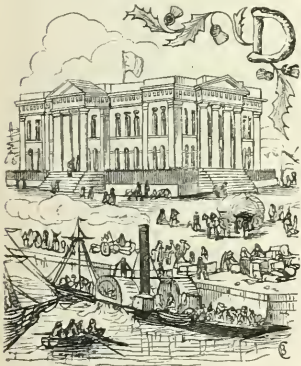


GLENCREGGAN.

CHAPTER I.

THE SCENERY OF THE CLYDE.

Greenock no Wapping, but the first Seaport in Scotland. — Greenock's Glory and Greenock's Lament. — A pleasant and reliable Author. — Down the Clyde. — Roseneath and Gourock. — The Kempoch Stane. — Trade Winds. — Witches and Sailors. — Sir G. Head's Opinion. — Loch Long and Holy Loch. — The Hieland Hills. — Clyde Scenery. — One of the Northern Lights. — Watering-Places on the Clyde. — Burns and Kelly-Burn. — The Frith of Clyde. — Sketching Difficulties. — Amateur Sailors. — Sic Transit. — Garroch Head.



DOWN by the Custom-house at Greenock,—a building in the Grecian style, with a large portico,—the handsomest structure in the town; and here we are amid all the bustle of the quays. They are three in number, with their harbours and dry docks filled with the mani-

fold evidences of the present prosperity of the town. A little more than two centuries since it was but a

small fishing village; then it acquired a name for herrings, and from its dealings in this little fish, laid the foundation of its present importance; then it did a good business in the matter of tobacco, and was made a custom-house port; then it was accused by its jealous rivals of London, Bristol, and Liverpool, of defrauding the revenue, but came off with flying colours; then it steadily increased its exports and imports until it attained its present rank as the first seaport in Scotland.

“No one ought to pass Greenock,” says Macculloch, “as if it were a mere receptacle of rum and sugar. It is a splendid seaport, and it is no less beautifully situated. . . . The middle ground is occupied, first by the broad expanse of the Clyde, gay with shipping, in every position, and in every variety of form, and still nearer, by the port of Greenock, crowded with masts and sails and buildings; while the town itself, and the high rocky and wooded banks that tower above it, produce foregrounds as appropriate as they are various and picturesque. Those who may have expected to find it a kind of Wapping deserve to be confined for their lives to that odoriferous region, if they leave Greenock with the same impression as they entered it. The beauties of the shore on this side, whether along the road, which is so judiciously conducted near the margin of the water, or from the water itself, are not often surpassed; while the whole coast, even

as far as Largs, is varied by villages and houses, by ordinary marine villas, or by rural ones of higher antiquity and claims, by wood and by cultivation, and by land of ever-changing forms. From a line of coast thus intricate, the Clyde, always spacious, and always covered with its shipping, offers a scene of life and brilliancy, unparalleled on any of our sea shores, and enhanced by the majestic screen of mountains to the north, for ever varying under the changes of a restless atmosphere, but, under all these changes, for ever magnificent." *

Greenock is indeed no copy of dirty Wapping, but is a shining, fresh, and clean seaport, that worthily bears its honours as the first in Scotland. Those huge dredging machines, with their endless treadmill of dirty buckets, that, through the facility afforded by their successful operations to large vessels of sailing right on to Glasgow, have received the *sobriquet* of "Greenock's Lament," or the "Terror of Greenock," — those dredgers are constantly at work, scouring and deepening the bed of the river, and making it fit for its work. There are steamers from here to Glasgow and back, in as great frequency as the trains; and others constantly coming and going, on their way to and from Glasgow, or the immediate watering-places, or to the Highlands, Liverpool, Ireland, and America. On a summer's day, then,

Highlands and Western Isles, vol. ii. p. 5.

in the height of the touring season, the view from the Custom-house at Greenock is exceedingly animated. Our destination is Campbelton, Cantire; and here comes our boat, *The Celt*, greatly puffing from the effects of her run up from Glasgow. She swings broad-side on to the quay; and, after ten minutes have been consumed in rattling of chains, and holding on and casting off of ropes, and embarking heavy packages, and no small amount of bad language in a foreign tongue, we find the Custom-house and the quay slipping from our side; and by the time that we have made ourselves comfortable on a deck seat, we begin to realise the fact that we have left Greenock behind us, and that we are steaming down the Clyde, and past those pretty watering-places that make the shores at the mouth of the Clyde seem like a succession of Scarboroughs and Llandudnos. "If a man had nothing else to do than to make tours," says Macculloch, "I know not where or how he could better spend his money and his time, than in wandering up and down and about the shores of the Clyde, and those of all the lochs that open into it, and in ferreting out the endless corners and nooks in which it abounds. Castles, towns, ships, islands, rocks, mountains, bays, creeks, rivers, cascades, trees, lakes, cliffs, forests, country seats, cultivation — what is there, in short, which may not be found on the shores of the Clyde? and what is there of all these which is not

