there is always pasturage to be found at the margins of the burns. But though there is seldom snow, the storms are awful, and the gusts of wind so violent as to take up large stones. He has often heard one of these hurricanes coming down the hollow, and has been obliged to lie flat down, till it has passed over him.

The path we travelled at first, though extremely rough and wet, was much better than I had anticipated; and I was enabled to gaze upon the singular mountains, that rose up perpendicularly from each side of this desolate glen. The sharp ridges, and spiry cones of Blaven, and the soaring peak of Scuir-nan-gillean, the loftiest of all the Cuchullins, irresistibly arrested the attention. These are favourite haunts of the red deer, which contrive to pick up their dangerous

meals from the little patches of verdure, scattered here and there on some flat, or slope. These animals delight in what the forester called "clean ground;" i. e. ground, on which no other animal whatever is to be seen or scented. Their sense of smell is so acute, that though they allow him sometime to come within a hundred yards of them, yet, if he have a gun and powder, he is sometimes half a day before he can get a shot.

After we had proceeded about an hour along the rough footway, my companion said,

"Now, Sir, we have a long day before us, and if you like, I'll just shew you a glen here, that some of the gentlemen, who come to shoot, think finer than Coruisk."

So we diverged across the moorish ground and ascended a steep hill; but here unfortunately one of those showers that he had predicted, came on.

"We'll just take shelter awhile," said he, "till it clears up."

I was much at a loss to imagine, where any shelter could possibly be hunted out in this savage glen; but at last we came to a great stone, that had fallen from the rocks above; and sitting down behind this, we thus obtained only about half the portion of rain, which would otherwise have fallen to our share.

Being very much heated with the ascent, I did not much relish this Highland shelter, and so we proceeded to view the glen. Of course I saw it at a great disadvantage, yet could not help wondering at the extraordinary forms of its outlines, and the still more extraordinary colours of its component mountains. The glen was called Harticory, but I was destined to revisit it in the course of the day under much brighter circumstances.

We now descended along the course of a burn at one time expanding into a small lake; till at last, turning round the shoulder of a mountain, we came in sight of Loch Coruisk, the Bay of Scavaig, and the Islands of Eig and Rum in the distance. We descended to the very margin of this most deservedly celebrated lake, and beheld the wild and wondrous picture which it presents, under a bright sun and a blue sky. The water itself is two miles long, and narrow in breadth; while in colour it is as dark as Erebus, from the reflection of the black hypersthène mountains that rise up precipitously, and almost immediately from its surface. The hue of these rocks is indeed remarkable; and one might imagine the whole gorge to be some vast Cyclopean cave, while the

enormous tabular fragments, strewn along the shores of the lake, bear no inapt resemblance to the anvils of the giants. This is the first time I have seen hypersthène, and I am lost in astonishment at the supernatural effect it gives to the scene. When quite dry it really is absolutely black; and where it is moistened by the rills which flow down from the heights, and at the same time lighted by the sun, it sparkles with a gem-like lustre; thus reminding one very forcibly of the affinity that exists between diamond and charcoal. No trace of moving thing is discernible in this fearful glen, the very lichens and time-stains being banished from the greater portion of it. All is bare and gloomy, and one cannot contemplate without an appalling thrill such a desolation of sterility.

We proceeded along the small slope that intervenes between the precipice and the lake, in order "just to view the whole thing," as my guide observed. When we arrived at the end of the water, he turned round and said,

"We have been just two hours and a half in coming this journey, which takes most gentlemen at least five. I never came so quick before. Now we've a long day before us still; and a shepherd

told me that it was possible to get up the rocks just above, and that it was much shorter than to go all the way round as we came. I'll just tell you the truth, I've never been over myself, and I've never liked to propose it to any one I've brought here; but you are a light gentleman, and if you like we'll try. We can but turn back, if we can't manage it, and I think we are now sure of fine weather."

After listening to this oration with great attention, I replied,

"This is a very weighty proposition, for to scale those rocks is no trifle; so if you please, we'll sit down by this brook, and take our dinner first, and then hold a council of war."

Accordingly we attacked the mutton-ham and biscuits, which we had brought for the occasion, and made a considerable vacuum in my whisky-flask.

"Now," said I, as I clasped my knife, and inserted it into my pocket, "if you are for the rocks, I am ready to start."

"Very well; then I think we'll try over yonder; for I remember chasing some deer with the dogs along this bottom, and they made their escape up

there. We'll, may be, have to angle round a bit, but we've a long day before us."

This was usually the chorus of all his propositions, and I knew from experience that it boded no easy task.

Well, we began to ascend, and at first succeeded admirably; though the labour was indeed tremendous.

"I am sure we shall do well," said I.

"Best not be too sure, Sir; one step may send us all the way back."

We now came to a steeper part, where we were obliged to crawl upon our hands and knees, and I here found my umbrella a sad nuisance; but the forester's two dogs were much worse, for they were constantly in my way. Sometimes we climbed up a cleft, in the bare rock, just like a chimney; and sometimes the one was obliged to push the other up; and he in return, pulled up the first. A single false step would have hurled us to destruction, and there was moreover very great danger that the first man would loosen some stone that might sweep down the hindmost. I once pushed down a tremendous rock, the percussion of which against the crag below, sent up a strong smell of

sulphur; fortunately for the forester he was above me. In the midst of all these difficulties, we arrived at a spot, where the crag rose up so smoothly and perpendicularly, that it was vain to attempt ascending it; we were obliged therefore to turn back a little, and “angle round,” as he called it. But in the end we surmounted every obstacle, and stepped forth proudly and joyously upon the very topmost crag!

And what a scene of unparalleled sublimity and grandeur was spread around us! On our right was the infernal chasm from which we had just emerged, paved by the waters of Coruisk; on the left we looked into Harticory, (the glen we had seen imperfectly in the morning,) Lotecory which is a continuation of it, and Glen Sligachan, from which these two diverge. Immediately before us lay the bays of Camasunary and Scavaig, the open sea and the isles of Eig and Rum, with others of the Hebrides. The tops of the mountains were now fully displayed, and astonished me by the grotesque forms of their ridges and peaks. One of them has been chiselled by the frost and storm into the exact profile of a handsome giant, whose majestic head appears rising above the black and beetling precipices,—the guardian of

those majestic realms,—the genius that presides over the glens of Cuchullin.

Such is a faint description of what I saw this day; faint and feeble indeed compared with the original, which defies alike the representative power of epithet, metaphor, and language itself. The forester was delighted with our success.

“You are the first gentleman,” said he, “that ever made this pass; nothing but a shepherd or a red deer has ever been here before us, take my word for that.”

After a pause, he added, “I often think in my own mind that it is very strange you noblemen should come to see these wild hills of ours, and our noblemen should go to London to ruin themselves; but you’ve the best of it, Sir, for you gain health and strength, and our lords lose both that and fortune too.”

I was surprised to hear this man moralizing so philosophically, and also to find him speaking such good English. But the fact is that the Highlanders, having Gaelic for their native tongue, are taught English grammatically in their schools; and thus avoid almost entirely the curious patois of the Lowlander, with which every one is familiar from the writings of Burns and Scott.

We now descended with comparative ease to Harticory, and thence wound our toilsome way along Glen Sligachan till we arrived at the inn. We have been but seven hours in accomplishing our most arduous task, and the landlady, not expecting us so soon, has been unable to prepare the pudding, which she had fully intended to honour my dinner withal. She has provided me however with a much better thing, a pair of her own best cotton stockings. The sturdy forester is having his dinner below at my expense; he has shared with me in peril, it is but fair that he should share with me in luxuries also.

Sept. 6.—This morning is the Sabbath; but it is of course in vain to expect an English service in the Isle of Skye. The forester told me that there is service within four miles of Sligachan every twenty days, but Portree is properly the parish kirk, at the distance of ten miles. His father lives in a place which is twenty miles from kirk. Feeling myself perfectly refreshed after a long night's rest, I resolved to walk to Broadford, (fifteen miles) with my knapsack, in order to be in time for the steam-boat to-morrow. So I called for my thick shoes, which displayed lamentable proofs of yesterday's exploits, and were still wet

and discoloured; and bidding adieu to my kind hostess, who wanted to know when she should see me again, I started on my lonely walk. And I think I spent the Sabbath among the red Cuchul-lins as profitably, as I could have done in a cloistered cathedral; for though doubtless one's devotional feelings are exalted when one kneels down among the carved and clustering shafts of some gothic pile, while the sun through the painted oriel streams down on pavement and pillar all hues that are lovely and bright, and the slow and solemn tones of the choral hymn harmoniously vibrate through nave and aisle—yet still perhaps the perception of God's majesty, and the sense of our own littleness are more vivid, when we roam amid these impressive solitudes with the torrent rushing below, and the clouds careering above. We then behold a temple, in every mountain, an altar in every rock; and for the pealing notes of the organ, we have the deafening roar of the glen-blast.

From reflections like these I was awakened by the state of my feet, which as I proceeded began to be very painful. It was in vain that I took off my shoes and shook out the gravel; but at last I bethought me of the true cause of my suffering,

and on examination discovered that the nails had been driven quite through the soles ! so that I had literally been doing penance upon iron spikes. The upper leather too was cracked and gaping, and the lower was in rags, so that I was obliged at last to relinquish these old and faithful friends. They had borne me through great part of Switzerland, over crag and glacier, through streams and snows ; but the precipices of Coruisk were too much for leather to bear ! I laid them down in the very middle of the road, and taking another pair from my knapsack, I resumed my journey with a lighter burden, but a heavier heart. The wind occasionally came rushing past me with such violence as to blow me off the road, and several times, when it was directly against me, I really could not stir till it relaxed, when I was very nearly tumbling forwards. I arrived however very safely at Broadford.

Sept. 7.—I entered the steam-boat at half-past eight instead of seven, the hour at which she ought to have arrived ; but she had been unable to start from Portree in consequence of the wind. This had now subsided in a great degree, so that we had a very comfortable passage : excepting

that we were detained half an hour at Kyle Rhea by a linchpin giving way in the machinery.

At Kyle Akin, there is on the Skye coast, a ruined square keep, said to have been erected by some Norwegian princess for the purpose of levying a tax upon all vessels passing through the Kyles. The ruin is called Castle Muel or Maoil; and the spot where the toll-chain, stretching across from Skye to the mainland, was fixed to the rock, is still shewn. We passed by Glenelg on the mainland, an extremely beautiful vale, with glorious mountains all around it.

I now bid adieu to the shores of Skye where I had spent so many pleasant hours, and left both its scenery and its inhabitants with regret. These last are in general extremely poor, and wretchedly dressed; the women, indeed, never wear any head-dress, whatever may be the state of the weather; and I saw one of these poor things in the midst of a tremendous storm with the rain streaming down her face from her long and unprotected hair. They are in general dark and wild looking, but I know that these islanders have gentle hearts under this forbidding exterior. The gentry are very numerous, and according to Mrs. Fraser at Arasaig,

very fashionable; I saw one young girl whose flaxen hair, fair complexion, and light blue eyes gave token of her Norwegian origin.

In the steam-boat, I was much struck with the appearance of an extremely handsome man, between forty and fifty years of age. He was dressed in tartan trews and a tartan vest, or waistcoat, of a different pattern; which last I afterwards learned was the proper badge of his clan. In his cloth cap, he had stuck a heather sprig; his hair was black, a little grey perhaps, and his whiskers were superb. His figure, too, firm and commanding. I entered into conversation with him, and in the course of the morning he became extremely communicative, not only respecting other people's affairs, but his own also. I happened to commend the scenery of ——, when he observed,

“All that property once belonged to me, but I was so unfortunate as to put it into the hands of those cursed lawyers at Edinburgh, and they've sold it all. I thought I was living very quietly on a third of my income, and when I came to examine into matters, I found myself obliged to sell half my property. And that's the way they are ruining all the Highland gentlemen. There's Lord —— just in the same way, but he lost his by gambling;

if mine had gone so, I should not regret it so much. There has always been sad waste going on by the connivance of our factors ; I dare say you must have remarked the quantity of timber rotting in the lake and river near —— ; well, all those mountains, now so bare, were once covered with fine timber trees, which were cut down in the year '45, to assist Prince Charles. The factor was so negligent that he never examined how, or what, the purchasers felled ; and so they swept away the whole, and had so good a bargain that they did not think it worth while to carry off all that they had cut ; so there it lies rotting to this day."

I became extremely curious to know who this man was, and found no difficulty. Every body seemed to know all about him. He was —— of ——, commonly called ——, the head of one of those clans which were so faithful to the cause of the Pretender. It was highly curious to contrast the account which he had so freely given of himself, with the observations of other people. They represent him as a most wild and extravagant man. His estates were enormous, when he took possession of them at the age of twenty-two ; the islands of ——, ——, great part of —— Island,

and an immense tract of country on the mainland, belonged to him; his kelp alone brought in £40,000 per annum. But he has contrived to run through all this princely fortune, to sell all that was not entailed, and to execute a deed of trust with respect to the remainder, reserving to his own use only the poor pittance of four hundred a year. He was very intimate with George IV. who probably was the cause of his extravagance and dissipation. By his first wife he had a large family, who are now supported in opulence by some of their relations; his second wife was Lady ———, who was endowed by her first husband with an enormous fortune; she would have paid his debts and redeemed his affairs if he had behaved with tolerable civility to her; but his career was such that she obtained a divorce, and died about six weeks ago without leaving him a shilling. Such is ——— of ———, the representative of an ancient and influential family and clan. In consequence of his reduced and beggared state, his clan now look up to ——— as their chieftain, so that poor ——— is deposed from his hereditary honours as well as lands. And yet he has a spirit to bear all this with very great

philosophy and nonchalance; and is still a lively social companion, with most gentlemanly and fascinating manners. The poor people speak very highly of his generosity, and say that never any man had a warmer heart; and that was one cause of his fall, for he never saw distress without relieving it with foolish prodigality. A Scotch lawyer, who was on board told me, that "excepting in the article of economy, he was allowed to be vera clever." He shook hands with me very heartily when I left the steamer at the point of Arasaig bay.

The only boat which was going ashore was one that belonged to a young lady, who came with us from Armadale. She is about twenty years of age, extremely pretty, and the very picture of cheerfulness and health. In return for her politeness in putting me ashore, I assisted her up the rocks; and on learning that I was about to walk with my knapsack four miles to Arasaig, she said,

"I am very sorry, that I have no boat to offer you, but"—

Of course I would not listen to any proposal of this kind, and, indeed, having become rather cold in the steamer, I greatly preferred walking;

so, apologizing for my intrusion, and thanking her for her Highland politeness, I bade her adieu, and in less than an hour was at Arasaig.

Mrs. Fraser, seeing me rather wet, (for there had been some smart showers,) insisted on my coming into her parlour, and drinking a glass of brandy; this is the highest compliment one can receive in this district, where brandy is very dear and difficult to be procured. This poor woman, I think I mentioned, lost her husband a short time ago. His boat was floated into the bay, turned upside down. He left her with a large family of very young children, whom she has now to support.

Sept. 8.—Mrs. Fraser procured for me a very good cart, which conveyed me within ten miles of Fortwilliam. The rocks and woods of Clanranald are enchanting, and I think I derived more pleasure from inspecting them the second time, than I did when I first passed through. It is impossible to find more exquisite studies for the painter, than these alienated domains of the Highland Chieftain present. The pendent boughs and silvered stem of the birch, the light and tender foliage of the ash, the dark-leaved oak, and the bushy nut, with here and there the bright scarlet

berries of the mountain ash, assemble into beautiful and varied groups; while, strewn more humbly on the soil, the blossoms of the heath, and the plume-like frond of the fern, are enlivened by the yellow spire of the St. John's wort, or the clustered disk of the tansey. And what a power and vigour of vegetation reigns among these dew-besprinkled hills! what a lustrous and living green does every plant assume! what bright and spotless colours in their blossoming! what unrestrained and graceful direction in their stems!

But as we approach Glenfinnan the aspect of the country changes. The trees become more rare and insignificant, the growth of a few years; and the mountains, at last, are clothed only with fern and heather, save where, on some lonely eminence, the blackened trunk and stiffened limbs of some patriarchal oak remain, to tell the tale of primeval generations and forests swept away. And for whom? For him, whose monument now greets my eye, marking the point where he met those few, and faithful, and daring followers in arms, when he first unfurled the standard of war. Over the waters of this quiet loch he came in his barque; at that point his prow must have touched the shore; it was at the pebbled beach, that he

leaped on what he deemed his own and his father's land; and on that grassy flat he received the welcome, the homage, and the oaths of allegiance of the gallant Camerons. How many a heart, that then beat high with the hope of victory and the thirst of fame, was soon to become cold and decaying! There is something in the story of this unfortunate prince, that is to me painfully interesting; and though there were traits in his character, which one would not willingly imitate, yet his patient and cheerful spirit under affliction, presents a model even for a Christian minister.

I had a pleasant walk to Fortwilliam, where Cameron, the landlord of the Caledonian, contrived to get me a room. After so long an absence from my portmanteau, I find the few books, it contains a perfect treasure.

Sept. 9.—I have this day travelled in the steamer through the great Caledonian canal to Inverness. Perhaps I am scarcely qualified to judge dispassionately of its attractions, after rambling so long among the sublimer regions of Skye; yet I think no one can deny, that they are, at all events, monotonous. The straightness of the great glen is very remarkable; either way

you look between two parallel ranges of similar mountains, succeeding each other with the greatest regularity, in a prolonged vista. The whole reminded me very much of the series of images reflected from two parallel looking-glasses. The first part of the line consists of a canal, from which Ben Nevis is seen to great advantage ; but this morning he had put on his nebular diadem. There are some fine ruins of Glengarry Castle on Loch Oich, and of Castle Urquhart on Loch Ness, particularly the latter ; and the fall of Fyers is well worth visiting. But all these things are known to every body, and I think their beauty has been greatly over-rated. I was very sorry to learn, that the canal does not answer the commercial expectations, that were anticipated from its construction ; this appears to be chiefly owing to their having made the depth of the canals much less than was originally intended, so that vessels of considerable burden are prevented from entering.

Sept. 10.—I have nothing to record this day, but that it rained without ceasing from morning to night.

Sept. 11.—Craig Phadrick is a vitrified fort within two miles of Inverness, and being con-

sidered as a good specimen of these singular structures, I made a point of examining it as soon as possible. It is placed on a commanding eminence, and consists of a parallelogram, eighty feet by thirty feet, enclosed by a low wall. This wall is generally concealed by the encroaching turf, but here and there its component materials are exposed to the eye of the observer. They appear to be cinders or scorïæ, agglutinated by the action of fire, so as in this case to give great compactness to the wall; and those stones, which have not been thus far transmuted from their original state, still bear evident tokens of having been subject to an intense heat. There are traces of a similar wall, or fence, surrounding the one I have described, at a short distance below it on the slope of the hill. Within the interior parallelogram there is a well-spring. Fir trees are now growing all around the fort, and some stand upon the wall itself.

Such is the appearance of this vitrified fort. In other cases the vitrification is more partial; and sometimes strings of the slag or melted stone may be seen penetrating the interstices of the inferior blocks. There are forts also, resembling these in every other respect, which present no

trace whatever of the vitrifying process. The common belief is, that the forts were places of strength, constructed by piling up the walls of loose stone, and then by some process, now lost, fusing the whole into a solid and durable mass. That the vulgar should adopt such an opinion is not surprising; for they are fond of exaggerating the mental and bodily capacities of their ancestors. They love to think, that other men are as ignorant as themselves, in comparison with those, who have passed away. But who can believe that the Picts or Scandinavians, or whatever other barbarous tribe may have erected these singular forts—who can believe that they were in possession of chemical power beyond the research of the moderns? It is true, that some valuable arts have been lost to mankind, but these arts have been invented and practised, not by piratical or pastoral hordes, but by nations the most civilized and refined. Besides, it is expressly stated, that the vitrification is frequently partial, which is a conclusive argument against the skill and science of the constructors.

The most plausible theory seems to be that, which represents these remains as so many beacon-stations, where vast fires were lighted to give

notice of the approach of some incursion of the Danes or Northmen. A regular chain of them seems to be traced across the country.

In the evening, after having walked to the islands in the Ness, which are prettily wooded, and seen the castellated building now being erected for gaol and other county business, I drove over in a gig with another gentleman to Nairn. When we arrived, we understood that Dr. Wardlaw, the celebrated Independent minister of Glasgow, was preaching, and we immediately went to hear him. His sermon was written, and very long, though we only came in time for the half of it. Many parts were highly eloquent, and upon the whole the diction was simple; but the ideas and connections were far too complicated for his audience, several of whom very naturally fell asleep. The singing, as usual, was abominable; I do wonder at their wretched taste.

Sept. 12.—A coach conveyed me, through torrents of rain, to Elgin. One of the young Brodies, of Brodie, was my fellow traveller, a fine spirited little fellow. He is now at Harrow, and is destined for Cambridge, about which he made many inquiries. In return for this information,

and for the protection, which my umbrella afforded him, he told me the names of all the houses and places of note. He said, that his family were still in possession of an ancient charter, whereby Robert Bruce granted to his ancestors certain lands in that neighbourhood.

Arrived at Elgin, I set off immediately for the cathedral, in spite of rain and wind. It is a magnificent ruin, seen to great advantage in consequence of the labours of Johnny Shanks. This old man has had the merit of clearing away thousands of loads of rubbish with his own hands, and rescuing some of the finest portions of the edifice from concealment. Many fragments and beautiful specimens of carving and sculpture he has "howket up," and arranged along the sides of the choir, or round the chapter house. Two of these were so curious, that I have brought away sketches of them; one represents the serpent emerging from the tree of knowledge; the other a witch riding on the moon. There are many others of the same grotesque character. The old man himself is one of the greatest curiosities about the place; he is indefatigable in his researches, and is justly proud of his labours. On some one's remarking to him, that he was

quite an antiquarian, he replied, " Indeed ye may weel say that." Alexander of Badenoch, commonly called the Wolf of Badenoch, burnt this cathedral to the ground, and is therefore the special abhorrence of Johnny Shanks. To give vent to his indignation, the old man has placed at the summit of one of the towers a grinning face, which he has picked out of the ruins, and has made it look towards the former residence of " the Wolf." A lion also looks wrathfully from another eminence towards the same quarter. The Barons of the Exchequer have very properly made this enthusiastic " Old Mortality " conservator of the ruins. The proportions of the cathedral are beautiful ; the arched entrance superb ; the two great towers on each side of it very imposing ; the choir at the proper extremity richly decorated ; and the chapter-house beside it, octagonal in form, most elegantly groined, and supported by a central clustered pillar. Many of the inscriptions on the tombs were highly interesting ; and indeed it is impossible to glance on any spot within these venerable precincts without excitement. After sketching till my hands were benumbed with cold, and my book almost spoiled by the rain, I was fairly driven out by the

weather. It is too late in the season to enjoy a scene like this, every portion of which should be pondered and digested. As it was, I did little more than listen to the old man's story of how "good Bishop Moray laid the first stone on the nineteenth day of *Jully*, in the year one thousand two hundred and twenty-four, and that's six hundred an' eleven year ago an' more;" and how "the monks had a fine long dry walk, a' round the wa's o' the buleding," &c., &c.

I returned by the mail at three o'clock to Inverness. Just before we came to Nairn, we passed by the Hard Muir, where tradition says that the witches met Macbeth and Banquo; the precise spot, on which the interview took place, is marked by a cluster of dark firs, whose peeling bark and murky shadows, form no inapt memorials of the "skinny lips," and mystic vaticinations of "the weird sisters."

On entering Macdonald's Hotel, at Inverness, I immediately inquired whether Colonel W—— was still here, and was sorry to hear that he had gone back to Fort William. I had dined with this gentleman the day before, and had been much delighted with his conversation. He is a remarkably fine man, about sixty years of age,

short grey hair, with whiskers and moustache, and of dark complexion. A soldier in make as well as by profession, his manners are singularly gentle and unobtrusive; and they are the more striking from the strong and warrior-like appearance of his frame. He reminded me of the Douglas "tender and true," courteous in peace, and brave in war. He had visited every quarter of the globe, and his account of the little difficulties he had to endure in travelling through Persia, Armenia, and Circassia, was highly amusing. When I bade him adieu, previous to my setting out for Elgin, he expressed a hope that we should meet again, and thought we probably should in Edinburgh. For the present, however, I have lost him.

Sept. 13.—This morning being Sunday, I have had the very great pleasure of attending the Church of England service. It was performed in a very neat little church, by a Scotchman. He was a fair reader, and gave a good explanatory sermon on the uses of the Mosaic law; but it was all explanatory, with no practical address. There was one curious innovation, adopted probably out of deference to the Scottish Presbyterian notion; he himself gave out the Psalm, and read the two first lines of it. He also wore white gloves. The

singing was excellent, and the organ respectable. The reading desk and pulpit were both *in* the chancel ; the altar between them. Over the whole a mitre was placed, to symbolize the Episcopal church ; I thought this would have been as well away. The audience was numerous, and consisted almost entirely of gentry.

In the afternoon, notwithstanding the rain, which has continued with little intermission ever since I first came to Inverness, I took a walk to the Druidical Temple near Leys Castle, about three miles off. It is situated in the centre of a small detached wood of fir trees, not on an isolated eminence, but at the extremity of a ridge. It consists of two circular rows of stones, with feeble indications of a third intermediate ; all being concentric. The outer circle is composed of large upright stones placed at considerable intervals ; and of these there are two cut into a regular square form much higher than the others, (particularly the western one,) and situated at something like the East and West points, but not accurately. Next to the large upright western stone, and the next in the circle proceeding northwards, is another equal in size nearly, but procumbent. The inner circle is formed of smaller stones, very

closely arranged, and inclined inwards; there are two interruptions in it, both towards the southwest; the one directly opposite the great western stone; the other having a number of stones leading from it towards the centre of the circle.

It was long supposed, that this and other remains of a similar character, were Druidical; but the best antiquarians consider them as the work of Danish pirates; whose first business, when they made any settlement, was to erect one of these temples, for the double purpose of transacting religious and state affairs.

Sept. 14.—When I entered the breakfast-room this morning, I found a young man reading the newspaper to a gentleman, whose peculiarly-shaped dark spectacles at once told the tale of blindness. My poor father! I at once resolved to introduce myself; but before I found an opportunity, I had time to examine his personal appearance more exactly. He was very tall and finely proportioned; perfectly upright, with a clear complexion, well-formed features, and a most impressively gentleman-like mien.

When the young man, whom I took for his son, came to a pause, I asked, if “I might be per-

mitted to relieve him; my own father had been blind for many years previous to his death, and therefore I was familiar with the task."

He seemed pleased with my offer, but would not accept it; so we sat down to breakfast together.

I said "I fear, Sir, from the ease, with which you contrive to help yourself, that you have long been deprived of sight."

"Yes, for nearly forty years; I lost it from a gunshot wound at the age of twenty. But I do very well, and make the best of it."

We then spoke of Scotland and the Continent; and he seemed interested in the account I gave him of Northern Italy and the Tyrol. At the close of our conference, he asked me if I was going farther North, and on my explaining that I was obliged to go the other way for letters that I expected, he said that I *might* come to Scotland again, and if so, he hoped I would not fail to pay him a visit. His name was Capt. —, and he described his residence near —, in —, very particularly. He saw, I had mistaken the young man for his son, and said,

"I am a bachelor, and amuse myself with

farming; my brother, to whom I sold my estate, has a beautiful place near me, and is worth four thousand pounds a year."

The invitation was given so cordially, that I am resolved to avail myself of it, if I revisit this very interesting country.

Bidding adieu to my new acquaintance, I set off in a gig for Cawdor Castle (fourteen miles). It is seated upon a rock and overhangs a little torrent. The square tower is ancient, but surrounded with comparatively modern buildings; the drawbridge over the surrounding moat is curious. But there is nothing picturesque in the castle itself, though it is situated among magnificent trees; and all its interest depends upon the traditionary lore connected with it. Here it is said, that the gracious Duncan was murdered by Macbeth; and the bed, whereon the deed was perpetrated, was preserved till lately, when a fire destroyed all this portion of the edifice, except the bare walls. However willingly every lover of Shakspeare would believe this legend, (though by the way our bard makes the castle at Inverness the scene of action,) it seems clear, that the King was murdered in a smithy, near Elgin or Inverness. Macbeth died at the former place, and was

buried at Iona, so that probably I have walked over his dust. There is a singular place of concealment between the ceiling and roof in a different part of the castle, called Lovat's hall, accessible only by going out on the roof, and scaling a wall eight feet high. In this retreat old Lord Lovat remained after the battle of Culloden, till obliged by the strict search his enemies were making for him through the castle, to let himself down an amazing height by a rope. He escaped to Morar, but was there apprehended, and afterwards executed. In the dungeon was shewn a hawthorn tree still rooted in the earth, and extending its well-seasoned stem to the roof; it is said to be coeval with the castle; the story being, that the founder was miraculously directed to build his tower at the third hawthorn tree, where an ass laden with a chest of gold should stop. The remains of the chest, a coat of mail, and a Lochaber axe are shewn to the stranger.

Sept. 15.—Though I had passed over Culloden moor, and had glanced at Clava yesterday, I determined on devoting this spare day to a more full examination of these interesting localities.

To begin with the first. It should properly be called Drummossie Muir, but since the battle it

has always retained the name of the house, where the prince had his head quarters. I think no one, who looks around upon this almost level waste, can help wondering, that Highlanders should be brought to it by choice as a battle ground; especially against a force greatly superior in cavalry. But here the stand was made; and here whole ranks of Highlanders were swept away by the cannonade, before they made their last, and their only most impetuous and desperate charge. But in vain! for though they annihilated the front line of the Duke, they were bayoneted to death by the second line. If they had been more united in council and in action, the case might have been different. The Macdonalds, affronted at being placed on the left, refused to advance; one of their chiefs, Keppoch, exclaimed, "My God, have the children of my tribe deserted me!" and rushing into the thickest of the enemy, this noble gentleman soon perished by their swords^a. Lord George Murray did all, that an intrepid but distrusted General could do; but unless a ready obedience be given to his orders, the ablest commander can do no more than the common soldier. I do not wonder at the Prince desponding so

^a See Tales of a Grandfather.

early of success ; nor at his refusal to take a personal share in the engagement. He never shewed any symptoms of timidity, either before or after this unfortunate day.

