SCOTLAND ILLUSTRATED

IN A

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FROM

ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY CELEBRATED ARTISTS

With Letterpress Descriptions;

AND

AN ESSAY ON THE SCENERY OF THE HIGHLANDS

By PROFESSOR WILSON.

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REMARKS

ON THE

SCENERY OF THE HIGHLANDS.

BY

PROFESSOR WILSON.

In no other country does nature exhibit herself in more various forms of beauty and sublimity, than in the North of England, and the Highlands of Scotland. This is acknowledged by all who having studied their character, and become familiar with the feelings it inspires, have compared the effects produced on their minds by our own mountainous regions, with what they have experienced among the scenery of the Alps. There indeed all objects are on so vast a scale, that we are for a while astonished as we gaze on the gigantic; and all other emotions are sunk in an overwhelming sense of awe that prostrates the imagination. But on recovering from its subjection to the prodigious, that faculty every where recognizes in those mighty mountains of dark forests, glittering glaciers, and regions of eternal snow—infinite all—the power and dominion of the sublime. True that all these are but materials for the mind to work on, and that to its creative energy nature owes much of that grandeur which seems to be inherent in her own forms; yet surely she in herself is great, and there is a regality belonging of divine right to such a monarch as Mount Blanc.

Those are the very regions of sublimity, and if brought into immediate comparison with them in their immense magnitude, the most magnificent scenery of our own country would no doubt seem to lose its character of

greatness. But such is not the process of the imagination in her intercourse with Nature. To her sufficient for the day is the good thereof; and on each new glorious sight being shown to her eyes, she employs her God-given power to magnify or irradiate what she beholds, without diminishing or obscuring what she remembers. Thus, to her all things in nature hold their own due place, and retain for ever their own due impressions, aggrandized and beautified by mutual reaction in those visionary worlds, which by a thought she can create, and which, as they arise, are all shadowy representations of realities—new compositions in which the image of the earth we tread is reflected fairer or greater than any realities, but not therefore less, but more true to the spirit of nature. It is thus that Poets and Painters at once obey and control their own inspirations. They visit all the regions of the earth, but to love, admire, and adore; and the greatest of them all, native to our soil, from their travel or sojourn in foreign lands, have always brought home a clearer insight into the character of the scenery of their own, a profounder affection for it all, and a higher power of imaging its attributes in colours or in words. In our poetry, more than in any other, nature sees herself reflected in a magic mirror; and though many a various show passes processionally along its lustre, displaying the scenery of "lands and seas, whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms," among them all there are none more delightful or elevating to behold, than those which genius, inspired by love, has framed of the imagery, which in all her pomp and prodigality heaven has been pleased to shower, through all seasons, on our own beautiful island. It is not for us to say whether our native Painters, or the "old masters," have shown the greatest genius in landscape; but if the palm must be yielded to them whose works have been consecrated by a reverence, as often, perhaps, superstitious as religious, we do not fear to say, that their superiority is not to be attributed in any degree to the scenery on which they exercised the art its beauty had inspired. Whatever may be the associations connected with the subjects of their landscapes—and we know not why they should be higher or holier

than those belonging to innumerable places in our own land—assuredly in themselves they are not more interesting or impressive; nay, though none who have shared with us the spirit of the few imperfect sentences we have now written, will, for a moment, suppose us capable of instituting an invidious comparison between our own scenery, and that of any other country, why should we hesitate to assert that our own storm-loving Northern Isle is equally rich in all kinds of beauty, as the sunny South, and richer far in all kinds of grandeur, whether we regard the forms or colouring of nature—earth, sea, or air—

"Or all the dread magnificence of heaven."

What other region in all the world like that of the Lakes in the North of England! And yet how the true lover of nature, while he carries along with him its delightful character in his heart, and can so revive any spot of especial beauty in his imagination, as that it shall seem in an instant to be again before his very eyes, can deliver himself up after the lapse of a day, to the genius of some savage scene in the Highlands of Scotland, rent and riven by the fury of some wild sea-loch! Not that the regions do not resemble one another, but surely the prevailing spirit of the one—not so of the other—is a spirit of joy and of peace. Her mountains, invested, though they often be, in gloom—and we have been more than once benighted during day, as a thunder-cloud thickened the shadows that for ever sleep in the deepest dungeons of Helvellyn—are yet—so it seems to us—such mountains as in nature ought to belong to "merry England." They boldly meet the storms, and seen in storms, you might think they loved the trouble; but pitch your tent among them, and you will feel that theirs is a grandeur that is congenial with the sunshine, and that their spirit fully rejoices in the brightness of light. In clear weather, verdant from base to summit, how majestic their repose! And as mists slowly withdraw themselves in thickening folds up along their sides, the revelation made is still of more and more of the beautiful—arable fields below—then coppice woods studded

with standard trees—enclosed pastures above and among the woods—broad breasts of close-nibbled herbage here and there adorned by rich dyed rocks, that do not break the expanse—till the whole veil has disappeared, and, lo! the long lofty range, with its wavy line, rising and sinking so softly in the blue serenity perhaps of an all almost cloudless sky. Yet though we have thus characterized the mountains by what we have always felt to be the pervading spirit of the region, chasms and ravines, and cliffs and precipices, are there; in some places you see such assemblages as inspire the fear that quakes at the heart, when suddenly struck in the solitude with a sense of the sublime; and though we have called the mountains green—and during Spring and Summer, in spite of frost or drought, they are green as emerald—yet in Autumn they are many-coloured, and are girdled with a glow of variegated light, that at sunset sometimes seems like fire kindled in the woods.

The larger Vales are all serene and cheerful, and among the sylvan knolls with which their wide levels highly cultivated are interspersed, cottages, single or in groups, are frequent, of an architecture always admirably suited to the scenery, because in a style suggested not by taste or fancy, which so often disfigure nature to produce the picturesque, but resorted to for sake of the uses and conveniences of in-door life, to weather-fend it in storms, and in calm to give it the enjoyment of sunshine. Many of these dwellings are not what are properly called cottages, but Statesmen's houses, of ample front, with their many roofs, overshadowed by a stately grove, and inhabited by the same race for many generations. All alike have their suitable gardens, and the porches of the poorest are often clustered with roses; for everywhere among these hills, even in minds the most rude and uncultivated, there is a natural love of flowers. The villages, though somewhat too much modernized in those days of improvement, and indeed not a few of them with hardly any remains now of their original architecture—nothing old about them but the church tower, perhaps the parsonage—are nevertheless generally of a pleasing character, and accordant, if not with the great features of nature, which

are unchanged and unchangeable, with the increased cultivation of the country, and the many villas and ornamented cottages that have risen and are rising by every lake and river side. Rivers indeed, properly so called, there are none among these mountains; but every vale, great and small, has at all times its pure and undefiled stream or rivulet; every hill has its hundreds of evanescent rills, almost every one its own perennial torrent flowing from spring, marsh, or tarn; and the whole region is often alive with waterfalls, of many of which, in its exquisite loveliness, the scenery is fit for fairy festivals,—and of many, in its horrid gloom, for gatherings of gnomes revisiting the glimpses of the moon from their subterraneous prisons. One lake there is which has been called "wooded Winandermere, the river lake"—and there is another—Ulswater—which you might imagine to be a river too, and to have come flowing from afar; the one excelling in isles, and bays, and promontories, serene and gentle all, and perfectly beautiful; the other, matchless in its majesty of cliff and mountain, and in its old forests, among whose hoary gloom is for ever breaking out the green light of young generations, and perpetual renovation triumphing over perpetual decay. Of the other lakes—not river-like—the character may be imagined even from that we have faintly described of the mountains:—almost every vale has its lake, or a series of lakes—and though some of them have at times a stern aspect, and have scenes to show almost of desolation, descending sheer to the water's edge, or overhanging the depth that looks profounder in the gloom, yet even these, to eyes and hearts familiar with their spirit, wear a sweet smile which seldom passes away: witness Wastwater—with its huge single mountains, and hugest of all the mountains of England, Scawfell, with its terrific precipices—which, in the accidents of storm, gloom, or mist, has seemed, to the lonely passer-by, savage in the extreme—a howling or dreary wilderness—but in its enduring character, is surrounded with all quiet pastoral imagery, the deep glen in which it is embedded being, in good truth, the abode of Sabbath peace. That hugest mountain is indeed the centre from which all the vales irregularly diverge; the whole circum-

jacent region may be traversed in a week; and though no other district of equal extent contains such variety of the sublime and beautiful, yet the beautiful is so prevalent, that we feel its presence, even in places where it is overpowered; and on leaving "The Lakes," our imagination is haunted and possessed with images, not of dread, but of delight.

We have sometimes been asked, whether the North of England, or the Highlands of Scotland should be visited first; but, simple as the question seems, it is really one which it is impossible to answer; though we suspect it would equally puzzle Scotchman or Englishman to give a sufficient reason for his wishing to see any part of any other country, before he had seen what was best worth seeing in his own. His own country ought to be, and generally is, dearest to every man. There, if nothing forbid, he should not only begin his study of nature, but continue his education in her school, wherever it may happen to be situated, till he has taken his first degree. We believe that the love of nature is strong in the hearts of the inhabitants of our Island. And how wide and profound may that knowledge of nature be, which the loving heart has acquired, without having studied her any where but within the Four Seas! The impulses that make us desire to widen the circle of our observation, are all impulses of delight and love; and it would be strange indeed, did they not move us, first of all, towards whatever is most beautiful belonging to our own land. Were it otherwise, it would seem as if the heart were faithless to the home-affections, out of which, in their strength, spring all others that are good; and it is essential, we do not doubt, to the full growth of the Love of Country, that we should all have our earliest imaginative delights associated with our native soil. Such associations will for ever keep it loveliest to our eyes; nor is it possible that we can ever as perfectly understand the character of any other; but we can afterwards transfer and transfuse our feelings in imagination kindled by our own will; and the beauty, born before our eyes, among the banks and braes of our childhood, and then believed to be but there, and nothing like it any where else in all the world, becomes a golden

light, "whose home is every where," which if we do not darken it, will shine unshadowed in the dreariest places, till "the desert blossom like the rose."

For our own parts, before we beheld one of "the beautiful fields of England," we had walked all Scotland thorough, and had seen many a secret place, which now, in the confusion of our crowded memory, seem often to shift their uncertain ground; but still, wherever they glimmeringly re-appear, invested with the same heavenly light in which, long ago, they took possession of our soul. And now, that we are almost as familiar with the fair sister-land, and love her almost as well as Scotland's self, not all the charms in which she is arrayed, and they are at once graceful and glorious, have ever for a day, withdrawn our deeper dreams from the regions where,

"In life's morning march when our spirit was young,"

unaccompanied but by our own shadow in the wilderness, we first heard the belling of the red deer and the eagle's cry.

In those days there was some difficulty, if not a little danger, in getting in among some of the noblest regions of our Alps. They could not be traversed without strong personal exertion; and a solitary pedestrian excursion through the Grampians was seldom achieved without a few incidents that might almost have been called adventures. It is very different now; yet the *Genius Loci* though tamed is not subdued; and they who would become acquainted with the heart of the Highlands, will have need of some endurance still, and must care nothing about the condition of earth or sky. Formerly, it was not possible to survey more than a district or division in a single season, except to those unenviable persons who had no other pursuit but that of amusement, and waged a weary war with time. The industrious dwellers in cities, who sought those solitudes, for a while to relieve their hearts from worldly anxieties, and gratify that love of nature which is inextinguishable in every bosom that in youth has beat with its noble inspirations, were con-

On rising at dawn in the shieling, why think, much less determine, where at night we are to lay down our head? Let this be our thought:

> "Among the hills a hundred homes have I;
> My table in the wilderness is spread;
> In these lone spots one honest smile can buy
> Plain fare, warm welcome, and a rushy bed."

If we obey any powers external to our own minds, let them be the powers of Nature—the rains, the winds, the atmosphere, sun, moon and stars. We must keep a look out—

> "To see the deep fermenting tempest brewed,
> In the grim evening sky;"

that next day we may cross the red rivers by bridges, not by fords; and if they roll along unbridged, that we may set our face to the mountain, and wind our way round his shoulder by sheep-tracks, unwet with the heather, till we behold some great strath, which we had not visited but for that storm, with its dark blue river streaked with golden light,—for its source is in a loch among the Eastern Range; and there, during the silent hours, heather, bracken, and greensward rejoiced in the trembling dews.

There is no such climate for all kinds of beauty and grandeur, as the climate of the Highlands. Here and there you meet with an old shepherd or herdsman, who has beguiled himself into a belief, in spite of many a night's unforeseen imprisonment in the mists, that he can presage its changes from fair to foul, and can tell the hour when the long-threatening thunder will begin to mutter. The weather-wise have often perished in their plaids. Yet among a thousand uncertain symptoms, there are a few certain, which the ranger will do well to study, and he will often exult on the mountain to feel that "knowledge is power." Many a glorious hour has been won from the tempest by him before whose instructed eye—beyond the gloom that wide around blackened all the purple heather—"far off its coming shone." Leagues of continuous magnificence have gradually unveiled themselves on either side to him, as he has slowly paced, midway between, along the banks of the River of Waterfalls;

having been assured by the light struggling through the mist, that it would not be long till there was a break-up of all that ghastly drearriment, and that the sun would call on him to come forth from his cave of shelter, and behold in all its pride the Glen affronting the sea.

Some Tourists—as they call themselves—are provided with map and compass; and we hope they find them of avail in extremities, though we fear few such understand their use. No map can tell—except very vaguely—how the aspect of the localities, looked at on its lines, is likely to be affected by sun-rise, meridian, or sun-set. Yet, true it is, that every region has its own happy hours, which the fortunate often find unawares, and know them at once to be so the moment they lift up their eyes. At such times, while "our hearts rejoice in Nature's joy," we feel the presence of a spirit that brings out the essential character of the place, be it of beauty or of grandeur. Harmonious as music is then the composition of colours and of forms. It becomes a perfect picture in memory, more and more idealized by imagination, every moment the veil is withdrawn before it; its aërial lineaments never fade; yet they too, though their being be but in the soul, are mellowed by the touch of time—and every glimpse of such a vision, the longer we live, and the more we suffer, seems suffused with a mournful light, as if seen through tears.

It would serve no good purpose, supposing we had the power, to analyze the composition of that scenery, which in the aggregate so moves even the most sluggish faculties, as to make "the dullest wight a poet." It rises before the mind in imagination, as it does before the eyes in nature; and we can no more speak of it than look at it, but—as a whole. We can indeed fix our mental or our visual gaze on scene after scene to the exclusion of all beside, and picture it even in words that shall be more than shadows. But how shall any succession of such pictures, however clear and complete, give an idea of that picture which comprehends them all, and infinite as are its manifestations, nevertheless is embued with one spirit?

Try to forget that in the Highlands there are any Lochs. Then the

sole power is that of the Mountains. We speak of a sea of mountains; but that image has never more than momentary possession of us, because, but for a moment, in nature it has no truth. Tumultuary movements envelope them; but they themselves are for ever steadfast and for ever still. Their power is that of an enduring calm no storms can disturb—and is often felt to be more majestical, the more furious are the storms. As the tempest-driven clouds are franticly hurrying to and fro, how serene the summits in the sky! Or if they be hidden, how peaceful the glimpses of some great mountain's breast! They disregard the hurricane that goes crashing through their old woods; the cloud-thunder disturbs not them any more than that of their own cataracts, and the lightnings play for their pastime. All minds under any excitation, more or less personify mountains. When much moved, that natural process affects all our feelings, as the language of passion awakened by such objects vividly declares; and then we do assuredly conceive of mountains as endued with life—however dim and vague the conception may be—and feel their character in their very names. Utterly strip our ideas of them of all that is attached to them as impersonations, and their power is gone. But while we are creatures of imagination as well as of reason, will those monarchs remain invested with the purple and seated on thrones.

In such imaginative moods as these must every one be, far more frequently than he is conscious of, and in far higher degrees, who, with a cultivated mind and a heart open to the influences of nature, finds himself, it matters not whether for the first or the hundredth time, in the Highlands. We fancy the Neophyte wandering, all by himself, on the "Longest Day;" rejoicing to think that the light will not fail him, when at last the sun must go down, for that a starry gloaming will continue its gentle reign till morn. He thinks but of what he sees, and that is—the mountains. All memories of any other world but that which encloses him with its still sublimities, are not excluded merely, but obliterated: his whole being is there! And now he stands on table-land, and with his eyes sweeps the horizon, bewildered for a while, for it seems chaos all.

But soon the mighty masses begin arranging themselves into order; the confusion insensibly subsides as he comprehends more and more of their magnificent combinations; he discovers centres round which are associated altitudes towering afar off; and finally, he feels, and blesses himself on his felicity, that his good genius has placed him on the very centre of those wondrous assemblages altogether, from which alone he could command an empire of realities, more glorious far than was ever empire of dreams.

It is a cloudy, but not a stormy day; the clouds occupy but portions of the sky,—and are they all in slow motion together, or are they all at rest? Huge shadows stalking along the earth, tell that there are changes going on in heaven; but to the upward gaze, all seems hanging there in the same repose; and with the same soft illumination the sun to continue shining, a concentration rather than an orb of light. All above is beautiful, and the clouds themselves are like celestial mountains; but the eye forsakes them, though it sees them still, and more quietly now it moves along the pageantry below that endures for ever—till chained on a sudden by that range of cliffs. 'Tis along them that the giant shadows are stalking—but now they have passed by—and the long line of precipice seems to come forward in the light. To look down from the brink might be terrible—to look up from the base would be sublime—but fronting the eye thus, horrid though it be, the sight is most beautiful;—for weather-stains, and mosses, and lichens, and flowering plants—conspicuous most the broom and the heather—and shrubs that, among their leaves of light, have no need of flowers—and hollies, and birks, and hazels, and many a slender tree beside with pensile tresses, besprinkle all the cliffs, that in no gloom could ever lose their lustre; but now the day though not bright is fair, and brings out the whole beauty of the precipice—call it the hanging garden of the wilderness.

The Highlands have been said to be a gloomy region, and worse gloom than theirs might well be borne, if not unfrequently illumined with such sights as these; but that is not the character of the mountains, though the

purple light in which, for usual, they are so richly steeped, is often for a season tamed, or for a short while extinguished, while a strange nightlike day lets fall over them all a something like a shroud. Such days we have seen—but now in fancy we are with the pilgrim, and see preparation making for a sunset. It is drawing towards evening, and the clouds that have all this time been moving, though we knew it not, have assuredly settled now, and taken up their rest. The sun has gone down, and all that unspeakable glory has left the sky. Evening has come and gone without our knowing that she had been here; but there is no gloom on any place in the whole of this vast wilderness, and the mountains, as they wax dimmer and dimmer, look as if they were surrendering themselves to a repose like sleep. Day had no voice here audible to human ear—but night is murmuring—and gentle though the murmur be, it filleth the great void, and we imagine that ever and anon it awakens echoes. And now it is darker than we thought, for lo! one soft-burning star! And we see that there are many stars; but not theirs the light that begins again to reveal object after object as gradually as they had disappeared; the moon is about to rise—is rising—has arisen—has taken her place high in heaven; and as the glorious world again expands around us, faintly tinged, clearly illumined, softly shadowed, and deeply begloomed, we say within our hearts,

"How beautiful is night!"

There are many such table-lands as the one we have now been imagining, and it requires but a slight acquaintance with the country to conjecture rightly where they lie. Independently of the panoramas they display, they are in themselves always impressive; perhaps a bare level that shows but bleached bent, and scatterings of stones, with here and there an unaccountable rock; or hundreds of fairy greensward knolls, fringed with tiny forests of fern that have almost displaced the heather; or a wild withered moor or moss intersected with pits dug not by men's hands; and, strange to see! a huge log lying half exposed, and as if

blackened by fire. High as such places are, on one of them a young gorcock was stricken down by a hawk close to our feet. Indeed, hawks seem to haunt such places, and we have rarely crossed one of them, without either seeing the creature's stealthy flight, or hearing, whether he be alarmed or preying, his ever-angry cry.

From a few such stations, you get an insight into the configuration of the whole Western Highlands. By the dip of the mountains, you discover at a glance all the openings in the panorama around you into other regions. Follow your fancies fearlessly wherever they may lead; and if the blue aërial haze that hangs over a pass winding eastward, tempt you from your line of march due north, forthwith descend in that direction, and haply an omen will confirm you—an eagle rising on the left, and sailing away before you into that very spot of sky.

No man, however well read, should travel by book. In books you find descriptions, and often good ones, of the most celebrated scenes, but seldom a word about the vast tracts between; and it would seem as if many Tourists had used their eyes only in those places where they had been told by common fame there was something greatly to admire. Travel in the faith, that go where you will, the cravings of your heart will be satisfied, and you will find it so, if you be a true lover of nature. You hope to be inspired by her spirit, that you may read aright her works. But such inspiration comes not from one object or another, however great or fair, but from the whole "mighty world of eye and ear," and it must be supported continuously, or it perishes. You may see a thousand sights never before seen by human eye, at every step you take, wherever be your path; for no steps but yours have ever walked along that same level; and moreover, never on the same spot twice rested the same lights or shadows. Then there may be something in the air, and more in your own heart, that invests every ordinary object with extraordinary beauty; old images affect you with a new delight; a grandeur grows upon your eyes in the undulations of the simplest hills; and you feel there is sublimity in the common skies. It is thus that all the stores

of imagery are insensibly gathered, with which the minds of men are filled, who from youth have communed with nature. And it is thus that all those feelings have flowed into their hearts by which that imagery is sanctified; and these are the Poets.

It is in this way that we all become familiar with the mountains. Far more than we were aware of have we trusted to the strong spirit of delight within us, to prompt and to guide. And in such a country as the Highlands, thus led, we cannot err. Therefore, if your desire be for the summits, set your face thitherwards, and wind a way of your own, still ascending and ascending, along some vast brow, that seems almost a whole day's journey, and where it is lost from your sight, not to end, but to go sweeping round, with undiminished grandeur into another region. You are not yet half way up the mountain, but you care not for the summit now; for you find yourself among a number of green knolls—all of them sprinkled, and some of them crowned with trees—as large almost as our lowland hills—surrounded close to the brink with the purple heather—and without impairing the majesty of the immense expanse, embuing it with pastoral and sylvan beauty;—and there, lying in a small forest glade of the lady-fern, ambitious no longer of a throne on Benlomond or Bennevis, you dream away the still hours till sunset, yet then have no reason to weep that you have lost a day.

But the best way to view the mountains is to trace the Glens. To find out the glens you must often scale the shoulders of mountains, and in such journeys of discovery, you have for ever going on before your eyes glorious transfigurations. Sometimes for a whole day one mighty mass lowers before you unchanged; look at it after the interval of hours, and still the giant is one and the same. It rules the region, subjecting all other altitudes to its sway, though many of them range away to a great distance; and at sunset retains its supremacy, blazing almost like a volcano with fiery clouds. Your line of journey lies perhaps, some two thousand feet above the level of the sea, and seldom dips down to one thousand; and these are the heights from which all above and all below you

look most magnificent, for both regions have their full power over you—the unscaleable cliffs, the unfathomable abysses—and you know not which is the more sublime. The sublimity indeed is one. It is then that you may do well to ascend to the very mountain top. For it may happen to be one of those heavenly days indeed, when the whole Highlands seem to be reposing in the cloudless sky.

But we were about to speak of the Glens. And some of them are best entered by such descents as these—perhaps at their very head—where all at once you are in another world, how still, how gloomy, how profound! An hour ago and the eye of the eagle had not wider command of earth, sea, and sky, than yours—almost blinded now by the superincumbent precipices that imprison you, and seem to shut you out from life.

"Such the grim desolation, where Ben-Hun
And Craig-na-Torr, by earthquake shatterings
Disjoined with horrid chasms prerupt, enclose
What superstition calls the Glen of Ghosts."

Or you may enter some great glen from the foot, where it widens into vale, or strath—and there are many such—and some into which you can sail up an arm of the sea. For a while it partakes of the cultivated beauty of the lowlands, and glen and vale seem almost one and the same; but gradually it undergoes a strange wild change of character, and in a few miles that similitude is lost. There is little or no arable ground here; but the pasture is rich on the unenclosed plain—and here and there, are enclosures, near the few houses or huts standing, some of them in the middle of the glen, quite exposed, on eminences above reach of the floods—some more happily placed on the edge of the coppices, that sprinkle the steep sides of the hills, yet barely mountains. But mountains they soon become; and leaving behind you those few barren habitations, you see before you a wide black moor. Beautiful hitherto had been the river, for a river you had inclined to think it, long after it had narrowed into a stream, with many a waterfall, and in one chasm a cataract. But the torrent now has a wild mountain-cry, and though there is still beauty on

its banks, they are bare of all trees, now swelling into multitudes of low green knolls among the heather, now composed but of heather and rocks. Through the very middle of the black moor it flows, yet are its waters clear, for all is not moss, and it seems to wind its way where there is nothing to pollute its purity, or tame its lustre. 'Tis a solitary scene, but still sweet; the mountains are of great magnitude, but they are not precipitous; vast herds of cattle are browsing there, on heights from which fire has cleared the heather, and wide ranges of greensward upon the lofty gloom seem to lie in perpetual light.

The moor is crossed, and you prepare to scale the mountain in front, for you imagine the torrent by your side flows from a tarn in yonder cove, and forms that series of waterfalls. You have been all along well pleased with the glen, and here at the head, though there is a want of cliffs of the highest class, you feel nevertheless, that it has a character of grandeur. Looking westward, you are astounded to see them ranging away on either side of another reach of the glen, terrific in their height, but in their formation beautiful, for like the walls of some vast temple they stand, roofed with sky. Yet are they but as a portal or gateway of the glen. For entering in with awe, that deepens, as you advance, almost into dread, you behold, beyond, mountains that carry their cliffs up into the clouds, seamed with chasms, and hollowed out into coves, where night dwells visibly by the side of day; and still the glen seems winding on beneath a purple light, that almost looks like gloom; such vast forms and such prodigious colours, and such utter stillness, become oppressive to your very life, and you wish that some human being were by, to relieve, by his mere presence, the insupportable weight of such a solitude.

But we should never have done were we to attempt to sketch, however slightly, the character of all the different kinds of glens. Some are sublime in their prodigious depth and vast extent, and would be felt to be so, even were the mountains that enclose them of no great majesty; but these are all of the highest order, and sometimes are seen from below to the very

cairns on their summits. Now we walk along a reach, between astonishing ranges of cliffs, among large heaps of rocks—not a tree—scarcely a shrub —no herbage—the very heather blasted—all lifelessness and desolation The glen gradually grows less and less horrid, and though its sides are seamed with clefts and chasms, in the gloom there are places for the sunshine, and there is felt to be even beauty in the repose. Descends suddenly on either side a steep slope of hanging wood, and we find ourselves among verdant mounds, and knolls, and waterfalls. We come then into what seems of old to have been a forest. Here and there a stately pine survives, but the rest are all skeletons; and now the glen widens, and widens, yet ceases not to be profound, for several high mountains enclose a plain on which armies might encamp, and castellated clouds hang round the heights of the glorious amphitheatre, while the sky-roof is clear, and as if in its centre, the refulgent sun. This is the plain called "The Meeting of the Glens." From the east and the west, the north and the south, they come like rivers into the sea.

Other glens there are, as long, but not so profound, nor so grandly composed; yet they too conduct us nobly in among the mountains, and up their sides, and on even to their very summits. Such are the glens of Athol, in the neighbourhood of Ben-y-gloe. From them the heather is not wholly banished, and the fire has left a green light without quenching the purple colour native to the hills. We think that we almost remember the time when those glens were in many places sprinkled with huts, and all animated with human life. Now they are solitary; and you may walk from sunrise till sunset without seeing a single soul. For a hundred thousand acres have there been changed into a forest, for sake of the pastime, indeed, which was dear of old to chieftains and kings. Vast herds of red-deer are there, for they herd in thousands—yet may you wander for days over the boundless waste, nor once be startled by one stag bounding by. Yet may a herd, a thousand strong, be drawn up, as in battle array, on the cliffs above your head. For they will long stand motionless, at gaze, when danger is in the wind—and then their antlers

to unpractised eyes seem but boughs grotesque, or are invisible; and when all at once, with one accord, at signal from the stag, whom they obey, they wheel off towards the Corries, you think it but thunder, and look up to the clouds. Fortunate if you see such a sight once in your life. Once only have we seen it; and it was, of a sudden, all by ourselves,

"Ere yet the hunter's startling horn was heard
Upon the golden hills."

Almost within rifle-shot, the herd occupied a position, high up, indeed, but below several ridges of rocks, running parallel for a long distance, with slopes between of sward, and heather. Standing still, they seemed to extend about a quarter of a mile, and as with a loud clattering of hoofs and antlers, they took more open order, the line at least doubled its length, and the whole mountain-side seemed alive. They might not be going at full speed, but the pace was equal to that of any charge of cavalry; and once and again the flight passed before us, till it overcame the ridges, and then deploying round the shoulder of the mountain, disappeared, without dust or noise, into the blue light of another glen.

We question, if there be in the Highlands any one glen comparable with Borrowdale in Cumberland. But there are several that approach it, in that combination of beauty and grandeur, which perhaps no other scene equals in all the world. The "Gorge" of that Dale exhibits the finest imaginable assemblage of rocks and rocky hills, all wildly wooded; beyond them, yet before we have entered into the Dale, the Pass widens, with noble cliffs on one side, and on the other a sylvan stream, not without its abysses; and we see before us some lovely hills, on which—

"The smiling power of cultivation lies,"

yet leaves, with lines defined by the steeps that defy the ploughshare, copses and groves; and thus we are brought into the Dale itself, and soon have a vision of the whole—green and golden fields—for though most are in pasture, almost all seem arable—sprinkled with fine single trees—and lying in flats and levels, or swelling into mounds and knolls, and all diversified with every kind of woods; single cottages, with their out-

buildings, standing every where they should stand, and coloured like the rocks from which in some lights they are hardly to be distinguished—strong-roofed and undilapidated, though many of them very old; villages, apart from one another a mile—and there are three—yet on their sites, distant and different in much though they be, all associated together by the same spirit of beauty that pervades all the Dale. Half way up, and in some places more, the enclosing hills and even mountains are sylvan indeed, and though there be a few inoffensive aliens, they are all adorned with their native trees. The mountains are not so high as in our Highlands, but they are very majestic; and the Passes over into Langdale, and Wastdalehead, and Buttermere, are magnificent, and show precipices in which the Golden Eagle himself might rejoice.

No—there is no glen in all the Highlands comparable with Borrowdale. Yet we know of some that are felt to be kindred places, and their beauty though less, almost as much affects us, because though contending, as it were, with the darker spirit of the mountain, it is not overcome but prevails; and their beauty will increase with years. For while the rocks continue to frown aloft for ever, and the cliffs to range along the corries, unbroken by trees, which there the tempests will not suffer to rise, the woods and groves below, preserved from the axe, for sake of their needful shelter, shall become statelier till the birch equal the pine; reclaimed from the waste, shall many a fresh field recline among the heather, tempering the gloom; and houses arise where now there are but huts, and every house have its garden:—such changes are now going on, and we have been glad to observe their progress, even though sometimes they had removed, or were removing, objects dear from old associations, and which, had it been possible, but it was not, we should have loved to see preserved.

And one word on those sweet pastoral seclusions into which one often drops unexpectedly, it may be at the close of day, and finds a night's lodging in the only hut. Yet they lie, sometimes, embosomed in their own green hills, among the most rugged mountains, and even among the wildest moors. They have no features by which you can describe them;

it is their serenity that charms you, and their cheerful peace; perhaps it is wrong to call them glens, and they are but dells. Yet one thinks of a dell as deep, however small it may be; but these are not deep, for the hills slope down gently upon them, and leave room perhaps between for a little shallow loch. Often they have not any visible water at all, only a few springs and rivulets, and you wonder to see them so very green; there is no herbage like theirs; and to such spots of old, and sometimes yet, the kine are led in summer, and there the lonely family live in their shieling till the harvest moon.

We have all along used the same word, and called the places we have spoken of—glens. A fine observer—the Editor of Gilpin's Forest Scenery—has said, "The gradation from extreme width downwards should be thus arranged,—strath, vale, dale, valley, glen, dell, ravine, chasm. In the strath, vale, and dale, we may expect to find the large, majestic, gently flowing river, or even the deeper or smaller lake. In the glen, if the river be large, it flows more rapidly, and with greater variety. In the dell, the stream is smaller. In the ravine, we find the mountain torrent and the waterfall. In the chasm, we find the roaring cataract, or the rill, bursting from its haunted fountain. The chasm discharges its small tribute into the ravine, while the ravine is tributary to the dell, and thence to the glen; and the glen to the dale."

These distinctions are admirably expressed, and perfectly true to nature; yet we doubt if it would be possible to preserve them in describing a country, and assuredly they are very often indeed confused by common use in the naming of places. We have said nothing about Straths—nor shall we try to describe one—but suggest to your own imagination—as specimens—Strath-Spey, Strath-Tay, Strath-Earn. The dominion claimed by each of those rivers, within the mountain ranges that environ their courses, is a strath; and three noble straths they are, from source to sea.

And now we are brought to speak of the Highland Rivers, Streams, and Torrents; but we shall let them rush or flow, murmur or thunder in your

own ears, for you cannot fail to imagine what the waters must be in a land of such glens, and such mountains. The chief rivers possess all the attributes essential to greatness—width—depth—clearness—rapidity—in one word power. And some of them have long courses—rising in the central heights, and winding round many a huge projection, against which in flood we have seen them dashing like the sea. Highland droughts are not of long duration; the supplies are seldom withheld at once by all the tributaries; and one wild night among the mountains converts a calm into a commotion—the many-murmuring voice into one roar. In flood they are terrible to look at; and every whirlpool seems a place of torment. Winds can make a mighty noise in swinging woods, but there is something to our ears more appalling in that of the fall of waters. Let them be united—and add thunder from the clouds—and we have heard in the Highlands all three in one—and the auditor need not care that he has never stood by Niagara. But when "though not o'erflowing full," a Highland river is in perfection; far better do we love to see and hear him rejoicing than raging; his attributes appear more his own in calm and majestic manifestations, and as he glides or rolls on, without any disturbance, we behold in him an image at once of power and peace.

Of rivers—comparatively speaking—of the second and third order—the Highlands are full—and on some of them the sylvan scenery is beyond compare. No need there to go hunting the waterfalls. Hundreds of them—some tiny indeed, but others tall—are for ever dinning in the woods; yet, at a distance from the cataract, how sweet and quiet is the sound! It hinders you not from listening to the cushat's voice; clear amidst the mellow murmur comes the bleating from the mountain; and all other sound ceases, as you hearken in the sky to the bark of the eagle—rare indeed any where, but sometimes to be heard as you thread the "glimmer or the gloom" of the umbrage overhanging the Garry or the Tummel—for he used to build in the cliffs of Ben-Brackie, and if he has shifted his eyrie, a few minutes' waftage will bear him to Cairn-Gower.

In speaking of the glens, we but alluded to the rivers or streams, and

some of them, indeed, even the great ones, have but rivulets; while in the greatest, the waters often flow on without a single tree, shadowed but by rocks and clouds. Wade them, and you find they are larger than they seem to be; for looked at along the bottom of those profound hollows, they are but mere slips of sinuous light in the sunshine, and in the gloom you see them not at all. We do not remember any very impressive glen, without a stream, that would not suffer some diminution of its power by our fancying it to have one; we may not be aware, at the time, that the conformation of the glen prevents its having any water-flow, but if we feel its character aright, that want is among the causes of our feeling; just as there are some scenes of which the beauty would not be so touching were there a single tree.

Thousands and tens of thousands there are of nameless perennial torrents, and "in number without number numberless" those that seldom live a week —perhaps not a day. Up among the loftiest regions you hear nothing, even when they are all a-flow; yet, there is music in the sight, and the thought of the "general dance and minstrelsy" enlivens the air, where no insect hums. As on your descent you come within hearing of the "liquid lapses," your heart leaps within you, so merrily do they sing; the first torrent-rill you meet with you take for your guide, and it leads you perhaps into some fairy dell, where it wantons awhile in waterfalls, and then gliding along a little dale of its own with "banks o' green bracken," finishes its short course in a stream—one of many that meet and mingle before the current takes the name of river, which in a mile or less becomes a small woodland lake. There are many such of remembrable beauty; living lakes indeed, for they are but pausings of expanded rivers, which again soon pursue their way, and the water-lilies have ever a gentle motion there as if touched by a tide.

It used, not very long ago, to be pretty generally believed by our southern brethren, that there were few trees in the Lowlands of Scotland, and none at all in the Highlands. They had an obscure notion that trees either could not or would not grow in such a soil and climate—cold

and bleak enough at times and places, heaven knows—yet not altogether unproductive of diverse stately plants. They know better now; nor were we ever angry with their ignorance, which was nothing more than what was to be expected in persons living perpetually at home so far remote. They rejoice now to visit, and sojourn, and travel here among us, foreigners and a foreign land no more; and we rejoice to see and receive them not as strangers, but friends, and are proud to know they are well pleased to behold our habitation. They do us and our country justice now, and we have sometimes thought even more than justice; for they are lost in admiration of our cities—above all, of Edinburgh—and speak with such raptures of our scenery, that they would appear to prefer it even to their own. They are charmed with our bare green hills, with our shaggy brown mountains they are astonished, our lochs are their delight, our woods their wonder, and they hold up their hands and clap them at our cliffs. This is generous, for we are not blind to the fact of England being the most beautiful land on all the earth. What are our woods to hers! To hers, what are our single trees! We have no such glorious standards to show as her indomitable and everlasting oaks. She is all over sylvan—Scotland but here and there; look on England from any point in any place, and you see she is rich, from almost any point in any place in Scotland, and you feel that comparatively she is poor. Yet our Lowlands have long been beautifying themselves into a resemblance of hers; as for our Highlands, though many changes have been going on there too, and most we believe for good, they are in their great features, and in their spirit unalterable by art, stamped and inspired by enduring Nature.

We have spoken, slightly, of the sylvan scenery of the Highlands. In Perthshire, especially, it is of rare and extraordinary beauty, and we are always glad to hear of Englishmen travelling up the Tay and the Earn. We desire that eyes familiar with all that is umbrageous should receive their first impressions of our Scottish trees at Duneira and Dunkeld. Nor will those impressions be weakened as they proceed towards Blair

Athol. In that famous Pass, they will feel the power possessed by the sweet wild monotony of the universal birch woods—broken but by grey crags in every shape—grotesque, fantastical, majestic, magnificent, and sublime—on the many-ridged mountains, that are loth to lose the green light of their beloved forests, retain it as long as they can, and on the masses of living lustre seem to look down with pride from their skies.

An English forest, meaning thereby any one wide continuous scene of all kinds of old English trees, with glades of pasture, and it may be of heath between, with dells dipping down into the gloom, and hillocks undulating in the light—ravines and chasms too, rills, and rivulets, and a haunted stream, and not without some melancholy old ruins, and here and there a cheerful cottage that feels not the touch of time—such a forest there is not, and hardly can be imagined to be in Scotland. But in the Highlands, there once were, and are still other forests of quite a different character, and of equal grandeur. In his "Forest Scenery," Gilpin shows that he understood it well; all the knowledge, which as a stranger, almost of necessity he wanted, Lauder has supplied in his annotations; and the book should now be in the hands of every one who cares about the woods. "The English Forest," says Gilpin, "is commonly composed of woodland views, interspersed with extensive heaths and lawns. Its trees are oak and beech, whose lively green corresponds better than the gloomy pine with the nature of the scene, which seldom assumes the dignity of a mountain one, but generally exhibits a cheerful landscape. It aspires, indeed, to grandeur; but its grandeur does not depend, like that of the Scottish forest on the sublimity of the objects, but on the vastness of the whole —the extent of its woods and the wideness of its plains. In its inhabitants also the English forest differs from the Scottish; instead of the stag and the roebuck, it is frequented by cattle and fallow-deer, and exchanges the scream of the eagle and the falcon for the crowing of pheasants, and the melody of the nightingale. The Scottish forest, no doubt, is the sublimer scene, and speaks to the imagination in a loftier language than the English forest can reach. The latter, indeed, often rouses the

imagination, but seldom in so great a degree, being generally content with captivating the eye. The scenery, too, of the Scottish forest is better calculated to last through ages than that of the English. The woods of both are almost destroyed. But while the English forest hath lost all its beauty with its oaks, and becomes only a desolate waste, the rocks and the mountains, the lakes, and the torrents of the Scottish forest make it still an interesting scene."

The Tree of the Highlands is the Pine. There are Scotch firs, indeed, well worth looking at, in the Lowlands, and in England, but to learn their true character you must see them in the glen, among rocks, by the river side, and on the mountain. "We for our parts," says Lauder very finely, "confess that when we have seen it towering in full majesty in the midst of some appropriate Highland scene, and sending its limbs abroad with all the unrestrained freedom of a hardy mountaineer, as if it claimed dominion over the savage region round it, we have looked upon it as a very sublime object. People who have not seen it in native climate and soil, and who judge of it from the wretched abortions which are swaddled and suffocated in English plantations, among dark, heavy, and eternally wet clays, may well call it a wretched tree; but when its foot is among its own Highland heather, and when it stands freely in its native knoll of dry gravel, or thinly covered rock, over which its roots wander afar in the wildest reticulation, whilst its tall, furrowed, and often gracefully sweeping red and grey trunk, of enormous circumference, rears aloft its high umbrageous canopy, then would the greatest sceptic on this point be compelled to prostrate his mind before it with a veneration which perhaps was never before excited in him by any other tree." The colour of the pine has been objected to as murky, and murky it often is, or seems to be; and so then is the colour of the heather, and of the river, and of the loch, and of the sky itself thunder-laden, and murkiest of all are the clouds. But a stream of sunshine is let loose, and the gloom is confounded with glory; over all that night-like reign the jocund day goes dancing, and the forest revels in green or in golden light. Thousands and tens of thousands of

trees are there, and as you gaze upon the whole mighty array, you fear lest it might break the spell, to fix your gaze on any one single tree. But there are trees there that will force you to look on themselves alone, and they grow before your eyes into the kings of the forest. Straight stand their stems in the sunshine, and you feel that as straight have they stood in the storm. As yet you look not up, for your heart is awed, and you see but the stately columns reddening away into the gloom. But all the while you feel the power of the umbrage aloft, and when thitherwards you lift your eyes, what a roof to such a cathedral! A cone drops at your feet—nor other sound nor other stir—but afar off you think you hear a cataract. Inaudible your footsteps on the soft yellow floor, composed of the autumnal sheddings of countless years. Then it is true that you can indeed hear the beating of your own heart; you fear but know not what you fear; and being the only living creature there, you are impressed with a thought of death. But soon to that severe silence you are more than reconciled; the solitude, without ceasing to be sublime, is felt to be solemn and not awful, and ere long, utter as it is, serene. Seen from afar, the forest was one black mass; but as you advance, it opens up into spacious glades, beautiful as gardens, with appropriate trees of gentler tribes, and ground-flowering in the sun. But there is no murmur of bee—no song of bird. In the air a thin whisper of insects—intermittent—and wafted quite away by a breath. For we are now in the very centre of the forest, and even the cushat haunts not here. Hither the red deer may come—but not now—for at this season they love the hill. To such places the stricken stag might steal to lie down and die.

And thus for hours may you be lost in the forest, nor all the while have wasted one thought on the outer world, till with no other warning but an uncertain glimmer and a strange noise, you all at once issue forth into the open day, and are standing on the brink of a precipice above a flood. It comes tumbling down with a succession of falls, in a mile-long course, right opposite your stance—rocks, cliffs, and trees, all the way

up on either side, majestically retiring back to afford ample channel, and showing an unobstructed vista, closed up by the purple mountain, that seems to send forth the river from a cavern in its breast. 'Tis the Glen of Pines. Nor ash nor oak is suffered to intrude on their dominion. Since the earthquake first shattered it out, this great chasm, with all its chasms, has been held by one race of trees. No other seed could there spring to life; for from the rocks has all soil, ages ago, been washed and swept by the tempests. But there they stand with glossy boles, spreading arms and glittering crest; and those two by themselves on the summit, known all over Badenoch as "the Giants"—"their statures reach the sky."

We have been indulging in a dream of old. Before our day the immemorial gloom of Glenmore had perished, and it ceased to be a forest. But there bordered on it another region of night or twilight, and in its vast depths we first felt the sublimity of lonesome fear. Rothiemurchus! The very word blackens before our eyes with necromantic characters—again we plunge into its gulphs desirous of what we dread—again "in pleasure high and turbulent," we climb the cliffs of Cairn-gorm.

Would you wish to know what is now the look of Glenmore? One now dead and gone—a man of wayward temper, but of genius—shall tell you—and think not the picture exaggerated—for you would not, if you were *there*. "It is the wreck of the ancient forest which arrests all the attention, and which renders Glenmore a melancholy, more than a melancholy, a terrific spectacle. Trees, of enormous height, which have escaped, alike, the axe and the tempest, are still standing, stripped by the winds, even of the bark, and like gigantic skeletons, throwing far and wide their white and bleached bones to the storms and rains of heaven; while others, broken by the violence of the gales, lift up their split and fractured trunks in a thousand shapes of resistance and of destruction, or still display some knotted and tortuous branches, stretched out, in sturdy and fantastic forms of defiance, to the whirlwind and the winter. Noble trunks also, which had long resisted, but resisted in vain, strew the ground; some lying on the declivity where they have fallen, others

still adhering to the precipice where they were rooted, many upturned, with their twisted and entangled roots high in air; while not a few astonish us by the space which they cover, and by dimensions which we could not otherwise have estimated. It is one wide image of death, as if the angel of destruction had passed over the valley. The sight, even of a felled tree, is painful: still more is that of the fallen forest, with all its green branches on the ground, withering, silent, and at rest, where once they glittered in the dew and the sun, and trembled in the breeze. Yet this is but an image of vegetable death. It is familiar, and the impression passes away. It is the naked skeleton bleaching in the winds, the gigantic bones of the forest still erect, the speaking records of former life, and of strength still unsubdued, vigorous even in death, which renders Glen More one enormous charnel house."

What happened of old to the aboriginal Forests of Scotland, that long before these later destructions they had almost all perished, leaving to bear witness what they were, such survivors? They were chiefly destroyed by fire. What power could extinguish chance-kindled conflagrations, when sailing before the wind? And no doubt fire was set to clear the country at once of Scotch firs, wolves, wild-boars, and outlaws. Tradition yet tells of such burnings; and, if we mistake not, the pines found in the Scottish mosses, the logs and the stocks, all show that they were destroyed by Vulcan, though Neptune buried them in the quagmires. Storms no doubt often levelled them by thousands; but had millions so fallen they had never been missed, and one Element only—which has been often fearfully commissioned—could achieve the work. In our own day the axe has indeed done wonders—and sixteen square miles of the Forest of Rothiemurchus "went to the ground." John of Ghent, Gilpin tells us, to avenge an inroad, set twenty-four thousand axes at work in the Cale-donian Forest.

Yet Scotland has perhaps sufficient forests at this day. For more has been planted than cut down; Glenmore will soon be populous as ever with self-sown pines, and Rothiemurchus may revive; the shades are yet deep

of Loch-Arkaig, Glengarry, Glenmoriston, Strathglass, Glen-Strathfarrar, and Loch-Shiel; deeper still on the Findhorn—and deepest of all on the Dee rejoicing in the magnificent pine woods of Invercauld and Braemar.

We feel that we have spoken feebly of our Highland forests. Some, perhaps, who have never been off the high-roads, may accuse us of exaggeration too; but they contain wondrous beauties of which we have said not a word; and no imagination can conceive what they may be in another hundred years. But, apparently far apart from the forests, though still belonging to them, for they hold in fancy by the tenure of the olden time, how many woods, and groves, and sprinklings of fair trees, rise up during a day's journey, in almost every region of the North! And among them all, it may be, scarcely a pine. For the oak, and the ash, and the elm, are also all native trees; no where else does the rowan flush with more dazzling lustre; in spring, the alder with its vivid green stands well beside the birk—the yew was not neglected of yore, though the bow of the Celt was weak to that of the Saxon; and the holly, in winter emulating the brightness of the pine, flourished, and still flourishes on many a mountain side. There is sufficient sylvan scenery for beauty in a land of mountains. More may be needed for shelter—but let the young plants and seedlings have time to grow—and as for the old trees, may they live for ever. Too many millions of larches are perhaps growing now behind the Tay and the Tilt; yet why should the hills of Perthshire be thought to be disfigured by what ennobles the Alps and the Appenines?

Hitherto we have hardly said a word about Lochs, and have been doing our best to forget them, while imagining scenes that were chiefly characterized by other great features of Highland Landscape. A country thus constituted, and with such an aspect, even if we could suppose it without lochs, would still be a glorious region; but its lochs are indeed its greatest glory; by them its glens, its mountains and its woods are all illumined, and its rivers made to sing aloud for joy. In the pure element, overflowing so many spacious vales, and glens profound, the great and stern

objects of nature look even more sublime or more beautiful, in their reflected shadows, which appear in that stillness to belong rather to heaven than earth. Or the evanescence of all that imagery at a breath may touch us with the thought, that all it represents, steadfast as seems its endurance, will as utterly pass away. Such visions, when gazed on, in that wondrous depth and purity they are sometimes seen to assume, on a still summer day, always inspire some such faint feeling as this; and we sigh to think how transitory must be all things, when the setting sun is seen to sink beneath the mountain, and all its golden pomp at the same instant to evanish from the lake.

The first that takes possession of the imagination, dreaming of the Highlands as the region of Lochs, is the Queen of them all, Loch Lomond. A great poet has said, that, "In Scotland, the proportion of diffused water is often too great, as at the Lake of Geneva, for instance, and in most of the Scottish lakes. No doubt it sounds magnificent, and flatters the imagination, to hear at a distance of masses of water, so many leagues in length, and miles in width; and, such ample room may be delightful to the fresh water sailor, scudding with a lively breeze amid the rapidly shifting scenery. But who ever travelled along the banks of Loch Lomond, variegated, as the lower part is, by islands, without feeling that a speedier termination of the long vista of blank water would be acceptable, and without wishing for an interposition of green meadows, trees, and cottages, and a sparkling stream to run by his side. In fact, a notion of grandeur as connected with magnitude, has seduced persons of taste into a general mistake upon this subject. It is much more desirable for the purposes of pleasure, that lakes should be numerous and small or middle-sized, than large, not only for communication by walks and rides, but for variety, and for recurrence of similar appearances. To illustrate this by one instance: how pleasing is it to have a ready and frequent opportunity of watching, at the outlet of a lake, the stream, pushing its way among the rocks, in lively contrast with the stillness from which it has escaped; and how amusing to compare its noisy and turbulent motions

with the gentle playfulness of the breezes that may be starting up, or wandering here and there, over the fainty-rippled surface of the broad water! I may add, as a general remark, that in lakes of great width, the shores cannot be distinctly seen at the same time; and therefore contribute little to mutual illustration and ornament; and if the opposite shores are out of sight of each other, like those of the American and Asiatic lakes, then unfortunately the traveller is reminded of a nobler object; he has the blankness of a sea-prospect without the grandeur and accompanying sense of power."

