Engraved for Dr. Grahame's Picturesque Scenery of Perthshire.

Published by Ballantyne & Co. & P. Hill, Edinburgh; & Longman & Co. London. 1812.

Drawn by the Revd. Wm. Stirling, from various authorities

D Lizars Sculpt.

To Walter Scott Esquire,
This Map of the Scenery of the Lady of the Lake,
Is most respectfully inscribed by The Publishers

SKETCHES

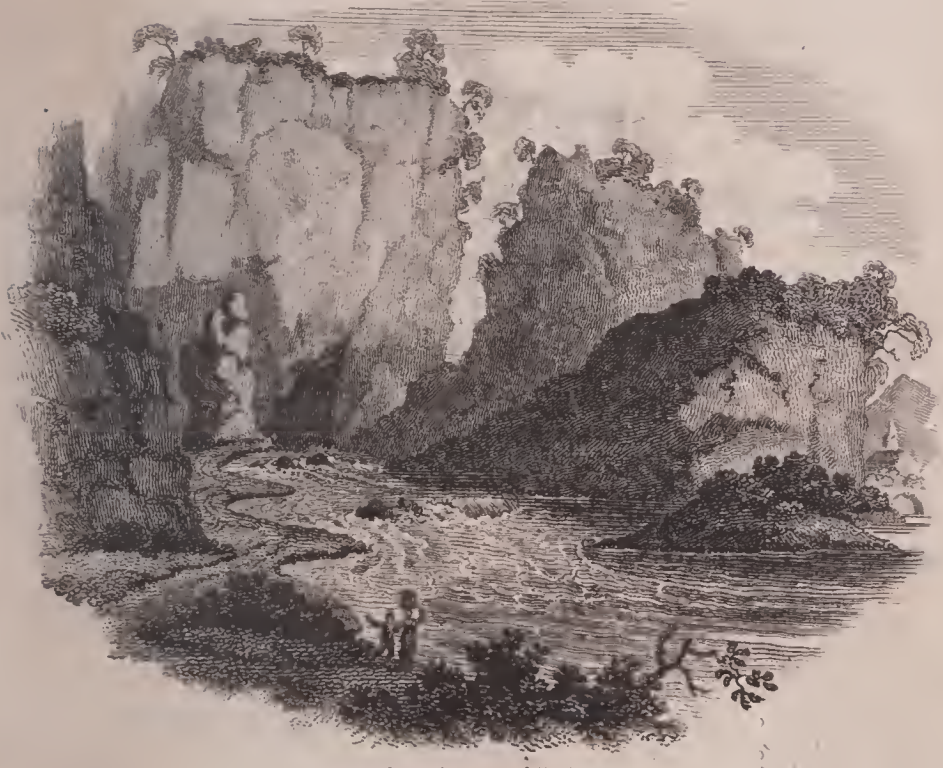
OF

PERTHSHIRE.

BY THE

REV. P. GRAHAM, D.D.

THE SECOND EDITION.



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FOR PETER HILL, AND JOHN BALLANTYNE AND CO.;

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LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND CO.,

LONDON.

1812.

TO

HER GRACE

THE DUCHESS OF MONTROSE,

THESE

Sketches of Scenery,

(THE MOST EXTENSIVE AND INTERESTING PART OF WHICH IS INCLUDED IN THE DUKE'S ESTATES,)

ARE,

WITH GREAT RESPECT, INSCRIBED

BY

HER GRACE'S MOST OBEDIENT,

AND MOST OBLIGED SERVANT,

PATRICK GRAHAM.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE county of Perth, throughout its whole extent, has been long admired and justly celebrated for the sublimity and the beauty of its scenery. But that portion of it which is situated upon the south-western frontier, together with the adjoining district of Stirlingshire, which stretches along the eastern shore of Lochlomond, (of which it is also pro-

posed to offer some account) has, of late years, attracted the particular attention and admiration of travellers.

This most interesting scenery has, indeed, for some time past, been the favourite resort of strangers from every quarter of the united kingdom. This has arisen partly from the intrinsic charms which they are pleased to ascribe to it, and partly from the present exclusion of Britons from the continent, in consequence of the rigours of a savage and jealous despotism.

To these causes of increasing resort to this quarter of Scotland, may be added another of recent occurrence. Mr

Walter Scott, by adopting it as the scene of the transactions of his justly admired poem, *The Lady of the Lake*, has rendered it classic ground. At present, the topography of this region,

"From lone Glenartney's hazel shade,"

on the north-east,

"E'en to the pass of Bealmaha,"

on the south-west, including an ample range of country, adorned with woods, lakes, and rivers, with fertile vales, and lofty mountains, has become as interesting to the admirers of Mr Scott's

popular poem, as that of the Troad is to the admirers of Homer.

These "Sketches, descriptive of Picturesque Scenery on the southern Confines of Perthshire, including the Trosachs, Lochard, &c." were first published in 1806, and were honoured, even in the defective state in which they then appeared, by the favourable reception of the public. Mr Scott, by citing them repeatedly in flattering terms, in the notes to his celebrated poem, has contributed much to the credit of that little volume; and the edition being exhausted, the author takes the liberty of offering another,

which, he hopes, will be found freed from several imperfections, and supplied with many subjects which were desiderated in the former.

This edition has, particularly, the advantage of a map, delineated by the author's friend, the Reverend William Stirling, minister of Port. In this map reference is had to the topography of the LADY OF THE LAKE; and the several routes are set down, to enable the stranger the more advantageously to direct his course. The recent delineation of this region by Mr Arrowsmith, which is, in general, extremely accurate, together with his scale, is adopted. Some

alterations are made from local knowledge, and from the communications of intelligent friends. In particular, it is presumed that the Archipelago of Lochlomond will be found more faithfully pourtrayed in this map than it has been in any other; indeed, from Mr Stirling's having taken the trouble to superintend the execution of the map himself, it is hoped that it will be considered as the very best specimen of North British geographic engraving now extant.

By the suggestion of several intelligent tourists, it was intended to have enriched this edition with some beau-

tiful drawings in perspective, of the most remarkable scenes described in the volume. The drawings were actually furnished by Mr Stirling, who sometimes relieves his professional occupations with the elegant and permissible amusement of the pencil. Circumstances have interfered to prevent the *present* publication being enriched with these drawings. It is probable, however, that Mr Stirling will soon publish them upon his own account; and the public will then have it in their power to add the delineations of the pencil to the descriptions of the pen.

The author presumes to add, that a

circumstance occurred to him several years ago, which, without any merit on his part, may be considered as qualifying him, in some slight degree, for this undertaking. When the Messrs Boydells of London, in 1792, proposed to publish the description of the four rivers, the Thames, the Severn, the Forth, and the Clyde, from their sources to the sea, they employed the ingenious Mr Farrington of the Royal Academy, to execute the drawings of the adjacent scenery. The author of these Sketches had the happiness to attend that accomplished artist for several days, whilst he was employed in

the quarter which it is now proposed to describe; and it was his office to accompany the delineations of the pencil with a *verbal description*, which Mr Farrington regularly revised.

The proposed work of the Boydells having been long ago abandoned, the writer now considers himself at liberty to employ the notes which he took down on those occasions for Mr Farrington; and he even hopes that they may be found of some service, to young artists at least, by suggesting the points of view which were chosen by so eminent a master, as well as the mode by which he constructed his outline.

As few districts in Scotland present a more fertile field to the botanist than this, the rarer native plants are enumerated; and the labour and uncertainty of finding them is lessened by pointing out the particular places of their growth. Some account is given of the animals and minerals of the neighbourhood. These Notices of Natural History are thrown into a separate section; and it is hoped that the general reader will forgive them, for the sake of the admirers of an elegant and useful science, numbers of whom are attracted hither every summer. Occasional remarks are offered on the

soil, the climate, and meteorology of this part of the Highlands; some account is given of the language, the manners, and history of the country, and of the popular superstitions which still prevail.

SKETCHES

OF

PICTURESQUE SCENERY, &c.

The routes by which this Switzerland of North Britain may be approached, vary according to the quarter from which the traveller comes.

1. To those from the north of Scotland, two roads offer themselves, each presenting its own interesting beauties, that by Crieff, or Auchterarder, to Dunblane and Callander;

or that by Killin and Lochearn-head to Callander.

2. Travellers from the east, by Stirling, may take the road by Kier and the village of Doune, to Callander; or that by Blairdrummond to Aberfoyle.

3. Those from Glasgow, or, in general, from the south and west, take the road by Drymen and Gartmore to Aberfoyle.

To describe each of these routes, together with the distances, the accommodations, and the interesting objects which they offer to the tourist, will be the principal business of the ensuing pages.

I. FROM THE NORTH, BY DUNBLANE.

THE great road, which furnishes a communication between the north and south of Scotland, by Stirling, passes through Dunblane. In coming from Perth, the nearest route is by Auchterarder, in the vicinity of which, by the road side, stands the ancient cemetery of the noble family of Montrose. This road is soon to be made turnpike. Crieff is a neat village, picturesquely situated, and furnishing comfortable accommodations to the stranger.

Should he have leisure to enjoy, in detail, the beautiful and sublime scenery of this

neighbourhood, he will do well to extend his excursion, by the vale of the Erne, to the opening of the lake of that name, the distance from Crieff being about twelve miles. He will remark several elegant seats in his course, particularly Ochtertyre, the residence of Sir Patrick Murray, Bart.; and Drummond Castle, the mansion of the Honourable Mr Burrell Drummond. Passing the village of Comrie, in the very emboucheure of the Highlands, about two miles, he arrives at Dunira, the romantic seat of Lord Viscount Melville, and the creation of his ever-to-be-revered father. Nature and art have happily combined in the embellishment of Dunira. Nature has given lofty mountains, precipitous rocks, waving woods, and a beautiful river. All that taste and genius could suggest is added; an elegant house and garden, flourishing plantations judiciously disposed, and a lawn, which, in the

very bosom of rugged rocks and mountains, surprises the eye by its extent, contribute to render this one of the most interesting places in the Highlands of Scotland. To give some idea of the extent of the pleasure grounds of Dunira, it may be added, that it is reckoned that there are about thirty miles of gravel walks and artificial foot-paths, with fog or moss houses, at convenient distances, within their bounds. On the higher eminences, by the side of these foot-paths, the *arbutus uva ursi*, of such use as an astringent medicine, may be found in great profusion.

But it may be permitted to remark, that in contemplating this favourite residence of our late lamented statesman and patriot, so justly his country's pride, some feelings of a higher order than the mere admiration of scenery, however magnificent, will irresistibly rush upon the mind. When we call to our recollec-

tion the nefarious attempts which were made, soon after the French revolution to involve us in similar anarchy, and when we consider the means by which, under the favour of a kind Providence, we have been rescued from this ruin; when we look around us at this moment to the wreck of empires which is exhibited upon the continent of Europe; and when we consider the proud pre-eminence which Britain still maintains amongst nations, can we forget that it was William Pitt, seconded and supported by his undaunted and energetic friend Henry Dundas, who stemmed the torrent of revolution in our country, and laid the foundation of that security which we now enjoy? Whilst the feeling of this security and independence, which the contemplation of our yet unimpaired constitution inspires, remains among Britons, the memory of Henry Lord Melville will live. The

meed of those also, who had the honour of co-operating in the public measures of those great men, will be rich in the estimation of posterity, and precious to their own minds.

Lochearn is about seven miles long. There is a good road, by both sides of the lake, to Lochearn-head; its surface is about 300 feet above the level of the sea; it is for the most part beautifully skirted with coppice wood. On the south side, Benvorlich towers majestically to the height of 3000 feet above the level of the lake. Ardvorlich-house, the seat of William Stewart, Esq. is situated on the margin of the lake, at the very base of the mountain. On the north-east shoulder of Benvorlich, the botanist will find that rare plant, the *azalea procumbens*, in a profusion which does not often occur. This minutest of all the British shrubs is said to sell among the London nurserymen and florists at half-a-

guinea each plant. At this rate, the laird of Ardvorlich may make more by an acre of this shoulder of his mountain, than can possibly be made by an acre of the richest land in Britain.

By either side of Lochearn, the tourist may proceed to Lochearn-head, where he will meet with comfortable accommodations. He may find his way to the same place from Killin by a good road, through Glenogill, of about eight miles. From Lochearn-head he may proceed to Callander, by Balquhidder. In this route, he will be gratified with many interesting objects. The vale of Balquhidder is traversed through its whole course, by the water of Balvac, (or *the silent*, from the tranquillity of its current.) At its western extremity, a little beyond the church, Lochvoil opens, and Lochduine is joined to it on the west by a narrow channel. These lakes are bounded on each

side by lofty and precipitous mountains, affording rich sheep pasture.

From Lochearn-head to Callander is $13\frac{3}{4}$ miles; the road, through Strath-ire, by the northern bank of Lochlubnaig, is exellent, and the surrounding scenery delightful; about mid-way down the lake, we pass Ardchullerie, where Mr Bruce of Kinnaird resided for some years for the sake of retirement, whilst engaged in composing the valuable account of his travels in Abyssinia, relieving the severity of his studies occasionally with rural sports, for which this romantic spot is so admirably calculated. Just opposite to Ardchullerie, Benledi bathes, as it were, its sable skirts in the gulf below, which seems to be tinged with its solemn hue.

Without anticipating, however, the description of Benledi, which seems more properly to belong to an excursion from Callander, let it

suffice to say, that the road from Balquhidder by Lochlubnaig, passes by St Bride's chapel, through the pass of Leney, to that village.

If the tourist from the north, instead of exploring the valley of the Erne, as far as the lake of that name, chuses to pass on directly by Dunblane, he will not omit to examine one of the most entire and beautiful remains of a Roman encampment that is now to be fouud in Scotland. It is to be seen at Ardoch, near Greenloaning, about six miles to the eastward of Dunblane. This encampment is supposed, on good grounds, to have been constructed during the fourth campaign of Agricola in Britain; it is 1060 feet in length, and 900 in breadth; it could contain 26,000 men,

according to the ordinary distribution of the Roman soldiers in their encampments. There appear to have been three or four ditches, strongly fortified, surrounding the camp. The four entries crossing the lines are still to be seen distinctly. The *general's quarter* rises above the level of the camp, but is not exactly in the centre. It is a regular square of twenty yards, enclosed with a stone wall, and containing the foundations of a house, 30 feet by 20. There is a subterraneous communication with a smaller encampment at a little distance, in which several Roman helmets, spears, &c. have been found. From this camp at Ardoch, the great Roman highway runs east to Bertha, about 14 miles distant, where the Roman army is believed to have passed over the Tay, into Strathmore.