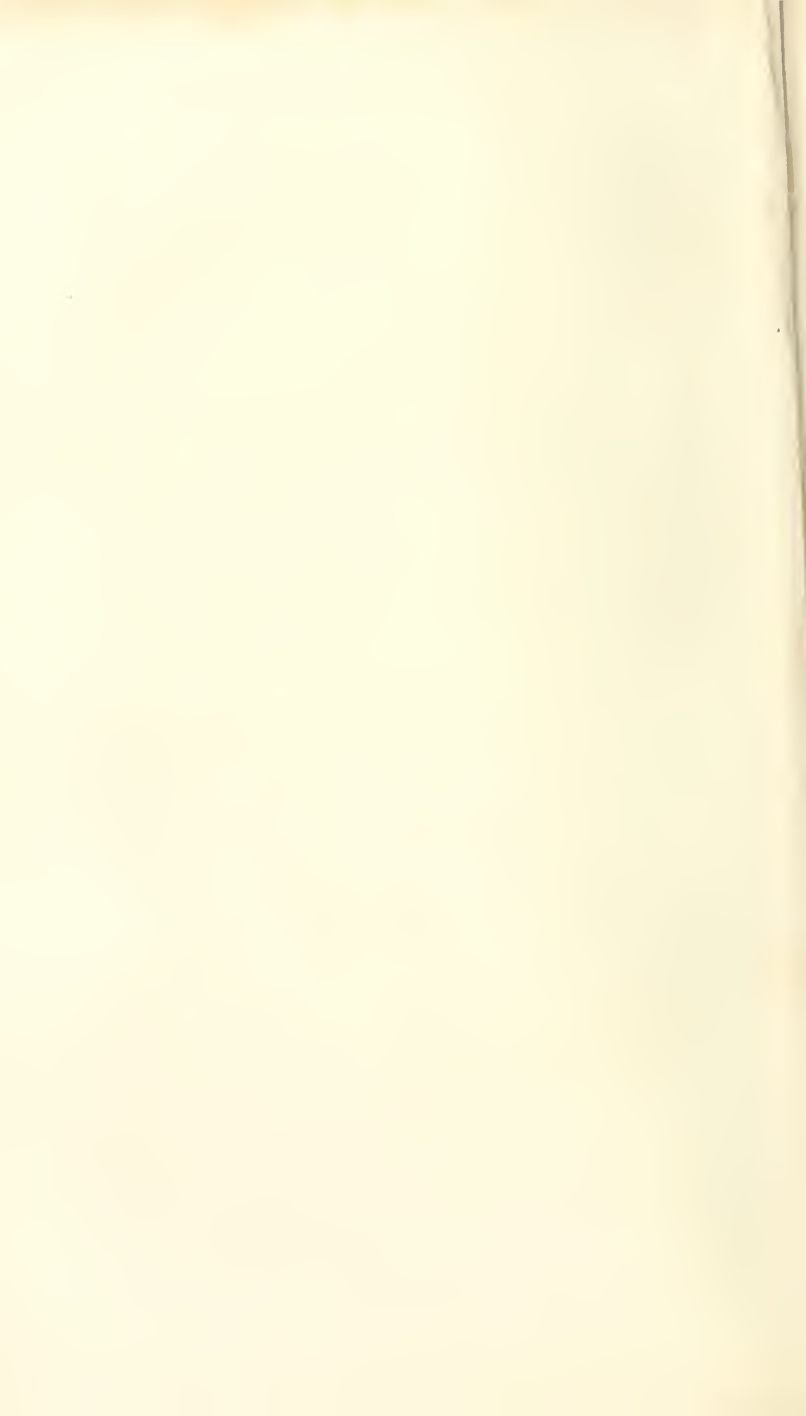
There is but little upon the moor to mark the spot where so fierce a conflict took place, yet what there is, claims the deepest attention. In the midst of the heather, now embrowned by the autumn, is seen a long line of turf, slightly raised above the general level, and of a brilliant green. This is the tomb of the brave men, who fell at Culloden. No stone, or monumental pile, records the names or actions of those beneath the sod. But they live in the memory of their countrymen. Probably many of them fell not in the heat of battle, but were of the number of those who, after lying wounded three days on the field, were then deliberately shot by order of his royal highness. The cruelties, which this person sanctioned and perpetrated, were such as would disgrace a tribe of cannibals. If these roast their enemies, it is at least for the gratification of eating them. But for him, who consigns whole hecatombs to destruction, when the din of war has long been hushed ; and who authorizes his brutal soldiery to cut down in cold blood an unoffending peasantry ;

there is no shadow of excuse or palliation. It is useless to urge, that he wished to inspire terror by the severity of punishment; for he must have known that the Gael would do the bidding of his chief, even in the face of death; or if he did not know this, he was partly an idiot, instead of an entire brute. If he had selected some of the principal conspirators as examples, few would have blamed him; but since even *they* were gallant gentlemen, acting from the most honourable though mistaken motives, how great a name he might have gained, by interceding with the sovereign even for these. Victory never wins so much honour and homage from the hearts of men, as when Mercy follows in her train. I can forgive Napoleon for his indifference respecting human life; for he never tossed it to the winds, but to advance some scheme of ambition. This man, on the contrary, seems to have made himself a butcher without a motive. But I pass to a more agreeable subject.

About a mile to the south-east of Culloden, on the bank of the River Nairn, lies the plain of Clava. It is a perfect flat, surrounded on all sides by moderate hills, rising rather abruptly from its level. Part of it is cultivated, but the greater

portion is heath; the whole strewn with cairns, Scandinavian circles, and stones of memorial. Its appearance from the heights above the Nairn, is singularly striking, and obliged me to exclaim at once "Lo! Thebes, or Memphis, and the sacred Nile!" Among all these curious remains, the attention is soon arrested by three great cairns surrounded by circles of stones. They very much resemble each other, but I shall describe the most perfect. The great conical heap of small stones is hemmed in at its base, by a circle of larger ones fixed in the ground. There is another circle, exterior and concentric to this, the stones of which are enormous; some vertical, and some procumbent. These are arranged at considerable intervals from each other, whereas the stones of the smaller circle touch each other. In the midst of the cairn there is a hollow chamber, the walls being formed of layers of loose stones, or slabs; and I believe, this was domed over originally, though the vaulted portion is now destroyed. To the chamber there is an access by a straight passage towards the south, or south-west.— "Eighteen inches below the floor of the chamber, which I have described, were discovered two small earthen vessels, or urns, of the coarsest workman-





ship ; but containing calcined bones." There can be no doubt, therefore, that these cairns were cemeteries, erected to contain the mortal remains, and preserve the memory, of kings or warriors. How singular that the notions of the barbarous Scandinavian should coincide so nearly with those of the polished Egyptian ! Other cairns, however, exhibit no traces whatever of funeral rites ; and were, perhaps, erected to commemorate some event, or to celebrate some games. Many of the edifices, once reared on this remarkable plain, must have been connected with the popular religion ; and often, perhaps, has the blood of a human victim been poured out among them, to propitiate their great divinity, Thor.

Towards the west, in the midst of these pagan structures, there is a mound of an oblong square form, called the Clachan, and supposed to be the remains of an early Christian church. What an interesting object ! Here, then, the standard of the Cross was first unfurled, in the very midst of its enemies : the dark and cruel rites of heathen superstition were replaced by the pure and gentle doctrines of a holier religion, and the ministers of Christ succeeded to the priests of Thor.

Before I dismiss this subject, let me mention a

very ingenious suggestion of the Messrs. Anderson, viz., that the circles usually called Druidical temples, (that, for instance, near Leys Castle, before described,) are nothing more than cairns without the loose stones.

September 16.—I rose at the miserable hour of four, this morning, to mount the Perth coach at a quarter before five. The air was bitterly cold, and, in spite of the sun's rising, it did not much improve when we were toiling through the great chain of the Grampians. I intended to stop at Blair Atholl, but finding that there was only a waterfall to detain me, I determined on proceeding to Dunkeld. Till we surmounted the highest part of the Grampians, there was nothing of any interest, save the majestic chain of these mountains themselves, stretching far round the horizon. To this point, all was, with this exception, flat and moorish ground; clothed here and there, however, with fine natural woods of birch. Beyond, all was desolation and grandeur. The hills slope down towards the bed of the Garry, and end abruptly in rugged precipices; through which the impetuous torrent rushes with headlong speed. Great blocks of stone are strewn in the channel, and lie scattered also upon the heathery hills, tell-

ing tales of elemental violence and war. Couched among the fern, within a hundred yards of the road, we saw two fine red deer; we had only a momentary glance through projecting rocks, but it was sufficient to display their fine proportions. It was dark (eight o'clock) before we reached Dunkeld; and having felt the cold most keenly, and been wet with the violent storms which we encountered among the Grampians, I was delighted to leave the coach.

I must not, however, forget my partner in coach-payments. This was a farmer, with whom I agreed that we should alternately pay the coachman sixpence at the end of every stage—that is, three-pence each. The coachman is most inconveniently changed with the horses; and unless one makes some compact of this kind, one must give sixpence every time, which is rather hard upon one's pocket. The farmer was a great stout man—a true representative of the Dandie Dinmont tribe. He was really a capital fellow: whenever it rained, he insisted upon sitting on that side of me from which the rain came, so as to shelter me as much as possible. He pointed out all the curiosities, singular rocks, and waterfalls that we passed; shewed where the strata changed their

inclinations, (for he was a bit of a geologist,) and gave me much information with respect to Highland farming. He said ten thousand acres was a common size for a farm, and some extended to thirty thousand, almost entirely pasture.

Dr. ———, the Presbyterian preacher, and his lady, had seats inside the coach; but as long as the rain kept off, they sat with me and the farmer in front. I could make nothing of the doctor. His conversation consisted of "That's very pretty," "Very beautiful," and those ordinary exclamations, which form the stock in trade of *Messieurs les Voyageurs* in general. His lady also, whom I wrapped up in half my cloak, and thereby caught a wretched cold, though very chatty, was likewise very common-placy.

On the box was a young spark, who clearly was a personage of some importance in his own estimation. He was going to Trinity next October, but he had four or five balls in different counties to attend first. He should keep a servant or two; but he should not stay more than a year, just to see what the place was like. When he had done with this rattle, I told him I hoped he would excuse me, as an old Cambridge man, if I ventured to give him a little advice. I then informed him, that almost all the young men of fortune and con-

sequence now entered the list with the rest, and often earned literary fame and honours, instead of wasting their time in trifling or worse pursuits. And I subjoined a caution about making his first friendships, which I always endeavour to impress upon every one, who is for the first time entering into that scene of temptation and danger. He took it all in very good part, and I suppose was even pleased with this unexpected sermon, for he gave me an invitation to come and see him at R——.

September 17.—The Duke of Atholl's policies, or pleasure-grounds, are the finest and best-timbered in Scotland. The first thing of note, which struck me after entering, was the venerable cathedral tower embosomed in noble trees. Near it is the first larch ever planted in this country; it was brought from Switzerland; was long an inhabitant of the green-house; and was at length transplanted to this spot, where it has attained a prodigious size, and height, measuring fifteen feet in girth, two feet above the ground. It is the patriarch and monarch of its tribe. Near the cathedral remains, the late duke planted several more; and upon his whole estate, with other trees, he has planted thirty millions. What a benefactor to

posterity ! He had begun a noble house in the gothic style, but the walls were only raised to the first story, when he was cut off from all mortal pursuits ; so true it is that men build halls sixty by forty, forgetful of that which is six by two. It is lamentable to behold so magnificent a commencement, assuming already the aspect of a ruin. The lime is beginning to ooze from the crevices, and to stain the goodly stone ; while the straw, laid thickly on the unfinished walls, betokens that the frost is corroding the masonry. The great offices erected for the workmen are closed and tenantless ; and the silence of these woods is no longer broken by the cries of the builders, and the noises of their instruments. But painful as it is to behold these things, it is still more so to reflect on the moral ruin of their unfortunate inheritor ; he has long been confined in consequence of decided lunacy. His brother will in time be the possessor of his title and property.

Crossing the Tay, the most majestic river I have seen in Scotland, the guide led the way to the Hermitage ; a small building erected on a projecting rock, so as to command a beautiful view of the falls of the Braan. A picturesque bridge is thrown over the stream as it dashes downwards ; and the

whole, when seen in a small mirror, reduced in size, exhibits a most exquisite picture. It is curious as exhibiting a solution of that most difficult of all problems to the painter; how to represent water running in the opposite direction to the spectator. I now left the guide who told me, that I should have to pay twopence toll at the bridge; a great nuisance, as I had now nothing but large notes about me.

Proceeding onwards in the way he directed me, I came to the Rumbling Brig, another bridge thrown over a narrow chasm, through which the Braan rushes after a fine fall. Its name is derived from the circumstance of its being sensibly shaken by the concussion of the water against its supporting rocks. Just as I came to the spot, I saw a young Scot stepping on the road, and I asked him if it was possible to descend.

“I canna say it’s no possible, but it’s vera deef-ficult.”

The way down is very singular, the roots of the trees forming handles to help one’s passage; so very conveniently are they placed, that it is almost hard to believe their position accidental. The view from the rocks below is superb, and well worth getting dirty and wet for; but I was repaid

in another way for my trouble, and in more substantial coin. Having gotten into an awkward place in reclimbing, I cast my eyes about for a helping root, when I discovered a penny. "Well," thought I, "this is fortunate; if I could but find another, my toll is paid." I soon hit upon a half-penny, and after that upon another halfpenny; making up the desirable twopence. "Now if all this treasure does not belong to the Scot; or if I can't catch him to ascertain the fact, I shall indeed be Hans in luck." I really kept a sharp look out for him and walked fast; but he must have gone the other way, for I saw no more of him, and so made no further scruple in applying the treasure-trove to my own necessities. There is an old proverb that says "luck in one thing is luck in another;" I wish it may prove so.

September 18.—The pass of Killiecrankie occurs at a short distance on this side of Blair Atholl. From the bed of the Garry the mountains rise very abruptly, especially on the western side; where for the most part the rock is quite bare. The base of it, however, and nearly the whole of the eastern mountain, is covered with graceful birches; some growing erect and stately, others drooping in the most fantastic forms over the projecting

rocks. At the end of this pass, where it terminates in the Blair or plain of Atholl, the famous battle of Killiecrankie took place; at the close of which, in the very moment of victory, that most accomplished but sanguinary general, Dundee, lost his life. He had allowed Mackay to defile through the pass, in order to give his Highlanders the opportunity of making their tremendous charge. I ought to have mentioned all this the day before yesterday, but I unaccountably forgot the subject, when writing; I am the more surprised at this, because I sometimes accuse myself of taking too much pleasure, in examining and describing these battle scenes.

To-day I have journeyed from Dunkeld to Killin. At Aberfeldy I stopped to see the falls of the Moness. They are indeed exquisitely beautiful; especially the middle one. It consists of a long series of cataracts, some vertical, some slanting; with enormous precipices above, appearing to converge over the highest fall. From the crevices of the rocks, hang pendent birch and ash, whose colours are rendered vividly green by the perpetual spray. Higher still, the gloomy pine and the sturdy oak contribute, by the density of their foliage, to give breadth and shadow to the picture.

Attractive as are the natural beauties of the Moness Falls, they assume a still higher charm from being associated with the muse of Burns. There is a rapture in treading the same footsteps with genius—in being where it has been: to breathe the same air, to press the same ground, to gaze on the same objects—all these are so many cords of union, enabling us to scan its loveliness more steadily, and to become familiar with its might. And what a genius did Scotland neglect in Robert Burns! Who ever felt the thirst of fame or the pride of independence, the sacred fervor of patriotism or the melting tenderness of love—who ever felt these things, and read one page of those strains, so nobly free, so wildly sweet, without bursting into his own heartfelt and eloquent exclamation, “Come to my arms, my friend, my brither!” The works of many modern poets have afforded me extreme delight; but I have never felt any strong desire to become acquainted with the authors—not so with Robert Burns: I rarely rise from the perusal of his poems without a mental ejaculation, “How I should have liked to know that man!” But it is time to bid adieu to him and “the birks of Aberfeldy.”

At Kenmore we come in sight of Loch Tay, a

majestic sheet of water ; and close by is Taymouth Castle, the residence of the Marquis of Breadalbane. It is modern, but handsome ; and built with tolerable taste. There are some curious family portraits, especially one of Sir Colin Campbell, the famous black knight of Rhodes, who was the founder of this powerful branch of the clan Campbell. The grounds near the castle are a little formal ; but the trees are superb, each being in itself a fine picture. The Tay sweeps through the lawns, and a little beyond it rises a wooded hill, which is now beginning to exhibit the hues of autumn. The views over Loch Tay from some of the points are considered “ the finest in Scotland.” They are indeed enchanting, so that I was agreeably disappointed ; for this expression generally means nothing more than that you can see a very long way, beauty being considered identical with extension, just as among the Hottentots.

As to Killin, where I am now scribbling, I can say nothing about it yet, for I entered, as usual, in torrents of rain. For the last three weeks there has been a constant series of wet weather in the east of Scotland ; and I have had occasion to use my umbrella every day since I arrived at Inver-

ness: however fair the sky may look, I am not such a fool as to leave it behind me now.

September 19.—Killin deserves all the encomiums that have been lavished upon it. The firs, beech, and birch, upon broken mounds, form an endless variety of fine foregrounds, the lake and distant mountains filling up the picture. Fingal is said to be buried here, and a rough stone, in a corn-field, marks the spot where the hero lies. The church-yard, which is quite detached from the kirk, contains many very ancient tombs; the prevailing device upon them being, the death's head and cross-bones.

The Falls of the Lochy are situate three miles from the inn, and well repay the trouble of a walk. They consist of six cataracts, arranged into two groups, three and three, with a deep circular pool intermediate. Standing on a prominent rock, overhanging the lower series, one commands a splendid view of the whole. There is a singular variety in the mode, in which the water descends these several falls, as to height, form, and inclination. Its colour, when not shivered into spray, is a bright sienna, in consequence of the late violent rains; and from the same cause its quantity is

very imposing. The intervening pool is deep, and dark, and troubled; and it is amusing to watch the foam-bells floating on its surface: some are hurried down and obliterated in the lower cascades, to be regenerated below, after their turbulent transit; while others, collected into the little bays and inlets of the shore, form masses of dazzling whiteness, cradled and rocked upon the gloomy surface of the heaving waters. The crags, at first bare, or concealed only by the hardy lichen, have their summits adorned chiefly with oaks, which being perpetually refreshed by the rising spray, exhibit the purest and most brilliant hues. In short, the whole is a masterly composition of grey rocks, green trees, and bright waters.

As I journeyed on to Callander, I left the gigantic cone of Benmore on my right, and soon beheld the summit of Ben Voirlich in front. I am approaching classic lands. Meanwhile, let me not omit to record the beauties of Loch Lubnaig, or the Crooked Lake, which supplies many a grand and inviting subject for the painter; and the sublimities of the Pass of Leni.

September 20.—A most wretched day,—nothing but storms. This, however, is not of any consequence, inasmuch as being the Sabbath, I do not

mean to proceed. I have attended the kirk, where a most extraordinary sermon, two hours long, was dealt forth extempore. In the middle of it a psalm was sung, in order to give the preacher breath. The proper subject of it was the purport of the Mosaic Law, but he contrived to introduce a thousand others. *Before* the blessing, several little boxes on handles were handed about, to collect offerings for the poor. Every one seemed to think it indispensable to give something; so that a considerable sum must have been collected in half-pence.

September 21.—The morning proved to be very propitious, and I therefore once more commenced pedestrian, and walked to the Trosach's house. The road passing to the left of Ben Ledi, or "the Hill of God," soon brings us to Coilantogle Ford, the scene of the combat between Fitzjames and Rhoderick Dhu. Soon Loch Venachar comes into view, but has no very great claims to admiration: above it, where the road diverges from its banks, is Lanrick Mead, the mustering place of the clan Alpin. Then follows a lovely burst of Loch Achray, at whose farther extremity the wooded hills of the Trosachs are grouped into a glorious landscape.

After ten miles' journeying, I entered the Trosach's house, and leaving my knapsack, went forth with Mr. F—— and his daughter to explore the beauties of Loch Katrine. To this gentleman I introduced myself in a very summary manner, by walking into his parlour, which I took for the public room. He was alone, and on my stating, that I meant to proceed to the Lake, he said that he would accompany me, and bring his daughter with him. Accordingly, the young lady was summoned—about eighteen, not pretty, but lively, and abundantly romantic. We soon found ourselves in the very heart of the Trosachs, or “bristled territory,” enclosed between the precipices of Benan and Ben Venue. The former mountain threw up, on our right, his craggy and blunted cone, while the latter sent down, from his sides, detached and ridge-like masses, terminating in bluffs or steep acclivities. The wood is most abundant and varied; detracting, by its richness and verdure, from the grandeur of the scene; but adding infinitely more to its loveliness. At length, the Lake, in all the pride of nature and of poetry, gleamed through the trees, just beyond the spot where Fitzjames's horse, “the gallant grey,” fell exhausted by the chase. I will not attempt to

describe this fairy region, after so great a master as Sir Walter, but will only remark that his seems to me as correct, as a *poetical* description is likely to be. Indeed I see no exaggeration in it, save, perhaps, in the “thunder-splintered pinnacles,” which expression conveys the notion of acute rocks, not to be seen, save by a poet’s eye. Ellen’s Isle is about two miles from the east end of the lake; it is most beautiful, and covered with foliage. Soon after, the lake assumes a less interesting aspect, and we therefore retraced our steps along the rough and watery path. This little walk was about six miles. I spent the evening, after sketching, with these new acquaintances, and was delighted to escape from the little room, into which all single pedestrians, and indeed all those who are unaccompanied by ladies, are obliged to nestle.

September 22.—Rain, continuous and tremendous rain, with furious gusts of wind sweeping down the sides of Ben Venue. We are all weather-bound. I, at last, persuaded Mr. F. to remain here, instead of daring such a tempest in an open boat. And now that we had decided on retaining our present quarters, what were we to do for amusement?—An odd volume of Tristram

Shandy served for an hour. I read it aloud, but with the due precaution of examining well, what was coming. Then we obtained from the waiter a quantity of old cards, out of which we contrived, by great assiduity and skill in the use of the pen-knife and pen, to form a complete pack. Well! who was to play?—Could the waiter find us a substitute for dummy?—Oh yes, there was a gentleman and lady who wanted company very much, and they were ushered in accordingly. Mr. M., an old East Indian, and his daughter, I suspect, an old maid. She declined the whist table, and so we four sat down. We played for love, at least not for money. But we were not sufficient enthusiasts to find amusement in this pastime long, and at last resolved, in spite of wind and weather, to have a promenade. Of course, we saw nothing, and were quite wet through: so much the better, for we had variety, at all events, and something whereon to discourse thereafter.

The little inn, in which we suffered this blockade, is the only one within ten miles, and is therefore crowded throughout the season. There are but three sitting rooms—one for pedestrians and gentlemen, another for promiscuous parties of both sexes, and a third which is reserved for ex-

traordinary occasions, such as the arrival of a coronet. The bed-rooms are all doubly furnished, except in those cases where the original room has been divided into two, by a partition which abuts upon the window ; allowing half a window to each closet. The division is so thin, that, in fact, it is nothing whatever more than a screen, hiding the two occupiers from each other's eyes—not ears. In the summer, such crowds arrive here, that many are compelled to shift with something far worse than this ; a dozen of them occasionally sleeping on “ shake-downs,” in the sitting room. The weather being by far the most important study going on within this curious hive, there are no less than three barometers in the house ; not one of which, however, is good for any thing ; the worthy tourists, in their efforts to procure favourable prognostics, have so bethumped the poor machines, that they are all completely out of order.

September 23.—The weather to our great delight seemed extremely favourable, and we therefore at eight o'clock walked to Loch Katrine, and took our seats in the passage-boat. The party consisted of Mr. F. and his daughter, three brothers, Messrs. B., Scotchmen, an Irishman, and

an American, with myself. The boat had four oars, and I undertook to steer ; but did not shew myself so expert in that office as the old boatman desired ; for the scenery attracted so much of my attention that I forgot the rudder, the boat, and all it contained. The wind was extremely violent, hurrying the clouds along the sky, and here and there piling them on each other, till they burst in torrents of rain. But though we saw many a flying storm, we were so fortunate as to escape them all, and to enjoy, unmolested, the grand and imposing scenes around us.

It is, I think, impossible to view Loch Katrine under more favourable circumstances, than those which attended us. The sudden and unexpected lights thrown down on the rugged mountains, the dark storms that swept along their sides, the blue waters of the fairy lake, now curled into snowy foam by the rushing wind, and now snatched up into one long-continued sheet of flying spray—all these, and a thousand other airy beauties, transient and indescribable, were perpetually passing in array before us.

We soon bade adieu to the Trosachs, which, as beheld reflected in the sheltered bay, present a vision more lovely, than ever painter sketched or

poet sung—it defies all description, even Sir Walter's. We passed by Ellen's Isle—an isle of rock, and verdant trees—so beautiful!—so lonely!—and looked back towards the lofty summits of Benan and Ben Venue. Then we approached the western shore, over which are seen the magnificent mountains beyond Loch Lomond; and leaving the boat, all set out to walk to Inversnaid on that loch, a distance of five miles. I thought this a good walk for the young lady, but she made nothing of it.

On descending to Loch Lomond we perceived, that the surface of it was violently agitated by the wind, which was much more powerful here than on Loch Katrine. The men, whose duty it was to put us on board the steamer, stated that this was impossible in such weather, and that the steamer itself dared not leave the opposite shore. This proved to be the case, for we soon had the mortification of seeing her pass by us without notice, and keeping close in to the western side. To add to our misfortunes, the rain now commenced, and we had these three resources. We might return as we came; but nobody would hear of walking back five miles, and being rowed eight more in such weather; we might stay at

Inversnaid, a wretched hovel with broken windows, and a host of rats, who had the assurance to carry on their squeaks and quarrels all around, while we were taking a little whisky ; or, lastly, we might walk ten miles over a mountain path along the flank of Ben Lomond to Rowerdinnan, where there was a good inn. A guide whom we consulted said, that a pony could not be taken this way ; what then was to become of the young lady ? The elder B., who was a minister, and a rather corpulent man, and had never been from home before in his life, groaned in spirit ; the American looked miserable ; the Irishman said nothing. But Miss F. declared that she could walk ten miles very easily ; and her resolution animating the others, we at last all set out for Rowerdinnan. I who had lately been so much on the mountains knew very well, what we had to encounter ; and I could not help feeling very apprehensive for this poor girl ; but her spirit was invincible, and she not only accomplished this most arduous task herself, but by her example encouraged and shamed into similar exertion some, who would otherwise have given up in despair. The rain was incessant, and occasionally was borne along in sheets by the gusts of wind. The path also

was very trying; sometimes ascending a long way up the mountain, where its slope to the loch was precipitous; sometimes leading over burns, across which there was either no bridge at all, or merely a couple of slippery poles. My whisky flask was very serviceable, being the only one in the party. The American was the sole person besides myself who carried his own knapsack; the B—s took a carpet bag between them part of the way; but soon got assistance from one of the little huts that we passed.

With such a numerous party, of course our progress was not very quick; but the lady was by no means the last. It was impossible to give her any assistance, because the path admitted only one person. Three of us at last agreed to walk forward without the guide, and make the people at the inn prepare fires and dinner. This was of much service to the others. All the party at length arrived in safety, and soon changed their dress. Mr. F—— and the second Mr. B——, borrowed trowsers of the landlord, the others were provided with a change of their own, except the minister and myself. We were obliged to resume our wet coats and trowsers, a marvellously uncomfortable plan; but a good dinner and a merry

party soon made us forget our hardships, or remember them only as jests. Mr. F—— was president, and I was vice-president. I took the earliest opportunity of proposing a bumper to the health of the young lady, who had so heroically achieved a perilous journey, and had cheered us all by her fortitude and courage. This toast was drunk with great applause. We began to look back to history, in order to discover some parallel to our mountain march. One of us instanced the passage of the Alps by Hannibal; another the retreat of the ten thousand under Xenophon; a third that of the French under Ney; but all these were abandoned, as not rising sufficiently near the sublime. The evening was concluded in great hilarity, to which port and whisky contributed considerably.

Sept. 24.—We all met in good spirits and health at the breakfast table. The morning was lowering and rainy; but Mr. F—— and his daughter resolved to ascend Ben Lomond, and actually set out with the B——s, in spite of all I could say on the excessive folly of such a scheme. However it ended, just as I expected, by their returning in a quarter of an hour, well pelted by

the rain. They now agreed to go with me by the steamer to the top of the loch, and accordingly we were put on board. The weather most fortunately cleared, and the sun shone once more, cheerily and brightly.

I was enchanted with this majestic sheet of water, especially with the upper portion of it. Here the mountains rise more boldly from the lake, and exhibit scenery truly sublime. The great ranges of Ben Lomond on the east, and of Ben Voirlich on the north, catch the eye at once by their impressive grandeur; and on the western shore the mountains, though less lofty, are still more wild and picturesque in their outlines. Ben Arthur is very extraordinary; on its summit is a singular rock called the Cobbler, from its resemblance to a man of that craft. Rob Roy's cave is on the eastern side, a mile above Inversnaid: we saw the entrance to it distinctly, a mere aperture among masses of broken rock. Near the upper extremity on the opposite coast is an immense block of stone, out of which a very small rude chamber has been carved; in this a minister is obliged to do duty three times a year; but in reality the service is much more frequent. There

is only room in so small a kirk for the minister and a few of the elders ; the mass of the congregation stand unsheltered without.

The southern extremity of the loch is altogether of another character ; the mountains recede from each other, and thus display an ample surface of water ; they also are less bold and lofty, assuming the aspect of beauty, instead of sublimity. Many a wooded island lies sleeping in the placid lake, which reflects every rock and tree with the fidelity of a mirror. The sun sets brightly over the western hills, illuming the summits of Ben Lomond with his glorious rays ; the shadows are growing longer and longer ; and the grey of twilight is stealing on the eastern clouds.