beautiful? Scotland has not such a house as Rose-neath, and scarcely such a park as the park of Inverary. Few of its towns are so beautifully situated as Greenock and Campbelton, and not many of its sea lochs exceed Loch Long and Long Fyne. Dumbarton Castle has not many equals; the Kyles of Bute resemble nothing on earth; Ailsa is unmatched perhaps in the world; and if Arran, in parts, has more than a rival in some parts of Skye, it has none, as a whole, throughout all the Western Islands. But every inch is beautiful, even from Dumbarton Castle to the Mull of Cantyre; nor is there a creek or a point in all this long space, that does not present something new, and something attractive.”* So much by way of a sharpener of the mental appetite, to enable us the more to appreciate those dainty bits of scenery, which, during the next few hours, will, in succession, present themselves to our view. Our route is the very one thus indicated in the foregoing quotation, and we are truly thankful to be favoured with such propitious weather, and with such brilliant sunshine. It is evident that we shall see the scenery to perfection, and that the only drawback will be, that it will all be hastily seen from the sea, and not leisurely explored from the land. So, I am the more glad that we brought Macculloch on board. As the advertisements say, “No tourist should be without it.” I do not mean his “De-

* Highlands and Western Isles, vol. ii. pp. 1, 2.

scription of the Western Islands," wherein his vivid and picturesque descriptions are hidden away under trap veins, sandstone dips, and calcareous strata, sufficient to affright any reader but a severe geologist*, but that book published five years later, his "Highlands and Western Isles," written in letters to Sir Walter Scott, and a model of pleasant writing and extensive reading. If you ever catch him tripping, it is not through drowsiness; for Macculloch is one of the liveliest of authors on the Highlands and Western Isles, and his book, despite its forty years of age, is still the best book on the subject.† I am glad that we brought with us so plea-

* Lord Teignmouth has truly said of this valuable work, "Dr. Macculloch's account of the Hebrides, the result of several expeditions to those islands, is the best which has appeared; but the information is partial, and, unfortunately, so overloaded with adventitious matter, that few but the learned will search it out; and often, when our curiosity is excited by the announcement of his arrival on some island which had been reached not without difficulty and peril, our eyes straining to the full extent of vision, are suddenly blinded by the dust of a hundred folios."

† Few books of such a comprehensive nature can be wholly free from mistakes. My opinion of the work, however, is as a whole; and is not shaken by the perusal of the second edition of "A Critical Examination of Dr. Macculloch's work on the Highlands and Western Isles of Scotland" (1826, price 8s. 6d. pp. 320). Of the character and spirit of this publication the reader will be enabled to judge from the following phrases taken at random from various parts of the book, and which I here transcribe on the *audi alteram partem* principle, and as a good example of the *perfervidum ingenium*. Macculloch's book is saluted with such expressions as "lying volumes, miserable and libellous

sant a fellow-traveller, though I could have wished him less bulky; but his services will amply repay any slight inconvenience that we may experience from his size. Keeping him by our side for occasional reference, and with sketch-book in hand, let us now glance at the Clyde scenery.

We stand well out into the middle of the four-mile-wide river, in order to avoid the great sand-bank that reaches from Dumbarton to a little below Greenock; and we appear at first as though our course was directed for Helensburgh, a watering-place, whose shining houses are gleaming on the opposite coast at the entrance of Gaer Loch. There is Roseneath, too, with its Duke of Argyle Castle, embosomed in soft woods, for visitors to admire; and its "Wallace's Loup," for visitors trash, impertinent scurrility, injurious ribaldry, malignant slanders, the dirty scrawl of a tenth-rate author, an abortion with manifold pollutions and iniquities," &c. And Macculloch himself is termed "an impudent stone-doctor, an insidious libeller, a miserable toad-eater, a puppy, and a brute who ought to be kicked for his insolence, an impertinent mendacious jackanapes, a wholesale accuser and calumniator, a modern Mandeville, who has all the venom of Pinkerton." And his character is summed up at pp. 302, 303, in similar "grave words." Dr. Johnson is called a "scrofulous literary despot," whose "road to his heart lay through his stomach, which it was not always practicable to appease," and whose book, therefore, is "full of grumbling, saucy, ill-natured observations, the spawn of a mind contracted and illiberal, deeply imbued with prejudice, and incomparably more enamoured of antithesis than truth, the whole being delivered in that pompous domineering tone of insolent superiority which, from long habit and slavish acquiescence, had become habitual and natural to him," &c. (pp. 8. 9).