In proceeding towards Dunblane, we pass the Sheriff-muir on the left, the scene of the

engagement between the royal forces under the Duke of Argyle, and those of Prince Charles, under the Earl of Marr, in 1715.

DUNBLANE.

Dunblane, which, though from its having been formerly the seat of a bishopric, it may claim the appellation of a city, is only a small village, picturesquely situated in a little valley, upon the banks of the here rapid, and not undignified river, Allan, and is chiefly remarkable for its cathedral; this is one of the few specimens of ancient Gothic architecture which escaped the ill-advised fury of the first reformers. This cathedral was founded by David I. in 1142, and had considerable revenues annexed to it in Scotland, besides some

lands attached to it in England. It is situated upon an eminence, as the name imports.[1] The choir, or chancel, is the only part of it which retains the roof, and is now used as the parochial place of worship. At the west end are 32 prebends' stalls, and on the north of the entrance to the cathedral, the seats of the bishop and dean, both of oak and handsomely carved. The length of the building is 216 feet, and the breadth 76; the height of the walls 50. The spire, the height of which is 128 feet, is partly a more modern building, two stories having been added to it by Bishop Leighton. The boundary of the ancient and modern part is marked by the different colour and consistency of the stone. The church, to the west of the chancel, being un-

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[1] *Dunblane* signifies the eminence of the warm, or sheltered river.

roofed, is fast going into decay; but the author is happy to have it in his power to record, that the noblemen and gentlemen of the neighbourhood, to their great honour, are, at this moment, exerting themselves to preserve this venerable fabric from ruin; they have, by private contribution, raised a sum of money for this purpose, which, with the addition of £100 obtained from the exchequer, amounts to £500; and the proposed repairs are now actually begun. The exact appearance of the ruin, however, is to be preserved, without adding any thing that may suggest the idea of modern repair.

Dr Robert Leighton, who was ordained Bishop of Dunblane in 1662, and afterwards promoted to the archbishopric of Glasgow, endowed a valuable library here, by a donation of an ample collection of the ancient fathers, and a choice assortment of Greek and

Roman classics; the same amiable and accomplished prelate also bequeathed to this institution a house for the library, with a fund for paying a librarian, and for making further additions from time to time of reputable publications, under the direction of constitutional curators.

It ought not to be omitted, that to some private gentlemen, this institution is indebted for many valuable donations. In particular, we perceive a considerable number of curious volumes in various departments of literature and science, from John Barclay, M. D. of Edinburgh; and the late very splendid edition of the Poems of Ossian in the original Gaelic, (a language once vernacular at Dunblane) with a Latin translation by Robert Macfarlane, Esq.; a present from Sir John Macgregor Murray of Lanrick and Balquhidder, Bart.

Here the antiquarian will be gratified by finding the large and splendid publication of the celebrated architect, Adam, (some time ago also presented to this library) in which the palace of Dioclesian in Dalmatia is represented by the art of the engraver in its present ruinous condition, in contrast with the beauty and perfection which it is presumed to have originally had.

In the centre of the town stands what was formerly the bishop's palace; and which, though still retaining in its enriched cornices, that once were white, some traces of its ancient grandeur, is now metamorphosed into hay-lofts, warehouses, and whisky shops:

Sic transit Gloria mundi.

" Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
" May stop a hole to keep the wind away."

The environs of Dunblane present several

objects that merit the attention of the tourist. From the western window of the principal room of the inn, at the bridge, a view may be had, which is much admired by draughtsmen. The village, with the cathedral towering over it at the further extremity, through whose unlatticed windows and broken arches the sky is seen; the river, the rapidity of which pleases the eye and the ear, and which receives an accession of sprightliness in good weather, from the frequent resort of the inhabitants, either for domestic purposes, or for relaxation, all form an interesting picture.

At the lower end of the town begins the romantic, though artificial walk, of Kippenross, shaded by a close-set row of aged but luxuriant beeches, and stretching along the banks of the river that brawls underneath. Near the further extremity of this walk, in the lawn of Kippenross, the beautiful seat of John

Stirling of Kippendavie, Esq. you meet with a plane, or sycamore tree, supposed to be the largest of that species in Scotland. The circumference at the ground is 27 feet, the height of the trunk is 13 feet; the effect of the branches seen from beneath, stretching over a circle of 100 feet in diameter, enriched with mosses, and alternately illuminated by the sun's rays, and darkened by their own foliage, though beyond the jurisdiction of the pencil, which aspires principally to the delineation of objects that are horizontal, cannot fail to make a solemn impression on the spectator.

The visitant of this scenery from the north, in passing from Dunblane to the village of Doune, the distance being about four miles, leaves Kilbride castle, the seat of Sir Alexander Campbell, Baronet, on a very commanding eminence on the right; and a little farther on, Argaty, the seat of Monro Binning,

Esq. When just about entering the village of Doune, he leaves Newton, the seat of James Edmonstone, Esq. on the left, whilst he is gratified with a very advantageous peep of the extensive and luxuriant plantations of Blairdrummond, in the same direction.

Having thus endeavoured to conduct our tourist from the north as far as Doune, reserving the further description of that vicinity to a future occasion, let us now suppose that he comes from the east, by Stirling, on his visit to this now classic scenery. This brings us to the second division of these Sketches.

II. FROM THE EAST, BY STIRLING.

STIRLING, well styled by our poet "the bulwark of the north," presents a great variety of objects, well calculated to interest and to gratify every traveller of taste. Situated on a basaltic rock, projecting with a bold and perpendicular front towards the west, and sloping with a gradual descent towards the east, the castle and town of Stirling exhibit a miniature of the castle and old town of Edinburgh; though it may be allowed that Stirling castle surpasses its metropolitan prototype considerably in picturesque and roman-

tic effect. Of its superiority, in this respect, the spectator may be convinced, by taking his station in many places in the vicinity, but particularly from what is called the Cambusbarron road, to the south of Stirling, and towards the elegant seat of John Graham of Gartur, Esq. You see, looking over the basaltic rocks on the south of the king's park, the castle, and the Franciscan tower, catching the rays of the sun; and the scenery is highly improved, if, from the condition of the atmosphere, the Ochill regions, which constitute the back-ground, happen to be in the shade.

The bird's-eye view from the esplanade of the castle is very striking. In a clear day, you see the mountains of Argyleshire, of Dunbartonshire, and of Perthshire, rising in proud magnificence on the west and north-west. On the east, you see as far as Edinburgh, whilst you have under the eye, the opening of the

Firth, and the river Forth slowly winding in its serpentine course through the richest vale of Scotland, abundantly adorned with villages and the seats of noblemen and gentlemen, surrounded with thriving woods and plantations.

It may be admitted, however, that the windings, or *links* of the Forth, as they are called, as seen from the castle of Stirling, are broken into too many small parts to delight the eye which searches for that simplicity which is so essential to picturesque effect. There is, at the same time, a station which may be had in a forenoon's walk from Stirling, whence the eye is enabled, without perplexity, to trace the various windings of the Forth with uncommon advantage; the station alluded to is *Dumiat*, or *Demyat*, one of the loftiest of the Ochill hills. There the windings of the Forth call up the idea of some fabled serpent stretching its enormous volume over

an extensive region, not, however, to destroy, but to fertilize; a region which presents to the elevated spectator a picture of plenty, partly the gift of nature, and partly the just meed of industry.

An amusing anecdote, in illustration of the interest which the Dumiat prospect claims, is related of the Laird of Spittal, one of the former proprietors of this mountain. He happened to meet with some English gentlemen, when on his travels at Rome. The conversation turned upon views and picturesque scenery. "Of all the prospects that I have ever "beheld," said one of the gentlemen, "in "any quarter of Europe, that which I once "had from a mountain in Scotland called "Dumiat, is the most magnificent." The Laird of Spittal had never been upon that part of his property; he felt some confusion, and was silent; he hastened home from Italy

and lost no time in ascending his own mountain.

At the base of the Ochills, near their western extremity, is Aithrey, the seat of Sir Robert Abercrombie, Knight of the Bath. In the park there are 53 acres of artificial water, on ground, which, from its soil and situation, might bring £3 per acre annually; but so great is the beauty of this water-piece, winding round gently swelling eminences, which are sprinkled with elegant standard trees, depastured by sheep, and contiguous to a lofty back-ground of shelving rocks, adorned in every crevice with varied and thriving plantations, that no person of taste can deem the sacrifice of utility too great.

From Stirling, a turnpike road leads by the southern verge of the great vale of Menteith to Dunbarton, by Drymen, presenting many elegant and ornamented seats to the view. On the

left is Touch, the seat of —— Seton, Esq. On the right, Gargunnock, the seat of —— Edington, Esq.; Leckie, the seat of Dr Graham Moir; and Boquham, that of —— Fletcher, Esq. From the village of Kippen one of the finest views presents itself that can be imagined, of the grand amphitheatre of mountains that rise on the north and west; Benlomond, Benvenue, Benledi, Stuckchroan, and Benvorlich, bound the horizon through near half its circle. On the right, Cardross, the seat of David Erskine, Esq. is conspicuous, surrounded by a fine lawn, adorned with trees of various species and of ancient growth. In the remote distance, Gartmore, the ornamented residence of William C. Cunninghame Graham, Esq. forms a distinguished object.

FROM STIRLING TO ABERFOYLE, BY BLAIRDRUMMOND.

This is a route that is frequently chosen by the tourist, as it leads directly to Aberfoyle, the distance being 20 miles; whence, after having explored the beauties of that region, he may reach the Trosachs by a journey of $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles across the hill, and return by Callander. A short description of this route, therefore, may be requisite.

Soon after leaving Stirling, he passes by Craigforth-house, the seat of Colonel Callander, very picturesquely situated upon a rock, precipitous on the west, and sloping gently towards the east like the rock on which Stirling Castle stands. As he advances, after crossing the Forth, a little after its junction with

the Teith by the bridge of Drip, he passes Ochtertyre, the seat of John Ramsay, Esq. a correspondent of the poet Burns, and the author of many classical Latin epitaphs.

The elegant mansion of Blairdrummond, with its extensive lawn, finely besprinkled with trees of various species, a great proportion of which are a century old, and whose growth is commensurate with their age, now opens upon the view. This is the seat of Henry Drummond, Esq. and was the favourite retreat of the late celebrated Henry Home Drummond, Lord Kames, from his forensic labours. If the traveller feels any reverence for departed eminence in the varied walks of literature, jurisprudence, and philosophy, he will approach with respect this scene of the studies and relaxations of one of the most distinguished ornaments of that circle of learned and ingenious men, who, during the last forty

years of the last century, poured, from these hyperborean regions, a stream of light upon Britain and upon Europe. Need the reader to be reminded of the illustrious names of Adam Smith, the father of modern political economy, Dr Reid, the illustrator of the true science of mind, Dr Robertson, David Hume, and John Home, the author of the tragedy of Douglas, with many others, who occasionally partook of the *noctes cænæ deorum* at Blairdrummond?

The road from Blairdrummond by Thornhill presents no object of considerable interest, till we reach Rednock-house, the seat of Major General Graham Stirling of Duchray and Auchyle. Here, a situation not eminently favoured by nature, has received almost all the ornamental improvement which art can bestow. A very fine lawn, with extensive and thriving plantations judiciously disposed, af-

ford a fine relief to the dreariness of the adjacent moss. Indeed, the exertions of General Graham Stirling, and of his enterprising neighbour Mr Erskine of Cardross, have given a new and very pleasing aspect to this whole tract of country.

A meteorological phænomenon, which is frequently observed from the more elevated grounds on this route, must not be omitted. In the hot days of summer the evaporation from the extensive plain below, almost wholly covered with moss or peat-earth, from the neighbourhood of Stirling on the east, to Gartmore on the west, is immense. When such days are succeeded by a calm night, the vapours that had been evolved are condensed by the cold, and form a thick volume of fog, or mist, upon the surface of the moss, of twenty or thirty feet in depth, exhibiting in the morning the appearance of a vast lake, in-

terspersed with islands and intersected by promontories which occur in the moss, or upon its margin. This appearance exhibits a picturesque object to the eye, but its effects are injurious to vegetation, blighting every thing within its reach, particularly gardens and orchards.

This moss, extending for near sixteen miles in length, by three or four in breadth, with some interruptions, where the carse or clay has either been recovered, or had never been covered with peat-earth, owes its origin, according to the generally received opinion, to the destruction of the Caledonian forest, by the Roman soldiers, in the time of the Emperor Severus.[1] This opinion is corroborated

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[1] See an ingenious paper in the third volume of the Edinburgh Phil. Trans. by the late Rev. Christopher Tait of Kincardine.

by the discovery of vast numbers of large trees, throughout its whole extent, incumbent on the clay, and covered with peat-earth to the depths of eight, ten, and eleven feet. When the moss is removed, these appear lying in all directions, and without any appearance of that uniformity of position which a natural catastrophe, such as a deluge or storm, might have been expected to give them. The roots still remain entire beside the stems, with their fangs deeply and firmly fixed in the soil. Under the moss, and upon the surface of the clay, a Roman road has been traced from Touch, on the south-east, to Kincardine, on the north-west, formed of the trunks of the trees placed lengthways, and their branches laid across them. All along the southern margin of the moss, little military stations occur at short distances from each other. They are situated upon commanding emi-

nences, and are of a circular form. They are frequent in the neighbourhood of Kippen. There is a remarkable one below the village. The only one which the author observed upon the northern side of the moss is to be seen on the road side, about a mile to the eastward of Rouskie; he is informed, however, that there are many others. These, it is probable, were erected for the defence of the Roman soldiers whilst employed in demolishing the forest, against the sudden assaults of the Caledonians.