Passing the residence of Smollett, we arrived at Balloch, where I remained for the night. I parted with Mr. F—— and his daughter, who were going on to Glasgow. He gave me a very cordial invitation to come and see him, in order that he might shew me a coal-mine. Thus, at last, I have contrived to see this celebrated lake, which most richly merits the praises which it has received. It combines in itself an epitome of all the other Scotch lakes, and from the great variety

of its scenery, ranks justly pre-eminent among them all.

Sept. 25.—Another equinoctial day, with rain and furious wind. I asked the captain of the steamer, whether he would undertake to land me at Rowerdinnan, (in which case I should have ascended Ben Lomond, if clear weather; or walked over its shoulder to Aberfoil,) but the Scot would not promise, saying the wind was hard on the eastern shore. I had therefore no alternative, but to get back to Callandar by land. I hired a gig to Aberfoil; we passed through Drumond: in the house now used as a toll-bar, “the Dougal creature” is said to have lived; and I now found myself in the heart of the territory of the Gregarach. It is a wild moorish tract of country—fit resort for robbers and caterans. There are great numbers of this clan left, to this day, in spite of the cruel and exterminating persecutions directed against it. Those, whom I have seen, are generally tall dark men, and seem fully capable of resuming the dangerous occupations of their forefathers; but I believe, in reality, that they are as civilized as the rest of the Highlanders.

At Aberfoil, the rain fell in such torrents that I

was unable to go up to the Clachan, fearing that night would overtake me, before I reached Callandar. As I buckled my knapsack on, the grey-headed old landlord advised me not to venture, but on my expressing my determination to proceed, he said,

“Aweel, aweel, ye’ll be sairly drowkit, afore ye win to Callander.”

Without the slightest doubt of the verity of this prediction, I started, and managed the twelve miles very easily in three hours. The rain was in my back, so that it incommoded me very little; and on arriving at M’Gregor’s hotel I ransacked once more the treasures of my portmanteau.

Sept. 26.—A coach conveyed me through Doune, where there is a fine view of the old castle, to Stirling. The castle here also is the grand object of interest. It is situated on a rock rising precipitously from the plain; but, in spite of its commanding position, does not form a very picturesque object, in consequence of the heap of modern buildings, intruded among the more ancient. In the interior are several points, that deserve attention:—the old parliament house; the palace, adorned with grotesque statues; the chamber where James II. stabbed the Douglas; another

wherein Queen Mary was confined; and a third, where our own James received lessons of scholastic learning, but not of worldly prudence, from old Buchanan. The dens of the royal lions, and the apertures through which they were fed, are still to be traced. Outside, far below the castle walls, are seen the remains of the king's gardens, terraces arranged into formal shapes, and a round eminence surrounded by circular terraces, where the game of the knights of the round table was sometimes played for the amusement of James V. In a different quarter is the tilt-yard, where the tournaments were held; and above it a crag called "the ladies' rock," from which the gentler sex beheld the rough sports below. Beyond the precincts of the castle is seen the farm of Ballangeich, well known in the annals of James V.'s frolics. A clear view is here presented also of the field of Bannoekburn near St. Ninians, with the Gillies' hill rising above it. Sheriffmuir is just over the Ochill hills, which are seen stretching boldly and beautifully over the rich and varied landscape. The noble Forth meanders in the most fantastic curves through the fertile plain below, and the Grampians are seen far in the distance, rising in successive lines, mountain be-

yond mountain; while the ruins of Cambuskenneth Abbey give interest to the foreground.

Just as I was about to mount the Perth coach, I had the pleasure of recognizing an old Gloucestershire friend; how an incident like this draws closer to the heart every tie that unites us to our homes! Heavy showers fell during our ride, but we had notwithstanding very superb views nearly the whole way; but particularly when the plain of Perth bursts suddenly on the eye, the landscape is enchanting, and might well extort from the astonished Romans their well known exclamation; "Ecce Tibur! Ecce Campus Martius!"

Sept. 27.—Attended the Episcopal church, where a very fine sermon was delivered by a Mr. Skeat.

Sept. 28.—Scone Palace is two miles from Perth; I walked there before breakfast, taking my chance of admittance. I could not see the interior, but was allowed to walk round the house. It is quite modern, castellated, red, and handsome. The view from it is beautiful; and this morning I think peculiarly so, for the Grampians are covered with snow, and give a Swiss character to the scene. The only remains of the old

palace, consist of a gateway, and two flanking round towers; a low ruin adorned with coats of arms. Near it is a singular old cross, marking the site, I believe, of the ancient town. Lord Mansfield is at present residing there. The pheasants are numerous and tame as fowls.

Since writing the above I have again walked to Scone, with an order from the factor to see the interior. It contains some valuable paintings, two Rembrandts, a portrait of Charles I. by Van Dyck, a Virgin and Child by Guido, &c., &c. Lady Mansfield herself is no mean artist, and several of her ladyship's paintings are exhibited to the stranger; among the rest a portrait of her youngest daughter, extremely interesting. The old cabinets, chairs, tapestry, &c., preserved from the original palace, are highly curious; Queen Mary's looking-glass, that must have so often reflected the image of perfect loveliness; and her bed, the quilt of which she wrought with her own royal hand, while a prisoner in Loch Leven Castle, are objects for every mind to moralize on. In the gallery are many specimens of Italian marble, good sculptures, a sleeping cupid by Chantrey, &c.

While we were examining these, a very elegant

girl continued undisturbed at the piano. I was surprised to learn on inquiry that she was Lord Mansfield's eldest daughter, and could not help casting an involuntary glance at my old weather-beaten shooting jacket. A young man, who had, like myself, come to see the castle, on learning into what august presence the major domo had intruded him, was perfectly in horrors, and insisted on leaving the gallery directly.

"If I am not afraid of bringing you here, sir," said the man of office, "I don't see, why you should be so very modest."

And then he went on explaining more fully and loudly every article in the room. But the other would not hear him, and at last we all retired from the presence of the young lady. I never longed so much for a black coat, which would have enabled me to apologise for our involuntary intrusion, and express our gratitude for being allowed to examine the whole castle, even at the expense of interrupting the domestic arrangements of its inmates. As the case stood, however, I took another look at my old jacket—saw a little rent in front—it would not do!—and followed the rest in silence.

At three o'clock I left Perth by coach for Edin-

burgh; the road, after leading us through a beautiful glen, passes by the shore of Loch Leven. The island and ruined castle are distinctly seen. Its appearance is mournful and desolate in the extreme, adapting it admirably to the office, for which it was employed, a royal prison. Perhaps the keys, which the Douglas threw into the lake, are still corroding below; and some chance may even yet, before they are resolved into their elements, bring to light these testimonies of a romantic and perilous escape^a.

The cold was intense, and seemed to blow through one, in consequence of the violence of the wind; and it was dark before we reached Queen's-ferry, where we embarked with our luggage in a small steamer. Another stage of nine miles brought us, after a bitter and rainy voyage, to the metropolis of Scotland; and as we passed along Princes Street, the glimmering lights in the windows of the eight or ten storied houses of the old town on the right, piled one over the other

^a A friend of mine assures me that this prediction is of a somewhat Irish complexion, being uttered after the fulfilment of the event. For it appears that these identical keys were actually discovered three or four years ago, and are now in the possession of a gentleman in the neighbourhood.

on a precipitous hill, gave one the notion of an illuminated fairy city.

Sept. 29.—Oh ! how beautiful ! how magnificent ! Edina, thou art fairer than all the cities of the earth, for the powers of nature and of man have united in thy decoration ! How finely do the venerable, irregular, and lofty buildings on the one side, ascending, tier above tier, on the crowded hill, contrast with the geometric squares and rectilinear streets, the gardens and the statues on the other ! How the eye delights to dwell on the architectural splendour of Grecian temple or Gothic pile ; and to behold arising frequent from the general mass, pinnacle and spire, and dome and tower, meet symbols of a Christian city ! And with what pre-eminence of majesty does that rock-built fortress stand firm and peerless over all, bringing home to the memory many a fearful tale of siege and sally, and chivalrous emprise ! Northward, beyond the port of Leith, the Firth of Forth rolls fast its ample tide, bearing homewards on its bosom the goodly barque, freighted with the produce of other climes : while in the opposite quarter, Salisbury Crags, upreared in all the grandeur of desolation, frown over the popu-

lous scene below ; and higher still soars the lion-like form of Arthur's seat.

Such is the view from Calton Hill. This eminence itself is an extremely picturesque object, being crowned with an unfinished model of the Parthenon, the columns of which shew finely against the azure sky, and also a tall monument to Nelson, the High School, and other buildings of doubtful taste.

I afterwards took a long planless ramble among the avenues and passages of the Old Town, delighting myself with its time-worn tenements, so shattered, yet so aspiring ! Sometimes the backs of these are nearly twice as high as the fronts, owing to the very abrupt change in the level of the ground ; but the lowest side is lofty compared with ordinary houses. At the distance of about every twenty yards along the main streets there branch off steep, narrow, dark alleys, called " wynds " or " closes," each of them a study for the painter ; their curious windows and external staircases supplying all that intricacy, which is essential to the picturesque. But besides all these natural attractions, every spot where I wandered was familiarized and hallowed by associations of

history or romance. Think of Holyrood House, Heriott's Hospital, the Canongate, the Grass-market, the Nether Bow, and a multitude of others—their very names have, like Aladdin's lamp, a creative power ; and present to the mind's eye in magic array the chronicles and legends of the past.

Where all things claim regard, it is difficult to fix upon a point to commence with. But let us first turn to the Castle, the loftiest and most striking object in the city. Its external appearance, in spite of some unconformable modern buildings, is majestic and threatening ; but it has been so forcibly described by Burns that I shall make no scruple in borrowing a stanza :

There, watching high the least alarms,
Thy rough rude fortress gleams afar ;
Like some bold vet'ran, grey in arms,
And mark'd with many a seamy scar ;
The pondrous wall and massy bar,
Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock,
Have oft withstood assailing war,
And oft repell'd th' invader's shock.

Among the various pieces of Ordnance, which from time to time have grinned from the summit of the rock, none is more illustrious than Mons

Meg. This enormous cannon was long the pride of Edinburgh, but was at length burst in consequence of being overloaded, a catastrophe which is humorously described by Fergusson:

Oh willawins ! Mons Meg, for you ;
'Twas frin' crack'd thy muckle mou ;

* * *
* * *

I fear, they bang'd thy belly fu',
Again the law.

Right seenil am I gien to bannin ;
But, by my saul, ye was a cannon,
Could hit a man had he been stannin'

In shire o' Fife,
Sax lang Scots miles ayont Clackmannan,
An' tak his life.

In the " Old Canteen," or soldiers' pot-house, the stranger is shewn into a little closet, now used as a common drinking room, in which the unfortunate Mary gave birth to James I. and VI. The walls are defaced with stains and inscriptions ; and a few miserable daubs of paintings, suspended from them, add still further to the degradation of the apartment. From the window there is a curious view down to the Grass market, which lies far below, and to which a bell-string is said to have

been conducted, in order to announce to the citizens by tolling, the birth of a prince.

But the most splendid attraction of Edinburgh Castle is the crown room, in which are deposited the ancient regalia of Scotland. The interest attaching to them, however, depends not on their splendour, but on the many momentous historical events, with which they are associated. The principal object is the crown, which has overshadowed the brows of so many monarchs, from the heroic restorer of Scottish independence to the boyish James. For there seems to be good reason for believing, that the lower and massy portion, consisting of the purest metal, was the identical golden circlet worn by Robert the Bruce. Lateral ornaments were added by succeeding monarchs, and at last it assumed its present elegant shape, and was closed in at the top, to distinguish this royal badge from the coronets then generally adopted by the nobles. When one of these aspired to regal power, he was said to be about "to close his coronet."

In the time of the Commonwealth, the Regalia narrowly escaped falling into the hands of the Republicans, and were only preserved by the courage,

sagacity, and good faith of those, to whom they were consigned. At the period of the Union, though a stipulation was inserted in the National Treaty that they should never be removed from Scotland, yet it was deemed prudent to withdraw from the public gaze such explicit tokens of her ancient independence; and they were accordingly deposited in a strong oaken box, and walled up in the apartment, which still contains them. Here they remained for one hundred and ten years, secreted, but not forgotten. In 1817, in consequence of rumours that they had been abstracted from Edinburgh, Sir Walter, then Mr. Scott, and others, memorialized the crown upon the subject, and obtained a commission empowering certain gentlemen to search for them. Accordingly a solemn procession and investigation took place; the result was waited for with the most breathless anxiety by all classes of the people. Success soon attended the scrutiny, and the joyful discovery was announced to the expecting citizens by the hoisting of a flag on the castle walls, and the firing of cannon from the batteries.

Who can wonder at the Scots regarding with such jealous affection the honourable testimonies of their long and oft contested independence?

They may indeed be justly proud of those ancestors, who, though often conquered in battle and borne down by the weight of a mightier nation, always rose again with irrepressibly elastic courage, and nobly vindicated the freedom of their native hills. But while they reflect with pride on the deeds of their forefathers, and look with veneration upon these emblems of their national honour, they should remember,—and I firmly believe they *do* remember,—that all cause of quarrel between the two nations is now withdrawn—that under such circumstances generous foes always make kindly friends—and that the hall of the English noble is not more sacred than the hearth of the Scottish peasant.

But we must leave the precincts of the castle, and step down the esplanade. At its eastern extremity, and on the northern side, a little removed from the main causeway, stands the house, which was built for his own special occupation by the author of the Gentle Shepherd. The central portion is of an octagon shape, and still remains a monument of Allan's architectural taste; but the other part has been so altered by succeeding proprietors, that the whole no longer bears any resemblance to the “goose-pye,” to which it was

at first facetiously and provokingly compared by the wags of Edinburgh. The premises still pass under the name of "Ramsay Gardens," and the little street, which leads by them, is called "Ramsay Lane." Hither, then, the veteran poet retired to enjoy, in despite of envy and of criticism, his well-earned fortune and reputation. His wealth he had acquired, partly in his original vocation of wig-maker, or "scull-thacker," (as he more humorously expressed it,) and partly in that of a bookseller; in which latter capacity he opened the first circulating library in Edinburgh, or perhaps in Britain. His poetical fame is known among us Southrons almost solely by his great poem, the Gentle Shepherd, "the sweetest pastoral in any language;" but his loftiest effort is decidedly to be found in "the Vision." The admiration with which Burns regarded his writings is well known, and the compliments bestowed on him by the Ayrshire bard are familiar to all;

The teeth o' time may gnaw Tamtallon,
But thou's for ever !

This, by the way, was very much Allan's own opinion on the matter: it is extremely amusing to mark the Horatian complacency, with which he

contemplates the immortality of his own productions. In this quiet retreat, he passed a peaceful and a merry old age; enjoying his family party, his friend, and his jest—and whyles may-be, his “wee bit drappie,” discreetly: and furnishing to the world the rare example of a wealthy and a prudent poet.

At the extremity of Castle Hill, the steep street called the West Bow, lately communicated with the Grass-market; but here a great opening has recently been made, by which almost all traces of this very singular and picturesque old street have been swept away. A few of the loftiest houses have been left only half destroyed; the remainder of them exhibiting to the eyes of the curious an edifying section of the interior. The main street also is under repair; perhaps in the numerous perforations of the soil for pipes and sewers, chance may lead to some of those subterranean passages, which tradition asserts to exist between the Castle and Holyrood House.

Opposite to this new opening is Blyth's close, one of the tall dark alleys, which I have before described. At the bottom of it stands, on the west side, the Palace, and on the east the oratory of Mary of Lorain, Queen Regent of Scotland at

the disturbed period of the Reformation, widow of James and mother of Mary. Defying the various complicated exhalations which, arising from the several entries in the wynd,

“ To nostrils gie great discontent,”

I walked down to examine these once important buildings; but so actively have time and poverty been employed in their metamorphosis, that scarce a single vestige of their former character remains.

Further on, directly opposite Bank Street, formerly ran Libberton's Wynd: the County Hall, a beautiful model of an Athenian temple, now forms the eastern side of it. In this wretched entry, about thirty yards down, on the west side, stood a little tavern, the favourite resort of Robert Burns during the brief period of his sojourn in Edinburgh. It was afterwards called Burns' Tavern, but all traces of it are obliterated by the late alterations. I walked over the spot where for many a

——— night

Rob had got planted unco right,
Fast by an ingle bleezing finely,
Wi' reamin' swats that drank divinely.

Poor fellow ! all his thoughtless pleasures were transient indeed !

Next comes St. Giles's church, which, not to be out of fashion, has lately put on an entirely new suit of stone—thus losing all just claim to its familiar appellation of “Auld Saunt Giles.” In the southern aisle of the Old Church (for this is a group of three churches) are the tombs of the sagacious, but unscrupulous, Regent Murray ; and of the greater Napier, whose invention of logarithms advanced the science of calculation, as much as Watt's discovery of the steam engine did that of mechanics. There is an inscription on the exterior wall of the church next the High Street, running thus—

SEP.

FAMILIÆ NAPERORV INTERIVS

HIC SITVM

EST.

In this neighbourhood, formerly stood a cluster of lumbering old buildings, which will long be remembered with interest. Adjacent to the north side of St. Giles were the Luckenbooths, a projecting row of old stone buildings, consisting chiefly of shops. And at the north-west corner

of the same church, the tall, narrow, oblong edifice called the Tolbooth, better known as the Heart of Midlothian, stretched directly across the High Street. The executions took place here on a platform looking towards the Castle.

Opposite to the present Royal Exchange, also in the Street, rose the Cross of Edinburgh, where many a momentous proclamation was made, and where the merchants assembled to transact their affairs:—

The lawyers eke to Cross repair
Their wigs to shaw, an' toss an air :
While busy agent closely plies,
An' a' his kittle cases tries.

Even after it was taken down, the men of business for a long while insisted on meeting at the spot, instead of retiring to the less disturbed precincts of the Exchange.

Eastward still, and on the same side of the causeway rose another well known building, the Town Guard-house, the head quarters of

— that black banditti
The City Guard.

These gentry seem to have been always peculiarly obnoxious to the random mob of Edinburgh, who took every possible opportunity of annoying and insulting them :—

—— the City Guard
In military art weel lear'd,
Wi' powder'd pow, an' shaven beard,
Gang thro' their functions ;
By hostile rabble seldom spar'd
O' clarty unctions.

That they succeeded, however, in inspiring fear as well as hatred, is evident from the following.

Gude fouk ! as ye come frae the fair,
Bide yont frae this black squad ;
There's nae sic savages elsewhere
Allow'd to wear cockad' !
Than the strong lion's hungry maw,
Or tusk o' Russian bear,
Frae their wanruly fellin' paw
Mair cause ye hae to fear
Your death that day.

Still passing down the High Street, the next object of interest is the Tron Kirk, which, like its neighbour St. Giles, has been recased with stone ;

it can boast also of a more harmonious bell than that

Wanwordy crazy dinsome thing,

which excited so much indignation in Fergusson:

For when I've toom'd the meikle cap,

An' fain wou'd fa' oure in a nap ;

Troth I cou'd doze as sound's a tap

Were't no for thee,

That gies the tither weary chap

To wauken me.

Lower down, on the opposite side, at the extremity of the Netherbow, a house projects into the street. In this John Knox lodged for some time, and from one of its windows he was in the habit of preaching to the populace below. At the protruding corner of the house there is a rude image of the Scottish Reformer in his pulpit, the whole of which is duly and carefully painted, as occasion requires, by the present tonsorian proprietor. The dates of Knox's birth and death are recorded on the pannel of the pulpit, and on one side of the image is a device representing the sun, on the disk of which the name of God is inscribed in three languages, Greek, Latin, and English. It was, per-

haps, from this very abode that he was summoned before Queen Mary and her councillors to answer for a sermon, in which he had inveighed against the massacre perpetrated at Vassy, by the Duke of Guise's servants. The firmness of the Protestant champion elicited from the Queen's attendants the involuntary exclamation—

“ He is not afraid ! ”

To which the old man retorted—“ Why should the pleasing face of a gentlewoman affright me ? I have looked in the faces of many angry men, and yet have not been affrighted above measure.”

Along this identical street, which I have trodden so lately, he was often seen passing to his church with difficulty, according to the graphic description in Melvill's Diary :—“ I saw him every day that he taught, go slowly and warily with a furring of martins round his neck, a staff in the one hand, and good godly Richard Bellenden, his servant, holding up his other armpit, from the abbey to the parish church ; and there, by the same Richard and another, lifted up to the pulpit, where he was obliged to lean at his first entrance ; but before he had done his sermon, he was so active and vigorous that he was “ like to ding the pulpit in blads, and fly out of it.” His remains are de-

posited near St. Giles, and, I believe, are destitute of a monument; but none is requisite for the immortality of his fame. His noblest eulogy was pronounced by the Regent Murray, who, as he gazed upon the corpse of the intrepid Reformer, exclaimed—

“ Here lies one, who never feared the face of man ! ”

The remainder of the street, which we have been pursuing, down to the precincts of Holyrood House, is called the Canongate: it was formerly the most important in the city, containing, in Catholic and monarchical times, the mansions of the priests and nobles. Scarce a vestige of its former greatness remains, except in the magnitude and loftiness of the houses, whose squalid aspect and shattered windows, bespeak the degradation of the modern inmates. A large gloomy building on the right was formerly the residence of the Dukes of Queensferry: it is now converted into a Refuge for the Destitute! These scenes reminded me mournfully and forcibly of the decaying palaces of Venice, and of her glory passed away!

On the left of the street, stands the Canongate church, to which I made a special pilgrimage, for the purpose of inspecting the tomb erected to the

memory of the unhappy Fergusson, by his brother poet, Burns. There are notices put up in several places in the churchyard, forbidding any person from walking on the turf; and six or seven men, who were at work, attempted to stop me from approaching the tomb; but if they had been six or seven devils, I should have persevered. The stone is very simple—a mere upright slab—on which the well-known epitaph is inscribed: the whole runs thus :—

Here lies
Robert Fergusson, Poet ;
Born Sept. 5, 1751.
Died Oct. 16, 1774.

No sculptur'd marble here, nor pompous lay,
No storied urn, nor animated bust ;
This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way,
To pour her sorrows o'er her Poet's dust.

By special grant of the Managers
To Robert Burns, who erected this stone,
This burial-place is ever to remain sacred to
Memory of
ROBERT FERGUSSON.

To the top of the tomb-stone is affixed a board, on which the following verses, altered from Burns's

own elegy on Captain Matthew Henderson, are neatly painted:—

O Robbie Burns, the man, the brither,
And art thou gone, and gone for ever,
And hast thou crost the unknown river,
Life's dreary bound !
Like thee when shall we find anither,
The world around.

Go to your sculptur'd tombs, ye great,
In a' the tinsel trash o' state !
But by thy honest turf I'll wait,
Thou man of worth !
And weep the sweetest Poet's fate
E'er liv'd on earth.

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.

My own opinion is, that the sooner this spurious epitaph is removed the better. To say nothing of the absurdity of determining on *this* spot to “ wait by the honest turf ” of a man who lies buried at Dumfries ; nor of the bad taste of the concluding quotation in Latin, which Burns declared to be to him “ a fountain shut up ; ” the addition thus rashly made is felt to be a disagreeable intrusion, reminding us of the churchwardens or workmen who erected it, when we

would fain ponder only on those two youthful poets, their genius and their misfortunes. A simple memorial erected by one eminent man over the remains of another, is an object of undoubted interest; but when to the top of this is tacked on a memorial to the memorialist, something of clumsiness and complexity is introduced, which is extremely offensive. A fine man on a gallant steed is a noble sight; but let a monkey be placed on the shoulders of the man, and the whole scene becomes ludicrous.

With an effort I turned away my thoughts from this profane and incongruous addition, and gazed only on the unsculptured stone—the unpretending lay—meet tribute of a generous heart to kindred and fallen genius! And who could have refused a tear to the memory of one so young and so joyous, so precocious in intellect, so premature in its decay!—Unhappy Fergusson!—He drained the cup of pleasure to the dregs, at his very first entrance into life; yielding himself a prey to the temptations, to which his unprotected condition and vivacity of spirit were constantly exposing him. Penury and remorse soon drove him to despair; and that vigorous understanding, which had beamed with such early promise of

future splendour, was now dimmed and darkened for ever. How painful to contemplate the young poet at this mournful period of his brief and troubled career, bereaved of his mother's soothing presence, and conscious at intervals of his misery and madness! That mother, too, who had owed her support to his exertions, and who loved him with all the fervor of a mother's love, what an agonizing lot was her's, when torn from the couch of her maniac boy! Retire we from this hallowed ground. Child of misfortune!—may thy broken spirit, cleansed from its mortal stains, find pardon and peace in heaven!

Holyrood House next claims our attention. I will not attempt to add one more to the numerous descriptions, which have already appeared of this celebrated palace; but content myself with transcribing the sentiments, which it elicited from the muse of Robert Burns:—

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
I view that noble stately dome,
Where Scotia's kings of other years,
Fam'd heroes! had their royal home:
Alas! how chang'd the times to come!
Their royal name low in the dust!
Their hapless race, wild-wand'ring roam!
Tho' rigid law cries out 'tis just!

But before I dismiss this subject I cannot refrain from expressing my astonishment that such gross impositions as Rizzio's blood, Lord Darnley's armour, &c., &c., should still be obtruded on the incredulous visitor: they interrupt and almost destroy the deep interest, with which he would otherwise regard these far-famed localities—scenes of such fearful and momentous transactions. It is, indeed, not a little remarkable that the citizens of Edinburgh, who have displayed so refined a taste in their modern structures, should suffer the ancient palace of their kings to be desecrated by the presence of this disgraceful trumpery, without an effort to remove it.

I shall here conclude my observations upon the Old City, though I am fully aware that I have left untouched many objects of importance.

New Edinburgh is of course more remarkable for its buildings and plan, than for its associations with eminent persons or events.

In the last western house on the south side of St. Andrew's Square, entering from St. David Street, DAVID HUME lived for many years, and there died.

In a flat of the house immediately opposite to Hume's, on the north side of the square, and like-

wise in St. David Street, Lord BROUGHAM first saw the light.

Lastly, on the east side of Castle Street, a little north of George Street, is the house occupied by Sir WALTER SCOTT; its number, 39, has been considered curious, inasmuch as one of its digits expresses the number of the Graces, the other that of the Muses.

Almost the whole of the new city has been built with stone from Craigleith quarry. This quarry is worthy of a visit, not only from its great extent, but also on account of the gigantic fossil tree which has been recently discovered embedded there. It has not been removed from the position, in which it was originally found; and indeed a great portion of its matrix still remains undisturbed. It stands inclined at a considerable angle from the vertical, and whether its roots are at the summit, or at the base, the learned still dispute. Mr. Nicol, by a most ingenious process of microscopic observation, has determined it to be an *Araucaria*; a tribe of plants, whose *habitat* is now, I believe, wholly confined to Australia, or regions south of the Equator.

How startling to meet with these unexpected records of primeval years—these singular and con-

vincing proofs that our lands have changed their surface and their clime! And how wonderful, to find the organization of an antediluvian stem, preserved in all its freshness and intricacy down to our times! The structure of its various cells and vessels, and the exquisitely delicate reticulations exhibited by thin sections of the fossil through the lens, are seen as distinctly as those of similar sections from a modern plant: and all this after the lapse of so many thousands of years! after the shock of so many stupendous convulsions! after the whole of the vegetable substance has been withdrawn, and the present stony matter been deposited in its stead!

Through the interest of Mr. Ellis I was admitted to see Mr. Nicol's extensive and beautiful collection of fossil and recent vegetables, arranged for examination through the microscope. His method of preparing them is as follows. He cuts from the specimen to be examined a slice as thin as possible; one side of this he grinds on plate glass, till the requisite smoothness is acquired; the polished side is then attached to a piece of clear glass by a transparent varnish, and when the adhesion has become firm, the other side in its turn is ground, till the section is reduced to a proper degree of

thinness. The last operation demands some practice and manual dexterity. For, if on the one hand the process be not carried on far enough, the result does not exhibit a simple section of the cells, but a system of two or more sections one above the other, thus creating an appearance of undue complication; this circumstance has given rise to numerous errors, in assigning the genera of plants by a reference to their intimate structure. And if, on the other hand, the grinding is continued a single turn too long, the web-like texture of the specimen is torn and broken up, and all the labour bestowed on it is thrown away.

Some of the facts, which Mr. Nicol has established by patiently and carefully examining a vast number of different plants, are extremely curious. In the pine tribe, and also in the *araucariæ*, the microscopic section displays a series of parallel and equidistant fibres, perpendicular to which are disposed rows of circular vessels or annuli; in the former tribe these annuli are invariably placed exactly under each other; in the latter they always alternate with each other. By this simple test a piece of wood can at once be pronounced to belong to one or other of these genera. The yew may be recognized by the circumstance,

that the spaces between the parallel fibres are occupied, not by rows of annuli, but by a set of zig-zag lines, each of which passes backwards and forwards from one to the other of the parallel fibres. The poplar may be detected very readily, by examining the section of the pith, which is always pentagonal. Of course a longitudinal section of any plant exhibits a very different appearance from the transverse section; but I have hitherto been speaking only of the latter. This in general appears the same, from whatever side of the stem the slice be taken, provided it be at the same distance from the pith: but Mr. Nicol has discovered one remarkable exception to this uniformity. It occurs in a taxodium, where it seems that, though the plan of the reticulations, if I may so speak, is symmetrical in the main stem, yet if transverse sections of a branch be taken, then those from the lower side of it exhibit a very different plan from that, which sections of the upper side exhibit; the difference consisting in a much greater complication of plan. I thought these facts well worth recording.

By the kindness of the same friend, who introduced me to Mr. Nicol, I was enabled to inspect the Botanical Gardens to great advantage. They were arranged under the superintendence of Mr.

Mac Nab, whose valuable services still continue to improve their beauty and importance. I was surprised to find myrtles and magnolias flourishing in the open air, and enduring this exposure with perfect impunity throughout the winter. The truth is, I believe, that though their winter is longer than ours, it is by no means equally severe. Snow is very rare at Edinburgh.

I have now recorded, faithfully, but capriciously, the principal impressions, which I received from a sojourn of exactly one fortnight in the capital of Scotland.