to wonder at and speculate how the patriot survived that leap of thirty-four feet that was fatal to his horse. But bearing away from them, and standing in for the Renfrewshire coast, we pass on our left hand Gourrock bay and town (the bathing-place for Glasgow's citizens), and Ashton, and the long line of houses and villas that stud the coast to Kempoch Point. We are not unthankful when we have rounded this point; for, we cannot but recal the painful fact that it was here where the Catherine of Iona steamer was run down on the 10th of August, 1822, when only four people were saved out of forty-six on board; and here, also, three years later, that a similar accident, with equally fatal results, befel the Comet.* The promontory is a porphy-

* On October 21, 1825. I find various versions of the number of lives lost by this sad accident — "upwards of forty," "upwards of fifty," "about sixty," &c. Black's "Where shall we go," and also their "Guide to Scotland," in its notice of this calamity, says, "The Comet was the first steamboat that sailed upon the Clyde" (p. 415). Granted; but not this Comet. Henry Bell's Comet had but engines of three-horse power. They are still preserved, and were exhibited at the meeting of the British Association in Glasgow in 1840. There is a passage in Macculloch, too long for quotation here, which speaks of the extraordinary and intricate nature of the currents at this portion of the Clyde, which may have something to do with the accidents that so frequently occur hereabouts. "At the same instant of time," he says, "there were four fresh breezes blowing from four opposite points of the compass." See his "Highlands and Western Isles," vol. ii. pp. 18, 19; also his "Description," vol. ii. pp. 329, 330, where the passage occurs in his account of the Isle of Arran.

ritic mass, terminating in a columnar rock called "the Kempoch Stane," from whence a saint was wont to dispense favourable winds to those who paid for them, and unfavourable to those who had not the necessary money or confidence in his powers. But, whether or no this wily old gentleman, like Macbeth's witches, dealt in winds from

"All the quarters that they know,
I' the shipman's card,"

and sold them (and thereby the buyers of them) done up in bladders, and labelled "warranted to keep in any climate," we are not told. When the Innerkip witches were tried in 1662, one of them named Mary Lamont, a girl of eighteen, declared that she and others, who had made a compact with the enemy of man, had met at Kempoch in order "to cast the long stone into the sea, thereby to destroy boats and ships." Some portion of this superstition, we are told, may yet linger, for the sailors prefer Gourock ballast to any other; but, they may well have a liking for putting into Gourock for ballast, for Gourock bay affords them the safest anchorage on the coast.

The scenery down the Clyde is beautiful and grand, and very varied, and still "romantic," despite what Campbell said to the contrary.* "In case it were possible," says Sir George Head, "to compensate a tra-

* See his "Lines on revisiting a Scottish river."

veller for the pain of sea-sickness, by the splendour of a marine or inland landscape, it is here within the British dominions, where the changing horizon displays every variety of mountain scenery, and magnificent features of land and water in the freedom of range and distance, create in the mind an impression of transatlantic magnitude. I was particularly reminded, espe-



FRITH OF CLYDE.

cially about the entrance of the Clyde, of the regions of the Great St. Lawrence.”* We are steering now for the Frith of Clyde. Close before us to our right is the entrance to Loch Long; a little further on is the opening of Holy Loch, with its watering-places of Kilmun and Strone. A crowd of vessels of every description

* A Home Tour through various parts of the United Kingdom, p. 97.