To the late Lord Kames is due the praise of the great and successful exertions, which have been made for many years past for recovering the valuable soil below, by removing this extensive tract of moss. Under his auspices, the Persian wheel at Blairdrummond was erected by Mr George Meikle of Alloa, son of the celebrated inventor of the threshing

machine. This machine is supplied with water from the Teith, which it raises to the height of eighteen feet; the water is then conveyed in a wooden tunnel of eighteen inches in diameter, under ground, to a considerable distance in the moss, where it is discharged into a large reservoir, whence it is distributed to the occupants of the moss acres according to certain established regulations. By the streams furnished from this reservoir, the incumbent peat-earth is floated into the Forth. Many hundred acres of the richest clay soil have been thus recovered, and flourishing villages now stand where a goat could scarcely have kept his feet. The wheel itself is a picturesque object to the traveller; and the moss village is highly interesting to every friend to humanity.

Advancing from Rednock-house, about a mile, we reach the lake of Menteith, long ad-

mired as one of the most beautiful expanses of water to be seen in Scotland. It is nearly of a circular form, and about five miles in circumference. The northern shore is adorned with several stately oaks, Spanish chesnuts, and plane-trees of ancient growth. The plain on which they grow was laid out in former times by the Earls of Menteith, the proprietors of this district, as a park or lawn, though the family lived, according to the manners of the period, in one of the islands of the lake. On this side, the manse and church, together with an elegant cemetery, lately built for the Gartmore family, after a design by Mr William Stirling, architect at Dunblane, and situated on the very verge of the lake, give interest to the scenery of *Port of Menteith*.

But the most distinguished ornaments of the lake of Menteith, and highly worthy of the curiosity of the antiquarian, as well as of the

mere tourist, are its two islands, decorated with the ruins of ancient buildings.

The larger, and more easterly island, is called Inchmahoma. It consists of five acres of ground, one half of which was, before the Reformation, the property of the church; the other half was occupied as a garden by the Earls of Menteith. In this island are still to be seen the ruins of a priory founded and endowed by King David I. There is still standing a great part of the walls, with one arch, on the north, in the most elegant style of Gothic architecture. The writer of these pages recollects to have seen another standing, which has tumbled down only within these thirty years. The fine window at the east end has been built up with small stones, at some period posterior to the erection of the priory. The west door, which still remains entire, affords a fine specimen of the Gothic; as far as

recollection serves, it exactly resembles the west door of the abbey church at Paisley.

There are several trees of ancient and large growth upon this island. A number of Spanish chesnuts, which are still in a thriving condition, were certainly planted before the Reformation. Some of them are seventeen feet in circumference, at six feet above the ground.

The whole island is the property of his Grace the Duke of Montrose; the one half accruing to him with the estate of Menteith, to which he succeeded about the period of the Revolution, and the other by purchase from the family of Cardross, which had obtained the church lands; the laird of Cardross, however, still retaining the *dominium* of the lake.

In the smaller island on the south-west, stood the dwelling house of the ancient family of Graham, Earls of Menteith, now occupy-

ing [1] its whole surface. In the turbulent periods of former ages, families of distinction in the Highlands studied to have their residence in the islands of their numerous lakes, for the sake of security against any sudden attack from their ferocious neighbours: upon any emergency, they could command the navigation of the lake, by collecting all the boats in the island.

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[1] The traditionary antiquarians of the place assert that this island is considerably diminished by the encroachments (partly artificial) of the lake.

FROM PORT OF MENTEITH TO ABERFOYLE.

As the traveller leaves the lake of Menteith, let him remark a beautiful wooded knoll jutting into the water, upon the left, and covered with oak coppice to its summit. This is esteemed a favourable station for taking a sketch of Inchmahoma. About a mile to the eastward of Aberfoyle, at a place called Dounans, (or the little eminences) there occurs, on the left a *lusus naturæ*, similar to that of the Roman camp at Callander, but less regular; extensive ridges, from three to nine or ten feet in height, shoot out in various directions, bearing some degree of resemblance to a Roman encampment. One might fancy that he could trace here the stations of the out-

posts, and the circumvallations of the Prætorium. But the whole appearance is unquestionably to be ascribed to the workings of the Forth, seeking its way to the lake of Menteith, before it had forced its present course by Gartmore.

It may be interesting to the traveller to be informed, that the road from Stirling, by Blairdrummond, is immediately to be made turnpike as far as Port.

FROM STIRLING, BY KIER AND DOUNE.

On leaving Stirling, by the bridge which crosses the Forth, to the north of the town, we cross the river Allan, about two miles distant; and on ascending the eminence, have a fine view of the house and extensive lawn of

Kier, the seat of James Stirling of Kier, Esq. situated upon a rising ground, which commands one of the finest landscapes in Scotland; the great vale, that extends from Gartmore on the west, by Stirling and Falkirk on the east, with the Firth of Forth, as far as the eye can reach, are in immediate prospect. It is probable that Kier, (the British *Caer*, or Roman castrum) was formerly a Roman station.

On approaching the village of Doune, the castle of that name, one of the finest baronial ruins in Scotland, constitutes a very prominent object. It is situated upon a peninsula formed by the confluence of the water of Ardoch and the Teith, a spot which seems to have been designed by nature as a place of strength. It is a huge square building, the walls of which are forty feet high, and about ten feet thick. What remains of the tower is,

at least, eighty feet high. It is uncertain when or by whom it was built; but having been the seat of the Earls of Menteith, it is conjectured, with much probability, that it was erected by that family about the 11th century, and previous to the reign of King Robert II. It is now the property of the family of Stewart, and gives the second title of Lord Doune to the ancient house of Moray. It has been, for a long while, fast verging into ruin; but the dilapidations of time will, it is hoped, be interrupted for a century at least, by the repairs which have been lately given to this venerable fabric by the present Earl of Moray, with a laudable attention to the antiquities of his family and of his country.

Doune castle is rendered still more interesting, by its having been for some time the residence of the beautiful and accomplished, but unfortunate, Mary Queen of Scots.

In the year 1745, Doune castle was occupied by Mr Scott's *Gregor Ghlun Dhu*,[1] (a lineal descendant, by poetical licence, from Roderic Dhu,) or rather by our own Gregor, laird of Glengyle, who had obtained the rank of colonel in the army of Charles. Gregor Ghlun Dhu was the nephew of the celebrated Robert Macgregor, laird of Craigrostan, (the western skirts and shoulder of Benlomond,) better known by the name of Rob Roy. Glun Dhu, having on that occasion, raised 200 of his clan in the cause of Charles, passed through Aberfoyle, with his soldiers, on his way to the low country, upon a Sunday. He halted, for the refreshment of his men, upon the green, at the bridge which crosses the Forth, near the inn of Aberfoyle. It is ho-

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[1] See Note II. to Canto IV. of the Lady of the Lake.

ped, that, at this time of day, when the ancient house of Stuart, a portion of whose blood still flows in the veins of so many royal and noble families in Europe, is extinct, it will not be deemed a detraction from the loyalty of this district to relate, that, on that day, the young ladies of the neighbourhood were seen occupied on the green of Aberfoyle, in furnishing cockades for the bonnets of Glengyle's officers and men. The truth is, that in such feelings and in such attachments, the present reigning family have, at this day, the surest pledge of the unshaken loyalty of Highlanders.

In detailing the characteristic features of a period and state of society, which claim so much interest in the history of this country, it may not be considered as foreign, to notice an instance of firmness of nerve, and determination of purpose, which occurred on that

same Sunday, in the neighbourhood. The late reverend Duncan Macfarlane, minister of Drymen, was officiating at Chapelaroch, an outskirt of his parish, about four miles distant from Aberfoyle. It is well known, that the name *Macgregor* was at that period proscribed; and that every clergyman of the church of Scotland was prohibited, under severe penalties, to baptize by the name of *Gregor*. It happened, on that Sunday one of the clan presented a child to Mr Macfarlane for baptism, by the interdicted name of *Gregor*, probably flattering himself, that at a time when it was well known the chieftain was in the vicinity with his power, the minister would not venture to refuse his request. Mr Macfarlane, however, spurning the idea of intimidation, was inflexible; and the clansman of Gregor Glundhu was obliged to substitute another name.

It was during the period that Glundhu occupied Doune Castle, that a party of students of the university of Edinburgh, who had armed themselves in the royal cause, having been taken prisoners, were confined in that stronghold. Of their number, the celebrated John Home, author of the tragedy of Douglas, was one: in his history of the events of 1745 he gives a very interesting account of their escape.

Though Mr Scott, in observance of the Horatian rule,

> ——— ad eventum festinat; et in medias ves
> Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit; [1]

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[1] Hor. de art. poet. v. 148.—Thus translated by Dr Francis:—

> " But to the grand event he speeds his course,
> " And bears his readers with impetuous force,
> " Into the midst of things."

it seems to be unquestionable, that the Knight of Snowdon and his retinue, had slept at Doune Castle on the night previous to the CHASE; else

" The deep-mouthed blood hound's heavy bay"

had *not*

" Resounded up the rocky way,
——" When the sun his beacon red
" Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head."

We henceforth accompany the chivalrous Fitz-James, with little interruption, through the remainder of his course, whilst,

———" With Lord Moray's train,
" He chased a stalwart stag in vain."—CANTO I.

At a little distance to the west of Doune village, we leave Cambuswallace on the right.

This beautiful seat has now obtained the name of Doune Lodge, having been a favourite residence of the present Earl of Moray, whilst Lord Doune; and enlarged and ornamented by him in a very distinguished style of elegance.

Proceeding along the northern banks of the Teith, which runs with a clear and rapid current over beds of rock, and interrupted from time to time with large insulated stones, we leave, on the left, and on the southern banks of the river, Lanrick Castle, the magnificent seat of Sir John Macgregor Murray of Lanrick and Balquihidder, Bart. The castle is an elegant modern structure, and its environs, highly favoured by nature, are laid out beautifully in lawns and walks, and thriving plantations. The river, just under the windows of the castle, is very fine; tumbling over successive ledges of rocks, it forms a series of small

cataracts, or breaks of water, which boil murmuring along.

Advancing within about two miles of Callander, we have Cambusmore, the seat of John Buchanan, Esq. upon the left, embosomed in plantations, with an extensive lawn in front, through which winds the Keltie, a large mountain stream that falls into the Teith from the north.

Before we proceed farther by this route, it may not be uninteresting to notice, that it appears probable, that the author of the Lady of the Lake first imbibed his taste for the sublime scenery of the Highlands, which he has so felicitously pourtrayed, in the vicinity of the spot where we now stand. It is said, that in his juvenile days, he delighted to pass some months, for several summers, at the houses of Newton and Cambusmore. Here, on the outskirts of Benvorlich and Ua-var, with Benledi

full in his eye on the west, and within an easy ride of the wonders of Loch Katrine, he might have satiated his poetic imagination with the sublime, in external nature; and with the heroic, in the study of ancient Celtic character. We are all the creatures of circumstance. What elevation of sentiment, or originality of genius, can be looked for in him who has passed those days in which the fancy is young, and every faculty of the mind is vivid, in some darksome alley, or even amidst the tame scenery of a monotonous plain. When Horace says,

"Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam," [1]

he surely means, that, even to the best formed minds, a certain discipline, and certain op-

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[1] Carm. L. IV. Ode IV.

portunities of development are necessary, in order to produce that perfection of which they are capable.

We pass on to the village of Callander, through thriving woods and plantations, Benledi, in all its grandeur, with the adjacent scenery, swelling at every step upon the view. Near the east end of the village, the *Roman Camp,* a neat and elegant seat, on the property of the Hon. Mr Burrell, is passed upon the left; it has obtained its name from a beautiful *lusus naturæ,* somewhat resembling the lines of a Roman encampment, which is to be seen there, formed unquestionably by the workings of the river, before it had found its bed.

CALLANDER.

The situation of the village of Callander, together with the whole of the surrounding scenery, is uncommonly beautiful and picturesque. The village is neat, clean, and well built, most of the houses being covered with slate, which is found in the neighbourhood. The laird of Macnab, some years ago, built an inn upon his grounds, at the west end of the village, in a style of elegance and comfort not often to be met with in the Highlands of Scotland.

At Callander, the river first assumes the name of Teith, or Teath. It is formed by two branches, which unite their streams a little above the village; the more northerly issuing,

as has been stated, from Lochvoil, in Balquihidder, by Lochlubnaig, and the pass of Leney; and the more southerly, from Loch Katrine, by Loch Achray and Loch Vennachar; these branches receiving their denominations from the lakes from which they respectively issue.

Of the *Teith*, the *Avon Thaïch* of the Highlanders, the etymology is uncertain; some have said that it is derived from *Teth*, or *Te*, *hot*, from the *boiling* appearance which it almost uniformly presents, on account of the rapidity of its current, from Callander to Ochtertyre. The fall of the river throughout this course, is probably not less than 150 feet. It may be proper to remark, that the name *Menteith*, by which the whole territory included between the Forth and the Teith, from their junction, a little above Stirling, to the west-

ern extremity of Lochcon, upon the confines of Buchanan, is denominated, is entirely unknown in the Gaelic: the district is uniformly called *Taich.*

The tourist will find ample occupation, for one day at least, in examining and in admiring the interesting objects which occur in the immediate neighbourhood of Callander.

If he wishes to begin by taking a general view of this delightful scenery, perhaps the most favourable situation that he can select is to be found at, or near, the beautiful villa of Mr Menzies, chamberlain to his Grace the Duke of Montrose. Besides the internal beauty of this romantic spot, situated upon the southern banks of the Teith, and finely diversified with walks, and shrubs, and trees, we have, from the upper windows, the following prospect:

Directing the eye westward, with a little inclination towards the north, we have in the

fore-ground the river, formed by the junction of the Vennachar and Lubnaig, meandering, with gentle current, through the vale of Leney and Bochastle. Over this river, just under the eye, a handsome bridge of three arches is thrown, which gives variety to the picture.