We shall not be suspected of an inclination to dissent, on light grounds, from any sentiments of Wordsworth. But finely felt and expressed as all this is, we do not hesitate to say that it is not applicable to Loch Lomond. Far be it from us to criticise this passage sentence by sentence; for we have quoted it not in a captious, but a reverent spirit, as we have ever done with the works of this illustrious man. He has studied nature more widely and profoundly than we have; but it is out of our power to look on Loch Lomond without a feeling of perfection. The "diffusion of water" is indeed great; but in what a world it floats! At first sight of it, how our soul expands! The sudden revelation of such majestic beauty, wide as it is and extending afar, inspires us with a power of comprehending it all. Sea-like indeed it is—a Mediterranean Sea—enclosed with lofty hills and as lofty mountains—and these indeed are the Fortunate Isles! We shall not dwell on the feeling which all must have experienced on the first sight of such a vision—the feeling of a lovely and a mighty calm; it is manifest that the spacious "diffusion of water" more than conspires with the other components of such a scene to produce the feeling; that to it belongs the spell that makes our spirit serene, still, and bright, as its own. Nor when such feeling ceases so entirely to possess, and so deeply to affect us, does the softened and subdued charm of the scene before us depend less on the expanse of the "diffusion of water." The islands, that before had lain we knew not how—or we had only felt that they were all most lovely—begin to show

themselves in the order of their relation to one another and to the shores. The eye rests on the largest, and with them the lesser combine; or we look at one or two of the least, away by themselves, or remote from all a tufted rock; and many as they are, they break not the breadth of the liquid plain, for it is ample as the sky. They show its amplitude; as masses and sprinklings of clouds, and single clouds, show the amplitude of the cerulean vault. And then the long promontories—stretching out from opposite mainlands, and enclosing bays that in themselves are lakes—they too magnify the empire of water; for long as they are, they seem so only as our eye attends them with their cliffs and woods from the retiring shores, and far distant are their shadows from the central light. Then what shores! On one side where the lake is widest, low-lying they seem and therefore lovelier—undulating with fields and groves, where many a pleasant dwelling is embowered, into lines of hills that gradually soften away into another land. On the other side, sloping back, or overhanging, mounts beautiful in their bareness, for they are green as emerald; others, scarcely more beautiful, studded with fair trees—some altogether woods. They soon form into mountains—and the mountains become more and more majestical, yet beauty never deserts them, and her spirit continues to tame that of the frowning cliffs. Far off as they are, Benlomond and Benvorlich are seen to be giants; magnificent is their retinue, but they two are supreme, each in his own dominion; and clear as the day is here, they are diadem'd with clouds.

It cannot be that the "proportion of diffused water is here too great;" and is it then true that no one "ever travelled along the banks of Loch Lomond, variegated as the lower part is by islands, without feeling that a speedier termination to the long vista of blank water would be acceptable, and without wishing for an interposition of green meadows, trees and cottages, and a sparkling stream to run by his side?" We have travelled along them in all weathers and never felt such a wish. For there they all are—all but the "sparkling stream to run by our side," and we see not how that well could be in nature. "Streams that sparkle as

they run," cross our path on their own ; and brighter never issued from the woods. Along the margin of the water, as far as Luss—ay, and much farther—the variations of the foreground are incessant ; "had it no other beauties," it has been truly said, "but those of its shores, it would still be an object of prime attraction ; whether from the bright green meadows sprinkled with luxuriant ash-trees, that sometimes skirt its margin, or its white pebbled shores on which its gentle billows murmur, like a miniature ocean, or its bold rocky promontories rising from the dark water rich in wild flowers and ferns, and tangled with wild roses and honeysuckles, or its retired bays where the waves dash, reflecting, like a mirror, the trees which hang over them, an inverted landscape." The islands are for ever arranging themselves into new forms, every one more and more beautiful ; at least so they seem to be, perpetually occurring, yet always unexpected, and there is a pleasure even in such a series of slight surprises that enhances the delight of admiration. And alongside, or behind us, all the while, are the sylvan mountains, "laden with beauty;" and ever and anon open glens widen down upon us from chasms ; or forest glades lead our hearts away into the inner gloom—perhaps our feet ; and there, in a field that looks not as if it had been cleared by his own hands, but left clear by nature, a woodsman's hut.

Half-way between Luss and Tarbet the water narrows, but it is still wide ; the new road, we believe, winds round the point of Firkin, the old road boldly scaled the height, as all old roads loved to do ; ascend it, and bid the many-isled vision, in all its greatest glory, farewell. Thence upwards prevails the spirit of the mountains. The lake is felt to belong to them—to be subjected to their will—and that is capricious ; for sometimes they suddenly blacken it when at its brightest, and sometimes when its gloom is like that of the grave, as if at their bidding, all is light. We cannot help attributing the "skiey influences" which occasion such wonderful effects on the water, to prodigious mountains ; for we cannot look on them without feeling that they reign over the solitude they com-

pose; the lights and shadows flung by the sun and the clouds imagination assuredly regards as put forth by the vast objects which they colour; and we are inclined to think some such belief is essential in the profound awe, often amounting to dread, with which we are inspired by the presences of mere material forms. But be this as it may, the upper portion of Loch Lomond is felt by all to be most sublime. Near the head, all the manifold impressions of the beautiful which for hours our mind had been receiving, begin to fade; if some gloomy change has taken place in the air, there is a total obliteration, and the mighty scene before us is felt to possess not the hour merely, but the day. Yet should sunshine come, and abide a while, beauty will glimpse upon us even here, for green pastures will smile vividly, high up among the rocks; the sylvan spirit is serene the moment it is touched with light, and here there is not only many a fair tree by the water-side, but yon old oak wood will look joyful on the mountain, and the gloom become glimmer in the profound abyss.

Wordsworth says, that "it must be more desirable, for the purposes of pleasure, that lakes should be numerous, and small or middle-sized, than large, not only for communication by walks and rides, but for variety, and for recurrence of similar appearances." The Highlands have them of all sizes—and that surely is best. But here is one which, it has been truly said, is not only "incomparable in its beauty as in its dimensions, exceeding all others in variety as it does in extent and splendour, but unites in itself every style of scenery which is found in the other lakes of the Highlands." He who has studied, and understood, and felt all Loch Lomond, will be prepared at once to enjoy any other fine lake he looks on; nor will he admire nor love it the less, though its chief character should consist in what forms but one part of that of the Wonder in which all kinds of beauty and sublimity are combined.

We feel that it would be idle, and worse than idle, to describe any number of the Highland lochs, for so many of the finest have been seen by so many eyes, that few persons probably will ever read these pages to

whom such descriptions would be, at the best, more than shadowings of scenery that their own imaginations can more vividly recreate. There are other reasons for not saying a single word about some of the most beautiful; for genius has pictured and peopled them and the surrounding regions in colours that will never fade. Besides, in the volumes to which these "Remarks" are a preface—contributed with pleasure, somewhat impaired indeed by the consciousness of its many defects and imperfections—views of them all are submitted to the eye; and it is not to be thought that we could by words add to the effect of the works of such artists. These objections do not apply to what we have written respecting the character of the Scenery of the Highlands, apart, as far as that may be, from their lochs; and it may have in some measure illustrated them also, if it has at all truly characterized the mountains, the glens, the rivers, the forests, and the woods.

We may be allowed, however, to say, that there cannot be a greater mistake than to think, as many we believe do who have only heard of the Highland Lochs, that, with the exception of those famous for their beauty as well as their grandeur, beauty is not only not the quality by which they are distinguished, but that it is rarely found in them at all. There are few, possessing any very marked character, in which beauty is not either an ingredient or an accompaniment; and there are many "beautiful exceedingly" which, lying out of the way even of somewhat adventurous travellers, or very remote, are known, if even by that, only by name. It does not, indeed, require much, in some situations, to give a very touching beauty to water. A few trees, a few knolls, a few tufted rocks, will do it, where all around and above is stern or sterile; and how strong may be the gentle charm, if the torrent that feeds the little loch chance to flow into it from a lucid pool formed by a waterfall, and to flow out of it in a rivulet that enlivens the dark heather with a vale of verdure over which a stag might bound—and more especially if there be two or three huts in which it is perceived there is human life! We believe we slightly touched before on such scenes; but any little repetition will

be excused for the sake of a very picturesque passage, which we have much pleasure in quoting from the very valuable "Guide to the Highlands and Islands of Scotland," by the brothers Anderson. We well remember walking into the scene here so well painted, many long years ago, and have indeed, somewhere or other, described it. The Fall of Foyers is the most magnificent cataract, out of all sight and hearing, in Britain. The din is quite loud enough in ordinary weather—and it is only in ordinary weather that you can approach the place, from which you have a full view of all its grandeur. When the Fall is in flood—to say nothing of being drenched to the skin—you are so blinded by the sharp spray smoke, and so deafened by the dashing and clashing, and tumbling and rumbling thunder, that your condition is far from enviable, as you cling, "lonely lover of nature," to a shelf by no means eminent for safety, above the horrid gulf. Nor in former times was there any likelihood of your being comforted by the accommodations of the General's Hut. In ordinary Highland weather—meaning thereby weather neither very wet nor very dry—it is worth walking a thousand miles for one hour to behold the Fall of Foyers. The spacious cavity is enclosed by "complicated cliffs and perpendicular precipices" of immense height, and though for a while it wears to the eye a savage aspect, yet beauty fears not to dwell even there, and the horror is softened by what appears to be masses of tall shrubs, or single shrubs almost like trees. And they are trees, which on the level plain would look even stately; but as they ascend ledge above ledge the walls of that awful chasm, it takes the eye time to see them as they really are, while on our first discernment of their character, serenely standing among the tumult, they are felt on such sites to be sublime.

"Between the Falls and the Strath of Stratherrik," says the Book we were about to quote, "a space of three or four miles, the river Foyers flows through a series of low rocky hills clothed with birch. They present various quiet glades and open spaces, where little patches of cultivated ground are encircled by wooded hillocks, whose surface is pleasingly

diversified by nodding trees, bare rocks, empurpled heath, and bracken bearing herbage." It was the excessive loveliness of some of the scenery there that suggested to us the thought of going to look what kind of a stream the Foyers was above the Fall. We went, and in the quiet of a summer evening, found it

"Was even the gentlest of all gentle things."

But here is the promised description of it. "Before pursuing our way westward, we would wish to direct the traveller's attention to a sequestred spot of peculiar beauty on the river Foyers. This is a secluded vale, called Killean, which, besides its natural attractions, and these are many, is distinguished as one of the few places where the old practice of resorting to the 'shieling' for summer grazing of cattle is still observed. It is encompassed on all sides by steep mountains; but at the north end there is a small lake, about a mile and a half in length, and from one-third to half a mile in breadth. The remainder of the bottom of the glen is a perfectly level tract, of the same width with the lake, and about two miles and a half in length, covered with the richest herbage, and traversed by a small meandering river flowing through it into the lake. The surface of this flat is bedecked with the little huts or bothies, which afford temporary accommodation to the herdsmen and others in charge of the cattle. This portion of the glen is bordered on the west by continuous hills rising abruptly in a uniformly steep acclivity, and passing above into a perpendicular range of precipices, the whole covered with a scanty verdure sprouted with heath. At a bend of the lake near its middle, where it inclines from a northernly course towards the west, a magnificent rounded precipice, which like the continuous ranges, may be about 1200 feet in height, rises immediately out of the water; and a few narrow and inclined verdant stripes alone preserve it from exhibiting a perfectly mural character. To this noble rock succeeds, along the rest of the lake, a beautiful, lofty, and nearly vertical hill-side, clothed with birch, intermingled with hanging mossy banks, shaded over with the deeper tinted

bracken. The eastern side of the plain, and the adjoining portion of the lake, are lined by mountains corresponding in height with those opposed to them; but their lower extremities are, to a considerable extent, strewed with broken fragments of rock, to which succeeds an uninterrupted zone of birch and alder, which is again overtopped in its turn by naked cliffs. An elevated terrace occupies the remainder of this side of the lake; above the wooded face of which is seen a sloping expanse of mingled heath and herbage. About half a mile from the south end, Mr. Frazer of Lovat, the proprietor, has erected a shooting lodge; viewed from which, or from either end, or from the top of the platform on the north-east side of the lake, fancy could scarcely picture a more attractive and fairy landscape, than is unfolded by this sequestred vale, to which Dr. Johnson's description of the 'Happy Valley' not inaptly applies. The milch cows, to the number of several hundreds, are generally kept here from the beginning of June to the middle of August, when they are replaced by the yeld cattle. The river sweeps to the northward from Loch Killean through richly birch-clad hills, which rise in swelling slopes from its banks. A large tarn which immediately joins it from the east is crossed at its mouth by a rustic bridge, from which a single footpath conducts across the brow of the hill to Whitebridge, a small public house or inn, four miles distant."

There is a loch of a very different character from Killean, almost as little known, (one view of it is given in the book,) equal to any thing in the Highlands, only two miles distant from Loch Lochy, in the Great Glen—Loch Arkaig. We first visited it many years since, having been induced to do so by a passage in John Stoddart's "Remarks on the local Scenery and Manners of Scotland;" and it was then a very noble oak and pine forest loch. The axe went to work and kept steadily at it; and a great change was wrought; but it is still a grand scene, with a larger infusion of beauty than it possessed of old. The scenery of the valley separating it from Loch Lochy is very similar to that of the Trossachs; through it there are two approaches to the loch, and the *Mile-Dubh*, or

the Dark Mile, according to our feeling, is more impressive than any part of the approach to Loch Katrine. The woods and rocks are very solemn, and yet very sweet; for though many old pines, and oaks and ashes are there, and the wall of rocks is immense, young trees prevail now on many places, as well along the heights as among the knolls and hillocks below, where alders and hawthorns are thick; almost every where the young are intermingled with the old, and look cheerful under their protection, without danger of being chilled by their shade. The loch, more or less sylvan from end to end, shows on its nearer shores some magnificent remains of the ancient forest, and makes a noble sweep like some great river. There may be more, but we remember but one island—not large, but wooded as it should be—the burying-place of the family of Lochiel. What rest! It is a long journey from Loch Lochy to Kinloch Arkaig—and by the silent waters we walked or sat all a summer's day. There was nothing like a road that we observed, but the shores are easily travelled, and there it is you may be almost sure of seeing some red deer. They are no better worth looking at from a window than Fallow—no offence to Fallow, who are fine creatures; indeed we had rather not see them so at all; but on the shores or steeps of Loch Arkaig, with hardly a human habitation within many, many miles, and these few rather known than seen to be there, the huts of Highlanders contented to cultivate here and there some spot that seems cultivatable, but probably is found not to be so after some laborious years—there they are at home; and you, if young, looking on them feel at home too, and go bounding, like one of themselves, over what, did you choose, were an evitable steep. Roe, too, frequent the copses, but to be seen they must be started; grouse spring up before you oftener than you might expect in a deer forest; but, to be sure, it is a rough and shaggy one, though lovelier lines of verdure never lay in the sunshine than we think we see now lying for miles along the margin of that Loch. The numerous mountains towards the head of the loch are very lofty, and glens diverge in grand style into opposite and distant regions. Glen

Dessary, with its beautiful pastures, opens on the Loch, and leads to Loch Nevish on the coast of Knoidart—Glen Pæan to Oban-a-Cave on Loch Morer, Glen Canagorie into Glenfinnan and Loch Shiel; and Glen Kingie to Glengarry and Loch Quoich. There is a choice! We chose Glen Kingie, and after a long climb found a torrent that took us down to Glengarry before sunset. It is a loch little known and in grandeur not equal to Loch Arkaig; but at the close of such a day's journey, the mind elevated by the long contemplation of the great objects of nature, cannot fail to feel aright, whatever it may be, the spirit of the scene, that seems to usher in the grateful hour of rest. It is surpassing fair—and having lain all night long on its gentle banks, sleeping or waking we know not, we have never remembered it since but as the Land of Dreams.

Which is the dreariest, most desolate and dismal of the Highland Lochs? We should say Loch Ericht. It lies in a prodigious wilderness with which perhaps no man alive is conversant, and in which you may travel for days without seeing even any symptoms of human life. We speak of the regions comprehended between the Forest of Athol, and Bennevis, the Moor of Rannach, and Glen Spean. There are many Lochs—and Loch Ericht is their griesly Queen. Herdsmen, shepherds, hunters, fowlers, anglers, traverse its borders, but few have been far in the interior, and we never knew anybody who had crossed it from south to north, from east to west. We have ourselves seen more of it, perhaps than any other Lowlander; and had traversed many of its vast glens and moors, before we found our way to the southern solitude of Loch Ericht. We came into the western gloom of Ben Auler from Loch Ouchan, and up and down for hours dismal but not dangerous precipices that opened out into what might almost be called passes—but we had frequently to go back for they were blind—contrived to clamber to the edge of one of the mountains that rose from the water a few miles down the Loch. All was vast, shapeless, savage, black, and wrathfully grim: for it was one of those days that keep frowning and lowering, yet will not thunder;

such as one conceives of, on the eve of an earthquake. At first the sight was dreadful, but there was no reason for dread; imagination remains not longer than she chooses the slave of her own eyes, and we soon began to enjoy the gloom, and to feel how congenial it was in nature with the character of all those lifeless cliffs. Silence and darkness suit well together in solitude at noonday; and settled on huge objects make them sublime. And they were huge; all ranged together, and stretching away to a great distance, with the pitchy water, still as if frozen, covering their feet.

Loch Ericht is many miles long—nearly twenty; but there is a loch among the Grampians not more than two miles round—if so much, which is sublimer far—Loch Aven. You come upon the sight of it at once, a short way down from the summit of Cairngorm, and then it is some two thousand feet below you, itself being as many above the level of the sea. But to come upon it so as to feel best its transcendent grandeur, you should approach it up Glenaven—and from as far down as Inch-Rouran, which is about half-way between Loch Aven and Tomantoul. Between Inch-Rouran and Tomantoul the glen is wild, but it is inhabited; above that house there is but one other—and for about a dozen miles—we have heard it called far more—there is utter solitude. But never was there a solitude at once so wild—so solemn—so serene—so sweet! The glen is narrow; but on one side there are openings into several wider glens, that show you mighty coves as you pass on; on the other side the mountains are without a break, and the only variation with them is from smooth to shaggy, from dark to bright; but their prevailing character is that of pastoral or of forest peace. The mountains that show the coves belong to the bases of Ben-Aven and Ben-y-buird. The heads of those giants are not seen—but it sublimes the long glen to know that it belongs to their dominion, and that it is leading us on to an elevation that ere-long will be on a level with the roots of their top-most cliffs. The Aven is so clear—on account of the nature of its channel—that you see the fishes hanging in every pool; and 'tis not possible to imagine how

beautiful in such transparencies are the reflections of its green ferny banks. For miles they are composed of knolls, seldom interspersed with rocks, and there cease to be any trees. But ever and anon, we walk for a while on a level floor, and the voice of the stream is mute. Hitherto sheep have been noticed on the hill, but not many, and red and black cattle grazing on the lower pastures; but they disappear, and we find ourselves all at once in a desert. So it is felt to be, coming so suddenly with its black heather on that greenest grass; but 'tis such a desert as the red-deer love. We are now high up on the breast of the mountain, which appears to be Cairngorm; but such heights are deceptive, and it is not till we again see the bed of the Aven that we are assured we are still in the glen. Prodigious precipices, belonging to several different mountains, for between mass and mass there is blue sky, suddenly arise, forming themselves more and more regularly into circular order, as we near; and now we have sight of the whole magnificence; yet vast as it is, we know not yet how vast; it grows as we gaze, till in a while we feel that sublimer it may not be; and then so quiet in all its horrid grandeur we feel too that it is beautiful, and think of the Maker.

This is Loch Aven. How different the whole region round from that enclosing Loch Ericht! There, vast wildernesses of more than melancholy moors—huge hollows hating their own gloom that keep them herbless—disconsolate glens left far away by themselves, without any sign of life—cliffs that frown back the sunshine—and mountains, as if they were all dead, insensible to the heavens. Is this all mere imagination—or the truth? We deceive ourselves in what we call a desert. For we have so associated our own being with the appearances of outward things, that we attribute to them, with an uninquiring faith, the very feelings and the very thoughts, of which we have chosen to make them emblems. But here the sources of the Dee seem to lie in a region as happy as it is high; for the bases of the mountains are all such as the soul has chosen to make sublime—the colouring of the mountains all such as the soul has chosen to make beautiful; and the whole region, thus embued with a

power to inspire elevation and delight, is felt to be indeed one of the very noblest in nature.

We have now nearly reached the limits assigned to our "Remarks on the Character of the Scenery of the Highlands;" and we feel that the sketches we have drawn of its component qualities—occasionally filled up with some details—must be very imperfect indeed, without comprehending some parts of the coast, and some of the sea-arms that stretch into the interior. But even had our limits allowed, we do not think we could have ventured on such an attempt; for though we have sailed along most of the western shores, and through some of its sounds, and into many of its bays, and up not a few of its reaches, yet they contain such an endless variety of all the fairest and greatest objects of nature, that we feel it would be far beyond our powers to give any thing like an adequate idea of the beauty and the grandeur that for ever kept unfolding themselves around our summer voyagings in calm or storm. Who can say that he knows a thousandth part of the wonders of "the marine" between the Mull of Cantire and Cape Wrath? He may have gathered many an extensive shore—threaded many a mazy multitude of isles—sailed up many a spacious bay—and cast anchor at the head of many a haven land-locked so as no more to seem to belong to the sea—yet other voyagers shall speak to him of innumerable sights which he has never witnessed; and they who are most conversant with those coasts, best know how much they have left and must leave for ever unexplored.

Look now only at the Linnhe Loch—how it gladdens Argyle! Without it and the sound of Mull how sad would be the shadows of Morvern! Eclipsed the splendours of Lorn! Ascend one of the heights of Appin, and as the waves roll in light, you will feel how the mountains are beautified by the sea. There is a majestic rolling onwards there that belongs to no land-loch—only to the world of waves. There is no nobler image of ordered power than the tide, whether in flow or in ebb; and on all now it is felt to be beneficent, coming and going daily, to enrich and adorn. Or in fancy will you embark, and let the Amethyst bound

away "at her own sweet will," accordant with yours, till she reach the distant and long-desired loch.

"Loch-Sunart! who, when tides and tempests roar,
Comes in among these mountains from the main,
'Twixt wooded Ardnamurchan's rocky cape
And Ardmore's shingly beach of hissing spray:
And while his thunders bid the sound of Mull
Be dumb, sweeps onwards past a hundred bays
Hill-sheltered from the wrath that foams along
The mad mid-channel,—All as quiet they
As little separate worlds of summer dreams,—
And by storm-loving birds attended up
The mountain-hollow, white in their career
As are the breaking billows, spurns the Isles
Of craggy Carnich, and green Oronsay
Drench'd in that sea-born shower o'er tree-tops driven
And ivyed stones of what was once a tower
Now hardly known from rocks—and gathering might
In the long reach between Dungallan caves
And point of Arderinis ever fair
With her Elysian groves, bursts through that strait
Into another ampler inland sea;
Till lo! subdued by some sweet influence,—
And potent is she though so meek the Eve,—
Down sinketh wearied the old Ocean
Insensibly into a solemn calm,—
And all along that ancient burial-ground,
(Its kirk is gone,) that seemeth now to lend
Its own eternal quiet to the waves,
Restless no more, into a perfect peace
Lulling and lull'd at last, while drop the airs
Away as they were dead, the first risen star
Beholds that lovely Archipelago,
All shadow'd there as in a spiritual world,
Where time's mutations shall come never more!"

These lines describe but one of innumerable lochs that owe their greatest charm to the sea. It is indeed one of those on which Nature has lavished all her infinite varieties of loveliness; but Loch Leven is scarcely less fair,

and perhaps grander; and there is matchless magnificence about Loch Etive. All round about Ballahulish and Inverco the scenery of Loch Leven is the sweetest ever seen overshadowed by such mountains; the deeper their gloom, the brighter its lustre; in all weathers it wears a cheerful smile; and often while up among the rocks the tall trees are tossing in the storm, the heart of the woods beneath is calm, and the vivid fields they shelter look as if they still enjoyed the sun. Nor closes the beauty there, but even animates the entrance into that dreadful glen—Glenco. All the way up its river, Loch-Leven would be fair, were it only for her hanging woods. But though the glen narrows, it still continues broad, and there are green plains between her waters and the mountains, on which stately trees stand single, and there is ample room for groves. The returning tide tells us, should we forget it, that this is no inland Loch, for it hurries away back to the sea, not turbulent, but fast as a river in flood. The river Leven is one of the finest in the Highlands, and there is no other such series of waterfalls, all seen at once, one above the other, along an immense vista; and all the way up to the farthest there are noble assemblages of rocks—no where any want of wood—and in places, trees that seem to have belonged to some old forest. Beyond, the opening in the sky seems to lead into another region, and it does so; for we have gone that way, past some small lochs, across a wide wilderness, with mountains on all sides, and descended on Loch Treag,

> "A loch whom there are none to praise
> And very few to love,"

but overflowing in our memory with all pleasantest images of pastoral contentment and peace.

Loch Etive, between the ferries of Connel and Bunawe, has been seen by almost all who have visited the Highlands—but very imperfectly; to know what it is you must row or sail up it, for the banks on both sides are often richly wooded, assume many fine forms, and are frequently well embayed, while the expanse of water is sufficiently wide to allow you from its centre to command a view of many of the distant heights. But

above Bunawe it is not like the same loch. For a couple of miles it is not wide, and it is so darkened by enormous shadows that it looks even less like a strait than a gulf—huge overhanging rocks on both sides ascending high, and yet felt to belong but to the bases of mountains that sloping far back have their summits among clouds of their own in another region of the sky. Yet are they not all horrid; for nowhere else is there such lofty heather—it seems a wild sort of brushwood; tall trees flourish, single or in groves, chiefly birches, with now and then an oak—and they are in their youth or their prime—and even the prodigious trunks, some of which have been dead for centuries, are not all dead, but shoot from their knotted rhind symptoms of life inextinguishable by time and tempest. Out of this gulf we emerge into the Upper Loch, and its amplitude sustains the majesty of the mountains, all of the highest order, and seen from their feet to their crests. Cruachan wears the crown, and reigns over them all—king at once of Loch Etive and of Loch Awe. But Buachaille Etive, though afar off, is still a giant, and in some lights comes forwards, bringing with him the Black Mount and its dependents, so that they all seem to belong to this most magnificent of all Highland lochs. "I know not," says Macculloch, "that Loch Etive could bear an ornament without an infringement on that aspect of solitary vastness which it presents throughout. Nor is there one. The rocks and bays on the shore, which might elsewhere attract attention, are here swallowed up in the enormous dimensions of the surrounding mountains, and the wide and ample expanse of the lake. A solitary house, here fearfully solitary, situated far up in Glen Etive, is only visible when at the upper extremity; and if there be a tree, as there are in a few places on the shore, it is unseen; extinguished as if it were a humble mountain flower, by the universal magnitude around." This is finely felt and expressed; but even on the shores of Loch Etive there is much of the beautiful; Ardmatty smiles with its meadows, and woods, and bay, and sylvan stream; other sunny nooks repose among the grey granite masses; the colouring of the banks and braes is often bright; several houses or

huts become visible no long way up the glen; and though that long hollow—half a day's journey—till you reach the wild road between Inveruran and King's House—lies in gloom, yet the hillsides are cheerful, and you delight in the greensward, wide and rock-broken, should you ascend the passes that lead into Glencreran or Glenco. But to feel the full power of Glen Etive you must walk up it till it ceases to be a glen. When in the middle of the moor, you see far off a solitary dwelling indeed—perhaps the loneliest house in all the Highlands—and the solitude is made profounder, as you pass by, by the voice of a cataract, hidden in an awful chasm, bridged by two or three stems of trees, along which the red-deer might fear to venture—but we have seen them and the deer-hounds glide over it, followed by other fearless feet, when far and wide the Forest of Dalness was echoing to the hunter's horn.

We have now brought our Remarks on the Scenery of the Highlands to a close, and would fain have said a few words on the character and life of the people; but are precluded from even touching on that most interesting subject. It is impossible that the minds of travellers through those wonderful regions, can be so occupied with the contemplation of mere inanimate nature, as not to give many a thought to their inhabitants, now and in the olden time. Indeed, without such thoughts, they would often seem to be but blank and barren wildernesses, in which the heart would languish, and imagination itself recoil; but they cannot long be so looked at, for houseless as are many extensive tracts, and therefore at times felt to be too dreary even for moods that for a while enjoyed the absence of all that might tell of human life, yet symptoms and traces of human life are noticeable to the instructed eye almost every where, and in them often lies the spell that charms us, even while we think that we are wholly delivered up to the influence of "dead insensate things." None will visit the Highlands without having some knowledge of their history; and the changes that have long been taking place in the condition of the people will be affectingly recognised whereve they go, in spite even of what might have appeared the insuperable barriers of nature.

" Time and Tide
Have washed away, like weeds upon the sands,
Crowds of the olden life's memorials;
And 'mid the mountains you as well might seek
For the lone site of fancy's filmy dreams.
Towers have decay'd, and moulder'd from the cliffs,
Or their green age, or grey, has help'd to build
New dwellings sending up their household smoke
From treeless places once inhabited
But by the secret sylvans. On the moors
The pillar-stone, rear'd to perpetuate
The fame of some great battle, or the power
Of storied necromancer in the wild,
Among the wide change on the heather-bloom
By power more wondrous wrought than his, its name
Has lost, or fallen itself has disappeared;
No broken fragment suffer'd to impede
The glancing ploughshare. All the ancient woods
Are thinn'd and let in floods of daylight now,
Then dark and dern as when the Druids lived.
Narrow'd is now the red-deer's forest reign;
The royal race of eagles is extinct.
But other changes than on moor and cliff
Have tamed the aspect of the wilderness:
The simple system of primeval life,
Simple but stately, hath been broken down;
The clans are scatter'd, and the chieftain's power
Is dead, or dying—but a name—though yet
It sometimes stirs the desert; to the winds
The tall plumes wave no more—the tartan green
With fiery streaks among the heather-bells
Now glows unfrequent; and the echoes mourn
The silence of the music that of old
Kept war-thoughts stern amid the calm of peace
Yet to far battle plains still Morven sends
Her heroes, and still glittering in the sun,
Or blood-dimm'd, her dread line of bayonets
Marches with loud shouts straight to victory.
A soften'd radiance now floats o'er her glens;
No rare sight now upon her sea-arm lochs
The sail oft-veering up the solitude;
And from afar the noise of life is brought

Within the thunders of her cataracts.
These will flow on for ever; and the crests,
Gold-tipt by rising and by setting suns,
Of her old mountains inaccessible
Glance down their scorn for ever on the toils
That load with harvests now the humbler hills,
Now shorn of all their heather-bloom, and green
Or yellow as the gleam of lowland fields.
And bold hearts in broad bosoms still are there,
Living and dying peacefully; the huts
Abodes are still of high-soul'd poverty;
And underneath their lintels beauty stoops
Her silken-snooded head, when singing goes
The maiden to her father at his work
Among the woods, or joins the scanty line
Of barley-reapers on their narrow ridge,
In some small field among the pastoral braes.
Still fragments dim of ancient poetry
In melancholy music down the glens
Go floating; and from shieling roof'd with boughs,
And turf-wall'd, high up in some lonely place
Where flocks of sheep are nibbling the sweet grass
Of midsummer, and browsing on the plants
On the cliff-mosses a few goats are seen
Among their kids, you hear sweet melodies
Attuned to some traditionary tale,
By young wife sitting all alone, aware
From shadow on the mountain-horologe
Of the glad hour that brings her husband home
Before the gloaming, from the far-off moor
Where the black cattle feed; there all alone
She sits and sings, except that on her knees
Sleeps the sweet offspring of their faithful loves."

We love the people too well to praise them—we have had too heartfelt experience of their virtues. In castle, hall, house, manse, hut, hovel, shieling—on mountain and moor, we have known, without having to study their character. It manifests itself in their manners, and in their whole frame of life. They are now, as they ever were, affectionate, faithful, and fearless; and far more delightful surely it is to see such

qualities in all their pristine strength—for civilization has not weakened, nor ever will weaken them—without that alloy of fierceness and ferocity which was inseparable from them in the turbulence of feudal times. They are now indeed a peaceful people; severe as are the hardships of their condition, they are, in the main contented with it; and nothing short of necessity can dissever them from their dear mountains. We devoutly trust that there need be no more forced emigration—that henceforth it will be free—at the option of the adventurous—and that all who will, when the day cometh, may be gathered to their fathers, in the land that gave them birth. Much remains to be done not only to relieve but enlighten; yet Christian benevolence has not been forgetful of their wants; schools and churches are arising in remote places; and that they are in good truth a religious as well as a moral people is proved by the passionate earnestness, with which, in their worst destitution, they embrace every offer of instruction in the knowledge that leads to everlasting life. The blessing of heaven will lie on all such missions as these—and the time will come when we shall be able to contemplate, without any pain, the condition of a race who, to use the noble language of one, though often scornful and sarcastic overmuch, yet at heart their friend, "almost in an hour subsided into peace and virtue, retaining their places, their possessions, their chiefs, their songs, their traditions, their superstitions and peculiar usages; even that language and those recollections which still separate them from the rest of the nation. They retained even their pride, and they retained their contempt of those who imposed that order on them, and still they settled into a state of obedience to that government, of which the world produces no other instance! It is a splendid moral phenomenon; and reflects a lustre on the Highland character, whether of the chiefs or the people, which extinguishes all past faults, and which atones for what little remains to be amended. A peculiar political situation was the cause of their faults; and that which swept away the cause, has rendered the effects a tale of other times."

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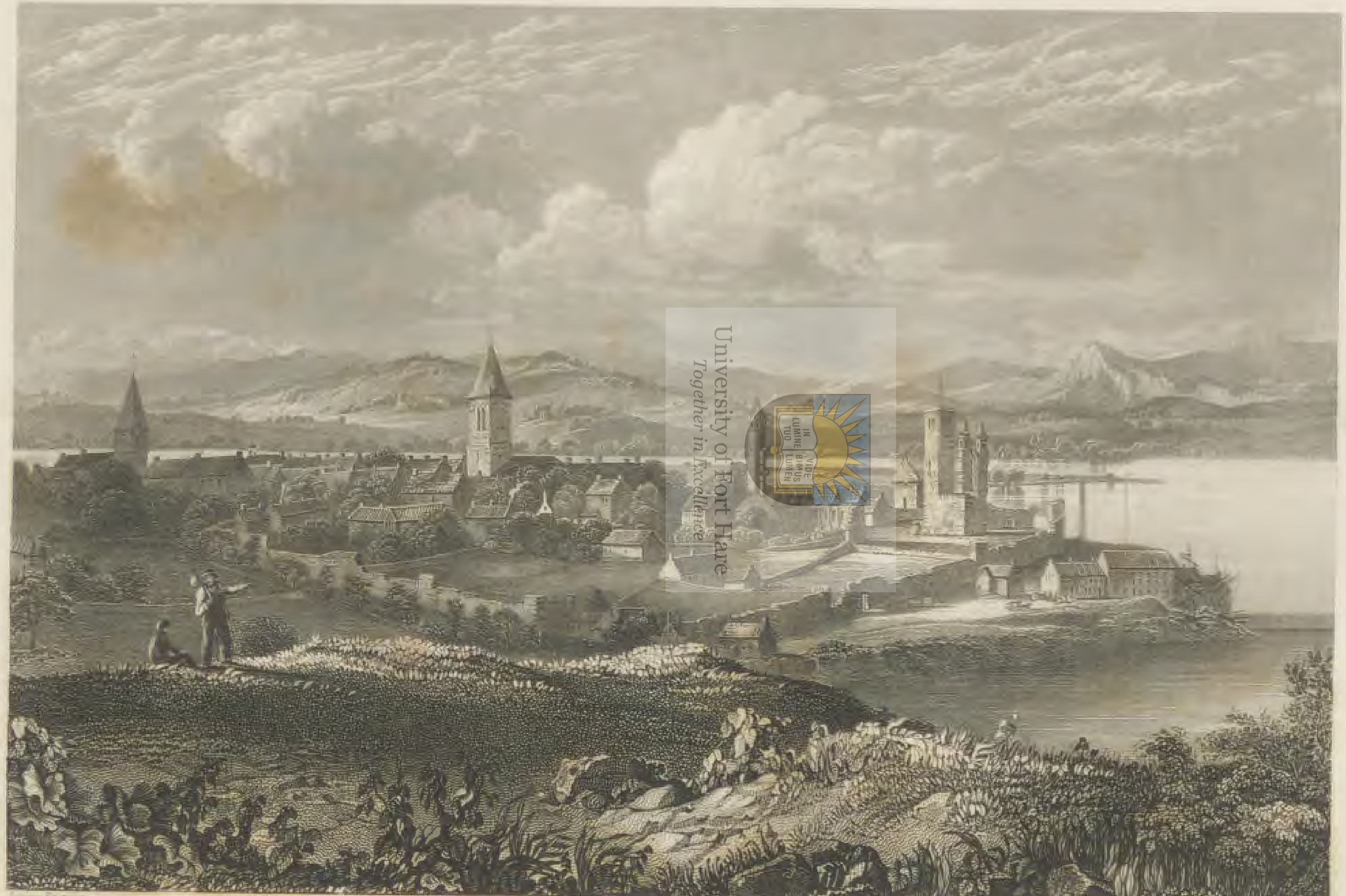


St. Andrews

A. Fullarton & C° London & Edinburgh

SCOTLAND ILLUSTRATED.

Plate K.

THE CITY OF ST. ANDREWS.

The city and royal burgh of St. Andrews stands upon a rocky height, rising about fifty feet above the level of the bay of the German ocean to which it gives name. In whatever way it is approached, whether from the sea or by land, St. Andrews, with its lofty though ruined towers, presents an imposing appearance. The city is about a mile in circumference, and contains three principal streets,—South-street, Market-street, and North-street,—which diverge from the Cathedral in a westerly direction, like spokes from the centre of a wheel, and are intersected at right angles, in various places, by a number of lanes or streets of smaller dimensions. The three principal streets,—especially South-street, which is the broadest, and best built,—have a noble though antiquated appearance, and are each ornamented by public buildings. In South-street are St. Mary's college, the Madras college, and the Town-church; in Market-street, the Town-hall; and in North-street, the United college, with the chapel of St. Salvator, the Episcopal chapel, and the Secession chapel. At the west end of Market-street, between it and North-street, a fine street has been recently opened up, named after Dr. Bell, the founder of the Madras college; and at the west end of North-street, on a portion of the links, a row of elegant houses has been erected. West of the termination of South-street is a large suburb called Argyle. The principal streets are well-paved, cleanly kept, and, during winter, lighted with gas.

Enjoying pure air, and a comparatively mild and equal climate, with easy access to the sea, and secure and sheltered bathing-places, St. Andrews has deservedly become a place of great resort for persons requiring sea-bathing; and from the necessary literary nature of its society, the excellent opportunities for superior education which it affords, the attraction of its links to golfers, and the cheapness of its markets, it may be pointed out as a desirable place of residence to persons of retired habits and moderate fortune. But desirable as it may be on all these grounds, as a place of residence, or of occasional resort, it has other, and, to the intelligent tourist, highly pleasing attractions. To the artist, its numerous ruins and ancient buildings afford picturesque objects for his pencil; to the

antiquary, of research and investigation; and all Scotsmen who love their country, or are read in its annals, must feel they are on hallowed ground, every spot of which calls up some reverend history, some inspiring recollection, when they visit St. Andrews.

The burgh owes its origin to a college of Culdees early founded here. In the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries, the city attained its highest point of wealth and commercial importance. During this period a yearly fair or great market—called the Senzie market, commencing in the second week of Easter, and continuing for fifteen days—was held within the quadrangle of the Priory, to which resorted merchants from most of the trading kingdoms of Europe, and, on some occasions, from 200 to 300 vessels have entered the harbour. The destruction of the religious houses, and the general want of security to property arising from civil commotion, reduced St. Andrews from its high estate. In 1655, the provost and magistrates petitioned General Monk for an abatement of part of the monthly assessment laid upon the town, which they stated it was unable to pay "by reason of the total decay of shipping and sea-trade, and the removal of the most eminent inhabitants thereof to live in the country." And in 1697, when it was proposed to remove the university to Perth, among various reasons given for the removal, are the following: that "victuals are dearer here than any where else, viz., fleshes, drinks of all sorts; that this place is ill-provided of all commodities and trades, which obliges us to send to Edinburgh and provide ourselves with shoes, clothes, hats, &c., and what are here are double rate; and that this place being now only a village where most part farmers dwell, the whole streets are filled with dunghills, which are exceedingly noxious and ready to infect the air." Nearly eighty years afterwards, Dr. Johnson visited St. Andrews, and found—to use his own language—"one of its streets now lost; and in those that remain, the silence and solitude of inactive indigence and gloomy depopulation." About the commencement of the present century, however, the energy of a few individuals led to the gradual improvement of St. Andrews; and its various educational and other advantages, bringing persons of some property to reside in it, has tended to keep this spirit alive; but Commerce, once banished, has never again revisited its harbour, or shed the influence of its wealth upon its streets.

The general view of the city given in our engraving, is taken from the south-east, from a point whence one of the best general views is to be obtained. On the right side of the middle distance is the harbour. Farther to the left are seen the ancient tower and chapel of St. Regulus, the eastern gable of the ruined Cathedral, and a portion of the ruins of the Castle; and still farther to the left are the ruins of the western gable and part of the south wall of the Cathedral. Near the centre of the picture is the tower and spire of St. Salvator's chapel, now the College-church; and on the extreme left is the tower and spire of the Town-church, near which, marked by a small belfry, is seen the roof of the Town-house. Stretching from the eastern part of the ruins of the Cathedral, to near the left hand side of the picture, and enclosing a considerable piece of ground, is the old wall, with its numerous towers, which surrounded the precinct of the Monastery. In the distance are the estuary of the Eden, and part of the county of Fife; and in the extreme distance, the summits of the Sidlaw-hills in Forfarshire.

Drawn & Engraved by Thomas Dick

Edinburgh.

From near St. Anthony's Chapel.

Plate II.

EDINBURGH, FROM ST. ANTHONY'S CHAPEL.

The Metropolis of Scotland is romantically situated on a congeries of hills, in the north of Mid-Lothian, within two miles of the Frith of Forth. Of these hills the highest and most easterly is Arthur's Seat, rising 822 feet above the level of the sea, sloping towards the east, and presenting a precipitous and nearly perpendicular face of rock to the west. From the dell at this western base rises Salisbury Crags, attaining a height of 550 feet above the sea, and then, sweeping in a semicircle from south to north, breaking perpendicularly down, in a picturesque face of naked rock, on which is carried round a promenade of most commanding and gorgeous prospect. Two hundred yards north-west of the northern end of this semicircle rises the Calton Hill, lifting a rounded eminence 344 feet above the sea, presenting an abrupt and bending face to the north-west, but descending in other directions by rapid but not untraversable declivities. From the western base of Salisbury Crags the ground rises westward to an elevation of about 180 feet, and forms a broad-backed ridge of 1,400 yards east to west, falling first gently and then acclivitously down on its northern side, and sloping insensibly away on its southern, *on which rests the modern district of the Old Town.*

Parallel to it, on the north side, lies a hill, which ascending westward between Salisbury Crags and Calton Hill, towers up, at the distance of 1,800 yards in the agglomerated rocks of Edinburgh Castle 445 feet above the level of the sea. This hill, ridge, or wedge-like slope is the *site of the original City,*—a street stretching along its centre, sending off numerous lanes and alleys down the descents on its southern and northern sides, and resembling a reptile or scorpion monster, having the Castle for its head, the lanes for its lateral members, and Holyrood House and St. Abbey Cuthbert for its tail.

Along the northern base of this hill-ridge, extends a deep hollow, formerly covered with water, since drained and variously disposed of by art, and now the centre and site of the Railway transit through the city. From this hollow, another eminence ascends softly northward over 250 yards, and then gracefully slopes away into the plain which intervenes between it and the sea. Along this beautiful flat ridge stands the *original New Town;* and on its northern slow descent, as well as in the plains beyond it, both northward and westward, stands *the second New Town,* or most magnificent and boasted portion of the Metropolis of Scotland.

Edinburgh is of so high antiquity as to be seen in the remote distance of its annals, enveloped in the fable and uncertainty which ancient history throws around almost all its objects. Most writers are agreed that the Castle rock was fortified by the Ottodini before their subjugation by the Romans. Its most ancient name on record is Castelh-Mynyd-Agned, which means in British "the fortress of the hill of Agnes." At a later date, it was called *Castrum Puellarum*. About or after the year 617, it acquired the name of Edwin's burgh, from a Northumbrian prince of that name. The Celtic population, moulding the name into affinity with their language, called it Dun Edin. In 1093 it was the refuge of the widow and children of Malcolm Canmore. In the reign of David I. the town appears to have been for some time erected into a Royal burgh. Liberty was given by this prince to the canons of the Abbey of Holyrood, to construct the burgh of Canongate.

On account of its resemblance as to site and general appearance to the famous Capital of ancient Greece, Edinburgh has been designated "The Athens of the North." "The distant view of Athens," says Mr. Williams, "from the Ægean sea is extremely like that of Edinburgh from the frith of Forth; though certainly the latter is considerably superior." "There are," he adds, "several points of view on the elevated grounds near Edinburgh, from which the resemblance" between the two cities "is complete. From Tor-Phin, in particular, one of the low heads of the Pentlands, immediately above the village of Colinton, the landscape is exactly that of the vicinity of Athens, as viewed from the bottom of Mount Anchesmus. Close upon the right, Brilessus is represented by the mound of Braid; before us, in the abrupt and dark mass of the castle, rises the Acropolis; the hill Lycabetus, joined to that of the Areopagus, appears in the Calton; in the frith of Forth we behold the Ægean sea; in Inch-Keith, Ægina; and the hills of the Peloponnesus are precisely those of the opposite coast of Fife. Nor is the rememblance less striking in the general characteristics of the scene; for, although we cannot exclaim, 'these are the groves of the Academy, and that the Sacred Way!' yet, as on the Attic shore, we certainly here behold—

> '———— A country rich and gay,
> Broke into hills with balmy odours crowned,
> And ———————— joyous vales,
> Mountains and streams, ————————
> And clustering towns, and monuments of fame,
> And scenes of glorious deeds, in little bounds!'"

Edinburgh presents, from almost every point whence it can be viewed, such scenic and architectural groupings as are unrivalled in any existing city in the world. It possesses attractions peculiarly its own, and fixes the gaze and challenges the admiration of a spectator by displays of general excellence, unaided by the sumptuousness of any one object, and undegraded by deteriorations from its prevailing style of magnificence. A tourist coming within view of the city sees no aerial dome rising from a sea of houses,

as in Rome or London; and no forest of turrets shooting up from a huge cathedral, as in Milan or York; but he looks on a singularly varied and uniformly rich display of imposing architecture,—sheltered in the vale,—climbing up the acclivity,—stretching away on the plain,—or surmounting the precipice, and crowning the romantic hill. Even the picturesque confusion of the ancient part of the city combines with the symmetrical proportions of the streets and squares of the modern part, to render the rich architectural carpeting of the congeries of hills peculiarly attractive. Nowhere is the eye offended with the vicinity of meanness to elegance, or with a dingy and commonplace field of houses spread around a magnificent edifice, or attached to an elegant and airy street; but neatness, beauty, novelty of grouping, picturesqueness, grandeur, and nearly all the principles which thrill the beholder with mingled wonder and pleasure, seem everywhere to struggle for ascendency, and, like a harmony of sounds, combine their powers to produce an unique and superb effect. Among many admired views of the city, is the one now presented to the reader from St. Anthony's Chapel. In this view the spectator sees at his feet the tufted and verdant memorials of the royal park, and the quadrangular and turreted palace of Holyrood, with the venerable ruins of the royal chapel abutting from one of its angles; he looks over it along the deep hollow on the east of the Old town, with its thickly-figured carpeting of houses, till his view is arrested by the North bridge, with its palace-looking summit of buildings above, stretching off toward the east, and with its lofty arches below, occasioning an air of mystery to hang over the scenery beyond, of which they allow only a narrow view; and he looks up on his right to the double ascent of Calton-hill, overhung on its first precipitous acclivity by the dark monument of the philosopher Hume, and the bold and castellated forms of the county-jail and bridewell,—decorated, on the esplanade at the middle of its ascent, with the fine Grecian structure of the Royal High school, and the beautiful sweep of buildings called Regent-terrace,—and crowned on its rounded acclivitous summit with the towering pillar erected to the memory of Nelson, and the naked, antique-looking colonnade of the National monument; and he surveys, a little to his left, the whole of the elaborated surface of the ancient city, struggling crowdedly upward from the point of the wedge-like hill, stratum above stratum, or ridge above ridge, sending aloft in its progress the picturesque towers of the Canongate and Tron churches, and the high, broad tower of St. Giles, with its architectural crown, and terminating in the bold precipitous eminence and ragged but romantic outline of Edinburgh castle.

"St. Anthony's Chapel," from which our view is taken, rendered imperishably memorable by the Author of "THE HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN," as the scene of the exciting meeting between Jeanie Deans and young Robertson, "lies," to use his own words, "on the descent of the north-western shoulder of Arthur's Seat, among rude and pathless cliffs, in a desert, even in the immediate vicinity of a rich, populous and tumultuous capital, and the hum of the city might mingle with the orisons of the recluses, conveying as little of worldly interest as if it had been the roar of the distant ocean."

Plate III.

BALCASKIE HOUSE.

Balcaskie, a fine specimen of a Scottish Country Gentleman's house of the seventeenth century, the property and seat of Sir R. A. Anstruther, Bart., is situated about the centre of the southern boundary of the parish of Carnbee, Fifeshire, on a rich and fertile slope,—descending from the elevated ridge of ground stretching from east to west, and rising into four green summited hills of a beautiful conical form, of which Kellie Law is the highest, to the basin of the Forth,—and distant from the ancient burgh and seaport of Pittenweem about three quarters of a mile. It is described by Sibbald as "a pretty new house, with all modish conveniences of terraces, parks and planting." It is still an elegant mansion, though antiquated in appearance; and is surrounded with extensive enclosures, richly ornamented, with a variety of well grown and stately trees. Anciently Balcaskie belonged to a family of the same name, from whom it came to a family of the name of Strang or Strong. Sir Robert Strange, the eminent engraver, who carried that art to a height perhaps not yet surpassed, became male representative of the family. About the middle of the 17th century the lands came by marriage to David Moncrief, and were sold by his descendant, to William, second son of Robert Bruce of Blairhall. This eminent man was architect for Charles II; he completed the Palace of Holyrood-house, and executed many other works, remarkable for that period. In 1668, he was created a Baronet, by the title of Sir William Bruce of Balcaskie, but having afterwards acquired the lands of Kinross, he was subsequently designated of that place. Before 1690, the lands were acquired by Robert Anstruther, third son of Sir Philip Anstruther of that ilk, Bart.; and in 1694, he was created a Baronet, by the title of Sir Robert Anstruther of Balcaskie, Baronet. The present proprietor is his lineal male representative.

James Stewart

Polmaise House

J.C. Brown W. Forrest

Doune Castle

A. Fullarton & Co.ª London & Edinburgh

Plate IV.