make the river thick with masts. Steamboats are plying up and down, backwards and forwards, and churning the water into waves. "Argyle's Bowling-green" fronts us; the mountains are before us and on each side of us, stretching away into the misty distance, piled up and confusedly massed together, their groupings constantly varied as we steam along, and their pictorial effect as constantly changing under the floating pageantry of alternate light and shade. What mountains are these? We may make answer in the words of Bailie Nicol Jarvie, "They are the Hieland hills! the Hieland hills! Ye'll see and hear enough about them before ye see Glasgow Cross again!" Yes, but not too much! We are longing to be on them now, and revelling in their heathery summits, with the grouse and black game whirring in their level flight, and the pure mountain breeze bringing fresh life and vigour to the frame. We are in sight of those "Hieland hills," and are nearing them as rapidly as the powers of steam will permit; and, the motion of the vessel not being (as yet!) overpoweringly unpleasant, we feel exultant and delirious, and murmur, as in a mad moment, something about our heart being in the Hielands, a chasing the deer and a following the roe; which statement, so far as we can keep our brains clear to guess at its meaning, may be a possible pun upon the heart, or hart, as having some affinity with the

deer and the roe; or it may perchance refer remotely to the belief in the transmigration of the soul.

Where is Macculloch? I cannot resist here quoting him — especially as the reader would have some difficulty in discovering the passage amid the mass of geological matter in which it is imbedded, for it is to his first published book that I now turn. “It would be unpardonable,” he says, “to conclude the description of the islands of the Clyde, without pointing out the extreme beauty of this river, from Dumbarton, to its gradual and final termination in the open sea. The shores of the western boundary are everywhere characterised by cultivation, by woods, scattered trees, towns, and villas; displaying, with all the marks of wealth and high population, innumerable scenes of picturesque effect. On the opposite coast, the mountains of Argyllshire present the reverse character, that of wildness; the sea margin being still skirted by occasional patches of natural wood, and ornamented by the houses of the opulent proprietors. On this side, the intricate inlets of Loch Long, Loch Fyne, the Gaer Loch, and numerous others, will conduct the traveller to all the varieties of mountain scenery which Argyllshire affords in perfection; these being occasionally further diversified by the castles of ancient times. Those narrow straits are often peculiarly striking, from the height of the land immediately enclosing them, and

from the picturesque disposition of the rocky and woody precipices so often occurring along the shores, while their tortuous courses produce a never-changing variety of scenes. The islands alone present objects of endless diversity, whether examined in their interior, or by coasting their shores; or, when forming parts of the distance, they combine with the perpetual variations of the surrounding land. If to all this be added the effects produced by the variable atmosphere of the western coast, and by the life and movement of the shipping that navigate the Clyde, it may without exaggeration be said that no portion of Scotland presents greater attractions to him whose pursuit is that of picturesque beauty." This, in a great measure, is our pursuit at the present time, and that we have attained our object thus far, the foregoing quotation — which, though lengthy, I cannot have the heart to abbreviate — will prove.

But here we are at the Cloch Lighthouse, one of those "Northern Lights" of which Sir Walter Scott was a commissioner.* It shines white and lustrous in

* It is to this family of the Northern Lights, of which the Cloch Lighthouse is a shining member, that the world is (in a measure) indebted for a great novel and poem. For it was in his capacity as a "Commissioner of Northern Lights," that Sir Walter Scott paid those visits to the Hebrides, the Orkneys, and Shetland, that resulted in "The Lord of the Isles," and "The Pirate," and popularised so many beautiful scenes that, comparatively speaking, were unknown.

the sun, built on the Renfrewshire coast (to our left) at a point where the Clyde makes a sudden and bold sweep. Right opposite, on the Argyllshire coast, is the fashionable watering-place of Dunoon — a place which has its history, for it was the original seat of the Great Stewards of Scotland, and the ruins of their castle may still be seen. Its situation is very beautiful, and as the accommodation is said to be good, its popularity is not to be wondered at, though an importation of bathing-machines, to take the place of the sentry-boxes on the beach, would be a vast improvement on the present state of affairs. Innellan, another watering-place, is just beyond Dunoon. Now we pass plantations and moorland, on our left, and come to Innerkip, once famous for its witches, and now noted for witching young ladies, being a very pretty bathing-place in a snug little bay. Ardgowan House looks down upon it, and the mingled mass of houses, plantations, and rock, mirrored in the clear waters of the Frith, make up a very pleasant picture. A little lower down we pass by a bend in the Frith, called Wemyss Bay, where is Kelly House, and Kelly Burn, dividing the counties of Renfrew and Ayrshire. The burn flows down Kelly Glen, and touching upon Burns' county, has not been forgotten by the poet, who altered an old ballad, thus :—

“There lived a carle on Kelly-burn braes,
 (Hey and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme!)
And he had a wife was the plague o' his days,
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime!)” &c. &c.