On the right hand, the lofty Craig of Callander, rising in alternate ledges, partly covered with wood, and partly exhibiting the bare rock, with the lower outskirts of the luxuriant woods of Leney, are seen. But how is the magnificence of the back-ground—the rich verdure of the Carchonzie woods upon the left, the hanging groves of the pass of Leney upon the right, and above all, the majestic Benledi before the eye, with his summit often enveloped in clouds, to be delineated in words? It is certain that, without actual observation, or at least the substitute of accurate drawings, nothing impresses itself upon the

mind more faintly than verbal descriptions of landscape. The writer, with a very vivid idea fixed in his own imagination of the particulars of a scene which had engaged his feelings, and with which he is even most intimately acquainted, may labour, with much expence of words and of imagery, to convey his ideas to others; but without drawings, or actual observation, it will be found that the principal effect of such a description tends only to attract the stranger to the objects, and not to afford any previous adequate notion of them.

If, after having satiated his mind with the contemplation of the sublime, the tourist wishes to repose by dwelling on the beautiful, let him, from the same station, direct his eye eastward by the course of the river; the village of Callander, with its church and spire, the river itself, now occupying a wide bed, and its banks fringed with aged trees, the minister's

manse, and the plantations of the Roman Camp terminating the prospect, combine to furnish a very pleasing picture.

The bridge of Bracklinn, (the *speckled* or *white-foaming* pool,) situated about a mile up the hill, to the north-east of the village, is highly deserving of the notice of the traveller. Here a narrow Alpine bridge, without either a ledge or hand-rail, crosses a profound ravine, through which, at a great depth below, a foaming torrent dashes over disjointed masses of rock.[1] Local scenery such as this, it is ob-

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[1] The author of the Lady of the Lake, in a note to the line "Bracklinn's thundering wave," CANTO II. gives the following just description of this scene, which the reader will be pleased to find here transcribed:— "This," says he, "is a beautiful cascade made at a place "called the bridge of Bracklinn, by a mountain stream "called the Keltie, about a mile from the village of "Callander of Menteith. Above a chasm, where the "brook precipitates itself from a height of at least fifty

served, affords a fine contrast to general views. Of the former kind, there is another magnificent specimen, which was much admired by Mr Farrington, at the corner of the larch-wood, to the east of Callander, on the way to Bracklinn. Indeed, the course of the Keltie, from the bridge to its junction with the Teith, furnishes many interesting examples of such scenery.

Before our tourist leaves Callander, he must visit the *Pass of Leney,* by travelling along the northern banks of the rapid river which issues from Lochlubnaig. This, like the other *passes* in the Highlands, is a narrow ravine, or *ghaut,* if the term may be used, by which

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" feet, there is thrown, for the convenience of the " neighbourhood, a rustic foot-bridge, of about three " feet in breadth, and without ledges, which is scarcely " to be crossed by a stranger without awe and appre- " hension."

the only practicable communication between the lower and the higher districts of the country is to be had. Leaving Leney house, the seat of John Hamilton of Bardowie, Esq. with its woods and romantic glen, upon a commanding situation on the right; and soon after having left the little village of Kilmahog, we enter the Pass of Leney, richly skirted with waving woods, and hemmed in by lofty mountains and rugged rocks. Without attempting to describe this scene more minutely, let it suffice to say, that in a series of falls of the river, through a declivity of probably no less than two hundred feet, joined to the grandeur of the surrounding scenery, this *pass* furnishes a feast to the eye that delights in sublimity, as well as the ear that can be pleased with the cataract's roar, which is not often to be met with, even in the Highlands.

But the grand and most striking feature in the surrounding scenery of Callander is the magnificent prospect of Benledi, which presents itself, bounding the horizon on the N. W. This mountain ranks with the first rate *Beinns* of Scotland. Its height is 3009 feet. The name Ben-le-di, signifies the *Mountain of God.* It was probably one of the public places of worship under the druidical hierarchy, though no monuments of that superstition are now to be found there: there is, indeed, on the summit, which is of considerable breadth, a long walk of the smoothest turf, evidently formed by the hand of man. It is said, that on this mountain, in ancient times, the people of the adjacent district met on the first day of May, to kindle the sacred fire, in honour of the sun, the *Bel,* or *Baal,* of the Orientals, the *Belis* of the Cisalpine, and the *Belenus* of Are-

moric Gaul.[1] The name may still be traced in the *Beltein,* or first day of May; and some remains of the observance of the druidical festival still exist in a custom not long ago very common, and not yet altogether extinct, in this quarter, of assembling on that day upon the tops of mountains, where a fire is kindled by the young people, and a feast prepared of eggs, and a sacred cake, of which they all partake.

The south-west side of Benledi, like that of all our other mountains, is bare and tame. The eastern side, which looks towards Callander, is rugged and picturesque. But the northern side, particularly that part of it which

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[1] See Gherardus Joan. Vossius de Origine et progressu Idololatriæ, tom. I. p. 389, together with additional illustrations by the author of these pages, in an Appendix to his Essay on the Authenticity of Ossian's Poems.

overhangs Lochlubnaig, exhibits an uncommon style of grandeur. The mountain seems, at some distant period, to have been broken over at the summit, and, by some convulsion of nature, to have tumbled down in enormous masses in that direction.

Along the base of the mountain, on the north-east, Lochlubnaig, already mentioned as in the route from Balquhidder to Callander, stretches its narrow and winding course. Lochlubnaig presents the same picture with that of the most of our Highland lakes, of a sheet of water arrested in a deep ravine, and thrown back by obstacles from the lower extremity. The most interesting view of Lochlubnaig, it will probably be granted, is to be had from its first opening on the south-east. About the middle of the lake, near the side of the road, and just opposite to the precipitous shoulder of Benledi, stands Ardchullerie, for

many years the favourite residence of the celebrated Mr Bruce of Kinnaird.

The territory that stretches to the north-west, along the shores of Lochlubnaig, is called Strathire, and is the utmost boundary to which the *bloody cross* of Roderic Dhu extended. At the lower end was the chapel of St Bridget, or St Bride, where,

——"Norman, heir of Armandave,"

was obliged to resign the hand of Mary of Tombea, which had just been plighted to him,

——" to grasp the cross of strife:"——

an incident which gives a lively interest to the Third Canto of Mr Scott's Poem, and to which we owe the affecting song of the bridegroom.

Returning to the contemplation of the adjacent scenery, it may be permitted to remark, that it appears almost impossible for any person whose mind is, even in a slight degree, tinctured with physical science, to observe these wonderful exhibitions of mountain, and lake, and valley, with their very striking characters and forms, without feeling some desire to investigate the causes which may have contributed to such conformations. The tastes and pursuits of individuals are infinitely diversified. Whilst some delight to trace the ever-varying features of civil society, others are better pleased with the contemplation of the more permanent aspect of inanimate nature. To pursue, with Buffon, the courses of rivers, or the corresponding angles and parallelisms of mountains; or to reckon up, with Linnæus, the genealogies of an order of plants, are to them enjoyments of a higher relish,

than to ransack the humiliating detail of the inconsistencies, the follies, and the vices of mankind.

Before we proceed, therefore, to visit the analogous scenery of the Trosachs, some readers may be gratified by having their minds set to work; and by having a topic suggested to them, which, during the remainder of this tour, may assist in relieving a vacant moment at an inn, or whilst seeking shelter from a shower, under the projecting shoulder of a rock.

GEOLOGICAL HINTS

APPLICABLE TO THIS DISTRICT.

The circumstance that has been stated, of the bare and naked aspect which Benledi presents on the south-west, with the broken ruggedness, and chaotic disorder into which its north-eastern shoulder is thrown, does not appear to be peculiar to that mountain. Mr Kirwan, in his "Geological Observations," remarks, that this is the character of all the mountains of the higher order over the globe. Our tourist will see, by and by, that Benvenue

exhibits precisely the same appearance, of having had a great portion of its summit and north-eastern side torn away, and thrown down in that direction in indescribable confusion; these broken masses, indeed, he will find to constitute the grandest feature of the Trosachs. The author can testify, from his own observation that Benlomond in Stirlingshire, Goatfield in Arran, Benvurlich in Perthshire, and the loftier mountains in Cowal, present a similar aspect.

With regard to the lower mountains, not exceeding 1800 feet, if there occurs any appearance of abruption towards the north-east, it is so inconsiderable as scarcely to deserve notice. The south-west side of these mountains is, as before, bare of soil and scanty in vegetation; but the north-eastern side is deep of soil, and rich in pasture, as is well known to every shepherd in the Highlands.

This observation, founded on facts, may be extended yet further. The western and south-western coast of Scotland, as well as that of every maritime region, is, in a great measure, thin of soil; whilst upon the eastern, we have all our deep and alluvial earth. Though many large rivers discharge themselves into the Atlantic, where is an acre of carse-ground of the true character of the carses of Stirlingshire, Clackmananshire, and Gowrie, to be found in the whole range of its Scottish coast? Sir George Staunton informs us that all the alluvial soil of China is to be met with on its north-eastern coast, where it occupies a tract of two hundred miles.

These facts naturally excite, and merit the attention of inquisitive minds: If the theory of the deluge offered by the ingenious Mr Kirwan be adopted, all these phænomena may

be easily explained; and, with the believer in Divine Revelation, this theory will find peculiar acceptance, from its entire consistency with the Mosaic account of that remarkable event.

Mr Kirwan's idea, which may be stated in a few words, is, "That the Great Pacific "Ocean (the *Tohu Bohu*, or *Great Deep* of "Scripture,) was, upon that occasion, broken "up, and caused by the immediate interposi- "tion of the Deity, to rush from its south- "westerly bed, over the whole habitable globe, "towards the north-east, till at length it re- "gained its former channel. It rained, at the "same time, for forty days and forty nights "upon the earth, the natural consequence of "that immense evaporation, which must have "taken place from the still increasing volume "of the waters which were poured in upon "a soil previously heated by the rays of the

" sun." The necessary effect of these rains would also be, to loosen the structure of the soil, and, by penetrating into the fissures of the rocks and mountains, to render their masses less compact, and more liable to abruption.

From this simple idea of Mr Kirwan, it would seem, that all the phænomena of the external structure of the globe may be readily explained. Let us look around us in a territory of unequal surface, such as that of the Highlands of Scotland, and we may perceive that, except where a deviation from *this course* of the overwhelming torrent can be easily accounted for, by the anomalous direction of the mountainous chains, the rocks and hills are stripped of their soil on the south-west, whilst they are rich in soil towards the north-east. On this last side too, and on this only, we meet with *primæval* mosses of great

depth, to the height of 1500 feet above the level of the sea, as upon the north-east shoulder of Benlomond. These mosses consist of an accumulation of decayed vegetables, and large trees, deeply imbedded, and lying, as the late ingenious Dr Walker long ago remarked, with their roots towards the south-west, and their tops in the opposite direction. The inquisitive physiologist may see one of these, probably antediluvian, trees, lying in that direction, in a moss upon the road from the Trosachs to Aberfoyle, on the left hand, about half a mile above the house of Achray. Though only about one half of it has been exposed to view, in digging peats, it is sufficient to convey some notion of the magnificence of our vegetable productions, at some former period.

If the kind forbearance of the general reader towards the *amateur* in geology would

permit, a further elucidation of Mr Kirwan's theory might be shortly added.

We are informed by Moses, that the progress of the deluge was slow and gradual. We read, that when "the fountains of the *great* "*deep* were broken up, and the windows of "heaven were opened, the waters increased, "and bare up the ark;"[1] we read, v. 18, "that the waters prevailed, and were increa-"sed greatly;" and at v. 19, "that they pre-"vailed exceedingly upon the earth, and all "the high hills that were under the whole "heaven were covered."

From this same passage of scripture, it appears, that the whole diluvian process occupied a complete year, before the waters had subsided into their ancient bed, and before

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[1] Genesis, ch. vii. v. 11.

even the *inland* regions of Asia were inhabitable. How much longer must have been the period that elapsed, before the oscillations of this immense body of water, set in motion by such a powerful impulse, could have ceased on the *shores* of the great continents; especially upon the eastern coast of Asia, where it began to regain its former channel. The agitation of the *returning* waters must have been also very great upon the western coast of America; and the expected effects may actually be found in the accounts given of those regions by Condamine and Ulloa.

Let us very briefly trace the diluvian progress. It had first to surmount that chain of lofty mountains which traverses America from north to south; upon reaching the borders of the Atlantic, according to the well-known laws of hydrostatics, a very considerable time must have elapsed before the waters of the

great deep could communicate their motion to the waters which they had found at rest. The whole volume of adventitious waters must have, during this suspense of motion, regurgitated upon the continent which it had so recently swept in its course. During this period of interruption, all the exuviæ, both animal and vegetable, which the waters had carried along with them in their course, would have time to subside, and to form the alluvial soil of which the eastern coast of America, for near two hundred miles, is known to consist.

The same view may be extended to every region of our globe. Even the narrow channel of the German ocean must have arrested the torrent of the *great deep*, until its motion was communicated to it; and, the interrupted mass of waters, enriched with the spoils

which it had swept along with it in its progress, from America, and even from Africa, must have deposited, during the period of its regurgitation, the exuviæ of various climates and of various soils, but especially the earthy particles which it had washed off, and carried along with it, in its course. Hence, though not properly belonging to the subject of these sketches, the fossil bones of animals which are now to be found only within the tropics, are frequently discovered in the northern regions. The elephant and the rhinoceros certainly never existed, nor could possibly exist, as our climates are now constituted, in Siberia and Khamschatka: Where are now to be found the vegetables which are necessary for their subsistence? Are not these wonderful remains an importation, thus easily accounted for, from the regions where those

animals are at this day indigenous ?[1] Hence, too, the vast tract of alluvial soil on the eastern coast of China, and even the carses of

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[1] In a late number of the Edinburgh Review, (not, however, now at hand) there is an amusing article on the subject of a Treatise by M. Cuvier on Fossil Bones. It is justly stated, that the bones of the larger animals are found buried in the alluvial soil, upon the banks of rivers, and in islands formed at their emboucheures. But a still more curious circumstance is brought forward. In certain caves, in the elevated regions of the mountains of Poland and Bohemia, the remains of the lesser animals, such as lions, tigers, wolves, deer, hares, &c. are found promiscuously heaped together. That these bones were thus deposited, as is insinuated, by the gradual succession of single pairs of these animals taking shelter, living and dying in these caves, can scarcely be maintained. The difficulty receives an easy solution, by adopting Mr Kirwan's theory of the deluge. Whilst the ponderous carcases of the elephant, the hippopotamus, and rhinoceros were swept away at once by the torrent, and sunk as soon as it began to regurgitate upon the eastern coast of Asia, the more agile animals flying before its approach,

Stirlingshire, Clackmananshire, and Perthshire.