DOUNE CASTLE.

This fine relic of feudal times is picturesquely seated at the confluence of the Teith and a mountain-rivulet called the Ardoch, on a steep, narrow, and apparently artificial eminence, imbosomed in wood. The Teith, here sweeping calmly round the level lawn below the castle, receives the tribute of the brawling Ardoch, a little to the south-east of the village of Doune, in Perthshire, and flows onward towards the Forth, with a free and noble volume of water, between finely wooded banks. Nature has pointed out this spot as a place of strength and importance in the military operations of feudal times; and accordingly some antiquaries refer a portion of the substructure of the castle to a very early date. Tradition ascribes its foundation to Murdoch, Duke of Albany, who, along with his two sons, fell beneath the axe of the executioner at Stirling in 1425, during the glorious but iron reign of James I. This account, however, is obviously erroneous; for although Doune-castle was undoubtedly possessed by Albany, it had been for nearly a century before his time the seat of the Earls of Menteith. The custody of Doune-castle was granted by James V. to Sir James Stewart of Beith, ancestor of the Moray family. It afterwards fell into the full possession of his son, who was created Lord Doune in 1581, and since that period it has continued in the possession of the Earls of Moray.

This ancient stronghold is of prodigious size and strength. It forms a square pile, the sides of which are 96 feet in length, the walls being 40 feet high, and 10 in thickness. Considering its immense age, it presents wonderfully few marks of the injuries of time. The square tower which rises at the north-east corner, is massive and lofty, being 80 feet high. The other, at the opposite extremity, is not quite so lofty. The great hall, extending between the towers, is 63 feet long, and 25 wide. There are several other spacious apartments in that portion of the building which appears to have constituted the family-residence, and the whole of them exhibit striking proofs of former grandeur. From the south-east corner of what seems to have been the dining-room, a narrow stair descends into a subterranean passage, which leads into a small dark cell obviously intended for the purposes of a dungeon. Its roof is vaulted, and contains a small hole,—probably for lowering scanty pittances of food to the unhappy captives immured in it. There are other vaults and prisons on the ground floor, on each side of

the entry, all of them of the same frightful description. The building has formerly been covered with stones or slates; but no part of the roof now remains.

Doune-castle, during the civil wars of Mary's reign, was generally held by the Queen's party. It was occupied for the last time as a place of defence in 1745, by the adherents of Prince Charles, who planted a twelve-pounder in one of the windows, and several swivels on the parapets. John Home, the author of 'Douglas,' and Dr. Witherspoon, afterwards distinguished as a Presbyterian divine, were confined in it along with other prisoners taken by the Pretender's forces. Many of our readers will be familiar with the graphic account of their escape given by Home in his 'History of the Rebellion;' and perhaps a greater number will remember it as the stronghold to which his Highland captors carried Waverley.

Grose has given a view of Doune-castle in his 'Antiquities of Scotland;' and it has often been delineated in antiquarian or pictorial works. The present view of the castle is taken from the south side of the river, looking westwards; and the appropriate effect of the sketch is that of one of those glowing sunsets which awaken the poetry of our nature. The fleecy clouds are nearly lost in the brilliancy of the sky; the outline of the hills appears beautifully softened; and the commingling of the gentle masses of light and shadow, with a few sparkling lights—the latest and sweetest adieus of the departing luminary—conveys to the mind much of the quietness and serenity of that hour when the shadows of evening begin to steal over the landscape, but have not yet wrapt any object in a veil of obscurity. The trees are very 'still and beautiful;' and the river seems to murmur softly as it glides along beneath their overshadowing foliage.

Lorne Palace

Plate V.

SCONE PALACE.

Ancient Scone, though as a town or village it has ceased to exist, teems with interest as to at once its antiquities, its historical associations, and the modern objects which occupy or environ its site. It stood close by the present noble mansion of the Earl of Mansfield, in a hollow or recess of grounds forming a gentle acclivity from the Tay, and looked out upon the river and upon the vale of Perth. Its distance from 'the fair city' was little more than a mile; very advantageously qualifying it, amid the inconveniences and the cumbrous movements of a rude age, to hold a similar relation to Perth—then the frequent meeting-place of parliaments, and the residence of courtiers and nobles—to that which Windsor now holds to London. During the middle ages of the Scottish monarchy, it shared with Dunfermline, and other places, the favour of being the residence of Scotland's kings; and, from an early age till a period succeeding the union of the Scottish and the English crowns, it was first regularly, and afterwards occasionally, the distinguished scene of the royal coronations. A celebrated stone, of many reputed virtues in a dark age, the subject of wildly romantic tales, an object of high antiquarian interest, and still an emblem of royal state, and part of the furniturings of a coronation at Westminster, was—as stated on a preceding page of the present work—brought hither from Dunstaffnage by Kennèth II., and flung a special though imaginary magnificence over the place, till it was carried away to England. All the Scottish princes who mounted the throne in the interval—or all from Kenneth II. till John Baliol—were attracted by this stone to receive their crown at Scone. Charles II., when on his expedition into Scotland, was, on January 1st, 1651, the subject of the last Scone coronation; and he made the occasion memorable by the facility with which he seemed to gulp down 'the Solemn League and Covenant of Scotland,' and the cool nonchalance with which he afterwards disgorged it in the face of a fond and confiding people who had hailed him as "a covenanted king." The Pretender, James, in his short attempt in 1715, fixed his residence here, and held a council on the 16th of January, 1716, when he issued several proclamations, among which was one for his own coronation upon the 23d of the same month. The approach of the royal army, however, prevented that ceremony taking place. Her majesty, Queen Victoria, honoured Scone Palace with a visit during the Royal Progress in Scotland, in the month of September, 1842.

Scone must, previously to the transfer to it of the coronation-stone, have been, for some reason or reasons, a place of note,—sufficiently distinguished by associations of historical interest, or reputed sanctity, or urban importance, to win for itself a preference to all other localities as the retreat of kings, and the place of deposit for the state's most highly prized relic. It is spoken of by some writers as the ancient capital of the Picts: but, whether called so in sheer fable, or in the way of fiction founded on fact, it most probably acquired its pristine fame as the seat of a Culdee establishment. An abbey, which rose on the ruins of the Culdee college, was founded in 1114 by Alexander I., and dedicated to the Holy Trinity and St. Michael. This abbey enclosed the famous Stone of Coronation, and witnessed the crowning of the later Scoto-Saxon kings. Both the abbey and the ancient palace were spoiled and burned on Monday, June 27th, 1559, by a motley mob from Perth and Dundee, actuated, some by aversion to Popery, some by private resentment, and some by the hope of booty. The abbey-wall is supposed, from traces which have been observed of its foundations, to have enclosed an area of twelve acres. A spot about one hundred yards due east from the south-east corner of the present palace, is the site of the abbey-church, now umbrageously covered with a clump of trees; and between sixty and seventy yards north of this spot is a mound or hillock, vulgarly called the Boot-hill, and more learnedly denominated Omnis Terra, or Every-man's-land. The common tradition concerning this eminence is, that, at the coronation of a king, all the barons or landowners who assisted, brought, in their boots, as much earth from their property as enabled every man, while standing on his own land, to see the king crowned; and that, after the ceremony, they emptied the earth from their boots on one spot, and in an increasingly accumulating heap, and this made it both Boot-hill and Omnis Terra. About the year 1624, when what remained of the old abbey-church fell, David, the first Viscount of Stormont, built on the Boot-hill an elegant parish-church. In the latter part of last century, the whole of this building, except the aisle, was taken down, and a new church erected at the village of New Scone, which is situated about two miles north of Perth, on the high road to Cupar-Angus. On the north wall of the aisle of the old parish-church, now the mausoleum of the Mansfield family, is a stately marble monument, representing the interior of a chapel or oratory, and containing three statues, one of them as large as life, to the memory of Sir David Murray of Gospetrie, a cadet of the house of Tullibardine, created Viscount Stormont in 1604; and, on the east wall, is an elegant monument of blue and white marble, containing in a niche a marble urn, with the embalmed heart of the deceased, to the memory of Lady Stormont, the first wife of the second Earl of Mansfield.

On a fine expanse of green, about fifty feet above the level of the Tay—ground which may or may not have been the site of the ancient royal palace, or of part of the buildings of the abbey—stands the modern Palace of Scone, the seat of the Earl of Mansfield, who represents the old family of Stormont. The original edifice was begun by the Earl of Gowrie, and completed by Sir David Murray, about the year 1606; but a very great portion of this early structure was taken down in 1803–6, to give place to the present building. The principal part of the old walls is on the south side. Its

length is 210 feet, and its breadth 105. The gallery, situated on the east side, and nearly on the site of the old one, ceiled with timber and arched, and decorated over the whole of one side with paintings representing the successive stages of a stag-hunt, and introducing James VI. into every scene, is 140 feet in length. In a chamber, called the king's room, off the south end of the gallery, is a bed of light orange-coloured damask satin, said to have belonged to James VI.; and in a chamber called the queen's room, on the west side of the house, is a bed of flowered crimson velvet, said to have been the work of Queen Mary, when a prisoner in the castle of Loch-Leven. Round the house, except on the south-west, run a shrubbery and a plantation, intersected with serpentine walks, and intermixed with some of the finest and largest old trees in the country. On the spacious green terrace, directly under the drawing-room windows, are two fine plane-trees,—one said to have been planted by Queen Mary, and the other by her son, King James. The view from the house to the west, embracing the gorgeous slope to the Tay on the foreground, the Tay itself, the town and vale, and brilliant environs of Perth in the centre, and the encircling Grampians, at the distance of 15 miles, in the background, is one of the most charming which can well be imagined.

CROSS OF SCONE.

Plate VI.

LOGIERAIT.

" A quiet scene unknown to fame,
O'er which the green-brow'd mountains, girt with stone,
Raise up to heaven their adamantine walls."

ANON.

THE village of Logierait is eight miles east of Aberfeldy, on the opposite side of the Tay, and nearly the same distance from Dunkeld. It is pleasantly situated on the northern bank of the Tay, under the Braes of Tullimet. There is a well-known ferry across the river here. Our view of the village is taken from the southern bank of the Tay, a few yards below the ferry, and will be recognised by all who are acquainted with the locality in the exactitude of its details, and esteemed by the critical eye for its judicious handling of a somewhat difficult subject, pictorially considered.

J. C. Brown.

W. Forrest

Logierait

A. Fullarton & C.° London & Edinburgh.

Plate VII.

LOCH-LEVEN CASTLE.

The Loch-Leven of Scottish history is a beautiful inland sheet of water, in the immediate neighbourhood of the borough of Kinross, and in the south-east quarter of the small shire of that name. Its circumference is about twelve miles; and its bosom is studded with several little islands, which break the uniformity of its surface and increase its beauty. The general character of the scenery which surrounds it is soft and gentle, and not altogether deficient in variety. The vale of Kinross environs it on the west and north-west, with all its variety of plantations, arable and pasture-fields, pleasure-grounds, and other materials of rural beauty. On this side, also, close to the margin of the lake, are seen the ancient town of Kinross, and Kinross-house, with its adjacent garden and grounds. The plain of Orwell bounds the lake on the north; the western termination of the Lomond-hills on the north-east; and the abrupt hill of Bennarty on the south-east side. The chief islands in the lake are the island opposite Kinross, on which the ruins of the castle forming the subject of the present illustration stand, and the Inch of Loch-Leven, or St. Serf's isle, near the east end, on which are the remains of a religious house originally erected here upwards of a thousand years ago. A few sheep and cattle, which feed upon its grassy surface, are now the only inhabitants of St. Serf's isle; but something has been done of late to improve the appearance of these islets, by transporting soil to them, and planting a few trees on them.

Loch-Leven derives its chief historical interest from the fact of its castle having been the prison of Queen Mary, after her surrender to the confederated Lords at Carberry-hill. In the reign of Robert III., a branch of the family of Douglas had obtained a grant of the castle of Loch-Leven, with lands on the shore of the lake. Sir Robert Douglas of Loch-Leven, the near kinsman of the famous James Earl of Morton, and step-father to the equally well-known James Earl of Murray, natural brother to the Queen, was, in consequence of his connection with the leaders of her disaffected subjects, selected as the jailer of the unfortunate Mary, who was imprisoned here on the 16th June, 1567. Here, on the 4th July following, she was visited by Lord Ruthven, Lord Lindsay of the Byres, and Sir Robert Melville, in name of the confederated lords, by whom she was forced to sign an instrument, resigning the crown to her infant son, who, a few days thereafter, was inaugurated at Stirling under the title of James VI. The

scene which then occurred, as well as the subsequent escape of the Queen, have been made leading incidents, by Sir Walter Scott, in his novel of 'The Abbot;' and few descriptions in fictitious narrative can be compared, for graphic delineation and intense pathos, with his account of the unhappy lady's resignation of the crown of her fathers. The leading features of his picture are, no doubt, historically true; but the filling up is entirely the work of his own creative fancy. Who that has read this narrative, and looks upon the ruins of the castle of Loch-Leven, can fail to recollect this admirable piece of historical painting,—for so we are entitled to call it,—the tears of the defenceless Queen, the determination of Ruthven, and the stern rudeness of old Lindsay of the Byres? On the 2d of May, 1568, after an imprisonment of about eleven months, Mary effected her escape from the castle, by the aid of a young relation of the family. A previous attempt, made on the 25th of April preceding, had been discovered, and George Douglas, the younger son of Sir Robert, was expelled the castle for being concerned in it. Nothing daunted, however, she still meditated her escape; and George Douglas, continuing to hover in the neighbourhood, was enabled to keep up a correspondence with her, and with others in the castle. "There was in the castle," says Sir Walter Scott in a note to 'The Abbot,' "a lad, named William Douglas, some relation probably of the baron, and about eighteen years old. This youth proved as accessible to Queen Mary's prayers and promises as the brother of his patron George Douglas." This young man stole the keys of the castle from the table where they lay, while his lord was at supper. "He let the Queen and a waiting-woman out of the apartment where they were secured, and out of the door itself, embarked with them in a small skiff, and rowed them to the shore. To prevent instant pursuit, he, for precaution's sake, locked the iron grated door of the tower, and threw the keys into the lake. They found George Douglas and the Queen's servant, Beaton, waiting for them, and Lord Seyton and James Hamilton of Orbieston in attendance, at the head of a party of faithful followers, with whom they fled to Niddrie castle, and from thence to Hamilton." Tradition still points out the spot on the south side of the lake where Queen Mary landed: it is at some distance from Kinross, in which town her opponents were quartered. Her subsequent defeat at Langside, and her immediate flight into England, were, within a few days, the unfortunate result of her long-meditated, and well-executed escape from Loch-Leven.

The castle of Loch-Leven with its court-yard occupied a considerable portion of the island: the remaining portion was chiefly occupied by the garden. It is now a mere waste, but it still exhibits a few fruit trees in a wild and decayed state. The court-yard, formerly rank with nettles and hemlock, was cleared out in the summer of 1840, and the accumulated soil removed from different parts of the buildings. The great tower, or keep, of the castle, stood in the north-west corner of the court-yard, on the side of the island next Kinross. It is of a square form, four stories in height, the walls being upwards of six feet thick. The entrance is in the second story, and must have been ascended to by an outside stair, having probably a drawbridge at top; but all vestiges of this stair have now disappeared. The door opened at once into the great hall of the castle, which occupied the whole of the second flat of the building. Immediately within the door-way, and at the entrance

to the hall, is a square opening into the vaults below, which must have been covered with wood. The intention of this seems obviously to have been an additional means of defence; because, though after all the outworks had been gained by the enemy, and the defences to the door of the keep forced, the garrison, occupying the hall, could have thrown down this opening any of the assailants who might attempt to cross it. The two upper stories of the keep appear to have been occupied as bedchambers. The court-yard, which was of considerable extent, and surrounded by high walls flanked at the corners by towers, contained a variety of buildings for the accommodation of the family and the garrison. Among these, not the least important was the chapel, which stood west of the great tower, and on the west side of the court-yard. At the south-east corner is a round tower which flanks and must have defended the south and east walls, in which it is said Queen Mary was confined. Of course, there is only the authority of tradition for this; but if it was the case, the poor lady had but small accommodation during her imprisonment. The entrance to the court-yard was by an arched door-way in the north wall, immediately adjoining the great tower, by which it was consequently entirely commanded. The island on which the castle stands, is at no great distance from the western shore of the lake; and between it and the point of a promontory on that side, a causeway of large stones runs beneath the water. How such a work was executed, or for what purpose, it is not easy to discover. A bunch of large keys, supposed to be those thrown into the lake by young Douglas, were discovered in the month of October, 1806, on the sandy shore of the lake, near Kinross-house. Another bunch of eight ancient keys was found, a few years ago, in the bed of the lake, between the old churchyard of Kinross, and a small island about half-a-mile from the castle.—Queen Mary was not the only prisoner of eminence who had been confined in this castle. The Earl of Northumberland, after his rebellion in England, having been seized in Scotland, was confined in it for three years, from 1569 to 1572, when he was basely given up to Elizabeth, by whom he was executed.

The trout produced in Loch-Leven are of acknowledged excellence. The fishing is alleged to have been considerably injured by a partial draining of the loch, which has recently been effected at an enormous expense, but with a disproportionate beneficial result—the value of the land reclaimed amounting to little more than the cost of the works. The height of the loch being considerably reduced, it was feared at one time that the small island containing the castle, would become joined to the main land by the subsiding of the water, and would lose its classic associations by becoming a suburb of Kinross. The appearance of the island, by being raised higher out of the loch than before, is, however, much improved, while the dark and massy ruins of the castle still frown over the silvery waters of the lake as in days of yore.

Plate VIII.

DUNFERMLINE.

The manufacturing town of Dunfermline, in Fifeshire, owes its origin to the palace and the monastery which for ages graced its immediate vicinity, and for a long period was only a burgh-of-regality holding of the abbot and monks. In 1588 it was erected into a royal burgh by James VI. At this time it could be little more than a village, as in 1600 it is said to have contained only about 1,000 inhabitants.

Dunfermline stands on an eminence of considerable extent, stretching from east to west, about 270 feet above the level of the frith of Forth, from which it is three miles distant, and having a pretty steep and uniform declivity to the south. It is about sixteen miles north-west from Edinburgh; six from North Queensferry; thirteen from Kirkcaldy; and thirty from Cupar. The prospect towards the south, south-east, and south-west is extensive and varied, extending over the frith of Forth to the opposite coasts of Lothian, with all their rich and varied scenery. The greater part of the town is situated on a rising ground having a pretty bold declivity towards the south; the ground, however, soon flattens, so that what is called the Nethertown stands on a plain. It commands an excellent view of Edinburgh, its castle, Arthur's seat, and the elevated grounds in the vicinity of the metropolis, Binnylaw, the pleasure-grounds northward of Hopetoun, and the borough of Queensferry. The frith itself, from near the North ferry up towards Culross,—sometimes concealed by an elevated shore, but here and there breaking forth in varied openings,—greatly enlivens and diversifies the beauty of the scene. In approaching the town from any direction it has a fine appearance, and its splendid church forms a most imposing object in the landscape. In the business-parts of the town the streets, though generally rather narrow, are well-built, and care has been taken to improve them. The greatest improvement, however, was that made by the late George Chalmers, Esq. of Pittencrieff, who threw a bridge 297 feet in length across the glen in which the Tower-burn flows, solely at his own expense. This bridge now forms one of the best streets in the town, having good shops and well-built houses upon it. The houses along the principal thoroughfares are generally well-built, and have the appearance of respectability and comfort; and within late years the town has been greatly enlarged by a handsome suburb on the west, and by numerous additions to the cross streets. Several neat villas and houses, surrounded by gardens and pleasure-grounds, occupy the outskirts of the town. The principal public buildings are the

abbey-church, the town-hall, the guild-hall—an elegant building with a fine spire, partly fitted up as an inn, the academy—and several churches and chapels.

From the industry and enterprise of the inhabitants, and the advantage of a large supply of excellent coal in the immediate neighbourhood, it seems probable that the population and manufactures of Dunfermline will continue to increase, and the town to extend itself in proportion. The population appears to consist almost entirely of persons actively engaged in business. At the commencement even of the eighteenth century it was almost without trade; but in 1718 a small factory for the weaving of table-linen was established, and since that time the increase of its manufactures has been steadily progressive. In 1740 the Dunfermline society of weavers was instituted, and manufactures were increasing; but in 1745 it was found difficult to raise a sum of £80, the cess laid upon the town by Prince Charles. About 1749, the British Linen company —then just established—began to employ a number of looms in the town for weaving table-linen; but the weavers wrought chiefly at ticks and checks during the winter, and only in the summer at table-linen. In 1763, the table-linen of Dunfermline first found its way to the London market. From this latter period the manufactures and wealth of the town began more rapidly to increase; great improvements have been made on the mechanism of the looms; much skill and taste displayed in the devices introduced into the cloth; and a variety of new fabrics have been brought into the market through the enterprise of the manufacturers of Dunfermline. The spinning of linen yarn has been extensively carried on since 1806, when it was first introduced; but table-linen is still the chief manufacture of the place.

From the time of the Reformation the nave of the old abbey-church, having been repaired, served as the parish-church of Dunfermline, while the choir remained a complete ruin. The necessity of additional church-accommodation having been long felt, a new church was begun in 1818, and opened for divine service in 1821. It is an elegant building, in the pointed style, and is surmounted by a fine tower, terminated by a balustrade, on which the name of ROBERT BRUCE, King of Scots, has been introduced in open letters.

The abbey-church was long the place of sepulture of our Scottish kings. Here Malcolm Canmore, and his queen Margaret, were interred, also their eldest son, Edward, who was killed in Jedwood forest, Edmond their second son, and another named Ethelrade, who was Earl of Fife. King Edgar, Alexander I. with Sibilla his queen, David I. with his two wives, Malcolm IV., and Alexander III., with his queen Margaret, and his son Alexander, were also here entombed. The great Bruce, too, the saviour of his country, was here laid at rest from his many toils, with his queen Elizabeth, and his daughter Christina, the widow of Sir Andrew Murray. The remains of these distinguished individuals were all interred in the choir, which forms the site of the present church. In digging for the foundation of the new parish-church in February 1818, the tomb of Robert Bruce was discovered, and his skeleton found wrapt in lead. On a subsequent day, the tomb was again opened in presence of the Barons of Exchequer, several literary gentlemen from Edinburgh, the magistrates of the town, and the neigh-

bouring gentry. A cast of the skull having been taken, the stone-coffin in which the remains lay was filled with melted pitch; it was then built over with mason-work, and the pulpit of the new church now marks the spot where all that remains on earth of the patriotic warrior is deposited. Many of our nobles were also buried in this church; among whom may be mentioned, the great Macduff; Constantine, Earl of Fife; William Ramsay, Earl of Fife; the Earl and Countess of Athole, in the reign of William the Lyon; Randolph, Earl of Moray, the compatriot of Bruce; and Robert, Duke of Albany, governor of Scotland. Many churchmen also of power and influence were interred here.

Among the most eminent Scotsmen of the 15th century was 'Maister Robert Henryson, scholmaister of Dunfermling.' He was a poet of considerable fancy, and successfully attempted various styles of composition. His longest poem,—'The Testament of the Fair Cresseide,'—"contains," says Dr. Irving, "many strokes of poetical description, which a writer of more than ordinary genius could only have produced." He wrote a number of fables in verse, which convey useful lessons, but are rather prolix: of these, probably the best is 'The Borrowstoun Mous, and the Landwart Mous.' His pastoral 'Robin and Makyne' displays a love of nature and great sweetness of versification; and his 'Abbey Walk' is full of serious reflections. The learned civilian, Edward Henryson, LL.D., seems to have been the grandson of the poet. George Durie, abbot of Dunfermline, was made an extraordinary lord of session in July 1541, and keeper of the privy-seal in 1554. He died in 1561. Robert Pitcairn, abbot of Dunfermline, was secretary-of-state in 1570, which office he held during the regencies of Lennox, Mar, and Morton, and afterwards under James VI. Two of the family of Seaton, Earls of Dunfermline, were extraordinary lords-of-session; and three of the abbots of Dunfermline held the office of lord-high-chancellor of Scotland. In 1839, the Right Hon. Mr. Abercrombie, late speaker of the house of commons, was called to the house of peers, by the title of Baron Dunfermline of Dunfermline,—a title which had become extinct in 1694. Sir Henry Wardlaw of Pitreavie founded an hospital at Mastertown. His lady, Elizabeth Halket, of the family of Pitferrane, is now admitted to have been the authoress of the fine ballad of Hardyknute, which so long puzzled the antiquaries of the day, and to which Pinkerton wrote a second part, which gave rise also to much controversy. She is buried in a vault on the outside of the church of Dunfermline.

Abbey of Balmerino

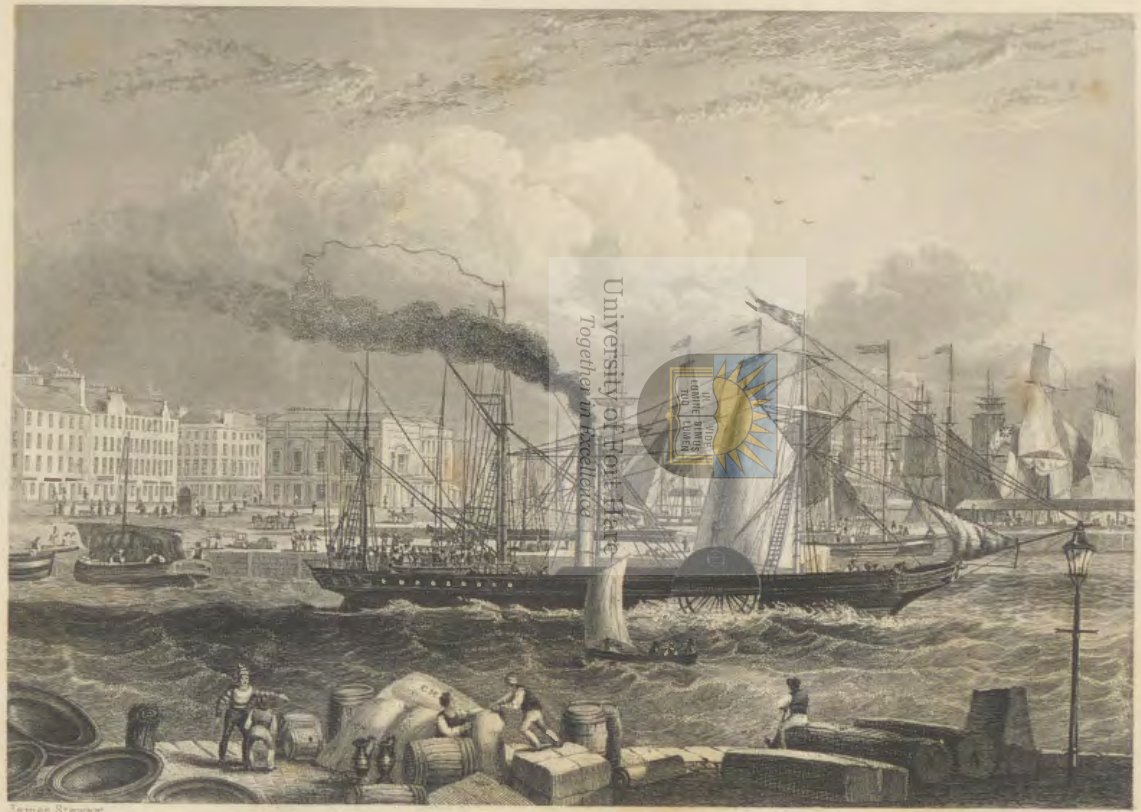
Plate LV.

ABBEY OF BALMERINO.

Queen Emergarde founded the abbey of Balmerino in Fifeshire, in 1229, for monks of the Cistertian order. This lady died in 1233, and is said to have been buried in the church of this abbey, before the high altar. The abbey was demolished by the rabble who followed the Lords of the Congregation on their way from St. Andrews, in 1558. Its last abbot was Sir John Hay—in all probability of the family of Naughton—who was Master of Requests in the reign of Queen Mary. After the Reformation, the lands belonging to this abbey were erected into a temporal lordship, in favour of Sir James Elphinston, designed of Innernochtie, third son of Robert, third Lord Elphinston. In this family they continued till the year 1746, when, on the forfeiture of John, sixth Lord Balmerino, they reverted to the Crown, and were subsequently sold to the York Building company. From this company they were purchased by the late Earl of Moray, and are now the property of Mr. Stuart, cousin of the present Earl.

The existing ruins of the abbey are comparatively trifling, and afford but small evidence of what its grandeur must once have been. The church has entirely disappeared, and its place is now only marked by the foundations of some of the pillars which supported its roof. The portions of the other buildings remaining are an arcade of pointed arches, supported by short strong pillars with ornamented capitals; two vaulted apartments which appear to have been chapels; and a strong stone room, which originally had no entrance but a square opening in the arched roof. The arcade, it is probable, formed a portion of the refectory; and appears to have originally had communication with the chapels. A vaulted apartment, which was entered by an opening from the top, appears to have been a place of confinement for criminals or refractory monks; and a dreadful place of punishment it must have been. Its rude strong walls, which are of great thickness, are built of large blocks of whinstone; and as it was without door or window, its wretched inmates must have been unvisited by light, except when the stone which covered the opening at the top was removed. The ruins appear in many places to have undergone alterations during the time the Lords of Balmerino held the lands; and to have been connected with the mansion-house, no part of which, however, except a piece of one of the walls, now remains. The view of the ruins given in our engraving is taken from the east, and shows the windows and part of the pillars and arches, of what we suppose has been the refectory.

It has often been remarked that the monks seldom failed to select for their places of residence the finest situations in the country, and certainly this observation holds true with regard to the abbey of Balmerino. Its ruins stand at the opening of a fine valley upon the margin of the estuary of the Tay; the Scurr hill shelters it from the cold north-east winds; and a small stream, which runs through a narrow dell between the hill and the abbey, adds beauty to the scene. The surrounding grounds appear to have been highly cultivated, and laid out as gardens and orchards. Some chestnut-trees still remain; but time, which has effected so much change upon the ruins, has thinned the number of these trees, and the fruit trees are now in a great measure removed. The place is still extremely beautiful, and the ruins picturesque and interesting; but when the pinnacles and towers of the church, and other buildings of the monastery were entire, and seen amid the numerous trees which then surrounded them, it must have been a scene of surpassing beauty. The view too, which this spot commands of the Tay, and of its opposite coast, the rich tract of the Carse of Cowrie, with the Sidlaw hills for its northern boundary, and the lofty Grampians rising in the distance, forms a picture of great extent and pleasing variety.



James Stewart W. Forrest

Dundee Harbour

A. Fullarton & Cº London & Edinburgh.

Plate F.

HARBOUR OF DUNDEE.

Dundee, a royal burgh, and an extensive sea-port, the fifth town of Scotland in point of population, and the first in the rapidity of recent increase in prosperity, is pleasantly situated on the north side of the estuary of the Tay, about 10 miles above Buddonness, at the embouchure of the river. It stands in 56° 27′ 33″ north latitude, and 3° 2′ 55″ longitude west from the meridian of Greenwich; and is distant twenty-two miles east from Perth, fourteen south from Forfar, and forty-two miles, by way of Cupar, from Edinburgh. It occupies chiefly a stripe of ground along the base of an acclivity, and seems pent up by Dundee-law and Balgay-hill as if they were a pursuing foe urging it into the sea; but though it has at both ends crept along the Tay, and sought to escape the pressure from behind, it has also begun to tread, in spacious streets, upon the lower acclivities in its rear.—The population, within the royalty, in 1841, was 59,135; inhabited houses, 13,204. Within the parliamentary boundaries, the population was 63,825; houses, 14,078.

While covering an extensive area, Dundee possesses little regularity of plan. Excepting the numerous new, but in general short streets, on the north, and most of the brief communications between the two great lines along the low ground, not even the trivial grace of straightness of street-line is displayed. Most of the old streets, too, are of irregular and varying width; and many of the alleys are inconveniently and orientally narrow. Yet the town makes up by a dash of the picturesque, by its displays of opulence, and by the life and bustle of its crowded quays, what it wants in the neat forms and elegant attractions of simple beauty. Its exterior, also, and its general grouping, and its richness of situation in the core of a brilliant landscape, eminently render it, as seen from the Fife side of the Tay, or from Broughty-ferry road, the justly lauded "Bonny Dundee" of song, and *Ail-lec*, "the pleasant" or "the beautiful" of Highland predilection. In a military point of view it is accessible on all sides, and is entirely commanded by the neighbouring heights, so as to be quite indefensible; but as regards commerce, comfort, and beauty, it is enriched by its singularly advantageous position on the Tay, and sheltered and adorned by the eminences among which it is cradled.

In 1731, the entire shipping belonging to Dundee, Perth, Broughty-ferry, Ferry-Port-on-Craig, and St. Andrews, amounted to 70 vessels, 2,300 tonnage. In 1792, the

number of vessels belonging to Dundee alone was 116; tonnage, 8,550. In 1815, a grand impulse began to be given to commerce by the vast improvements which were commenced upon the harbour. In the years 1824, 1829, 1833, 1836, and 1840, the vessels and tonnage were as follows:—

In 1824, 165 vessels,	17,945 tonnage.
In 1829, 225 vessels,	27,150 tonnage.
In 1833, 284 vessels,	35,473 tonnage.
In 1836, 302 vessels,	39,531 tonnage.
In 1840, 324 vessels,	51,135 tonnage.

Several of the larger vessels belonging to companies are employed in whale-fishing. The vessels next in size trade to the Baltic, the West Indies, North and South America, and other foreign markets, for the manufactures of the town. Many vessels are employed by various shipping companies, in maintaining regular and frequent communication with London, Hull, Newcastle, Leith, Aberdeen, and Glasgow. Numerous small vessels also are employed in the coasting-trade, carrying lime and coals, and other bulky cargoes. But the most brilliant and stirring movements in the port are those of steam navigation. With the coast of Fife a communication is maintained hourly during a large portion of the day. Steam-boat communication, in a style combining speed with elegance, is also maintained daily with Newburgh and Perth, and in summer this communication is extended to Broughty-ferry, and Ferry-Port-on-Craig. An excellent steam navigation is maintained between Dundee and Leith. A powerful steam-vessel, the ill-fated 'Forfarshire,' plied to Hull, till she sank in the fearful catastrophe, which will long live in the recollection of thousands, associated with commendation of the philanthropic heroism of Grace Darling. Three splendid steam-ships, the latest built at an estimated cost of £23,000, maintain communication with London. The first and second, appropriately called 'the Dundee' and 'the Perth,' began to ply in 1834.

Our present illustration presents a view of Dundee harbour from the second wet dock, called Earl Grey's dock.

G. M. Kemp

Thomas Dick

St. Giles Church. Edinburgh

Plate XX.

CHURCH OF ST. GILES.

St. Giles' Church, the most ancient existing ecclesiastical edifice in Edinburgh, but of unknown or uncertain date, is situated on the north side of Parliament-square, separating the area of that square from High-street. Previous to 1830—during which year, and the two following years, it was greatly altered within, and rebuilt in its facings without—it was of the cathedral or cruciform shape, Gothic, but somewhat irregular in its architectural adornments, and undistinguished by the beauty of decoration and the symmetry of proportion found in many edifices of its age and class. Its length was 206 feet; and its breadth, at the west end, 110 feet,—at the middle, 129,—and at the east end, 76. From the centre rises a square tower, decorated at the top with open-figured stone-work, and sending off from its angles four arches which have pinnacles in their progress, and a small spire at their point of meeting, and produce the figure of an ornamented imperial crown. This figure rises 161 feet above the base of the edifice, and, occupying a high and commanding site, is seen from a great distance, and forms one of the most characteristic features of the city landscapes of Edinburgh. St. Giles is first mentioned in a charter of David II., dated 1359. In 1466, it was made a collegiate church, and contained about 40 altars dedicated to different saints. After the Reformation it was partitioned into four churches, and some lesser apartments; and put into repair by the proceeds of the sale of vessels and paraphernalia belonging to its numerous altars, and the pompous ceremonies of its original worship. From 1633 to 1638 it was the cathedral of the brief bishopric of Edinburgh; and it was the scene of the well-known cutty-stool exploit of Janet Geddes. In 1643, the Solemn League and Covenant was sworn and subscribed within the walls of St. Giles, by the representatives of the public bodies of Scotland. Near the middle of its south side, are monuments over the remains of Regent Murray and the great Marquis of Montrose; and under a window near the north-east corner is the monument of Napier of Merchiston, the inventor of logarithms. The edifice is now divided into three parts, the High church, the Tolbooth church, and a hall intended for the use of the General Assembly, but found, after its completion, to be unsuitable.

This exceedingly accurate and minute view is engraved from a tasteful drawing by the ingenious architect of the Scott Monument, the late G. M. Kemp, and it is rarely that so much justice is done to an appropriate subject. With the aid of a glass almost every stone can be distinguished separately from the others.

Plate III.

THE RUMBLING-BRIDGE ON THE BRAN.

An artist might profitably spend many weeks in enriching his portfolio with sketches and studies of 'unpolished Nature' from that portion of the Bran, which—as in the Illustration now before us—has yet received only Nature's decoration. "Almost all the Scottish rivers," says Gilpin, "are rapid and rocky, as the rivers in mountainous countries commonly are; but we thought the Bran superior in these respects to any we had seen. Its whole course is a continued scene of violence, opposition, and every species of agitation, till its impetuous waters find peace at length in the tranquillity of the Tay." The Rumbling-Bridge—which must not be confounded with another still more picturesque scene bearing the same name on the romantic Devon, in an adjacent county—is a rude arch thrown across a deep rocky fissure just under the farm-hamlet of Cill-na-Coille on Craig-Vinean, through which the Bran, after precipitating itself from a height nearly level with the bridge-way, runs at a depth of seventy or eighty feet. The stream, for a space of several hundred yards above the bridge, appears forcing its way through a wide rock-strewn channel with great fury, but broken into a hundred rapids, eddies, pools, and gullies, by the number and nature of the opposing obstacles. Just before it passes under the bridge, the immense masses of shapeless rock which strew and gird its channel suddenly contract, and one of them having fallen right across the channel, the river seeks to escape the obstruction by suddenly and sullenly plunging itself under it into the depth below, where it runs viewless, but with hoarse and angry murmur, for a few yards, until it is again seen glimmering at the bottom of the chasm,—deep, gloomy, and comparatively tranquil, but as if repairing its scattered strength for the fresh conflict which awaits it, ere it has forced its way adown a channel still thickly strewn with rocks, to its last great point of conflict at the Hermitage.

The view with which we are presented in the plate before us, was obtained from a point in the lower bed of the stream, seldom visited, and indeed not to be attained at all without some pliancy of limb and great caution; for you must force your way to it down the precipitous banks of the ravine,—

> "Through weeds and thorns, and matted underwood;
> ——————— now climb, and now descend
> O'er rocks, or bare or mossy, with wild foot."

But the bed of the stream once attained in safety, there are few who will not, with our artist, Mr. Donaldson, deem their toil and danger well-rewarded by a scene at once so beautifully wild and awfully sublime as that which is here revealed to them. The sense of darkness and imprisonment created by the overhanging crags, which under

"A tangle wild of bush and brake
Soar up, and form a melancholy vault
High over us"—

the ceaseless toil of the struggling river which comes up from its lower channel—

"Murmuring like a distant sea"—

the heavy thundering of the unseen fall above,—the waving of the light and pensile spray seen through the arch high over head amid the thin transparent mist, which keeps ever rising like a cloud of incense into the golden air,—the conscious solitude of the spot,—all conspire to form a picture, of which the pencil can give but an inadequate idea; which the mind alone can receive, but receiving will retain as an heir-loom for ever.

The Rumbling-Bridge is about two and a-half miles distant from Dunkeld, and a couple of hundred yards to the right of the Amulree or Crief road. The tourist who first approaches Dunkeld by this road will be enchanted with 'the burst of prospect' which greets his eye, when a turn of the road, considerably nearer to Dunkeld than the present scene, suddenly reveals to him

"The mighty majesty
Of that huge amphitheatre of rich
And pine-clad fields,"

in the midst of which the ancient city clusters around its venerable Cathedral.

One word of artistical remark on the engraving before us must suffice. To preserve a breadth of effect upon a rocky scene like this is very difficult. Mr. Donaldson's sketch is a bold effort, having its mass of light and shadow in the centre of the picture. The engraver, Mr. Smith, has skilfully preserved the cavernous gloom of the cleft by keeping the adjacent rocks in half-tone.

Plate VIII.

OLD CHURCH OF MUTHIL.

The parish of Muthil has long been a favourite haunt of those tourists who affect "Aboriginal and Roman lore," attracted by its far-famed camps. In the ruins of its old church, it presents an object of not less profound interest in the eyes of some, and certainly of much higher Pictorial beauty, than those "Monuments of eldest fame," at Strageath and Ardoch. The dilapidated remains of Ecclesiastical grandeur possess an inherent beauty and variety, that render them peculiarly suited to the pencil of the artist, and the burin of the engraver. Their sites may be said to be universally well-chosen, as if their pious founders, knowing well how

"Thoughts, link by link,
Enter through ears and eyesight,"

had, in the selection of them, carefully studied the *genius loci* of the locality, and ever given a careful preference to such situations as would of themselves impress the mind with a quiet reverential awe, while the edifices which they reared were made to harmonize with the scene as a whole, and the individual parts to contrast and unite admirably with each other.

The present subject has acquired by the touch of Time what the more elaborate architecture of the Middle ages possessed by Art: the ruined windows of the one yielding to the eye the effect of the flying buttresses of the other,—giving variety and lightness,—affording the eye glimpses of the distance through each intervening space,—bringing the abrupt forms and harsh tones of the building into immediate contrast with the pure aërial tints of the distance,—setting, as it were, the mutability and grossness of the things of Time in contrast with the purity and permanence of the things of Heaven.

The Belfry tower, in the present instance, is one of great simplicity of structure and form, and, although possessing no claim to architectural beauty, adds considerably to the effect of the more ornamental parts of the building, and the pictorial value of the whole. Indeed, these venerable ruins, with their attendant yews of still greater age, and the rich surrounding landscape, are among the most picturesque of the earlier religious remains yet extant in the more rural districts of Scotland. The painter, Mr. Donaldson, has, in the original drawing for this plate, produced a remarkably fine piece of toning and colouring; and we think the engraver, Mr. Smith, has, in this instance,

A. Donaldson | John Smith

Old Church of Muthil

W. Mackenzie & Co. London & Edinburgh

succeeded well in demonstrating the superiority of line-engraving to every other style, in the decided character given to the different objects represented. Thus the ruin itself is rich in style, and though soft in effect, stands well out from the back-ground. The sky, too, harmonizes well with the distant hills, and answers two important purposes of the artist,—in making the lights on the building appear more sparkling, and by presenting a fine contrast to the coarse rank grass and mouldering walls which form the foreground of the picture.

The history of these ruins is brief. Spottiswood informs us that Michael Ochiltree, Bishop of Dunblane, purchased to his see a great part of the forfeited lands in Strathearne; adorned his cathedral with many rich ornaments; built the bridge of Knaig, and the church of Muthil; and did, in his time, divers other good works. In 1704, the Rev. W. Hally, the first Presbyterian minister of Muthil, having been denied access to the interior of the church, for the purpose of ministering to his parishioners on the Sabbath day, contentedly erected a tent close to the old walls, whence he was accustomed to preach the gospel with so much zeal and winning eloquence, that the Episcopalian incumbent speedily found himself deserted of a congregation, and eventually yielded peaceable possession of the church and pulpit to his Presbyterian brother, who filled the charge for nearly half-a-century with general acceptance and great usefulness.

On the right hand of the drawing is a monument erected, some years ago, to John James Erskine Esq., of Clathie, in the parish of Monivaird. He was son of the Rev. William Erskine, Episcopal minister in Muthil. In early life he went abroad, and after having spent the greater portion of his life in Penang, returned to his native country, and died on his estate of Clathie in 1833. The slab of marble, which is introduced into his monument, was brought home by him from Penang. The conical hill on the right is Torburn hill. It rises to the height of 1,400 feet above the sea, and with its fine garniture of wood, forms a noble back-ground to Drummond-castle. The hills, whose distant tops are seen on the left, are Benvoirlich, Stuir-a-chroin, and Benledi,—all of which are well-known to the Scottish tourist.

Plate XIV.

CRAIL.

The royal burgh of Crail, in the south-east of Fifeshire, is a very ancient town. So early as the ninth century, it is said to have maintained commercial intercourse with the Netherlands. In the castle of Crail—which stood on a rock overhanging the harbour, to the west of the town, but which is now entirely demolished, with the exception of a small portion of wall only a few feet in height—David I., and some others of our Scottish kings, resided. It is highly probable, therefore, that the town was first erected into a royal burgh by that monarch, or by his grandson, Malcolm IV.

Crail was, at the commencement of the last century, the grand rendezvous of the East coast herring-fishery; and at that time, besides a great number of boats fitted-out and manned by the fishermen and others belonging to the town, several hundred fishing-boats frequently assembled here from different parts of the country, particularly from Angus, Mearns, and Aberdeenshire. Immense quantities of herrings were at this period cured here for home-consumption and for exportation; but about the middle of the last century, the fishery began gradually to decline, and has now almost entirely disappeared from the place as compared with its former importance.

The church of Crail, though its beauty has been marred by modern improvements, is still a fine specimen of Pointed architecture. It consists of a central nave with aisles, divided by two rows of pillars, one on each side; and an apsis at the east end which formed the choir. The pillars are Norman, but the arches are pointed; so that it was probably erected at the time that the Early English style began to supersede the Norman. Here, in consequence of a sermon preached by Knox, the mob in Fife, imitating the men of Perth, began that system of demolition which shortly after led to the destruction of the magnificent cathedral of St. Andrews.

Crail, and 'the East Neuk o' Fife,' are proverbial in Scottish song; and have also had due honour done them in Drummond's 'Polemiddinia.'

J. Stewart. W. Forrest.

Crail

A. Fullarton & Cº. London & Edinburgh.

Loch Maben and Castle

Plate XV.

LOCH MABEN AND CASTLE.

Loch Maben Castle stands a mile from the burgh of Lochmaben, on the extreme point of a heart-shaped peninsula which juts a considerable way into the south side of one of the eight lochs amidst which the burgh of Lochmaben is situated,—a piece of water measuring about two hundred acres in superficial extent, and known as the Castle-loch. Across the isthmus, at the entrance of the peninsula, are vestiges of a deep fosse which admitted at both ends the waters of the lake, and converted the site of the castle into an island, and over which a well-guarded drawbridge gave egress or refused it to the interior. Within this outer fosse, at brief intervals, are a second, a third, and a fourth, of similar character. The last stretched from side to side of the peninsula immediately at the entrance of the castle; it was protected in front by a strong arched wall or ledge, behind which a besieged force could shield themselves while they galled, at a distance, an approaching foe: and it had at the centre a drawbridge which led into the interior building, and which was probably the last post an enemy required to force in order to be master of the fortress. Two archways at the north-eastern and south-western angles of the building, through which the water of the fosse was received, remain entire. But no idea can now be formed of the original beauty or polish either of this outwork or of the stupendous and magnificent pile which it assisted to defend. Gothic hands began, generations ago, to treat the castle of the Bruce as merely a vulgar and convenient quarry; and for the sake of the stones, they have peeled away every foot of the ashlar-work which lined the exterior and the interior of its walls!

The castle, with its outworks, originally covered about sixteen acres, and was the strongest fortress in the Border, and, till the invention of gunpowder, all but impregnable: but what remains can hardly suggest, even to fancy itself, the greatness of what the Goths have stolen. The enclosed spot around the castle is naturally barren, and fitted only for the raising of wood; and its present growth of trees, if allowed to bend their branches quietly over the ruin to the solemn music of the winds, would harmonize well with the solitude of fallen greatness. The view of the loch and of the circumjacent scenery, from all points in the vicinity, is calmly and impressively beautiful, and strongly disposes a reflecting mind to indulge in teeming and pleasingly tumultuous reminiscences of the past. Tradition, though unsupported by documentary evidence, asserts the castle to have been not the original Lochmaben residence of the Bruces, but only a successor of enlarged dimensions, and augmented strength.

Plate XVI.

HERIOT'S HOSPITAL.

Heriot's Hospital, situated on the summit of the southern ridge of Edinburgh, and surrounded by a spacious area or open park, with a main gateway from Laurieston, and an everyday thoroughfare from Grassmarket, is a magnificent and even princely structure. The edifice was commenced in 1628, and finished in 1650, at the cost of £30,000. It is the finest and most regular of the specimens of Gothic architecture designed by Inigo Jones. It is a noble quadrangle, 162 feet each way in the exterior, having an open court measuring 94 feet each way in the centre. This court is paved with square stones, and has a fountain in the centre; and is decorated, on the north and east sides, with piazzas 6¼ feet broad, and, on the second story of the north side, with an effigy of the founder, placed in a niche. Over the gateway of the edifice, which is on the north side, fronting the Grassmarket, is a tower, projecting from the main line, surmounted by a small dome and lantern, and provided with a clock. The corners, or end parts of each front, project like the tower, and have the form and adornings of oriental turrets. In the projecting parts the house is four stories high; and in the other parts, three stories. The windows are 200 in number; but, owing to a whim of one of Heriot's executors, are architecturally adorned in a vast variety of ways, and, on a near inspection, give the edifice, which seems so superb and tasteful at a little distance, an offensive and caricatured appearance. On the south side, opposite the entrance, is the chapel, 61 feet by 22, neatly fitted up, and occasioning a projection in the building, which resembles a turret surmounted by a small spire, and gives balance to the tower on the north side. Till a few years ago, the chapel presented to the view only a clay floor and bare walls, with a crazy rostrum for the preacher, and a row of stone seats for the inmates; but now it has a splendid pulpit, a richly-adorned ceiling, and beautiful oaken carvings, and is the principal interior attraction of the edifice.—The hospital originated in a princely bequest of George Heriot, goldsmith, first on a small scale, and in a humble way in Edinburgh, next to Anne of Denmark, consort of James, and afterwards to James VI. himself, both before and after his succession to the English crown. Many readers will form an idea—perhaps not an incorrect one—of his position in the King's household after the removal of the court to London, from the picture drawn of him as "Jingling Geordie," in the 'Fortunes of Nigel.' On his death, in 1624, the sum of £23,625 10s. 3½d. was found, after deducting from his property payment of other

Drawn & Engraved by

Heriot's Hospital (as seen from foot of West Bow) Edinburgh

bequests, to be available for maintaining and educating the sons of poor burgesses of Edinburgh. The civil disturbances which broke out in 1639 retarded the progress of the building; and, even after it was finished, occasioned it to be used for 8 years as an hospital for the forces under General Monk. In April 1659, it was opened for 30 boys; and it was made available, in August of the same year, for 40,—in 1661, for 52,—in 1753, for 130,—and in 1763, for 140,—and eventually for 180. Boys are admitted when from 7 to 10 years of age, and usually leave when about 14. They are comfortably lodged and fed, wear a uniform dress, receive a very liberal education, and at leaving are presented with a Bible, and a large supply of clothing of their own choice. Those of them who are destined to become tradesmen, are provided with an apprentice-fee of £50, and, at the close of their apprenticeship, with another supply of apparel, or a present of £5. Those who are distinguished for mental power, or give promise of being able to make fair attainments in scholarship, have their stay in the hospital prolonged, and afterwards receive bursaries of £30 a-year for 4 years, to enable them to attend the University. Ten other bursaries of £20 each for 4 years are given from the funds to aid boys of superior talents and acquirements, unconnected with the hospital. In 1836, the governors obtained parliamentary sanction to extend the benefits of the institution in the erection of free-schools in various parts of the city; and three schools have since been erected. The management of the hospital is vested in the town-council and the city ministers of the Establishment.