What this ballad must have been in its normal state, we may judge from Cromek's anecdote. He had asked the poet's widow to point out the songs that had been filled in, or amended, by her husband. Accordingly she ran her fingers over the pages, saying, “Robert gae this ane a brushing, and this ane got a brushing also.” But when she came to the ballad in question, she said, “He gae this ane a *terrible* brushing.” The sheltered position of Wemyss Bay, combined with its lovely scenery and many natural advantages, marked it out as an advantageous site for a watering-place. It has its pier and hotel, and other elements for success, and, some day or other, it may fulfil its proud promise of being “the Clifton of the Clyde.” To our right is the rocky peninsula of Cowal, with Toward Castle, and the lighthouse, and the entrance to the Kyles of Bute. On our left is Lord Eglintoun's Skelmorlie Castle, and, in succession, Knock Point, Knock Castle, Brisbane House, and the watering-place of Largs—the last, but not the least, of the many watering-places that we have met with on the Clyde; but taking into consideration the beauty and variety of the scenery, and the opportunities now afforded for reaching these places from a dis-

tance, we cannot be surprised at so many pleasant places having sprung up so rapidly and so thickly. With a flying thought on the great battle of Largs*, we quickly lose sight of the town, passing between the Cumbray Isles (where is yet another watering-place, Millport) and Bute, and bearing out from the Frith to the open sea. The day is one of those gloomy days, when purple masses of storm-clouds are hurried across the sky, and, by their own contrasting blackness, serve to make the lights in the landscape more vivid. On such a day as this, a six hours' sail amid such magnificent mountain scenery, is no ordinary delight. Every change in the landscape, or variation in its effect, has its own peculiar charm; and it requires a quick eye to mark the rapidly-shifting scenes in this extensive panorama, and no small artistic boldness to endeavour to transfer them to the drawing-block. Indeed, deliberate sketching becomes a ridiculous failure. By the time that we can look up from our drawing-block, that peaked mountain has slid by us, and has assumed a totally new form. Where, a minute ago, we seized upon an effect that we wildly endeavoured to represent

* They who take an interest in the subject of the battle of Largs, would do well to turn to the "Saturday Review" for Nov. 3, 1860, p. 563, and read its notice of Professor Munch's work, "*Chronica Regum Manniæ et Insularum*," wherein various popular errors are corrected.

by a splash of indigo and neutral tint, we now see a bright light that we should have counterfeited with king's yellow. The storm-clouds and the sunbeams travel faster than we do, and our pencil fails to overtake them. So, we give it up (for a time) in grim despair, and content ourselves with imprinting upon our brain, through the medium of the eye, our first impressions of the Highland mountains. And we watch all the variations in the landscape, and we note how, every now and then, into the midst of some purple darkness, will float a golden sunshine; and how, up the steep side of some mountain of deep indigo blue, there will travel a bright gleam that is almost white from the force of contrast. The storm-clouds gather their masses, and two brief, but sharp, scuds overtake us; but they are soon over, and the sun shines out again with a power that speedily dries the wet deck.

The power of sketching adds greatly to the simple enjoyment of natural scenery. It enables those who possess it, to detect beauties that would be passed over unnoticed by the non-sketcher, and to gaze upon them with a more appreciative relish than would be felt by those who merely look upon them with a vague and limited pleasure. Macculloch, here at my side, devotes an entire chapter of his Highland work to *Drawing*. I was reminded of it just a moment ago, when we were watching the changing lights. "In the accidents of

light and shade," he says, "the sketcher perceives beauties which those do not know how to feel or value, who are unaware of their powers in giving force and attraction to paintings. In the multiplicity and harmony of direct, reflected, and half-lights, under a thousand tones for which there are no terms, he sees charms which are only sensible to a highly cultivated and somewhat technical eye. It is only such an eye that can truly feel the beauty of colouring, that is sensible to its innumerable modifications, to all the hidden links by which it is connected, and to all the harmony which results from arrangement and contrast."* And as much might be written about "the theory of selection" from an artistic point of view, as Mr. Darwin has said concerning it as discerned from his own peculiar standground. But, the dark storm-clouds have rolled away, and are piled in indigo masses over the Argyllshire hills, and the sun is shining out again with summer fierceness. In a few minutes the deck is as dry as the engineer's throat, or Mr. Tupper's *Proverbial Platitudes*.