It has, indeed, been alledged by some philosophers, that all the alluvial soil which occurs upon the eastern coasts of our continents and islands, has been formed by the gradual attrition of running waters, carrying down the earthy particles, through successive ages, from the mountains, and depositing them at the mouths of the rivers; they have maintained that the naked aspect which the south-west side of our mountains presents, is occasioned by the violence and frequency of the winds and rains which assail them in that direction; and that the mountains themselves

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sought for safety in the mountains: still, however the *prevailing waters* pursued them, and, even in the recesses of these caverns, overwhelmed them in one promiscuous ruin.

will be thus, in process of time, washed down and carried into the sea.

No region, it may be remarked, furnishes a more complete refutation of this argument than that which now lies before us. Let the geologist cast his eye over the vale of Callander, the vale of Aberfoyle, Glenfinglas, or any other Highland glen hemmed in by lofty mountains, and traversed by mountain streams, and he will be enabled to form a just estimate of *the precise effect* of running water in forming the characteristic features of any country.

The more that we examine nature, the more shall we be convinced that *this effect* is not so considerable as it has been represented. Let us, after the manner of that profound observer, M. de Luc, take a particular system of country, the vale which extends from Glengyle to Callander, for instance, comprehending, through an extent of about twenty-

two miles, the lakes Katrine, Achray, and Vennachar; the whole inclosed by mountains from 1000 to 3000 feet in height, pouring down innumerable streams and rivulets, which all discharge themselves into the Teith. Had the immense chasm of which this valley consists been occasioned by the attrition of the streams that traverse it, the beds of the lakes would long ago have been filled up with soil, and a quantity of alluvial earth, proportioned to that which had been washed down from the mountains, would somewhere be found. But there is no reason to believe that the lakes have lost any thing in depth; and, excepting in the vale of Callander, not a particle of alluvial earth is to be found in the course of the Teith.

Neither is there any reason to believe that our mountains are losing any thing in their height, by the buffetting of storms, and the at-

trition of water. The fact is, that, in general, our mountains have a considerable extent of level ground even at their summits, which is firmly consolidated, and fixed down with a thick matt, formed by the interwoven fibres of vegetables. This is, as has been stated, the case of Benledi; it is the same with Benlomond. From these summits nothing can be washed off; the sides of those mountains, indeed, whose declivity is sudden, may be partly stripped of their mould by the streams, but those of more gentle ascent will suffer little diminution of soil, especially at their summits, the nearer to which, as we approach, the effects of running water will be continually diminishing.

FROM CALLANDER

TO THE

TROSACHS.

The distance from Callander to the opening of the Trosachs, by a tolerably good carriage road, which passes along the northern banks of Loch Vennachar and Loch Achray, is about ten miles. We may leave Callander, either by the north road, passing through Kilmahog, or by the south, passing through the Carchonzie woods. The former is the most

picturesque, and on that account generally preferred.

Leaving, upon the left, the plain of Bochastle, where some appearances of entrenchments, probably Roman, are still to be seen, the cataracts of Carchonzie, formed by the river, which, issuing from Loch Vennachar, throws itself impetuously over a continued ledge of rocks, deserve the attention of the stranger.

We are now arrived

> " As far as Coilantogle's ford,"
> ——" Clanalpine's outmost guard," [1]

now rendered more convenient to the traveller by a bridge of two arches. It was in this immediate vicinity that the COMBAT took

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[1] Lady of the Lake, Canto IV.

place, in which Roderick Dhu sunk under the superior arm of Fitz-James.

Loch Vennachar,[2] a beautiful expanse of water, of about five miles in length by a mile and a half in breadth, now opens upon the view. This lake, in its own outline, and in the fine skirting of wood which, almost throughout, adorns its margin, possesses much interest. At Milntown, about a mile and a half from the east end of the lake, there is a beautiful little cascade facing the south, in which (as indeed in all other cascades similarly constituted) the prismatic colours may, when the sun shines, be observed from 11

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[2] Said, though perhaps on doubtful grounds, to signify "The Lake of the Fair Plain." Where is this *fair plain?* and in what respect is it better entitled to that appellation than any other *plain?*

o'clock, a. m. to one o'clock, p. m. as distinctly as in a prism of glass.

Proceeding westward, we pass through *Coillebhroine*, or the wood of lamentation, so called from its being the scene of a dismal disaster which is said to have passed there, by the cruel malice of the Kelpie, or river-spirit, who is believed to haunt this lake. The story is variously related. In the edition which Mr Scott appears to have obtained, "a funeral procession, with all its attendants, are said to have been destroyed by this malignant dæmon."[1] In another legend, it is said, "that, as a number of children were one day at play on the border of the lake, a beautiful little horse issued forth from it. Such was its apparent gentleness, that one of the children, after having long admired its beauty, ventured

[1] Lady of the Lake, Canto III. Note V.

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."

Towards the western extremity of the lake, on the left hand, lies *Lanric mead*, the *muster-place* of the Clanalpines, as announced by Roderick to his henchman, Malise;

> " Speed, Malise, speed!" he said, and gave
> " The croslet to his henchman brave.
> " The muster-place be Lanric mead,—
> " Instant the time,—speed, Malise, speed." [1]

The poet could not have made a more judi-

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[1] Canto III. St. XII.

cious choice of his ground, Lanric mead being the only centrical level territory in the district.

About a mile above Loch Vennachar, the traveller, as he approaches *Brigg of Turk*,[1] arrives at the summit of an eminence, where there bursts upon his eye a sudden and wide prospect of the windings of the river that issues from Loch Achray, with that sweet lake itself in front; the gently-rolling river pursues its serpentine course through an extensive meadow; at the west end of the lake, on the side of Aberfoyle, the property of his Grace the Duke of Montrose, is situated the delightful farm of Achray, *the level field*, a denomination justly

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[1] The *Bridge*, or *Brigg*, where a wild boar, who had done much mischief in the neigbourhood, is said to have been slain. In this, as in most other instances, Mr Scott's orthography is adopted, as it may be the most acceptable to the reader, and as being unquestionably founded on good taste.

due to it, when considered in contrast with the rugged rocks and mountains which surround it. From this eminence are to be seen also, on the right hand, the entrance to Glenfinglas; and in the distance, Benvenue, whose northern shoulder begins to excite interest by its wooded honours, and its bold and varied outline. Notwithstanding the height of the observer's position at this place, the Trosachs still remain concealed from his view by the bold shore of Loch Achray, on the north. An uninterrupted wood, [1] extending far up the mountain, and skirting the lake through its whole length, with the road winding along its border, is finely contrasted with the southern bank, which is bare and heathy.

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[1] ἀσπετος ὑλη.—Hom.

GLENFINGLAS.

From Brigg of Turk, to the right, strikes off the road that leads to Glenfinglas, a beautiful little vale, which seems, in all its features, to afford the most characteristic idea of the scenery which Ossian so often describes. A deviation of about a mile from his course, in that direction, will well reward the tourist. He passes through a confined ravine, with a large mountain-stream upon the left, dashing over rugged rocks, and fringed here and there with coppice wood. This cataract, with the adjacent cliffs, are so exquisitely described by Mr Scott, both in the text, and in a note, that it is hoped the reader will be pleased to find them subjoined. It was here that Brian, wrapt up in the bull's hide, performed the

taghairm, or mysterious consultation of the oracle, concerning the fate of Roderick's warlike expedition :[1]

> " The bull was slain ; his reeking hide
> They stretched the cataract beside,
> Whose waters their wild tumult toss
> Adown the black and craggy boss
> Of that huge cliff, whose ample verge
> Tradition calls the hero's targe." [2]

Upon entering Glenfinglas, through this narrow and rugged defile, we are surprised to meet with a soft and verdant plain of consider-

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[1] Canto IV. St. V.

[2] Mr Scott adds a well-known tradition in his note, that " this wild place is said, in former times, to have " afforded refuge to an outlaw, who was supplied with " provisions by a woman, who lowered them down from " the precipice above. His water he procured for him- " self, by letting down a flaggon tied to a string into the " black pool beneath the fall."

able extent, variegated with meadows and corn fields; and affording a fine confirmation of the preceding *Geological Hints*. The mountains of Glenfinglas are lofty, and the streams that trickle down their sides are innumerable. But the *precise effect* of these streams has only been to give a stratum of alluvial earth, of from one to three feet in depth, to the subjacent valley: there is no reason to believe that what has been washed down beyond the pass has had any further effect than the formation of a few alluvial acres below Brigg of Turk.

The mountains by which this romantic vale is hemmed in are almost quite free from heath, not very rocky, and covered to the summit with a rich sward, forming pasture ground of a superior quality. Glenfinglas was anciently the deer forest of the Kings of Scotland; it appears to have been formerly well wooded,

the remains of aged trees every where presenting themselves. If the tourist wishes to have a complete idea of an Ossianic desart, let him travel from this vale to Balquhidder through *Glen-main;* he will meet with a tract of mountain glen of about ten miles, destitute of the smallest symptom of habitation or of cultivation.

Glenfinglas is the property of the Earl of Moray: it has been possessed for time immemorial by tenants of his own clan, Stewarts, who, living in this sequestered situation, in a sort of rural village, are connected with one another by intermarriages; and, passing their days in ease and comfort, furnish one of the finest examples of patriarchal felicity that occurs in these times.

The ingenious author of the Monk, in his *Tales of Wonder*, gives us a very pretty poem, entitled *Glenfinglas*, founded on a legendary

tale still current thereabouts, to which the reader is referred.

Returning from Glenfinglas, we cross the water of Finglas by a neat bridge of one arch; and, leaving the river and waving woods of Bridge of Michael upon the left, proceed along the margin of the lovely Loch Achray.[1] Thus, advancing

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[1] Mr Scott, on the occasion of the warlike preparations of Roderick, thus beautifully alludes to the scenery of Loch Achray :—

" So swept the tumult and affray,
Along the margin of Achray.
Alas ! thou lovely lake, that e'er
Thy banks should echo sounds of fear !
The rocks, the bosky thickets sleep
So stilly on thy bosom deep,
The larks blithe carol from the cloud,
Seems for the scene too gaily loud."

Canto III. St. 14.

——" Up the margin of the lake,
Between the precipice and brake,"

the Trosachs, at every step, open with increasing magnificence upon the view.

ARDCEAN-CHROCKAN.

Before he enters upon the Trosachs, however, let the stranger attend for a few minutes to the beautiful little farm of Ardcean-Chrockan, which bounds their eastern extremity. Though this harsh-sounding name, like that of Horace's town, "*quod non dicere versù est,*" could not be compelled into Mr Scott's harmonious rhyme, it surely may be permitted to celebrate its beauty in humble prose. Its fine southern exposure, its fields and meadows gently sloping towards the lake, with all its groves and cottages, irresistibly attract the

notice of every traveller; and there are, perhaps, few who have not, in passing, formed the wish of having a summer's residence of a few weeks at this spot, for the purpose of rural sports, or of landscape drawing.

Here the stranger, who requires a guide, will meet with a very intelligent and obliging person, James Stewart, whose principal occupation, during the summer, is to act as the Cicerone of the Trosachs. He keeps boats upon Loch Katrine, and servants in readiness to attend. Had he, according to advice frequently administered to him, built an inn some years ago at Ardcean-Chrockan for the accommodation of travellers, he would have found his own account in it, whilst he obliged the public. Besides innumerable tourists who visit the Trosachs on foot and on horse-back by the way of Aberfoyle, near 200 carriages of all kinds, crowded with company, pass this

way every season. In 1810, the principal inn at Callander was visited, in one day, by twenty-two coaches and chaises, on their way to Loch Katrine.

The truth is, that with all the feast of mind and eye which this scenery affords, the fatigued traveller will find occasion to desiderate refreshments of a more substantial nature. To survey the Trosachs with comfort, either by the route of Callander or Aberfoyle, is, at least, the work of a whole day; and were accommodations to be had upon the spot, many would be disposed to lounge and to study there for several days together.[1] Draughtsmen particularly, and amateurs in natural history, for which this district furnishes so

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[1] "I could find studies here," said Mr Farrington, "for a month!" A London artist has actually resided at Ardcean-chrockan during the whole winter of 1811, occupied in delineating this scenery.

fine a field, find much inconvenience in seeking lodgings at the distance of ten, or even of five miles, by which the best part of the day is consumed before they can enter upon the scene of their operations. At present the visitant of the Trosachs is obliged to snatch his hurried meal, which he has carried along with him from Aberfoyle or Callander, upon the shores of Lock Katrine, or in the gloomy recesses of Coir-nan-Uriskin. Some years ago, indeed, Lady Perth built two wicker huts on the banks of the lake, thatched with fern, and furnished with seats, in the rustic style, in which the wearied stranger has frequently found shelter and repose. These huts, however, have long ago fallen into ruin; but it is hoped that the present honourable proprietor will soon contribute to the accommodation of the public, in this respect, in a still more liberal style.

THE TROSACHS.[1]

IMMEDIATELY upon leaving Loch Achray, you enter the magnificent amphitheatre which forms the first opening of the Trosachs. The remark which has been formerly made concerning the evanescent effect of verbal descriptions of scenery, will excuse from entering into a minute detail of the wonders of this place,—it is indeed a scene which baffles all description. To be known it must be seen; and to see all that should be seen here, the traveller must proceed more than three miles

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[1] The term *Trosachs* signifies the *rough* or *bristled* territory; or, to use a term of Mr Scott's, a "*wildering*" scene of mountains, rocks, and woods, thrown together in disorderly groups.

to the north-west, nor will the toil appear irksome.

Instead, therefore, of attempting the hopeless office of a describer, let it suffice to direct the observation of the tourist to such objects as seem chiefly to demand his attention in this interesting scene.