Plate VIII.

BALCARRES CRAIG.

Balcarres Craig is a lofty ridge, with a precipitous termination to the south-west, in the parish of Kilconquhar in Fifeshire. It forms a marked feature in the landscape, from every point in this part of the county. Our view of this highly picturesque craig, with the artificial ruins which surmount it, is taken from the grounds of Balcarres, to the south.

In 1587, John Lindsay, rector of Menmuir in Forfarshire, obtained charters of an annual rent out of the lands of Balcarres, and of other lands in Fife; and in 1592, he had a charter of the lands of Balcarres and Balweel erected into a free barony. He was the second son of Sir David Lindsay of Edzell and Glenesk, who was great grandson of Walter Lindsay of Kinblemonth, second son of Alexander, second Earl of Crawford, who died in 1445. The rector of Menmuir, who is said to have been "a wise and learned person," and very skilled in the law, was appointed a lord-of-session in 1581. In January, 1595, he was appointed one of the Commissioners of Exchequer, called the Octavians; in March of the same year, Lord-privy-seal; and in the following year, Secretary of State. He was also Chancellor of the University of St. Andrews. He died in September, 1598. His eldest son died shortly after him, and was succeeded by his brother, Sir David Lindsay of Balcarres, a man of great learning, who is said to have had the best library of his time. He was a laborious alchemist. It is said that there at one time existed, in the library at Balcarres, ten volumes written in his own hand, upon the Philosopher's stone. He was created Lord Lindsay of Balcarres by Charles I. in 1633. Alexander, second Lord Lindsay, engaged in a military life, and had command of a troop of horse in the army of the Covenanters; but afterwards, seeing how matters went, he accepted the colonelship of horse for the shire of Fife, when troops were raised to attempt to rescue the King. On the arrival of Charles II. in Scotland, he repaired to his majesty, by whom he was created Earl of Balcarres in 1650–1. He was appointed Governor of Edinburgh castle, Secretary of State, and high Commissioner to the General Assembly, which met at St. Andrews in 1651. In 1664, his estate was sequestrated, and he fled to the continent, joining Charles at Breda, where he died previous to the Restoration. Colin, the third Earl of Balcarres, was a strong friend of James VII., and refusing to acknowledge William III., was, on the rising under the Earl of Dundee, apprehended and thrown into prison. He was subsequently set at liberty, and engaged

in the plot of Sir James Montgomery of Skelmorly, for the restoration of James, on the discovery of which he fled to the continent; where he wrote "An Account of the Affairs of Scotland relating to the Revolution in 1688." With great difficulty, he was allowed to return home in 1700, after an exile of ten years. He obtained a pension from Queen Anne, in consideration of his losses; and he afterwards supported the treaty of Union in parliament; but on the breaking out of the Revolution in 1715, his old predilections returned, and he joined the standard of the Pretender. After the suppression of that outbreak, he surrendered by advice of the Duke of Marlborough, and was confined to his own house, till the bill of indemnity was passed. He died in 1722, at the age of 70. The fourth, fifth, and sixth Earls of Balcarres, all served in the army, and saw much service in various parts of the world.

The Hon. Robert Lindsay, second son of James, fifth Earl, born in 1754, was many years in the civil service of the East India Company; on his return to Scotland, he purchased not only the lands of Balcarres, but the other lands belonging to the earldom, which were then for sale, and which are now in the possession of this younger branch of the family. Since the sale of the Scotch estates, having now no property in Scotland, the earls of Balcarres reside on their estates in England. Lady Anne Lindsay, the eldest daughter of James, fifth Earl of Balcarres, was the authoress of that exquisite Scottish lyric, 'Auld Robin Grey,' which she composed while residing at Balcarres in 1771. It was long supposed to be an ancient poem, and puzzled for a time the antiquaries both of Scotland and England. She also wrote various other poems of considerable merit, though not likely to attain the undying fame of this pathetic and simple ballad. She married Andrew Barnard, Esq., of Barnard Castle, Secretary to the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, and died in 1825

Plate XVIII.

RAVENSCRAIG CASTLE.

The Castle of Ravenscraig, which has been for many years in ruins, is situated on a bold projecting headland, close to the village of Pathhead, the eastern suburb of the 'lang toon' of Kirkcaldy. The lands and castle of Ravenscraig were granted by James III., in 1470, to the third Earl of Orkney on his resigning that earldom to the Crown. His Lordship was twice married, and by his first wife he had one son, William, to whom he disponed the lands of Newburgh in Aberdeenshire; by his second marriage he had two sons, 1st., William, in whose favour he resigned the earldom of Caithness, and who obtained a charter of that title with the original estates belonging to it, to the exclusion of his elder brother; and 2d, Sir Oliver, upon whom his father settled his other estates. William Sinclair of Newburgh disputed this settlement of his father; and a compromise having been entered into, he received from his brother the lands of Cowsland, in the county of Edinburgh, with the barony of Dysart, and the castle and lands of Ravenscraig, Dubbo, Carberry and Wilston, at the same time resigning all right to the barony of Rosslyn, and the other lands left by his father.

Henry Sinclair, the son of this William of Newburgh, had charters of various lands, and particularly of Dysart and Ravenscraig; and was created Lord Sinclair in 1448. John, sixth Lord Sinclair, was a member of the committee of estates in 1641, 1644, and 1645, a privy councillor, and colonel of the fifteenth regiment of horse. He entered into the engagement for the rescue of Charles I. in 1648; and attended King Charles II. into England. He was taken at the battle of Worcester in 1651, and was imprisoned till March 1660. His daughter and sole heiress, Catherine Sinclair, married John St. Clair, younger of Hermondstown, descended from Henry de Sancto Claro, who had a charter of the lands of Hermondstown in 1162. Henry St. Clair, their eldest son, succeeded to the title of Lord Sinclair and the estates of his grandfather; and they were confirmed to him by Charles II. in 1677. John, the Master of Sinclair, his eldest son, engaged in the rebellion of 1715, and was attainted, and obliged to flee to the continent. He obtained a pardon in 1726, and returned home; and the attainder was so far removed as to allow him to inherit the property, but the title of Lord Sinclair remained dormant until his death, without issue, in 1750. The family estates had been settled by his father upon the Honourable James St. Clair, the second son, who was a general in the army, and who generously gave them up to his brother on his obtaining

James Stewart

Joseph Swan

Ravens Craig

The Property of the Right Hon^ble Earl of Roslyn

FIFE SHIRE

A. Fullarton & C^o^ London & Edinburgh

a pardon. General St. Clair was quarter-master-general of the British forces in Flanders in 1745; and in 1746 he was commander-in-chief of a considerable body of forces, who landed on the French coast at the bay of Quiberon, in October 1746. The celebrated David Hume, the historian, was secretary to General St. Clair in this expedition, and again attended him in the same capacity on his proceeding subsequently as ambassador to the courts of Vienna and Turin. The general was repeatedly member of parliament for the Kirkcaldy district of burghs; and in 1750 he succeeded his brother, but did not assume the title. He died in 1762, without issue, and was succeeded in his heritable property by his nephew, Colonel James Paterson, son of his sister, the Honourable Grissel St. Clair, and John Paterson of Preston-hall.

Colonel Paterson assumed the name of St. Clair, and died unmarried at Dysart house in 1789. He was succeeded by Sir James Erskine, baronet, who was thus descended. The honourable Catherine St. Clair, the younger sister of General St. Clair, married Sir John Erskine of Alloa, baronet, descended from Sir Charles Erskine of Alloa, fourth son of John, seventh Earl of Marr. They had one son, Sir Henry Erskine, the sixth baronet of Alva, who married Janet daughter of Peter Wedderburn, of Chesterhall, and only sister of Alexander Wedderburn, first Earl of Rosslyn. Sir Henry Erskine had one son, Sir James Erskine, who, on the death of Colonel Paterson, succeeded to the St. Clair estates and assumed the name and arms of the family; and in 1805, on the death of his uncle the Earl of Rosslyn, he succeeded to his titles and estates, and became second Earl of Rosslyn. He was a general in the army, colonel of the 9th regiment of dragoons, a councillor of state, a director of chancery in Scotland, and lord lieutenant of the county of Fife. His lordship died in 1837, and was succeeded by his son, the present earl, who is also a colonel in the army.

Plate XLV.

GARTH CASTLE.

The tourist, descending by the Inverness road from Strathtummel into Strathtay, on arriving at a point about half-a-mile to the north-west of Coshieville inn, catches a first glimpse of this ruin, on the right, through the trees which here line the banks of the brawling Keltnie,

> "Now leaping sportfully from crag to crag,—
> Now smoothed in clear black pools."

It is built upon a small grass-covered knoll, which is nearly isolated from the adjacent fields by two deep ravines, through which flow two minor streams, tributaries of the Keltnie. These streams unite a few yards below, or to the south of the promontory on which the castle stands; and the conjunct stream thence flows for about a couple of hundred yards through a finely-wooded and picturesque ravine, till its union with the Keltnie, at a point about one mile above the confluence of that fine mountain-stream with the Lyon. The castle is a small square fortalice of moderate dimensions, as slightly suggestive of domestic comfort as most buildings of its class, and presenting no pretensions to beauty of architectural details or proportions. Its northern side is the most entire. Southwards, it commands a fine view of Drummond hill and the mouth of Glen Lyon. Our sketch is taken from a spot "cool as the cavern on the shore," in the bed of the ravine to the south. The drawing by Donaldson is in his earlier, and, as we think, best style; the engraving is finely toned, and the character of the work successfully conveys the sentiment of the picture.

Garth castle was formerly the property of General Stewart of Garth; it afterwards passed into possession of Major General Sir Archibald Campbell, Baronet, the hero of the Burmese war. At an early period it was in the possession of a brother of the Earl of Buchan, who won for himself, by the ferocious blood-thirstiness which he displayed in a series of encounters with the M'Ivors, from whom he ultimately wrested the whole territory of Glen Lyon, the title of *Cuilean Cursta*, or 'the Fierce Wolf.' One of these feuds is thus narrated by General Stewart:—

"The Laird of Garth had been nursed by a woman of the clan Macdiarmid, which was then and still is pretty numerous in Glen Lyon and Breadalbane. This woman had two sons, one of whom, foster-brother to the Laird, having been much injured by Mac-

Garth Castle

Ivor in a dispute, threatened to apply for redress to his foster-brother. Accordingly the two brothers immediately set out for that purpose to the Castle of Garth, twelve or fourteen miles distant. In those days a foster-brother was regarded as one of the family, and MacIvor, well aware that the quarrel of the Macdiarmids would be espoused by his neighbour, ordered a pursuit. The young men, being hard pressed, threw themselves into a deep pool of the river Lyon, where they hoped their pursuers would not venture to follow them. The foster-brother was, however, desperately wounded with an arrow, and drowned in the pool, which still retains the name of *Linne Donnel*, or *Donald's Pool*. The other succeeded in reaching Garth. Resolved to avenge his friend's death, the Laird collected his followers and marched to Glen Lyon. MacIvor mustered his men, and met the invaders about the middle of the glen. The chieftain stepped forward between the two bands in the hope of settling the affair amicably. Garth wore a plaid, the one side of which was red, and the other dark coloured tartan, and on proceeding to the conference, he told his men that if the result was amicable, the darker side of the plaid should remain outward as it was; if otherwise, he would give the signal of attack by turning out the red side. They were still engaged in the conference, when MacIvor whistled loud, and a number of armed men started up from the adjoining rocks and bushes where they had been concealed, while the main body were drawn up in front. 'Who are these?' exclaimed Stewart; 'and for what purpose are they here?' 'They are only a herd of my roes that are frisking about the rocks,' replied MacIvor, 'In that case,' said the other, 'it is time for me to call my hounds.' Then turning his plaid, he rejoined his men, who were watching his motions, and instantly advanced. Both parties rushed forward to the combat; the MacIvors gave way, and were pursued eight miles farther up the glen. Here they turned to make a last effort, but were again driven back with great loss. The survivors fled across the mountains to another part of the country, and were for some time not permitted to return. MacIvor's land was, in the meantime, seized by the victors, and law confirmed what the sword had won"

Plate ff.

LOCH DOON.

About twenty-two miles from the town of Ayr, and four from the village of Dalmellington, is Loch Doon, a sheet of water whence issues the water of Doon, whose 'banks and braes' have been rendered classic by the poetic pen of our Scottish bard; and near the margin of which his countrymen have reared a monument to his memory worthy of one of Scotland's greatest sons. The loch is about eight miles in length, and from half-a-mile to three-quarters in breadth. Its form is nearly that of the letter L; the head of the lake corresponding with the top of the letter, and its lower extremity—where it discharges its waters—with the end of the horizontal line at the bottom. The shores of this lake are wild and solitary, and almost entirely devoted to sheep-pasture. The mountains which enclose it are in many places of considerable height, especially at the top of the lake, where they may be said to be lofty, and where their outline is varied and beautiful. These are the Star mountains, on the borders of the stewartry of Kirkcudbright, and from the base of which on this side, the Doon may be said to take its rise; while the Dee, which flows into the Solway frith, takes its rise on the opposite side.

The level of the waters of this lake has been considerably lowered from what it formerly was by the operations of the proprietors, and a portion of its bed laid dry. This —as in the case of Loch Leven in Kinross-shire—has lessened unquestionably the beauty of the scenery, by the exposure of tracts of barren sand and gravel, formerly covered with water; and—like the operations in Kinross-shire—has afforded no very useful result, so far as the ground on the shores of the lake is concerned. But, unlike those of Loch Leven, the operations on Loch Doon were not for the purpose of receiving ground; they had a more useful object in view, and have been attended with more beneficial results. Along the banks of the river Doon, there are some very extensive tracts of meadow-ground, which were, after heavy rains, liable to be overflowed by the accumulated waters from the lake. By perforating a bed of rock, over which the lake used to discharge itself, and forming tunnels, the usual level of its waters has been lowered; and, by erecting sluices, the proprietors are enabled to regulate the quantity of water which flows into the river, and thus to prevent the damage to the grounds upon its banks which used formerly to occur.

On a small island at the head of Loch Doon, are the ruins of an ancient castle: it is constructed of large square stones, and appears to have been a lofty tower of an octangular form. Of the history of this structure, or its origin, we have not been able to obtain any satisfactory account. The island, however, which is nearest to the Carrick side of the lake, now belongs to the Earl of Cassilis. In the early part of the 13th century, the lands of Straiton—which are bounded by a part of the lake—were held by John de Carrick, a son of Duncan, Earl of Carrick. This baron was engaged, in 1235, in a rebellion of the Gallowaymen, and committed injuries on several churches within the diocese of Glasgow, which subsequently cost him a grant of part of his lands, and the patronage of the church of Straiton; but whether he or his successors had any connection with the castle on the island, we have been unable to ascertain. In 1823, several boats or canoes of great antiquity were found sunk in the lake near this island. They were all formed entirely from a single oak-tree hollowed out; and were shaped somewhat like a fishing-cobble. They are supposed to have lain in the water between 800 and 900 years.

After leaving the lake, the water of Doon flows for about a mile through a narrow gulley or ravine, the scenery of which is very remarkable. A lofty ridge of hills seems here to have been rent asunder to afford an exit to the waters of the lake; and the rocky walls which enclose this singular hollow, yet exhibit marks on either side of their former proximity. A walk has been constructed along the edge of the river, throughout the whole length of this ravine, by which an easy opportunity is given to strangers of viewing its romantic and picturesque scenery. On either hand, the rocks rise to a great height, almost perpendicular, but rugged and broken, and having their sides and their summits magnificently festooned and ornamented with a great variety of copse and trees. The scenery is all of a close character, but varied and interesting, changing with every turn of the walk; now presenting a rude vista of rock and wood, and again a mural precipice which seems to bar farther progress; while the effect of the whole is heightened by the music of the river rushing along its broken channel.

Plate FFF.

DUNBLANE.

The parish of Dunblane comprehends the principal part of the strath or vale of the Allan. It is bounded on the north by the parishes of Muthil and Blackford; being separated partly from the former, and entirely from the latter, by the river Allan. On the south its boundaries are the parishes of Lecropt and Logie: from the latter of which it is separated partly by the Allan, and partly by a small burn which, rising in Blairdevon-hill, falls into the Allan a little below the house of Kippenross. On the east, it has the parish of Blackford; and on the west, the parishes of Kilmadock and Lecropt. Its figure is nearly triangular; and it is about nine miles in length, and six in breadth. The most interesting physical feature of the district is the Water-of-Allan, which, betwixt the town of Dunblane and the bridge of Allan, flows through a deep and finely wooded glen. Its channel is rocky, and stream rapid and turbulent but beautifully clear. The walk along the eastern bank, from the village of the Bridge-of-Allan to Dunblane, is delightfully sequestered; winding with alternate ascent and descent, through a thickly wooded dell, full of sweet glimpses. That part of the parish which lies on the eastern bank of the Allan forms the western terminating declivity of the Ochil range. The surface of the parish, towards the north-west, rises to a considerable height, here forming the commencement of a dark heathy ridge which runs in a north-westerly direction, and makes a conspicuous object in the scenery of this part of the country. Its general aspect, to the north of the town of Dunblane, is bleak and dreary; and towards the east and north-west, it is composed of heaths, moors, and swamps.

The town of Dunblane, having formerly been the seat of a bishopric, sometimes lays claim to the designation of a city. Its external appearance, however, is very far indeed from supporting its right to any such high-sounding title. Richard Franck, who travelled in Scotland about 1658, calls it "dirty Dumblane;" scornfully adding, "Let us pass by it, and not cumber our discourse with so inconsiderable a corporation!" Dunblane has in all probability considerably improved in appearance since it was visited by this pragmatical English tourist, but we are constrained to confess that its aspect still in some degree proves the justice of his alliterative reproach. The principal street is narrow, steep, and inconvenient; many of the houses are old and mean; and the use of thatch as a covering is more frequent than in any other town of the size which we remember. Its situation, however, is pleasing, a great part of it being built on the slop-

ing banks of the Allan, and close by the side of the river; while the venerable Cathedral, with its high square tower, and its long line of arched windows, relieves at least, if not redeems, the paltriness and poverty which surround it. The town is built principally on the left or eastern bank of the river, though a few straggling houses occupy the opposite side, and in one quarter arrange themselves into the form of a village-street on the sides of the highroad from Bridge-of-Allan, which, sweeping down between them, crosses the Allan and enters the town by an old narrow bridge of a single arch, built about the beginning of the 15th century by Finlay Dermock, Bishop of Dunblane. The principal street — the direction of which is nearly parallel to the stream—ascends from the bridge up towards the Cathedral, which is almost screened from the view, however, by some old buildings at the entrance to the grave-yard. Our view is taken from a point about fifty yards above the bridge, on the western side of the stream.

The Cathedral is said—though apparently with little evidence—to have been founded by David I., in 1142. It is certain, however, that it was restored or rather rebuilt by Clemens, Bishop of Dunblane, about 1240. The greater part of it has been unroofed, and is otherwise in a ruinous state; the choir, however, is still used as the parish-church, and is tolerably entire. The eastern window, and a few of the entrances, have been partially renewed, and this part of the building is kept in a good state of repair. Some of the choristers' seats, and those of the bishop and dean—all of them of oak quaintly carved—still remain; and two ancient sarcophagi, and the monument of a warrior and his lady, are preserved in this part of the building. There are also here three blue marble grave-stones, which cover the bones of Lady Margaret Drummond, mistress of James IV., and of her sisters Euphemia and Sybilla, who were poisoned at Drummond-castle in 1502. In the nave, most of the prebendal stalls are entire; and the entrance and the fine west window have suffered little injury, but the roof has fallen in, and the building is otherwise much decayed. In 1840 workmen were employed in securing it against further dilapidation. New mortar has been carefully applied to all the interstices, and cramp-irons have been introduced where necessary. The length of the Cathedral is 216 feet; its breadth 56; and the height of the wall to the battlements, 50 feet. The tower is placed alongside the building, equidistant from either extremity. Its height to the top of the little wooden spire, is 128 feet. The Bishop's Palace stood to the south of the Cathedral, on the edge of the declivity toward the river, where a few vestiges of its lower apartments and retaining wall may yet be traced.

Dunblane is supposed to have been originally a cell of the Culdees. The period of its erection into a see has not been ascertained, but the first Bishop is said to have been appointed by David I. The see comprehended portions of Perth and Stirling shires Maurice, who was appointed Bishop by Robert Bruce in 1319, had, while abbot of Inchaffray, distinguished himself on the field of Bannockburn. At a later period the see was held by a man eminent in a far other field, Robert Leighton, afterwards Arch-

bishop of Glasgow. This gentle and heavenly-minded man of genius was Bishop of Dunblane from 1662 to 1670, when he was raised to the dignity of Archbishop. He was long remembered in Dunblane by the name of "the Good bishop;" and a retired, shady path near the river, which he used to frequent, is to this day fondly pointed out as "the Bishop's walk." His library, which he bequeathed for the use of the clergy of this diocese, is still preserved in a small building erected for the purpose in the main street, near the Cathedral.

Within the city of Dunblane, and in its immediate neighbourhood, events of high interest and importance in Scottish history have been transacted. Almost adjoining to the suburbs is the celebrated plain of Sheriffmuir,—more than once the scene of doubtful contest and disputed victory; and not far removed to the south, the more glorious and decisive field of Bannockburn. To the westward, on the banks of the Teith, stands the ancient castle of Doune; and to the south are "Old Stirling's towers," perched on their basaltic pedestal, and commanding on every side the fine vale that surrounds them. A few miles also from Dunblane rises the hill of Dumyait, one of the loftiest of the Ochils, from whose summit is displayed a scene of incomparable splendour and beauty; while farther in the distance to the west, the "cloud-capp'd" summits of Benlomond, Benledi, Benvoirlich, and the "heights of Uam-Var," bound the horizon. Forming, as it were, the vestibule to the Highlands, Dunblane is happily placed in the near neighbourhood of a great part of their most admired scenery. Within the distance of a day's excursion lie the celebrated scenes of the Trosachs and Loch-Katrine; whence the tourist may, on the one hand, extend his journey to Loch-Ard and Loch-Lomond; or, changing his route, may traverse the Pass of Leny, and pursue his course along the picturesque banks of Loch-Lubnaig to Loch-Earn. Again, setting out from Dunblane toward the east, he will reach, at the distance of a few miles, the village of Ardoch, where is the site of a celebrated Roman camp, with its prætorium, its fossæ, and its lines of circumvallation, in a more perfect state than is probably to be found in any other part of the kingdom; and following the ascent of the old road towards Crief, the rich vale of Strathearn bursts on his view, spreading out to the east, and narrowing towards the west, where it terminates at length in the grand mountain-pass that forms the romantic and sublime scenery of Duneira.

J. Stewart.

W. Forrest.

Craighall.

A. Fullarton & Co. London & Edinburgh.

Plate FFFF.

CRAIGHALL.

The lands of Ceres, in Fifeshire, anciently belonged to a family of the name of Syras of Syras; for we find from the Chartulary of Dunfermline, that Sir Michael Scott, ancestor of the Scotts of Balweary, who flourished during the reign of William the Lion, married Margaret, daughter of Duncan Syras of that ilk. The lands and burgh of Ceres afterwards belonged to the family of Kinninmond of that ilk, who appear to have purchased them from the Scotts; and in the reign of Charles I. they were acquired by Sir Thomas Hope, king's advocate, ancestor of the earls of Hopetoun, the Hopes of Pinkie, of Granton, and Rankeillour, &c. They are now the property of Hope of Rankeillour.

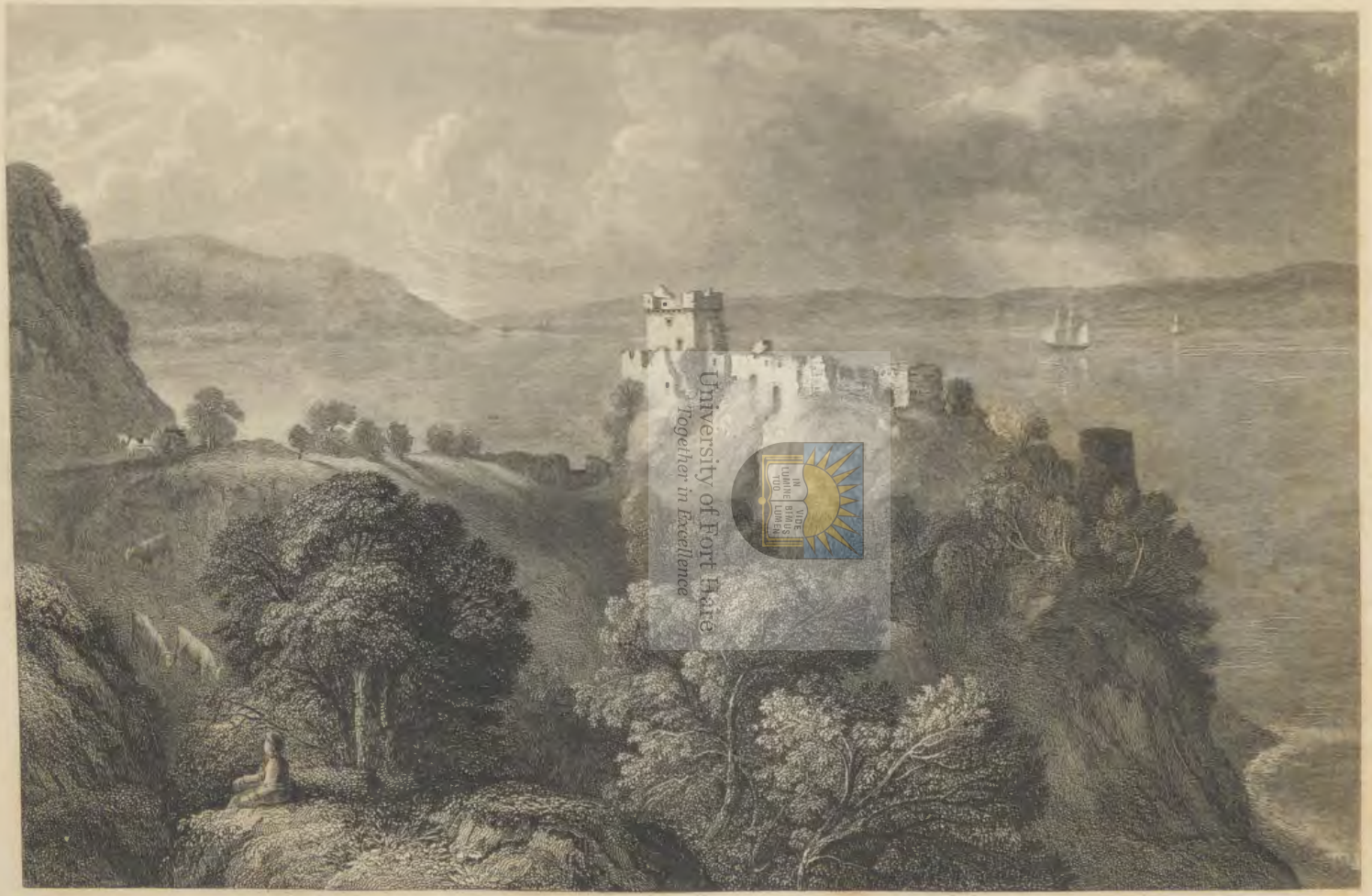
About a mile to the south-east of Ceres, in the high ground, above a deep and beautifully wooded den, are the ruins of the house of Craighall, erected by and once the residence of Sir Thomas Hope, above-mentioned. Our view of these splendid ruins is taken from the north-west. In this building we have—what was then rare in Scotland, in private mansions—an attempt to combine the graces of Italian architecture with the strength still considered necessary at that time in domestic architecture. The more recent mansion had been erected immediately adjoining the old castle of Craighall, which is seen in our engraving as forming a wing on the south side of the building. The arms of the family still remain emblazoned on the front of the building; and the following motto, in allusion to the family-name, is still distinctly legible, *Spero suspiro donec.* Craighall is now much more dilapidated and destroyed than might have been expected from its age; but the injury has chiefly been derived from the rude hands of man in the absence of former proprietors. The present and the late proprietors have taken every care to repair and preserve what remains of this interesting building; and as any farther injury to the ruins is strictly guarded against, this relique of the refined taste of one of the greatest of our Scottish lawyers, has every chance of being long preserved. In the memory of people yet alive, the garden with its walls still remained, but these have now entirely disappeared. On the lintel above the entrance to the garden was the following very appropriate inscription, *Argus sed non Briareus esto.* In the neighbourhood of the mansion—though not seen in the engraving—the ancient gateway which gave entrance to the court-yard, and the strong tower which defended it, still remain very entire.

Plate FFIIII.

CASTLE URQUHART.

Castle Urquhart stands on the south side of Loch Ness, upon a rocky promontory which forms the western termination or headland of the Bay of Urquhart. The waters of the lake wash the base of the rock on three sides; and a moat from 20 to 25 feet deep, and 16 feet broad, on the land-side, separates the castle from the adjoining grounds. A drawbridge—the site of which is still to be seen—gave access to the castle across the moat. From the bridge, a noble gateway opened into the court ard, flanked by two projecting towers, and guarded by a succession of doors, and an enormous portcullis. The court-yard is extensive, but its surface towards the west is rough and broken. On the other side, however, it is smooth and level, and a broad walk leads from the gateway to the entrance of the great keep or principal tower. Throughout nearly the whole of their extent, the walls which encompass the rock on which the castle stands are double, having platforms upon which the soldiers stood while discharging missiles against the assailants. To the right of the entrance, there is a small portal or water-gate, from which a passage led down to a natural harbour. A similar portal opens upon the lake, from the east side of the principal building. The great tower occupies the north-east corner of the court, and is nearly of a square form. Its height, to the base of the battlements on the top, is about fifty feet; the breadth of each side is from 30 to 40 feet; and the walls are 9 feet thick. The interior of the tower is in a very dilapidated and ruinous condition, but it appears to have consisted of three stories, exclusive of the warder's room and battlements at the top. The great hall occupied the middle story, and below appear to have been a guard-room and dungeons, from which there was a communication with the upper part of the building by means of spiral staircases ascending through the wall at the opposite corners of the tower. Four square turrets occupy the angles at the top of the tower, each of which forms a small apartment inside, having its own fire-place. The height of the outer walls varies from 12 to 18 feet; the thickness, from 3 to 6 feet. They enclose altogether an area of about five acres of ground.

Nothing is known of the origin or erection of this castle, and very little of its early history; but that it must have been a place of great strength and importance in ancient times, is apparent, from its extensive and magnificent ruins. Indeed, it has obviously been one of the greatest strongholds of that chain of fortresses which were erected at



J. Fleming.

Loch Ness & Castle Urquhart.

different distances along the line of the Great Caledonian Valley. In all probability, it was erected for the protection of the Highlands, and repressing the invasions of the turbulent natives of Ross and Murray, by some of the earlier Scottish monarchs; for we find, that in the time of Edward I. it is styled a King's house, or royal garrison.

By popular tradition, the building of this fortress is attributed to the Cummings,—the most powerful family in the north, prior to the reign of Robert Bruce. No authority, however, has been found for this beyond popular belief; and too many of the castles in the north have had their origin ascribed to these chiefs to allow of much faith being given to tradition in this instance. In 1303, Urquhart Castle was taken by storm, by the troops of Edward I., and the governor, Alexander Bois, and the garrison put to the sword. In the register of the great seal of Robert II., there is a grant of the castle and barony of Urquhart to his son, David Senechalus; failing whom, to Alexander Senechalus. In 1509, a grant of the castle and barony was made to the rising family of Grant of Grant, in whose possession they still remain.

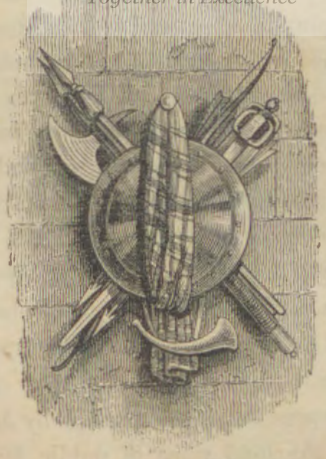


Plate XLV.

UPPER LARGO AND CHURCH.

The village of Upper Largo is situated in the parish of Largo, which gives name to a bay of the Firth of Forth along the shore of which it extends. At no great distance from the village is the mansion-house of Largo,—an elegant modern dwelling, situated on a pleasant slope, with a southern exposure, and surrounded with enclosed grounds, well laid out, and richly ornamented with a great deal of fine wood. The barony of Largo was conferred by James III. in 1482, by charter under the great seal, on Sir Andrew Wood, his naval commander, in acknowledgment for his brilliant achievements against the English.

About 1510—though the exact date is not very clear—five English ships entered the frith of Forth, and seized and plundered several merchant-ships belonging to Scotland and to some of her allies. James and his council were indignant at the outrage, and eagerly desired to be revenged. Notwithstanding, however, their persuasions and promises of reward, none of the masters of the ships then in the harbour of the Forth would venture to attack the enemy; but Sir Andrew Wood, on being applied to, readily undertook the enterprise. Amply furnished with men and artillery, Wood immediately proceeded with his two ships, the Flower and the Yellow Carvel, against the English, who were also well-appointed. He met his opponents opposite to Dunbar, and at once engaged with them, when a sanguinary and obstinate engagement ensued. The skill and courage of Wood at length overcame the superior force of the English; the five ships were taken and carried into Leith, and their commander presented to the king and council. Sir Andrew was well recompensed by James and his nobles for his valour, and to this was added the loud voice of public fame. The king of England (Henry VII.) indignant at the disgrace his flag had sustained, and that from a foe hitherto but little known on the sea, determined that signal punishment should be inflicted on the daring offender. He offered a large annual pension to any of his commanders who should capture the ships of Wood, and take him prisoner. But the naval skill, the valour, and the uniform success of Wood had now become so well known, that few of the English commanders of ships felt inclined to attempt the deed. At length, however, one Stephen Bull, an English officer, engaged to take Wood, and bring him to Henry, dead or alive. Appointed to three stout ships fully equipped for war, Bull sailed for the Forth, and, entering the frith, cast anchor at the back of the isle of

Upper Largo & Church

May. Wood, in the belief that peace had been established with England, had, in the meantime, gone to Flanders as convoy to some merchants' vessels. Bull, afraid that any mistake might occur as to what he considered his destined prey, seized some fishing-boats, retaining the fishers on board his ship, that they might point out to him, when they arrived, the ships of the brave Sir Andrew. The English continued to keep a good look-out to sea, and at length one summer morning, immediately after sunrise they discovered two vessels passing St. Abb's Head at the mouth of the frith. The captive fishermen were hereupon sent to the topmast, to give their opinion of the ships in sight. At first, it is said, they hesitated to say whether the approaching vessels were Wood's or not, but on their liberty being promised them, they immediately declared them to be his. The English commander now ordered his men to prepare for engagement, and distributed wine among them. The gallant Sir Andrew meanwhile was entering the Firth, without the least idea of an enemy, till he perceived the three ships of England appearing from the shelter of the isle of May, prepared for combat. He instantly made similar preparations, and gave every encouragement to his men to meet the foe bravely. "These, my lads," said he, "are the foes who expect to convey us in bonds to the English king; but by your courage and the help of God, they shall fail! Set yourselves in order—every man to his station. Charge gunners: let the cross-bows be ready; have the lime-pots and fire-balls to the tops; and the two-handed swords to the fore-rooms. Be stout—be diligent—for your own sakes, and for the honour of this realm!" Wine was handed round, and the Scottish ships resounded with cheers. The sun having now arisen, fully displayed the strength of the English force; and the Scots saw the necessity of every precaution. By skilful management, Wood got to windward of the foe; and immediately a close and furious combat ensued, which lasted till night. The shores of Fife were, during the whole day, crowded with spectators, who, by their shouts and gesticulations, exhibited their alternate hopes and fears. At the close of the day, the combatants mutually drew off, and the battle remained undecided. The night was spent in refitting, and in preparations for the ensuing day. No sooner had morning dawned, than the trumpets sounded for the fray, and the battle was renewed, and continued with the greatest obstinacy. The ships closely locked together, floated unheeded by the combatants, and, before an ebb-tide and a south wind, drifted round the east coast of Fife till they were opposite the mouth of the Tay. But the seamanship of Wood, and the valour of the Scottish sailors, at length prevailed, and the three English ships were captured, and carried into Dundee, where the wounded of both parties were landed, and every attention paid to them. The unfortunate English commander was afterwards taken to Edinburgh by Wood, who presented him to the king. James had then an opportunity of displaying that nobleness of mind, and royal magnificence, which in him, always conspicuous, was sometimes carried to a fault, but which endeared him to the people of Scotland. He bestowed gifts upon Bull and on his people, and freeing them from any ransom, sent them home with their ships as a present to the English king.

Sir Andrew, like Commodore Trunion, brought a considerable portion of his nautical ideas and manners with him on shore. He caused a canal to be formed from his house almost down to the church, and on this he used to sail in his barge in state every Sabbath-day. From the descendants of Sir Andrew, this barony came to a Mr. Peter Black, and from him to Sir Alexander Gibson of Durie, who, in August, 1663, during his father's lifetime, had a charter, "Alexander Gibson, juniori de Durie, terrarum baroniæ de Largo, &c." He does not appear to have long retained them, but to have disposed of them to Sir Alexander Durham, 3rd son of Sir James Durham of Pitkerrow, descended from Sir William Durham of Grange, a man of rank and distinction, who figured during the reign of Robert Bruce. Sir Alexander Durham was a great loyalist, and for his services to the royal family was knighted by Charles II., and appointed lord-lyon, king-at-arms, in 1660. He was also a colonel of a regiment, and receiver-general of the land-tax of Scotland. His elder brother, James Durham of Pitkerrow, was also of the loyal party, and a captain in Sir Alexander's regiment. Afterwards he betook himself to the study of theology, and became an eminent divine. He was first one of the ministers of Edinburgh, also one of the King's chaplains, and attended his majesty to the battle of Dunbar. He was afterwards minister of the High Church of Glasgow, and the author of several works on divinity. He married Margaret, daughter of Sir —— Mure of Glanderston, widow of the well-known Zacharias Boyd, his colleague. By this marriage he had two sons: Francis, who succeeded his uncle, Sir Alexander, in the estate of Largo; and James, who succeeded his brother Francis. He married Margaret, daughter of Sir Thomas Rutherford of Hunthill, who, upon the failure of issue male of her father and brother, became heir of line to the title of Lord Rutherford, on which account he quartered the arms of Rutherford with those of Durham. The late General James Durham was his great-grandson.

Within the grounds which surround Largo-house is a circular tower, which formed part of the old castle inhabited by Sir Andrew Wood, and which, it is alleged, once formed a jointure-house of the queens of Scotland.

In the village of Lower Largo, situated in the same parish, Alexander Selkirk was born in 1676. Little is known of him in early life, except that he was sent to sea; and that on one occasion when at home, he committed an assault on his brother, which led to his being brought before the Kirk-session of his native parish. In 1703 he engaged as sailing-master on board the Cinque Ports, bound for the South Sea, and having quarrelled with the captain, he was put ashore on the uninhabited island of Juan Fernandez, where he remained in entire solitude four years and four months. He was at length discovered, and brought to England by Captain Wood Rogers; and subsequently returned to Largo, where he remained for some time. From his adventure in the island of Juan Fernandez, Daniel Defoe took the hint for his inimitable romance of Robinson Crusoe. Selkirk brought home with him his gun, sea-chest, and drinking-cup, which he had with him on the island; and they are still preserved, in the house in which he was born, by the descendant of one of his brothers.

Mackenzie — Walter Macgregor

Kinfauns Castle

A. Fullarton & Co. London & Edinburgh

Plate XXV.

DISTANT VIEW OF KINFAUNS.

This view of Kinfauns-castle, the seat of Lord Gray, is taken from the river Tay, a little to the eastward of Inchira ferry,—the jetty of which, with vessels alongside, is seen on the right. Kinnoul-hill, wooded from the base to the summit, rises to the left of Inchira. Kinfauns-castle appears above the middle distance, embosomed in hills, and surrounded with noble plantations. The large building on the south side of the river, surrounded with trees, is Elcho-castle.

Plate XVI.

INVERMAY.

Invermay, the seat of A. M. Belshes, Esq., is beautifully situated on the southern side of Strathearn, nearly opposite Dupplin-castle, and about four miles from the Bridge-of-Earn. The May, a small but romantic streamlet issuing from the side of John-hill, one of the Ochills, about two miles south of Dunning, after a curving course of eight miles, enters the woods which surround the House of Invermay, and which still exhibit many specimens of "the birks" which more than a century ago attracted the muse of Mallet, and even then appear to have been old in minstrel fame; for the once-popular song of "the Birks of Invermay" was composed to an air which, it is said, had long before borne the same name. Yet the earliest historical mention of the Barony of Invermay occurs about the beginning of the seventeenth century.

The name *Mai* or *Myae* has been traced to the ancient British language, in which it signifies 'the agitated' or 'troubled stream,'—a name, it is said, always highly descriptive of streams thus denominated as occurring both in Gaelic and Welsh topography. In the present instance, we have a stream of rapid descent, and which often rushes down from the Ochills like a torrent. In one place, at the Linn of Muckersay, it precipitates itself over a perpendicular rock of thirty feet in height; and in another, amidst rugged rocks, and drooping spray, and tufts of shrubbery, and many an element of the picturesque and romantic in scenery, it tumultuates in a cataract of such wild and unwonted sounds as to have suggested for this feature in its course the uncouth designation of the Humble-Bumble.

On a small eminence, called the Haly-hill, a little to the north-west of the present village of Forteviot, about two hundred yards from the site of the present parish-church, stood in ancient times the palace of Forteviot, once the residence of the Pictish kings, "where Kenneth II. departed this life, and where Malcolm Canmore is said to have resided." Every vestige of its ruins has now disappeared; and even a great part of the site has been swept away into the alluvial plain around by the undermining inroads of the impetuous May. Some old persons, however, are yet alive who remember to have seen a part of the walls yet standing. The birth-place of a natural son of the celebrated Canmore, according to Fordun, or of Duncan, according to Wyntoun, has by local tradition been assigned to this vicinity. Wyntoun relates that King Duncan having been one day engaged in hunting, found himself at nightfall parted from his retinue, and

D. M. Mackenzie

J. T. Smyth

Invermay

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at a loss for lodging, till he came to the mill of Forteviot, where he was hospitably received by the miller, with whom he took "hys gesnyng," or evening's entertainment; and that

> "This mylnare had a dowchtyr fayre
> That to the king had oft repayre.
> He took and chesyd that woman
> To be fra thine hys luwyd lemman."

According to the good Prior, the intercourse between the parties was sanctioned by the miller himself; but local tradition points out a small hillock near the site of the Palace as the place where the lovers were wont to meet. This is still called Nell's Know, after the name of Duncan's "lemman." The tradition is curious, and, to a certain extent, tallies with the narrative of our old chroniclers; but one is apt to question that part of the story which represents the king as being benighted, and at such an extreme loss for shelter, in the immediate neighbourhood of a royal palace.

The idea of Wyntoun is adopted in the Old Statistical Account, in regard to the royal personage who had his nativity here. "The mill of Forteviot," it is said, "and the Coblehaugh, mentioned by Andrew Wyntoun, yet remain. At Coblehaugh was the boat for ferrying over the Earn. The miller's daughter was mother to Malcolm Canmore." As Wyntoun could find no higher pedigree, in the female line, for Canmore, he tries to make up for it the best way he could, by giving a particular enumeration of the honourable descendants of 'the Maid of the Mill.' For he shows, that she was not only the ancestress of our Scottish royal family, but of that of England, of the Empress Maud, of the Earls of Boulogne, and even of Pope Clement VII.!

Forteviot has acquired additional interest, from the circumstance of the fatal and disgraceful battle of Dupplin having been fought in its immediate vicinity. Edward Baliol, having landed near Kinghorn, and routed the troops under the Earl of Fife who opposed his landing, marched northward, and encamped on the 'Millar's Acre' at Forteviot, August 18th, 1332. The Earl of Mar heard at Perth,

> That all thare fays cummyn ware
> To Fortewyot, and thaim thare
> Had lwgyd in a lytil plas,
> The Mylnarys Akre it callyd was;
> And men sayis, bath hors and man
> In that akyre war lwgyd than.
>
> WYNTOUN, B. viii. c. 26. v. 67.

The Earl of Mar was encamped, with a numerous army, on a rising ground on the opposite side of the river Earn, near to Dupplin. The contemptible appearance of Baliol's forces, confined within such narrow bounds, proved a snare to the royal army, who laughed at the idea of danger from a mere handful of enemies. Total carelessness was the natural consequence; and ere day dawned, the English had crossed the river, and attacking an army that had abandoned itself to intemperance, easily put it to a complete rout. Some monuments of antiquity appear in the neighbourhood; but whether

they have been erected as memorials of this disastrous battle, or claim an earlier era, is uncertain. "There is a stone cross, quite entire," says the writer of the Old Statistical Account, a good way up the acclivity, "on the opposite bank of the Earn, almost straight north from the ford by which Baliol's army passed the river; and another on the south of Forteviot, upon a rising ground, called Dronachy, lying broken over at the pedestal, on which are many emblematical figures. About half-a-mile north from the first of these, a large tumulus or cairn was opened about thirty years ago,—and in it were found some coffins formed of rough flat stones, containing many fragments of bones." About thirty years ago a stone was found near the site of the palace, having two lambs carved on it. This is now in the possession of Lord Ruthven.

It would appear that the lands of Forteviot remained as royal property till the reign of Robert Bruce, as mention is made of a charter of his, granting "the lands of Kurdeny and Fortuvett" to Duncan Murdisone. We find that Malcolm the son of Mordac, (probably the son or brother of Duncan Murdisone, i. e. Duncan the son of Mordac,) in the reign of Robert II. resigned "the land of Kyndevy, in tenemento de Fortevyot:" and afterwards, by a charter during the same reign, "the lands of Rate, with the lands and miln of Forteviot," are given by the king to John Stewart, one of his bastard-sons by Marion Cardny. These, with other lands, were entailed to at least four sons by this mother, in succession, to return to the king, if they should all die without heirs. A payment was made, A. D. 1405, to James Stewart of Ffertevyot, out of the customs of Aberdeen, of ten pounds annually, to be paid to him during his life.

There has been some controversy regarding the precise locality of Mallet's song, already quoted. Allan Cuninghame says he "laid the scene in Endermay, and surely the poet knew his own meaning as well as his commentators. Allan Ramsay, however, changed it to Invermay, and the world has followed the alteration. Dr. Bryce of Kirknewton," he adds, "was not satisfied with the shortness of Mallet's song, and added three verses more: it must be confessed they are much in the spirit of the original." There was little occasion for this controversy, for—as Dr. Jamieson observes—every one who has paid the slightest attention to the pronunciation of local designations in Scotland must have observed that *Inner* and *Ender* are far more commonly used than *Inver*, which is only the pronunciation of the educated classes. Indermay or Endermay is the usual pronunciation of Invermay by the rustic population of the district.

J. Fleming. sc. | J. T. Smith.

Loch Eck

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Plate FIVE.

LOCH-ECK.

This beautiful fresh-water lake in Argyleshire, is about six miles in length, and scarcely half-a-mile in breadth, but from 60 to 70 fathoms in depth. It lies in the centre of Cowal, where that peninsula is narrowed by the approach of the upper parts of Loch-Long and Loch-Fyne to each other. The principal supply of water it receives is from the Cur. From its southern or lower extremity flows the Eachaig, which, after a short course of about two miles, falls into the Holy-Loch near Kilmun.

To the scenery around Loch-Eck the epithet of beautiful may, with much propriety, be applied. The mountains are not so lofty as in some other districts of the country; but they are all finely formed, and present a graceful and varied outline. Many of them are green to the top, and slope gently down towards the lake, while others are more precipitous and rocky; but throughout the whole, their aspect is singularly pleasant and interesting. There are no extensive woods near this lake; but its shores, particularly on the east side, are delightfully fringed with trees and copse. The road from Ardintenny to Strachur is carried for some miles along this side of the lake, and presents to the traveller a most agreeable succession of landscapes.

Near the head of Loch-Eck is a little round hill called *Tom-a-Chorachasich*, or 'the hill of Chorachasich.' The tradition with regard to this mount is, that a prince of Norway, or Denmark, having been defeated by the natives, was pursued, overtaken, and killed at this place, where his grave is pointed out. He is said, of course, to have been of gigantic stature, and is still called in Gaelic, *An Corrachasach mhor, mac Righ Lochlan*, 'the great Corrachasach, son to the king of Denmark.' Another tradition says that a battle was fought with the Norwegians, in a field near the head of Glen-Finnart, and within a short distance of Loch-Eck, where the Norwegians were defeated with great slaughter. The field is still called 'the Field of Shells,' from the number of drinking-shells belonging to the slaughtered Norwegians said to have been found on it after the battle. This tradition, in all probability, alludes to an incursion made up Glen-Finnart by some Norwegians, from that part of Haco's fleet which sailed up Loch-Long at the time he invaded Scotland in 1262; an invasion that terminated with the battle of Largs.

Plate XVIII.

DURA DEN.

Dura Den is a beautiful little winding glen in the parish of Kemback in Fifeshire, through which Ceres burn flows to join the Eden at Dairsie church. The yellow sandstone forms an interesting geological feature in this district, and, from recent discoveries which have been made in it of organic fossil remains, will probably furnish matter of deep speculation to the theoretic geologist. It occupies the valley of Stratheden in the district of which Cupar forms the centre, and thence rises to the height of five or six hundred feet, on the ridge of hills which skirt the valley on the south. It also ascends considerably on the northern slope, but is there more broken and disturbed by masses of trap which prevail in that quarter. Some of the beds have a coarse texture, like millstone grit, and occasionally pass into a conglomerate; but more usually they are of a finer texture, having thick hard beds which are extensively used in building. Subordinate to these are thin, micaceous, flaggy beds, which pass into a kind of shale or marl, some of which are red, others green or variegated. In Drumdryan and Dura the whole deposit appears to be a kind of granular aggregate of silex, with an argillaceous basis of a yellowish colour, and of considerable but variable hardness. At Dura the red marl beds are about four feet thick, numerous and well-defined. Some very interesting appearances and sections of the yellow sandstone, along with strata of the coal-field, may be observed in Dura Den.