It was my full intention to visit Glasgow, Galashiels, Abbotsford, Melrose, &c., but the weather continued to persecute me so obstinately, that I was compelled, with reluctance, to give up schemes so promising. This circumstance may account for the very slight notice contained in this journal of Sir Walter Scott; my purpose having been to speak of him more fully, when I came to Abbotsford. My disappointment, at first, was great; but I can now look back with equanimity to events, which have, perhaps, merely postponed my gratification; for having left so many points of interest unexplored, I shall hereafter have the larger excuse for revisiting Scotland.

As I crossed the Cheviot Hills in my retreat to

England, I gazed for the last time with unaffected regret on this land of mountains and of lakes. A country, in which I have met with so many natural scenes of grandeur or of beauty,—with localities so hallowed by history or song,—with oft recurring instances of kindness, and even of friendship, when I was but a stranger—must needs be long and gratefully remembered, and always with renewed sensations of delight. I had originally determined on passing the winter in Rome, but was dissuaded by various arguments from leaving my native kingdom. The harvest of entertainment, which I have reaped in the Highlands, joined to the course of events in the countries, through which I must have passed, has long made me cease to regret the substitution of Scottish for Italian scenes. And I can now unfeignedly sympathise in these patriotic thoughts of Fergusson, with which I close my Journal.

The Arno an' the Tiber lang
Hae run fell clear in Roman sang ;
But save the reverence o' schools !
They're baith but lifeless dowie pools.
Dought they compare wi' bonny Tweed,
As clear as ony laumer-bead ?
Or are their shores more sweet an' gay
Than Fortha's haughs or banks o' Tay ?

Though there the herds can jink the showers
'Mang thriving vines an' myrtle bowers,
An' blaw the reed to kittle strains
While echo's tongue commends their pains ;
Like ours they canna warm the heart
Wi' simple, saft, bewitching art.
On Leader haughs, an' Yarrow braes,
Arcadian herds wou'd tyne their lays,
To hear the mair melodious sounds
That live on our poetic grounds.

JOURNAL

OF 1836.

MY heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here ;
My heart's in the Highlands, a chasing the deer ;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birth-place of valour, the country of worth ;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

JOURNAL

OF 1836.

ON the 22nd July I once more reached Liverpool, on my way to the Highlands of Scotland, and on the following day embarked in the Vulcan for Glasgow. Our passage was rather rough; and, though I escaped in my own person the usual penalties of a landsman, yet I was compelled to endure the almost equal torment of witnessing the misery of others. The interior of a steamer, in a gale of wind, is as fine a model of the regions below, as can be looked for so far from the centre of the earth; the sea-sick personifying the tortured ghosts, and the dark gaunt forms of the fire-feeders below, illumined, as they move, by the red glare of the steam-fire, repre-

senting their fiendish tormentors. I wonder if any creature, compounded of flesh and blood, can possibly sleep in those wretched berths. I am sure I cannot; unless I flatter with the name of sleep that fitful and dreamy doze, stealing on at morn, when nature is exhausted, and consciousness will no longer keep watch in her citadel above. Then dream we of tumbling over precipices; of inability to stir or speak, when a step or word would save our lives; and of a thousand other such fantastical perils, impressed upon the teeming fancy with all the fulness of reality.

July 24.—Rousing myself from this uncomfortable state, how delightful to emerge from the cavernous recesses of the berths, and upon the open deck to breathe once more the fresh morning air, and gaze on the dancing waves. We were just passing Ailsa Crag, and though a small portion of its summit was screened by the lowering clouds, we approached so near, as to see the rest distinctly. It is a very singular island, rising up on the north-west side, along which we coasted, almost perpendicularly from the dark sea, and exhibiting several stories of prismatic columns, very much resembling those at Staffa, but decidedly

inferior in size and regularity. These successive tiers of parallel pillars, differing from each other in section and altitude, reminded me of those Venetian palaces, in which the several stories are built in different styles of architecture. The proportions of the island are curious; its height being 1100, breadth 2200, and length 3300 feet; but still more so are the countless flocks of gulls, kittiwakes, and cormorants which frequent this lonely spot, the acropolis of sea-fowl. There they are, huddling together in snowy clusters on the rocks, or roaming over the expanse of waters in search of their prey; now wheeling far on high in graceful and steady gyrations, or flitting rapidly just above the surface of the heaving waters; and now floating proudly over the crested billow, or diving far into the green depths below.

We soon neared the isle of Arran, on which I wished to be landed; but the wind was still fresh, and the rain kept drizzling on, so that there was no chance of a boat coming out from Lamlash bay.

We now entered the Firth of Clyde, in weather which was no better than that which I encountered last year; but it gradually improved, and the rain

ceased entirely, before I landed at the port of Greenock.

July 25.—Verifying the prognostics of the sailors, the sky was become bright and cheering. Greenock, viewed under auspices so favourable, seems to me one of the most stirring and amusing little places, I ever visited.

The view across the Firth is enchanting : to the East rises Dumbarton cliff, and in front a grotesque range of mountains, called the Duke of Argyle's bowling green, is displayed, with Roseneath, the beautiful seat of his Grace beneath them.

The docks are commodious, and furnish perpetual entertainment to the idler. I was much struck with the number of ingenious mechanical contrivances, by which they ship or unship ponderous goods. Part of a boiler, which I saw conveyed on board a steamer, weighed upwards of thirteen tons. Vessels of all sizes are being freighted, or unfreighted. From those, which are undergoing repair, baskets full of shavings and rubbish are tossed ashore ; and immediately a dozen old women and children pounce upon the heap, and secure all the larger chips and pieces of wood for firing. Do not the rich and great

often squabble as vehemently for objects quite as insignificant, and far less useful than these little fragments of fuel ?

The custom-house is a very handsome building ; and its size and importance seem more adapted to what this flourishing little town will be hereafter, than to what it is now. The quay is close at hand, and I know nothing more amusing than to watch one steamer after another dash up to it, discharge and receive tons of goods and dozens of passengers, and then dash off again with, perhaps, a hulky merchantman in tow. These are objects, which impress the beholder with a full sense of the importance of steam ; and yet the day may arrive, when even this boasted agent may be ranked among the weak things of the olden time, and be superseded by the vaster but more mysterious powers of electricity.

Be that, however, as it may, the benefit which Watt conferred on his kind, will never be forgotten ; nor will his name cease to be repeated, as it is now, in accents of admiring gratitude by millions of his fellow-countrymen. This great man was born at Greenock, and by a happy fatality there are more steamers passing and re-passing his native town, than any other spot in

the world. I was delighted to find, that the gentlemen of this neighbourhood have made large subscriptions to erect a handsome edifice to his memory. The gothic exterior is very beautiful; and the interior, which is to be fitted up as a library, is still more so; a large niche is reserved within for the purpose of receiving a statue of the great mechanician by Chantrey.

It was a curious coincidence, that in the steamer, which has conveyed me to Ardrossan, I fell into conversation with a Glasgow gentleman, who told me, that he had only a week ago buried a son-in-law of Watt, a relation of his own, upwards of eighty years of age.

At last I have seen the scenery of the Clyde to perfection, and am now made fully aware, how much I lost in my first two voyages along it. The openings of Loch Long and Holy Loch are especially attractive, on account of the noble contours of the bounding mountains; and, as I passed them, a lively foreground was formed by a dozen boats of the Royal Yacht Club, which were racing, with every inch of canvass spread to catch the gentle breeze. The shores of the Firth are dotted with innumerable villas, rural retreats of the rich Glasgow merchants: and many a pretty

town or village, with its simple kirk, and crowded pier, claims the notice of the traveller.

Largs is exceedingly pretty, and the view of the distant mountains over the majestic expanse of the Clyde, is gracefully sublime. On leaving this little town we passed to the eastward of the two Cumbrays. The first and largest of these islands contains a small town called Millport, at which we touched. The scene, just before we entered the strait, which separates the isles, was indescribably magnificent. Immediately in front lay the rich purple sandstone rocks, forming the beach of Great Cumbray, with the vivid green sward above them; and between the two isles rose the grand and deep blue masses of the hills of Arran. The ocean was smooth and voiceless all around, reflecting like a mirror all nearer objects, marked out as they were by the broad and deepening shadows, peculiar to the hour of twilight:

“ It was a sight to see, not to hear.”

The smaller Cumbray is comparatively flat; on its highest point stands a lighthouse, and lower down on the shore a ruined tower: another, corresponding to this, is seen on the opposite coast of Ayrshire; and their situation is such, that,

whenever they chanced to be in different hands, the inheritor of the one must have been morally bound to fall in love with the heiress of the other.

At about eight o'clock I reached Ardrossan, respecting which I could gain no accurate or satisfactory information, and I shall therefore say no more of it at present, than that it contains a very excellent inn.

July 26.—The morning is most dreary ; heavy rain and a strong gale from the southward causing a most tremendous swell. If ever I am to be seasick, now is the time. Such seemed to be the opinion of a rough farmer, who breakfasted in the same room with me ; for, when I said I did not fear being ill, he shook his head with a smile, and advised me to keep good hold of my breakfast.

So far, however, from having been ill, I have seldom enjoyed any voyage so much. Just as we left Ardrossan Pier the rain ceased, and the welcome sun burst through the parting clouds. Our little steamer was terribly pitched about in the rolling sea, her bowsprit now seeming to strike the clouds, now dashing through the roaring wave. Ever and anon, beautiful as brief, a momentary

rainbow was formed in the rushing spray. The glorious mountains of Arran gradually thrust off their canopy of clouds, while far to the south arose the dim and solitary cone of Ailsa Rock.

I was landed at Brodick, a very pretty village at the bottom of a fine bay. In the evening I visited the Standing Stones, near the village, which are without inscription of any kind, and are merely two huge upright blocks, hewn from the sandstone of the beach. What were they designed to record? The victories, or the death, of some mountain warrior? The conflict, or the alliance, of ancient tribes? Or were they raised with superstitious zeal to the pagan divinities of the island? To such questions, tradition returns not an answer; and whatever may have been the original purport of these rude columns, they are now only monuments of the transitory nature of all earthly greatness, and attestations of that longing after immortality which pervades our kind, from the philosopher down to the savage. The view of Glen Rosie from this spot, with the tall stones in the foreground, is worthy of a more skilful pencil than mine.

Brodick Castle is occasionally the temporary residence of the Duke of Hamilton. It is not

picturesque, except from situation: it stands on the summit of a woody hill overhanging the bay. The inn is very comfortable, considering always, that it is in the Highlands. I have been waited on by a lassie without shoes or stockings, articles which seem very generally dispensed with throughout the island.

July 27.—My landlord predicted that this would be a fine day, and such confidence had he in his own prophetic powers, that he meant to cut his grass immediately. His language, and that of all the people of Arran, is tolerably pure English; but there is an occasional admixture of Lowland Scotch, and a strong guttural accent. By dint of various queries, which he put without any diffidence, he elicited from me, a very full account of myself. When I mentioned that I belonged to the University of Cambridge:

“Oh then,” says he, “ye’ll know Mr. Sedgwick: awful bothers I’ve had wi’ him. He was in Arran for three weeks, examining the island. But about a fortnight ago, here were two Germans, one of them practical engineer to the King of Prussia, indefatigable fellows. They found out two veins, that neither Sedgwick, nor Murchieson, nor Jameson, nor any of them had noticed. They didna

care what they had to eat or drink a' the day, if they could but get a good supper; just gie them a bellyfu' before they went to bed, and it was a' they cared about."

Bidding adieu to Hamilton, who is a shrewd man, and especially conversant in practical geology, I mounted a sheltie, which carried me six miles along the shore to Sannox. I then set off on foot with a guide to ascend Glen Sannox, and pass homeward by Glen Rosie. The rain soon came on in torrents, and the clouds, rolling down the steep sides of the mountains, entirely concealed all the fine peaks and crags, which adorn their summits. This was a grievous disappointment, for the glens are said to be the wildest in Arran, and I saw enough from the occasional shifting of the mist, to be fully aware of the grandeur of the scene. The ascent is not difficult, except at the highest part, separating Glen Sannox from Glen Rosie, where we had to climb a barrier of rocks. The footing throughout was wretched; treacherous peatmosses and concealed dykes, continually occurring to annoy the traveller.

Under these circumstances I had only to look to my guide for amusement. He combines the three occupations of weaver, shore-porter, and

guide; and, as might be expected from the multiplicity of his vocations, is a very active little man for his years, of which he numbers fifty-six. He was extremely inquisitive respecting my history, asking whether my father was alive, and if I were the heir, and if I had a wife.

“There are vera few things,” said he, “better than a good wife, only they are hard to find; but I wish you may soon hae one that’s good an bonnie too. We had a great man from Glasgow here a wee while ago, that studied natural philosophy; and the advice he gave to the lads in our glen was, aye to tak a wife out of a genteel family, for if a good one was to be had, that was where to find her.”

He then began to expatiate on the virtues of his own helpmate, from which, by a very natural transition, he passed on to his own merits.

“May be,” said he, “in the summer, when the weather is clear, I’ll be making from four to five shillings a day from the gentlefolks; and I always carry it home to my wife—not spend it in drinking. But if ye’ll be wanting a cask of whisky, I can get one of the real sort?” (with a wink of the eye,) “vera good!” (and a smack of the lip.)

I told him I had no doubt of its goodness, but I was going far away from home.

“Well then,” said he, “I’ll just tell you honourable; that same drinking whisky is a bad thing; an’ I’m an old man, an’ ye’ll just tak my advice, not to drink it regular, so as to go to your bed without your senses. A little now an’ then in your travels is a’ vera well, but no to get drunk with it daily.”

This disinterested piece of advice was given, with all the emphasis and solemnity of a philosopher addressing a tyro.—Gracious Heaven! that I who am notorious for limiting my potations to a modicum of small ale, not from any merit of abstinence, but from an absolute dislike of their fiery liquors—that I should be coolly recommended “no to get drunk with whisky just every day!” I laughed immoderately; and still more when the jolly weaver, after emptying the last drop from my pocket flask, out of which I had scarce taken a quarter of a wine glass, said very deliberately, as he put the cork in again, “We’ve divided it vera nicely!”

However, I must do him the justice to observe, that all, which I did not drink myself, was still drunk in my cause; for he never put the cup to

his lips without prefacing his draught with
“ Here’s luck t’ye, Sir.”

He lives in a small cottage close to the farm of Glen Rosie, the tenant of which is looked up to by the weaver as being, next to the Duke of Hamilton, the greatest man in the world. As we passed by, he asked if he might leave the bit of bread and cheese, which had survived the keenness of our appetites, for the bairns. He had seven of them alive, and two were dead.

I entered the cottage with him; it was very dark, and made so chiefly by the great loom, which occupied nearly half the ground floor: but there was an air of comfort and tidiness about it, not usual in the dwelling of a Highland peasant. His wife had a very prepossessing appearance, and seemed to justify all the encomiums, which he had bestowed upon her. Her manners were excellent. There is a politeness of nature, which is quite as agreeable as that of the drawing-room. Nearly all the bairns were at home, and a set of finer children I have rarely seen. On leaving the cottage, the weaver put his finger upon my arm, and looking back upon his home with an air of pride,

“ It’s no grand place, yon,” said he, “ but it does vera well, and we are just content wi’ it, an as happy as the vera farmer himsel.”





When we came to the obelisks, which I had sketched the preceding evening, I would not take the poor fellow further ; and, having been much pleased with his cleanly cottage, and large family, I gave him five shilings for his guide-fee, saying

“ Here’s sixpence a-piece for yourself and wife and seven bairns, and sixpence over for *luck*.”

If I had given him a thousand pounds, he could not have been more surprised, or more grateful. He looked at the two half-crowns for some time, without uttering a word, and then burst out:

“ Ye’re a gentleman, a rale gentleman ; give us your hand ! I’ll be up to carry your luggage the morning for nothing. Thank ye, thank ye kindly.”

And then as I turned away towards the inn, he slapped me on the shoulder, and once more exclaimed “ ye’re a gentleman ! ” with a marked emphasis on the word, as if it embodied the highest compliment which one man could pay to another. And the Gael was so far right ; but whether giving him a crown proved me to be a gentleman, is another matter ; I know those who will rather think, it proved me to be a fool.

Upon the whole, I was much diverted with this my first excursion in the mountains. True, it poured with rain the whole way, and I saw very

little of the wild and desolate crags, which soaring above and around us, were swept out of the landscape by the rolling clouds. Yet I felt a compensation for all in the freshness of the mountain air, in the roaring of the swollen torrent, in the little difficulties of our path, and above all in the droll conversation of my friend the weaver.

July 28.—The Isle of Arran, where it does not bristle up into mountains, and especially the southern portion of it, is tolerably fertile. Almost the whole belongs to the Duke of Hamilton. His Grace will not grant leases for a longer term than nineteen years, in consequence of which there is but little encouragement for building, or for improvements of any kind. A great deal of the land was formerly let in *run-rig* as it is termed; i. e. twenty or thirty families hold parallel strips at the mouth of some glen, and keep eight or ten horses among them, for their common agricultural purposes.

Such families formed a little tribe, united by one common interest, and almost cut off from the rest of the world by the seclusion of their situation. This system originating in a very primitive state of society, must no doubt have had its disadvantages; and among them, a very serious one

must have arisen from the difficulty of bringing over each individual family of the little republic, to acquiesce in any change for the benefit of the whole. Perhaps some considerations of this nature induced the noble proprietor to put an end to the system, by the wholesale expatriation of these humble feuars. For I should be loth to think, that he would drive so many human beings from the soil they were reared on, merely for the purpose of keeping his game in greater security; as many do not scruple to allege.

From Sannox, now rented by a single farmer, no less than twenty families were shipped off for Canada. It is true, that their passage was paid, and, I believe, an additional gratuity was supplied to assist them in establishing a new settlement; but what compensation was this to men banished for ever with their wives and little ones from their native isle, and long-loved homes—from the spots which they haunted in childhood—from those majestic mountains with whose every crag they were familiar in youth? It was a bitter and heart-rending spectacle that morning, when the rugged Highlanders, not without tears in their own eyes, dragged their sobbing wives, and wailing babes to the vessel, which was to bear

them for ever from their native shore to a strange and distant clime.

Torrents of rain confined me to the inn during the whole morning, and I amused myself with finishing the sketch of Glen Rosie. Towards the close of day, there was a sudden and unexpected clearing in the western sky, and soon after I reached Ardrossan in the steamer, the setting sun went down in unspeakable glory. Oh! that I could paint that gorgeous scene!

The clouds in light and airy shapes surround his dilated orb, and reflect from their curled borders the golden splendour of his beams. Less brilliant, but more lovely still, are the hues of the mountains beneath him, a blending of all pinks, and purples, and greys. Then cometh the ocean with its flood of rosy light, every one of its countless and laughing wavelets forming a mirror for the departing sun. To the left, and more near, the pier of Ardrossan, dimly seen in the fading light, stretches half across the landscape. Its dark reflection gives the noblest breadth to the picture, while the tall masts of the vessels, that are moored to its side, have their images marked out in long shadowy lines of tremulous softness. To the right is a small bay, upon whose yellow sands the in-

effectual ripple, rolling onward in curves concentric with the shore, falls almost without a murmur. The whole is bound in by a foreground of sand, strewn with fragments of rock and sea-weed.

Ardrossan Castle is a mere ruin, but it forms a picturesque foreground to the views towards Arran.

It appears, that this spot was selected by the late Earl of Eglinton, in the hope of making it a flourishing commercial town. He commenced a canal from Glasgow, through which he meant to divert the trade from the Clyde, and I believe half of the bed is already excavated. The harbour, though not completed, is very useful. From what causes the speculation failed, I could not learn; probably from the want of capital, for the undertaking was enormous; and partly also from the persevering exertions of the merchants of Glasgow, to render the navigation of their river more practicable, and more secure.

July 29th.—The hope of a fine day in consequence of the serenity of yesterday's sunset, proved to be most fallacious; for more rain fell last night, than has been known to fall in so short a space, within the memory of the oldest inhabit-

ant of this district. The whole day was most tempestuous, so that I only went as far as Greenock in a steamer, intending to step into the Inverness boat, as she passed down. But not a single vessel has come down the river this day; the spate, or flood, is so high, and the stream so impetuous, that they are afraid of being dashed against the banks, if they stir from their moorings. I confess, I was not displeased to find myself reduced to inaction, and compelled to pass the night at a good inn, rather than on board a comfortless steamer.

July 30th.—The sun has once more made his appearance, but the wind is strong and keen. Not a boat arrived from Glasgow till eleven o'clock, when a little steamer brought the news, that the water was up to the houses in Glasgow, and that there was little chance of large vessels getting off yet. On hearing this, and considering the perseverance of the bad weather, I resolved to change my route, and go by Glasgow and Edinburgh.

The Firth of Clyde throughout its whole expanse is discoloured by the flood, and its appearance reminds me of the accounts they give of the great Hoang Ho, or Yellow River of China.

Several gentlemen said, they had often observed the sides muddied, but never the whole channel till now.

The banks of the Clyde are beautiful, especially near Dumbarton, that well-defined and insulated rock, which seems framed on purpose to receive a fortress on its summit. Had the weather been tolerable, I should have visited this spot, so interesting from the many traditionary stories connected with its wasting towers, but as it was, I was obliged to content myself with a passing glimpse. There are many excellent mansions and fine policies, on each side of the river. Several of the latter lay partly under water; and it was curious to see a board, a little above the surface, containing the usual notice, "To be feued," when not a foot of land was visible all round it.

A forest of iron chimneys, belonging to the weatherbound steamers, now shewed us that we were approaching Glasgow; and soon with a little difficulty we were safely landed.

The first object I went in search of was the cathedral, the only one on the mainland of Scotland, which has perfectly survived the religious fury of the Reformers. It is a very noble temple,

combining at once simplicity with grandeur. The interior, especially, with its tall clustered massive pillars, and its strong lights and deep shades, is strikingly picturesque. The nave is at present divided by a great ugly wall into two portions, one of which is used for service. It is a pleasure to find, that this monstrous partition is to be removed forthwith, so as to restore the grand proportions of the original plan. But the point of greatest interest is the crypt, so admirably described in *Rob Roy*; judge, therefore, my chagrin, when I learned, that it was closed for repairs, and that no one could gain admittance.

“But,” said the woman who gave me this disagreeable intelligence, and who probably saw consternation depicted in my countenance, “ye can gang to the outside, an’ keek through some o’ the windows amaist as weel’s within.”

Accordingly I made the circuit of the exterior, climbing up to the openings, which were only guarded by iron bars. I was thus enabled to examine the crypt from a number of points, and was amply repaid for my exertion by the singular and impressive scenes revealed to the eye. Of course a portion of light is admitted through every window; but it is soon absorbed by the groined

and vaulted roof, or intercepted by the massive pillars that support it. The height, I think, does not exceed seven or eight feet, a circumstance that adds still more to the gloom of these mysterious regions. They are no longer used, as in the time of Rob Roy, for religious assemblies ; but are much more appropriately dedicated to the reception of the dead.

Look at that long line of simple graves, mound succeeding mound of bare cold earth, till the series is lost in the murky distance ! The fitful gust sweeps over them with a sigh, and the damp-drop beats time, as it plashes on the tomb. Never a beam of the blessed sun penetrates that drear abode, and not a blade of grass, nor a solitary weed, can sustain existence within its precincts. It is the mansion of Death !

I could not help shuddering at the notion of being inhumed in a sepulchre so desolate. Yea, rather let my frail remains be consigned to the modest churchyard of my native village, where the wind blows freely, and the sun shines cheerfully, and the grass grows greenly ! And let no proud monumental pile, but only one simple stone preserve my name ; that the peasant in future times, when he spells over the record on the

sabbath-day, may think of me as one who did some good—not much perhaps—but still some little good to his kind. Reason may coldly laugh at such conceits; but something seems to whisper, that it is but a shallow philosophy, to deride any of those ties, that knit us to our homes, and kindred, and neighbours, and country; and that it is a very questionable humanity, which would annihilate a single prejudice, tending to promote the great good cause of social love.

There is a delight in lingering among the memorials of the dead, not only because of the mournful, yet not unpleasing reflections, which such objects are calculated to raise with respect to our own approaching end, but because every monument tells a tale of enduring sympathy, and unquenched affection; and because every lonely stone, though barely scored with the initials of a name, proves that the being, whose corruptible part is wasting beneath, was once within the pale of human endearment—was valued as a friend, clung to as a parent, fostered as a child—was loved, in short, while living, and consigned with sorrow to the grave.

“Ah! surely, nothing dies but something mourns.”

I was led into this train of thought by my subsequent visit to the new cemetery, which is near the cathedral, and divided from it by a little glen, watered by a murmuring stream. In the more ancient place of sepulture, (I speak now of the space around the cathedral, not of the crypt,) there is much neglect; many of the "lairs," as they are called, being overrun with nettles, docks, and other rank weeds: but here, all is neatness and order; handsome iron fences inclosing the burial spots, and beautiful flowers, or shrubs, adorning them within. The whole area inclosed occupies the steep slope of a hill; so that the tombs are, for the most part, arranged in horizontal terraces: in some few places there are considerable excavations in the solid rock. The most conspicuous object is a monument to the memory of John Knox, and of the early martyrs, erected by voluntary contribution.

From the cemetery I went to the college, which has no great claims to admiration, excepting so far as regards its museum, to which I could not gain admittance.

The High Street of Glasgow, to a spectator looking up from the Trongate, is very picturesque. Immediately on the left is the Tolbooth, with its

tall blackened tower, in which is laid the scene of Rob Roy's famous rencontre with Bailie Nicol Jarvie.

The new bridge over the Clyde is justly admired for the solidity of its masonry, and the great breadth of its carriage-way and pavements; and the Exchange may challenge competition with any building of the kind in Britain.

July 31st.—This morning I made a point of attending the Presbyterian service in the choir of the cathedral: it differs in no respect from the service of the humblest chapel. The contrast between the simplicity of their religious forms (for, let them simplify as they will, there must be some forms) and the splendour of the edifice in which they were assembled, was by no means agreeable. Oh! how I longed to hear the sacred tones of our own majestic organ, and the rich melody of our choristers, instead of the meagre notes of one poor clerk, and the accompaniment of an unmusical congregation.

Another thing which offended my English prejudices especially was, that the men walked into the cathedral with their hats on, and never took them off, till they had reached their pews. The moment, too, that the blessing was ended, on went the hats

again ; as if the place were only sacred, while the voice of the pastor echoed along the aisles.

In the afternoon I went to hear Dr. Wardlaw : his sermon was written, and very excellent. What a contrast to the tautological, disjointed harangue of the morning ! He belongs not to the Kirk of Scotland, but differs I believe only in forms, not at all in doctrine. I observed two circumstances, in which there was a departure from the rules of the national kirk. The first was, that the congregation stood up to sing, instead of keeping their seats : the second, and much the most important, that a chapter from the Old Testament, and another from the New, was read before the sermon commenced.

These alterations indicate, that there is a tendency to revert to the forms of the Church of England, and that the servile dread of imitating its customs will speedily die away. I hope they will soon borrow from us another of our practices, that of kneeling down while in the act of prayer. It is perfectly true, that, if our homage be but sincere, all ceremonies are alike in the eye of Him, who is the common object of our faith and worship ; but with reference to ourselves, and to

the effect produced upon our own minds, one religious form may undoubtedly be more or less appropriate than another. Now the act of kneeling has in all times, and nations, been considered as expressive of humiliation, and as the proper attitude of a suppliant: nay, it is used by the Presbyterians themselves in their family worship, and in the solitude of their own chambers. Then, why not bring back to their temples a custom so decent and so impressive; so consonant to our earliest notions of adoration, and so grounded upon the authority of Scripture itself?

In no place are the peculiarities of a Scottish sabbath more distinctly exhibited than in the city of Glasgow. Throughout the greater part of the day, the streets are absolutely deserted, and often down the noble vista of Argyle Street and the Trongate, not a single human being is visible. But at the hours of assembly at the various places of worship, or of dispersing from them, such a tide of population is poured along every avenue, as is not surpassed in the greatest thoroughfares of the British metropolis itself.

In the afternoon I found many of the inhabitants congregated on "Glasgow green," a large

park-like inclosure on the banks of the Clyde, in which is a monument to the memory of Nelson.

August 1st.—From Glasgow I retreated through the rain to Edinburgh, determined there to abide the pelting of the pitiless storm, and not to stir from its precincts, till the weather took a favourable turn.

No man with a grain of taste or discernment can be at a loss for amusement in Auld Reekie. If therefore I pass over without notice the few pleasant days I spent there—if I stop not to expatiate on the comfort of the hotel, the accidental meetings with old acquaintances, and above all, on the delight of a domestic society, which, though most unpretending, was also most refined, and to which I was always welcomed with a cordiality, that could not be mistaken—let it not be imagined for one moment, that I ever felt any thing approaching to ennui.

Added to all these sources of entertainment too, was a public dinner given on Friday, August 5th, to Thomas Campbell, at which Professor Wilson presided; and in spite of the absence of Lord Jeffrey, and many of the leading literary charac-

ters, from Edinburgh, I was highly amused at the various displays of eloquence, and attempts at eloquence, which occurred in the course of the evening. Wilson was far above all in the fluency of his language, and the fire of his sentiments; the interest, with which he was listened to by his audience, never wavering for a single instant. Campbell is not a practised orator, but there were occasionally bursts of feeling, which is always eloquence, that brought down the most rapturous applause. Not to criticise the speeches seriatim, I shall merely remark that, with a few decided exceptions, one uniform and well-defined vein of national partiality pervaded the whole of them; so that, to take their word for it, there was neither art, nor science, nor species of literature, nor any branch of any of these, in which Scotchmen were not absolutely pre-eminent. Such sentiments may elicit a smile, but will, I am sure from their innocency never provoke a challenge: only let the good Scot beware, lest a patriotism so outrageous fail to expand, as it ought to expand, into universal philanthropy.

The weather has at length resolved to amend, so I mean to make my way as speedily as I can to

Thurso. The road, as far as Inverness, I described last year, and having passed over it this time by night, I have nothing to add to my former account.