Upon entering the Trosachs, let him observe, upon the right hand, the lofty mountain, richly clothed to a great height with waving woods; let him observe the picturesque disposition into which Nature has thrown the birches and the oaks which adorn the projecting cliffs, the elegant grouping of the trees, with their diversified figure and forms. Some aged weeping birches in the crevices of the rocks will attract his eye; Ben-venue, towering upon the left, and Ben-an upon the right, at every step present different pictures. When he enters the dark and narrow defile which

opens at its further extremity upon Loch Katrine, whilst he admires again the beautiful disposition of the birches, the hawthorns, the hazels, the oaks, and mountain-ashes, let him remark an echo produced by the concave rock on the left, which, though too near to repeat many syllables, is extremely distinct and loud.

It was in this "rugged dell" that Fitz-James' gallant grey "exhausted fell."[1] The description of this incident, and indeed of the whole scenery here, is so lively, and at the same time *so just*, that in passing along we are almost tempted to look for the blanched bones of the generous steed.

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[1] Lady of the Lake, Canto I. St. 9, 10, 11, 12, &c.

LOCH KATRINE.

IMMEDIATELY on entering upon Loch Katrine,[1] let the stranger attend to the magnifi-

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[1] Here, as in most other instances, for reasons already suggested, Mr Scott's spelling is adopted. The natives, however, uniformly pronounce the name *Ketturn* or *Ketturrin*, the latter part of the term bearing a near resemblance to the names of many other places in the Highlands, whose appearance is considered as rude and savage. Thus, in Inverness-shire, we have *Lochurn* or *Loch-urrin*, signifying the lake of hell; and in Cowal, *Glen-urrin*, or hell's glen. The term *Urrin*, hell, is a corruption, as Dr Smith remarks in a note to his *Seandana* of *Ifreoine*, the cold island of Fingal, the Celtic place of torment. The natives of the Highlands perceive no beauty in such scenery as the Trosachs exhibit, and they frequently express their surprise at the concourse of admiring strangers who repair thither every season. To enjoy such scenery, the cultivation of taste appears to be requisite.

cence of those masses in which Ben-venue on the left hand appears to tumble in upon the view: there can scarcely be any thing more sublime.

The first appearance of the lake itself gives little promise of the wide and varied expanse to which it stretches out as we proceed. Mr Scott has well described it as

> "A narrow inlet still and deep,
> Affording scarce such breadth of brim
> As served the wild duck's brood to swim."[1]

Advancing by the side of the lake, we pass along a road, cut out with immense labour, in a solid rock, which overhangs a deep and black abyss: before this road was cut out the natives clambered along the face of the precipice

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[1] Canto I. St. 13.

by the help of the roots and branches of trees, as their only security against a watery grave.

From this station Mr Farrington took his first view in the Trosachs, looking eastward through the dark and narrow defile. He remarked that "the picture resembled the views which are given of the scenery of New South Wales." Passing on by the declivity, and taking his station about the middle of the beautiful expanse of water into which the lake now extends itself, he delineated another interesting scene. He had Ben-venue in full prospect in the distance, with its lower outskirts rich in pastures, and sprinkled with aged trees; its higher region clothed for two-thirds of its height with waving birches, and its sides furrowed from the summit to the bottom with innumerable channels, formed by the winter's torrents, but at that time, for the most part, dry. In the fore-ground he had a

beautiful sheet of water, of more than a mile in breadth, bounded on every side by heaths, and rocks, and mountains.

As we advance by the road along the lake, we lose it for a few minutes only to enjoy it again opening with increasing grandeur, and presenting new and picturesque views of Ben-venue upon the left. We soon reach the pebbly beach, opposite to the island where the fair Ellen, shooting in her "little skiff" to the bay,

> "That round the promontory steep
> Led its deep line in graceful sweep,"

had her first interview with the Knight of Snowdon.

To enjoy this scenery in its full extent, the traveller should proceed to the square rock which projects its bluff head over the broadest part of the lake, about a mile below the farm

houses of Brenchoil:[1] there the view to the south is truly magnificent. More than six miles of water in length by two in breadth are under the eye; the remaining four miles to which the lake extends being lost in a turn amongst the mountains to the right. The lofty mountains of Arroquhar terminate the prospect to the west.

ROUTE ACROSS LOCH KATRINE.

Having thus conducted the tourist by the road that winds along the margin of the lake to the utmost verge of the Trosachs, it becomes necessary to suggest that the more ordinary, and, it will be allowed, the most enter-

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[1] The *Brianchoil* of Mr Scott, a name well suited to the birth-place of his exorcist Brian.

taining route is, to go by water from the opening of Loch Katrine to the opposite side; and, after having surveyed Coir-nan Uriskin, to sail northward by the eastern side of *Ellen's Isle*, and landing on the *Beach of Interview*, to walk down to the place of embarkation. Before entering, however, on the account of the fascinating scenery which this route presents, it may be proper, in a few words, to offer some general remarks on the district now under our view.

Loch Katrine, and the river which flows from it into Loch Achray, with Loch Achray itself, and the river which it sends into Loch Vennachar, form the boundary between the parishes of Aberfoyle, upon the south, and Callander, upon the north, the whole southern district being the property of his grace the Duke of Montrose, and the northern of the Honourable Mr Burrell Drummond, the

Earl of Moray, and Sir Patrick Murray, Baronet.

Of all the picturesque objects which attract notice in this district, Ben-an, or Binnan, on the Perth estate, and Ben-venue on that of the Duke of Montrose, are the most conspicuous; and indeed without them this scenery would possess comparatively little interest.

BEN-AN, OR BINNAN.

The name is a diminutive of *Beinn*, the term applied to the first order of mountains. Ben-an, however, may be estimated at about 1800 feet in height. It towers high above the rugged precipices of the Trosachs on the north: For four or five hundred feet from the summit it is perfectly pyramidal, and so steep on the south side as to preclude all access: it

is accessible from the north. Its conical summit and great height seem to render it peculiarly liable to the attraction of lightening. James Stewart states, that after a violent thunder storm, which occurred in August about five years ago, he observed the rock on the summit of Binnan torn up by the lightening in furrows of a zig-zag direction, to the depth of several inches. In autumn 1811, during a very heavy rain, an avalanche, torn from its southern side, and near its summit, carried down an immense mass of stones and earth, with a noise like thunder: the path of its current may be easily traced from the road.

BEN-VENUE.[1]

BEN-VENUE in *Aberfoyle* is, perhaps, one of the most picturesque mountains in Britain. Its height is about 2800 feet. On the north, (the aspect of the mountain which now presents itself,) besides the immense masses of rock which appear in this and in all other mountains, to have been, by some convulsion of nature, torn from the summit, the whole slope is covered for two-thirds upwards with alders, birches, and mountain-ashes, of ancient growth, and sprinkled over the surface with a grace and beauty unattainable by the

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[1] *Ben-venue* signifies the small mountain, from its relative size, compared with *Ben-ledi*, immediately on the N. E. and Ben-lomond on S. W.

hand of Art. At the first opening of Loch Katrine especially, and for a considerable way along the lake, the shoulder of Ben-venue, stretching northward in abrupt masses towards the shore, presents a sloping ridge, elegantly feathered with birches, in a style which the pencil may, in some degree, exhibit, but which verbal description cannot easily represent.

The inspiration of the muse, however, has overcome this difficulty:

> "High on the south, huge Ben-venue
> Down to the lake his masses threw,
> Crags, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled,
> The fragments of an earlier world;
> A wildering forest feathered o'er
> His ruined sides and summit hoar;
> While on the north, through middle air,
> Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare."[1]

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[1] Lady of the Lake, Canto I. St. 14.

COIR-NAN-URISKIN.

BEN-VENUE is rendered venerable in the superstition of the Highlanders, by the celebrated *Coir-nan-Uriskin,* (the cave, or recess, of goblins,) situated near the base of the mountains on its northern shoulder, and overhanging the lake in solemn grandeur. The reputed occupants of this cave, the *Urisks*, were a sort of *lubbary* supernaturals, who, like the *brownies* of England, could be gained over by kind attentions to perform the drudgery of the farm; and it was believed that many families in the Highlands had one of the order attached to it.

Mr Scott appears to have been misinformed, when, in Note XIV. to Canto III. of the Lady of the Lake, he assimilates the *Urisk*

of the Highlanders to the Grecian satyr, as being " a figure between a goat and a man." We ascribe the human figure alone, however wild and uncouth, to these imaginary beings. Our idea of them, and of their office, is precisely that of Milton in his L'Allegro:

——" The drudging goblin swet
To earn his cream bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thrash'd the corn
That ten day-labourers could not end:
Then lies him down, the *lubbar* fiend;
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
And crop full, out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin sings."

Thus it was here also, that his bowl of cream, with an oaten cake, was regularly set down for the family Urisk, and clothes were occasionally added. The Urisk of *Glaschoil*, a small farm about a mile to the west of Ben-

venue, having, as it is said, been neglected one night in these attentions, performed indeed his task, but was heard about day-break to utter a horrible shriek, and took his departure, never to return.

The *Urisks* were supposed to be dispersed over the Highlands, each residing in his own wild recess; but the solemn stated assemblies of the order (whether annual, or more frequent, is not said) were regularly held in this cave of Ben-venue. This current superstition, it may be permitted to add, probably alludes to some circumstance connected with the ancient history of the country: perhaps, like the popular superstition of the *Daoine Shi*, the men of peace, or fairies, it may have originated in the abolition and proscription of the druidical order under the Fingallian dynasty,—a theory to be illustrated more fully in the sequel.

The alpine scenery of Ben-venue has of late years, and justly, become the primary object of the tourist's curiosity in this quarter, and it has now obtained additional interest from the poetry of Mr Scott. Here an endless variety of objects, equally beautiful and sublime, continually present themselves; the bold projecting promontory, the abrupt precipice overhanging the dark abyss, the shaded glade, and murmuring stream, every where meet the eye.

After landing on the skirts of Ben-venue, we reach the *cave* (or, more properly, *the cove*) *of the goblins,* by a steep and narrow defile of a few hundred yards in length, in which

> " No murmur wakes the solemn still,
> Save tinkling of a fountain rill."

To attempt to pourtray the gloomy grandeur of *Coir-nan-Uriskin* would be presumptuous,

after the most beautiful and *faithfully just* picture which has been given of it by our poet.[1] Let it suffice to say, that it is a deep

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[1] "It was a wild and strange retreat,
As e'er was trod by outlaw's feet.
The dell, upon the mountain's crest,
Yawned like a gash on warrior's breast;
Its trench had staid full many a rock,
Hurled by primæval earthquake shock
From Ben-venue's grey summit wild,
And here, in random ruin piled,
They frowned incumbent o'er the spot,
And formed the rugged sylvan grot.
The oak and birch, with mingled shade,
At noontide there a twilight made,
Unless when short and sudden shone
Some straggling beam on cliff or stone,
With such a glimpse as prophet's eye
Gains on thy depth, Futurity.
No murmur waked the solemn still,
Save tinkling of a fountain rill;
But when the wind chafed with the lake,
A sullen sound would upward break,

circular amphitheatre of at least 600 yards of extent in its upper diameter, gradually narrowing towards the base, hemmed in all round by steep and towering rocks, and rendered impenetrable to the rays of the sun by a close covert of luxuriant trees. On the south and west it is bounded by the preci-

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With dashing hollow voice, that spoke
The incessant war of wave and rock.
Suspended cliffs, with hideous sway,
Seemed nodding o'er the cavern grey.
From such a den the wolf had sprung,
In such the wild cat leaves her young;
Yet Douglas and his daughter fair
Sought for a space their safety there.
Grey Superstition's whisper dread
Debarred the spot to vulgar tread;
For there, she said, did fays resort,
And satyrs hold their sylvan court,
By moon-light tread their mystic maze,
And blast the rash beholder's gaze."

Lady of the Lake, Canto III. St. 26.

pitous shoulder of Ben-venue, to the height of at least 500 feet: and it is worth while to remark, that towards the east the rock appears at some former period to have tumbled down, strewing the whole course of its fall with immense fragments, which now serve only to give shelter to foxes, wild cats, and badgers; the poet is sufficiently justified in supposing this to have occasioned the demolition of the cave that gave shelter to the Douglas and the fair Ellen.

It may be permitted to remark, that in this recess, consecrated, in the eye of fancy, by so many interesting recollections, the gloomy memory of the *Druids* and *Urisks* must yield to the impression of the more tender feelings which are so powerfully excited by the fable of our modern bard. Since the publication of the *Lady of the Lake*, no person of taste or sentiment has probably set his foot in *Coir-*

-nan-Uriskin, without calling to his mind that there " the angel hymn of Ellen" was raised to Heaven, and that there the daughter of the Douglas passed a melancholy night.

In corroboration of what has been formerly suggested, it may be added, in the words of an intelligent friend, a very competent judge of the picturesque,——" that the native High-
" landers entertain a very different idea of
" the scenery of the Trosachs, and of that of
" Ben-venue, (two objects," says he, " which,
" though contiguous, are yet essentially dif-
" ferent, the latter being unquestionably the
" finest of the two,) from that which the profi-
" cient in a taste for the sublime and beautiful
" in nature and art is apt to form : and hence,
" when they assigned *Coir-nan-Uriskin* for the
" rendezvous of the *Urisks*, they did this, not
" only on account of its sequestered situation,
" but also on that of its conceived deformity,

" and utter unfitness for human comfort and
" inhabitation. Overlooking the sublimity of
" the general form, and the beauty of the ex-
" terior decoration, their imaginations fixed
" themselves upon the huge and rough masses
" of moss-covered rocks, piled on each other in
" wild confusion; upon the spongy bogs, and
" blood-congealing damps which exhale from
" the darksome recesses of the cove. In short,"
besides the probable influence of ancient tradition, " they considered this as a place suited
" only to the residence of the lubber fiends.
" And it may be observed with truth, that the
" interior of *Coir-nan-Uriskin* does excite,
" even in the amateur of scenery, very differ-
" ent sensations from those to which the *ge-*
" *neral* prospect gives rise, including the va-
" ried, and, it may be said, the preternatural
" splendour, the aërial plumage, and birth-

" day pomp of the northern shoulder of Ben-
" venue. Gloomy and terrifying in the home
" detail, this region is gay, debonair, and
" lovely beyond all expression in its exterior
" aspect."