No lover of the picturesque, when he stands by the ruins of the castle, in the immediate vicinity of the ancient church of Dairsie,—the former famed in Scottish history during the contending claims of Bruce and Baliol, and the latter intimately connected with the celebrated Archbishop Spottiswoode,—can fail to be delighted with the prospect before him. It is a picture in itself of the most pleasing and enchanting variety. But here the geologist also, whether he looks to the east or to the west, in his walk through the valley, will be struck with the forms and interesting appearances around him. The nature of the materials,—their position and relation to each other,—their inclination, dip, dislocation, and disturbance through the agency of the igneous rocks which here occur in mass as well as in veins of greenstone—are all calculated to arrest his attention, and to furnish him with striking examples of some of the most interesting points in geology. We have here the alternating beds of sandstone, clay, and shale, which occur in the lower parts of the coal-formation, and which are repeated, in some

instances, nearly an hundred times. A disturbing vein of greenstone trap occurs about the middle of the valley, and the effects of its intrusion among the stratified beds are discernible in their inclination. On the north of the vein they dip to the south-west at an angle of 26°, immediately on the south a bed of sandstone is tossed into a vertical position; the beds from this point resume a more natural position, dipping at an angle of only six or eight degrees to the north-west. The induration produced by contact with the trap rocks is also strikingly displayed here, the fused material resting immediately upon the sedimentary deposit. Higher up the ravine, other members of the coal-formation may be observed cropping out on the west side of the rivulet, and lying nearly in a horizontal position.

At Dura quarry, in excavating a water-course for a new mill, several entire fossil fishes have been exhumed from their slumber of ages. Externally these creatures have undergone but little change in their form, colour, or scaly covering; being still as perfect in their organic structure, even to the minute silken fin, as when they sported in the waters of a distant primeval age; the substance of the body, however, and every trace or vestige of internal organization, have entirely disappeared, and the material of the rock has been substituted in their place,—the enamel of the scales being less soluble than the more calcareous material of which the bones are composed. In addition to these, another class of most interesting fossil-relics has been detected in the Dura sandstone. These obviously belong to the insect-race, of the coleopterous order, and resemble in many particulars the family of Curculionida, of which the diamond beetle is an example of the existing race, but of the most insignificant dimensions as compared with the Dura fossils. They are extremely abundant in this deposit. "It is very interesting and important, to have discovered in the coal-formation," says Buckland, "fossil-remains, which establish the existence of the great insectivorous class Arachnidans, at this early period. It is no less important to have found also in the same formation the remains of insects, which may have formed their prey. Had neither of these discoveries been made, the abundance of land plants would have implied the probable abundance of insects, and this probability would have involved also that of the contemporaneous existence of Arachnidans, to control their undue increase. All these probabilities are now reduced to certainty, and we are thus enabled to fill up what has hitherto appeared a blank in the history of animal life, from those very distant times when the Carboniferous strata were deposited. The estuary, or fresh-water formation of those strata of the carboniferous series which contain shells of Unio, in Coalbrook dale, and in other coal-basins, renders the presence of insects and Arachnidans in such strata, easy of explanation; they may have been drifted from adjacent lands, by the same torrents that transported the terrestrial vegetables which have produced the beds of coal." Specimens of five or six genera of fossil-fishes have been found in the Dura sandstone.

Plate XXXV.

LOCH-ASSYNT.

Loch-Assynt is about fifteen or sixteen miles in length, and from one to two in breadth. It receives the waters of many mountain streams, and empties itself into Loch-Inver, an arm of the sea, where there is a village, and a fishing station. A great quantity of salmon is caught here, which is regularly carried to the east coast round the Pentland Frith, and shipped to London. On the shores of Loch-Assynt, near the village of *Inch-an-damph*, there are quarries of white marble which were at one time wrought by a Mr. Joplin, an Englishman; but since his death, they seem to be entirely neglected and given up. If one can judge from the blocks lying about, the marble seems to be pure, and capable of receiving a high polish; but from whatever cause, it is now only used for building dry stone dykes and highland cottages. "At Lead-Beg," says Dr. M'Culloch, "I found the cottages built of bright white marble: the walls forming a strange contrast with the smoke and dirt inside, the black thatch, the dubs, the midden, and the peat stacks. This marble has not succeeded in attaining a higher dignity." We may mention having seen marble cottages at other places than Leadbeg, presenting the same strange contrast which he here points out.

Loch-Assynt lies in a very pleasing green valley, though it does not, except at its head and beyond the village of *Inch-an-damph*, afford much of the picturesque or the romantic. The ancient castle of Ardvraick, and the ruined house of the Earls of Seaforth, with the village and churchyard at the head of the lake, give an interest to Loch-Assynt, not often to be found among the inland waters of these northern regions.

The view of the lake given in the engraving, is taken from near the road about half a mile from the village of *Inch-an-damph*, looking west, towards Loch-Inver. In the foreground is part of the limestone rocks and marble already mentioned, and a portion of the road from *Inch-an-damph* to Loch-Inver. The rude shrub-covered rocks to the left of the foreground is a ridge of *Craeg-a-chailum*. In the middle distance, situated on a rocky peninsula which projects a considerable way into the lake, is the castle of Ardvraick. This castle, now a ruin, was long the residence of the Mac-Leods, and in particular that of Donald Bane More; it was built in the year 1597, or 1591, and must have been a place of strength in ancient times.

Falkland Palace & Town

Plate FFF.

TOWN OF FALKLAND AND PALACE.

The town of Falkland stands at the north-east base of the East Lomond hill, and consists of one principal street, and some smaller streets and lanes. Its appearance, taken in connection with the Palace and the Church, is, notwithstanding some modern buildings, antique, and its situation pleasant and agreeable. This town was originally a burgh-of-barony belonging to the Earls of Fife; but it was erected into a royal burgh in 1458, during the reign of James II. Although now little better than a country-village, Falkland must formerly have been a place of great resort, and of considerable importance. The frequent residence of the royal family at the Palace, during the reigns of the three last Jameses, brought the nobility and the wealthier of the lesser barons often to the town, and many of them had residences within it or in its immediate neighbourhood. A natural consequence of this was, it may easily be supposed, the superior refinement of the inhabitants; and 'Falkland bred' had become an adage. The superiority, however, of Falkland breeding is, like the former grandeur of the town and Palace, now, alas! among the things that were.

Sergeant Spankie, who has long been eminent at the English bar, is a native of Falkland: his father having been minister of the parish. The name of Mrs. Brown, wife of the Rev. Andrew Brown, also minister here, has become well-known since the publication of 'The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,' of Sir Walter Scott, and the 'Popular Ballads and Songs' of Robert Jamieson, A. M., in consequence of the acknowledgments by both these editors of the assistance they received from that lady's great knowledge of the popular poetry of Scotland. Richard Cameron, who for a time acted a conspicuous part in the resistance to Episcopacy in the reign of Charles II., was born in Falkland, where his father was a merchant. He was originally himself an Episcopalian, and acted as schoolmaster of the parish, and precentor to the curate. He appears afterwards to have attended the preaching of the indulged Presbyterians, but ultimately to have joined the party who refused the indulgence, and sought the glens and the lonely muirs for their places of worship. He was licensed to preach by the ousted ministers, and soon became a leader of the high party. His preaching, though highly acceptable to the people who followed him, became most obnoxious to the Government; and, in 1680, a

reward of 5,000 merks was offered for his apprehension. He was killed at Airdsmoss, in Ayrshire, the same year.

The lands of Falkland, including what now constitutes the burgh, belonged originally to the Crown; and were obtained from Malcolm IV. by Duncan, 6th Earl of Fife, the fifth in descent from Macduff, upon the occasion of his marriage with Ada, the niece of the king. In the charter conferring them, which is dated in 1160, the name is spelled 'Falecklen.' The lands continued, with the title and other estates, with the descendants of Duncan, until 1371, when Isobel, Countess of Fife, the last of the ancient race, conveyed the earldom and estates to Robert Stuart, Earl of Monteith, second son of Robert II., who thus became 16th Earl of Fife, and was afterwards created Duke of Albany. On the forfeiture of his son, Murdoch, in 1424, the lands of Falkland reverted to the Crown; and the town was shortly afterwards erected into a royal burgh. The court of the stewartry of Fife—which comprehended only the estates of the earldom—was also removed from the county-town of Cupar to Falkland, where they were afterwards held as long as the office of steward existed. In 1601, Sir David Murray of Gospetrie, 1st Viscount Stormont, obtained a charter of the Castle-stead of Falkland, with the office of ranger of the Lomonds, and forester of the woods; and he also held the office of captain or keeper of the palace, and steward of the stewartry of Fife. The lands called the Castle-stead, with the offices and other parts of the lands of Falkland, were afterwards acquired by John, 1st Duke of Athole, who was appointed one of his Majesty's principal secretaries of state in 1696, and lord-high-commissioner to the Scottish parliament the following year. He was twice appointed to the office of keeper of the Privy seal, and was made an extraordinary lord of session in 1712. The lands and offices thus connected, afterwards, so far as not abolished in 1746, came into the possession of the family of Skene of Halyards, from whom they were purchased by the late J. Bruce, Esq., descended from the family of Bruce of Earshall, one of his Majesty's printers for Scotland. At his death, he was succeeded in these estates by his niece, Miss Bruce, now the wife of O. Tyndale Bruce, Esq.

Falkland gives the title of Viscount to the English family of Carey; Sir Henry Carey being created Viscount Falkland by James VI., 1620.

The present view is taken from a rising ground a little to the south-east of the road which leads from the New inn to Auchtermuchty. In the centre of the picture is seen the south front or oldest portion of the Palace, and partly in front, and stretching towards the right, appears a portion of the town, with the steeple of the town-house on the extreme right

Plate XXXI.

FALKLAND PALACE, FROM THE COURT-YARD.

At an early period, the Earls of Fife had a residence called the Castle of Falkland. Not a vestige of this building now remains, but its site appears to have been in the immediate neighbourhood of the Palace, on a part of what now forms the garden of Mr. Bruce. It is impossible now to ascertain whether James III. or James IV. began to build the Palace, as both of these monarchs were fond of architecture, and both of them employed workmen at Falkland; but the work was completed by James V., and the Palace from that time became a favourite residence with the Scottish monarchs.

The oldest portion of the Palace, which was erected either by James III. or James IV., forms the south front, and is still partially inhabited. On each floor there are six windows, square-topped, and divided by mullions into two lights. Between the windows, the front is supported by buttresses, enriched with niches, in which statues were placed, the mutilated remains of which are still to be seen, and terminating in ornamented pinnacles which rise considerably above the top of the wall. The lower floor is the part inhabited, and the upper floor is entirely occupied by a large hall, anciently the chapel of the Palace. The western part of this front of the Palace is in the castellated style, and of greater height than the other; it is ornamented with two round towers, between which is a lofty archway which forms the entrance to the court-yard behind, and which, in former times, was secured by strong doors, and could be defended from the towers which flank it. James V. made great additions to the Palace, and appears to have erected two ranges of building, equal in size to that described, on the east and north sides of the court-yard. As completed by him, therefore, the Palace occupied three sides of a square court, the fourth or western side being enclosed by a lofty wall. The range of building on the north side of the court has now entirely disappeared, and of that or the west, the bare walls alone remain; these two portions of the Palace having been accidentally destroyed by fire in the reign of Charles II. Having erected his addition to the Palace, in the Corinthian style of architecture, James assimilated the inner front of the older part of the building, by erecting a new façade in the same style with the rest of the building. The building consisted of two stories, a basement or lower floor, and a principal one, the windows of which are large and elegant, when we consider the period. Between the windows, the façade is ornamented with finely proportioned Corinthian pillars, having rich capitals; and above the windows are medallions, present-

ing a series of heads carved in high relief, some of which are beautifully executed, and would lead us to believe that more than native talent had been engaged in the work. On the top of the basement which supports the pillars, the initials of the king, and of his queen, Mary of Guise, are carved alternately. The architect who designed this building, and superintended its erection, was in all probability Sir James Hamilton of Finnart, a natural son of the 1st Earl of Arran, who was cupbearer to James V., steward of the household, and superintendent of the royal palaces. He was accused of high treason, tried, convicted, and executed as a traitor, in August, 1540. The Palace of Falkland, deserted by its royal inmates, was for a long series of years suffered to fall into decay:

" The fretted roof looked dark and cold,
And tottered all around;
The carved work of ages old
Dropped wither'd on the ground;
The casement's antique tracery
Was eaten by the dew;
And the night-breeze, whistling mournfully,
Crept keen and coldly through."

It is now the property of Mr. Bruce, who takes great interest in its careful preservation, as well as in ornamenting the court-yard with flowers and shrubs, and the ground in its immediate neighbourhood, which he has laid out as a garden. The view from the southern parapet of the Palace has long been admired, and as it can now be attained not only with safety but even without any apprehension of danger, it will be often resorted to and enjoyed. On the one hand, the Lomond hills spread out their green sides, and point their conical summits to the sky; on the other, the whole strath of Eden, the Howe of Fife from Cupar to Strathmiglo, lies open and exposed; and whilst the spectator will naturally inquire after and regret the woods of Falkland, he will find that the present proprietor is doing all that he can to make up for the spoliations of Cromwell's soldiery. There is a large plain, on the east of the Palace, in which a little knoll rises here and there above the level. This consists of moss, which has lately been well-drained; exhibiting the remains of what was called the Rose loch,—the knolls having been islets. The water of this lake must then have washed that part of the building which was discovered at the bottom of the garden.

River Tay & Kinnoull Hill &c

Plate FIFTH.

RIVER TAY AND KINNOUL HILL.

THIS view is taken from an elevated position on the south-east end of Craigie Hill, more than a mile to the south-eastward of Perth, considerably to the right of the Edinburgh road. The hill on the opposite, or north side of the river, with the small erection pendant on the brink of the cliff, will be familiarly recognised as the hill of Kinnoul. The rounded and wooded hill in the centre of the range, which has also an erection on its summit, is the hill of Kinfauns. The hills next to Kinfauns on the right, are the braes of Glencarse, and those farther to the right are continuations of the Seedlaws. The branch of the Tay washing the bottom of Kinnoul, is the Willowgate. The branch nearest the foreground of the picture is the main channel of the Tay, with the Frierton hole considerably to the left; where a stone jetty and a wooden erection are visible in the stream. This is the entrance to the tide harbour of Perth, and above which it is proposed to form a wet dock. The low lying ground in the centre is part of Moncrieff Island.

The scene delineated is truly delightful. It is of the finest Italian character. Whether viewed under the gilding of the morning sun,—as represented in the engraving,—in the brilliancy of noonday, or with the dark shadows of the evening, it is not only fascinating, but strikingly grand. The forms of the hills and crags are various and beautiful, and they are richly wooded; while the flow of the river, the motion of each boat and vessel, and the plash of each paddle-wheel, give life and animation to the whole.

It would have been difficult to fix upon a scene equally interesting with the point of view we have taken, had we not ascended the Kinnoul, the Kinfauns, and some of the adjoining hills. From some spots in that range the course of the Tay is beheld for upwards of twenty miles, often enlivened by noble steamers and by many a sun-bleached sail. From some eminences, the Earn, winding near the mouth of its pleasant valley, and the ancient tower of Abernethy, appear as objects of beauty, and of antiquarian interest. From another point opens at once the fertile plain of the Carse of Gowrie, bounded by the Seedlaw hills on the one hand, and by the Firth of Tay, and the hills of Fife on the other. In addition to this splendid view of the Tay, one still more extensive of Strathmore and the Grampians may be obtained by a short walk through the wood on the summit of the hill.

At the bottom of the hill, on the bank of the river, and opposite the South Inch, stood the Castle of Kinnoul, but the plough appears to have removed every vestige of that edifice. Hector Boethius takes notice of a curious interview between James I and an old lady who resided there. "The story (says Cant in his History of Perth), is not altogether improbable. The king was inquisitive, the lady was 100 years old, and had seen five of the king's predecessors, besides Wallace, the governor. Boece informs us that after a kind reception of the king by the lady, who had lost her sight by great age, she was seated next to his Majesty, and gave him the history of Wallace and Robert Bruce, and told him she had seen them both, who were not only handsome, but very strong, and that Wallace exceeded Robert Bruce in fortitude." Adamson tells us that this dame of one hundred years foretold the union of the crowns, and even the erection of the bridge of Perth by an Earl of Kinnoul, descended from the hero of Lancarty.

"In signe thereof there should arise a knight
Sprung from the bloody yoak, who should of right
Possess these lands, which she then held in fee,
Who for his worth and matchless loyaltie
Unto his prince, should greatly be renowned,
And of these lands instyled, and Earl be crowned,
Whose son, in spight of Tay, should join these lands
Firmly by stone, on either side which stands."

These last lines were naturally applied to the Earl of Kinnoul, who took the leading part in regard to the erection of the bridge of Perth, and whose lands were on both sides of the river.

The nunnery of Elcho stood near the water's edge, on the south of the Tay, near where a strip of plantation will be observed with a field apparently between it and the southern corner of Kinfauns hill, and nearly opposite to a hedgerow at the foot of Kinnoul hill. The only fragment that remains is a small mass of building, indicated by a large gean tree in the midst of the garden of *Orchard Nook*, and the foundation of an enclosure wall. It was founded by David Lindsay of Glenesk, and his mother Catherine of Abernethy. Murdoch, Earl of Strathearn, gave the lands of Kinnaird, in Fife, to the nunnery, which were afterwards feued out to Alexander Leslie by the Princess Magdalen. It appears to have been a dependency on the monastery of Dunfermline.

Plate XXXIII.

THE GREYFRIARS' CHURCHYARD, EDINBURGH.

THE GREYFRIARS' CHURCHYARD, which for nearly three hundred years has been the principal burying-place of Edinburgh, occupies an extensive piece of ground which rises in a gentle slope from the east side of the Grassmarket. The original burying-place of the city was situated close to the Cathedral of St. Giles, and occupied the site of the present Parliament Square and adjoining Public Offices. Here John Knox was consigned to the grave in 1572, the precise spot being traditionally pointed out as that now occupied by the statue of Charles I.; and here Cromwell is said to have preached in 1650, when the regular clergy had fled to the Castle for safety and refused to return to their duty, although assured of a safe conduct. During the excavations necessary for the erection of additional Court-rooms, in 1844, a range of strong oaken coffins, containing human remains, were found lying close together, about fourteen feet below the present surface of the ancient burying-place. Although more than 278 years had elapsed since an interment had taken place here, these remains were in a wonderful state of preservation. In one skull the brain remained so fresh as to show the vermicular form of surface. Probably on account of its limited extent, and by reason of the locality becoming valuable for building purposes, the magistrates of the city in 1562, considered St. Giles' Churchyard as no longer suitable for the purposes to which it had hitherto been applied, and in that year made application to Queen Mary for a grant of the yards and site of the Greyfriars' Monastery as a place of sepulture, assigning, among other reasons in favour of their application, that the grounds "were somewhat distant from the town." Two things are worthy of note in this sentence. First, we find that the authorities of that day were, on this point, far ahead of us in sanitary matters, and that intra-mural interments found no favour in their sight. Secondly, the city must then have been of very small extent when the Greyfriars could be truthfully described as at "some distance from the town." The application of the magistrates was at once acceded to by Queen Mary, although the grant was not formally confirmed until 1566. That the grounds were immediately converted to the purposes for which they had been assigned is evident from the fact, mentioned by Maitland, that, during the Plague of 1568, a large pit, for the interment of those who perished by "the pest," was ordered

to be dug in the "Greyfriars' Kirkzaird." Three years afterwards we find this same Kirkyard allotted as a mustering-place for those merchants and craftsmen who had engaged to assist the celebrated Kirkaldy of Grange, who then held the castle of Edinburgh for Queen Mary. The citizens having converted their former burying-place into a highway and a place of traffic, could not be expected to show any greater consideration to that which had taken its place.

In 1635, the Town Council were compelled to issue "a special act" against the use of "Oak Kists" for burial purposes "within the Brough." By this act parties were prohibited from burying in "Oak Kists;"—"The burial-place in Greyfriars being scarce capable of the dead bodies occasioned through wainscot kists." These coffins were of a peculiar form, being quite straight at the sides, but with their lids rising into a ridge in the centre, and altogether bearing a close resemblance in form to the stone coffins of an earlier era. Fashion was however too powerful for mere Acts of Council, and this edict shared the fate of several preceding ones which had been drawn up with the same object, and the fancy for "oak kists" compelled the magistrates to make an extension of the burying-ground in 1636. The rapid increase of population since that period has rendered repeated enlargements indispensable, so that the space now occupied as a graveyard extends very considerably beyond the limits originally occupied by the Greyfriars.

On the 28th February 1638, the Solemn League and Covenant was presented to a large multitude of all ranks of the people assembled in Greyfriars' Churchyard. It was solemnly read aloud, and after being signed by the nobles and others in the church, it was laid on a flat tombstone and eagerly signed by the assembled citizens. The parchment on which it was engrossed was four feet in length, and when there was no longer room on either side to write their names, the people subscribed their initials round the margins. That portion of the burial-ground known as the "Inner Greyfriars' Churchyard" was, in 1679, the scene of an atrocity to which no event in the history of the civilized world offers a parallel. Several hundreds of those unfortunate men who appeared in arms at Bothwell Bridge were here confined, for nearly five months, in a state of misery which it is almost impossible to conceive, and to which most certainly no description can do adequate justice. With less consideration than is usually shown to brutes, they were driven into a noxious churchyard where they were miserably protected from the weather, insufficiently fed, and liable to be fired at by their guards if they ventured to raise their heads above the fetid ground on which they were compelled to crouch. We are ready to call to mind the Black Hole of Calcutta when we seek to point a moral regarding the tender mercies which man sometimes vouchsafes to his fellow-mortals; utterly overlooking the scenes which have been enacted in our own country under the specious cloak of religious zeal. In the one case uncivilized barbarians were dealing with their deadliest and most dangerous enemies; in the other, Christian men were *tenderly dealing* with fellow Christians who differed with them on points of belief or in forms of religion. It were an insult to the barbarian to carry the comparison further. The "Signing of the Covenant" and the Im-

prisonment of the Covenanters have been made the subjects of most successful pictures by George Harvey, S.A., one of the most talented of our modern artists in his own line of art.

The Greyfriars, as may be expected, is rich in historical dust. Here repose the ashes of George Buchanan, Colin Maclaurin, Allan Ramsay, George Jameson the painter, Sir George Mackenzie, Dr. William Robertson, Principal Carstairs, Thomas Ruddiman, Hugh Blair, George Heriot, Alexander Henderson, and a host of others whose names are recorded more imperishably than on churchyard marble. In the left hand corner of the engraving is a monument erected in memory of those Covenanters whose heads have blackened into dust on the high places of Edinburgh, while their bodies were permitted to repose side by side with those who sat in judgment upon them. Nowhere has the levelling hand of death been more marked in its operations. Here sleep the persecutor and the persecuted—the judge and the criminal—plethoric wealth and utter indigence—all are heaped together with no greater barrier between them than that which is pervious to the feeble worm. Here rests Captain Porteous, and there, it may be, some of those who made him the victim of their daring revenge Verily if there be a Romance in Death it is most likely to be found in the City Churchyard.

Until of late years the appearance of this, and other city churchyards, was sombre and unsightly in the extreme. Not a floweret was suffered to rear its head within the gloomy enclosure, and enduring sorrow was thought to be most fittingly typified by a slovenly disregard of the last resting-places of those for whom we mourned. The formation of suburban cemeteries is, however, rapidly changing the face of our city church yards, and we have every reason to hope that they will speedily cease to be the noisome nurseries of pestilence which, unfortunately, has hitherto been their most distinguishing feature.

Plate FIFTY.

BURNTISLAND.

BURNTISLAND, anciently known as Wester Kinghorn, is a royal burgh and sea-port in the Kirkcaldy district of Fifeshire, nearly opposite to Leith. The town is finely situated on a peninsula of the frith of Forth, surrounded on the north by hills in the form of an amphitheatre, which afford an excellent shelter to the harbour. It consists of two streets running parallel to each other, and terminated by the harbour on the west, besides some lanes. On the east are the links, and some handsome cottages for sea-bathers. The principal street is broad and spacious, and contains a number of respectable buildings. Burntisland was fortified during the reign of Charles I., and part of the wall and east port still remain. At the west end of the town, surrounded by plantations, and overlooking the harbour, is Rossend Castle, built by the Duries of that ilk in the fifteenth century. From the chartulary of Dunfermline, it appears that, in 1538, George Durie, commendator of Dunfermline, granted to Robert Durie of that ilk, the lands of Nether Grange of Kinghorn-Wester, called Le Mains; together with the keeping of the fort or place of the same. Since that period the castle must either have been built or much re-edified by the family of Durie. After the Reformation, Kirkaldy of Grange obtained a grant of the castle; and, in 1591, Sir Robert Melville of Murdocairnie, afterwards first Lord Melville, obtained a grant of the barony of Burntisland with the castle, and with his successors, ancestors of the Earls of Leven and Melville, it for a considerable time continued. Since being sold by them, Rossend has passed through many different proprietors. In modern times considerable additions have been made to it; and it is surrounded by plantations and garden ground. In the view of Burntisland, given in our engraving, it forms a conspicuous object in the centre of the picture; the harbour occupying the foreground, and a portion of the town being seen at the right side.

The town of Bertiland or Bryntiland belonged anciently to the abbey of Dunfermline, and was exchanged by James V., in 1541, for some lands in the neighbourhood, that he might erect it into a royal burgh. The General Assembly met at Burntisland in 1601, when James VI. attended and retook the solemn oath and covenant. In 1715, the Earl of Mar's forces occupied this town. In 1746, a large body of Hessians were encamped here.

Burntisland gave the title—now extinct—of Baron to the family of Wemyss.

James Stewart | Joseph Swan

Burntisland

A. Fullarton & C°. London & Edinburgh.

Plate XXXV.

LOCH WINNOCH.

Loch Winnoch—vulgarly pronounced *Lochinoch*, the accent being laid on the first syllable, and the gutturals being sounded—sometimes from the estate it adjoins called Castle-Semple loch, occupies the centre of the parish of the same name, in Renfrewshire. The Calder, rising on the borders of Ayrshire, pursues a winding course towards the loch, which it enters near the village of Lochwinnoch. The loch was originally between four and five miles in length, and rather more than one in breadth; but it has been considerably lessened by draining. It would appear, from the description of Hamilton of Wishaw, that Lord Semple, then proprietor of this lake and the adjoining lands, commenced to drain it in 1680, or 1700. The estate was sold by Hew, Lord Semple, in 1727, to Colonel M'Dowall, a younger son of M'Dowall of Garthland, who continued the plan of draining the lake, and, in 1735, had made great progress in doing so. Subsequent proprietors have directed their attention to the same object; and the effect has been the recovery of a great extent of fine rich meadow land. In 1773, and in 1774, a canal was constructed of nearly 2 miles in length, at an expense of £2,000, by which above 400 acres of a very deep rich soil was recovered. The loch still covers about 200 acres; but considerably extends itself when flooded, and during winter.

The family of Semple was very early in possession of the lands around this loch. Robert Sympil was vassal in Elziotstoun on the south side of the lake, under the high-steward of Scotland, about 1220; and previous to 1309, Robert Sympil of Elziotstoun was seneschal of Strathgrife. In 1474, Sir William Sympil, Lord of Elziotstoun, obtained a charter of the baronies of Elziotstoun and Castletoun—now Castle-Semple—from James III. Sir John Sympil was raised to the dignity of the peerage, with the title of Lord Sympil, by James IV., in 1488. Elliotston and Castle-Semple continued in possession of this ancient family till sold, as above-mentioned, in 1727, after having been their property for about 500 years. In 1806, William M'Dowall of Garthland and Castle-Semple, sold his estate of Castle-Semple to John Harvey, Esquire, of Jamaica. Eastward of the lake, and on the south side, are the remains of the old tower of Elliotston, the residence of the Semple family previously to 1550. Its length is 42 feet, and its breadth 33 feet over the walls. Between 1547 and 1572, Robert, commonly called the great Lord Semple, built a tower, called the Peel—the ruins of which still exist—on a small island on the lake, now forming part of the mainland. This tower

was in the form of an irregular pentagon, having a sharp end towards the head of the loch. "It was built," says Dr. Caldwell, "over a strong arch, with bulwarks, gun-ports, &c., and is environed with an immense cairn of stones round all its foundations, to a considerable height above high water."

The castle at Castletown, or Castle-Semple, near the eastern end of the lake, was erected or more probably rebuilt by the first Lord Semple, who died in 1513. He changed its name from Castletoun to Castle-Semple. In Bleau's Atlas, published in 1654, this castle is represented by a mark denoting the largest size of castles. Crawford—who wrote in 1710—says, "Upon the brink of the loch stands the castle of Sempill, the principal messuage of a fair lordship of the same denomination, which consists of a large court, part of which seems to be a very ancient building, adorned with pleasant orchards and gardens." In 1735, this ancient house was demolished by Colonel M'Dowall, who erected an elegant modern house on its site. Some workmen repairing drains in 1830 found part of the foundations of the castle still existing below ground.

In 1504, John Lord Semple founded a collegiate church near the lake, having a provost, six chaplains or prebendaries, two boys, and a beadle. This building must have been repaired or rebuilt by Robert, Lord Semple, who married Lady Ann Montgomerie, daughter of the Earl of Eglinton, as his arms and those of the Eglinton family are still extant on the old walls of the church. It is 71 feet 6 inches in length; 24 feet 3 inches in breadth; and 15 feet 6 inches in height. A portion at the east end, separated from the rest, was used as a place of burial by the Semple family, as it now is by Colonel Harvey the present proprietor. Dr. Caldwell describes its walls as being covered with ivy, and surrounded by a fine tall hornbean hedge. The roof was taken off about forty years ago, and the ivy has penetrated into the interior. In ancient times there appears to have been a village at this place, and a chapel in its neighbourhood dedicated to St. Bride. A small burn, which here falls into the lake, is still named St. Bride's burn; and the residence of Colonel Harvey's factor, St. Bride's mill. On the hill of Kenmure, which is of secondary trap rock, there is an imitation of a Chinese temple, from which a very fine view of the lake and surrounding scenery can be obtained. It is supposed to have been erected about the middle of last century by one of the family of M'Dowall who succeeded the Semples.

The Glasgow and Ayr railway passes through the estate of Castle-Semple, and in the immediate neighbourhood of the loch. When covered with ice, this piece of water forms an excellent arena for the invigorating game of curling, which is keenly prosecuted by the parishioners. Here, upwards of half-a-century ago, a famous *bonspiel* was played between Douglas, Duke of Hamilton, popularly called 'the Sporting Duke,' and Mr M'Dowall of Castle-Semple, and their respective tenantry, when, after a long protracted contest, his Grace's party gained the day by one shot.

Falls of the Bruar

Plate XXXVI.

THE FALLS OF BRUAR.

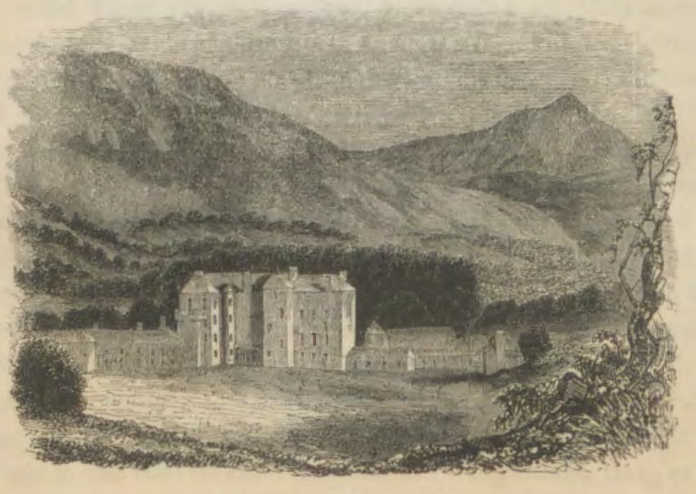
The Bruar is a small stream in the Athole district of Perthshire, a tributary of the Garry, celebrated for the romantic beauty of its cascades which occur in the lower part of its course, about three and a-half miles from the village of Blair-Athole, on the Dalnacardoch road, and within half-a-mile of its junction with the Garry. Dr. Garnett, who visited the Falls in 1798, thus describes them:—"We went up the left bank of the Bruar, whose channel is the most rugged that can be conceived; the rocks which form it have been worn into the most grotesque shapes by the fury of the water. A footpath has lately been made by the Duke of Athole, which conducts the stranger in safety along the side of the chasm, where he has an opportunity of seeing, in a very short time, several very fine cascades. One, over which a bridge is thrown, forms a very picturesque object. This is called the Lower Fall of Bruar. The water here rushes under the bridge, falls in a full broad sheet over the rocky steep, and descends impetuously through a natural arch, into a dark black pool, as if to take breath before it resumes its course and rushes down to the Garry." A neat grotto has been constructed here with a window overlooking the Fall. "Proceeding up the same side of the river, along the footpath,"—Dr. Garnett resumes,—"we came in sight of another rustic bridge, and a noble cascade, consisting of three falls or breaks, one immediately above another; but the lowest is equal in height to both the others taken together. Each of the upper breaks is about fifty feet, the lowest one hundred: so that the whole cascade is not less than two hundred feet. This is called the Upper Fall of Bruar." These admeasurements are somewhat erroneous. But the height of the Alpine bridge which spans the narrow ravine at about thirty feet above the top of the Upper Fall, from the bottom of the chasm in which the stream settles in a dark sunless pool, is at least two hundred feet. "Crossing the bridge over this tremendous cataract,"—continues Dr. Garnett—"we walked down the other bank of the river, to a point from whence we enjoyed the view of this fine Fall to great advantage. The shelving rocks on each side of the bridge, with the water precipitating itself from rock to rock, and at last shooting headlong, filling with its spray the deep chasm, form a scene truly sublime; the nakedness of the hills indeed takes away somewhat from its picturesque beauty. The poet Burns, when he

visited these Falls, wrote a beautiful poetical petition from Bruar-water to the Duke of Athole, praying him to ornament its banks with wood and shade; the noble proprietor has been pleased to grant the prayer of the petitioner, and has lately planted the banks of this river: the plantation is yet very young, but in a few years will have a very good effect." This effect has since been fully realized.

Miss Spence, who visited these Falls in 1816, says, "The vegetable soil on the brink of this turbulent stream affords room for a variety of trees and shrubs most judiciously adapted to the scenery, and which seem to partake of its wild and unequal character. Nothing can be more sudden and luxuriant than the growth of the plants scattered along the abrupt banks of the Bruar."

In the month of September, 1844, while Blair-Athole castle was honoured to be the residence of royalty, Her Majesty, and Prince Albert, visited the Bruar, shortly after rain had swollen its mountain-torrent considerably, when its Falls were consequently seen to the greatest advantage. Her Majesty, leaving her phaeton at the bridge of Bruar, walked up the glen to the Lower Fall, and after resting some time there, was drawn in a garden-chair to the grotto or moss-house commanding the finest view of the Upper Fall.

The subjoined sketch of Blair-Athole castle was executed by Mr. D. Mackenzie in 1841. It is taken from the south-west, and presents the fine conical form of Benygloe towering in the distance.



BLAIR-ATHOLE CASTLE.

Auchtermuchty

Plate FFFVIII.

AUCHTERMUCHTY.

The parish of Auchtermuchty—better known than it would otherwise have been from its being the scene of the incidents detailed in that inimitably humorous Scottish poem, 'The Wife of Auchtermuchty,' first published by Pinkerton—lies on the north bank of the Eden, occupying a part of 'the How of Fife,' and stretching towards the north, over a portion of the range of the Ochils.

The lands of Auchtermuchty proper—from which the name of the parish appears to have been derived—belonged originally to the Earls of Fife, and formed part of the estate conveyed, with the earldom, to Robert Stuart, son of Robert II., afterwards Duke of Albany; and which, on the forfeiture of his son, came, with the other estates, to the Crown. James V., during his minority, with consent of the regent, John, Duke of Albany, granted a charter, of date 25th May, 1517, by which he 'gave, granted, and in feu-farm heritably let, all and haill his foresaid lands of Auchtermuchty, &c., to his tenants, inhabitants of the same, and to every one of them for their own part, according to his new rental of feu and assedation, &c.; as also for the increase of buildings, he made, created, and infefted all and haill, &c., into a free burgh royal, to be called in all time coming the burgh of Auchtermuchty.'

The burgh is situated near the middle of the parish, where the ground first begins to swell towards the Ochils, at the distance of about a mile from the Eden. A small burn, which takes its rise partly from Lochmill in the parish of Abdie, and partly on the north-western corner of the parish, and which may easily be imagined to have been the scene of a portion of the disasters which befell 'the Gudeman of Auchtermuchty,' flows through the burgh toward the Eden, which it joins near Kilwhis. The public road from Cupar to Kinross, and that from Kirkcaldy to Newburgh, both pass through the burgh, crossing each other at right angles, and forming two of its streets. A third street, in which is the Town-house, runs parallel to the Newburgh road; and besides these there are a great many narrow and irregular lanes intersecting and connecting the principal streets in different directions. The town has altogether a confused and irregular appearance, but it contains some well-built houses, which show that it must have formerly possessed a greater number of wealthy inhabitants than it probably now does; while the number and respectability of its drapers' and grocers' shops gives it a more lively appearance than it would otherwise have, and indicates that it is still the centre of an important district

of the country. The view of Auchtermuchty given in the engraving is taken from the high ground to the north, where the Newburgh road descends towards the plain, not far from Messrs. Crambie's saw-mill. The two most conspicuous buildings seen in the town are the Church, which appears between the two trees rising on the fore-ground; and the Town-house, with its tower and spire, to the right of the tree nearest the point of view. The middle distance of the picture is occupied by a portion of 'the How of Fife,' through which flows the river Eden; and in the centre of the extreme distance is the East Lomond Hill, with the town and palace of Falkland indistinctly seen at its base.

The Town-hall is an old building, having the hall on the upper floor, and two shops on the ground-floor. It is ornamented by a lofty tower and spire, containing a bell, which is one of the finest toned in Fife. The Church stands on a rising ground within the burgh. It is a plain structure, erected in 1780, with an aisle recently erected at the back.

The population of the parish in 1841, was 3,356; and the number of inhabited houses, 817. The population of the town itself was 2,394; houses, 569. Weaving of linen and cotton cloth, and woollen shawls, is the chief employment of the greater portion of the working population of this parish. The greater part, however, are engaged in weaving linen for the manufacturers of Newburgh and Dunfermline; and a few in weaving cotton cloth for the Glasgow manufacturers.

Besides the burgh and its suburbs, there is a large village called Dunshelt, or Daneshalt, at the south-eastern extremity of the parish, on the banks of the Eden, the population of which in 1841, amounted to 646. It is built on feus from Bruce of Falkland, and is mostly inhabited by weavers. Near this village there is an ancient circular fort obviously of British origin. In the neighbourhood it is supposed to have been constructed by the Danes, who having made an incursion into the country, and being defeated on Falkland-muir, fled hither, and constructed this fort to protect themselves. It is more probable, however, that the work was constructed by the Celtic people of the country. Immediately south of the burgh, and between it and the Eden, is the Castle of Myres, the property of Bruce of Falkland. It is a fine old building, and still habitable.

In the upper part of the burgh there is an old house in which it is popularly believed the great Macduff, Maormor of Fife, resided; but the house, though ancient, has obviously been built some hundreds of years after the death of that great warrior

The Roman Camp at Ardoch

Plate XXVIII.

ROMAN CAMP AT ARDOCH.

The Roman camp at Ardoch, on the estate of Major Murray Stirling, is regarded by antiquaries as the most perfect specimen of the kind now extant in Britain. It is situated on an eminence close on the north side of—or rather intersected by—the high road from Crieff, or Muthil, to Stirling; and is thus very accurately described in the first Statistical report: "The situation of the camp at Ardoch gave it many advantages; being on the north-west side of a deep moss that runs a long way eastward. On the west side it is partly defended by the steep banks of the water of Knaick; which bank rises perpendicularly between forty and fifty feet. The north and east sides were most exposed; and there we find very particular care was taken to secure them. The ground on the east is pretty regular, and descends by a gentle slope from the lines of fortification, which, on that side, consist of five rows of ditches, perfectly entire, and running parallel to one another. These altogether are about fifty-five yards in breadth. On the north side, there is an equal number of lines and ditches, but twenty yards broader than the former. On the west, besides the steep precipices above mentioned, it was defended by at least two ditches. One is still visible; the others have probably been filled up, in making the great military road from Stirling to the North. The side of the camp, lying to the southward, exhibits to the antiquary a less pleasing prospect. Here the peasant's rugged hand has laid in ruins a great part of the lines; so that it may be with propriety said, in the words of a Latin poet, '*Jam seges est, ubi Troja fuit.*' However, from the remains yet to be traced, it appears there were also three or four ditches, which, with its natural advantages, rendered this side as strong and as secure as any of the others. The four entries, crossing the lines at right angles, are still distinctly to be seen. The area of the camp is an oblong of 140 yards, by 125 within the lines. The general's quarter rises above the level of the camp, but is not in the centre. It is a regular square, each side being exactly twenty yards. At present it exhibits evident marks of having been enclosed with a stone wall, and contains the foundation of a house, ten yards by seven. That a place of worship has been erected here, is not improbable, as it has obtained the name of Chapèl hill from time immemorial. Besides

the camp above mentioned, so completely fortified both by nature and art, (and which is supposed to have been formed by Agricola, for the Roman legions under his command,) there are other two encampments adjoining to it, and having a communication with one another, containing above 130 acres of ground. These seem to have been defended by only a single ditch and rampart, and probably were intended for the cavalry and auxiliaries. Here was room for all the forces that fought under Agricola near the Grampian mountains, notwithstanding what has been said by Mr. Gordon, in his '*Itinerarium Septentrionale*,' to the contrary; who probably imagined, as others have done since, that the whole ground at Ardoch, fortified by the Romans, lay within the small camp above mentioned. It has already been observed, that the two large encampments had a communication with one another; and that there was a subterraneous passage from the small one under the bed of the river is more than probable from a circumstance now to be mentioned. There was a hole near the side of the prætorium, that went in a sloping direction for many fathoms; in which, it was generally believed, treasures, as well as Roman antiquities, might be found. In order to ascertain this fact, a man, who had been condemned by the baron-court of a neighbouring lord, upon obtaining a pardon, agreed to be let down by a rope into this hole. He at first brought up with him from a great depth, Roman spears, helmets, fragments of bridles, and several other articles: but on being let down a second time was killed by foul air. No attempt has been made since that time. The articles above mentioned lay at the house of Ardoch for many years, but were all carried off by some soldiers in the Duke of Argyle's army, in 1715, after the battle of Sheriffmuir, and could never afterwards be recovered. The mouth of the hole was covered up with a millstone, by an old gentleman who lived at the house of Ardoch, while the family were in Russia, about the year 1720, to prevent hares from running into it when pursued by his dogs; and as earth, to a considerable depth, was laid over the millstone, the place cannot now be found, although diligent search has been made for it."

The present view of this most interesting spot is taken from the eastern side of the field or enclosure within which the camp is now situated, looking towards the village of Ardoch, which is screened by a small belt of young plantation. The flag-staff, which rises from the centre of the prætorium, was erected on the occasion of the Queen's first visit to Scotland.

Plate ffffff.

HERMITAGE AT DUNKELD.

There is not a more picturesque stream in Perthshire than the Bran. This turbulent and impetuous tributary of the placid Tay issues from the eastern end of Loch Freuchie, and flowing through Strathbran in a north-east direction, falls into the Tay, a little above Dunkeld bridge, after a course of about fourteen miles. In the upper part of its course, the volume of water which it bears from the parent-loch is augmented by numerous tributaries, which descend on either side from a wild tract of immense extent, composed of hills, moors, and glens; and which, after heavy rains, pour an immense and sudden flood of water into its rugged channel. On the peninsula formed by the junction of the Tay and its tributary, stands the village of Invar; and about half-a-mile from the ferry of Invar, is the scene our artist has attempted to depict.

Proceeding up the banks of the Bran, we soon reach an extensive enclosure, with walks winding through shrubbery, and intersecting an elaborate, flower-adorned parterre. One of these leads to the small Summer-house or Hermitage—as it is somewhat inappropriately named for the style of building—represented in our sketch as abutting on the precipitous verge of the river-bank, and here the guide introduces us into a small circular vestibule, lighted from the top, where a large painting of Ossian, singing the songs of ancient times to the accompaniment of his harp, arrests our attention. While engaged in examining this figure, it suddenly disparts and vanishes as if by magic, and we find ourselves at the entrance of a second and larger apartment, of an oblong form, terminating at the further end in a large bow window, and the walls and roof of which are covered with mirrors, wherein are multiplied and reflected in all directions the flashing waters of a noble cataract formed by the Bran, after it has rushed, in a continued rapid, for two or three hundred yards over a narrow rocky bed. "The two rocky cheeks of the river," says Gilpin, "almost uniting, compress the stream into a very narrow compass, and the channel, which descends abruptly, taking also a sudden turn, the water suffers more than common violence through the double resistance it receives from compression and obliquity. Its efforts to disengage itself have, in a course of ages, undermined, disjointed, and fractured the rock in a thousand different forms; and have filled the whole channel of the descent with fragments of uncommon magnitude, which are the more easily established, one upon the broken edges of another, as the fall is rather inclined than perpendicular. Down this abrupt channel the whole stream in foaming

violence forcing its way, through the peculiar and happy situation of the fragments, which oppose its course, forms one of the grandest and most beautiful cascades we had ever seen. At the bottom it has worn an abyss, in which the wheeling waters suffer a new agitation, though of a different kind. This whole scene and its accompaniments, are not only grand, but picturesquely beautiful in the highest degree. The composition is perfect; but yet the parts are so intricate, so various, and so complicated, that I never found any piece of nature less obvious to imitation. It would cost the readiest pencil a summer-day to bring off a good resemblance. My poor tool was so totally disheartened, that I could not bring it even to make an attempt. The broad features of a mountain, the shape of a country, or the line of a lake, are matters of easy execution; a trifling error escapes notice; but these high-finished pieces of Nature's more complicated workmanship, in which the beauty, in a great degree, consists in the finishing, and in which every touch is expressive—especially the spirit, activity, clearness, and variety of agitated water—are among the most difficult efforts of the pencil. When a cascade falls in a pure unbroken sheet it is an object of less beauty indeed, but of much easier imitation." The Hermitage is placed on a point of the rock forty feet above the bottom of the fall, and is constructed in such a manner that the spectator, in approaching the cascade, may remain entirely ignorant of his vicinity to it until it is made to burst at once upon his vision by the artifice now described,—the good taste of which, however, is at least questionable. Wordsworth has denounced the whole affair in a very lofty and indignant strain:

"What He—who, mid the kindred throng
Of heroes that inspired his song,
Doth yet frequent the hill of storms,
The stars dim-twinkling through their forms
What! Ossian here—a painted thrall,
Mute fixture on a stuccoed wall;
To serve—an unsuspected screen
For show that must not yet be seen;
And, when the moment comes, to part
And vanish by mysterious art,—
Head, harp, and body, split asunder,
For ingress to a world of wonder;
A gay saloon, with waters dancing
Upon the sight wherever glancing;
One loud cascade in front, and lo!
A thousand like it, white as snow,
Streams on the walls, and torrent-foam
As active round the hollow dome,
Illusive cataracts! of their terrors
Not stripped nor voiceless in the mirrors,
That catch the pageant from the flood
Thundering adown a rocky wood.
What pains to dazzle and confound!
What strife of colour, shape, and sound
In this quaint medley, that might seem
Devised out of a sick man's dream!

Strange scene, fantastic and uneasy
As ever made a maniac dizzy,
When disenchanted from the mood
That loves on solemn thoughts to brood!

" O Nature! in thy changeful visions,
Through all thy most abrupt transitions,
Smooth, graceful, tender, or sublime—
Ever averse to pantomime,
Thee neither do they know nor us
Thy servants, who can trifle thus;
Else verily the sober powers
Of rock that frowns, and stream that roars,
Exalted by congenial sway
Of spirits, and the undying lay
And names that moulder not away,
Had wakened some redeeming thought
More worthy of this favoured spot,
Recalled some feeling, to set free
The Bard from such indignity!"

On the other hand, a traveller of undisputed taste and high genius, considers the device of the Hermitage one of the most ingenious and pleasing ornaments to rural scenery he ever beheld. " If it be objected"—says Dr. E. D. Clarke—" that machinery-contrivance of this sort wears too much the appearance of scenic representation, I should reply, that as scenic representation I admire it, and as the finest specimen of that species of exhibition, which doubtlessly, without the aid of such deception, would have been destitute of half the effect it is now calculated to produce." It is not for us to decide the controversy here raised; though we could have wished, with the tasteful and high-souled bard whose verses we have quoted, that some less noble form than that of the reputed father, real or imaginary, of Scottish heroic song had been made

" Mute fixture on the stuccoed wall."

And this part of the exhibition, too, is of recent device: the junction of the apartments having been formerly effected by the simple expedient of suddenly throwing open a large door. The introduction of the mirrors appears to us of much less questionable taste; and few will regret the removal of the red and green coloured panes of glass with which the window of the larger apartment was at one time ornamented, and which afforded at best but a childish amusement in the effect they produced of turning the water into " a cataract of fire, or a cascade of liquid verdigris."

Our painter appears to have thought with Gilpin that the cascade itself was " beyond the reach of art;" but he has chosen a very pleasing point of view on the Bran, a little below the Hermitage, where the stream glides through a chasm of the rocks across which a simple but pleasing arch is thrown, which, in the artistical treatment of the subject, is made to form a link in the composition of the picture,—connecting the breadth of light that is preserved upon the rocks which receive the sunshine with the mass of shadow on the opposite bank.

Plate XL.

LOCH AWE.

Loch Awe lies between Loch Fyne and Loch Etive, in the district of Lorn, in Argyleshire. From Inverary, by Glen Aray, it is distant about twelve miles; the distance from Tyndrum, through Glenorchy, is sixteen miles. The chief beauty of Loch Awe is comprised between its eastern extremity and Port Sonnachan, about 6 miles down its southern shore. Here the scenery can hardly be equalled in Great Britain; but the remaining portion of the lake is rather uninteresting to the traveller, possessing little variety, and neither beauty nor grandeur. At its eastern end, however, the stranger may spend weeks in examining the beauty of its wooded and varied shores and islands, or the grandeur of its lofty mountains and deeply secluded glens. The water of the lake appears a basin enclosed among mountains of rude and savage aspect, but lofty and grand,—"filling," says Dr. Macculloch, "at once the eye and the picture, and literally towering above the clouds." On the north side, the elevated ridge of Cruachan rises simple and majestic, throwing its dark shadows on the water, which, spacious as we know it to be, seems almost lost amid the magnitude of surrounding objects. On the opposite side, Ben-Laoidh, Ben-a-Chleidh, and Meall-nan-Tighearnan form a striking and magnificent termination to the landscape. Among all the mountains, however, which surround Loch Awe, Ben-Cruachan soars pre-eminent. In approaching Loch Awe through Glen Aray, the traveller finds little to attract his attention after leaving the pleasure grounds around Inverary castle, until he has attained the head of the glen, and begins to descend towards Cladich. There, however, Loch Awe, with its beautiful expanse of water, its islands, and the magnificent screen of mountains which enclose it, bursts at once upon his view. Ben-Cruachan is immediately opposite to him, its summit enveloped among clouds; and the dark pass of the river Awe winding along its base. To the east is seen the castle of Kilchurn, of which a cut is subjoined to this article, the openings of Glen-Strae and Glen-Orchy, and the mountains which enclose them lessening gradually in the distance; to the west the long and sinuous portion of the lake glitters like a silver stream amid the dark heathy hills and moors which form its banks.