Aug. 9th.—At ten o'clock this morning, I left Inverness by the mail. Two men, conspicuous by their dress and air, were fellow-travellers with me. They addressed each other in French, but were arrayed in the extreme of the Highland costume, which, of all the modes of clothing the human frame, is surely the most graceful. They had gold-hilted daggers in their belt, and ornamented pistols also. Their hair was very long, and curled in drooping ringlets; which circumstance, with the handsome countenances beneath, reminded me strongly of the portraits of the Stuarts. This, in fact, is their family name, and they claim to be lineally descended from the royal house. It is said, that upon a certain occasion, when the health of the king was proposed in their presence, the younger rose immediately, and, making a profound bow to his brother, drank his wine in silence. I was unfortunately so placed, that I could not converse with them; but a gentleman who sat near them after-

wards, assured me that they were extremely agreeable men.

The neighbourhood of Beauley, which every body pronounces Buly, is interesting and deserves its appellation, "Beau lieu," supposed to have been bestowed on it by Queen Mary. The Abbey is near the road, but is not a very striking object, having the common fault of nearly all the Scottish ruins, that of being ruined too far. The views of Ben Wyvis, so vast and so lofty, with a summit cloud-capt, even on this splendid day, are grand and imposing.

Dining at Tain, we soon after passed over the Meickle Ferry, and then traversed the mound across Loch Fleet. Looking up the Strath from this elevated terrace, there is seen, bounded on both sides by a perspective series of lofty mountains, a perfectly level tract of land clothed with heath and grass, and threaded by a winding silvery stream. This space was formerly part of the loch, but has been redeemed by the construction of the mound. There are some scenes in the valley of the Rhone, which are the very counterparts of this.

On a neighbouring mountain, the late Duke of

Sutherland's monument is now being erected, and will form a conspicuous object to all the surrounding country.

It was nearly dark when we passed through Golspie and by Dunrobin Castle, the residence of the Duke of Sutherland. But I was much struck with the noble breed of cattle, and with the immense inclosure in which so many separate herds of these animals were roaming. The extensive plantations, too, on all sides, indicate the existence of capital, and the spirit to employ it.

Near Wick the sea presented a most singular spectacle; for miles and miles its calm surface was dotted with myriads of herring-boats, some of which had a small square sail set to catch the almost imperceptible morning breeze. As there must have on the average at least two men to every boat, it seemed wonderful how such a population could be collected out of such a country. But I understand, that 7000 or 8000 men annually migrate from the western parts, solely for employment in the fishery.

In this neighbourhood, I observed several of those "Picts' houses," as the country people call them, or Scandinavian Burghs, and also several of the obelisks or memorial stones, which have

furnished so much food for the antiquary. These singular remains abound in the northern counties, and I hope to find an opportunity of examining some of them more leisurely and minutely.

The aspect of the country near Wick is indescribably wretched, the soil being peaty, and not a single tree appearing on all the long line of dull swelling hills, that rise up one after the other in inexhaustible succession. Here and there may be seen an attempt at cultivation; and those lands which, being just redeemed, are bearing their first scanty crop, speak volumes on the poverty of the soil. Occasionally, however, but at doleful intervals, a respectable farm-house may be seen. The staddles for the hay and corn ricks are curious to a southern eye: they consist of circles of not more than two yards in diameter, pitched with large pebbles, and very little raised above the general level. Whether you look diagonally or directly, they are arranged with the greatest nicety, so that in fact they suggest the notion of their being intended as so many stands for nine-pins. I can readily perceive, how the foundation of pitching may serve to drain off the wet, but how it can repel the familiarities of *Messieurs les Rats*, gentlemen whose professional avocations lead them



into every hole and corner in the kingdom, is past my comprehension. As we advanced into Caithness, the country became much more fertile, but not a whit more picturesque.

August 10th.—After a weary ride of two and twenty hours we reached Thurso at eight o'clock. But before I proceed, let me record my agreeable surprise at the very early hour of dawn. At two o'clock twilight commenced, so that we had only about four hours of night; a strong indication of northerly latitude.

Thurso is a very miserable little town, with streets so vilely neglected, that it is an absolute penance to pass over them in a carriage: to make a poor pun it was I who was pitched, and not the streets. But the bay and cliffs, which are really superb, redeem the place from condemnation.

In the evening I walked out to Holborn Head, a bold promontory; near which is the Clett, a very singular detached rock, or stack. It is quadrangular in form, and of the same imposing height as the neighbouring cliff, from which it has, doubtless, been sundered by the action of the sea. Its flat summit was covered with a politic assemblage of enormous gulls, who are vested with the fec-simile of this sea-girt islet, and complain very

bitterly when any human being comes even within sight of their domain. The adjoining cliffs are undermined in all directions by the everlasting play of the breakers ; in some cases dark and subterraneous caverns are hollowed out, and the long rolling moan of each billow that enters, tells of the mysterious depth of their recesses. In other cases, there are huge fissures in the line of cliff running far up into the land, over the entrance of which a bridge of rock has been left by the foiled waves ; and in one instance, two natural bridges may be descried, the one at a vast height over the other, and both far above the usual level of the sea. At the distance of several hundred feet from the edge of the cliff there occur many vertical fissures in the land, at the bottom of which may be heard the muffled roar of the pent up and raging waters. Often you may actually see them in the far and gloomy depths below, foaming and lashing up the sides of the vexed rocks, and then rolling back, exhausted, to their parent main. The strongly defined stratifications of the rocks are as nearly as possible horizontal, and being exposed and worn away in all directions, they exhibit some very extraordinary conformations ; in one spot, particularly, there are many clusters

of tabular laminæ, accidentally carved into rectangular forms ; each cluster resembling a heap of wrought slabs, of slightly different sizes, piled one upon the other.

August 11th.—Thurso Bay is indeed a magnificent picture. Ascending one of the numerous creeks that run up into the cliff, you view it through a framework of rock, with the two inclosing promontories stretching inwards from the right and left, the bold isle of Hoy immediately in the centre, and between that and Dunnet Head, the dim low soil of the more distant Orkney isles. The bay is enlivened by the boats of the salmon fishery, which has been unsuccessful this year on account (strange to say) of the extreme drought of the season ; for it appears, that while our provinces have been drenched and flooded, these hyperborean realms have hitherto scarcely received a shower of rain.

While I was sauntering along the shore, now examining the profusion of algæ which are strewn along it, and now watching some little urchins who were angling for sillocks, an Indiaman, with every sail set, came into the bay. Her object was to land her captain, who had been taken ill. What a goodly sight is a vessel so stately, obedi-

ent to rudder and sail, wending her appointed way over the pathless waters! What a test of our civilization! What an epitome of human ingenuity! How countless the series of improvements which must have taken place, ere the rude canoe of the savage, scooped out of a single trunk, could have expanded into the merchantman, or the man-of-war.

The paddle required no great inventive effort in man; for the notion of it may have been suggested to him, by the play of his own limbs in swimming; an art, which he must soon have learnt from the wild animals around him. A couple of paddles would lead the way to a pair of oars. Then the mast was hoisted with its sail; and the mariner, no longer relying solely upon his own strength, imposed upon the winds the task of impelling his boat along the waves. Next came the faithful compass to lead him from the shore; followed by a host of delicate instruments and subtle theories, enabling him to circumnavigate this whole stupendous globe, to measure his path over the wilderness of waters, and to read the present, if not the future, in the stars of heaven. Last link of all is the power of steam, by which we are not only rendered independent of the mo-

derate winds, and the points they blow from; but are also enabled by superior speed to escape the rage of those irresistible storms and hurricanes, which will probably for ever defy all the strength and the arts of man.

Few large vessels enter this port except in the steadiest weather, on account of the extreme difficulty of beating out against a north wind.

August 12th.—To my extreme delight I found the long anticipated letter, for which I had been waiting here two days, and am able to set out for Orkney with a mind unburdened of its cares. I reached Houna in a gig by one o'clock. The road is bare and uninteresting in all respects, and was made perfectly dreary by the thickening of the clouds, which circumstance, with the gradual rising of the wind, makes me fearful of a serious change. The last part of the journey lay over a long moss, and I observed the road shake under the horse's feet.

It fortunately happened, that the tide would serve very well to cross at once to South Ronaldsa; so I merely took a little refreshment at this famous inn of "the north countree," and then embarked with four fine sailors in the open boat

which usually carries the mail, but may be hired when not thus employed. I was carried a-pick-a-back through the shoal water by one of the men in jack-boots. It was so long since I had caught myself in such a juvenile attitude, that I was irresistibly struck with a sense of the comic, and nearly tumbled into the water from laughing. The man pitched me into the boat like a sack. We pulled out a little with oars, and then hoisted sail, coasting along to the eastward, passing close to the site of John o'Groat's celebrated abode, and reaching as far as Duncansby Head.

Hitherto all had been steady work ; but we now struck across the Firth, and were soon involved in its agitated currents. And here I freely confess, that I felt, for the first time in my life at sea, considerable apprehension ; for I could not help reflecting that I was seated in a frail bark, and scudding before the gale in those perilous seas, which have proved fatal to so many gallant vessels. The breeze freshened, and we took in a reef. It freshened still, and we took in another.

“ Oh ! 'twill be a smooth passage yet,” said one of the youngest sailors.

“ Ye'll no want wind, any how,” retorted the

old man at the helm, as he looked towards the weather quarter; “take in another reef! I think the tide’s mad!”

I thought so too, for never had I seen such monstrous billows: on they rolled, with their huge dark masses crested with snowy foam, and seeming about to devour our little bark with all she contained; when the practised helmsman, by a slight turn of the rudder, avoided the fury of the blow, and brought us through with a mere sprinkle. In this manœuvre he was assisted by the man, who held the sheet of the mainsail, slackening it occasionally; indeed it was never belayed for a single instant, but kept constantly ready to give way.

When I saw the admirable skill of the men, their coolness, and vigilance, my confidence was perfectly restored, and I could almost have trusted myself with them to circumnavigate the globe. Having thus vanquished the first tremors of the landsman, I did indeed enjoy the wild tumultuous scenes around me. I never saw a sea till this day. And *this* is *nothing* compared with the effect of the winter’s gales! If, even with a temporary summer breeze, I gaze with awe and wonder at the fierce conflict of the mighty currents,

gurgling and bellowing onward through this narrow throat—here by their counteraction producing a frightful calm—there piling wave on wave with their combining force—what should I think of these ocean scenes in winter, when such effects are increased a hundredfold, and the vexed waters are maddened by weeks of tempest?

Oh! thou great Being, who madest the stedfast earth, and the moving sea, how unspeakably magnificent are the works of thy creation! I beheld the ponderous mountains, whose inaccessible summits are crowned with the snows and ice of a thousand years, and I said, These are the mightiest efforts of thine hand. But when mine eye wanders over the stormy surface of this tremendous main, and mine ear listens to the dread voice of its waves, I now exclaim, Surely, oh! surely, *this* is the master-piece of power.

The pretty isle of Stroma we passed nearly at the beginning of our career in smooth water: Swana lay at the termination of it. The coast of South Ronaldsa is a fine geological section, and exhibits admirably the stratification of the disintegrating rocks, which here dip in opposite directions. In colouring, as well as form, they are extremely picturesque. The landing place is

most wretched, and it was with great difficulty, that I gained the dry ground over the broad ridge of low rock, which was covered with slippery seaweed.

Many houses are visible from the shore, and the land assumed an appearance of cultivation which I did not expect. But as I directed my steps across the island, with my knapsack on my back, the scene soon became widely different. Long tracts of heathery land appeared all around, intersected, now and then, with low turf walls to prevent the straying of the horses, which were picking a scanty meal from the chance bits of pasture. An occasional cottage, or town, as it is called by the natives, with its accompanying peat-stack, rose amid the waste; and two or three roods of land immediately around it were cropped with oats, or bere, a species of barley. Not a road, and scarce a vestige of one, traverses the island; but there are so many paths along the heath, that I was perpetually losing my way, and obliged to apply for directions at the cottages. I was always answered with the greatest readiness and civility, every possible direction being supplied to me, that such a country admitted of.

One old man told me, that there ought to be a

parliamentary road between the Ferries, for the inhabitants had been taxed for it two or three years. On my observing that, however useful it might be to strangers, I thought it could not benefit the inhabitants much :

“Not a bit,” he cried eagerly, “no more than the peat we tread on.—It is not as if we were in the Highlands, where the country is so bare ; but here there’s a toon at every step, and we know the paths as well as you do the great road. It’s hard to be taxed for what’ll be of no use to any of us, when it’s done.”

I must say his complaint appeared perfectly reasonable, and I cannot imagine, that these poor peasants will derive any advantage, that will repay them for the expenditure. The country can be traversed in all directions on horse-back, and their heavy goods can be transported by water.

Soon after I lost this old man’s company, I wandered from the path again, and came unexpectedly in sight of Widewell Bay : it was covered with ships and boats employed in the herring fishery, and being lighted by a gleam of sunshine presented a most exhilarating contrast to the dull solitary moor, over which I had been travelling.

Ascending another brae, I at last came in sight

of St. Margaret's Hope, with its beautiful bay, which is another great resort of the herring boats, and exhibited a scene as animated as the former. Before I seated myself in Allan's inn, I must have walked eight or ten miles, instead of the six which ought to have brought me to my journey's end; so that in spite of the old man's objurgations upon the scheme of the high road, I began to perceive that it would not be altogether without its advantages.

The village of St. Margaret's Hope consists of little more than a single row of houses with their gables huddled as closely as possible to each other, and to high water mark. Between them and the sea there is, however, just room for a rude pathway, formed partly of the solid rock, and partly of stone steps, leading the passenger more easily over the inequalities of the pathway. A sort of pier or landing place, occasionally runs out into the sea, enabling the sailors to land very conveniently with small craft.

A loaded herring-boat had arrived a little before me, and had deposited her whole cargo of fish upon the shore. A dozen women were kneeling before the scaly heap, each with a large and a small tub before her. They take a herring in

their left hand, and with a small knife in the right, nick out its gills and entrails, in the twinkling of an eye; consigning the garbage to the small tub, and the cleansed fish to the large one. In this operation they are wonderfully expert, but it may be readily imagined that, as it proceeds, they become any thing but agreeable objects. When the large tub is full, it is carried to another set of women, who pitch its contents into a vat; and throwing in loads of salt with a circular dish, mingle the whole together with their hands, and arms. When this process has been carried on for a few minutes, the cured fish are consigned in double handfuls with more salt to the proper herring-barrel, which is at first piled far over the top; but the mass soon sinking, it is piled up again, and so on, till the whole is compact, and full. It is then fastened down, and is ready for the smack, which calls at stated seasons, to carry it to the London markets.

The men take no part whatever in curing, but merely catch the fish, and dry their nets, with which the shores are covered. They fish chiefly by night, and are therefore, in these high latitudes, exposed to considerable cold. To protect themselves against it, they are arrayed in skins, some-

times in woollen, and huge jack-boots ; which all together give them a most outlandish aspect. They have hitherto been rather unsuccessful in this quarter, during the present season.

August 13th. Taking leave of Mrs. Allan, who is a delightful specimen of the genus old woman in Orkney, I walked to the North Ferry at Water Sound. This likewise is a station for herring-boats ; and several foreigners may be seen among them. The ferry-man told me, that those Frenchmen fished more than any Orkney boat. They once went out on the Sabbath, and took sixteen crans ; but, if they were to try that again, they would be sent off the station. It appears, that they have full liberty to fish on terms of perfect equality with the British.

I landed on the little island of Burra, in the midst of sailors and herring-curers, who all regarded me as a great curiosity. Having ascended the gentle brae, that leads across the isle, I looked back to the bustling scene which lay below me. The surface of the little strait was merely rippled by the breeze, for it is so land-locked that the sea can never be heavy. Multitudes of herring boats, with their two bare masts, lay at anchor in various parts of the sound, while as many more, with

their double sail set, crossed and recrossed along it. Here lay the huge dark hulk of a Dutchman, with its spiry mast, towering far above the others; and on the other side, the flag of a Frenchman was trembling to the breeze. On the shore, men, women, and children were collected in groups, talking over the success of the fishing; while some were still actively employed in curing the few herrings that remained unpacked. The barrels were piled in heaps against the sides of the houses, or scattered in masses along the sands.

The interior of Burra resembles South Ronaldsa in all respects, only that it is adorned with a considerable fresh-water loch, the resort of various aquatic birds. The walk over it is about two miles.

The next ferry across to Pomona, or Mainland, takes about an hour's sail. Two or three pedlars were fellow passengers with me; they are going to Kirkwall fair, which commences on Tuesday next, and lasts eleven days. The poor inn at Holm, the landing place, supplied me with a few biscuits, before I undertook the remaining seven miles.

The aspect of the country is precisely similar to that of the other islands, except that the wastes

and heathery braes are upon a grander scale. The road is well marked, but miserably dusty, a fault, however, which the climate does not often allow to be laid to its charge. The roof of an Orkney cottage is curiously constructed. Instead of tiles, they use what they call dyvots, i. e. thin square pieces of turf; over these is placed a layer of straw, which is bound down by ropes of twisted heather. The ropes are not attached to the roof at all, but are kept tight by means of long slabs of stone, suspended from both their extremities. The window, when there is one (and it is by no means a *sine quâ non*) is a small hole towards the bottom of the roof, consequently not vertical, about a foot square, glazed in a rude way. The chimney, or rather the orifice for the egress of the smoke, is at the top, but not immediately over the peat fire; so that the said smoke is generally very deliberate in its exit, and peers into every nook and cranny of the dark walls, before it determines upon the right one. Sometimes the refinement of a herring-barrel may be seen sticking out of the roof, and acting by way of lum. There is a singular round tower, of most ancient aspect, attached to almost every one of these cot-

tages; it is nothing more than the kiln used for drying their grain.

I was rejoiced on regaining the summit of the last hill, to see beneath me the noble tower of St. Magnus, rising far above all the other buildings of Kirkwall; but it was not without difficulty that I found my way to a good inn. I went about, asking for Macdonald's hotel, to which I had been recommended. Not a soul could tell me any thing about such a place. At last I thought I would give up all idea of discovering it; and so after receiving from an old woman the questionable answer of "What's your wull?" and the subsequent shake of the head,

"Well, then," said I, "if you can't tell me where Macdonald's hotel is, tell me which is the best inn in the place."

"Inn!" retorted the old dame in a most theatrical attitude, "is it Macdonald's Inn ye're speerin' for?"

"Yes, to be sure it is."

"Oh! then, ye'll just gae down by St. Magnus' Kirk, that's the great toor ye see there, an' then ye'll just hae to speer again."^a

^a "You will just have to ask again."



With these very explicit directions for seeking directions, I was obliged to be content; and by dint of cautiously banishing the word "Hotel" from my vocabulary, I soon succeeded in reaching my destination. The inn is considered by the people of these parts, as something very magnificent, and is really a good one. It boasts of a capital garden, in which there are actually several green trees, a sort of sight it does one good to look on. The house was formerly occupied by a whimsical old gentleman, who invented a curious contrivance to save himself and his servants trouble. It consists of a slide, reaching from the parlour to the kitchen below. At the top, there is an index marked with the words breakfast, dinner, salt, bread, &c., &c.; and there is a corresponding index down below. The old gentleman, therefore, had only to set his slide properly, before he rang the bell; and his wants were supplied with magical and silent alacrity.

Aug. 14th.—There was divine service in a part of the great cathedral of St. Magnus, and we had a very eloquent sermon from the minister. This magnificent old cathedral is built with red sandstone, a material which unfortunately cannot withstand the influence of time and weather. All

the fine carved work in the arches and doors, is undergoing the process of obliteration, and several parts of the solid structure are becoming loose and insecure.

The effect of the first view along the grand west aisle, is indescribably grand. The vast solidity of the plain circular columns, the noble height of the overarching roof, and the majestic simplicity that reigns throughout the structure, are admirably shewn off by the struggling light which penetrates through the narrow Saxon windows, and falls in scattered pencils athwart the mystic gloom. The colouring is perfectly unique; its general tint is a vivid green, arising from the mosses and confervæ, which flourish upon the mouldering walls and pillars, varied by the dead white, or yellow patches of the lichens, and by occasional glimpses of the fresh peeling stone itself. There are many tomb-stones, with curious antique sculpturings, which have been removed from the kirk-yard, to protect them from the effects of the weather. Among others is that of Haco, a Norwegian king. The *rose* window at the east end is a beautiful circular light, with elegant tracery, which is unfortunately fast decaying.

The extreme western end of the great aisle is not properly roofed ; it was built at a period subsequent to the erection of the main body, and tradition assigns a curious reason for the addition. On the west side of the cathedral, in " the Broad Street," are the poor remains of Kirkwall Castle ; and eastward lie the ruins of the earl's and bishop's palaces, which at one time were connected together, and occupied as one grand residence. Now it is reported, that one of the earls and the contemporary commander of Kirkwall Castle, bore such ill will towards each other, that after any of their usual explosions of wrath, they were in the habit of firing upon each other's castles. The good Bishop of Orkney, to put a stop to such unchristian proceedings, is said to have interposed the mediation of the church in the most effectual of all possible manners ; by prolonging the western aisle, so as to cut off each combatant from the view of his enemy's fortress.

A small sum has been left by a patriotic individual, the interest of which is to be expended in the repairs of St. Magnus, but it is not by any means sufficient for the purpose.

The bishop's palace presents nothing to interest the enquirer, except a solid round tower,

with square apartments in its interior. The earl's palace is more attractive, from the beauty of its hanging turrets, which, however, do not give one any very satisfactory idea of architectural security. The arched chimney-piece in the great hall is worth examining; on each side are the initials P. E. O., denoting the founder's name and title, Patrick, Earl of Orkney. The size of the kitchen lum, or chimney, is something portentous, and surpasses all that a modern can conceive.

Aug. 15th.—To any one coming directly from the south, Kirkwall would probably appear a miserable town: but to me, who have made a probationary tour through the north of Scotland, and am become familiarized with humble dwellings and dirty villages, it appears a very cheerful and important little place. It consists, chiefly, of one long, irregular, unpaved street, called the Broad Street, for no discoverable reason than because it is *not* broad. In several places there is not room for a gig and a foot passenger to pass each other, without the most delicate adjustment of distances. The houses are neatly white-washed, and have their zigzagged gables turned to the street; an arrangement which is extremely picturesque, and reminded me strongly of some of the fine old Belgian towns.

Over the doors of some of the most ancient dwellings, their date is rudely sculptured ; the earliest claimed to belong to the 17th century. The harbour is small, and not very secure : but it now contains several schooners, whose crews may be seen loitering about the pier, or strolling along the Broad Street. They are resolute looking fellows, but they cruise not against their fellow men, like the old jarls or sea kings, but simply against the unresisting fish.

In the morning I walked out to Quantoness, to examine there the Pictish house, or " Pick Hoose," as an old shepherd termed it. Its remains are situate in the midst of a " sheepie cruive," or walled inclosure, constructed for the purpose of collecting the flocks, that wander on the adjoining moors. Scarce a vestige of this curious antiquity remains, except the conical mound of earth, and a small portion of the round uncemented wall, smothered in rubbish and nettles. The apartments in it were entirely subterraneous, and therefore could have been but indifferently adapted to purposes of defence ; the deep crypt or well, being dangerous to cattle, has long been filled up. It seems to have been, therefore, a mere dwelling for a Scandinavian family, the form of the ex-

terior being not turreted, but domed, and, I suppose, resembling the snow huts of the Esquimaux.

In returning, I had a fine view of Kirkwall, and of the neck of land separating the open from the "Peerie sea." The latter was formerly a fresh water loch, but in an attempt to drain it, the sea rushed in, and has ever since maintained its footing. There are two communications, through which the tide ebbs and flows with great velocity. Bridges cross them.

August 16th.—I intended to proceed by the mail-gig to Stromness, but it did not set off till the evening. The present guard is not quite so complaisant as one of his predecessors a few years back, who, when a gentleman expressed his desire of going with him the next day, inquired, "Pray, Sir, what time would you like the mail to start to-morrow?" But, though there is some improvement upon such a system as that, there remains much to be done for facilitating the despatch of letters. The mail packet has hitherto crossed the Pentland Firth every other day, weather permitting, and has sometimes been detained for ten or twelve days: arrangements are now in progress for establishing a daily passage during the summer

months. Beyond Pomona, there are no means of getting a letter, except by sending a special messenger at your own expense ; and the men of business, who are stationed at the North Isles during the herring season, are obliged to club together, and establish a private mail. The inhabitants are perfectly satisfied with things as they are, expecting no letters, which may not, without the slightest inconvenience, lie at Kirkwall for a twelvemonth.

I breakfasted in company with the minister of Westra, who gave me a very kind invitation to his manse, besides much information respecting the religious state of the islands. He described the natives, as being totally free from great crimes, but not always able to resist the temptation to little pilferings. They are wretchedly poor, which makes them sometimes appear greedy for money ; a shilling being a rare sight to an Orcadian peasant. Their little rents, in his neighbourhood, are all paid in kind.

I hired a gig to take me as far as Stennis, where I wished to examine the “ Standing Stones,” and then I intended to walk on to Stromness. The road is, I understand, a perfect railway for smoothness, compared with what it was a short time ago : nevertheless, it is in a very wretched state yet, full

of deep holes, and protruding stones. In many parts, one side is much higher than the other ; for it accommodates itself, with the greatest politeness, to the level of every brae, which it traverses, with an utter disregard of the horizontal.

It, however, presented me with a scene as animated as any, which I have witnessed in Orkney. This is the first day of the great Kirkwall fair, and all the Orcadian world is hurrying to the capital. About half a mile out of the town, on the summit of a heathery hill, numerous tents were erected, which the little boy, who drove the gig, explained to be intended “ for them that makes the bargains ; ” it is the cattle market. The whole road for miles and miles now teemed with men, women, and children, horses, colts, and cows. The latter were not driven in herds, for they could never have been kept together in this wild open country : but every cow was led by a rope of twisted rushes, fastened round its horns ; its keeper being generally a woman. The dress of some of the females was striking ; they wore a blue woollen petticoat, over which was thrown a red tartan shawl, and another shawl of flannel, or sometimes a small blanket covered the head, and fell in graceful drapery over the shoulders ; it was not pinned at the chin, but

held there with the left hand. Several rode on horseback; rarely with a side-saddle, and often with no saddle at all. The men's dress was ordinary. A fine effect was produced by this gay and lengthened procession, now winding along the shores of the fine bay of Firth, and now slowly toiling amid the desolate hills, and valleys of the interior.

As I approached Steinhouse, or Stennis, the crowds became less and less; and, when I stepped from the gig at the branch road, not a human being could I see, except a peasant employed in piling up a peat stack. Leaving my knapsack in his keeping, I walked at once to the temple of the Moon, which lies on a level plain very near the road.

Of this remarkable object only three stones remain; two, seventeen feet high, standing erect; and a third, which has fallen from its high estate, upwards of eighteen feet long, and more than five feet broad, with a thickness of nearly two feet. On the outside of these, there is a semicircular mound of earth, still clearly defined, with a diameter of near one hundred feet, opening to the south. There are several fragments of the other stones, which once completed the semicircle: but

the horizontal slab, supposed to be the sacrificial stone, on which human victims were offered to Thor and Odin, has entirely vanished.

Another stone, eight feet high, which stood at a little distance from the temple, has also been removed within these few years; it was called the "Pillar of Odin," and having a perforation in it, antiquarians conjecture that the victim was tied to it, preparatory to the sacrifice. But it was used for a very different purpose, down to a late period in the last century. Contracting parties used to meet at its foot, and with hands united through the pillar, uttered a vow of mutual fidelity, which was termed "the promise of Odin." This simple ceremony was considered equivalent to marriage, and none were ever known to violate its obligation without the joint consent of both parties. In that case they repaired together to the church of Stennis, which was built, after the model of the temple, in semicircular form; and walking out of it by opposite doors, were supposed to be thus absolved from their vow, and to be able to set at naught the vengeance of the Pagan divinity.

Many a young Norseman, ere he left his home in the isles, and sailed away for the deep sea fishing in those perilous icy climes, has prevailed on

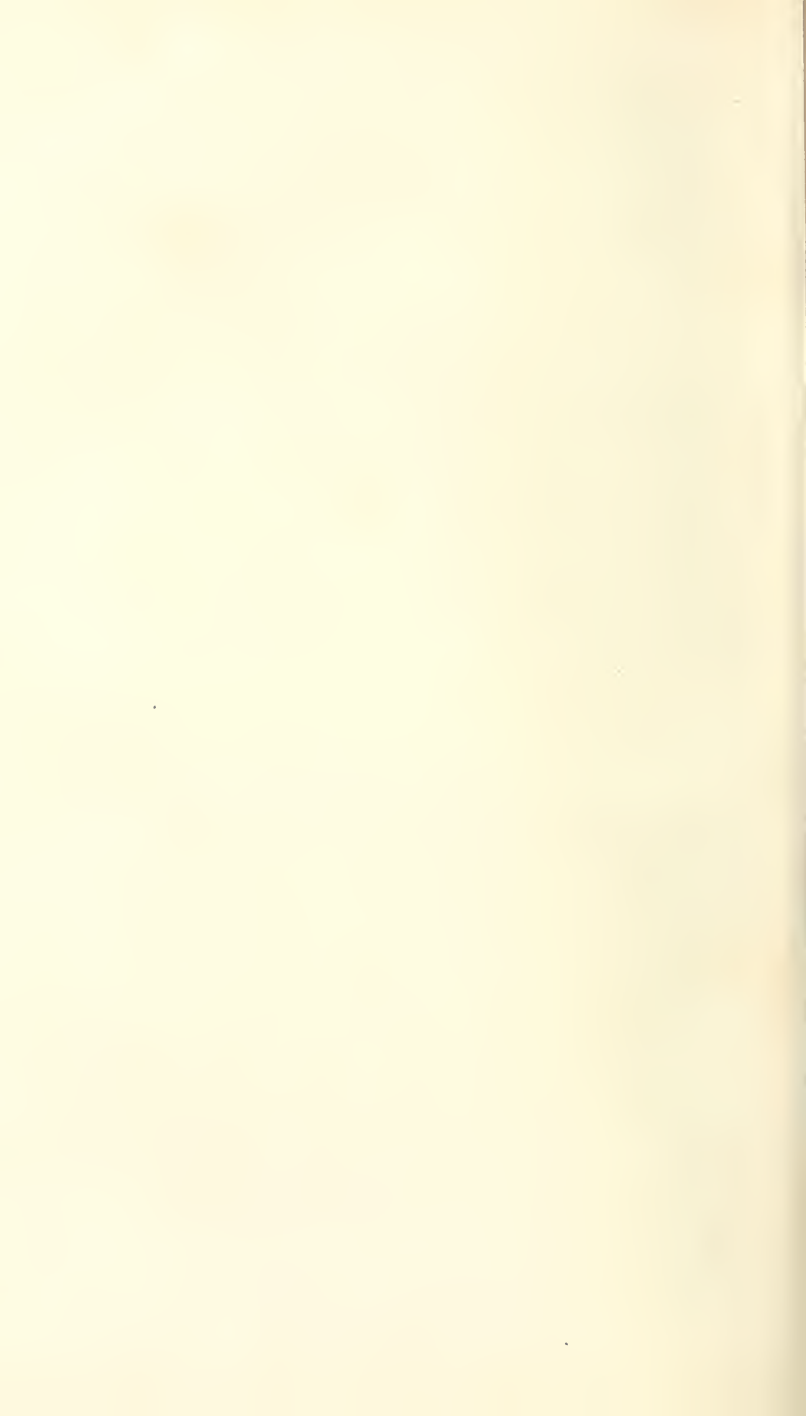
the flaxen-haired maiden, whom he loved, to repair with him to that mystic temple; and there, while the moon flung down her silver light upon her own grey time-stained columns, with hands locked fast through the charmed pillar, and with hearts locked faster still, the young pair would pour out their vows of enduring affection, and invoke the stern warrior god, as a witness to the troth which they plighted.