Fortunately for all those on board who were but sorry sailors, the aspect of the sea was far from terrible, and left every one at liberty to enjoy the voyage— as much as it is possible to enjoy a voyage. For, whatever outward aspect the amateur sailor may assume, there must still be that terrible vulture of fear pecking

* Highlands, vol. i. p. 233.

at his heart — that shadowy spectre of *atra Cura* jogging his elbow — that harrowing and agonising thought ever uppermost in his mind,—“True, I am all right so far, but, in another hour, or another half-hour, or another ten minutes, how shall I be then? feeding fishes? making a humiliating spectacle of myself before the eyes of the passengers in general, and that young lady in particular, who has got her sea-legs in such capital order, and continues to promenade the deck as placidly as though she were on Brighton Pier. Here am I,” thinks this Janus-faced voyager, “putting on a *non-chalant* air — refusing dinner on the most transparent pleas about being too much interested in the scenery to feel hungry—making pretence to be delighted with the seascape as well as the landscape, and yet, dreading every roll and quiver of the vessel, and with my heart in my mouth at every pitch and toss.” These are circumstances in which even a Mark Tapley might consider it creditable to be jolly. The poor wretch would willingly shut his eyes to the magnificence of the scenery, if by that act he could ensure a corresponding closing to any sickening sensation within; but, he is unable to bear the close atmosphere of the cabins—his only chance is from the cold air and the sea breeze on deck; and he cannot for very shame shut his eyes, when every one around him is intent upon the landscape, and when, perhaps, he has friends on board, who poke

him up to look at such and such a mountain, or castle, or watering-place, and goad him into a bewildering search into his guide-book and map to find out the name of the place, the number of its inhabitants, its exports and imports, its antiquities and natural productions, and all those particulars that a traveller insists upon being made acquainted with, only to forget the very next moment by an accumulation of fresh statistics. And a very happy thing too, that this total oblivion so rapidly succeeds to this species of information; for, if we retained all that we were told, what a plethora of useless knowledge would be ours by the end of our journey!

But, it is all smooth sailing now; and we need not sigh "*Sic transit*," but "*Si sic omnes!*" in reference to our sea voyage. Soon we pass those "fairy prospects,"

"Where Cumray's isles, with verdant link,
Close the fair entrance of the Clyde;" *

and merrily, merrily, goes our bark, and we can note all the changing features of the beautiful scenery with real pleasure. But (as we discovered on our return from the Highlands) very rough and unmannerly seas may be encountered in the Firth of Clyde; and the general conduct of its waves does by no means resemble that warbled by young ladies in the popular duet,

* Lord of the Isles, canto v. 13.

“O’er the bonnie Clyde we ride.” However, for this once, the billows did as “sweetly glide” as they do in the duet, when they float smoothly on the drawing-room air from the lips of two young ladies whose musical “organs” are in perfect accord; and though the steward’s invitation to a hot dinner in the hotter cabin was not very inviting, and was rejected with alarm — for, had not the gush of cooking through the cook’s chimney been sufficient for us? — yet, we rolled and pitched through the rough water at Garroch Head, and rounded for the Isle of Arran with thankful hearts, and what was more, with serenity dwelling in those regions in the near neighbourhood of the heart.

Garroch Head is the southern point of the Isle of Bute. According to Macculloch, it “consists of a ridgy and rugged group of hills, rising in different places to an elevation which varies from 600 to 800 feet, and composed almost entirely of trap rocks.” The loftiest of these is named Ben Varagen, from whose summit there is an unusually extensive view of “superior magnificence.”* “This is in every respect a most singular spot; and no less unexpected than it is romantic, and unlike to anything else on this or on any other coast. To the north, we look over the island of Bute, and to the mass of the Argyllshire mountains, which, piled over each other till they vanish in air,

* Description of the Western Islands, vol. ii. pp. 446, 450.

here occupy the horizon. To the south, and on each side, is displayed the beautiful expanse of the Clyde, alive with a perpetual succession of shipping; while, to the eastward, the view is bounded by the two Cumbrays, and the coast of Ayrshire. Arran is here a peculiarly fine object; the whole of its mountain district being displayed in a magnificent manner, and conveying a more perfect idea of the grandeur of this tract than can be obtained from any other position.” *

Rounding this romantic point, through the troubled waters that clash in wild uproar at its base, we shape our course towards the red sandstone rocks that gird the north-eastern shore of the Isle of Arran,—

“The inland sea
We furrow with fair augury,
And steer for Arran's isle.”

* Highlands and Western Isles, vol. ii. p. 20.