Loch Awe is nearly thirty miles in length, but, in the greater part of its extent, not above a mile in breadth. Its eastern portion, however, is considerably broader; and at the opening of the river Awe it is not less than four miles across. Here its beauty is further increased by a number of islands which spot its surface and give relief to its

Loch Awe

expanse. There is one peculiarity in Loch Awe which is not to be found in any other Highland lake; instead of its being emptied at either end, the river Awe flows from its northern side, and pours its waters into Loch Etive at Bunawe. Looking down upon the loch from Cladich, a long heathy isle, called Innishail, or 'the Fair island,' presents itself to the view. In this island, the remains of a small monastery with its chapel are still to be seen; and its ancient burying-ground—which is still sometimes used—is an object of peculiar interest to the lover of old memorials, from its ancient tomb-stones, some of which appear, from the figures cut upon them, to have covered the graves of religious persons; others, having the long two-hand sword, or the claymore, mark the graves of warriors; on others, again, mailed figures point out the resting-place of knights and crusaders; and, one stone in particular, from the arms, coronet, and numerous figures it contains, would lead us to suppose that in this lone spot even the noble had been buried. Among other families, the M'Arthurs appear to have made this their place of interment, as numerous stones bear the name of individuals of that ancient race.—Beyond Innishail, and farther up the lake, is Innes Fraoch, or 'the Heather isle,' on which are the remains of an ancient castle, the residence at one period of the chief of the MacNaughtans. It is a small but strong built fortalice, the haunt of sea-birds and large water-fowl.

KILCHURN CASTLE.

Plate XLI.

WEMYSS CASTLE.

The family of Wemyss is the only family in the Scottish Lowlands having a really Celtic origin, and one of the very few great families in Scotland which, through the male line, can claim kindred with Celtic blood. The lands now forming the parish of Wemyss are said to have been part of the estate of Macduff, the great Maormhor, Shakspeare's well known 'Thane of Fife.' According to Sibbald, Gillimichael, the third in descent from Macduff, had a second son named Hugo, who obtained the lands from his father, with lands in Lochoreshire, and in the parish of Kennoway, with the patronage of the church of Markinch. He is mentioned in the chartulary of Dunfermline, as Hugo, the son of Gillimichael, during the reign of Malcolm IV. According to a manuscript account of the family, in the possession of the Earl of Wemyss, the first of his family is said to have been Michael Wemyss, second son of Duncan fifth earl of Fife, who died in 1165. We give most faith, however, to Sibbald's account, deducing the family from Gillimichael, the father of Duncan, as it seems sanctioned by ancient charters.

Sir John Wemyss of Wemyss the eighteenth in direct descent from Hugo, the son of Gillimichael, was created a baronet in 1625, and had a charter of the barony of New Wemyss in Nova Scotia. In 1628, he was raised to the peerage by the title of Lord Wemyss of Elcho; and in 1633, was advanced to the title of Earl of Wemyss, Lord Elcho, and Methill, by patent to him and his heirs male for ever. He was succeeded in 1649, by his eldest son David, second Earl of Wemyss, who in 1672 made a resignation of his titles, and obtained a new patent of them in favour of his daughter, Lady Margaret Wemyss, and the heirs male of her body; which failing, to the heirs of entail contained in her contract of marriage, with the former precedency. Margaret, Countess of Wemyss, his only surviving daughter, succeeded to the title and estates of her father, and married Sir James Wemyss of Caskyberry, who had a charter of the castle of Burntisland, and, after his marriage with the Countess, was created a peer by the title of Lord Burntisland, but for life only. The Countess of Wemyss died in 1705, and was succeeded by her only son David, the third earl, who took his seat in the Scottish parliament in June of that year. He was appointed High-Admiral of Scotland in 1704, and steadily supported the Union in parliament. James, the fourtn earl, succeeded his father in 1720. He married Janet, only daughter and heiress of the well-known Colonel Charteris of Amis-

Wemyss Castle

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field, and died in 1756. His eldest son David, Lord Elcho, when a young man of twenty-four years of age, engaged in the rebellion of 1745. He was colonel of the first troop of horse-guards of Prince Charles, and, after the battle of Culloden, made his escape to the continent. He was attainted by act of parliament, and of course could not succeed to the titles of the family on his father's death, which consequently fell dormant, and so continued till his death at Paris in 1787, when they vested in his next youngest brother Francis, who then became fifth Earl of Wemyss. He succeeded to the great property and extensive estates of his maternal grandfather Colonel Charteris of Amisfield; and, in 1771, obtained an act of parliament authorizing him to use and bear the name and arms of Charteris, notwithstanding the descent to him or his heirs of the honour and title of Wemyss, or any other honour and title. On the death of his elder brother Lord Elcho, he succeeded to the title of Earl of Wemyss, which title and honour his descendants still retain. The honourable James Wemyss, his younger brother, third son of James, fourth Earl of Wemyss, entered the royal navy at an early age, and, in 1756, on the death of his father, by a family-arrangement succeeded to the estate of Wemyss, which had previously descended to the oldest son. He was elected member of parliament for the county of Fife in 1762; and for the county of Sutherland in 1768. He was re-chosen for Sutherland in 1774, and again in 1780. He died in 1786, and was succeeded by his eldest surviving son, William Wemyss of Wemyss. He was chosen member of parliament for the county of Sutherland in 1784; and, in 1786, was appointed deputy-adjutant-general in Scotland, with the rank of major in the army. On the death of General Skene, he resigned his seat for Sutherland, and was chosen member of parliament for the county of Fife; for which county he was re-chosen at the general election in 1790, and again in 1807. He raised the 93d regiment of foot, of which he was made colonel in 1800; and was appointed major-general on the North British staff in May 1803, which he held till his promotion to the rank of lieutenant-general in November 1805. At his death he was succeeded by his eldest son James Erskine Wemyss of Wemyss, the present proprietor, who is the twenty-fifth proprietor of the estate of Wemyss in direct descent from Hugo, the son of Gillimichael, fourth Earl of Fife, and therefore of the twenty-ninth generation from Macduff the great Maormhor of Fife. He is a captain in the royal navy, and member of parliament for the county of Fife.

A short way east of the village of West Wemyss, is Wemyss Castle, the residence of the family. It is a large and magnificent building,—part of it of considerable antiquity,—situated on the top of the rocks, about forty feet above the level of the sea, and commands an extensive view of the Firth of Forth. Here the unfortunate Mary Stewart is said to have first met Darnley, her ill-fated husband. In July, 1650, Wemyss Castle was visited by Charles II. who spent a day in it; and on the 13th of July, 1657, he again slept a night at the castle. Among other reliques of the olden time preserved in the Castle of Wemyss, is a silver bowl presented to Sir Michael Wemyss of Wemyss, by Eric King of Norway, in 1290, when he, and Sir Michael Scott of Balwearie, went to bring home the princess Margaret on the death of Alexander III. It has for some time been only used we believe on baptismal occasions. Our view of Wemyss Castle is taken from the

sea, to the south-west. On the top of the cliffs which bound the sea-shore, a short way to the east of the village of East Wemyss, are the ruins of the ancient castle of East Wemyss. It must at one time have been a place of great strength, and of some extent; but all that now remains of it are two square towers, and a portion of the wall. It is usually called Macduff's castle, and is said, in vulgar tradition, to have been built by Macduff, created Maormhor of Fife in 1057. The style of the building, however, very distinctly shows that it could not have been the work of that Celtic chief; but must have been erected in the 14th or 15th centuries. There are two caves at the bottom of the cliffs, immediately under the ruins, one of which is called Jonathan's cave, from the fact of a man of this name and his family having at one time resided in it; the other is narrow at the entrance, but spacious within, and contains a well of excellent water. Another of the caves on the coast here is called the Court cave; because, says one tradition, during the time the barony of East Wemyss belonged to the Livingstons, or the Colvilles, they held their baron-courts within it. According to another tradition, James V., when rambling the country in one of his frolic moods, discovered a company of gypsies here enjoying themselves, whom he joined in their merrymaking. When the liquor began to operate, the gypsies began to quarrel among themselves, and the King attempting to interfere, was likely to have been rather roughly handled, had his majesty not discovered himself: hence it was afterwards ironically called the Court cave.

Falls of Aldour

Plate XLII.

FALLS OF ACHARN.

The Falls of Acharn are formed in the bed of a mountain-stream which descends into Loch Tay, on the south side, about two miles above the bridge-of-Kenmore, at the neat hamlet of Acharn. There are three falls, the upper of which is about two furlongs from the carriage-road by the side of Loch Tay, and about four miles distant from the head of the stream which forms it. The second falls, as represented in our View, into a deep caldron, or circular cavity, in the rocky bed of the torrent, to which the Guides have given the name of Breadalbane's Punch-bowl. The second fall is higher than the first; but the third, or lowest fall, is considered by many the principal one, and forms a very noble and impressive object when the stream is in flood. We were fortunate enough to behold it in this state, when it presented the appearance of an immense body of water, springing in a single leap into an abyss, the actual depth of which was obscured and rendered more profound by the overhanging foliage which shoots out on every side of the chasm into which the stream here plunges. At the point where the headlong mass of water first leaps from the rock, it was of a fine amber tint, having doubtless received this discoloration from the heavy rains which had previously fallen, carrying with them a quantity of peat and bog water from the upper muirs; but this tint gradually passed, with the lengthening and widening column into a fine cream colour, and finally the whole broke into a shower of spray of snowy whiteness. A neat moss-clad, rustic building, called the Hermitage—to which the visiter is conducted by a long subterranean passage—is formed at an advantageous point of view. It is hung round with skins, deer-horns, and other sylvan ornaments; and the Guide occasionally dons a wild looking dress of shaggy goat-skins, and enacts the part of the hermit to the amusement, and sometimes the alarm, of his visiters.

Plate XLIII.

LOCH KEN.

Loch Ken lies in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright, within three miles of the burgh of New Galloway, and about twenty-five miles from Dumfries. It is fourteen miles in length, and a mile broad near the top, but decreasing in breadth towards its lower extremity. It may be considered as merely an expansion of the river Ken, which, rising in the northern part of the stewartry, and draining the several parishes of Corsefairn, Dalry, Balmaclellan, and Kells—generally called the Glen Kens, or the district of Glen Ken—forms itself into this lake. We have said that this lake is fourteen miles in length, but that extent is, properly speaking, occupied by two lakes, having an interval between them connected by the river.

The Glen Kens, or the district through which the river Ken flows, and the head of the lake, exhibit some of the finest scenery in this vicinity. The mountains, which enclose the glen, and that portion of the lake which adjoins Kenmure, are lofty, and present a varied and interesting outline. A natural forest at one period occupied this glen, called the forest of Kenns; and considerable remains of natural wood are still to be found in various parts on the banks of the river, and its tributary streams. From New Galloway, all the way up the glen, the scenery is delightful, and as the road rises along the edge of the hills the whole of this beautiful glen, with its river, and beyond it the extensive lake, form a very splendid view. But it is in the neighbourhood of Kenmure castle, situated near the head of the lake, and within three miles of the burgh of New Galloway, that the lover of beautiful scenery will longest pause and with greatest pleasure. The higher grounds here are finely wooded, while the lower grounds are either lying in pasture, or waving with the produce of the labours of the husbandman. In approaching the lake from New Galloway, the road is on both sides overhung with trees from amid the shade of which the visitor sometimes obtains peeps of the lake, sometimes of the river, and the meadow-land along its banks, and at other times of the lofty and ancient Castle of Kenmure: every step gives a new foreground, or a new distance to the picture.

Kenmure castle, or as it was anciently called, the Place of the Kenns, is an object of great interest in every view of the upper portion of the lake. It is obviously of great antiquity, and has long been the residence of the Gordons of Kenmure and Lochinvar. It has been well-preserved, and still forms the residence of Viscount Kenmure. In 1633,

Loch Ken & Castle

this ancient branch of the family of Gordon was ennobled in the person of Sir John Gordon of Lochinvar, created Viscount Kenmure, Lord Lochinvar. This title was attainted in 1715, but restored by George IV. in the person of the then aged and highly valued representative of the family.

The situation of this castle is very singular. It occupies nearly the entire summit of a circular mound of considerable height, which, from its singular form, and standing quite isolated on a plain at the head of the lake, has much the appearance of an artificial tumulus. Its sloping surface is covered with verdant turf, but the appearance of the natural rock in one or two places dissipates the idea of its being artificially constructed. The pathway leading to the summit of the mound winds round it like a screw; so that, in ascending to the castle, the visitor passes round it more than once before he reaches the small gravel platform in front of the entrance. This ancient structure, which is of great h ight, independent of the mound on which it is elevated, consists of two buildings standing at right angles to each other, and having the entrance at the corner where they join. Like other buildings of the olden time, it is ornamented with towers and turrets at its various ends and corners. The grounds around it associate with its ancient form; the garden still preserving, with its lofty beech hedges, much of the old style of gardening, and the old patrician trees, which flank and overshadow the approach, forming a magnificent entrance to this venerable relic of the feudal ages.

The present view of Loch Ken is taken from a height above Kenmure, looking south-west. In the foreground is the castle, with the lake, at the extremity of which is a small island called the Green Isle. To the right, in the extreme distance, are seen the summits of the mountains of Cumberland. On the left is a mountain called Benan; and on the left of the central distance, the conical summit of Bengairn.

Plate XLV.

GRAVE OF BESSIE BELL AND MARY GRAY.

Every Scotsman is familiar with the pathetic story of 'Bessie Bell and Mary Gray. The tradition on which this tale of true love and friendship in death is founded, is common to various parts of Scotland; but the scene of the catastrophe of the lovers, celebrated in the popular song, is generally referred, by local tradition, to the vicinity of Lednoch—now Lynedoch—on the banks of the Almond, one of the finest tributaries of the Tay.

The popular legend relates, that when the plague of 1665 broke out in Perth, Bessie Bell, a daughter of the Laird of Kinvaid, a family now extinct,—was paying a visit to her friend Mary Gray, at her father's house of Lednoch, about a mile distant. The two young ladies were each possessed of great beauty and accomplishments, and had entertained an extraordinary friendship for each other from infancy,—a friendship so pure and disinterested, and altogether unworldly, that it continued unimpaired even by the unhappy, and, as it appears, unavoidable circumstance of their discovering in themselves rivals in the affections of a young gentleman who was in habits of intimacy with the families of both. To avoid the formidable epidemic which was now devastating the neighbourhood, the two gentle friends retired to a sequestered glen, where they inhabited a cottage or boothy which their lover—whose affections were so equally attracted by the fair rivals that he could form no preference for one above the other in his mind—is represented to have constructed for them, with his own hands, on the banks of the Brauchie Burn, a small stream which flows into the Almond a little above Lynedoch cottage. Here they dwelt for a time happy in each other's unreserved confidence, and still cherishing a warm affection for each other and for the amiable object of their common love, whose kindly guardianship supplied them with the means at once of support and of concealment. Unhappily, in one of his visits to Perth for the purpose of procuring provisions, the youth caught the contagion, and unwittingly carried it to the hut of the two gentle hermits, who both perished along with their lover.

The old ballad says:

"They thought to lie in Methven kirk
Amang their noble kin;
But they maun lie in Lednoch brae
To beek fornent the sun."

As the victims of pestilence, their bodies were not permitted to be laid amongst the ancestral ashes of their respective families, but were buried in a spot called the Dronach Haugh, on the banks of the Almond, near 'yon burn brae,' on which the site of their bower is still shown.

Leyden, while he assigns the romantic story a Border locality, has versified this tale of love and beauty, and pestilence and death, in lines with which we gladly enrich our pages :—

From climes, where noxious exhalations steam
O'er aguey flats, by Nile's redundant stream,
It came :—The mildewed cloud, of yellow hue,
Drops from its putrid wings the blistering dew ;
The peasants mark the strange discoloured air,
And from their homes retreat in wild despair ;
Each friend they seek, their hapless fate to tell ;—
But hostile lances still their flight repel.
Ah ! vainly wise, who soon must join the train,
To seek the help your friends implored in vain !
To heaths and swamps the cultured field returns ;
Unheard-of deeds retiring virtue mourns :
For, mixed with fell diseases, o'er the clime
Rain the foul seeds of every baleful crime ;
Fearless of fate, devoid of future dread,
Pale wretches rob the dying and the dead :
The sooty raven, as he flutters by,
Avoids the heaps where naked corses lie ;
The prowling wolves, that round the hamlet swarm,
Tear the young babe from the frail mother's arm ;
Full-gorged, the monster, in the desert bred,
Howls, long and dreary, o'er the unburied dead.
Two beauteous maids the dire infection shun,
Where Dena's valley fronts the southern sun ;
While Friendship sweet, and Love's delightful power,
With fern and rushes thatched their summer-bower,
When spring invites the sister-friends to stray,
One graceful youth, companion of their way,
Bars their retreat from each obtrusive eye,
And bids the lonely hours unheeded fly,
Leads their light steps beneath the hazel spray,
Where moss-lined boughs exclude the blaze of day,
And ancient rowans mix their berries red,
With nuts that cluster brown above their head.
He, mid the writhing roots of elms, that lean
O er oozy rocks of ezlar, shagged and green,
Collects pale cowslips for the faithful pair,
And braids the chaplet round their flowing hair,
And for the lovely maids alternate burns,
As love and friendship take the sway by turns.
Ah ! hapless day, that, from this blest retreat
Lured to the town his slow, unwilling feet !

Yet, soon returned, he seeks the green recess,
Wraps the dear rivals in a fond caress;
As heaving bosoms own responsive bliss,
He breathes infection in one melting kiss;
Their languid limbs he bears to Dena's strand,
Chafes each soft temple with his burning hand:
Their cheeks to his the grateful virgins raise,
And fondly bliss him, as their life decays;
While o'er their forms he bends, with tearful eye,
And only lives to hear their latest sigh.
A veil of leaves the redbreast o'er them threw,
Ere thrice their locks were wet with evening dew.
There the blue ring-dove coos, with ruffling wing,
And sweeter there the throstle loves to sing;
The woodlark breathes, in softer strain, the vow;
And love's soft burthen floats from bough to bough.

Scenes of Infancy. Edin. 1803. Pp. 54—57.

Plate XLV.

SCENE ON THE TUMMEL NEAR BENVRACKIE.

THIS scene is sketched from a point near the Blair-Athole road, about two miles to the east of the eastern or lower extremity of Loch-Tummel, where the river—which has flowed for some distance betwixt thickly wooded banks, revealing its proximity only in an occasional murmur, or the flash of its waters through the impending umbrage—suddenly bursts, with a new enchantment, in rich and cheerful beauty upon the eye; while the towering summits of Benvrackie and Benigloe,—now enveloped in shadow or wreathed with mist, now glittering in the sunshine,—are seen soaring up into the blue vault of heaven,—the sharp peak and beautiful formation of the former contrasting markedly with the broad and rounded form of the latter. Benigloe, from this point of view, presents a deep indentation or scaur, which must be the bed of a terrific torrent during winter and after heavy rains.

Benvrackie, Beinvrackie, or Beinn-Bhreacaidh, signifies "the Spreckled mountain." Its elevation above the level of the sea is nearly 3,000 feet. Perhaps—to return to the character of the engraving—while the carefulness which marks the execution of this plate must render it pleasing to every one, had the artist imparted a little more of the rugged character of our Scottish mountain-scenery to the hills on the left of the river his performance would have been still more satisfactory to the critical eye.

Plate XLVI.

BANDIRRAN, AND DUNSINNAINE HILL.

Tradition asserts that Macbeth, thane of Glammis, after having murdered King Duncan, and usurped the Scottish crown, erected a strong castle on the summit of this hill, to which—as affording him greater security than his more customary residence at Carn Beth, about four miles to the south-west—he retired on the approach of Siward, and "the good Macduff;" that from its battlements he descried the fearful omen of his approaching downfall,—"a moving grove" advancing from the forest of Birnam; and that, despairing of the issue of the approaching contest, he fled northwards, but was pursued, overtaken, and slain at Lumphanan in Aberdeenshire. Some accounts, however, represent him as having thrown himself in despair over a precipitous part of Dunsinnaine, and having been buried at a place in the neighbourhood called 'The Lang Man's Grave.' A tumulus of earth, near Belmont castle, several miles east of Dunsinnaine, is also pointed out by some legends as the tomb of "the giant Macbeth." The resemblance between these traditions, and Shakspeare's wonderful drama, is remarkable, and favours the idea that our great poet had collected a considerable portion of his materials on the spot. "Birnam hill," says Mr. Knight in his unrivalled edition of Shakspeare, "is distant about a mile from Dunkeld; and two old trees, which are believed to be the last remains of Birnam wood, grow by the river-side, half-a-mile from the foot of the hill. The hills of Birnam and Dunsinnaine must have been excellent posts of observation in time of war, both commanding the level country which lies between them, and various passes, lochs, roads, and rivers in other directions. Birnam hill, no longer clothed with forest, but belted with plantations of young larch, rises to the height of 1,040 feet, and exhibits, amidst the heath, ferns, and mosses, which clothe its sides, distinct traces of an ancient fort, which is called Duncan's court. Tradition says that Duncan held his court there. The Dunsinnaine hills are visible, at the distance of twelve miles, from every part of its northern side. Birnam hill is precisely the point where a general, in full march towards Dunsinnaine, would be likely to pause, to survey the plain which he must cross; and from this spot would the 'leavy screen' devised by Malcolm become necessary to conceal the amount of the hostile force from the watch on the Dunsinnaine heights:—

Bandirran & Dunsinnaine Hill

'Thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.'"

The present view is taken from the south. The mansion-house in the centre is Bandirran, the seat of Miss Drummond. The lofty peak in the extreme distance, on the left side of the engraving, behind the tree in the foreground, is the summit of the classic Dunsinnaine, which rises nearly 800 feet above the spectator's eye at its base, and 1,114 feet, or, according to some authorities, 1,024 feet above sea-level. It is of a conical form, and terminates in an oval platform, measuring about 169 yards in length, and 89 yards in breadth. It is one of the Sidlaw hills; but is, in some measure, detached from the range, and is distinguished from the neighbouring heights by the greener sward which clothes its summit. Precipitous on all sides, except the north-west, and being in a great measure isolated, it presented a favourable post in the rude warfare of ancient times; and as such, appears to have been occupied as a hill-fort by the ancient Britons. A strong rampart has been cast up quite round the upper part of the hill; but this rampart—unlike that of similar early British works—appears to be composed of mason work, consisting of rough whin and quarried freestone, cemented with a kind of reddish mortar.

The view from the summit of Dunsinnaine—which may be approached on the north-west side by a pathway leading from the village of Collace—is rich and pleasingly diversified, and embraces portions of no fewer than sixteen counties. On the north-west and north are seen the towering forms of several of the principal Grampian summits, from Mount-Battock on the confines of the Mearns, to Benchonzie, which divides Glenturret from Glenalmond. Benygloe in Athole, and Schihallien, are peculiarly prominent. Stretching away to the north-east is the rich tract of Strathmore; on the south is the still richer carse of Gowrie, with "the green Lomonds" in the distance, and the Pentlands in the extreme horizon; on the west is the vale of the Tay.

William Nairne, Esq., sheriff of Perthshire, was raised to the bench, as a lord-of-session, under the title of Lord Dunsinnaine, in the latter part of last century. He died at an advanced age in March, 1812, and was succeeded in the entailed estate of Dunsinnaine by James Mellis Nairne, Esq., the present proprietor.

Plate CLVII.

BALMBREICH CASTLE.

The Castle of Balmbreich, which stands near the western extremity of the parish of Flisk, Fifeshire, is picturesquely situated on a steep bank overhanging the river Tay, surrounded by a number of fine trees; and forms a noble object in the landscape as seen in sailing up or down the Tay. It appears originally to have been a large parallelogram 180 feet in length, by 70 in breadth, enclosing a court yard in the centre. Three of the sides were formed by the buildings of the castle, which were four stories high; while the fourth side of the court yard was formed by a high wall or curtain, connecting the north and south sides of the castle together. The whole of the doors to the different parts of the building opened into the court yard; and the principal entrance to the whole seems to have been on the north. When inhabited, it was surrounded by a ditch or moat, the traces of which, though pretty distinct some years ago, are now nearly effaced. This once magnificent castle has suffered sad ravages from time, but greater still from the depredations of man; as it long formed a convenient quarry for those who had buildings to erect, either in its own neighbourhood, or on the opposite banks of the Tay. This system of destruction has, however, been put a stop to, and although probably about a third of the structure has been destroyed, there is sufficient remaining of its original height, to show what its extent and grandeur once was. The view given in the engraving is taken from the inside of the court yard, and gives a much better idea of this noble ruin than mere verbal description can do.

There is no date on any part of the ruins, from which the period of its erection can be ascertained; but the probability is, and this is strengthened by the appearance of the ruins, that it was not erected all at one time. The oldest portion appears to be that which forms the western side of the parallelogram, and the southern side, although much dilapidated, to be the most recent. From the beauty of the ashlar work of the walls remaining, it is not likely that any portion is as ancient as the time when the barony was acquired by Sir Andrew de Lesly; yet the oldest portion cannot be much more recent. The only conjecture as to the erection of any portion of the building which we have been able to form, is drawn from the date and initials on an iron plate

Balmbrough Castle

(Interior.)

in the possession of the Rev. Mr. Thomson, Balmerino, and which formed the door-plate on the entrance to the castle. The initials are "A. E. R.," Andrew Earl of Rothes; and the date is 1572. This was Andrew, fifth Earl of Rothes, second son of George the fourth Earl; and who succeeded to the earldom on the death of his father, in consequence of the forfeiture of his elder brother Norman, Master of Rothes, for his connection with the murder of Cardinal Bethune. Although a considerable portion of the castle is of a much older date than the period of this Earl, it is most probable that he made large additions to it about the period of the date on the door-plate.

The barony of Balmbreich originally formed part of the great lordship of Abernethy, held by Orm the son of Hugh, who flourished under the reign of Malcolm IV. His son Laurence, who took the name of Abernethy from his lands, gave to the canons regular of the priory of St. Andrews, ten shillings yearly, payable out of his lands of Balmbreich; with consent of Sir Patrick Abernethy, his son and heir. This Sir Patrick died before his father; but he left three sons, the eldest of whom, Hugh, succeeded his grandfather in the lordship of Abernethy. Hugh appears to have been a nobleman of great power and influence during the latter part of the reign of Alexander III., and the interregnum which followed the death of that monarch. He had no male issue, and his extensive possessions were divided among his three daughters; the eldest of whom was married to John Stewart, Earl of Angus; the second to Sir David Lindsay, ancestors of the Earls of Crawford; and the third, Mary, to Sir Andrew de Lesly, ancestor of the Earls of Rothes. By this last marriage, Sir Andrew de Lesly acquired the barony of Balmbreich, and other lands, and quartered the arms of Abernethy with his own. He was one of the Magnates Scotiæ who, in 1320, subscribed the letter to the Pope asserting the independence of Scotland. This extensive barony remained for nearly 500 years in the family of Rothes, and was purchased from them by the late Sir Lawrence Dundas, grandfather of the present proprietor.

Plate XLVIII.

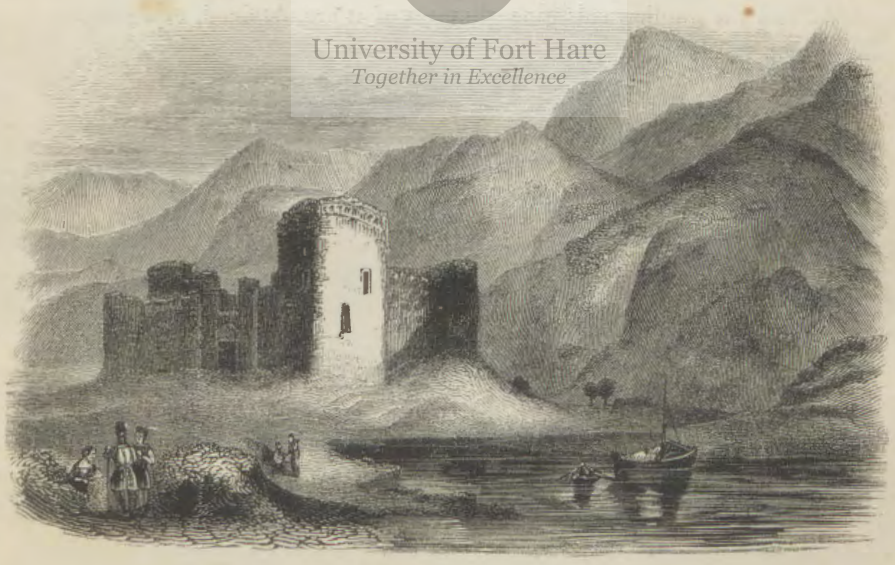
LOCH LOCHY.

This lake lies in the district of Lochaber in Inverness-shire, and forms one of the chain of lakes which occupy a large portion of the Gleann-mhor-nan-Albin, or the Great Glen of Scotland. This valley extends across the whole island, from the sound of Mull to the Murray firth; and, it is possible, may have been at one time entirely occupied by water. Its direction is accurately parallel to the stratification of the rocks which form the country; its highest elevation above the sea-level to the west, is about 90 feet; and its length may be computed at about 90 miles. If the sea ever did communicate through this valley, it is obvious that the shallow parts must have gradually been raised to their present height by the gradual accumulation of gravel or alluvial deposite. With regard to Loch Lochy and Loch Ness, this seems most probable; but it is not so certain with regard to Loch Oich. By the junction of these lakes with each other and with the sea, at either extremity, the Caledonian canal has been formed, through which a fifty gun frigate can sail.

Loch Lochy is about fourteen miles long, and not more than a mile broad. Its boundaries on either side, throughout its whole extent, are lofty mountains; but they rise up sudden and unbroken. Their outline is without variety; and after passing the mouth of the water of Arkeg, there is neither bay, promontory, nor turning of the lake, of size sufficient to break the disagreeable uniformity. A narrow valley, its bottom filled with an extensive sheet of water, presents a dreary vista, of which the termination cannot be seen; and a sense of tiresome vacuity is the result of a visit to Loch Lochy. Near the western end of the lake, however, where the water of Arkeg enters, there is some relief to the scenery here described. The fine bay which here sweeps on towards the glens of Achnacary and Meala Dubh,—the broken rocks, and fine woods which ornament these little valleys,—the wooded and heathery knolls which are scattered about,—the mansion-house of Lochiel, and the pleasant farm-house of Clunes,—afford an agreeable relief to the tourist, who has sailed up Loch Lochy from the east. It was at this place that our view of Loch Lochy was taken, from the top of a hillock called Tor-a-cromerk, situated at the gorge of the two glens we have mentioned, and looking across a portion of the lake toward the north-east. In front is the bay of Arkeg, and beyond it the loch, on which are seen a steam-packet, and some other vessels passing to the eastern sea. On the opposite side of the water are the hills of Lettre Finlay, which form the boundary of

the lake for a considerable extent on that side. Towards the right side of the engraving is the farm-house of Clunes; and immediately behind, rises a mountain called Craeg-Liagh, or the Grey rock.

On the banks of the Lochy, near its junction with the sea, stands Inverlochy castle, alike remarkable for its strength and construction, and for the obscurity of its origin. It consists of an extensive square quadrangle, with four round towers, one at each corner. The walls are nine feet thick, and the measure of the curtains about 100 feet in length. It is surrounded with a moat, and the remains of the drawbridge are still apparent. There is considerable historical interest connected with this spot. In 1427, the battle of Inverlochy was fought, by Donald Balloch against the Earls of Mar and Caithness; and another in 1645, between Argyle and Montrose. Nor do the occurrences which here took place during Cromwell's time, in which the energy and fame of Sir Ewan Cameron and his clan were so deeply involved, lessen the interest of this spot.



INVERLOCHY CASTLE.

Plate XLV.

INCHRYE ABBEY.

Inchrye, the property of David Wilson, Esq., a magnificent mansion erected at a cost of about £12,000, is unquestionably one of the finest private residences in Fife. It is in the Elizabethan, or Manorial style of architecture, and stands in a beautiful park, surrounded with young but rising wood, a little to the south-east of Lindores, in the parish of Abdie. From every height in the neighbourhood, Inchrye abbey is a beautiful object; and from the public roads, fine glimpses of it are obtained, especially from that by Trafalgar inn to Newburgh.

Plate L.

BALTHAYOCK CASTLE.

This massive edifice, once the seat of the ancient family of the Blairs, is now in ruins, but was habitable about the middle of last century, and is said to have been honoured by a visit from Prince Charles in 1745. Its ruins occupy a romantic and commanding site,—"a green, still, solemn place,"—at the upper end of a deep dell (well known to Botanists for its many rare plants) in the parish of Kinnoul, about a mile and a half to the north-east of Seggieden. Our artist has faithfully copied the features of the surrounding landscape, with the glittering Tay, and the spires of Perth, in the distance, and

"Full opposite, a beautiful green land,
In light nor clear nor dark. A mellow day
Sheds its soft influence over hill and dale,
And tenderest foliage down a hundred dells
Spread over paths that wind beside the bed
Of tinkling streamlets. Thickly scattered stand
Elm-shaded cottages; and wreathed smoke
In bright blue curls goes up, and o'er the vales
That lie towards the waves, sleeps peacefully."

Plate LI.

GLENEAGLES.

The water of Ruthven, in its infant course, skirting the north-eastern side of the Braes of Ogilvie, flows through the picturesque Perthshire valley of which we have here presented a spirited engraving, after a sketch by Mr. William Brown of Perth. The vale of this "child of the clouds" may be traced with interest by both the Antiquarian and the Pictorial tourist, from its source on the northern side of the Ochills to its junction with the Earn at the Haughs of Aberuthven. The route will lead the traveller along the line of march pursued by the legions of Agricola, when, in the summer of the year 84, that general, having led his troops through Fife, entered Glendevon, and turning to the right through an opening of the Ochills, passed down, it is supposed, through Gleneagles, to give battle to the Caledonian army on the moor of Ardoch. It will also afford him an opportunity of inspecting the ruins of Kincardine castle, the old seat of the Grahams, and once the residence of the great and gallant Marquess of Montrose. Should he incline to visit a spot of unhappy notoriety in the Ecclesiastical annals of our day, by an easy debouche from the line of the stream, he will have an opportunity of making himself acquainted with the outward but by no means very interesting features of the village of Auchterarder. And should he feel disposed to follow the stream to its junction with the Earn, after leaving, on the right, the snugly planted mansion-house of Damside, and passing through the village of Aberuthven, he will find himself descending into Strathearn, and commanding a fine view of that rich valley as he approaches the banks of its lovely stream.

Glenogles

J. Fleming J. Swan

Loch Vennachar

A. Fullarton & Cº London & Edinburgh.

Plate LII.

LOCH-VENACHOIR.

This lake is little more than an expansion of the beautiful river Teath, which may be said to take its rise from Loch-Katrine, or more properly to originate in the numerous mountain streams, which pour into the lake in cataracts from its steep and rugged banks. The valley, in which the river Teath and its lakes are situated, is winding and of various breadths. At Loch-Katrine it is wide, but the mountains which hem it in, are bold, rugged, and precipitous; at the Lower Trossachs, as we have already described, it becomes narrow, and is apparently scattered over with broken mountains, so as scarcely to allow a passage for the stream that flows into Loch-Achray; at that lake it again expands, particularly on the south side; and at Loch-Venachoir the expansion is still greater, and the chains of mountains are more separated from each other. After leaving the last of its lakes, the Teath flows towards Callander through a wide and open valley; and at that beautifully situated village it winds and meanders through a number of meadows, forming those fine curves which in Scotland are called links, as if unwilling to depart from the magnificent scenery, which in its varied course it has so much tended to adorn. It is worthy of notice, that in this river pearls were at one time found in considerable quantities; and it is said that some of the country people have made so much as £100 in a season. This lucrative fishery, however, has been for some time quite exhausted, and it will probably require a long course of time before it can be resumed. As the muscles which produced the pearls are still to be found in the stream, and as the mode in which nature produces this beautiful excrescence is known, it might be worth while to ascertain whether or not they could be artificially produced by puncturing the shells and committing them again to the water.

Loch-Venachoir is a fine expanse of water, about five miles in length, and one and a half mile in breadth. The outline of its shores is beautiful and waving, and throughout almost its whole extent it is adorned with a skirting of wood. It thus possesses much intrinsic interest to the lovers of natural scenery; and were it situated almost any where else, it would be very highly admired; but the magnifi-

cent scenery with which it is surrounded, engrosses so intensely the attention of the visitor, that the graces of Loch-Venachoir are much less attended to than they really deserve.

The view given of this lake, is taken from the northern shore, looking towards the south-west. It embraces only the western half of the lake, but it conveys a vivid idea of the character of its scenery,—its winding, wooded shores, shooting into promontories, or withdrawing into lovely creeks and bays, and the majestic mountains by which the whole is surrounded. Ben Venue is seen here in the west, and, with its picturesque outline, forming the back-ground in the centre of the engraving. The lake contains an island named *Bhroine*, which means the Island of Lamentation.

In approaching Loch-Venachoir from Callander, before arriving at its eastern end, the traveller passes Coillinteogle ford, which, as all the readers of poetry know, was

"Clan-Alpine's outmost guard;"

and here the combat took place between the Knight of Snowdon and the Highland Chief. A bridge has now been erected over the river, near the place where it formerly was forded. Some years ago, several stones with rude images engraven on them, resembling the upper part of the human body, were found on the farm of Coillinteogle. Near Blairgarvie, a mile beyond Coillinteogle, fine views of the lake are obtained; and at Milntown, about a mile further on, there is a pretty cascade formed by a small stream which rushes down from the north.

Proceeding along the shores of the lake, the traveller arrives at the wooded bank called *Coillebhroine*, or as it is pronounced *Coil-av-roin;* that is, "the wood of lamentation." This name owes its origin, it is said, to a malignant action of the water-kelpie or fiend, perpetrated at this place. Most Scotsmen know the general tradition with regard to this supposed inhabitant of the rivers and lakes of Scotland; and many will recollect Dr. Jamieson's fine ballad of "The Water-Kelpie." Different traditions are handed down with regard to the action attributed to the malicious fiend of Loch-Venachoir. Sir Walter Scott, in his notes to the Lady of the Lake, says, that it caused the destruction of a funeral party passing along the shores of the lake. The minister of Callander, who has so well illustrated this district of Perthshire, gives another version of the story. "As a number of children," says he, "were one day at play on the border of the lake, a beautiful horse issued forth from it. Such was its apparent gentleness that one of the children, after having long admired its beauty, ventured to mount it; another, and another, followed his example, till the whole of them had mounted, the creature gradually lengthening his back, to admit their numbers as they advanced. He then instantly plunged into the deep, and devoured them all in his watery cave, except one, who by a singular fortune escaped to tell the tale." Either of these tales is sufficiently poetical, and might be made the subject of a fine ballad.

About a mile beyond Coil-av-roin, on the north side of the road, is Duncraggan, the first stage of the fiery cross. Here Malise, the henchman of Roderick Dhu, burst into the hall, showing the cross, and exclaiming,

"The muster-place is Lanrick Mead;"

while the mourners sing the coronach over the body of Duncan, the late lord; and from hence his son was obliged to leave the obsequies of his father, and taking the cross from the henchman, to carry it through an additional portion of the Clan-Alpine district. The devotedness of the Highland vassal to his chief is thus beautifully and truly illustrated by Sir Walter, when he shows that even the funeral of a parent could not come in competition with the mandates of Roderick, and the safety of the Clan

"Speed, Malise, speed! the lake is past,
Duncraggan's huts appear at last,
And peep, like moss-grown rocks, half seen,
Half hidden in the copse so green;
There mayst thou rest, thy labour done,
Their lord shall speed the signal on.
As stoops the hawk upon his prey,
The henchman shot him down the way.
* * * * *
Within the hall, where torches' ray
Supplies the excluded beams of day,
Lies Duncan on his lowly bier,
And o'er him streams his widow's tear,
His stripling son stands mournful by,
His youngest weeps, but knows not why.
* * * * *
All stand aghast:—unheeding all,
The henchman bursts into the hall;
Before the dead man's bier he stood;
Held forth the cross besmeared with blood;
'The muster-place is Lanrick Mead;
Speed forth the signal! clansmen, speed!'
Angus, the heir of Duncan's line,
Sprung forth and seized the fatal sign.
In haste the stripling to his side
His father's dirk and broadsword tied;
But when he saw his mother's eye
Watch him in speechless agony
Back to her open'd arms he flew,
Pressed on her lips a fond adieu—
'Alas!' she sobbed,—'and yet begone,
And speed thee forth like Duncan's son.'"

At Duncraggan, the traveller catches a very fine view of Loch-Achray.

In passing the western extremity of Loch-Venachoir, the farm of Lanrick is seen to the south-west. This was the place of muster of the Clan Alpine; and it will be observed that there is here a level piece of ground, centrically situated amid a vast surrounding array of mountains, rocks, and woods; intermingled with lakes, and intersected by rapid streams. Every Highland clan had its own muster-place; and in

selecting Laurick Mead, which is seen in the engraving in the distance, and at the base of the hills, as the muster-place for the sons of Alpine, Sir Walter has shown his usual power of correct observation, and his fine taste for the scenery of nature.

WOOD OF COILLEBHROINE.

Edinburgh Castle

From Princes Street

A. & C. Black, 4 & 5 Soho Square, London & Edinburgh.

Plate LIII.

THE CASTLE OF EDINBURGH.

On the summit or precipitous extremity of the central hill of Edinburgh stands the Castle, covering an area of about six English acres. The rock which it surmounts is precipitous on the northern, western, and southern sides; in some places is almost perpendicular; and, at its highest part, rises nearly 300 feet above the vale below, and 383 feet above the level of the sea. On its eastern side it sends off a glacis or esplanade, 350 feet by 300, called the Castle Hill, which communicates with the upper end of Castle Street or High Street, commands all the rich landscape round Edinburgh, except toward the west, and is used both as a parade-ground for the military, and promenade for the citizens. On the western verge of the esplanade is advanced the outer pallisadoed barrier of the fort. Behind this are a dry ditch and a drawbridge, flanked by low batteries. Within these the road wends past a guard-house, and passes under an arched gateway, secured by strong gates, and bearing aloft an edifice which is used as a state-prison. On the right, after passing the gateway, is the Argyle battery, mounted with 10 guns of 12 and 18 pounders, which are pointed toward the New Town, and from which, in general, the salutes are fired. The road thence leads past the arsenal, which is capable of containing 30,000 stands of arms, and exhibits a display of trophies and military stores curiously arranged, and highly attractive to a stranger who has looked little on the muniments of war,—the houses of the governor and other functionaries, which are of plain appearance,—and a huge pile of buildings, called the New Barracks, built in 1796, three stories in front, but four in the rear, resting there upon piazzas, and so grossly disfiguring the outline of the Castle, as to appear, even at a considerable distance, like a large factory sitting on the brink of a precipice. The road sweeps past these buildings in a curve, and during its progress is climbing an ascent; and it now, through a second strong gateway, enters the inner and higher vallum of the fort. Within are the ancient erections of the Castle, and nearly all its most interesting objects. On the south side is a lofty pile of buildings with a court in the centre. The south-east portion of this pile was partly built in 1565 by Queen Mary as a palace, and contains, on the ground-floor, a small apartment—now part of the canteen or tavern of the Castle, and quite accessible to any visitor—in which she was delivered of James VI. In the same buildings is the crown-room, in which the regalia of Scotland are exposed three hours a-day to the view of visitors who have been furnished at the Royal Exchange with

gratuitous tickets of admission. The regalia were lodged here on the 26th of March 1707, immediately after the act of Union, and were long supposed to have been secretly conveyed to London; but on the 5th of February 1818, were discovered by commissioners appointed by the Prince Regent, carefully, and even elaborately, secured in a large oaken chest. They consist of the crown, the sceptre, the sword of state, and the Lord-Treasurer's rod of office; and are placed on a table, surrounded from ceiling to floor with a barred cage, and made visible by "the dim religious light" of four lamps. In the crown-room are also a ruby ring, set round with diamonds, worn by Charles I. at his Scottish coronation,—the golden collar of the Order of the Garter, sent by Elizabeth to James VI.,—and the badge of the Order of the Thistle, set with diamonds, and bequeathed by Cardinal York to George IV. On the east side of the Castle, immediately north of the square court, is the half-moon battery, mounted with 14 guns, overlooking the Old Town, and entirely commanding the access along Castle Street and the Castle Hill. On this battery are a flag-staff, behind which George IV. surveyed the city; and a very deep draw-well, the water of which fails when the guns are fired. Farther to the north, and overlooking the Argyle battery, is the bomb-battery, the highest point of the rock, whence a magnificent view is obtained of the gorgeous and far-spreading panorama hung out on all sides toward the distant horizon. On the bomb-battery was placed in March 1829, the celebrated piece of ordnance called Mons Meg, of 20 inches in the bore,—composed of long pieces of beat iron which are held together by a close series of iron hops,—employed in 1497 by James IV., at the siege of Norham Castle on the English Border,—rent, in 1682, when firing a salute to James, Duke of York,—and bearing on both sides of its elegant frame an inscription which supposes it to have been forged in 1486 at Mons. Behind the bomb-battery stands a small chapel of recent erection on the site of a very old one which it supplanted. The Castle, except on the eastern side, is exceedingly ill-adapted for the purposes of a fort, and presents an outline either of high houses, or walls, or points of rock, having little capacity for gunnery; the fortifications corresponding with none of the rules of art, but accommodating their form and their uses to the irregular sweep of the rock on which they stand. The garrison has a non-resident governor, a deputy-governor, a fort-major, a store-keeper, a master-gunner, and two chaplains, the one Presbyterian, and the other Episcopalian.

D. McKenzie J. Swan

Craighall.
The Seat of C. Rattray Esq.r

A. Fullarton & C.o London & Edinburgh

Plate LV.

CRAIGHALL.

The Ardle, whose head-streams descend from Glen-Fernate, Loch Loch, and Glen-Brerarchan in Moulin, after flowing rapidly through the picturesque district of Strath-Ardle, the ancient *Strath-na-mhuic-bric*, or 'Glen of the Brindled sow,' unites with the Shee, known also as the Blackwater, collecting its head-streams in Glen-Lochy and Glen-Beg, and descending through Glen-Shee, a little below the bridge of Cally: the united streams assume the name of the Ericht, which rushing over a rocky and uneven channel, of varying depth and breadth, a turbid and eddying stream when swollen by the autumnal rains or winter thaws, has often committed fearful devastations on the adjoining lands, and won for itself the far-known appellation of 'the ireful Ericht.' In many parts, however, of its course, the Ericht, however high in flood, has its fury effectually controlled by banks of great height, in some parts clothed with tall trees, in other parts rising in grand and picturesque conglomerate cliffs, or rocks thinly clad with scanty vegetation and creeping shrubs. About two miles north of the village of Blairgowrie, they present a scene which excites the admiration of every tourist, and greatly resembles that on the Beauly, above the falls of Kilmorack; rising on both sides to the height of two hundred feet above the bed of the river, and forming a deep rocky gorge above seven hundred feet in length, through which the river forces its way, murmuring and foaming round huge blocks which the touch of Time has detached from the impending cliffs, or shooting over the smooth rock in a sheet of silvery foam. Here, clinging like a swallow's nest to the craggiest summit of the eastern bank, and harmonizing perfectly with the adjacent rocks, appears the house of Craighall, one of the most romantic residences in Great Britain. "The situation of it," says Pennant, "is romantic beyond the power of description. It is placed in the midst of a deep glen, surrounded on all sides with wide-extended dreary heaths, where are still to be seen the rude monuments of thousands of our ancestors who here fought and fell. The house itself stands on the brow of a vast precipice, at the foot of which the river Ericht runs deep and sullen along. It commands a prospect for the space of half-a-mile northward, the most pleasant and most awful that can be conceived. About twice the distance now mentioned, the river—that had for many miles glided along beautifully sloping banks, covered with trees of various kinds planted by the hand of Nature—feels itself confined in a narrow channel by rocks of an astonishing height, through the chinks of which the

oaks shoot forth and embrace each other from opposite sides, so as to exclude the kindly influences of the sun, and to occasion almost a total darkness below. The stream, concealed from our view, makes a tremendous noise, as if affrighted by the horrors of its confinement. The echoing of the caves on every side render the scene still more dreadful. At length the river is diverted in its course by a promontory of a great height, vulgarly called Lady Lindsay's castle. Near the summit, this rock is separated into two divisions, each of which rises to a considerable height, opposite one to another, and appear like walls hewn out of solid stone. In the intermediate space, fame says, this adventurous heroine fixed her residence. After a few more windings, the river directs its course to Craighall, having saluted several impending precipices as it rushed along, —particularly one of enormous size and smooth in front, [Craigleagh or Craiglioch,] at the base of which, in a hollow cavern, is heard a continual dropping of water at regular intervals." A projecting balcony, at the northern windows, places the spectator directly over the chasm; and it requires a steady eye and cool head to look down unappalled into the fearful depth of the yawning abyss below. Our painter, Mr. D. Mackenzie, has caught the novel and picturesque effect of the scene.

Broomhall

The Seat of the Right Hon^ble^ Earl of Mayo

Plate LV.

BROOMHALL.