Passing, near the bridge of Broigar, a single stone, sixteen feet high, five feet broad, and more than a foot in thickness, and proceeding along the rising tongue of land which intersects Loch Stennis, we come to the Temple of the Sun. It appears, that previous to the introduction of the religion of Odin, who, as the victorious leader of the Gothic tribes, was elevated from a hero to a god, the worship of the heavenly bodies was cultivated in these districts. The temples, which I am now describing, were constructed while the earlier religion prevailed; and their forms, respectively circular and semicircular, are admirably symbolical of the great luminaries to which they were dedicated. But, when the ancient creed was superseded, these vast hofs, or roofless temples, did not perish with them. The barbarous Scandina-

vians entertained more respect for the mighty works of their forefathers than did the Scotch Reformers, and rightly judged that the old temples would do extremely well for the new religion. Therefore they destroyed them not, but merely re-dedicated them to the new divinities, Odin, Thor, and the other heroes, whose exploits on earth obtained for them the honours of a seat in heaven.

The Temple of the Sun has its columns considerably smaller than those of the Moon; yet from the vastness of its plan, and its better preservation, it is infinitely more striking. The upright stones were once probably about thirty-five in number, but only fourteen of them preserve their original position and altitude of from ten to fourteen feet. There are several more, however, about a yard high, which apparently have been broken off, while others of them lie prostrate on the ground. The diameter of the circle, which they form, is more than three hundred and thirty feet. They are surrounded, at the distance of about fifteen or twenty feet, by a broad deep trench, the soil from which seems to have been thrown upon the interior circle, as that space is higher than the external ground. The trench is about thirty feet wide, and its present depth is not more than five





or six feet. No entrance can be distinctly recognized ; but there is something like the appearance of one both at the east and west points. In the immediate neighbourhood of the temple are several tumuli, or mounds of earth, probably burial places of some great sea kings.

As I approached these monuments of the olden time, my impatience became so great, that I could not help running towards them ; nor did I stop, till arrived at the very centre of the circle, I could take a panoramic view of the whole scene. Here lay the fine expanse of Loch Stennis, and the brown hills of Pomona ; there a narrow strait of the sea, and the vast gloomy forms of the mountains of Hoy. The storm-cloud cast its deepening shadows upon the face of the landscape, and the keen wind sighed mournfully, as it passed through the columns and their crevices. Not a human being was discernible, nor a trace of human existence, save the crumbling stones, whose origin is now lost in the murky distance of antiquity.

I contrasted, in imagination, their present desolation and silence, with the triumphal processions of the warriors and heroes, who came hither to celebrate, with their own fierce war-songs, and the shrieks of their human offerings, the victories

which their god had given them. The conquering, and the conquered, now sleep alike in forgotten tombs—their fame, and their disgrace, have both vanished away—nay, their very creed itself has become a legendary fable!—but these gigantic fragments, which they reared with so much religious care, still survive; and may pass down, even yet, through centuries of time!

As I sat upon one of the great sepulchral mounds, looking towards the circle, and indulging in these meditations, suddenly a bright beam of sunshine fell upon the tall stones with their green grey locks of lichen; and exhibiting them against a back-ground, still shrouded in darkness, imparted to them a brilliancy almost supernatural.

It was, as if the god, invoked by the spell of a magician, had come down to visit his long deserted shrine, and to relume these decaying columns with the glory of his presence.

Oh! thou dazzling and magnificent star, the secondary source of our light and life, cherishing with thy kindly beams the creatures of this inferior globe, I worship thee not, though standing by this thine altar, whence many a prayer of undoubting faith hath ascended to thy sphere—I worship thee not—for a greater day-star than

thou hath risen from on high, and a brighter light than thine hath been shed abroad upon our land. But through thee, I worship Him who made thee; and bless Him, not only for thy welcome ray, but for an illumination more precious far, that of His holy gospel of peace.

Returning to the peasant, with whom I had left my knapsack, he immediately commenced a series of questions, all of which I answered with the greatest patience and veracity. Having ascertained that I had no goods to sell, and therefore was not a common pedlar, and having elicited from me a complete account of who I was, and why I came there, he asked me whether I had been taking a map of the stones?

“Queer things, thae! one of ’em wad be a pratty load for twa men. Nobody kens ought about ’em noo; but I doot they’s be some o’ God A’mighty’s doin’s.”

Without attempting to shake his faith in this solution of the difficulty, I shouldered my knapsack, and giving him a little whisky for his services, set out for Stromness. The road ascends in a most useless way, straight up a considerable hill, but it is worth while to pursue it, for the sake of the magnificent views which it commands.

Looking backward, I beheld the Standing Stones of Stennis, like a mighty conclave of giants striding along the distant hills. Before me lay the black masses of the romantic Hoy Hills, their sides scored with numberless channels, worn into the red rocks by the torrents, which descend from their brows. Soon the town of Stromness, on the margin of its bay, appeared below them, forming, I think, as fine a picture as the imagination of a painter can conceive. I would have given much for the power of sketching it, but the cold blasts of the north wind came rushing on, and driving the clouds into heaps, that suddenly became overcharged with rain.

On entering the town I asked the first person I met, an old woman, which was the way to Mrs. Logan's Inn.

"It's at soose end o' toon," replied the old dame, in the genuine Orcadian dialect; "ye needna speer at al, but just gang richt doon to soose end o' toon."

With such clear indications of the whereabouts, I soon established myself, in what has the just credit of being one of the most comfortable inns in the north of Scotland. I arrived about six o'clock, and having breakfasted early, imagine

how I relished the tea-dinner that was prepared for me immediately. While I was discussing its various items, to my extreme astonishment, a piano-forte in the next room, separated from mine only by boards, was touched with a practised hand. I had expected, in these remote and storm-beat isles, to meet with nothing but rude scenes, and ruder men: but here was the luxury of music provided for my entertainment, as if by the wand of a fairy. And oh! in a cold and dreary clime like this, to listen to the self-same notes, that have soothed us by our own fireside—to that “dear familiar strain,” for which

“Untir'd we ask, and ask again,
Ever in its melodious store
Finding a spell unheard before;”—

it makes the heart leap with its own yearning emotions, sweeps away the dissevering obstacles of distance and of time, and replaces us once more, with stronger and more glowing affections, amidst the loving, and the loved, of our homes.

Aug. 17th.—The brief summer of these islands I fear has passed away. Last night it blew almost a gale, and this morning the nor-wester still continues. A schooner has just sailed into the harbour without her foretopmast, which was

carried away in a squall. There is a Russian stranded on the opposite side of the harbour. She came up the roads in a most bungling manner, running aground three times. But it seems she met with a hurricane soon after she left the Baltic, and was struck by a sea mid-ships, with such violence that her seams opened, and she has now five feet water in her hold. There are many other large vessels at anchor, and boats innumerable; and, considering the size of Strommess, there are very few places, which are so full of nautical life and bustle.

Mrs. Logan is agent to the Whaling Company, and supplies their ships with Orkney men, who are much valued as able and daring seamen. She says that this little town is sometimes the scene of great distress, when any whaler, containing men connected with it, is missing, or known to have met with disaster. The preceding year they had a dreadful trial; but all the ships came home at last, except one, and that one had not an Orkney sailor aboard. She frequently spoke of "the Straits," by which are always meant, in these islands, Davis's straits.

I asked her, to whom I was indebted for the music of yesterday evening. She said, to her

daughter, who, as well as one of her sons, had just returned from Edinburgh, where they had been staying some time, for the purpose of education. If I were fond of music, she hoped I would join them in the evening. I was surprised to find the landlady of an Orcadian inn possessed of agreeable manners and a good address: she is far above her station, but the fact is she has good abilities and good temper, two qualifications which I prefer infinitely to mere rank or wealth. To use the words, by which she was described to me, "She's as clever a woman as any in Scotland."

I accepted her invitation with readiness, and when the evening came I found some of the inhabitants of Stromness assembled to meet me, as well as the young ladies, who displayed so much musical proficiency. I liked them all very much, for every body seemed to consider it a duty to be as kind as possible to a stranger. I had no introduction whatever to any of these good people, and long before they knew my name they shewed me every attention. After tea, Scotch reels and cotillons were danced to my infinite amusement. I never before saw them genuinely performed: famous exercise are they certainly for an arctic climate—rare dances for those

who would be merry with their souls and bodies too.

Aug. 18th.—Breakfasted with Mr. —, the principal surgeon of the town, from whom I received yesterday a cordial invitation to his house. He shewed me some fine specimens of fossil fish, found in the clay slate rocks by the sea-shore; he is making a collection of them for his brother-in-law, Professor ——. I was also gratified with the sight of a skin of the great northern diver, a magnificent sea bird, found only in these parts. It is said to dive faster than a six-oared boat can row after it. The plumage of this specimen is that which the bird assumes at pairing time, and is much more varied and splendid than its winter covering.

Eagles are often seen soaring above Stromness. Their nests are on the cliffs of Hoy. Young Tammie Logan has a beautiful golden eagle, which came from that place, and for which, when scarce feathered, he gave half-a-guinea. The great fishing eagle, as he is here called, may sometimes be seen to stoop for his prey in the waters, and carry it off in his talons. If he attacks too large a fish, he is pulled under water so far as to have his wings wetted, in which case he is perfectly

powerless, and would certainly be drowned, if not taken prisoner by some boat. As he seeks his food principally in the ocean, he is not considered very mischievous, and is therefore seldom molested. He sometimes, however, commits depredations on land, and has been known to carry off an infant. The exit of a pig in the talons of an eagle is said to be irresistibly comic, in spite of the sufferings of the poor animal. Little piggy has no ambition to take a bird's-eye view of the globe he grubs up; and when such extraordinary liberties are taken with his cuticle and ribs, he cannot help feeling excessively hurt. He remonstrates vehemently: he squeaks, he squalls, and with such desperate and unremitting vociferation that the monarch of the air becomes disconcerted in his turn and would fain get rid of so noisy a companion, if he could but extricate himself upon the wing.

Stromness is greatly superior to Kirkwall in the romance of its situation, but just as much behind it in its buildings. If I thought the Broad Street narrow, what shall I say to the main street of Stromness? I really believe, that in some places you may touch the opposite sides of it at once with your arms extended. Every now and then

there is an attempt at pavement on one side, but here we may truly say,

“ ——— th’ attempt, and not the deed
Confounds.”——

For it is impossible to walk steadily on its narrow ledge, spacious enough only for the little brats, who prefer puddling in the highway. The houses are most irregular and very crowded; many are built below high-water mark, and some actually descend for their foundation beneath the lowest level of the sea. Those curious roofs, made with turfs and ropes, are very frequent, and, indeed, there are here samples of every genus and species of uncomfortable dwelling to be met with in Orkney. The twistings of the main street (as awkward as any which the most deliberate invention could have planned) are often caused by a little inclosure before the houses, a sort of yard, about twenty feet square, called “a park.” Nearly every third door has a sign over it. I never in any town saw such numbers of public-houses: there are thirty-nine licensed, besides several drinking shops.

The language of the lower orders in Stromness contains more Scotch words than that of the other

Orcadians ; but there is one characteristic prevailing throughout, viz. the narrow sound of our broad *a* ; for instance, they pronounce the word “all” nearly as if it were written “al”*. They introduce gutturals and rattle the *r* like Highlanders. Scarce a vestige of the old Norse tongue remains among them : there is one spot, however, which retains its ancient title, signifying a landing place : it is written “Helzae Hole,” pronounced by wicked boys “Helly Hole,” and by the good minister “Holy Hole.”

The poor people are very well off, being always able to get enough fish in summer to salt for the winter. They sometimes supply themselves with vegetables by encroaching on the common ; they surround the little spot, which they mean to cultivate, with a low fence of stones, and it is then called a “plantie cruive :” if no notice is taken, they soon enlarge it a little, and so by degrees, make it sufficient for the supply of their wants. The strong men go away for half the year to the deep sea fishing, and, returning with their pay, enjoy the remaining months with their family and friends.

* I afterwards found that this custom prevailed universally among the lower orders in the north of Scot'land.

Aug. 19th.—The nor-wester rages still, and the heavy showers which it brings up, render it impossible for me to visit Hoy with any comfort or success. But I must not repine at being laid up in such comfortable quarters. There are at least a dozen ships in the harbour wind-bound, like myself. They dare not stir from their anchorage till the breeze moderates. The Russian has got afloat again, and is now discharging her cargo of timber, in order to go into dock.

John Gow, the original of Sir Walter Scott's Pirate, is still remembered in Stromness. His father's garden may be seen to this day across the harbour; it is a solitary inclosure, close to the beach, surrounded by stone walls. The little creek beside it, too, in which his boat used to land, remains, of course, without any alteration. The premises are so situated that, in order to visit the town from them, one must needs cross the harbour; no wonder, then, that young Gow soon acquired a seaman's skill, and a love for the seaman's life. I cannot imagine any place more calculated to foster such sentiments than this: for it is a constant resort of ships, that put in to avoid the fury of the northern seas; and the flags of many nations may often be seen streaming over it

at once. On every side he would meet with daring mariners ; and his own countrymen, especially, were always celebrated for their adventurous deeds on the ocean. Bred up in a school like this, at a time when the laws were but feebly enforced in these distant provinces, we feel no surprise that, when once involved in illegal pursuits, he should become a formidable and desperate leader.

The house in which his earlier and less guilty days were passed, stood close by the garden, and was pulled down only a few years ago, but it had long ceased to be inhabited, and had acquired an evil name from the supposition, that the ghost of the gibbeted pirate had come back to haunt the scenes of his innocent childhood, and to atone there for the crimes of his maturer age. Boatmen, who passed the spot by night, frequently heard dismal clankings, especially in stormy weather ; and some had actually seen the unquiet spirit in its death-chains, arrayed as on the day when that romantic and most unhappy maiden claimed back from his corpse the troth, which she had plighted to him when living.

Her real family name was Gordon, but as to her Christian one, I could only learn that one of the sisters was called Sibella, a name of common oc-

currence in Orkney. Mrs. Logan has a couple of old domestics, properly known by the sounding appellations of Isabella and Sibella, familiarly contracted to Ibbie and Sibbie.

Aug. 20th. I was meditating at breakfast this morning on the practicability of my retreat from Orkney, when the servant told me, that a number of whales had come into the roads, and might be seen from the quay distinctly. I sallied out directly to look at these unexpected visitors, who have been driven in by the gales; and I could easily discern their huge dark bodies, heaving above the surface of the deep, and dashing the spray around them.

All Stromness was in motion, and boat after boat, with its eager crew, might be seen pushing off the shore, each armed with fish spears and knives, and crowding all sail to get up to the scene of action. Some of them, in the excitement of the chase, carried a dangerous weight of canvass; for the weather is still extremely rough and squally. Mrs. Logan procured a boat to land me on the holm, which lies on the other side of the harbour, and was much nearer to the whales.

Here under the rocks, sheltered from the keen

wind and heavy showers, I had a tolerable view of the sport. Boat after boat still hurried round the point of the holm, and joined its forces to the formidable array, which was already pursuing the herd. Three tall ships, at anchor in the roads, also sent out their crews, for the chance of a prize. The fish were about a hundred in number, and were considered to form a very large herd. The individuals are seldom of great size, averaging from eighteen to twenty-two feet in length, sometimes, however, running beyond thirty feet.

It was curious to watch the manœuvres of the boats, now crowding to one point, and now spreading out into a prolonged line. The object is to drive the animals ashore, where they become an easy prey to their pursuers. A boat which succeeds in killing one of them, ties it to the stern to secure it. The breeze was fresh, and the tide flowing; both which circumstances are greatly in favour of the whales' escape: for if they get stranded for a moment, a high sea, or at all events, the rising tide, will probably float them off, before they can be captured. The whole herd was driven at one time, into a small bay; but here, with united forces, they made a grand sortie, and pumping up torrents of water with their blowers,

and lashing the surface with their tails, they rushed out into the open roads.

The hunters rarely strike them till they are ashore ; for when wounded they become totally unmanageable, and cannot be driven towards land.

But in the present instance, spears would have been used, if the increasing wind could have been foreseen. It soon blew so hard and rained so fast, that the boats retired, one after another, from the pursuit, and not a single fish was taken. If the breeze drops, it is probable that many of them will get stranded on the neighbouring coasts, for they are now so land-locked that they have little chance of making their way into deep water.

After the sport was over, I walked with the young Logans to examine the cliff scenery of the western coast.

From the little village of Outertown, which we passed by, there is seen in the precipices of Hoy a gigantic profile of Sir Walter Scott ; and soon afterwards the summit of the insulated rock, called " the Old Man of Hoy," becomes visible.

But the most interesting point of our ramble was the spot where, two years ago, the *Star of Dundee*, was wrecked. To see it we had to descend to the edge of the cliff, from which we com-

manded a most magnificent view of the great Atlantic, now strongly agitated by these long continued storms. But the seas, though majestic, were not so high as I expected to find them, a sign probably that calm weather was near. The wreck took place in a slight recess of the cliffs, at the extremity of which is a cave; and a more tremendous shore to drive on, can hardly be imagined; for the dark solid rocks arise perpendicularly, and even overhang the assailing waves beneath them. Only 500 or 600 yards south, where there is a shingly beach, there would have been a chance of saving the crew; but, as the veteran pilot observed, who told me the story, "its just ordination."

The schooner came driving on at the mercy of the billows and the blast, and though numbers of people with ropes were on the cliff, ready to do all in their power, there was no human help that could avail. What an awful moment must that have been for the despairing crew, when the ship was about to be driven against the dreadful rocks! She struck—and when the next wave coiled back from the cliffs, no ship was there! She was crashed into countless fragments, many of which were

washed up into the cave at the extremity of the recess.

Among the mass thus drifted was a human being, who had the singularly good fortune, not only to escape into the cavern, when all who were in the same plight with him had perished, but to escape with meat, drink, and clothing, amply sufficient to sustain life, till he could make his way to the top of the cliff. He found drifted with him, red herrings to eat, an oil-can for catching drops of fresh water from the roof of the cave to drink, and two pillows on which to sleep.

"He was na' cold," observed the old pilot, as he finished the tale, "for the sea blocked the cave's mouth, and the foul air kept him in confusion: 'twas a wonder he was na suffocate. It's no every man, that has Johnson's luck, but it's the doin's of the Almighty."

For three days the poor fellow was kept prisoner in this dreary abode, at the end of which time the tide receded so far, that he was enabled to emerge from his living tomb, and scale the adjoining cliff. The place has ever since been known by the name of Johnson's cave. It is easy of access from below in neap tides, but to-

day the waves were washing its entrance with their spray.

We pursued our ramble till we came to the beautiful insulated pillar, resembling the Clett, at the distance of five or six miles from Stromness. It is a very remarkable object, being of enormous height, and though as broad as the Clett in one direction, is so exceedingly narrow in the other, that when properly viewed, it appears to remain balanced only by a miracle. This effect, too, is increased by the apparently loose stratification of its component rocks, and by the heavy sea, that is perpetually storming its base. Every wave, that comes rolling on from the great western ocean, seems about to lay its proud summit level with the deep. Look at that tremendous sea ! It nears—it rushes—it strikes with all the mighty momentum of its waters ! The tall pillar quails not at the blow, but beats back the foiled billow, in cataracts of spray and tempests of foam. Yes ! tempests of foam ; the expression is accurate, and not poetical ; for the froth is tossed up into the air by the troubled waters in great flakes, and borne in showers by the breeze over the highest cliffs. In many places it adheres to the black

rocks so thickly, that they appear precisely as if powdered by a violent snow-storm.

The cliff scenery from this point, so gigantic in altitude, so extensive in range; now lighted by the sunshine, and now darkened in storm; rent asunder into clefts, or hollowed into caves, by the ever booming sea—exhibited with its accompaniments a picture most truly impressive and sublime.

On Sunday I remained quiet in Stromness, but on the following day,

August 22d, I resolved to cross over to Thurso, if I could get a sailor to take me. The weather appeared more settled, and the wind had fallen to a gentle breeze, when after taking leave of Mrs. Logan and her family, I left the quay of the good inn, the Ship, for the bay of Long Hope, at the south-east corner of Hoy. The bark, that conveyed me, was one of the smallest fair-weather pilot-boats; it was manned by four able seamen acquainted with all the rocks, shoals, and currents of the Orkney seas.

In coasting along the eastern side of Hoy, we were surrounded by thick showers in all directions, dense clouds hanging upon the summit of the Ward Hill, and upon the heights of Pomona. The wind blew from the land, and we were con-

sequently in smooth water, but we met with many sudden squalls; which would have made the voyage appear very perilous, if I had not been perfectly convinced of the skill of the crew. One of them said, he had never reefed so often in any voyage of the same length. With all their dexterity, however, the sea came rushing over the gunwale more than once; whereupon the helmsman, who also held the sheet of the mainsail, and was therefore responsible for these accidents, would remark with a look of vexation, as he luffed up,

“ It’s very uncertain weather any hoo.”

But a set of men, whose daily occupation leads them out into seas like these, during the roughest weather, are not to be capsized by a puff of wind, however sudden; I therefore enjoyed my little voyage extremely; and to any one who delights in much of the appearance of danger, with very little of the reality, I strongly recommend a coasting voyage with Orkney pilots in a squally day.

I wished them to go on with me at once to Thurso; but this they refused to do. They said they would take me to the Head of Long Hope Bay, and by walking across the isthmus I should get a proper boat for the purpose. Old Brock, who

kept the ferry, knew the Firth better than they did, and he would land me at Thurso if any man could; but they thought it was impossible. There would be no difficulty in getting across to Brough, which was a shorter distance, and lay to the eastward.

We landed at the extremity of Long Hope Bay, which is separated from the Firth only by a small belt of sand a few yards in breadth. The sea when running high, often beats over, thus converting the southern boundary of the bay from a peninsula into an island. The Ferry-house, close by, is on a hill westward, and is called Brimm's Walls. It professes to be an inn, and accordingly the pilots accompanied me thither, to get a little whisky.

We summoned Old Brock, who immediately declared it impossible to reach Thurso, because the wind still kept up so briskly between the west and north; but if it fell towards evening, he would try; any how, he would put me across to Brough, ten miles east of Thurso: we must, however, wait for the flood tide, which would be about seven o'clock in the evening.

It was now only mid-day, and when I looked around at the apartment in which we were as-

sembled, its reeking peat-fire, its broken windows, its little bed in a box, and its lumbering sea-chests, and reflected, that it must serve me for parlour, bed-chamber, and all,—I concluded it would be advisable to cross, even at seven in the evening, rather than pass the whole day and night in so very humble a dwelling. Besides, though I should be late at sea, yet the wind generally moderated towards night-fall; and if I stayed till the morning I might not be able to stir at all. I wanted, too, to write to my mother; who, I knew, would be anxious to hear that I had returned to *terra firma*; and so putting all these circumstances together, and joining to them the assurance of the pilots, that Brock was as good a sailor as any in those islands, and knew the Firth better than any man, I resolved in fine to go to sea.

I wished very much to start earlier, but Brock said it would only keep us back; for if we did not “cheat the tide” we should be driven far from our course. The current ran here at the rate of $9\frac{1}{2}$ knots an hour, and there was not a ship in the navy that could stem it, if the wind were to tear the masts out of her. This was a species of reasoning that was not to be gainsaid; it was re-

solved, therefore, that we should wait till seven o'clock.

The Stromness pilots were much pleased with my offer to pay for all their whisky, and only accepted it after many remonstrances:

“Just a dram,” they said, “was very richt, but they couldna think o’ troubling a gentleman for more.”

So on departing to reembark for their home, they all wished me a good voyage over the Firth, and each insisted upon shaking me by the hand. The first nearly wrung it off, when I luckily bethought me that, to relieve myself from such pressure, the only way would be to give the other three as good as they brought; and therefore I gripped their paws with all my might, by which fortunate expedient I gratified them and saved myself.

When they were gone, I strolled along the cliffs, that overhang the Firth, and casting many inquisitive glances over its troubled waters, I could not help wishing, that I was safely harboured on the other side. The sky cleared considerably, and beneath its curling clouds, and stretching far away into the Western main, I saw the blue serried forms of the great Highland

mountains, among whose glens I soon hoped to ramble.

Dame Brock grilled a couple of chickens for my dinner, every morsel of which I devoured, except one or two of the hardest and most refractory bones; and two more chickens in embryo did I destroy in the shape of eggs for my tea at six o'clock. I could get neither bread nor potatoes.

When I had finished the last meal, the old woman went down to the shore for her husband, who had been watching the tide; and bringing him *ben*, i. e. into the best of the two rooms which constitute an Orkney cottage, she helped him with the greatest assiduity and affection to the remains of my tea, and some oat-cake. It was a fine picture to see that old weather-beaten man, with his silver hairs and honest countenance, making his little frugal meal under the care of his aged partner, whose every action and look seemed to address him in the language of that exquisite ballad:

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is bald, John,
Your locks are like the snow;

But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo !

When he had finished, he went down to the shore again, and soon returned, saying, he thought it would do now. I followed him to the little boat, which was riding in a secure nook, and standing near it, were the three men, who, with the veteran Brock, formed an able and gallant crew. I did not much like the size of the boat, which was not a bit larger than that of the pilot's; indeed, it was but $14\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, though it carried two masts. They said it was not the proper boat, but the other was away, I suppose at the herring fishery. To mend the matter, too, we soon found, that she leaked extremely, from having lain ashore for the last fortnight, during which time no one had crossed the Firth from the Ferry. However, the wind had abated, and the evening seemed fine; so we proceeded without any anticipation of difficulty or danger. Indeed Brock thought, we might even get to Thurso.

The men used their oars at first in order to pull along shore to windward, before they attempted to cross with their sails; but every now and then they were obliged to lay them aside, for the purpose of baling. An attempt was made to stop

the leak with some tow and a knife, but it was unavailing.

At first we were in smooth water; we then turned a point of land, and were all at once rocking in a short jabbling sea. Here we passed a small boat at anchor for fishing, which formed a curious spectacle, as it heaved up and down on the waves; sometimes it seemed soaring to the clouds, with half its keel out of water; and sometimes it was totally concealed from our view, though close to us.

On a huge stone almost detached from the low cliff sat an angler, whose occupation, and position athwart the sky, over the rolling waters, reminded me of the giant, who

“ Sat on a rock and bobb’d for whales.”

We still kept with our oars close in to shore, steering due west against the wind; and were now carried by the tide over long swelling seas, that came rolling their huge dark masses past us, and dashing in magnificent breakers against the cliffs on our right. The day was fast closing, and the failing shadowy twilight threw an air of inexpressible solemnity and grandeur over the scene. To float for a moment upon the ridge of one of

these enormous billows, and look forth to the vast expanse of ocean, with the gloomy clouds gathering fast over it in the far and dim horizon—then to sink slowly and smoothly down to the lowest hollow, and view nothing before us but one long scarce-ruffled plain of murky water, separated from the yet-illuminated western sky by a line most clear and sharp—such were the alternations of scenery presented by the Pentland Firth.

Having made a long reach to westward, we at last tucked in our oars, hoisted both sails, and away we steered directly across the perilous channel. Our little boat danced along merrily under her canvass, and I really began to think we should weather Dunnet Head, and get to Thurso well.

But old Brock shook his head thoughtfully. Heavy showers had been lingering on the Hoy Hills, and they now came driving over us with their rain and hail, in strong gusts, which made our little bark reel again under her canvass. Brock, from his post at the helm, ordered a reef in the main-sail, and soon another in the fore-sail, when, as he said, the boat went much prettier.

After a prolonged and searching examination of the weather-sky, “We canna get to Thurso, the

nicht," said the fine old mariner; "for you see," he added, still fixing his keen eye in the west, "you see, Sir—Keep the halyards clear!—you see, these shoors grieves the wind, and—Keep the halyards clear, Sandie!—we canna be sure—Down with the main-sail!" shouted the old man in a voice of thunder.

"Foresail too!"

In a moment every inch of canvass was at the bottom of the boat, and we were riding under bare poles. But scarcely had that moment elapsed, when on rushed the mad blast with appalling fury, sweeping off the crests of the waves, and hurling them with its own storm-drops in one sheet of foam along the surface of the deep. Well was it for us, that old Brock's experienced eye had anticipated the coming foe, for had that squall overtaken us with a single sail up, we must have been capsized. And well was it for us, that the hurricane lasted but for a few minutes, for had it continued to blow hard, we should have been driven out into the ocean, or have been wrecked on the cliffs of Duncansbay Head.

Great God of heaven, we are in thy hands! Thy providence is over us, even on this dreadful deep! But my mother!—my poor mother! oh!

comfort her, for I am her only son, and she a widow !”