Let the tourist be advised, before he quits the *goblin's* cave, to ascend as far as its eastern verge until he comes within view of the lake. The prospect is very striking. Here, on the trunk of an ancient fallen birch tree, the writer of these pages found a singular specimen of the *boletus*, (probably the *hepaticus* of Hudson,) which he presented to the collection of Dr Barclay of Edinburgh. Miss Black of Glasgow, and Mr Stirling of Port, who were of the party, presented each a specimen to the Hunterian Museum.

BEALACH-NAM-BO.

The young and athletic tourist may ascend, though with some danger, and much difficulty, from this cave through the chasm on the southern side, occasioned, as has been stated, by the fall of a large portion of the impending rock. When arrived at the summit, about 800 feet about the level of the lake, he has *Bealach-nam-bo,* or the *pass of cattle,* before him on the south. "This," says Mr Scott, "is a magnificent glade, overhung with aged "birches, a little higher up the mountain "than *Coir-nan-Uriskin.* The whole com- "poses the most sublime piece of scenery that "the imagination can conceive."[1]

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[1] Canto III. Note 15.

This *pass* is, indeed, nothing else than an immense gap, formed by the recession of the northern shoulder of Benvenue from the body of the mountain, in consequence of some violent convulsion of nature. The imagination, lost in astonishment, is apt to picture the twin precipices, stupendous but elegant, by which it is bounded, as the avenue which leads from the "work-day world" to the abode of another and higher sphere. In these inaccessible cliffs the black eagle had her eyrie, committing much havock among lambs and sheep in the early spring, till some years ago she was expelled by a person let down by ropes from a height of forty feet: whilst he was plundering the nest the old eagle returned, and was shot by a person stationed on the top of the rock; since which period the species has not haunted *Bealach-nam-bo*.

After having attentively surveyed this won-

derful scenery, let the stranger again betake himself to his boat, and, steering along the north-eastern shore of Ellen's Island, his eye will be delighted with the boldness of the bank, thickly wooded with oaks, mountain-ashes, and especially aged aspens,[1] (the *populus tremula* of Linnæus,) whose tops are sometimes dipped in the wave, while the roots and branches are intertwisted in a thousand fantastic forms. On the steep brow of the northern promontory of the isle may be traced—

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[1] It is a pity that Mr Scott, whose description of this scenery is, in other respects, remarkably true to nature, should have allowed himself to commit a slight violation of the truth of natural history, by introducing the *Clematis* here, which is not known to be a native of Scotland; and by making the Idean vine, (one of the vacciniums,) which is a minute shrub, "to twine." Canto I. St. 26. *The Circea Lutetiana*, or enchanter's nightshade, which really grows here, would have done better

"The clambering unsuspected road,
That winded through the tangled screen."[1]

On quitting the island,[2] he may either direct his course to the "silver strand," near which Fitz-James

——"Stood concealed amid the brake,
To view the Lady of the Lake,"

or he may be conveyed by water to the spot where he first embarked.

In returning through the Trosachs towards the east, some of the views that occur are fine, but very different from those which had presented themselves in travelling in the oppo-

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[1] Canto I. St. 25.

[2] It is reported that the honourable proprietor intends to erect a cottage upon the island precisely after the model of that of Douglas, as described by Mr Scott, Canto I. St. 26. By doing so he pays a high compliment to the poet, and does much honour to his own taste.

site direction. The magnificent back-ground is now lost, and the tame moors and heathy eminences, now before the eye, form an insipid counterpart to the rugged cliffs and towering heights of Binnan and Ben-venue. There are, perhaps, few travellers who, in leaving the Trosachs, have not experienced a lassitude and vacancy of mind, similar to that which we feel after having been powerfully agitated by agreeable sensations; it is like taking up the Tristia of Ovid, after having been reading the Iliad of Homer; or like returning to the insipidity of ordinary life, after witnessing the most splendid and interesting exhibitions of the theatre.

Having thus attempted to conduct the stranger, whether from the *north* or the *east* of Scotland, to this now classic scenery, pointing out some of the objects most interesting to his curiosity that occur by the way, let us

now proceed to describe the only remaining route to the Trosachs,—that from the *south* and *west*.

III. FROM THE SOUTH AND WEST, BY DRYMEN, GARTMORE, AND ABERFOYLE.

To the traveller from the south and west of Scotland, a nearer and very interesting route presents itself by Drymen, Gartmore, and Aberfoyle. From Glasgow to Drymen is seventeen miles and a half, and from Dunbarton to the same place eleven. The road, in both these directions, is excellent.

FROM GLASGOW.

After passing several elegant country seats in the environs of Glasgow, we cross the Kelvin, now a respectable river, by the bridge of Garscuble, about five miles from the city. On the left, the seat of Sir Ilay Campbell, Baronet, is seen to great advantage, beautifully situated upon the banks of the river, and surrounded with fine plantations. On the right, at the distance of about half a mile, Killermont, the seat of the Right Honourable A. Colquhoun, the present Lord Advocate of Scotlond, comes into view. Advancing northward we pass Balvi, the seat of Henry Glasford, Esq., and Mains, the seat of —— Douglas, Esq. The lover of natural history will be gratified with a very curious specimen of ba-

saltic rock, situated on the left hand, very near the road, about half a mile to the south of Alt-marrag toll. The columns are small and elegant, lying almost *horizontally*, and presenting, in the front of a quarry which has been lately used, an appearance precisely similar to that of the side of a honey-comb.

After having crossed the Stockie Muir, of about three miles, the dreariness of which is considerably relieved by the fine view which its summit affords of Lochlomond and its islands, we pass Croy, the seat of Professor Richardson of Glasgow College, situated in the vale of Blane, upon the right. Its romantic glen, with its well-wooded environs, the stream of Dowalt, tumbling in an unbroken sheet over a rock of at least fifty feet, and murmuring along amidst overshadowing trees, —all well deserve the attention of the traveller of taste.

The beautiful valley of Blane is seen stretching out to the right, adorned with thriving plantations: an insulated hill of near 500 feet high, covered almost wholly with coppice wood, gives interest to the further extremity of this vale. The vale of Endric, extending towards the left, is ornamented with many elegant seats. At the eastern extremity, Culcruich, the seat of Peter Speirs, Esq. surrounded with extensive plantations, meets the eye. Above the house, in the brow of the rock, a little to the east, may be seen one of the finest specimens of basalt that is to be found, at least, in the interior of the island. It consists of a grand colonnade of basaltic pillars, of about seventy in number; some of them separating in joints, and others apparently without any joint or fissure from top to bottom. They stand perpendicular to the horizon, and their height is about fifty feet.

Some of them are quadrangular, and others pentagonal and hexagonal. On the eastern side of the range, the columns are separated from one another by insterstices of three or four inches. These gradually lessen towards the west, till the whole is blended in one solid mass, which is much honey-combed, and has the appearance of having undergone fusion.

It may be here remarked, that the whole of this range of mountain, extending from Dunbarton to Stirling, under the denomination of the Lennox Hills, appears to partake more or less of the basaltic character

Further down the Endric, Ballikinren, the seat of Mr Napier; Parkhall, that of Archibald Fletcher, Esq. advocate, with many other pretty villas, are to be seen. The flourishing village of Balfron is in full view.

This vicinity, besides, offers many interest-

ing recollections to the literary and scientific tourist. In the vale of Blane, near the village of Killearn, on a farm called *Moss*, was born the celebrated historian and poet, George Buchanan, the literary ornament of Scotland, and the prodigy of an unenlightened age. A part of the humble cottage which gave him birth is still preserved by the laudable care of Mr Finlay, the proprietor. Several ancient trees still remain, which are reported to have been planted by George when a boy. An elegant monument, in the form of an obelisk, of 103 feet in height, by 19 feet square at the base, was erected to his memory at the village of Killearn, by the voluntary contributions of the neighbouring gentlemen, in 1788. It forms a prominent object in the eye of the traveller.

Near the confluence of the Blane and the Endric, there is a romantic fall of water on the latter, called the *Pot of Gartness*. But

this spot is chiefly interesting to the scientific traveller, by its having been for some time the residence of the celebrated John Napier, Baron of Merchiston, the inventor of logarithms. The Earl of Buchan, in his life of that eminent man, who was born near Edinburgh in 1550, professes himself to be unable to trace him from his leaving the university till the year 1593.[1] It seems probable, from Mackenzie, that he passed a part of that period in travelling upon the continent; and it is also probable, that he spent some years, during that interval, in pursuing his profound researches in the solitude of Gartness Castle, some remains of which are still to be seen.

The introduction of two beautiful stanzas from one of Professor Richardson's Descrip-

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[1] See Lord Buchan's Life of Napier, p. 12.

tive Odes, on the subject of these instances of local celebrity, will probably be gratifying to the reader:

" The Endric, in wildly lyric mood,
Displays her laurel crown;
And tells, that, musing by her flood,
Sage Napier earned renown;
That oft she paused, and mark'd at midnight hour,
The pale lamp glimmering in his ivied tower.

" Triumphant even the yellow Blane,
Tho' by a foe defaced,
Boasts that Buchanan's early strain
Consoled her troubled breast.
That often, muse-struck, in her loneliest nook,
The orphan boy pored on some metred book."

The author then proceeds to vindicate its meed of celebrity to the Dowalt, and its beautiful cascade, as having attracted the notice, and employed the pencil of her Grace the Duchess of Montrose:

——" By her pencil's magic power,
She bids thy beauty live:
Now, Dowalt, bless the auspicious hour!
Now, Dowalt, cease to grieve;
But to the choir of elder nymphs proclaim,
That noble Montague hath given thee fame."

From Croy we proceed to the little village of Drymen, where some accommodations may be obtained by the *passing traveller.* It will be proper for him, at least, to refresh his horses before he ascends the long and dreary hill above the village.

Before we leave Drymen, however, whether to take the road over the hill to Aberfoyle, or to explore the decorations of Buchanan, and the beauties of Lochlomond, let us suppose that the tourist has taken his departure for this place from Dunbarton, by the Leven and Kilmaronock.

FROM DUNBARTON, BY KILMARONOCK.

ADVANCING by the road that winds along the Leven, Leven-side, the seat of John Campbell of Stonefield, Esq. is seen on the left, in the midst of an extensive lawn, surrounded by woods. On the opposite side of the river, at the village of Renton, the traveller will remark a lofty column, dedicated by the late James Smollet of Bonhill, Esq. to the memory of his celebrated relation Dr Tobias Smollet, who was born near that spot. Upon the pedestal there is a suitable inscription in classical Latin: it is hoped the reader will not be displeased to meet with an English translation of it on this occasion:

Halt, Traveller!
If the graces of wit, if fertility of genius,
If masterly skill in the delineation of manners,
Have ever been the objects of thy admiration,
Pause a little over the memory of
TOBIAS SMOLLET, M.D.
With those virtues both of the man and of the citizen,
Which claim thy applause and imitation,
He was eminently adorned:
Deeply versed in various departments of literature,
He handed down his name to posterity
By a felicity of writing peculiar to himself;
When he was snatched from the world,
By a premature death,
In the 51st year of his age.
Far from his native land,
Near Leghorn in Italy,
Lie his remains.
In memory of his many and distinguished excellencies,
THIS COLUMN,
Unavailing record, alas! of affection,
Was erected on the banks of the Leven,
The place of his nativity,
And the subject of his latest song, by
JAMES SMOLLET of Bonhill, his cousin-german,
Who ought rather to have received
This last tribute from him.

The clear and equable stream of this beautiful river, the busy scene of active manufacturing industry which enlivens its banks, and the elegant mansions of Tillychewen, Ardoch, &c. which adorn the vicinity, cannot fail to interest and delight the stranger in an uncommon degree. Before we turn to the right on the way to Drymen, we have a fine peep of the southern extremity of Lochlomond, where the Leven issues from it. The new church of Bonhill, on this route, situated on the banks of the river, is a striking object. In the church-yard may be seen one of the largest ash-trees in Scotland.

About eight miles from Dunbarton, you obtain a fine general view of Lochlomond, terminated by a gradually retiring and variously contrasted group of Highland mountains; and having, in the near ground, the luxuriant woods, and newly-built mansion of Ross, the

seat of Hector Macdonald Buchanan, Esq. one of the principal clerks of session. It is built after a design furnished by Mr James Gillespie, architect, a gentleman distinguished in his profession, with a happy adaptation to the surrounding scenery, in the form of a priory. This approximation to the ancient Gothic architecture, promises, when finished, to combine elegance of external effect with splendid and comfortable internal accommodation.

In passing Kilmaronock, an ancient castle, in ruins, situated on the north side of the road, contributes to the picturesque effect of the valley. It belonged to a branch of the family of Cochrane, which, in 1724, succeeded to the estates and honours of the Earl of Dundonald. The door of the ancient church of Kilmaronock furnishes a specimen of Saxon architecture.

From the road, at this place, the most favourable view presents itself of Buchanan, the seat of his Grace the Duke of Montrose. It is surrounded by a lawn and pleasure grounds of more than 1500 acres, decorated with every embellishment which taste and opulence can bestow; it has been often remarked, that this domain bears a nearer resemblance, both in its extent and in its ornaments, to an English park, than any thing that is to be met with in Scotland. Lofty hills, now covered, in a great part, with thriving plantations, which are every year extending, form the background on the north. The finest lake in Britain, skirted by Benlomond, and the towering mountains of Dunbartonshire, close the prospect to the north and west. The lawn, finely sprinkled with oaks and beeches of more than two centuries old, is immediately under the eye.

Just before we cross the Endric, we leave Catter, the residence of George Menzies, Esq. Chamberlain to his Grace, immediately on the right. In this highly-finished place, every object that can please the eye is disposed in the justest taste.

It may be noticed particularly, that there are few situations in the whole course of this tour, which present such a charming evening scene as Catter; the mansion, gardens, and pleasure grounds of Buchanan, its extensive plain stretching as far as the lake, the lake itself, studded with islands, with the grand amphitheatre of mountains in the distance, gilded with the rays of the departing sun, form, in a fine evening of summer, a scene of tranquil beauty and sublimity, on which every mind possessed of taste and sensibility will delight to repose.