Broomhall, the elegant mansion of the Right Honourable the Earl of Elgin and Kincardine, is situated on an elevated lawn overlooking the village of Limekilns on the north side of the firth of Forth, in the parish of Dunfermline, Fifeshire. It is surrounded by extensive grounds richly wooded. The late noble Earl will be long remembered for his taste and knowledge in the Fine Arts, and for the benefit he conferred on Art by bringing to this country those admirable specimens of Greek sculpture now in the British museum, known as the Elgin Marbles. He was descended from Robert de Bruys, who obtained various charters of land from David II., and is styled by that monarch his cousin. There is still preserved at Broomhall a helmet and sword—long preserved in an elder branch of the family now extinct, the Bruces of Clackmannan—which, there seems no doubt, were those worn by Robert Bruce at the battle of Bannockburn. These interesting relics of that great monarch were carried in the procession at the laying of the foundation-stone of the new church of Dunfermline, erected over the last resting-place of the patriot king. Robert de Bruys, above-mentioned, is said to have been descended from John de Bruys, a younger son of Robert, fifth Lord of Annandale, who was uncle to King Robert Bruce. Among other grants he, in 1359, received a grant of the estate and manor of Clackmannan, by which his descendants were afterwards designated. This elder branch of the family became extinct on the death of Henry Bruce, Esq. of Clackmannan, in 1772, without issue, when the representation devolved upon the Earl of Elgin. Edward Bruce, second son of Sir David Bruce of Clackmannan, the fifth in descent from Robert de Bruys, obtained a charter of the lands of Blairhall, and was father of Edward Bruce, commendator of the Cistertian abbey of Kinloss, who, in 1608, was created a peer by the title of Lord Bruce of Kinloss, and had the whole lands and baronies belonging to the abbey erected into a temporal lordship in his favour. His eldest son, Edward, second Lord Bruce of Kinloss, was one of the gentlemen of the bed-chamber to James VI.: he was killed in a duel, in 1613, by Sir Edward Sackville, afterwards Earl of Dorset, who was himself severely wounded. He was succeeded by his brother, Thomas, third Lord Bruce of Kinloss, who was created Earl of Elgin by Charles I. in 1633, and afterwards a peer of England by the title of Lord Bruce of Whorlton. His son, Robert, second Earl of Elgin, was created Earl of Ailesbury in England, and carried St. Edward's staff at the coronation of James VII. Charles, fourth Earl of Elgin, and third Earl of Ailesbury, having died without issue, was suc-

ceeded by his heir male, Charles, ninth Earl of Kincardine, in the title of Earl of Elgin. He was descended from Sir George Bruce of Carnock, third son of Sir Edward Bruce of Blairhall, and brother of the first Lord Bruce of Kinloss. Sir George settled at Culross, where he established extensive coal-works, manufactured salt to a great extent, was much engaged in foreign commerce, and, by his ability and sagacity, attained to great wealth. An amusing anecdote is told of the manner in which James VI. was frightened when visiting his works:—The coal was wrought to a considerable distance under the sea, and was shipped at a moat, within sea-mark, where there was a shaft connected with the workings below, by which the coal was brought to the surface. King James being on a visit to that part of the country, expressed a desire to see the works, and was accordingly conducted through them to the moat, where he was both astonished and terrified at finding himself surrounded by the sea. He called out 'Treason!' but his fears were quickly dispelled by the appearance of a handsome pinnace, in which he was conducted ashore; after which he was sumptuously entertained by Sir George at the abbey of Culross. Sir George's grandson, Sir Edward Bruce, was created Earl of Kincardine by Charles I. in 1647. Alexander, third Earl of Kincardine, having died without issue, was succeeded in the title by Sir Alexander Bruce of Broomhall, son of Robert Bruce of Broomhall, third son of Sir George Bruce of Carnock. Robert Bruce of Broomhall was appointed a Lord of session in June 1649. He was a member of the committee of war for the shire of Fife, 1648; a commissioner for revising the laws and acts of Parliament, 1649; a member of the committee of estates appointed by Parliament on the 6th June, 1651; and died in June 1652. The present Earl of Elgin and Kincardine, who succeeded his father in 1841, is of the fourteenth generation in descent from the first Robert de Bruys of Clackmannan; and is, from the failing of the elder branches, the representative, in the male line, of the ancient and royal name of Bruce.

Plate LVI.

LOCH TAY.

Loch Tay is a magnificent sheet of water in the Breadalbane district of Perthshire. It is upwards of fifteen miles in length, and in some places nearly half-a-mile in breadth, and averages from fifteen to one hundred fathoms in depth. The united streams of the Dochart and Lochy pour their waters into the head of the loch, a little below the village of Killin; while the noble river Tay issues from its lower end at Kenmore. The traveller can visit Loch Tay either from the east or from the west: a good road being carried along both its shores from the one end to the other. That along its northern side is the best for carriages, and is most generally followed by travellers. The scenery by this route, however, is much inferior to that displayed by the southern road. The north road has in some places been carried too high up along the slope of the mountains, and although the lake in almost its whole expanse is before the tourist, yet the prospect is unvaried and monotonous, the foregrounds are tame or altogether wanting, and there is an almost total want of those delicious close views which are the delight alike of the artist and the connoisseur.

The reader must now suppose himself upon the slope of Strone-Clachan, a mountain which rises above the valley of Killin, at the head of Loch Tay. Looking towards the north-east, he has an extensive view of the lake, and of its lofty and irregular boundaries. The river Dochart, now joined by the Lochy, flows far below, through smiling meadows, towards the lake; and the majestic woods of Finlarig are beneath and around him. These woods form the foreground in the engraving, and nearly concealed by them at the right side, are seen the ruins of the ancient Castle of Finlarig, one of the seven castles at one time possessed by the lairds of Glen-Urchay and Breadalbane. This castle was built in 1520, by Sir Colin Campbell, most probably the father of the Sir Colin who built Balloch Castle at Taymouth, about sixty years afterwards. It is now a mere ruin, possessing little interest in itself, but the venerable oaks, the vast chestnut and ash trees which surround it, give it an air of the most imposing solemnity. Here Sir Colin and his descendants long lived in feudal magnificence, amid the friends and retainers of his family; and tradition still speaks of the hospitality which made the now deserted halls of Finlarig resound with joy and happiness. This castle was afterwards inhabited by the son of the chief, who here held a court of his own, and exercised a hospitality as unbounded as that of Taymouth, now the principal residence. On

one occasion, the flower of the clan were assembled at Finlarig for the purpose of celebrating the marriage of one of its members. While the festivity was at its height, it was reported that the MacDonalds of Glencoe were returning loaded with plunder, the spoils of a *creach*, or foray, and that they had refused or neglected to pay the customary tribute due to the chief through whose lands they had to pass. To avenge the affront thus conceived to have been offered, the Campbells instantly seized their arms, and, with breathless haste, ascended Strone-Clachan, the mountain whence the present view is taken. Being mostly young men, they pressed hotly on to attack the MacDonalds; but one of the more aged recommended that they should divide into two bodies, one of whom, by taking a circuit, should attack the enemy in flank. Their youthful ardour despising this advice, they attacked the MacDonalds in front, who stood prepared for their defence. The Campbells were speedily overpowered by their more cautious foes; and twenty gentlemen, cadets of the family, were left dead on the field. Speedily the news of this disaster was carried to Taymouth, and a reinforcement of the clan, with the chief at their head, came to the assistance of the discomfited party. The pursuit was immediately continued, and the children of Ian were overtaken on the Braes of Glen-Urchay. The conflict was there renewed, the Campbells were now the victors, and the brother of MacDonald of Keppoch, who headed the *creach*, with many of his followers, were killed.

TAYMOUTH CASTLE.

St. Monans Church

Plate LVII.

SAINT MONANCE.

The village of St. Monance is situated close upon the Fifeshire coast, about 1½ mile west of Pittenweem. It is a burgh-of-barony held under the laird of Newark. It has a small harbour, now resorted to only by one or two barks of small burden and some fishing-boats. The population, in 1841, was 1,029, in 165 houses. The church is situated at the west end of the village close upon the beach. It is a Gothic edifice, originally founded in the 14th century, and, till recently renovated, presenting a singularly antique appearance in its interior furnishings as well as externally. It is now a very handsome place of worship, seated for 528, and preserving as much of its ancient outline as was found consistent with modern ideas of comfort. It is related that David II. having been grievously wounded by a barbed arrow, and miraculously cured at the tomb of St. Monance at Inverray, dedicated this chapel to him, and granted thereto the lands of Easter Birnie. Keith says: "This chapel, which was a large and stately building of hewn stone, in form of a cross, with a steeple in the centre, was given to the Black friars, by James III., in 1460-80. The wall of the south and north branches of this monastery" —he adds—"are still standing, but want the roof; and the east end and steeple serve for a church to the parishioners."

This parish was known by the name of Abercrombie so far back as 1174. In 1646 the lands of Newark, constituting the barony of St. Monance, were disjoined from Kilconquhar, and annexed *quoad sacra* to Abercrombie. The parish thus enlarged received the designation of Abercrombie with St. Monance. In the course of years, and with the decline of the village of Abercrombie and rise of that of Monance, the old title disappeared altogether, and the parish came to be known as that of St. Monance, as it is still pretty generally designated, although the old title of Abercrombie has been revived for the last thirty years at the wish of the principal heritor.

Plate LVIII.

MACNAB'S BURIAL-PLACE.

The most interesting spot amidst the fine and singularly varied scenery of Killin is a little pine-clad island formed by the Dochart, on which is the *Kiell Tighearn*,—'the Burying-place of the lairds' of the clan Macnab. It is approached from the south end of the bridge by which the public road is led across the Dochart, immediately before entering the village of Killin from the west. On three sides it is bounded by the Dochart, which, dividing into two branches at the bridge, forms the island; on the fourth it is connected with the bridgeway by a narrow isthmus, forming a fine approach, under a vista of tall trees, to the lower or eastern end of the islet on which the burial-place is situated. The latter is a simple unadorned quadrangular enclosure of 26 feet by 12, surrounded by a plain rough-cast wall about 12 feet in height. There is no pretension to architectural elegance or decoration about the place; but the deep seclusion, the murmur of the encircling river, and the umbrageous shade of the surrounding pine-trees, give a solemnity to the spot highly in unison with the object to which it has been for ages appropriated, and the pensive thoughts and associations that suggest themselves to the mind in connection with the last resting-place of an ancient and almost vanished line; and form an adornment better far than

> "gloomy aisles
> Black plastered, and hung round with shreds of scutcheons
> And tattered coats-of arms."

It is a spot beautiful with nameless enchantments,—solitary, dreamy, and poetic;

> "A scene sequestered from the haunts of men,—
> The loveliest nook of all that lovely glen;"

and we first visited it on an evening of most delicious beauty,—an eve "so still, so fair," that it has remained and will for ever remain fixed, in all its calm and silent beauty, an heir-loom in our imaginative memory. A dim haze of a purplish tint shrouded the mountains rising on the northern side of Loch Tay; the glow of a golden sunset had not wholly faded from the west; all sounds were hushed save the deep low murmur of the Dochart, and our footsteps fell noiselessly on the green turf as if we paced the chambers of the dead. Gradually the evening shadows deepened, and the stars began

D. M. Mackenzie

John Smith

Burial place of the Macnabs

A. Vallance & Co. London & Edinburgh

to glimmer through the dusky branches overhead, ere we returned to our home for the night, musing on the memories of the past, and lost in that sort of mournful yet pleasing reverie which is natural to

"the peaceful hour, half-day, half-night."

The only monuments within the enclosure are two flat stones, and an upright one. On the exterior of the western wall is a small mural tablet. According to the information of our guide, all the chiefs of the clan Macnab are buried under one of the flat stones, on which is rudely pourtrayed, in low relief, a full-length figure with a large two-handed sword. The last laird of Macnab was buried here about twenty years ago; but the latest funeral was that of Mrs. Macnab of Strathearn, who died in 1837. The upright tombstone is to the memory of Colin Macnab, Esq. of Suie, who died in April, 1832. The mural tablet bears the following inscription: "In memory of a man, an honour to his name, Lieut. Allan Macnab, 92d regiment, who, after serving his country in Holland, Portugal, and Spain, at last, on the field of Almeida, gloriously fell, 5th May, 1811. This stone has been erected by his affectionate cousin, Archibald Macnab." The guide informed us, with considerable feeling of manner, that Lieutenant Macnab was a schoolfellow of his own; and added, that there had been "many brave ladies and gentlemen,—aye generals, and colonels, and captains," buried here within his recollection; and that his clansmen—for he was himself a Macnab—still prefer being buried in this spot when permission can be obtained from their absent chief. Our informant, who was an old but intelligent man, and had his mind

"full of the memories
And the legends of his race,"

appeared to cherish with fondness the idea of his chief returning from his Transatlantic exile, and resuming the possessions and honours of his House; while he pathetically lamented the fate of his exiled clansmen, whom stern necessity had compelled to emigrate to Canada, chiefly because their graves would be

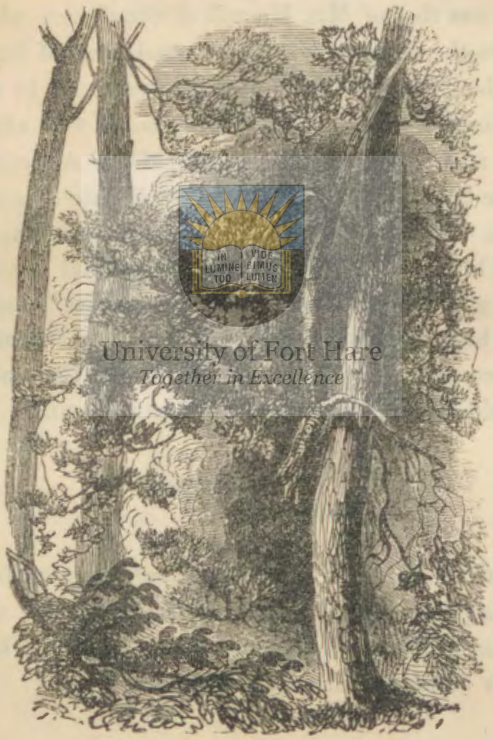
"delved in earth,
That smiled not on their birth.'

Mr. Mackenzie has managed his subject, in the present instance, with great taste and feeling. Moonlight is on the moaning river and the solemn shadowy pines—fit hour and scene for mourning and communion with the dead. The lonely pensive figure seated in the foreground, soothed perhaps to mournful thoughts by the scenery and associations of the spot, makes an ideal picture of the scene.

Our attention was called to a singular natural phenomenon on this island. It is a parasitic branch of a pine-tree, which was torn off its parent-stem, during a high gale of wind, about thirty-six years ago, and having been caught in its descent between two branches of an adjacent tree, has not only remained fixed there, but has contracted a

vital union with the sustaining branches, and appears in as sound and flourishing a condition as any of the surrounding branches. The phenomenon is not altogether unknown to foresters;* but it is very rare, we believe, in the case of soft woods. The subjoined sketch will give a better idea of the position of this parasitical branch than any mere verbal description.

* There is an account of a yellow pine-tree bearing another in a perfectly healthful state, in the American Professor Silliman's "Journal," No. 53.



Leslie House

Plate LII.

LESLIE HOUSE.

At the east end of the parish of Leslie, in Fifeshire, is situated Leslie house, with its magnificently wooded grounds, the residence of the Right Honourable the Earl of Rothes. This house was built, and great additions made to the plantations, by the celebrated Duke of Rothes, Lord-chancellor of Scotland during the reign of Charles II. It originally formed a quadrangle, enclosing in the centre an extensive court-yard, but three of the sides were burnt down in December 1763. The fourth side was repaired, and forms the present house. The picture gallery in this part of the building, which is hung with portraits of connections of the family, is three feet longer than the gallery at Holyroodhouse. Among the pictures at Leslie house may be mentioned those of the fifth Earl and his Countess, by Jamieson, the Duke and Duchess of Rothes, the celebrated Duke of Lauderdale and his Duchess, the Princess of Modena; General John, Earl of Rothes, by Sir Joshua Reynolds; Archbishop Tillotson; and a portrait of Rembrandt by himself. Among the curious relics of former times still preserved in the house, may be mentioned the dagger with its sheath, used by Norman Leslie, master of Rothes, at the murder of Cardinal Bethune; and the magnificent sword of State carried by the Duke of Rothes at the coronation of Charles II. at Scone.

The ancient family of Rothes derive their descent from Bartholomew, a Flemish baron, who settled with his followers in the district of Garioch, in Aberdeenshire, in the reign of William the Lion. He obtained the barony of Lesly in that district, from which his descendants adopted their name. Norman de Lesly, the fourth in descent from him, obtained from Alexander III., in 1283, a grant of the woods and lands of Fetkill, which came afterwards to be called Lesly; and which have since remained in the possession of the family. George de Lesly of Rothes, the ninth in descent from the first settler, was created Earl of Rothes previous to March, 1457. John, the sixth Earl of Rothes, was created Duke of Rothes, Marquis of Ballenbreich, Earl of Lesly, Viscount of Lugtoun, Lord Auchmoutie and Caskieberry in 1680, with remainder to his male issue only; and his lordship having only two daughters, these honours became extinct. His eldest daughter, however, succeeded to the original titles, and having married Charles, fifth Earl of Haddington, her eldest son became seventh Earl of Rothes, and her second son sixth Earl of Haddington. The present noble lord is the 14th Earl of Rothes, and 16th Lord Lesly.

Plate LV.

CITY OF PERTH,

FROM THE BRIDGE.

The capital of Perthshire, the seat of a presbytery and a synod, and formerly the metropolis of Scotland, stands on an alluvial plain, on the right bank of the Tay, about twenty-eight miles above the influx of that noble river to the sea. The town has a rich urban aspect, second in Scotland only to that of Edinburgh; it presents, over more than one-half of its outskirts, arrays of architectural elegance and finish, which may almost compare with the brilliant displays of the Athenian polis; it is wooed in front by the majestic Tay, and fanned on both sides by breezes circling over large and bright-green expanses of public meadow; it looks away, through a pure atmosphere, to the hazy summits of the Grampians, and yet is, on all sides, and at a brief distance, encinctured with soft and gentle and undulating hills, thickly gemmed with embowered villas, or worked into luscious picturesqueness, with wood and culture; and from the summits of two of these heights—Moncrieff, 'the glory of Scotland,' and Kinnoul, that museum of beauty and romance—it offers to its citizens and to tourists a series, a whole circle of views, whose profusion and magnificence of landscape fill even a dull mind with rich and long-remembered images. Of several views of the gem-city itself, seen jointly in its own brilliance and in the lustre of its setting, a very rich one, the subject of our present Illustration, is obtained from the bridge; another from Moncrieff island, immediately below in the Tay, especially when the sun is sinking beyond the distant Grampians, and the background of mountains is enshrouded in the purple of a summer's evening—is truly exquisite, and has but few rivals in Scotland.

The Inches of Perth, or public grounds devoted to a free ventilation of the town, and to the promenading and out-of-door amusements of the inhabitants, are so spacious and beautiful as instantly to attract the notice of a stranger, and entirely vindicate the taste which makes them figure prominently in every description of 'the fair city.' They derive their name from having formerly been insulated by the river; and they still extend close along its margin. The south Inch, situated—as its epithet implies—on the south side of the town, is nearly a square of about 680 yards each way. A noble avenue of stately trees adorns it on three sides; and, previous to 1801, when it began to be edificed on the north by the fine street-line of Marshall-place, went completely round it. Another sylvan avenue, nowhere excelled in Scotland for the beauty and tasteful arrangement of

Perth Bridge North Inch &c

its trees, bisects the Inch a little eastward of its middle. Along this avenue runs the new Edinburgh road, opened about the year 1770, and presenting to the tourist, as he surmounts Moncrieff-hill, and then debouches through the Inch, a singularly imposing approach to a city. This fine expanse of ground was, in former times, the arena of the athletic sports of the citizens, and frequently the theatre of active military movements. Many feats of archery, in particular, were performed upon it,—an accomplishment for which the town appears to have been celebrated.—Adamson, in the 'Threnodie,' gives high credit to the citizens of his younger days for their dexterity as bowmen; and he appears inclined to draw a small share of the honour to his own account. Thus does he laud the benders of the yew:

> And for that art our skill was loudly blown,
> What time Perth's credit did stand with the best
> And bravest archers this land hath possest.
> We spar'd nor gains nor pains for to report
> To Perth the worship, by such noble sport;
> Witness the links of Leith, where Cowper, Grahame,
> And Stewart won the prize, and brought it home;
> And in these games did offer ten to three,
> There to contend; *Quorum pars magna fui.*

Mr. Cant, Adamson's continuator, informs us that the distance between the stones in the Inch, marked for the flight of an arrow, was 500 fathoms. The North Inch is more spacious and less umbrageously shaded than its rival, and has at various modern dates received considerable additions. It forms a broad and long band of about 1,400 yards by 350, extending north-westward from the vicinity of the bridge. A race-course, curved at the ends, straight along the sides, and measuring about 950 yards from end to end, and 370 from side to side, is laid out upon it parallel to the river. Previous to about the year 1790, when the present line of road was formed, considerably to the west, the Inch was traversed through the middle by the road to Dunkeld and Inverness. The Inch is now used for the open air exercises of the inhabitants, and for reviews of the military; and, in ancient times, it seems to have been the favourite arena for judicial combats. In the reign of Robert Bruce, and under that monarch's eye, it was the scene of a combat between Hugh Harding and William de Saintlowe; and in the reign of Robert III., it witnessed a deadly encounter between chosen parties of the M'Phersons and the M'Kays, or of the clans Chattan and Quhele,—one of the most striking events of its class in the ancient history of Scotland.

The Earl of Dunbar and the Earl of Crawford, having failed to effect an arrangement of a feud between the M'Phersons and the M'Kays, proposed that the quarrel should be settled by open combat. Accordingly, on an appointed day, the combatants—thirty of each clan—appeared on the North Inch, to decide, in presence of the king and queen and a large body of nobles, the truth or justice of their respective claims. According to some accounts, one of the M'Phersons fell sick; or according to Bower, one of them, panic-struck, slipped through the crowd, plunged into the Tay and swam across, and,

although pursued by thousands, effected his escape. As the combat could not proceed with the inequality of numbers thus occasioned, the king was about to break up the assembly when a diminutive and crooked man, Henry Wynd, a burgher of Perth, and an armourer by trade, sprang within the barriers, and thus addressed the assembly:—"Here am I! Will any one fee me to engage with these hirelings in this stage play? For half-a-merk will I try the game, provided, if I escape alive, I have my board of one of you so long as I live." This demand, or proposal, of *Gow Crom*—that is, Crooked Smith, as Henry was familiarly styled—was granted by the king and nobles. A murderous conflict then took place. Victory at last declared for the M'Phersons, but not until twenty-nine of the M'Kays had fallen; nineteen of the M'Phersons were killed, and the ten remaining were all grievously wounded. Henry Wynd, and the survivor of the clan M'Kay, escaped unhurt. This passage of history, or of arms, if so it may be called, is vividly exhibited in the 'Fair Maid of Perth;' and it is also told well and succinctly in Dr. Browne's 'History of the Highlands and Highland Clans.'

NORTH INCH OF PERTH.

Lennie Castle

Plate LXI.

COMRIE CASTLE.

This feudal relic, though of little historical importance, and having no peculiar beauties of its own, is finely situated in the Glen Lyon district of the parish of Weem, on the south bank of the Lyon, about half-a-mile above its junction with the Tay, and at the distance of about a mile from Garth castle. The building itself is the property of Sir Neil Menzies; but the surrounding lands belong to the Marquis of Breadalbane. The interior is quite dilapidated, but still presents two or three vaulted apartments, some of which have been turned to farming purposes. The exterior is richly clad with ivy. A few yards above the castle is a ferry across the Lyon, which is much used by the inhabitants of the district to some distance around. Our view is taken from the foot of one of the fine old plane trees which adorn the meadow or haugh of luxuriant verdure in which it stands; and the painter—having, in this instance, to deal with a subject which, from the simplicity of its character, and the want of variety in the forms and distance, might become uninteresting unless considerable care was bestowed on the treatment of it as a whole—has very judiciously placed it under a mellow evening effect, with the accessories of an evening scene, true to nature and to feeling, in the cattle about to leave their pasturage for the day at the approach of their young herd. The engraver, Mr. Watts, a young artist, has handled his burin with great neatness and skill in the present instance.

Plate LIII.

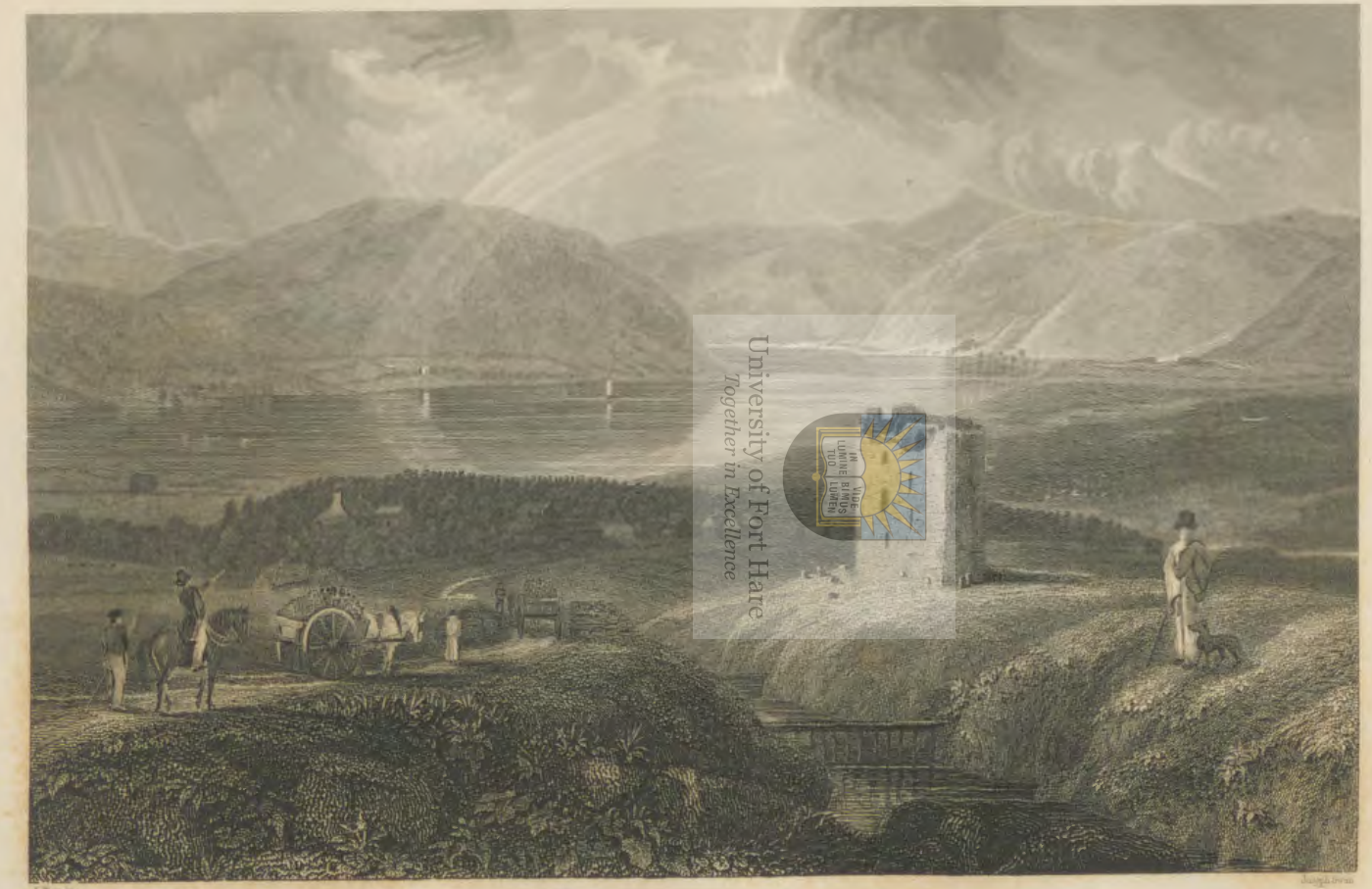
ST. MARY'S LOCH.

FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

This beautiful lake is situated in the shire of Selkirk, anciently called the Royal Forest of Ettrick, and still very generally so named, although the natural objects from which it was designated have long ago disappeared. It is distant about ten miles from Innerleithen, and about thirty-one from Edinburgh. The lake is only about eight miles in circumference; and, with the lesser lake of the Lowes, lies embedded amid hills, and in the bosom of a beautiful and pastoral country.

This view is taken from the northern shore of the lake, and from the west end of the Wardlaw of Dryhope. In the foreground are the ruins of the Tower of Dryhope, and nearer the lake, towards the right side, the farm-steading and plantations of Dryhope. Dick of Dryhope was a well known freebooter in the sixteenth century; and his name was pretty familiar to the Commissioners for settling differences between the Scotch and English Marches. At one of these meetings, the Warden of Bewcastle complained, that in July 1586, the Laird's Jock, Dick of Dryup and their complices, had taken, by open force, 400 kine and oxen from the Drysykes of Bewcastle: and Andrew Rootledge of the Nook, complained upon the same individuals for 400 kine and oxen stolen, besides burning his house, corn, and "insicht." On both these charges Dick and his friends were "fouled" for not appearing.

The tower of Dryhope, however, of which the ruins remain, was not the residence of Dicky. His residence, now called "The Auld Wa's," is far up the Hope, in one of the strongest places for the residence of an old border chieftain that can well be imagined. Unless they had been assisted by a traitor guide, Dicky might have defied all the troopers of England to have found him out. The tower in the view was built in 1613, by the second son of Sir Walter Scott of Thirlstane. He was the father of Mary Scott the flower of Yarrow. In this now dark and dismal tower that splendid beauty was born; here she resided till womanhood, and here was married to young Scott of Harden. This lady's beauty has been the theme of many a song; and has rendered the lonely tower of Dryhope a truly classic spot.



St. Mary's Loch & Dryhope Tower.

A Fullarton & Co. London & Edinburgh.

On the right of the picture, the classic Yarrow is seen rushing from its parent lake; and, rising above it, a height called Brockhillbog; beyond which is seen the top of Sauchielaw. Opposite the farm of Dryhope, on the other side of the lake, is the farmsteading of Bowerhope; and, behind it, lofty and precipitate Bowerhopelaw, of which the Bard of Ettrick, the Shepherd, contemplating its mass in winter, has sung:

"But winter's deadly hues shall fade
On moorland bald and mountain shaw,
And soon the rainbow's lovely shade,
Sleep on the breast of Bowerhope law."

And our readers will not fail to observe that Mr. Fleming has introduced the rainbow on the breast of Bowerhopelaw. At the head of the lake, and directly over the old tower, are the braes, or four hills, of Chapelhope, the rugged and broken outskirts of which are celebrated as the last retreat of the persecuted Covenanters. More distant, and peeping over these, is the top of Carrifrangans, a dreadful precipice in Moffatdale.

Towering above Carrifrangans, though not so distant, is the pointed summit of the White Coomb, the highest mountain in the south of Scotland. The following description of this mountain is given by Mr. Hogg, in his Statistics of Selkirkshire, Agricultural Journal for September, 1832. "The mountain, then, that is by far the highest of the surrounding district, is the White Coom of Polmoody, which rises in the immediate neighbourhood of the boundary of Selkirkshire on the west, though not touching it. It is the highest in the South of Scotland. From east, west, north and south it is seen with its broad head, like Ben-Nevis in the north, rising above all its brethren. The view from this mountain is prodigious, and not to be equalled in Scotland, excepting that from Ben-Lomond, in richness and variety. The Friths of Forth, Clyde and Solway are all in view, and, it is said, the sea at Berwick, though I never could distinguish it. The whole range of the Grampians from Ben-Lomond to Ben-Voirlich is seen: the Cheviot hills on the east borders; all the high mountains of Cumberland and Westmoreland; the Isle of Man, Arran, and the intermediate mountains of Galloway, Ayrshire and Nithsdale rising behind each other like waves of a stormy sea. It is said that fifty towns are seen from it, which I doubt; but I have no doubt that it may be seen from fifty towns. If Dr. Walker's measurement of Hartfield be at all correct, which I likewise doubt, then White Coom is precisely 4,040 feet above the Solway; for the difference of their elevation was ascertained last year by Mr. Johnston." The low grounds on the left are called Kirkstead Bents; and beyond, on the same side, is a hill called the Brakenlaw Here the river Meggat joins the lake. Over the top of this hill is seen a portion of a precipitate and rocky Craig which overhangs Loch Skene. The river Meggat, before joining the lake, flows through Meggatdale, a wild district, and the principal hunting scene of the Royal Stuarts in this part of the country.

At the foot of the Brakenlaw is seen, though indistinctly, the ruined Chapel and burial place of St. Mary's, from which the lake derives its name. This, also, the

poet's pen has rendered a classic spot. In this lonely place the bones of many an outlaw mingle with the dust; and here the shepherd of the present day still finds his last resting place.

"For though in feudal strife a foe
Hath laid our lady's chapel low,
Yet still beneath the hallowed soil,
The peasant rests him from his toil;
And, dying, bids his bones be laid
Where erst his simple fathers prayed."

This ancient chapel is the subject of many traditions, and of a variety of ballads and poetry of ancient and modern date. Among the ballads that of the Douglas tragedy has been rendered familiar to the reading world by Sir Walter Scott in the Border Minstrelsy. The Lord William and Lady Margaret of that ancient ditty were buried in the chapel.

"Lord William was buried in St. Mary's Kirk,
Lady Margaret in Mary's Quire,
Out o' the lady's grave grew a bonny red rose,
And out o' the Knight's a brier.

"And they twa met, and they twa plat,
And fain they wad be near;
And a' the world might ken right weel,
They were twa lovers dear.

"But by and rade the black Douglas
And wow but he was rough,
For he pulled up the bonny brier
And flang'd in St. Mary's loch."

Plate LIII.

ST. FORT.

This magnificent mansion, the seat of Henry Stewart, Esq., was erected only a few years ago. The estate of St. Fort, in the parish of Forgan, in Fifeshire, appears to have belonged, at an early period, to a family of the name of Nairn, which continued in possession of the lands until the middle of last century, when they were purchased by the ancestor of the present proprietor. From the family of Nairn of St. Fort or Ford was descended Thomas Nairn of Muckersy, whose grandson, Robert Nairn of Strathord, was raised to the dignity of the peerage by Charles II., with the title of Lord Nairn. A small portion of the lands of St. Fort, called St. Fort-Hay, and on which the house was situated, anciently belonged to a family of the name of Hay. In 1535, Andrew, fourth earl of Rothes, had a charter of these lands. About 1563, St. Fort-Hay was purchased by Alexander Walker, and was afterwards designated St. Fort-Walker. The descendants of this gentleman continued in possession till the middle of last century, when the property was purchased by Mr. Stewart's ancestor.

Plate LXV.

GLEN ERICHT.

In the extreme north-west of Perthshire, and stretching into the shire of Inverness, lies the wild and lonely Loch-Ericht,—a sheet of water nearly fourteen miles in length, but in few places exceeding a mile in breadth. Nothing can exceed the solitude and desolation of its shores. Vegetation there is none, save a slight sprinkling of scantiest herbage scattered here and there; rocks bared by the winter-storm,—abrupt, craggy, and precipitous,—or shivered and disparted from the surrounding mountains by some tremendous power, and scattered about in huge and shapeless ruin,—everywhere surround it with a cincture of arid and perpetual sterility. Nought animates this solitude. The cry of the shepherd, or the bleating of his fleecy charge—sounds familiar in the most rugged districts of our Scottish Highlands—seldom, if ever, break the silence, absolute and solemn, of this "silent place;" there is no road along its banks, and no house, with the exception of a solitary hunting-lodge near its upper extremity.

The tourist who delights to find himself alone amid the silence of Nature,—of Nature in her wildest forms,—may approach the southern extremity of Loch-Ericht from the head of Loch-Rannoch, along the banks of the Ericht; or from the inn at Dalnacardoch on the Great North road. It was while pursuing the former of these two routes that our artist, Mr. William Brown of Perth, sketched the present scene, in which a glimpse of the solitary waters of the lake is caught just under the towering mass of Benalder's mist-enshrouded form, which rises in the middle distance, while the Water of Ericht, which conveys the surcharge of the lake southwards to Loch-Tummel, whence it flows into the Tay, is seen rushing down its rock-strewn and devious channel in the middle foreground. The scene is bleak and barren, but the effect is rare and decided. There is a solitary grandeur in the two pine-trees eminently characteristic; the shadows are well-marked, and the combination throughout is good; and what is wanting in the picturesque is abundantly made up in the success with which the artist has infused the sentiment of solitude—the only sentiment apparently intended to be conveyed—into his sketch, and that without having recourse to any of the artificial accessories usually employed by painters with such an object in view.

Dr. Macculloch, in his 'Letters on the Highlands and Western Islands,' [vol. i. p. 452,] says of this lake, in his usual caustic manner, that he found it an enormous gutter, or huge cess-pool; and makes sundry sore grumblings about the difficulties he

encountered on visiting it, and the small pleasure received in viewing it after these had been surmounted. That a visit to Loch-Ericht is indeed an arduous and laborious task, few who have made the attempt will deny. But the objects to which it was assimilated in the imagination of the learned doctor, will occur to few minds except such as are familiar only with the streets and lanes of the metropolis,—whose knowledge of picturesque scenery is bounded by the waterfall in Vauxhall, or the *chef d'œuvres* of Covent-garden. That the scenery around Loch-Ericht is not beautiful, is certain; and it is equally so that it is not picturesque. But few cultivated minds can contemplate the wild shores of this lake without acknowledging their sublimity, and feeling emotions of awe press upon the soul. Even the doctor, with all his talent for sarcasm, could not have written what we are about to quote from him, in the present article, while his impressions of this scenery were recent. In the solitude which reigns around Loch-Ericht there is sublimity; in the utter silence—here undisturbed even by the hum of an insect—there is another source of the sublime; while amid the dark mountains and lofty black rocks which form the boundaries of the lake, the spectator is at once impressed with the variety, the greatness, and the grandeur of Nature. At the south end of Loch-Ericht, where its waters are discharged towards Loch-Rannoch by the rude Ericht, is a rock of 300 or 400 feet perpendicular height. On its summit, which is accessible with difficulty, is an ancient fortification.

On the east side of the lake, about a mile or two from the south end, a small cave is pointed out as having afforded shelter and concealment to the young Chevalier after the battle of Culloden. He had wandered for some time previously amid the wilds of Moydart, the Islands, and Lochaber; and had made many hairbreadth escapes from being captured by his ruthless pursuers, when, learning that Cameron of Lochiel, and M'Donald of Keppoch, two of his most devoted followers, were concealed in Badenoch, he set off to them, and found them in this cave on the shores of Loch-Ericht. The cave is small, and is formed by detached blocks of stone, which, having slid into their present situation, form a small rude chamber into which two or three individuals might creep. The fugitives, however, had enlarged its dimensions, by erecting a hut of trees in front of its entrance, from which circumstance it obtained the name of 'the Cage,' by which it was popularly known at the time. A more effectual place of concealment, or one less likely to be intruded upon than this at Loch-Ericht, could hardly have been selected.—Dr. Macculloch says: "At the southern extremity, Loch-Ericht terminates in flat meadows, vanishing by degrees in the moor of Rannoch, and in that wild and hideous country which extends to Glen Spean along the eastern side of Ben Nevis. This is indeed the wilderness of all Scotland. The wildest wilds of Ross-shire and Sutherland are accessible and lively, compared to this. They might, at least, contain people, though they do not; which this tract never could have done, and never will nor can. I know not where else we can travel for two days without seeing a human trace: a human trace,—a trace, a recollection of animal life; and with the dreary conviction that such a thing is impossible. It is indeed an inconceivable solitude,—a dreary and joyless land of bogs, a land of desolation and grey darkness, of fogs ever hanging on

Auster's drizzly beard, a land of winter and death and oblivion. Let him who is unworthy of the Moor of Rannoch be banished hither; where he can go next, I know not; unless it be to New South Shetland!"

MOOR OF RANNOCH.

The Upper Fall of Moness

A. Fullarton & Co. London & Edinburgh.

Plate LV.

THE FALLS OF MONESS.

The Falls of Moness are formed by a small stream of that name, within a very romantic glen, a little above the village of Aberfeldy, and about six miles from Taymouth and Kenmore. The stream is here bounded by high impending rocks, from whose chasms and crevices fine drooping trees and thickly matted underwood start forth in an endless variety of forms and tints; while a narrow path, winding at their base, leads you, with the effect of gradual initiatory preparation, to the cascades themselves. These form a retiring succession of brilliant gushing torrents,—gradually veiled, as they recede from the eye, by the thin leafy screen of the overarching woods. On reaching the summit of the Falls, the visiter can pass to either side by an elegant wooden bridge of 42 feet span, from which a most commanding view is obtained of the Falls, and of the grand and wild scenery below. The ruins of Fruine castle are also visible from this point. The lowest Fall is about a mile, and the upper Fall about a mile-and-a-half, to the south of the village.

The noble proprietor, the Marquess of Breadalbane, has laid out the surrounding grounds in a very appropriate and tasteful manner. Serpentine and traversed walks pleasingly conduct the visiter to the most picturesque points of view; and numerous bowers of heather, and rustic seats and benches, offer their inviting accommodations to pleasure parties. There are two neat inns in the village of Aberfeldy, where visiters can be comfortably accommodated, and at either of which a very intelligent guide to the Falls and surrounding localities can be obtained. "No stranger," says Pennant, "must omit visiting Moness, it being an epitome of every thing that can be admired in the curiosity of waterfalls." In the neighbourhood there is a Roman camp, and one of those ancient Druidical monuments called a Rocking-stone.

When we visited the Den of Moness, in a lovely day in the month of July, after some considerable showers, we found three distinct series of Falls in operation: one of them,—the lowest, and, in the swollen state of its feeders, of considerable beauty,—was formed at a point where a small tributary rivulet, gushing down the eastern side of the dell, precipitates itself in a series of tiny cascades, and athwart the rustic path, into the main burn; but this Fall is seldom seen to much advantage, and is, in fact, often nearly dried up during the heat of summer. The view, however, here obtained of the principal glen, and its gushing streamlet, is very pleasing; and has been not less truthfully than beau-

tifully described by the Messrs. Anderson in their intelligent Guide-book: "From the end of a clear pool, where the motion of the water is indicated only by the bells of foam gliding slowly down, the spectator sees, at the farther extremity of a low narrow chasm of black moistened rock, the small waterfall, at such a distance that its noise reaches the ear in a soft lulling murmur. On either hand rise high sloping banks, adorned with trees. A sweep of one side of the dell terminates the opening with a steep face of wood. From the edge of the Fall shoots up a long slender spruce, succeeded by straight elms, and leafy beech-trees. Young drooping ash-trees, from the opposite bank, dip their tapering branches in the pool; each little protruding rock is covered with moss, and curtained with pendent ferns. Through the trees the other streamlet is beheld descending in sidelong haste."

The next in the ascending series of Falls properly forms the lower Falls of the Moness. "They consist," say the Messrs. Anderson, "of a succession of falls, comprising a perpendicular height of not less than a hundred feet, and occupying in length a space of more than the like number of yards. A prolonged sheet of descending water, alternately perpendicular and slanting, is before us. From the edge of this lengthened cataract rise abrupt rocky acclivities, covered with moss and ferns, whence shoot up tall slender ash and elms. These partially veil two lichen-clad mural cliffs, converging towards the uppermost Fall, above which they rear two high vertical lines: on the top of these cliffs nod serried groves of pine and larch, while a row of airy birches wave on the slanting summit of the bank which closes in the rocky gap." This is at once an exact and elegant delineation. The last and highest Fall is that given in the accompanying engraving.

The visiter to the Falls will be highly gratified with the noble view which is obtained, in a clear day, from the road a little below Moness bridge, looking towards the village, and the river Tay, which is here crossed by a handsome bridge of five arches. In front is the majestic river, a hundred yards wide, skirting the gently rising ground on which the spectator stands. On the opposite side of the river is the quiet little village and church of Weem, backed by the Craigs of Weem, above which peers the dark summit of Benfaragan; while the conical summit of his giant-brother Schihallion shoots dimly up in the far north-west; and the mighty and imposing mass of Benlawers towers above the pine-clothed hill of Drummond, on the extreme west.—A still finer view than this, however, is presented to the tourist approaching Aberfeldy from the east, just before passing through the turnpike-bar on that side of the village.

Murthly Castle

Plate LVII.

MURTHLY CASTLE.

The tourist, proceeding from Dunkeld to Perth, shortly after bidding adieu to the fair scene formed by the old Cathedral city, its protecting pine-clad mountains, and its noble bridge and river, and clearing the base of classic Birnam, is gladdened by a glorious view of Strathmore, with the ever-magnificent Tay rolling through the rich fields and amidst the verdant groves of that fertile and glittering valley. The foreground of this rich scene, from the point where it first bursts upon the eye, is constituted by the grounds of Murthly, the estate of Sir William Drummond Stewart, Baronet, whose ancestors acquired it by purchase in the reign of James VI. The old mansion-house of Murthly is a fine antique building, and beautifully situated; but the present proprietor has erected the splendid Elizabethan edifice of which we have given a view, on a still finer site, within a short distance of it. It is unfinished and uninhabited, its present lord choosing rather to seek his amusement in regions

"Where the Indian arrow flies,'

than to dwell in his own ancestral home, or in the palace of his own rearing, and amongst his own people. Let us hope that ere long Sir William will

"spread his festal board,
And hang his mantle and his sword
With his armour on the wall,
In this too long silent hall."

Plate LVIII.

NEWBURGH.

The town of Newburgh, on the Fifeshire margin of the Tay, consists chiefly of one long well-built street, about half-a-mile in length, a range of houses fronting the harbour, and some lanes leading down to the "shore." To the south of the town, but within the parish of Abdie, a considerable number of houses have been recently erected, in consequence of the increased trade and manufactures of the town. In passing through Newburgh, the stranger will at once perceive, from the number of handsome dwelling-houses, and the appearance of the shops, that it is, for its extent, a wealthy and increasing town; and on inquiry will perhaps ascertain that its wealth and the enterprise of its inhabitants are even greater than its appearance would indicate. The situation of the town on the Tay is exceedingly pleasant, and from the gardens attached to the houses, and the numerous fruit-trees which they contain, few small towns have a more beautiful appearance, seen either from the river, in going up or down, or from any prominent part of the neighbouring coast. The only public buildings are the town-house, which is surmounted by a spire, and was erected in 1815; and the parish-church, which was erected in 1833. This latter elegant structure, designed by William Burn, Esq., of Edinburgh, is in the pointed style, and is a great ornament to the principal street, in the line of which it is placed. The view of the town given in our engraving is taken from the river.

Newburgh is a town of considerable antiquity, and owes its origin to the abbots of the monastery of Lindores in its neighbourhood. It was erected into a burgh-of-barony by Alexander III., in 1266, in favour of the abbot and convent, with all the usual privileges of burghs-of-barony. In the charter it is called "novus burgus juxta monasterium de Lindores;" it seems, therefore, probable that there was a more ancient burgh in the neighbourhood belonging to the abbey. On the 4th July, 1457, John, abbot of Lindores, granted to the burgesses of Newburgh the land of Vodriffe, and the hill to the south of it, for homage and common service used and wont, with forty bolls of barley. Besides this payment, "it appears," says Dr. Anderson, "from the register of the abbey, that the inhabitants were bound to pay to the abbot a merk yearly for every brewhouse with an acre of land in the burgh." In the year 1631, Charles I., by royal charter, erected the town into a royal burgh, with all the immunities and privileges usually conferred on such corporations: but it never exercised the right of sending a member to the Scottish parliament, and at the Union was not included in any of those sets of burghs on

J. Stewart.

W. Forrest.

Newburgh

which was conferred the right of sending a representative to the British parliament. At the passing of the Reform bill, it might have been expected that the wealth and importance of Newburgh would have entitled it to be conjoined with some of the other burghs of Fife in the election of a member; but this appears to have been overlooked, and such of its inhabitants as possess the requisite franchise vote only for the county-member.

The linen manufacture is extensively carried on here, and has made great progress of late years. In the seventeenth century, Cunningham, in his essay on Cross Macduff, describes Newburgh as "a poor country village;" and till pretty far in last century, although gradually improving, it might have still borne the same title. Until within a few years of the publication of the first Statistical Account (1793), the inhabitants of Newburgh had been chiefly employed in husbandry; but the linen trade had begun to occupy them to a certain extent, and when that account was published, the greater portion of the people were employed in the linen manufacture. At that time, however, there were only two persons who employed workmen; the greater part of the linen being woven by individual weavers on their own account, who sold their webs at Perth, Dundee, Cupar, Auchtermuchty, and Glasgow. The two persons above alluded to as employing weavers, were the only persons who had any direct communication at that time with the English market; but "no trader," says the Rev. Mr. Stewart, "has yet appeared in Newburgh, whose extensive transactions in commerce would entitle him to the name and character of a merchant; though perhaps the time is not far distant when many will be found here of that respectable description." "That time," says the Rev. Dr. Anderson, in the last Statistical Account, "has arrived, and Newburgh can now boast of a considerable number of spirited individuals, who are engaged in extensive commercial speculations, and fully entitled, as others of their countrymen, to the honourable appellation of British merchants."

The principal branch of manufacture is the weaving of what is called dowlas, for which a ready market is found in London, Leeds, and Manchester; but besides what is there sold, large quantities are exported to the West Indies and South America, directly by the merchants of Newburgh. The copartneries who carry on this manufacture, not only employ the weavers in Newburgh, but also considerable numbers in Cupar, Springfield, Pitlessie, Kettle, Markinch, Falkland, Freuchie, Dunshelt, Auchtermuchty, Strathmiglo, Abernethy, Aberargie, Kentillo, and other places. The merchants of Newburgh also carry on a very considerable trade in grain, which has been much increased and facilitated by the establishment of a weekly stock-market to which the farmers of the surrounding district bring in their grain. Here, not only the Newburgh merchants make their purchases, but merchants from Kirkcaldy and other places regularly attend. Barley for the distillers is the grain most inquired after; but wheat, oats, beans, and potatoes, also find a ready sale. The merchants of Newburgh ship annually about 20,000 quarters of grain, and about 6,000 bolls of potatoes. Malting was at one time carried on here to a considerable extent, but has been discontinued for some time past.

Plate LVIII.

KILLIECRANKIE.

The celebrated mountain-pass of Killiecrankie on the river Garry, is situated 1½ mile above the point of its confluence with the Tummel; 15 miles north of the town of Dunkeld; and on the western verge of the parish of Moulin, in the district of Athole, Perthshire.

On some rough ground on the left bank of the river, at the north-western extremity of this pass, was fought, on the 27th July, 1689, the celebrated battle of Killiecrankie. It was on the 26th of July, 1689, that Mackay began his fatal march from Perth at the head of an army of 4,500 men. Of this force, a fair proportion consisted of cavalry. At night he encamped opposite to Dunkeld, so celebrated for the romantic grandeur of its scenery. Here, at midnight, he received an express from Lord Murray announcing that Dundee had entered Athole, in consequence of which event he informed him that he had retreated from before the castle of Blair, which he had for some time partially blockaded; and that although he had left the strait and difficult pass of Killiecrankie between him and Dundee, he had posted a guard at the further extremity to secure a free passage to Mackay's troops through the pass which he supposed Dundee had already reached. Mackay seems to have doubted the latter part of this statement, and his suspicions were in some degree confirmed by the fact, that Lieutenant-colonel Lauder, whom he despatched with a party immediately on receipt of Murray's letter, to secure the entrance into the pass from the vale of Blair, did not see a single man on his arrival there. Discouraging as this intelligence was, Mackay still determined to persevere in his march, and having despatched orders to Perth to hasten the arrival of the six troops of cavalry he had left behind, he put his army in motion next morning at day-break, and proceeded in the direction of the pass, the mouth of which he reached at ten o'clock in the morning. Here he halted, and allowed his men two hours to rest and refresh themselves before they entered upon the bold and hazardous enterprise of plunging themselves into a frightful chasm, out of which they might probably never return. Having received notice that the pass was clear, and that there was no appearance of Dundee, Mackay put his army again in motion, and entered the pass, which he cleared with the loss of a single horseman.

As soon as the five battalions and the troop of horse which preceded the baggage had

debouched from the further extremity of the pass, they halted, by command of the general, upon a corn-field, along the side of the river to await the arrival of the baggage, and of Hasting's regiment and the other troop of horse. Mackay then ordered Lieutenant-colonel Lauder to advance with his 200 fusiliers and a troop of horse in the direction he supposed Dundee might be expected to appear. But these orders were no sooner despatched than he observed some bodies of Dundee's forces marching down a high hill within a quarter of a mile from the place where he stood, in consequence of which movement, he immediately galloped back to his men to countermand the order he had just issued, and to put his army in order of battle.