The storm soon ceased, and left us once more with a fresh but steady breeze ; it was not, however, till many minutes had elapsed, and not without a long searching look into the west, that old Brock gave the word for hoisting the fore-sail.

“ We’ll try her with that first,” said he, “ and see how the wind behaves. It’s no a nicht for a boat like this !”

In a short time he ventured the mainsail too, and we met with no more squalls.

We were still only in the middle of the firth, but were cheered with the view of the lighthouse on Dunnet Head, whose friendly lamp, gleaming over the waste of waters, assured us that we had not been driven far from our course. I have often dwelt with pleasure on a description of some distant beacon, cheering with its guiding ray the path of the tempest-driven mariner, and have felt all the poetry of the picture : but I never felt its truth till now.

“ Och ! but it’s a lichtsome thing on a dark nicht like this,” said one of our crew, “ an’ we’d hae thought the way sax times as long withoot it.”

As we neared the land, the wind dropped entirely, and we pulled in with our oars ; still, however, we were compelled to bale every now and then. It was very amusing to watch the phosphoric animalculæ spangling the bottom of the boat, and streaming down its sides with the spilt water. In our wake, also, innumerable fairy stars glistened among the dark waves, rivalling those loftier lights, which now sparkled here and there in the opening firmament above us.

At length we heard the roar of the breakers, and old Brock soon distinguished, by marks of his own, the point where we had to land. It was past eleven o'clock when I stepped out of the boat, and Brock immediately led the way up a precarious foot-path, cut in the face of the cliff, to some little huts at the summit. They were all in darkness ; and it was some time before any one would answer to our knocking. At last Brock's niece recognized his voice, and immediately rose to let us in. Fortunately the peat fire was still glowing ; so after giving me a chair beside it, the old man went back to help his comrades in securing the boat.

Meanwhile, I cast my eyes around the little

hut, which now afforded me its lowly, but welcome shelter. The room was very low, though open to the roof. A cat was frisking about the cross beams with great vivacity ; while the little dog, who had been disturbed at our entrance, curled himself comfortably up again on the hearth-stone. Immediately opposite the fire-place was a large wooden den, something like a cobbler's stall, containing a bed, on which two little children were sweetly sleeping. Many articles of linen, lately washed, were hanging before the fire to dry. A dim flickering light was supplied by a dried rush, steeped in a small vessel containing oil. Old Brock, who seemed to repay my partiality for him by a similar one for me, had given his niece the strictest injunctions to make me as comfortable as she could ; and accordingly she busied herself, in arranging for my accommodation the little inner apartment, reserved for great occasions like this. While she was thus employed, the drenched seamen came up from the beach, and seated themselves round the blazing peat.

Greatly did they regret the absence of whisky just now, as they said, " when it wad be worth three times its weicht in gold." I had given them

all which my flask contained while they were at sea, and none could be procured in this little hamlet.

Leaving them to their own confabulations, which I heard in low muttered tones long after I was in bed, I accepted my hostess's invitation to "gae ben." My knapsack had unfortunately been soaked through and through with sea-water; but with the aid of a capital peat fire, which had been lighted for me, I contrived very well. I was glad enough to find myself once more upon the firm land in any quarters, and ere I laid my head upon the coarse pillow, I did not forget to return hearty thanks to God for his deliverance of me from a watery grave.

Aug. 23rd.—Next morning I did not rise till seven, when I found, that the mariners were gone. I went out directly, and saw the little boat with its sail like a white speck upon the dark blue sea. The morning was fine, though cold, and the wind steady, so I have no doubt they had a prosperous voyage.

When I returned to the hut, I found the two children, whom I had seen sleeping the night before, seated upon a couple of peat-logs before the fire, and apparently enjoying the dense smoke,

which filled the whole apartment. I procured a cup of tea as speedily as possible, accompanied by a couple of eggs, and a biscuit as hard as a brickbat. To break off a little fragment required the nicest adjustment of the grinding apparatus ; and I could not help thinking, that to a bystander I must have appeared like a dog gnawing a bone too big for him.

But I consoled myself with the reflection, that I should get a good breakfast at Thurso, and having rewarded this poor woman for her kindness, I set out to walk the eleven miles. My knapsack was made very heavy from its still being wet with sea-water. The way lies over Dunnet sands, whence I had a magnificent ocean view, bounded by Dunnet Head, and the cliffs of Hoy, on the east ; and the low promontory of Murcle on the west. In the north, or front, the horizon of the dark sea was finely projected against the sunny sky ; while near at hand the tall breakers thundered along one after another, on the scarcely sloping beach, presenting alternate belts of the deepest blue and the purest white. Nearer still was a wide fringe of dripping sand, reflecting every object seen over it in soft shadows, and especially a woman with naked feet, long blue cloak and

hood, and basket ; and afterwards two carts, with men beside them. Last of all came the dry firm golden sand, on which I walked, strewn here and there with broken shells ; now smooth as polished glass, now rippled into mimic waves by the play of the laughing waters.

I reached Thurso in less than three hours, and indemnified myself for all former indifferent meals by a hearty breakfast. The rest of the day I spent in writing an account of my safe arrival on the main land to my mother ; making a few brief notes from Anderson's Guide, to save me the trouble of carrying it on my shoulders ; and bringing up the arrears of my journal.

Aug. 24th.—My portmanteau went south to Inverness this morning, while I commenced my land expedition westward, by taking a seat in the mail gig, as it is called, to Tongue. It is in reality a double-bodied phaeton, carrying five persons, a capital thing from which to see the country, well horsed, but most tedious in stoppages. We were upwards of ten hours in going forty-four miles. It is true the road is hilly, but with a carriage so low we were able to rattle down hill with perfect safety, and the time was all lost in changing horses ; an operation that

seldom took us less than half an hour. Shameful mismanagement, certainly, if dispatch be of any importance to the good people of Tongue and Thurso; but such loitering suited my purpose very well, as I wanted to see every thing.

The road, however, does not contain much that is striking, excepting one sublime burst of mountain scenery from the summit of a hill, the character of which is that of absolute sterility and solitude. Among the masses that compose the background, Ben Hope and Ben Laoghal are very conspicuous; especially the latter, upon whose ridge there is a most remarkable peak, resembling the horn of a rhinoceros. There was a fine echo in this neighbourhood, which returned the notes of a bugle in prolonged and thrilling harmony.

At Strathnaver, also, there is a beautiful scene, where the little stream is seen winding along the bottom of the glen, and a screen of dark blue mountains rises in the distance. Here we saw many clear and distressing marks of that depopulating process, which was carried on in this country, for the purpose of throwing all the lands into great sheep farms. Many a level spot of ground, amid the general waste, shewed by its regular form, and bright green herbage, that it had once

been cultivated; and near each of these, lay a heap of grey stones, sole remnants of the little cottages, whose tenants lived upon the produce. The unfortunate inhabitants were driven out of these, their mountain homes, which were then immediately pulled down to the ground, or destroyed by fire. It was even said, that one old woman, who refused to retreat, was severely burnt.

In former times the notion prevailed, that our peasants were the riches of the land; but now, as one of my fellow travellers observed, "The nobility, and the merchants, and the great agriculturists, wad like to manage a' by machinery an' hae naething to do wi' puir folk, but just to sell 'em their produce."

I knew nothing of the circumstances which might palliate this wholesale extermination. That such must exist, I had not the slightest doubt; still, when I looked up this beautiful strath, and reflected, that the glad voices of children, which once echoed along the glen, were now replaced only by the bleating of sheep, or the croak of the raven, I could not help recurring to the picture which Tacitus makes the British leader draw of Roman ambition "*ubi solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant.*"

A little before the close of our journey, we came in sight of a mansion, once the baronial residence of Lord Reay, now the Duchess of Sutherland's. It is pleasantly situated on the banks of the Kyle of Tongue, and there are some thriving plantations about it, which, to one who has not seen a green leaf for weeks, are a refreshing sight. At length our cold ride against the west wind came to a conclusion, and we arrived at the half dozen houses which constitute the village of Tongue.

Aug. 25th.—The inn at this place is excellent: to prove the assertion, I need only say that they gave me a haunch of venison and a sweet omelet for dinner, and that the bedroom furniture is as complete, as any to be found in an Edinburgh hotel.

The greatest attraction of Tongue is its romantic little kirk, embosomed in tall trees, which give to this little spot the appearance of an oasis in a desert. It is true, that one or two, towards the North, indicate by their disproportioned trunks, antlered branches, and scanty leaves, that they feel all the unkindness of the wintry blast; but there are others, better protected, that would not disgrace an English park.

The kirk itself is very small, and extremely plain; but it produced a thrilling effect, when seen with its battlemented gables and tiny windows, through the half obscuring foliage, now hushed in unbroken and solemn repose. It was, as though some guardian spirit had planted and nourished these goodly trees among the sterile mountains, in order to screen the little temple and its lowly tombs from the rage of arctic storms. The gravestones are different from any I have ever seen, being split from the schistose rock of the neighbourhood. Three upright slabs are placed at the head, foot, and middle of the grave; they are about eighteen inches high, and support another long horizontal slab, upon which there is generally no inscription whatever.

There was one, however, on which the memorial was begun; it was the tomb of an infant, for there were only two supporting stones, and the flat one was very small. On the left corner, at the top of the level slab, the letters "here I" were rudely carved; the unfinished attempt, perhaps, of the childless father to record the loss of his first-born.

Aug. 26th.—Both yesterday and to-day drenching showers have prevailed, and the wind has

been dangerously violent. Many vessels have stood into Loch Erribol to avoid its fury, and no less than eleven herring-boats have been dashed to pieces upon the rocks between this and Thurso—fortunately no lives have been lost. The weather is now a subject of most serious alarm, not only to seamen, but to agriculturists also. It is feared, that the crops will hardly ripen, even if good weather should commence at once; if it delay another week, or fortnight, the thing is out of the question. And to this circumstance it being added, that the herring fishing has been, on these coasts, almost a total failure this year, the prospects of the poor are gloomy indeed.

I met at the inn a gentleman, who, with the greatest kindness lent me a map of the county of Sutherland, to be returned to him from the last town I should visit. It is upon a much larger scale, and is much more accurate, than Arrow-smith's Map, and will be of the greatest service to me in walking through the terra incognita of the western coast. The same gentleman also supplied me with a great deal of information as to the inns, and possible modes of travelling. It was he, who furnished Anderson with his description of this county.

Aug. 27th.—In the first calm morning we have had for weeks I set out in the mail gig to Altnaharra. The road ascends a shoulder of Ben Laoghal, and then coasts along the loch of that name, a noble sheet of water. The scenery is such as cannot fail to make a deep impression on the mind of a Southron ; but the great mountains are too distant to allow it the character of grandeur ; large lochs, and long swelling moors, lying at the foot of Ben Laoghal, with the great groups of Ben Hope, Ben Hee, and Ben Klibreck, in the distance, surrounding them ; all solemn, vast, and lonely.

Altnaharra is a solitary inn with a few cultivated patches round it, which, though really considerable in extent, yet seen amid the far-spreading wastes, appear like so many little green specks. There is not another house for miles. I knew that two gentlemen had made the inn their headquarters for deer-shooting ; but, notwithstanding this, I determined to take my chance of procuring accommodation. There was no great difficulty in getting a bed ; but there was great difficulty in getting into it : for the room was barely six feet square, and in height, about six feet at one end, and three feet at the other. The only light in it

was a single small pane of glass, fixed in the sloping roof; but there was also a kind of trap-door, with no fastening, for the purpose of ventilation. It did very well. I believe the other rooms, which were pre-occupied are very good.

I arrived about 10 o'clock, and after breakfasting, walked about seven miles along the beach of Loch Naver. There is a good road, generally, perfectly open, but occasionally skirted by low birch and nut-trees, the spontaneous produce of the soil. Across the loch, the mighty form of Ben Klibreck is reared, dark and lofty, and solid; while farther on, the beautiful wood of Achool clothes a craggy mountain, and descends with its branches to kiss the surface of the lake. Not a sound was heard, save that of the puny billow, called into momentary life by the passing zephyr; unless, perhaps, the finely-poised airy leaf of the birch added its murmurings to those of the water.

After encountering so many stormy gales, it was soothing to wander amid scenes so lovely, and so peaceful; to wander alone without fear of intrusion, and yield up the soul to meditation and prayer. I knelt down on the moss-grown rock, and blessed God that he had endowed me with so

lively a sense of the beauty and magnificence of his vast creation.

Aug. 28th. Before I came down stairs, Captain ———, who was the tenant of the best apartment, sent in his compliments, and requested me to breakfast and dine with him to-day. I willingly accepted the first half of the invitation, intending, as there was no kirk within reach, to walk leisurely to Hailain; but Captain ——— gave me so frank an invitation to go out with him deer-stalking, that I determined at once to remain at Altnaharra, and give up some less interesting part of my travelling scheme. I learned also that a preaching was to be held at Mudale, about three miles off, and accordingly walked to the low dark barn, in which I found all the neighbourhood assembled.

The place was so dark that at first I could distinguish nothing. But as my eye became accustomed to the glimmer, I could scan the whole scene with precision. The seats were formed of coarse planks, on supporting blocks. Those who occupied them were chiefly shepherds, each wrapped up in his grey plaid, with a collie at his feet. Their dress and countenance reminded me of the stern covenanters, who, in spite of the bit-

terest persecution, assembled in their glens, to listen to the preaching of the early Scottish Reformers.

The dogs proved to be rather unmanageable, and sometimes even barked at those, who were entering. Some hens, also, on the rafters made a most audacious cackling. But the climax occurred when the minister, lifting up his eyes in the midst of one of his most cogent arguments, beheld a young red deer close by the bible, staring him in the face. It was a truly Highland picture. Far less would have overturned the gravity of an English audience; but the Scotch are a serious people, and great decorum was preserved in spite of the interruptions. Indeed to hear the Gospel of the Redeemer preached in one of the wildest straths in all the Highlands, however homely the language, and however lowly the fane, might well dispose the audience to sobriety of thought, and fix the attention of the most frivolous.

When the English sermon was ended, the minister commenced another in Gaelic, previous to which, I and Captain —— retired from the barn; and being invited by the farmer, to whom it belonged, we stayed to dine with him. The minister, who came in after the service was over,

was also of the party, a kind hearted, zealous man, possessed of much shrewdness and information. The head of the table was taken by the young farmer's mother, a fine old lady, with a most intelligent sparkling countenance. I found she was the owner of the tame red deer, which had walked into the barn to crack an argument with the minister. She told us of another animal of the same kind, which had a mischievous trick of going out to the hills, collecting all the cattle, and driving them with its horns into the very midst of the corn. Sometimes these tame deer join a wild herd for a time, but always return to their human companions.

The fare was plain and substantial; no bread nor biscuit, and only whisky to drink. The farmer was greatly astonished at our sobriety, and as we each put more and more water to our whisky, to which, on comparing notes afterwards, we found we had the same dislike, he laughed outright, saying, we should "surely drown the miller." Captain —— gave me a seat in his gig, and after a "bit crack thegither" over our peat-fire, we retired to be ready for the morning's sport.

Aug. 29th.—We set out a little before eight

o'clock. The party consisted of Captain —— and his Highland deer-stalker; a lad carrying provisions, and leading two stag-hounds; and lastly myself, in a grey plaid coat and blue bonnet, furnished by the Captain. My own black shooting coat and hat were condemned, as being too conspicuous on the moors.

The morning had been very rough; and the mists still hung upon Ben Klibreck, and the neighbouring mountains; instead, therefore, of striking off to the west, and exploring the recesses of Ben Hee, as was at first proposed, it was resolved to try the moors and braes on the north of Loch Naver. We walked towards the eastern extremity of the Loch about six miles, in order to come on the deer against the wind. Here we called at the house of a shepherd, an Englishman, Nicholson "to name;" and took him with us, to point out the haunts of the game.

Before he joined us, we had seen from the shore of Loch Naver a stag, and several hinds on the heights above us. They were in their favourite position near the summit of a steep brae, where before them they could detect with their eyes the approach of a foe, and behind them the wind would carry as ready an alarm to their acute sense of

smelling. Being far above us, they stood watching us very attentively ; and we returned the compliment by viewing them through our telescopes. It was a beautiful sight to watch such fine creatures on the edge of the descent, athwart the blue sky, with heads erect and graceful form, full of elastic life, and ready for the bound on the slightest indication of hostilities.

We now struck into the moors, Charles, the deer-stalker, keeping first, in order that his practised eye might take the lead in looking for the deer. It was not long before he discovered a large herd at a great distance. It is wonderful, how keensighted this fine old man has become in his calling. I used to consider myself very far-sighted, but I had much difficulty in detecting these animals, even when he pointed them out. Captain —— is nearly as keen as his deer-stalker. The animals were on very open ground, so that it was excessively difficult to get at them without being observed : the shepherd and I, therefore, remained behind, while the two sportsmen went on against the wind, taking advantage of every rising knoll, and at last crawling along the sodden peat-moss upon hands and knees, to come within rifle shot.

Meanwhile Nicholson told me, that the greatest

difficulty he found in his lone situation, was to get his family educated.

“Most of the shepherds,” said he, “hire a boy for the purpose; but that doesna do well; for the random lads and lasses willna mind a teacher as young, or may be, younger than themselves: so I agreed wi’ a young man, a vera clever fellow, who has made my children all vera good scholars; but I’m obliged to gie him three pounds ten shillings the quarter, and that comes vera sore upon me. And then there is no kirk within twenty mile, which is another thing against me.”

Our conversation was interrupted by the crack of the captain’s rifle. We heard two shots, both of which had been successful: he carries two rifles, a double and a single barrel. Two stags were struck. The one was immediately pulled down by Oscar, the white hound; of which feat we saw nothing. But the other stag, less fatally wounded, came scampering within a few yards of us, pursued by the old grey dog. The course was long, but at last the hound, though rapidly gaining ground, all at once gave up the chase. It appeared afterwards, that he had cut one of his hind legs. The stag suddenly vanished from our sight, and

we therefore walked on to the point, where we had caught the last glimpse of him. He suddenly sprang up close to us, and bounded again along the brace; we watched him pursue his still rapid course up the long slope, till near the top of it he stopped, and lay down, exhausted by his efforts. In a few minutes, however, he rose again and cantered over the summit out of sight.

We waited for Captain — to come up with us, and after taking some bread and cheese, and a draught of porter, (delicious fare on the mountains,) we went after the wounded stag. He was soon discovered, and Captain — beckoned to me to advance, and look at him. He was within fifty yards, lying down amid the green and graceful fern, but with his majestic head and neck high raised above it. He looked stedfastly towards us, seeming perfectly aware of our intrusion, but did not stir.

Captain — very generously wished me to take his rifle, and put an end to the poor animal; though I am no shot, I think I could hardly have missed so near and broad a mark, especially as a stone formed a good rest for the rifle. But I would not accept the offer, in spite of the Captain's characteristic remark, that I should "never have

such another chance in all my life." Seeing me firm, he took deliberate aim at the head, though in general he shoots at the heart; his object, in the present instance, being that he might not spoil the venison. He fired; and, for a wonder, missed the mark. The bullet went just over the head, and buried itself in the bank. The fact was, that he forgot for the moment, that at so short a distance the ball would rise, the sight of the rifle being calculated for one hundred yards.

Up rose the startled stag, and after a moment's bewildered gaze, he cantered faintly over the brae. The hounds were now uncoupled, and soon gaining a view of the quarry, pursued with fatal speed down the steep. Splashing over the pools and dikes in the peat-moss, on sped the pursuers, and the pursued, towards a loch in the hollow down below; and though the poor thing had bled profusely in his last lair, a more gallant course Capt. —— said he had never witnessed. At last, the white hound came up, and ere the stag could turn to bay, pinned him by the haunch. This is a sad trick, for which the dog ought to be killed, for he completely spoils the venison. In other respects he is a fine hound, and very fleet. The grey dog soon came up, and, de-

spising the formidable horn, attacked the throat of the stag most gallantly. The fatal struggle continued some time; but in the end, the prize lay motionless on the blood-stained heather.

Thus fell two red deer out of a single herd, and both of them fine stags, for Capt. ——— disdains to shoot a hind till next month. The boy was dispatched to call off the dogs. Unfortunately the shepherd had no horse to carry the game home, so he was requested to take out the entrails, as he returned, and cover the carcasses with heather, to screen them from the ravens. A horse and cart were to be sent the next day from Altnaharra; when the horse could carry the stags separately to the road, which was not far off, and then both of them together, in the cart, to the inn. Horses are at first so terrified at the carcase, that it is always necessary to hoodwink them, till they become accustomed to receive such a burden.

Both the stags had the velvet upon the horn, though it is usual to cast it about the first of August. The cold weather probably continues this smooth covering. Out of all the stags, we saw to-day, only one had clean horns.

The shepherd now took the party to some black

rocks, where he had often seen a herd; and meanwhile I stayed upon the brae, by which they were to return. My position commanded one of the wildest panoramas the mind can conceive. I was at nearly equal distances from the several great groups of Ben Laoghal, Ben Hope, Ben Hee, and Ben Klibreck; while eastward, and more remote, rose the sharp cone of Morven. Loch Laoghal, with its blue and unruffled surface, lay sleeping beneath me; and many other minor lochs diversified the moors around.

After an unsuccessful search, the shepherd returned, and before he went home, directed me how to join the deer-stalkers. We now bent our steps westward, and walked for some time over swamps and morasses, without seeing a single horn. At last Charles, who was a long way in advance, detected a large herd, grazing to windward, at the bottom of a very steep brae, upon whose flat summit we were walking. I was thus enabled to keep nearly close to Captain ——, without a chance of frightening the deer. Before he fired, he made a signal to me to come to the very edge, that I might see them pasturing. The sombre twilight was beginning to cast its shadows over the moors, and a solemn stillness reigned all

around. How beautiful in such a scene, and such an hour, to behold the wild deer of the mountain, now plucking the dewy grass, now walking with majestic step, and antlered head, among the drooping fern !

The herd was considerable, consisting of upwards of seventy head, and among them were several stags, one very large, which Charles called " a bonnie beast." There was a difficulty in getting a shot at him, because he was just below us, and before a gun could bear on him, some hinds, who were feeding at a wider distance, would probably be alarmed, and all would immediately take to flight. It required, therefore, a bold advance, and a rapid aim.

The Captain's figure, as he stood debating with his deer-stalker on the best mode of attack, was very striking. I saw him leaning on his rifle, with his manly figure directly against the western sky. His grey Highland bonnet was not yet laid aside, but his plaid trousers were tucked up to the knees, to avoid all rustling, and displayed a pair of well formed calves, sturdy in proportion to the muscular frame above them. Having settled his plan, he put off his bonnet, and descending rapidly a short distance down the brae

on his feet and left hand, with the rifle in his right, he at length took aim, and fired in an instant.

Again he missed ! and for the very same reason as before. In firing down hill, of course the ball is not much affected by gravitation, and scarcely sinks perceptibly in one hundred yards ; the consequence is, that, if the rifle be directed to an object so situated, the ball will necessarily pass over it. All this good theory, which the Captain afterwards explained to me very mathematically, he forgot in his hurry ; and thus missed the finest stag, he had seen the whole season.

The herd all lifted up their heads in an instant, and soon discovering the enemy, bounded away up the glen as hard as they could scamper. What a splashing did they make in the morass ! They divided into two herds, both of which stopped at about the same distance from us, and reconnoitred again for a long time. In the end they disappeared, one after the other, over the brae.

The Captain was so mortified at losing such a noble stag, that, though the deer-stalker declared it would be perfectly useless in the closing twilight, he determined to follow the herd for the chance of another shot. I therefore left him, by

his own advice, and took my way alone over the moors towards Altnaharra, from which we were distant about five miles—a mere step, as the Captain said. No one could have lost his way, for Ben Klibreck serves as a never-failing landmark on this side of the country.

In an hour after me, the Captain also returned, without success; and though he had killed two stags in the course of the day, a number which many would be proud to reckon at the end of the season, he was a little vexed at having made no less than two ineffectual shots.

We had been out for eleven or twelve hours, and therefore now enjoyed a good dinner, and one temperate glass of negus. This temperance is, in fact, the secret of Captain ——'s skill as a marksman; for his hand, to use his own expression, is "as steady as if it were cut out of marble." Three newspapers of the latest date, which arrived by to-day's post for Captain ——'s absent friend, furnished us with amusement for the evening.

Aug. 30th.—I was not at all worsted this morning, but did not think it prudent to go deer-stalking again to-day. Captain —— keeps up the sport the whole six days, and is rarely out for

a shorter time than twelve hours at a stretch. He wished me very much to accompany him to the back of Ben Klibreck, where the scenery, he said, was very grand: but I was afraid of being an incumbrance, and as it turned out, my fears would infallibly have been realized. He therefore bade me good bye, saying that if chance brought us together again, he should be happy to renew the acquaintance; and then off he strode with his dogs and rifles, to rouse the echoes of Ben Klibreck.

While the landlord was procuring me a saddle for the pony, which I was to ride a few miles, I amused myself with writing some hasty lines to the gallant captain. He had been pleased to admire my sketches, and wanted me to attempt a drawing of his hounds and some deer. He told me that Landseer had presented him with a fine picture, in which were portraits of himself and his favourite deer-stalker. A print of it was published in one of the numbers of the *Sporting Magazine*. For me to attempt following the steps of the great painter, at however humble a distance, would have been something perfectly ludicrous; and therefore I was obliged to decline the task, in spite of the anxiety I felt to express my sense of

Captain ——'s kindness. I determined, however, that I would not go away without some acknowledgment of it; and being totally ignorant of his native Gaelic, I selected its nearest neighbour, "plain braid Lallans," for the expression of my compliments; which ran to the following effect :

Dear Captain, while I'm bidin' still
By Naver's loch, an' Klibreck's hill,
I scribble wi' your ain guse-quill
 To kindly bless ye ;
An' hope ye winna tak it ill
 I thus address ye.

In manners ye hae sic a grace,
There's sic a candour in your face,
Nane but the cunnin', an' the base,
 Wad daur to doubt it ;
Haud in your tongue—we ken the case
 As weel without it.

A nameless billie to this roof
I cam, an' did ye speer for proof ?
Na, na ! ye gied an open loof,
 An' bad me ben ;
Though whether I'se be king or coof,
 Ye cudna ken.

We clos'd aff-han' the social tie,
An' as the tentless hours flew by,
Our mirth grew higher an' mair high,
Our hearts less narrow—
A cantie pair were ye an' I
At Altnaharra !

I'se no forget how, baith thegither
Roaming outowre the moss an' heather,
Ye pat the deer in sic a swither,
An' rarely miss't ance,
Whizzin' the het ba' through their leather
Frae awfu' distance.

Lang may ye, on the dewy crags,
Wi' aim sae true shoot raes an' stags,
An' neer a haunch be put to rags
By Oscar's jaw ;
An' may ye no want cannie nags
To car them a' !

Oh ! may your sons in ilk guid art
Tak aye their father's manly part !
An' may ye twine lang round your heart
Your winsome leddie,
Like Hielander in stormy airt
His ain warm pladdie !

A boy was sent on before me, in order to take

back the pony, when I should have advanced eight or ten miles out of the twenty-two between Altnaharra and Hailaim inn. There was nothing on the road of any striking interest till I reached the solitudes of Strath More, where I dismounted.

This is, indeed, a glorious glen! The mountains rise abruptly from its base, particularly on the eastern side, where Ben Hope, so imposing from his loftiness, exhibits the noblest forms, and the most varied colourings. The crags at the summit of one of his shoulders, though not very lofty, are quite perpendicular, and are channelled by frost and time, into the most exquisite tracery. From their base, the smooth sloping greensward shoots directly down to the level of the glen, at an inclination of 45° . Through the flat rich plain at the bottom of the strath, the Water of Hope, beautiful in its silvery meanderings, hies joyously on, to yield its pure tribute to the lake. It is fed by many a mountain torrent, which, hurrying down craggy channels in fairy cascades, strews its own banks with verdure, and its path with rocks.

I soon came to Dun Dornadilla, the ruin of one of those Pictish houses which I have already

mentioned. It stands close to the road, and consists of a huge circular tower, the wall of which still rises every where to the height of five or six feet, and in one part to that of at least twenty feet. Under this tall portion there is an entrance at present only about four feet square ; the top of the entrance is formed by a large triangular stone. Chambers in the great wall may still be seen, but the whole is in a most unsatisfactorily ruinous state.

The inhabitants have a tradition, that these curious towers, of which there are many remains in the counties of Sutherland and Caithness, were erected to afford their forefathers an asylum from the ravages of wolves, formerly very abundant in the vast forests, which covered the face of the country. But antiquarians regard them as fortresses, into which the people of the strath might retire in case of invasion. The hollow centre contained a well, and would also hold cattle for their food ; while the women and children could be secured in the mural apartments.

All along this strath, and chiefly in the neighbourhood of Dun Dornadilla, the ruins of peasants' cottages are scattered in heaps upon the greensward ; exhibiting a mournful picture, and one, on which I do not like to dwell.





I crossed the Water of Hope in a ferry-boat, and then had to ascend a very steep brae which commanded noble views of Strath More, and of the bright blue peaceful waters of Loch Hope. The windings of the river through the strath, and of the steep road, which I was surmounting, formed interesting objects in these magnificent landscapes.

At length I reached the summit, and suddenly gained another totally different, but still more majestic burst of mountain scenery across Loch Erribol. Some of these extraordinary mountains are literally black and white, and produce by the contrast of their colours a strange effect. Their forms, too, are no less grotesque than their tints, some of them being pointed into cones, some rounded into turrets, and some exhibiting vast bare sloping fields of stone, destitute of all vegetation, and glistening in the westering sun. The Highlander calls them, "the bones of the land protruding through its skin."

The road now descended in deep zigzags to the village of Erribol, which has but little to attract attention, except a kirk remarkable for its diminutive size. I was pleased with its unassuming

dimensions, which contrasted so strangely with the great mountain masses soaring around. So small is it, that until the traveller has nearly reached its walls, the whole building is lost as a speck, and confounded in the mighty landscape. And surely, this is not the spot for gorgeous temples, reared by human hands ; since, however richly wrought, or massively piled, they would, amidst the more glorious altars of Nature, dwindle down to insignificant toys. A simple lowly structure, like this, is far better adapted to such majestic scenes ; appearing to bear on its very front the humble confession, that man is little, and God is great.