Dundee, who had been duly advertised of Mackay's motions, had descended from the higher district of Badenoch into Athole on the previous day, with a force of about 2,500 men, of whom about one-fifth part consisted of the Irish who had lately landed at Inverlochy under Brigadier Cannan. Some of the clans which were expected had not yet joined, as the day appointed for the general rendezvous had not then arrived; but as Dundee considered it of paramount importance to prevent Mackay from establishing himself in Athole, he did not hesitate to meet him with such an inferior force, amounting to little more than the half of that under Mackay. On his arrival at the castle of Blair, intelligence was brought Dundee that Mackay had reached the pass of Killiecrankie, which he was preparing to enter. Immediately above the ground on which Mackay had halted his troops is an eminence, the access to which is steep and difficult, and covered with trees and shrubs. Alarmed lest Dundee should obtain possession of this eminence, which being within a carabine-shot from the place on which Mackay stood, would give him such a command of the ground as would enable him, by means of his fire, to force Mackay to cross the river in confusion; he immediately took possession of the eminence. Within a musket-shot of this ground is another eminence immediately above the house of Urrard, which Dundee had reached before Mackay had completed his ascent, and on which he halted. As Mackay could not, without the utmost danger, advance up the hill and commence the action, and as the risk was equally great should he attempt to retreat down the hill and cross the river, he resolved, at all hazards, to remain in his position, "though with impatience," as he observes, till Dundee should either attack him or retire, which he had better opportunities of doing than Mackay had. To provoke the Highlanders, and to induce them to engage, he ordered three small leather field-pieces to be discharged, but they proved of little use, and the carriages being much too high, for the greater convenience of carriage, broke after the third firing.

It was within half-an-hour of sunset, and the moment was at hand, when, at the word of command, the Highlanders and their allies were to march down the hill, and, with sword in hand, fall upon the trembling and devoted host below, whom, like the eagle viewing his destined prey from his lofty eyry, they had so long surveyed. To discourage the Highlanders in their advance by keeping up a continual fire, Mackay had given instructions to his officers commanding battalions, to commence firing by platoons, at the distance of a hundred paces. This order was not attended to, as Bal-

four s regiment, and the half of Ramsay's, did not fire a single shot, and the other half fired very little. The Highlanders, however, met with a very brisk fire from Mackay's right, and particularly from his own battalion, in which no less than sixteen gentlemen of the Macdonells of Glengarry fell; but, undismayed by danger, they kept steadily advancing in the face of the enemy's fire, of which they received three rounds. Having now come close up to the enemy, they halted for a moment, and having levelled and discharged their pistols, which did little execution, they set up a loud shout and rushed in upon the enemy sword in hand, before they had time to screw on their bayonets to the end of their muskets. The shock was too impetuous to be long resisted by men who, according to their own general, "behaved, with the exception of Hastings's and Leven's regiments, like the vilest cowards in nature." At this critical moment Mackay, who was instantly surrounded by a crowd of Highlanders, anxious to disentangle his cavalry, so as to enable him to get them forward, called aloud to them to follow him, and putting spurs to his horse galloped through the enemy, but, with the exception of one servant, whose horse was shot under him, not a single horseman attempted to follow their general. When he had gone sufficiently far to be out of the reach of immediate danger, he turned round to observe the state of matters, and to his infinite surprise he found that both armies had disappeared. To use his own expression, "in the twinkling of an eye in a manner," his own men as well as the enemy were out of sight, having gone down pell-mell to the river where his baggage stood. The plunder which the baggage offered was too tempting a lure for the Highlanders, whose destructive progress it at once arrested. It was in fact solely to this thirst for spoil that Mackay and the few of his men who escaped owed their safety, for had the Highlanders continued the pursuit, it is very probable that not a single individual of Mackay's army would have been left alive to relate their sad disaster. But as the importance of a victory, however splendid in itself, or distinguished by acts of individual prowess, can only be appreciated by its results, the battle of Killiecrankie, instead of being advantageous to the cause of King James, was, by the death of the brave Dundee, the precursor of its ruin. After he had charged at the head of his horse, and driven the enemy from their cannon, he was about to proceed up the hill to bring down Sir Donald Macdonald's regiment, which appeared rather tardy in its motions, when he received a musket-shot in his right side, immediately below his armour. He attempted to ride a little, but was unable, and fell from his horse mortally wounded, and almost immediately expired.

Plate LIII.

ST. FILLAN'S GAMES.

The village of St. Fillan's is of recent origin. It is situated at the east end of Loch-Earn, on the north side of the road leading from Perth into the West Highlands, through Strathearn, by Crieff, Comrie, and Lochearnhead; and is distant from Comrie five-and-a-half miles, and from Lochearnhead seven miles. It consists of a single row of houses, extending in the form of an irregular semicircle, from the inn at the lower extremity of the lake, partly along the lake side on the one hand, and partly along the river which, issuing from it, gives name to the strath, on the other. There is an air of comfort about it that is quite pleasing. Most of the houses are slated, and a few of them—at 'the west end'—are two stories in height. Each cottage has on either side of the door a narrow strip of ground enclosed with a rustic timber-railing, and planted with flowers and shrubs; while ivy, honeysuckle, and other creepers, have been neatly trained over the fronts and roofs.

The St. Fillan's Highland Society, instituted in 1819, is, or rather was, an association of the gentlemen of the west of Perthshire, who held an annual meeting at St. Fillan's, about the latter end of August, for the encouragement and exhibition of Highland games and costume. On these occasions, a large square stage was erected on a level piece of haugh on the south side of the river, opposite the village, to which there is access by a timber bridge. Part of the ground surrounding this platform was railed in, and furnished with seats and awnings for the accommodation of the judges and visitors of rank. Behind these, a clear space was allowed as a promenade for the members of the society; and beyond the outer barriers, the mixed multitude of spectators found a convenient station on a semicircular sloping bank, from which they could easily see and hear the performances. On the opposite side of the ground, or that next the river, the carriages and other vehicles of the members were drawn up; and the whole being thus arranged in amphitheatrical order, and with a somewhat classical effect, the games were usually opened with a competition among the pibroch performers, for a handsomely mounted Highland bagpipe. After this and some other minor prizes had been awarded, the competitors in reel and hornpipe dancing, and the ancient sword-dance claimed attention; afterwards followed putting the stone,—flinging the hammer,—leaping,—running,—wrestling,—target-shooting,—boat-rowing,—and a variety of other manly and athletic exercises. Prizes were also awarded for the best exhibitions of full Highland costume. The

amusements of the day terminated, the members of the association dined together in their hall,—a commodious building, capable of accommodating 140 guests, now the village-hostelry. We are not aware that the St. Fillan's society has had any gatherings of late years.

Immediately above the arena on which the games were held, towers an isolated rocky eminence, known as Dunfillan or St. Fillan's hill. On the south and east it is inaccessible; but it can be easily enough ascended on the north and west. St. Fillan—whose name has been given to so many chapels, wells, and other monastic relics in Scotland—is supposed to have flourished in the 7th century. He is said to have filled the office of abbot at Pittenweem in Fifeshire, before he addressed himself to the work of an evangelist in the wilds of Breadalbane, where he died in the odour of sanctity, and amidst his affectionate converts, in A. D. 649. The saint had erected three chapels in this district, one at Strathfillan, another at Killin, and a third at Dundurn, in the immediate vicinity of the present village of St. Fillan's. He died at the last-mentioned place; but it would appear that the people of Strathfillan and Killin each thought themselves possessed of a better claim to the saint's relics than those of Dundurn, and accordingly proceeded to transport the body through Glenogle, with all decent and devout ceremony. On arriving, however, at a point about two miles from Killin, where the road branches-off to Strathfillan, the funeral train—as might have been expected—became divided in their sentiments as to which road they should pursue, and from words speedily came to blows: when lo! as the strife waxed warmer, and swords had been drawn, and blood began to flow, it was discovered that two coffins exactly similar in appearance were before them; upon which each party seized one, and it remains a question to this day, whether Strathfillan, or Killin, possesses the true and undoubted relics of the Patron saint of Breadalbane.

Of the old chapel or oratory of the saint at Dundurn, nothing now remains but a circular stone-font, which may still be seen in the window of the present chapel. A rude stone on the top of Dunfillan has been designated St. Fillan's chair; and a spring of water at the foot, known as St. Fillan's well, was long resorted to for its healing virtues.

Interior of Dunfermline Abbey

Plate LXX.

INTERIOR OF DUNFERMLINE ABBEY.

ALTHOUGH the ruins of the ancient Abbey of Dunfermline which still remain, are sufficient to afford a glimpse of what must have been its former grandeur, yet they are but a trifling portion of the extensive conventual buildings which must have existed here, even subsequent to the demolition. The western portion, or nave of the abbey-church —which was originally a cross church—is still in tolerably good preservation; and is a fine specimen of the architecture of the age in which it was erected. It is generally said to be in the Saxon style of architecture, but Mr. Leighton is inclined to think that the style is Norman. The principal entrance to the abbey-church is from the west, where there is a very finely enriched door-way in the Norman style, and above this a handsome pointed window, divided by mullions and transoms. In the north side there is another entrance from what is now the churchyard, by a porch of later erection, which is in the pointed style. The roof of the nave is supported by a double row of splendid Norman pillars, from which spring round arches to support the upper wall, and at the west end by a clustered column on each side; a clustered pilaster from which springs a pointed arch, also supporting the upper wall. These columns likewise separate the body of the nave from the north and south aisles. The outside of the building is ornamented by two heavy towers at the west end, one of which is surmounted by a spire, and the sides by heavy buttresses characteristic of the style of the building Immediately to the south of the abbey-church are the ruins of the fratery, or refectory, which formed the dining-hall of the monastery. Its south wall, from the windows of which there is a magnificent view, and the west gable, in which there is one of the finest pointed windows in Scotland, alone remain. The only other portion of the monastic buildings existing is the gateway of the monastery—now called the Pends—which exhibits a fine specimen of the pointed style of architecture.

Plate LVII.

THE NATIONAL MONUMENT, CALTON HILL, EDINBURGH.

The point on which the finest evidence, alike of the liberality of Edinburgh, in the encouragement of art and the capacity of accomplishment, evinced by her architects, is found on the Calton Hill, where, besides the "sacred courts and long-drawn porticoes" of the High School, Scottish taste has lent its aid to perpetuate the memory of our native writers, in the beautiful cenotaphs erected to the names of Stewart, the most polished, if not the most profound, of our Metaphysicians, and of Playfair, without dispute the most elaborate of our Natural Philosophers, and to the commemoration of other men who, like those whom we have already mentioned, do not confine their claims to a section, but address them to the sympathies of all within the great Empire. This beautiful hill we are inclined to regard as one of the most interesting objects in the vicinity of the city, and in all considerations admirably fitted to become the repository of those monuments of departed genius or heroism, of which it is already the site of no inconsiderable number. Apart from the bustle of life, which breaks harshly and ungenially around urn and tomb, and yet gathering the far-off hum of life and motion, it seems peculiarly fitted for the purposes to which it has been hitherto applied.

Conspicuous amongst these memorials, from its unfinished and abandoned appearance, is the National Monument, and, as it occupies a commanding position on the summit of the hill, it naturally attracts the attention and excites the curiosity of the stranger.

Scotland shared in the general enthusiasm which the military prowess of our armies in the Peninsula and on the Continent called forth, during the desolating career of Bonaparte. Many of her sons had borne a distinguished part in the various engagements; and after the "crowning carnage" of Waterloo, it was resolved that a structure should be raised, that would show to future generations that their exertions were fully appreciated by their countrymen at home. The subject was first mooted at a meeting of the Highland Society in January 1816. The design of the projectors was to make it a sort of monumental church, "ornamented in such a manner as may perpetuate the memory of the great military and naval achievements of the late war, and afford a lasting proof, not only of national gratitude to the Almighty for his protection, but of the affectionate remembrance of Scotland of those gallant officers and men who fought and bled in the service of their country." This looked well for a beginning; but,

National Monument Calton Hill Edinburgh

somehow or other, little or nothing was heard of the matter until three years afterwards, when it was again brought before the Highland Society at their meeting in January, 1819. After its three years' nap, it seems to have arisen "like a giant refreshed." On the 24th of February, a meeting of noblemen and gentlemen was held at Edinburgh, at which it was resolved not only to erect an edifice worthy of Scotland but also to form an endowment for two clergymen to officiate in the intended church. Between two and three thousand pounds were subscribed on this occasion. On the 24th of May, a meeting of noblemen and gentlemen, connected with Scotland, was held in London—the Duke of Atholl in the chair—at which resolutions were entered into, to prosecute the erection of the intended monument, with zeal and alacrity. On the 31st of the same month, the matter was brought before the General Assembly, who unanimously approved of both the object and the form of the monument, and earnestly recommended all parish ministers to give their utmost aid in promoting subscriptions for this purpose. They likewise ordered that this recommendation should be printed, and copies transmitted to every parish minister in Scotland. Gradually, however, the zeal that had burned so fiercely began to cool; subscriptions came in very slowly; and at length doubts began to be suggested as to the propriety of the monument being in the form of a church. Much discussion took place upon this point; and some one having suggested that the erection of a building on the Calton Hill, similar in appearance to the Parthenon at Athens, was all that was required to complete the fancied resemblance between that city and Edinburgh, the flattering idea was adopted, and a restoration of the Parthenon resolved upon. The subscribers were incorporated, in 1822, by act of Parliament; and the capital was fixed at £50,000, in shares of £25, with power to borrow £10,000 additional.

On the 27th August, 1822, the foundation stone of the National Monument was laid "with all the honours"—the Duke of Atholl, and Lords Rosebery, Lynedoch, and Elgin, officiating as Commissioners of His Majesty George IV., who was at that time in Scotland; and the Duke of Hamilton, as Grand Master Mason. The visit of his Majesty suggested an additional object for which this monument might serve as a memorial, namely, a commemoration of that event. The following is the somewhat stilted inscription engraved on the principal plate, which was of gold:

TO
THE GLORY OF GOD,
IN
HONOUR OF THE KING,
FOR
THE GOOD OF THE PEOPLE,
THIS MONUMENT,
THE
TRIBUTE OF A GRATEFUL COUNTRY

TO
HER GALLANT AND ILLUSTRIOUS SONS,
AS
A MEMORIAL OF THE PAST,
AND
INCENTIVE TO THE FUTURE HEROISM
OF
THE MEN OF SCOTLAND,

Was founded on the 27th day of August, in the year of our Lord 1822, and in the third year of the glorious reign of George IV., under his immediate auspices, and in commemoration of his most gracious and welcome visit to his ancient Capital, and the Palace of his Royal Ancestors, &c. &c. &c.

It will be observed, from the above, that the original object of the monument had by this time become quite a secondary matter—the "Honour of the King" had become an affair of much greater consequence. Thus, after "dragging its slow length along" for a period of eight years, a commencement was at last made of this wonderful structure, that was to *in*cite the patriotism and excite the wonder of succeeding generations. But alas! there must have been awful miscalculation. Up to 1824, the entire amount collected very little exceeded £13,000; nevertheless, with only this sum in hand, and without any reasonable prospect of being able to raise another shilling, the projectors resolved to proceed with the erection on a scale of magnificence, the completion of which would have absorbed considerably more than their projected capital. As was to be expected, after a dozen splendid columns had been erected the funds were exhausted, and the building came to a dead stand-still; and thus it remains to this day—the embodiment of a grand mistake in hewn stone! Never were there similar exertions made for the erection of any building in Scotland. The national vanity, patriotism, religious feelings, pride, the popular enthusiasm connected with the Royal visit—all were appealed to; in short, no effort was left untried, but withal unsuccessfully; and the building presents to the stranger and the citizen a very striking "national monument" of pride and poverty. Several plans have recently been brought forward for completing the National Monument, but they have excited no serious attention, and have been forgotten almost as soon as proposed. There seems to be little chance that it will ever be proceeded further with. Edinburgh cannot afford to do it, and Scotland will not.

It only remains to be added that the Monument is surrounded by a coarse and clumsy palisade, and that the area has for a number of years been occupied by an exhibition of statuary.

Plate LXXX.

BROUGHTY FERRY.

Broughty Ferry is a handsome village, on the northern shore of the frith of Tay, four miles east of Dundee, and directly opposite Ferry-port-on-Craig in Fifeshire, with which it has hourly communication, the frith being little more than a mile broad here. In 1834, portions of the adjacent parishes of Monifieth and Dundee, comprising this village, were united into a *quoad sacra* parish, with a population which was estimated, in 1837, at 1,998, and which, during two or three months in summer, is augmented by 400 or 500 visitors. This place is now much resorted to as a sea-bathing residence during summer by the citizens of Dundee and Perth. That part of the village which lies in the parish of Dundee, is often called the West ferry; the other and more considerable portion—between which and the former there is indeed a vacant space of ground—bears the name of East ferry, as well as that of Broughty ferry. North and west of the sandy plain over which most of the houses are spread, the ground rises with some abruptness. To the east and south-east, are uneven links, stretching towards Monifieth. South-east of the village, a point of land stretches southward into the frith, which it contracts in width so as to render the ferry across to Fife shorter than any other between Errol and the sea. On this point, named Broughty Craig, yet stand considerable remains of a fortress, not undistinguished in history. The castle—of which, however, not much is left—is a very interesting object, and a point towards which the promenaders of Broughty often direct their steps. The first transaction of importance connected with it was its occupation by the English, in 1547, after the battle of Pinkie. The party of English by whom Broughty castle was garrisoned, had scarcely secured themselves within the fortress, when they were blockaded by Arran; who sat down before it on the 1st of October, 1547, but on the 1st of the following January hastily raised the siege. Immediately after his departure, the English fortified the neighbouring hill of Balgillo, and ravaged great part of the county of Angus. Archibald, fifth earl of Argyle, hearing of this, hastily collected a party of his clansmen, and led them against the English at Broughty, where he sustained a defeat, as not long after did a numerous body of French and German troops. On the 20th of February, 1550, both the castle and fort were taken by Des Thermes, who brought against the English in this quarter an army composed of Scots, Germans, and French. The works at both places were now dismantled; and although, at least on the castle, repairs were, perhaps more than once, bestowed, yet we find in the annals of subsequent times little of consequence recorded concerning them.

Plate LVIII.

LOCH-ERICHT.

M'Culloch, in his letters on the Highlands and Western Islands, says of this lake, in his usual caustic manner, that he found it an enormous gutter, or huge cess pool; and makes sundry sore grumblings, about the difficulties he encountered on visiting it, and the small pleasure received in viewing it after this had been attained.

That the scenery around Loch-Ericht is not beautiful, is certain; as it is equally so that it is not picturesque. But few cultivated minds can contemplate the wild shores of this lake without acknowledging their sublimity, without feeling emotions of awe press upon the soul. Even the Doctor, with all his talent for sarcasm, could not have written what he has, while his impressions of this scenery were recent. In the solitude which reigns around, there is sublimity; in the utter silence, here undisturbed even by the hum of an insect, there is another source of the sublime; while amid the dark mountains, and lofty black rocks, which form the boundaries of the lake, the spectator is at once impressed with the variety, the greatness, and the grandeur of nature. Mr Fleming, than whom none ever felt more intensely, or more truly appreciated all the varieties of our mountain scenery, has shown in his painting of Loch-Ericht, that he did not stand unmoved upon its margin; but was under the influence of feelings of its grandeur even amid its desolation and its solitude. He has softened its rude rocks by the hallowed moonlight his pencil has thrown over it; but he has admirably preserved its wildness, its sublimity, and its awe-inspiring solitude.

Loch-Ericht lies partly in Perthshire and partly in Inverness-shire, some miles of its southern end being in the former, while its northern stretches away into the district of Badenoch in the latter county. Its waters are emptied into Loch-Rannoch, which lies about five miles to the south, whence they flow through Loch-Tummel into the river Tay. There is no road to Loch-Ericht; but it may be visited at its southern extremity, either from the head of Loch-Rannoch, to which there is a road along that lake, or from the Inn at Dalnacardach on the great north road. From either of these places a great extent of bog, muir, moss, and mountain have to be traversed; but by approaching from Loch-Rannoch, a much less portion of this sort of travelling is necessary, than if the visitor attempts to cross the mountains from Dalnacardach. The distance from the head of Loch-Rannoch to the end of the lake is about five miles. There is no road along its banks, and no house, so far as we could see, where rest or shelter

Loch Ericht.

could be afforded, with the exception of a solitary hunting-lodge, and the hut of a shepherd, near its upper extremity. Few, therefore, we should think, will be inclined to make the attempt of penetrating to its northern extremity, along its rocky margin, or climbing over the nearly perpendicular precipices which almost entirely form its boundary.

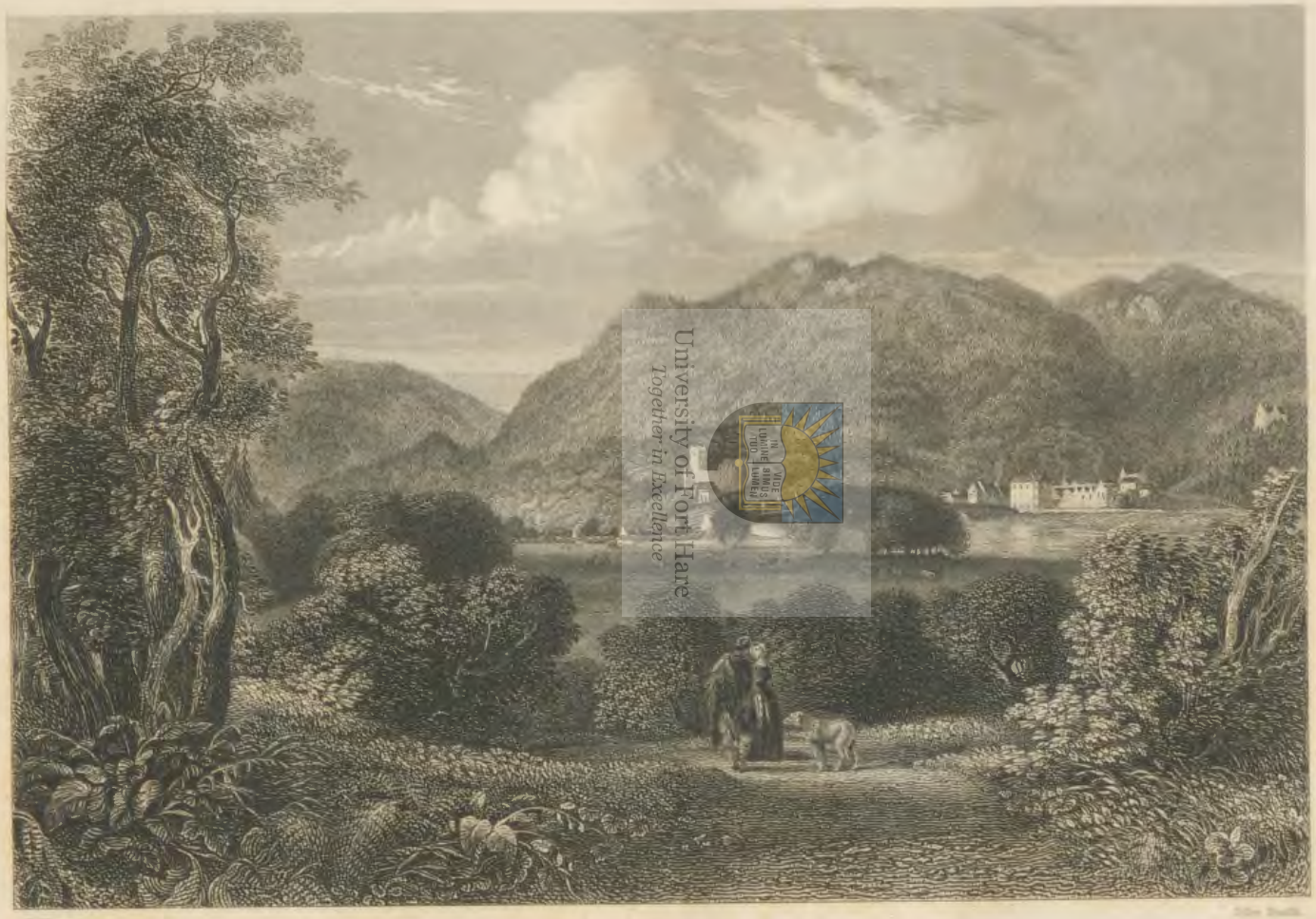
This lake is about sixteen miles in length; but its breadth is not proportionally great, as at no place is this above a mile or a mile and a half. As we have already said, nothing can exceed the solitude and desolation of its shores. Rocks bared by the winter storm, lofty, precipitous, and sometimes altogether perpendicular, surround it; and every where are scattered huge blocks of stone, which frost or torrents of rain have detached from the mountains. Vegetation seems here almost at an end. The bleating of sheep, the barking of the dog, or the cry of the shepherd, seldom, if ever, breaks the silence of this silent place. The visitor finds himself alone amid the silence of nature—of nature in its wildest form. The mind is overpowered and subdued by the emotions which are here called forth; and never can the emotions be altogether erased which have been called forth by visiting the wild and lonely Loch-Ericht.

At the south end, where the waters of the lake are discharged towards Loch-Rannoch, is a rock of 300 or 400 feet perpendicular height. Its summit is accessible with great difficulty, and here is to be seen an ancient fortification or place of strength, the laborious work of an early people who had at one time inhabited this district. It is about 500 feet in length, and 250 in breadth, over the walls. The walls are upwards of fifteen feet in thickness, and are constructed of large squared broad stones, firmly laid together, though without mortar. The general purpose of such an erection is abundantly obvious; but the time when, or the people by whom, it was erected, it is impossible to ascertain. Like the Druidical circles, or the Pictish towers, this fortress might form the groundwork of many an ingenious speculation, much angry feeling and contention among rival theorists; but the result, as has been the case with regard to all the remaining works of the early inhabitants of the Highlands, would lead to little else. It seems now altogether impossible to get any truth or certainty upon the subject. If antiquaries had devoted themselves more to delineation and description, than to theorising upon incorrect or limited knowledge, their opinions would not now probably be so much at variance. The fortress at Loch-Ericht is worthy of more examination and minuter description than it has yet received.

On the east side of the lake, about a mile or two from the south end, a small cave is pointed out as having afforded shelter and concealment to the young Chevalier after the Battle of Culloden. He had wandered previously for some time amid the wilds of Moidart, the islands, and Lochaber,—had made many hairbreadth escapes from being taken by his ruthless pursuers, when, learning that Cameron of Lochiel, and M'Donald of Keppoch, two of his most devoted followers, were concealed in Badenoch, he set off to them, and found them at this cave on the shores of Loch-Ericht. The cave is small, and is formed by detached blocks of stone which, having fallen down to their present

situation, form a small opening which might receive two or three individuals. The fugitives, however, had enlarged its dimensions, by erecting a hut of trees in front of its entrance, from which circumstance it obtained the name of the cage, by which it was popularly known at the time. A more effectual place of concealment, or one less likely to be intruded upon than this at Loch-Ericht, could hardly have been selected.

The view of the lake, given in the engraving, looks towards the north-east; and is taken from a height at the south end. On the right of the picture is seen the rocky and precipitous Beinn-Ardlar, which drops almost perpendicular into the lake. Beyond it, and towards the centre, are the mountains of Badenoch among which the northern portion of Loch-Ericht lies imbedded. Donach-More rises on the left, to the edge of the engraving; and beyond it is a round, lumpish-shaped hill, called the Black-Rock. It is on this side of the lake where the cave that sheltered the Pretender is situated; and there the scattered and decaying remains of an ancient birch forest add to the wild and singular appearance of the scene.



Dunkeld from Torrhill

Plate LXXV.

DUNKELD FROM THE TORRHILL.

The view given in this illustration is that specially recommended by Dr. M'Culloch to the attention of tourists approaching Dunkeld from Perth. It will be found—to use the Doctor's words—"on a rocky knoll of oak-coppice, on the right hand, and behind Birnam inn." The rocky knoll is now surmounted by an elegant cottage; but its sides still retain their primitive clothing of coppice. From the summit of the knoll, a few feet in advance of the cottage just referred to, we are presented with "a view well-adapted for a picture, having all the necessary accompaniments of a fore and middle ground: the wooded and rocky hills which bound Dunkeld to the north forming the background; and the town, with its cathedral, bridge, and river, buried among the dark shade of luxuriant trees, adding life and variety to the whole." The clump of trees on the near bank of the river, consisting chiefly of two magnificent oaks, is thought to be the last existing portion of Birnam forest.

Plate LIV.

DAIRSIE.

The lands of Dairsie, on the north bank of the Eden, in Fifeshire, were anciently held by the Dairseys of that Ilk, under the bishops of St. Andrews; the office of bailies and admirals of the regality of St. Andrews being also held by them. This family ended in an heiress, who marrying a younger son of Learmonth of Ercledon in Berwickshire, brought to him the lands of Dairsie, and the heritable offices attached to them. This family of Learmonth is understood to have been descended from Thomas the Rhymer, the earliest of our Scottish poets, who flourished during the reign of Alexander III., and who, according to Sir Walter Scott, was the author of the metrical romance of 'Sir Tristrem.' In a note to his introduction to that romance, Sir Walter says: "In removing and arranging some ancient papers, lodged in the offices of the clerks of session, the following genealogical memoir was discovered, among many writings belonging to the family of Learmonth of Balcomy, which is now extinct. It is in the handwriting of the 17th century. 'The genealogy of the honourable and ancient Sirname of Leirmont. Leirmont beares *Or*, on a chevron, *S*, three mascles voided of the first; the name is from France. The chief of the name was the laird of Ersilmont in the Merse, whose predecessor, Thomas Leirmonth (lived) in the reigne of K. Alexander III. He foretold his death. One of whose sons married Janet de Darsie, and had the lands of Darsie in Fife, be that marriage; the contract is yet extant confirmed be the king. The house of Darsie bear a rose in base for difference. It is now extinct; only Leirmont of Balcomie in Fife is chief now; whose predecessor was master of howshold to King James IV. His predecessor was the eldest son of Darsie, and took to himselfe the estate of Balcomie, leaving Darsie to the second brother. Upon this account, Balcomie is holden of the King, and Darsie of the Archbishop of St. Andrews; so Balcomie bears the simple coat without the rose in base, since the distinction of Dairsie.

They have been famous, learned, good and great;
Which Maronean style could never rate.' "

In this younger branch of the family of Learmonth, the lands of Dairsie, with the heritable offices, continued till they were acquired by Lord Lindsay of the Byres in the reign of James VI. They were afterwards purchased, during the reign of Charles I., by John Spottiswoode, archbishop of St. Andrews; but the heritable offices remained

Darien Church & Castle

with the family of Lindsay, after they became earls of Crawford, until the abolition of heritable jurisdictions in 1748. Archbishop Spottiswoode rendered himself very obnoxious to the Presbyterians, from the exertions he made for the introduction of Episcopacy into Scotland; but he was a great favourite with James VI. and Charles I. He was admitted an extraordinary lord-of-session in 1610; and was appointed lord-high-chancellor of Scotland in 1635. As archbishop of St. Andrews, he had the honour of crowning Charles I. at Holyrood in 1633. He retired to England in 1638, in consequence of his fears of personal violence, during the opposition made to the introduction of the liturgy, and died there in December 1639, having been excommunicated by the general assembly of the Scottish church a few days previously. He was a man of great genius, learning, and prudence; but he was thrown upon evil times, and suffered much affliction towards the close of his life. He was the author of 'The History of the Reformation of the Church of Scotland,' of which several editions have been published. The archbishop's eldest son, Sir John Spottiswoode, succeeded to the estate of Dairsie, and was one of the gentlemen of the bed-chamber to James VI. His only son, John Spottiswoode, was a firm adherent of Charles I. He was a young man of great talent and bravery, and having joined Montrose was taken with him, tried, condemned, and executed for high treason in 1650. Sir Robert Spottiswoode, the archbishop's second son, was appointed a privy councillor, and, in 1622, an extraordinary lord-of-session, under the title of Lord Newabby. In 1626, he was appointed an ordinary lord-of-session; and, in 1633, lord-president of the court. As, like his father, he was obnoxious to the Covenanters, on their rising he fled into England, where he remained till the king's second visit to Scotland. In 1643, he was appointed secretary-of-state, and as such, passed the commission appointing Montrose to be his majesty's lieutenant in Scotland, with which he instantly proceeded himself to the north and delivered it to Montrose. He was taken prisoner shortly after the battle of Philiphaugh, and carried to St. Andrews, where he was tried for high treason, found guilty, and beheaded on the 16th January, 1646, at the market-cross of that city.

In consequence of these misfortunes, the estate of Dairsie was sold, and purchased by a family of the name of Morrison. The estate subsequently became the property of the earl of Elgin, by whom they were sold to the late General Scott of Balcomy. His daughter, then marchioness of Titchfield, sold the whole in 1801 to Sir James Gibson Craig, then Mr. Gibson, who in 1808 sold Dairsie to Henry Trail, Esq., in whose family it now remains.

The old castle of Dairsie was anciently a place of considerable consequence, and during the reign of David II. was, from its strength and retired situation, selected by the regents of the kingdom as the seat of a parliament, which met in 1335, from which much good to the country was expected; but which, from the mutual animosities among the nobles, ended in no beneficial result. In the year 1575, says Sir James Balfour in his annals, "Lord Thone Hamilton," son of the Duke of Chatelherault, "ryding to Aberrothocke, accompanied onlie with his ordinary traine, (for he held himselffe secured by the pacification,) was persewed by William Douglas of Lochlewin, quho did lay with a

number in his way, of intention to kill him, as he was refreshing himselffe at Coupar; bot being adwertised of the danger, he escaped to the house of Darsey, quher he was receaved. Lochlewin belayed the housse all that night and to-morrow, untill a herauld of armes, from the counsell, sumond him to dissolve his forces; for which insolency, and refussing to keep the peace, he excepting still the murder of his brother, the earle of Murray, the regent; bot he was committed to the castle of Edinburgh, quher he remained till surety was given." The castle—which was considerably enlarged and improved, if not altogether rebuilt by Archbishop Spottiswoode—is beautifully situated upon the summit of a high bank above the river Eden. It is greatly dilapidated, but a portion is still nearly of the original height; and what remains is now carefully preserved by the proprietor. The bank is ornamented with wood, and the immediate neighbourhood of the old building planted with flowers and shrubbery. A short distance from the castle, the archbishop erected a church for the use of the parish. It is an elegant building, with beautiful pointed windows, and a handsome spire rising from the south-west corner; it is still in good preservation, has lately undergone considerable repairs, and forms the present parish-church. Both these buildings are seen in the accompanying engraving, the view being taken from the low ground to the south, on the opposite bank of the river Eden. Archbishop Spottiswoode also built a bridge across the Eden at this place, which though narrow is still a useful and handsome structure.

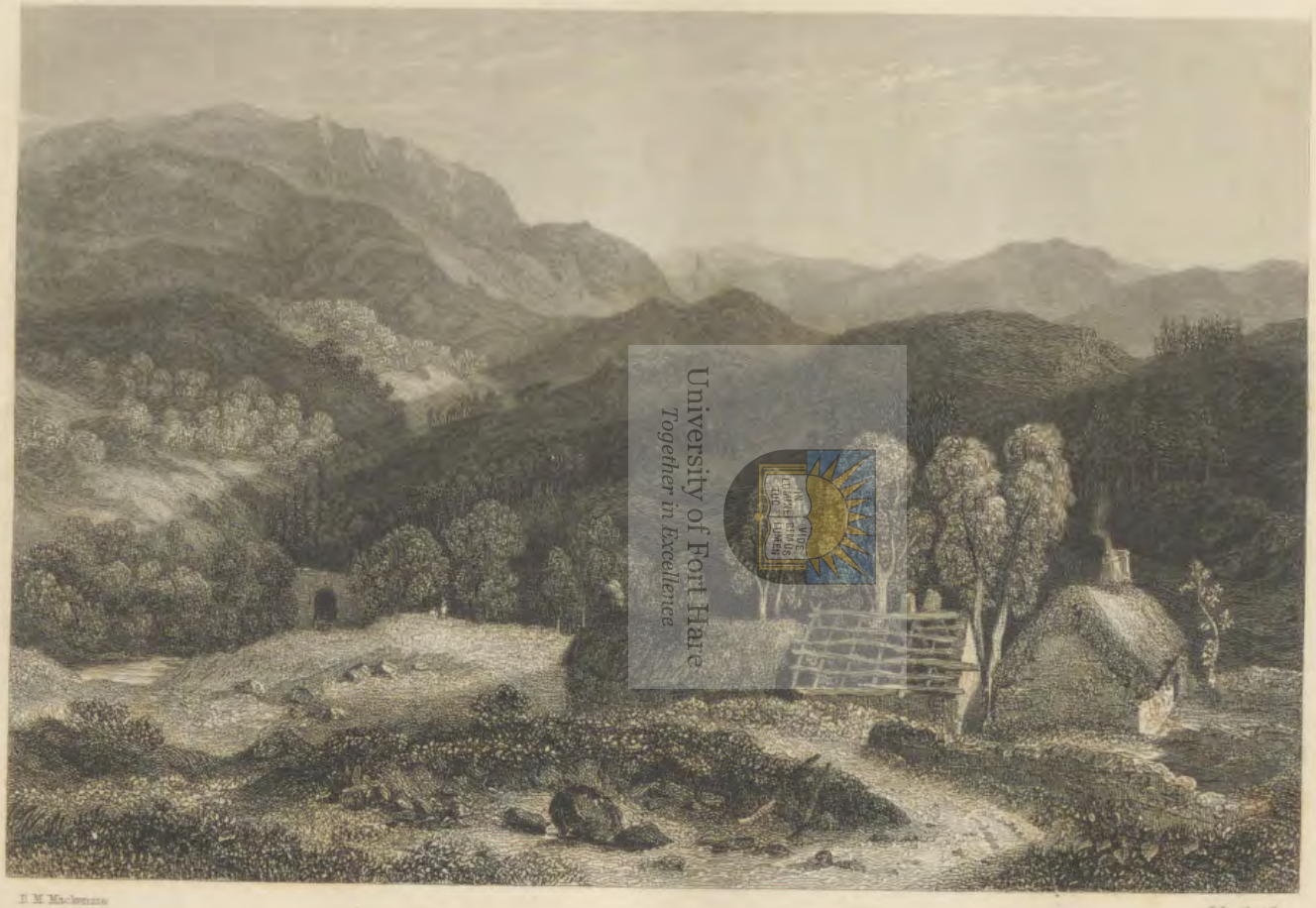
Loch Ard

Plate LXVI.

LOCH FAD.

Loch Fad is a small lake in the island of Bute, three miles south from the town of Rothesay. It is about three miles long, and scarcely half-a-mile broad; but from the rude, rocky, and picturesque appearance of the hills which surround it, it presents quite a miniature picture of some of the larger Highland lakes. The slopes of a few of these hills are cultivated; but the greater proportion, especially as we proceed towards the head of the loch, are in a state of nature. Though not remarkable for height, their outline is in general broken, varied, and interesting; and the serrated summits of the Arran mountains on the one hand, or the hills of Cowal on the other, afford fine terminations to the view, whether up or down the lake. Loch Fad forms a pleasant excursion for tourists, or sea-bathing visitors at Rothesay; and since the period that Kean made it a place of repose during the intervals from his exertions in his arduous profession, it has been much more visited than it had ever previously been. The house erected by Kean, though of sufficient size, is a very ordinary looking one, and generally disappoints the visitors. Had it been somewhat more of the cottage-style, it would have better pleased the eye, and been more in accordance with the situation, which is indeed well-chosen. The grounds are agreeably laid out, and form a singular contrast with the rudeness and romantic nature of the surrounding scenery. In 1827—when Kean was in the meridian of his fame—the following account of his retirement on the banks of Loch Fad appeared in one of the Glasgow newspapers:—"The banks of Loch Fad now swarm with pilgrims to the residence of our greatest dramatic performer, who has kindly instructed the old lady—a native of London—who acts as guardian of the premises, to allow all respectable persons who may call a full view of the cottage and grounds. Nothing can be more rurally simple, and at the same time more tasteful and elegant, than the residence here erected by Kean. It is a tolerably capacious house, two stories in height, with a small one-story building at either end. On the ground-floor is a splendid dining-room, furnished in a costly manner, as is every other part of the house; and behind it is a library stocked with a valuable collection of books, among which are several containing fine engravings of the costumes of different countries at different periods, and also the works of Hogarth, Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, &c., a fine edition of the Spectator, and a beautiful old copy of Shakspeare in one volume folio, printed about the middle of the 17th century, and presented to Kean by Mr. Price, the manager of the New York

theatre. In the library are also many items of the paraphernalia of an actor—such as swords, daggers, &c., besides an excellent engraving of Kean in Brutus, one of Garrick, one of the Earl of Essex, and several others of distinguished British characters. Within a niche in the lobby stands an admirable bust of Kean, also in the character of Brutus, which, as an accurate resemblance, exceeds the engraving. On the second floor, or upper story, is a large drawing-room, elegantly fitted up, and in a style entirely dramatic —in so far, at least, as regards the fancy papers with which the wall is decorated, these being full of scenic representations of character, most of them taken from prominent subjects in history and mythology. From the windows of this apartment an enchanting view is obtained of Loch Fad, and of the expanse of land and sea to southward, the remembrance of which can never be lost by those who once have seen it. Indeed no language can do justice to the varied charms of the situation; it must be seen to be fully appreciated. The garden and grounds are laid out in a style displaying the finest perception of the beauties of the place. Here a soft flower blooms in the hard cleft of some jagged rock; there a walk, edged with box-wood, winds along amid sinuosities so serpentine as almost to render a continuous walk impossible; and on the top of the eminence at the base of which the cottage is situated, there stands a fog-house, supported by massy rustic pillars, its floor paved with small pebbles from the loch, its seats supported by hazle cuttings, and its prospect in front commanding a few glimpses of Loch Fad, an indistinct view of Rothesay in the distance, of the tranquil bay beyond it, and of the Argyle mountains still more remote, swimming in a kind of blue haze that softens their outline and imparts to them a character of almost perfect ideality. Mr. Kean"—the account continues—"has it in contemplation to erect, within the precincts of his little territory, an asylum for the retreat of decayed actors, who may be recommended to him either by personal knowledge, or by the society for the relief of such individuals, which has now for a considerable time been established in London." We need scarcely add, that the benevolent design here recorded—like many others of the projector—never reached its consummation in performance.



J. M. Mackenzie

John Smith

Stone on the Garry

A. Fullarton & Cº London & Edinburgh.

Plate LXVII.

SCENE ON THE GARRY,

IN THE PASS OF KILLIECRANKIE.

In that wild and mountainous region in the north-western part of Perthshire, which borders upon Badenoch, and forms a portion of what is called the Forest of Athole, there is a small gloomy looking sheet of water, formed by the confluence of a number of mountain rivulets, amongst which the Shallain-water, and a rivulet rising on the side of Mambane, are the principal. Surrounded on all sides by lofty and rugged mountains, a more lonely and deserted scene than that presented by Loch-Garry can scarcely be conceived. No signs or sounds of life are here to be met with, save the occasional bleat of the half wild mountain-sheep, or, at rare intervals, the call of the solitary shepherd on his dog. No trees wave their graceful branches around this wild stern lake; and the huge sides of the circumjacent mountains, bared of soil by the winter's storms and torrents, present little else to the view than broad glistening masses of naked rock. In a few spots, a small portion of level ground, wearing a flush of green in the months of summer, may be descried on its shores; but throughout the greater part of its extent the mountains descend almost sheer down to the water's brink, leaving only a narrow and scarcely perceptible footing at their base.

From the north-east extremity of this loch issues the rapid and impetuous Garry, which, taking a sudden bend to the south-east, flows in that direction through some of the most magnificent scenery in Perthshire, till it loses its name and its waters in the Tummel, a little above the beautiful haugh of Faskally. At a point, nearly five miles below its efflux from Loch-Garry, it receives the liberal tribute of Edendon-water; and a little way farther on, it sweeps past the well-known stage-inn of Dalnacardoch, on the Great Highland road from Inverness to Edinburgh. From below this point, while still flowing through a wildly mountainous region, it begins to be adorned with wooded banks,—to riot in a profusion of rapids and cataracts,—and to wear an aspect of mingled wildness and beauty. But in picturesque wildness it is here surpassed by its tributary the Bruar, which descending from the skirts of Bendearg, or the Red Mountain, in Athole Forest, joins it about three miles above Blair-Athole. After sweeping past

the demesne and mansion of Blair-castle, and the beautiful village of Blair-Athole, over a wide and gravelly channel, it is joined by the bulky and playful waters of the Tilt, which brings along with it the respective tribute of two beautiful mountain-streams, the Tarf, and the Fender. The mountains now begin gradually to converge, and hem in the course of the river, until it makes its escape through the magnificent pass of Killiecrankie. Here the dark lofty hills which fall abruptly or precipitously down on both sides of the narrow vale of the Garry, approach so close that the shadow of the one range casts itself over the face of the other. From the road—which is carried along a sloping part of the ridge on the left side of the river—the traveller looks up, on the one hand, to the bare acclivitous ascent of the mountains toward their summit, and listens, on the other, to the hoarse and tumultuous roar of the Garry storming its angry way along the bottom of the deep gorge below. But the wildly romantic pass is so tufted and overhung with a profusion of birch-trees tenaciously clinging to the clefts of the rocks, that the river is, in most places, invisible, and makes its presence known only by its deafening noise; and, when it does come into view, it appears rolling headlong over a precipice, and lashing the waters of a deep pool into a little sea of foam, and expending its gigantic energies in throwing up amid the romance around it a scene of awful magnificence. The pass is between two and three miles in length, and, previous to the era of laying open the Highlands by the construction of military roads, was the most wild and perilous of all the inlets to that vast fortress of mountains, or to any of its interior retreats. A footpath, hanging over a tremendous precipice, and threatening destruction to the pedestrian as the result of the least false step, was then the only facility which it offered; but now an excellent road is carried along in such safety, that nowhere, throughout the United Kingdom, is the traveller more rapidly and pleasantly borne onwards to his destination, than in ascending or descending the Caledonian 'Thermopylæ,' as it has—with more pictorial than moral justice—been termed. The view which Mr. Mackenzie's pencil has attempted to delineate in the engraving now before us, is taken near the hamlet of Insch, on the Blair-Athole road, from a point betwixt it and the river, just under the towering mass of Fanmuick, which here divides the converging straths of the Garry and the Tummel. The scene is wild, but by no means deficient in grandeur.

Edinburgh from the neighbourhood of Arthur Seat

Plate LXVIII.

EDINBURGH FROM ARTHUR'S SEAT.

Sir Walter Scott, in his introduction to the Chronicles of the Canongate, thus depicts the view from Arthur's Seat:—"A nobler contrast there can hardly exist than that of the huge city, dark with the smoke of ages, and groaning with the various sounds of active industry or idle revel, and the lofty and craggy hill, silent and solitary as the grave; one exhibiting the full tide of existence, pressing and precipitating itself forward with the force of an inundation; the other resembling some time-worn anchorite, whose life passes as silent and unobserved as the slender rill which escapes unheard, and scarce seen from the fountain of his patron-saint. The city resembles the busy temple, where the modern Comus and Mammon held their court, and thousands sacrifice ease, independence, and virtue itself, at their shrine; the misty and lonely mountain seems as a throne to the majestic but terrible genius of feudal times, where the same divinities dispensed coronets and domains to those who had heads to devise, and arms to execute bold enterprises." Elsewhere the same writer describes the scene as follows:

"The wandering eye could o'er it go,
And mark the distant city glow
With gloomy splendour red:
For on the smoke-wreaths huge and slow,
That round her sable turrets flow,
The morning beams were shed,
And tinged them with a lustre proud
Like that which streaks a thunder-cloud,
Such dusky grandeur clothed the height
Where the huge Castle holds its state,
And all the steep slope down,
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
Piled deep and massy, close and high,
Mine own romantic town!
But northward far, with purer blaze
On Ochil mountains fell the rays,
And as each heathy top they kissed
It gleamed a purple amethyst.
Yonder the shore of Fife you saw;
Here Preston-Bay and Berwick-Law;
And broad between them rolled
The gallant Firth the eye might note,
Whose islands on its bosom float
Like emeralds in chased gold."

Plate LVIII.

THE FALLS OF LOCHY.

The narrow vale of Glenlochy, in Perthshire, through which the Lochy flows towards its junction with the Dochart at Killin, presents several points of high and varied attraction to the eye of the lover of the wildly picturesque; particularly at the spot where the river suddenly emerges, in a series of falls, from the thickly wooded defile through which it has long travelled, and, after seeming to chafe away all its previous restlessness in one angry effort, assumes the aspect of a calm and gently flowing lowland river, as it approaches to the embrace of its more lively sister-stream from Glendochart.

D. Mackenzie

The Black Castle of Moulin

A. Fullarton & Co. London & Edinburgh

Plate LIII.

THE BLACK CASTLE OF MOULIN.

The situation of the Black Castle is a lonely one, and though in the neighbourhood of the village of Moulin, is quite removed from the public road, or any of the ordinary routes pursued by tourists. Should the present notice induce any reader to go in quest of this lone relic of former ages, we beg to inform him, that, while passing through the village of Pitlochrie, on the road between Dunkeld and Blair-Athole, the Black Castle may be visited by making a detour of about a mile-and-a-half to the north; and should he happen to visit it in fine weather, he will have the additional satisfaction of obtaining a very fine and imposing view of the noble Benvracky, whose elegant pyramidal form and towering crest are seen to very great advantage from the village of Moulin.

Of the Black Castle, or Old Castle of Moulin—as it is sometimes termed—no authentic history exists. Some suppose it to have been a Religious house, as the lands about it are known to have been Church-lands. It is said to have belonged to the Comynes, who were Earls of Athole and Badenoch, in the 14th century. There is a tradition that a number of persons infected with the plague were at one time shut up in it; and that those who died were buried within the narrow enclosures of the Castle. This story, —whether founded on fact or not,—appears to have operated for a time in protecting the solitary walls from dilapidation; but the neighbouring peasants have long since got over all fear of waking "the buried plague," and have carried off, of late years, no inconsiderable portion of the ruins as materials for their dykes and cottages. One man—we were told by our guide—after having prowled long and anxiously about the ruins, a few years since, did find and carry off a considerable quantity of concealed treasure; but "he got no rest" until he had replaced it in the spot from whence he bore it, and after that "he received no more trouble." The building appears to have been nearly a square, measuring seventy-six feet by eighty, with small circular towers at each corner. A part of the south wall is still standing, and some fragments of the north and west walls, with a part of the north-west turret. With the exception of the side of a window, or some such opening in a part of the turret, there is no appearance of an aperture of any kind in the portions of the building yet extant. The walls are five feet in thickness; and the stones, though not hewn, are placed in regular horizontal rows, pinned with small flat stones, and cemented with lime and sand. The whole has been sur-

rounded with a shallow lake or moat, now drained; and vestiges of a causeway, leading from the building to the nearest rising ground—a distance of 110 yards—may yet be traced. It is situated on the estate of Balledmont, about 400 yards to the east of the little village of Moulin.

The time chosen by the painter is early dawn, while yet

> "The pines that crest yon height
> Cut with green edge the dome of light."

The summit of Benvracky has caught the new-born radiance of day; but the ruin and the circumjacent fields are still in deep shade.

EDINBURGH:
FULLARTON AND MACNAB, PRINTERS, LEITH WALK.