From Erribol to Hailaim Inn, the road lies along the edge of the loch under fine marble rocks, and is itself entirely constructed of marble. But in spite of the splendour of its materials, it was a dreary road to me. Though not at all foot-sore at starting, I had not walked three miles, before I made the annoying discovery, that my deer stalking expedition had not only frayed the leather of my shoes, but also that other foot-leather, which more peculiarly and personally belonged to myself. How fortunate, that I resisted Captain

———'s invitation to Ben Klibreck ! I should have been a sad incumbrance to him, for he was far too kind-hearted, to have left me to shift for myself. I heartily congratulated myself on my prudent forbearance, and at length, after many discouraging windings of the road, hobbled into Hailaim Inn. It is situated upon a singular peninsula, jutting out like an ace of clubs, from the eastern coast of Loch Erribol ; and from its highest point commands a splendid view of the head of the loch, which reminds me, though upon a very gigantic scale, of the head of Derwent Water as seen from Keswick.

Aug. 31.—Being completely out of walking condition, I am compelled to remain quiet for a day ; but the hardship is not overwhelming, inasmuch as the weather has relapsed to its usual state. A series of three fine days appears to involve some physical impossibility, and so this morning the loch is covered with foam.

There are many vessels riding at anchor in the Erribol roads, which lie a little below Hailaim, and afford the most effectual protection from gales and contrary winds. The security of the station is indeed admirable : Loch Erribol itself is a

great arm of the sea, running due south; the peninsula of Hailaim, as I have said, projects from the middle of its eastern shore, and the land of the opposite coast also trends inward; then the loch, after being thus contracted, again expands into a noble harbour, sheltered on every side by mountain barriers, and supplying excellent anchorage. The importance of such a retreat to vessels navigating these boisterous seas, may be readily imagined.

Sept. 1st.—After taking a hasty sketch of the sublime scenery of Loch Erribol, I crossed the ferry with a single sailor. He was obliged, therefore, to belay the sheet of the foresail; a circumstance which, in a little sea like this, surrounded by mountains, is often attended with danger, because of the sudden squalls which rush down the glens. I was far too busy devouring the scenery, to afford him any assistance.

Landing safely on the western shore, I commenced the ascent of the long steep brae, that leads to Durness. The changing scenes, from its various heights, display the most astonishing effects of mountain grandeur, and often arrest the steps of the lonely traveller, to demand a prolonged

and rapturous gaze. Soaring above the precipices which skirt the shore of the loch, Cranstackie and Ben Spinnue on the right, and the ever-majestic form of Ben Hope on the left, fill up the gigantic back-ground. The sky was diversified with bright curling clouds, which sometimes deceitfully promise serenity and sunshine; and once more the welcome breath of the sweet south passed idly by me. It came from my native land!

On arriving at the summit of the brae, I beheld the far extending, dark blue, northern sea, spread out beneath me, dotted with many a glistening sail, and bounding with its sharp horizon the little portion, which the eye commands of this terrestrial sphere.

Rispond consists of a little cluster of houses, lying at a short distance off the main road, just at the entrance of Loch Erribol. It is as strange a place, perhaps, as ever was selected for the foundation of a colony. No words can express the extremity of sterility, which reigns around it. A few patches of the soil have been laboured into something like the semblance of cultivation; but the great mass of all that is visible, is nothing but rock! rock! rock! The very houses, being constructed of the prevalent material, have a rocky

appearance; and surely the inmates, who contrive to exist in such a spot, must have the constitution of a rock. Their subsistence is procured by fishing, which is, in fact, the main object of the settlement, and one for which its station affords peculiar advantages.

From Rispond there is a striking view, across the mouth of Loch Erribol, of Whitenhead Cliff, which stands, abrupt and white, over the dark sea. It is broken up into various isolated pinnacles by the ceaseless attacks of the troubled waters; and each of these prominent chalky crags, when lighted by a sunbeam, presents a dazzling appearance.

Shortly after I had left this little fishing station, a great black cloud came rolling over the tall precipice on my left, and soon obscured the whole sky, emitting a torrent of rain. Provoking! for Smoo Cave was close at hand, and in such dripping weather it was impossible to go about to the little huts in the neighbourhood, in order to procure the requisite boat, and men to manage it. I determined, therefore, to go on to Durness, and return the next morning to see the cave.

Accordingly I trudged along, as speedily as my still disabled feet would allow me; and at

length found out the miserable hovel, which is at present the only apology for an inn at Durness. The landlord was carting peats near at hand, and on my asking, if I could get shelter and accommodation, he went round to the back of the hut, and fetched a key, with which he unlocked the front door of his hospitium. I did not think this looked well, but I was absolutely disgusted with the interior; all filth, and smoke, and darkness. I asked for some oat-cake and whisky; upon which a dirty old woman made her appearance, and from a cupboard at the foot of the vile bed, which filled half the room, she took down a cracked and cobwebbed tea-pot. Out of this very suspicious vessel she poured a dingy yellow liquid, ycleped, in her vocabulary, "whisky," in mine, "bilge-water". I could touch nothing; and the man disinterestedly assuring me that I should find good lodgings at the Cape, I resolved, in spite of the weather, and of my failing feet, to walk the twelve miles for the chance of a reception at the lighthouse.

To spare myself as much fatigue as possible, I made a little boy guide me to the ferry, and carry my knapsack the two miles between the inn and Durness Bay. I had not proceeded many minutes,

when the rain began to increase in violence, and at last streamed down in torrents. Seeing a good house by the path, I asked the lad to whom it belonged.

“To the minister,” was the reply.

I stopped at once, and resolved to ask for shelter, till the strength of the shower should pass away. The good lady, expecting the arrival of a friend, happened to be at the door; and so laying my case before her forthwith, I was invited to come in. The minister entered the parlour soon after, and immediately expressed his readiness to offer me any hospitality in his power. I had not the remotest idea, at the time, of remaining there, but merely requested temporary shelter. Fortunately for me, however, the rain did not cease to fall, nor the wind to howl; and so at last I accepted their kind and reiterated invitation to pass the night there, visit the Cape next day, and return to them for another night. I soon after sat down to a grateful dinner with a large and joyous family party; and, by some Highland hocus-pocus, found myself at home in a moment.

Before tea the minister escorted me to his little kirk, situated on the shore of Balnakill Bay, near one of the residences of Lord Reay. In the in-

terior of the kirk there is an ancient tomb, erected over the remains of one Donald Makmurchoy, who appears to have been in his day a kind of Robin Hood. He was quite as famous as the English forester for his skill in archery, and possessed great influence in the country which was the scene of his exploits. He repented in old age of the wild pranks and misdeeds of his youth, and, to make some atonement for them, he assisted very considerably in the expense of erecting this kirk; upon condition, however, that his body should be interred within it. The inscription upon the tomb runs thus:

DONALDMAKMVRCHOV
 HIERLYISLOVASILTOHIS
 FRIEND
 VARTO
 HISFO
 TRVETOHISMAIS
 TERINVEIRDANDVO 1627

For the benefit of those who have not patience to decypher the rhyme and reason of this ancient writing, I subjoin the following paraphrase:

Donald Makmurchoy here lies low,
 Was ill to his friend, worse to his foe,
 True to his master in weal and woe.

The kirkyard contains many a simple tomb; but the most interesting is that of Robert Donn, the celebrated Gaelic bard, sometimes called the Burns of the North. It is a plain slab, near the kirk, with this brief memorial engraven on it:

ROBERT DONN

1777.

In the middle of the kirkyard, a more elaborate monument is erected to the memory of the poet; on which there are inscriptions, consisting, like the Scottish soup hodge-podge, of a multitude of ingredients, in Greek, Latin, Gaelic, and English. The Greek was executed from a copy by the Durness mason, without any superintendence of the learned; and, considering this circumstance, is surprisingly accurate. It consists of two lines from the *Œdipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles (l. 1476 and 1477). With what taste they have been selected, I leave others to determine, but cannot help remarking, that the Scottish poets seem to me to be singularly unfortunate, as to the mode in which their tombs have been adorned.

The minister spoke very highly of Robert Donn's poems, especially of his songs and satires; he had attempted, he said, a translation of one or

two, but found it impossible to convey the spirit of the original, which often depended upon peculiarities of the Gaelic idiom, or sound.

The Highland character is very much altered, since the time of the bard, and it is in vain to expect, among the poor and broken-spirited fishermen, driven from their inland homes and independent habits, any successor to his fame. Country revels and social merry-makings, favourite topics with Rob Donn, have long disappeared; and could the rude, but clever, poet of the preceding century take a peep into his native country, he would not recognize, in the distressed and starving tenantry along its shores, the descendants of those hearty farmers and shepherds, who, with their wives and true-loves, afforded so many subjects for his satiric, or amatory muse.

Sept. 2d.—Robbie Findlater, the minister's second son, accompanied me this day to Cape Wrath. Its distance from the manse is about twelve miles, making our walk, upon the whole, twenty-four miles. I was still very lame; but I could neither give up this excursion to the north-western point of the island, nor could I think of encroaching any longer than was absolutely necessary, on the hospitality of the manse.

We contrived to reach the lighthouse without much inconvenience from the rain ; though heavy showers, flying in all directions about us, robbed us of the mountain views. We were joined at the ferry by one of the sixteen labourers, who are now at work on the cape road : he had been to Durness for some heavy mattocks, and was now returning with an enormous burden. Robbie, who knew and shook hands with all his father's flock, however humble their station, carried one of the mattocks for the poor fellow ; and I gave him some whisky from my flask, besides paying his fare over the ferry. He was very grateful for these little kindnesses, and expressed his sense of them by saying,

“ It is sometimes one's luck to fall in among the gentlefolks ! ”

He, and his fifteen comrades, all sleep together in a wretched turf hovel, by the road side ; have nothing to eat and drink, but oatmeal and water, which they boil into pottage. They earn eighteen-pence a-day.

I was much gratified by an examination of the lighthouse, which is maintained in admirable order by the present keeper. The lights revolve, and present, alternately, a red colour, and the

natural one. The power producing the revolution of the apparatus, is a weight, which requires to be wound up every six hours. There are a number of mechanical contrivances for regulating the motion, carrying off the smoke, and ventilating the apartments, which are worthy of attention. The parabolic reflectors are made of silver, with an exquisite polish. The large windows of the apartment are of plate glass, of great thickness, that they may be enabled to withstand the tremendous force of the gales. The red colour of the alternate lights, is produced by a disc of stained glass placed before them. The oil is kept in casks in a deep cellar; and a store-room contains all requisites for repairing, especially glass cylinders to put over the lights, of which great numbers crack in cooling.

The view from the exterior gallery may be divided into three distinct pictures; two terrene, and one aquatic.

Eastward, lies the north coast of Britain, where cape after cape, and headland after headland, are seen stretching out into the ocean; the nearer terminating in vast perpendicular precipices; and the more distant sinking into long, low, indistinct ridges of blue land. Stack-a-Klo, a curious de-

tached rock, forms a prominent object. In a clear day the Orkney Isles may be seen, but we had not the good fortune to command so extensive a range.

The other land view lies to the southward, where the western coast of Scotland, inferior to the northern neither in the multitude of its promontories, nor in the loftiness of its cliffs, rises in beautiful perspective.

Lastly, in front, the great Atlantic and northern oceans unite their restless waters. Running by the cape is a furious current, which keeps up a continual roaring of the mighty waves ; especially against a small sunken rock, which lies a little off shore, and has been the cause of many a fatal wreck. Only one vessel has been lost, since the erection of this friendly beacon.

When we had sufficiently gratified our curiosity, we were invited to a repast of herrings and potatoes ; and to those, who have walked a dozen miles in the pure and gloriously invigorating atmosphere of the cape, such humble fare, however unpalatable at other times, will then be a perfect feast. When we had finished our meal, or, in other words, when neither herring nor potatoe *survived*, we were requested to enter our

names in a book which had been opened for the first time, at the commencement of this season. Very few names were inscribed, and I found, that only one Englishman (a gentleman whom I had met in Orkney) had preceded me.

After having been detained some time by a heavy shower, we set out on our return, and accomplished the twelve miles in three hours, notwithstanding the wet and heavy state of the road. We found a more substantial repast awaiting us on our arrival at the manse, the whole family having kindly postponed their dinner for us, till the late hour of six o'clock.

Sept. 3. The minister's two sons accompanied me this morning, to explore the caves of Smoo. I know not, whether even Staffa is superior in interest to these remarkable caverns, of which there are three in number, forming a grand suite of chambers.

The first is open to the daylight, and is the most spacious. Its roof is supported, partly by its own arched form, and partly by one grand natural pillar of rock. In this vaulted ceiling there is a singular opening, called Na-falish, or the Sun, through which a ray of light descends from above, and penetrates to the recesses of the

cave. The exterior rocks are adorned with mosses and lichens, and the ground is strewn with moss-grown stones and graceful fern. The soil, at the innermost and darkest part of the cave, refuses to support vegetable life, and is kept constantly sodden by the drip-water from the roof. From an unseen source on the right issues a limpid stream, which, close to the wall of the cave, forms a small, deep, dark pool; and then runs merrily over a shallow pebbled channel to the ocean which is close at hand. Immediately over the pool, and about six feet above it, is an arched opening in the solid rock; and this is the only entrance to the second cave.

Over the six feet barrier a boat must be dragged in order to explore the remainder of these wondrous retreats; the two other caves being filled with water. It is necessary, therefore, to cross the small deep pool, which I have described, by means of the boat; and then cling to the rocks, while the men hoist it into the second cave. Re-imbarking, and floating along a short dark passage, we come to a lofty circular hall; and, in front of us, we behold a magnificent cascade, formed by a stream, which suddenly plunges from the open air into an orifice in the roof of the cave, and

falls in a torrent of diamonds. The descending water-drops, viewed from such dark recesses, and brilliantly illumined by the unseen light from above, produce one of the most dazzling and magnificent effects, I ever witnessed. The impression, too, is increased by the sound of the water, precipitating itself into the gloomy pool, and plashing against the sides of the rocks, as it hurries on in its mystic career. The spray rises up from the bubbling surface, and, catching the straggling light reflected from the rocks, floats upon the hollow darkness, with a dreamy splendour.

The entrance to the third and last cave is still more extraordinary. It consists of a lofty vertical opening, across the lower part of which is thrown a natural bridge of rock, horizontal above, and arched below, just like an artificial bridge. The arch is so low, that to pass under it, we were all obliged to stoop down in the boat. Standing upright again, we explored by the light of the candles, which we had taken care to bring with us, the furthest extremity of this last great chasm. Towards the end of it, we were enabled to leave the boat, and walk along the narrow gallery, which terminates at length abruptly, just

where a transparent and very deep well sinks into the earth.

Looking back from this point, what a fairy scene presents itself to the delighted eye! You look through the entrance of the last cave, with its ebon arch, bestriding the turbulent waters. You look athwart the dim rocks and waters of the second cave, and mark the glimmering light dance from point to point, and from line to line, of the dripping rocks and glassy waves. Still further, through the next entrance, you behold the bright beam of day upon the crags and columns, the mosses and ferns of the outer cave. Beautiful it is beyond imagining!

No wonder that superstition still lingers in a temple so congenial to her taste: and if ever sylph or fairy, those beautiful creations of the timid enthusiast, or the phrenzied poet, found a home amid scenes of sylvan loveliness; surely a spot like this, with its diamond cascade and pellucid fountain, its plashing halls and crystal galleries, must have been a favorite haunt of that elfin crew.

On our return at twelve o'clock, I found that Mrs. Findlater had prepared an early dinner for me; because, as she said, I should "very likely

get nothing I could eat, the day": and a horse, also, was saddled, to take me a few miles on my way. If I had been her son, she could hardly have shewn me more kindness; and indeed from each individual member of this agreeable family I received every attention, that could be bestowed upon a stranger.

With regard to their manners, and mode of life, differing as they necessarily must do, in some degree, from our own, I do not feel myself at liberty to enter into any detail. I should be sorry, indeed, to follow the example of a late writer, who, after experiencing similar hospitality and kindness, gave to the world an ill-natured caricature of Highland society. Nothing can be more easy, than to hold up to ridicule manners, which depart from our own standard. Nothing, that has so much the semblance of wit, requires so little of the reality. And even supposing there were, in truth, some foundation for sarcastic remark, yet after all, what are good manners? In what does their essence consist? Surely in treating all our fellow men with due consideration and kindness. And, if this be an accurate definition, then in spite of any errant philosopher of them all, Highland manners are the manners for me!

Notwithstanding my resolution to keep the secrets of the manse, I cannot dismiss the subject without observing, that within its walls was realized that affecting picture of family worship, which is drawn in "the Cottar's Saturday Night."

According to Mrs. Findlater's express injunctions, I rode the pony eight miles, after which I had only six to walk to Rhiconich Inn. It had rained at intervals all the way, and when I dismounted, a heavy shower was falling. I took shelter, therefore, for a quarter of an hour in a shepherd's cottage, where a fire was put ben for me in a moment. With many thanks to the goodwife for its grateful warmth, I recommenced my journey, and was soon again involved in heavy rain. The scenery from this point is certainly superb, Cranstackie, and other mountains, forming a majestic group; but the clouds were so low, that I could see very little.

Through mire and water I trudged my lonely way over the Gualin Moss, a spot as dreary, perhaps, as any in the whole kingdom. I passed the Gualin House, which is a little building erected to afford shelter to the tempest-driven traveller. There are inscriptions on the gable ends, recording the exertions and liberality of the

late Marquess of Stafford, in constructing 130 bridges, and upwards of 400 miles of road; especially this road over the hitherto almost "unpassable Gualin Moss." I wish I could have copied the words, for they were written with unaffected simplicity; but the rain prevented me from accomplishing so long a task.

I have spoken elsewhere, perhaps, somewhat harshly of one act of this noble family; I rejoice, therefore, to be able, with strict justice to assert that, excepting that one act, if it be an exception, they appear to have been uniformly engaged, at an enormous expense of money and trouble, in promoting the best interests of their tenants, and in improving the aspect and cultivation of the country.

As I advanced, the scenery became more and more rocky and wild; and I found Rhiconich Inn in the midst of a wilderness of crags. This little public house, rejoicing in the name of "The Stafford Arms," consists of exactly two rooms. In the one, all the travellers who arrive (it is true they are few, and far between) have to eat, drink, and sleep. In the other, the presiding couple with their host of children, perform the same

operations, with the additional one (upon no very extensive scale, indeed) of cooking the meals. The partition between the rooms is nothing more than so much cracked and rotten boarding; so that the smoke of the kitchen, instead of decently ascending its own lum, or chimney, takes the liberty of coming ben, and absolutely darkens the room with its dense and pungent vapour. But though there was a plentiful provision of smoke, scarce a spark of fire could be coaxed into existence for hours, because the rain had so damped the peats, that they would not burn. Neither bread, nor biscuit, nor potatoes, nor meat, could be procured.

Now only imagine a poor wretch, cold and wet, weary and footsore, hungry and thirsty, arriving at such quarters as these! While I am drinking some tea, and after many efforts at deglutition, swallowing a few mouthfuls of oat-cake, the good wife is arranging the linen for my bed.

“I’ll bring a bit of carpet,” she says, “to put over the floor; for it was all in holes, and a few days ago I was obliged to have it fresh done with clay and heather, and it is very damp still.—Oh! and I should tell you, Sir, that we have a great

many rats here, and if you are not aware of them, they may frighten you in the night. They'll come into the room and jump all over the furniture, and make a terrible noise with their squeaks and gambols. I can't keep any thing from them. I should not mind their taking the provisions, but they ruin our clothes. Last night they eat up almost half of my husband's best black coat !”

Gracious Heavens ! for what hideous and unrepented crimes am I cast into a purgatory like this? To be converted into kipper by the reeking peat-smoke, and then made a meal of by these ravenous vermin !

The very excess of my discomfort became a ludicrous thing ; and I was soon reconciled to a lot, which, however hard, I could only amend by patience. The goodwife is a cheery person, speaks excellent English, is very cleanly, and most anxious to make this miserable abode as comfortable as possible. She says, they have been here but a short time ; and only came on condition, that they should be put into the capital new inn, which is now being built at Durness. They will probably enter in May next ; so that future travellers will easily avoid all the perplexities and hardships, to which I have been lately exposed.

Sept. 4th.—During the night, so violent a storm came on, that I suppose the very rats lay quaking in their holes; for I heard nothing whatever of them. My curtains waved at every gust of wind, and I almost expected, that the frail tenement itself would be swept away in the tempest.

Towards morning the breeze fell, and after a few hours of sleep, I awoke with a glory of peat-smoke curling about my temples. I arose with all imaginable speed, and rushed out of doors, to enjoy the fresh morning air. But here another enemy assailed me, more intolerable even than the smoke. The midges, little insects allied in character to the mosquito, were swarming, as is their custom here in calm weather; and came down upon me in myriads, the moment I attempted to stand still. While I moved on, I found they took very little notice of me; but whenever I paused, they concentrated their forces around me, and a hundred puny lances were piercing my face and wrists in an instant.

It was the morning of Sunday: but there being no kirk nearer than four miles, and no road to this one, except over peat-mosses, I resolved to walk directly after breakfast to Scourie. The distance is fourteen miles; rather more, perhaps,

than a sabbath-day's journey: but the most rigid disciplinarian would hardly have blamed me, for endeavouring to deliver myself from the captivity of Rhiconich.

It rained, of course; and the clouds were as condescending as ever, stooping far below the summits of the mountains. At one point, however, there was a momentary clearing, and what a glorious landscape did the rising mist unfold! One glance at such a scene is worth a whole week of sun-shine! A stupendous amphitheatre of mountains surrounded me, where crag frowned over crag, and rock was piled on rock; and where the sloping faces of the loftier hills were scored and wrinkled by the channels of ten thousand torrents. More conspicuous than all, the huge geometric cone of the stack arose, the lingering clouds still rolling fantastically about its dim and spiry peak. Below me, in a vast hollow, lay the dark surface of a loch, dotted with numbers of stony isles, whose grey rocks and blossoming heather stood, in beautiful relief, over the smooth murkiness of the water.

When I reached Scourie, which, though but a poor little village, situate on the bay of that name, boasts of a comfortable inn, I found that my

shoes had failed so completely, that I had actually been walking for some miles on bare feet. No leather can long withstand the united attacks of water, mud, gravel, and rock.

Soon after my arrival, two gentlemen drove into the yard in a gig. One of them, as he watched the hostler feeding his pony, began a thoughtless whistle, a mode of merriment, which, on Sunday, is regarded with grave suspicion by the stricter Presbyterians. The conscious offender seeing the hostler eye him with the reproving austerity of an old covenanter,

“Eh! Sandie,” said he, “is it Sabbath at Scourie?” “It doesna look very like it,” was the laconic reply.

Sept. 5th.—I remained quiet one day, during which the rain increased in impetuosity, and a Highland cobbler soled my shoes.

Sept. 6th.—Well shod once more, I set out, in a most lovely day, to walk twenty-one miles to Inchnadamff inn. How welcome this bright and peaceful weather, after such a lengthened series of storms! The loitering breakers of the bay came rolling on, one after the other, over the yellow sands; chanting, as they fell, a measured requiem to the departed winds. The black cattle,

grazing near the road, merely lifted up their heads at the passing stranger, and then busily resumed their dewy meal: but the wilder sheep bounded off with precipitation to a securer distance. The Royston crows, very abundant here, cawed forth their harsh but lively notes; which the rocks, re-echoing, cawed back again. The web of the diligent spider, suspended from crag and heather, or streaming loose and buoyant in the air, glistened in the morning sun; and the many hosts of the midges danced merrily upon his beams. I passed along the shores of several beautiful little freshwater lochs, not broad, but deep; whose dark and glassy plain was studded, here with the brown elliptic leaf of the pond-weed, there with the green circular disc of the water-lily. Of the latter plant, many a tender bud, modestly arrayed in virgin white and vivid green, rose out of the water; only waiting for the genial sunshine, to put forth all the glories of its blossoming. The trout rose frequently, tempted by the heedless fly; its polished scales were glittering for a moment in the midst of its elastic leap; then circle after circle of puny waves chased one another from the central point. All the mountains and valleys were glad, and every living thing, accord-

ing to its appropriate instinct, was hymning its own happiness, and its Maker's praise.

I never witness a scene like this, without wondering at, and pitying, those gloomy religionists, who imagine they do God service, by rejecting the blessings which he has spread before them. When I perceive all the inferior animals of creation so busy and so gay, I can never believe that man, the lord of all, will be accounted guilty, when joyous, and that he is profitable only when self-tormented; or that he will advance his interests hereafter, in proportion as he steels his heart against the sympathies, which gladden this life, and disregards those prudential cares, which may alleviate, or remove, its ills. Virtue is not only consistent with cheerfulness, but rarely approaches perfection without it; and he best serves his God, who provides, as largely as he can, for his own rational happiness, and that of all his fellow-creatures.

The road, labouring in general over steep braes and rocks, seems delighted to avail itself of the transient level afforded by the strands of these mountain pools. Suddenly it leads to an exquisite view of the sea, studded with a multitude of rocky isles; the kirk and manse of Edderachylles

forming an interesting foreground. I could not help attempting to sketch this miniature Archipelago, though I well knew the persecution that awaited me. I took out the large green veil, which I had prudently brought with me, and covered up my face with more than the care of a delicate-complexioned lady. I also retained my gloves; yet, notwithstanding all these precautions, I was bitten and stung to vexation. I persevered, however, till I had finished the outline; and then sprung away from the countless swarms of midges, that now literally darkened the air around me. I declare that I speak not in hyperboles, but in sober truth. Indeed the common labourers and peasants of the country cannot withstand the attacks of these tormenting insects, and are obliged to wear veils for protection.

As I took my last peep at the manse, I was provoked that I had not thought of applying there for shelter; since it commanded a capital view of the isles, and I have no doubt, that within its walls I should have been received as hospitably as at Durness. But having completed my sketch after a fashion, and being neither wet, nor weary, nor in want of food, I had no plea for intrusion.

I pursued my way, therefore, rubbing my tortured wrists, and soon came in sight of the massive heights of Quenao, wrought into projecting bastions, and flanking turrets, which have doubtless often glared in the lightning's flash, and shaken to the thunder's roar. This enormous mountain immediately overhangs the long narrow arm of the sea, which the traveller crosses at Kyle-stroom Ferry. Other mountains, equally savage and sublime, rise abruptly from the shores of this noble loch, which, from the lonely silence, and hopeless sterility, that reign around it, produces a deep impression on the mind.

After a refreshment of barley-scones and cheese, procured at the neat little inn on the southern side, I soon accomplished the remainder of my task; coasting, at the latter part of my journey, along the margin of Loch Assynt; a fresh-water lake, which derives a character of grandeur, not only from the height of its bounding mountains, but also from its own expanse. Ardvreck castle is a romantic ruin, standing all bare and crumbling on a little eminence close to the water, and exhibiting traces of having been originally defended by moats.

In the inn at Inchnadamff I am disappointed ; it is a poor little place, considering that it lies on the mail road.

Sept. 7th.—I arose early this morning, intending to walk to Loch Inver ; but the weather had relapsed to its usual state, resolved, as it seemed, to prove, that two consecutive fine days cannot exist here at this season. While I was debating on the alternative of abiding in this comfortless spot, or of proceeding through the rain to Loch Inver, the mail-gig from that place arrived on its way to Golspie. It was full, but the passengers agreed to make room for me, and I resolved on the instant to take my leave of Scotland.

I had fully intended to continue my travels along the western coast, making my way by Ullapool to Loch Maree, and thence to Lochearron, Kintail, and Strath Affric. But as there are no roads in these unfrequented, mountainous, and swampy regions ; and as the rains continued to envelope even the liveliest scenes in gloom and discomfort ; I was compelled to give up this part of my scheme. Under the most favourable circumstances, I should have had to struggle with considerable hardships and privations ; and, though not easily yielding to ordinary difficulties, I felt

sure, that the addition of bad weather to so many other sources of annoyance, would have annihilated all the pleasure, which I might otherwise have extracted from such an excursion. I mounted the mail-gig, therefore, and bade adieu once more, with regret to Highland mountains, and with alacrity to Highland rains.

Throughout this whole excursion, I have been singularly unfortunate in weather; owing, partly to the late period of my visit, but principally to the extraordinary nature of the season. Yet, in spite of circumstances so adverse to enjoyment, and of the consequent solitariness of my rambles, I have derived from them no inconsiderable share of pleasure, information, and health.

In the Highlands, a stormy sky is seldom without its peculiar charms: it throws down upon the wild landscape contrasted light and shade; magnifies objects, which are already intrinsically vast; and exhibits the face of nature in alternate majesty and grace. And when, at last, the sun shines out with stedfast splendour, its cheering ray seems to light up the innermost chambers of the heart; dispelling all fears and anxieties, and fully reconciling us once more to our position on the globe. We then feel mere animal existence to be a bless-

ing ; and in the actual enjoyment of the present hour, cease for a while to hope for the future.

But whether I met with bright or stormy skies, I never roamed far without encountering scenes of surpassing beauty, or of startling grandeur. And sure am I, that whoever wanders through this romantic land, will find whatever of poetry, or of philosophy, his mind may possess, awakened and stirred within him. My path, too, was always cheered by the reflection, that I was among a race of men, who had forgotten the ferocity, but not the hospitality of their forefathers ; and whose urbanity to the stranger called forth my warmest sympathies, and raised in my estimation the standard of humanity. No one could have come among them with less claim to kindness, than I had ; and no one, surely, could have met with more. I have not set down the half of it ; and could still recount many an instance of good will, for which I cannot hope to make any return. For in all human probability, I shall never meet those kind-hearted Highlanders again, and never more loiter among their beautiful glens. All that now lies in my power, is to acknowledge my obligations ; especially to one worthy family, from whom I experienced the Arab's hospitality, and

the Samaritan's compassion: and if ever this humble volume should reach a corner of the kingdom so remote as Durness, it is a pleasure to me to reflect, that its minister will find the last sentiment recorded here, is that of gratitude to him and his, for their generous treatment of a weary stranger.