Still, before we quit the beautiful vale of the Endric to cross the unpromising muir of Drymen, let us pause a little, to escort the stranger, who wishes to explore the eastern shore of Lochlomond, as far as Rowardennan, distant about ten miles, by an excellent road.

FROM DRYMEN TO ROWARDENNAN.

As he passes on to Bealmacha, (four miles distant) the noted pass in the Grampians by which Glun-dhu swept away the herd with the white bull of Gallangad,[1] he will be enabled to form a juster estimate of the pleasure grounds and plantations of Buchanan, which extend as far as the Pass. The beautiful island of Inchcailloch, or Nun's Island, separated by a narrow channel from the shore, with several other islands stretching out in the same line to the south-west, will appear particularly striking.

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[1] See Lady of the Lake, Canto IV. St. IV.

Here the line of front which the Grampian range presents to the south-east, and which may be traced from its commencement at the Hill of Ardmore, upon the Clyde, to its termination at the Girdleness of Aberdeen, is very distinctly marked; it will now be evident to the eye, that the islands of Inchcailloch, Inchtorr, Inchgrange, and the very picturesque island of Inchmurrin, are only a continuation of the Grampians, emerging from the lake.

On getting through the pass, which furnishes a very complete idea of those inlets to the Highlands, a magnificent view of Lochlomond and its environs opens. An expanse of water of about ten miles in length, and at least five miles in breadth, skirted on both sides by luxuriant woods, a group of islands of various extent and form, some inhabited and under cultivation, some level and low, and

others rising to the height of 300 feet above the surface of the lake, and almost all of them clothed with coppice wood, furnish altogether a *coup d'uœil* which will probably be admitted to be the finest in Britain.

From Bealmacha, the tourist passes on by the margin of the lake, for the most part, but sometimes retiring from it to meet it again with greater interest. Coppice woods, in the most complete style of management, and interspersed with trees of large size, and ancient growth, skirt, and sometimes overshadow the road throughout its course. At Rowardennan, at the very base of Benlomond, the road terminates. There the traveller will find a neat little inn, with comfortable accommodations. A ferry, furnished with good boats, sufficient to convey horses and carriages across the lake, is established here, as well as on the

other side. At this place the lake is scarcely a mile in breadth.

As Rowardennan is the station from which travellers most generally set out in order to scale Benlomond, this seems to be the proper place for introducing some account of that mountain, which is, indeed, no less interesting to the student in natural history, than to the admirer of the picturesque.

DESCRIPTION OF BENLOMOND.

BENLOMOND, in Stirlingshire, is 3240 feet in height above the surface of the lake, and 3262 above the level of the sea. In loftiness, indeed, it is surpassed considerably by Benevis, Bengloe, Benlawers, and others; but perhaps this difference in height will appear to the intelligent traveller to be more than compensated by the elegance of its insulated situation, (if the expression may be allowed) with respect to the neighbouring mountains.

From different points of view, Benlomond presents different aspects. In travelling along

the shores of Lochlomond, either on the eastern or western side, but especially on the latter, the mountain exhibits generally the appearance of a huge truncated cone, with one shoulder projecting somewhat out of that fair proportion, towards the south-east.

But the point of view in which Benlomond undoubtedly appears to the greatest advantage is from the north-east. In travelling from Stirling westward, by Aberfoyle, this mountain uniformly bounds the landscape in the form of a pyramid, with equally proportioned sides, and unmutilated by the interference of any of the adjacent hills.

In the months of July, August, and September, the summit of Benlomond is frequently visited by strangers, from every quarter of the island, as well as by foreigners, whose curiosity leads them to travel in the Highlands. It may be proper to remark, that the latter of

these months is perhaps, of all others, the most favourable for such an excursion, as at that time, on account of the cool temperature of the atmosphere, the air is less charged with vapours, than during the intense heats of summer.

In visiting Benlomond from Rowardennan, a guide is generally procured, who will be found serviceable, not only to conduct the stranger to the summit by the easiest path, but also to convey the refreshments which are indispensably necessary to recruit his exhausted spirits from time to time. A great many years ago, some elegant and appropriate verses were written by an English gentleman on the subject of ascending Benlomond, which still remain on a pane of glass, in a window of the inn at Tarbert, on the other side of the lake. Though they appeared, about that time, in some periodical publications, it is presumed

that it will not be deemed improper to introduce them upon this occasion:

" Stranger, if o'er this pane of glass perchance
Thy roving eye should cast a casual glance;
If taste for grandeur, and the dread sublime,
Prompt thee Benlomond's fearful height to climb;
Here stop, attentive, nor with scorn refuse
The friendly rhymings of a tavern Muse.
For thee the Muse this rude instruction planned,
Prompted, for thee, her humble poet's hand.
Heed thou the poet, he thy steps shall lead
Safe o'er yon tow'ring hill's aspiring head.
Attentive, then, to this informing lay,
Read what he dictates as he points the way.

" Trust not at first a quick advent'rous pace;
Six miles its top points gradual from the base.
Up the high rise, with panting haste I passed,
And gain'd the long laborious steep at last.
More prudent you when once you pass the deep,
With cautious steps and slow, ascend the steep.
Oh! stop a while, oft taste the cordial drop,
And rest, oh! rest, long long upon the top.
There hail the breezes, nor with toilsome haste
Down the rough slope thy youthful vigour waste:

So shall thy wond'ring sight at once survey
Woods, lakes, and mountains, vallies, rocks and sea;
Huge hills, that heaped in crowded order stand,
Stretched o'er the western and the northern land:
Enormous groups! While Ben, who often shrouds
His lofty summit in a veil of clouds,
High o'er the rest, exulting in his state,
In proud pre-eminence sublimely great.
One side, all awful to th' astonish'd eye,
Presents a rise three hundred fathoms high;
Which swells tremendous on th' affrighted sense,
In all the pomp of dread magnificence.
All this, and more, thou shalt with wonder see,
And own a faithful monitor in me."

The above verses are subscribed THOMAS RUSSEL, Oct. 3, 1771.

When we arrive at the summit, a scene presents itself which few in Britain can pretend to rival. At the bottom of the mountain, one of the finest lakes in Europe is seen, through its whole extent of about thirty miles; stretching out from small beginnings, to a breadth, towards its southern extremity,

of about six miles; its surface beautifully diversified with islands, and its shores skirted with woods, and houses, and cultivated grounds.

In the range of the horizon, from the east by the south, to the south-west, the eye is successively presented with the rich plains of Stirlingshire and the Lothians; the heights of Lanarkshire; the vales of Renfrewshire; the coast of Ireland; Kintyre, and the Western Ocean.

But the circumstance which will perhaps appear the most striking to the stranger, is the idea which he will now, for the first time, be enabled to form of the great outline of the Highlands of Scotland; for which no station is better adapted than Benlomond, where the prospect is unencumbered by the interference of any other hills.

From the east, where the Ochills have their

commencement, directing the eye westwards, by the north, through a space of more than half the circle of the horizon, you are presented with a vast amphitheatre, bounded every where by lofty mountains, whose shades gradually melt away from the sight, and blend themselves at length with the blue colours of the sky. In this stupendous scene, the traveller will recognize Benlawers, Benvorlich, and Benledi, on the north-east; Cruachan and Benevis on the west; Benmore on the north; the Paps of Jura, and Goatfield in Arran, on the south-west. His eye will be relieved from time to time, by dwelling on the beautiful lakes of Perthshire, some of which are so near as to be seen in bird's-eye prospect.

The mountain itself affords, besides, a great variety of scenery. To the south-east it stretches out nto asl ope of very gentle declivity. The north side is awfully abrupt; it

presents a concave precipice of many hundred yards in depth. He must possess firm nerves who can approach the brink, and look down unmoved. When you descend into this concavity, by the ravine already mentioned, it appears to form a semicircular bason of vast extent. A gun fired in this concavity, returns a long and variously reverberated echo; though, from the rareness of the atmosphere on the summit, the report of a gun is there extremely faint.

In the variable weather of July and August, the traveller has sometimes the awful enjoyment, of sitting in a serene atmosphere on the summit of the mountain, whilst the thunder cloud rolls below, and the livid lightening flashes between him and the surface of the lake. Caught in this situation, let him not linger long upon the summit, but retire as fast as he can from a spot where the variations of

the weather are sudden, and the war of the elements far more formidable than on the plain.

To the natural historian, Benlomond is highly interesting. No minerals, indeed, of any rarity or value have been discovered there. The rock consists, for the most part, of greenstone, interspersed with masses of quartz. On the western side there is abundance of waving schistus.

The ptarmigan is found in the higher regions. Whether from stupidity of nature, or from being seldom disturbed by the intrusions of man, the ptarmigan fears not his approach, but sits still till you are almost close upon him.

Few mountains present a more fertile field to the botanist. After he has got within half a mile of the summit, the habit of the vegetables is altogether different from what he had

observed in the lower regions. When the young botanist ascends Benlomond for the first time, he will be struck with the sudden transition by which he is carried, in the space of a few minutes, from the vulgar inhabitants of the plain, to the elegant natives of the Alpine regions. Here every thing is changed; besides the plants that are peculiar to the Alpine heights, he will find the vegetables which abound below so altered in their appearance as to form new species. The *Epilobium*, the *Alchemilla*, the *Saxifrages*, the *Cerastium*, have now assumed a new habit; and are no longer his common acquaintance of the plain. Add to these the native plants of the mountains; large patches of the elegant green, variegated with the bright red flower of the *Silene acaulis*; the *Sibbaldia procumbens*, with its tridentated leaves, growing profusely on the very summit; the *Rhodiola rosea*, in the brow of

every rock; the *Azalea procumbens*, the minutest of woody plants, sparingly scattered on the south-east shoulder; the *Trientalis*, in the woods that hang over the lake below; the *Statice*, abundant on the south-east shoulder; the *Rubus Chamæmorus*, (whose not unfragrant fruit is ripe in July) in plenty, about half way up the mountain.

This account of Benlomond may be concluded, by remarking, that the partisans of the volcanic system may be disposed to adduce the form and appearance of this mountain in confirmation of their theory. Its conical shape will naturally strike the traveller as the probable effect of subterraneous fire. And, though there is now no appearance of a crater at the top, it may be observed, that the mountain, in its present state, seems evidently, by some convulsion of nature, to have suffered a defalcation of near one half of the origi-

nal substance of its summit; that the northern side of the mountain seems, at some period, to have tumbled down, and to have formed those shapeless masses which we still observe towards that quarter.

When it is recollected, however, as was observed on a former occasion, that all the great mountains present a similar appearance, the theory of Mr Kirwan, already alluded to, may appear to account sufficiently for the phænomena of Benlomond.

From Benlomond the traveller may descend, very safely, through the deep ravine, on the north side of the mountain, to the farm-house of Comar, at its base; and thence he may proceed, by a tolerable road, along the shores of Lochard, to Aberfoyle, distant about nine miles.

FROM DRYMEN TO GARTMORE AND ABERFOYLE.

Let us now return to the village of Drymen, to accompany the tourist who wishes to proceed directly, by that route, to the Trosachs.

From Drymen to Gartmore is seven miles, across the hill; the road is rough, but passable to carriages. It is now undergoing a thorough repair. From the brow of the hill above Drymen, looking S. W. a most striking view of Lochlomond, interspersed with islands, which evidently form a part of the Grampian range, with its western shore finely clothed with woods, offers itself to the eye.

Nothing can be bleaker than the scene which presents itself at the summit of the hill,

just when the beautiful vale in which the Endrick flows, is lost to the view on the south, and before the vale of Menteith opens on the north. When Mr Wilkes and his friend Churchill visited Scotland, about 1760, they proceeded thus far; but at this spot, horrified with the forlorn appearance of the scene, and apprehending that they had reached the utmost verge of Scottish cultivation, they turned their horses, and sought shelter for the night at Buchanan house. The Duke of Montrose was then in London, but they were most hospitably entertained for three days, by his Grace's chamberlain, with Highland mutton and old claret; of which they, "nothing loth," most liberally partook. The satirical poet, on reaching London, returned this hospitality by writing his celebrated poem, entitled, "The Prophecy of Famine," in which he introduces the scene of Drymen muir with

abundant effect; but he forgot to record the liberal fare of Buchanan.

GARTMORE.

In passing Gartmore-house, the seat of Mr Cuninghame Graham, the curiosity of the traveller will be gratified by spending an hour, in seeing a house, which, even in a country less rude than this, would be justly reckoned elegant. The drawing-room, both in its dimensions and style of finishing, is perhaps one of the most elegant north of the Tweed. The amateur in painting will be delighted to find here two cabinet pictures of Morning and Evening, by Claude Lorraine; a cattle piece, by Berghem; a flight into Egypt, by Rubens; a drunken egg merchant, by Jean Stein; an attack of banditti,

by Salvator; and though last and least in dimensions, not the least beautiful, a portrait of Gerard Dow, by himself. In the dining-room there is a family portrait by Hogarth, of some of the relatives of this house, in which the painter has introduced himself. Besides a number of family pictures, there are portraits of Lord Kames, of the late Dr Dickson, Bishop of Downe and Connor, the friend of the late Right Hon. Charles James Fox, and the only person on whom he had an opportunity of conferring a bishoprick, during his short administration, in his coalition with Lord North. In the library also is a portrait of Professor Richardson, of Glasgow College, in an uncommon style of shading, by Raeburn.

ABERFOYLE.

From Gartmore to Aberfoyle is three miles, by a very good road. A comfortable inn has been lately built by his Grace the Duke of Montrose, where the stranger will meet with good beds, stables, and other accommodations. From the inn to the opening of the Trosachs is five miles and a half, across the hill; but by Port and Callander, twenty-two miles. The road that leads over the hill is steep and rugged; it does not admit of carriages, but is *tolerable* for riders. Guides and horses may be had, on a short notice, at the inn.

The valley of Aberfoyle, with its precipitous rock, its winding river, its meadows, and richly wooded knolls, has long been ad-

mired by strangers for its singular beauty. Lochard especially, with its bays and promontories, and wood-skirted banks, as is admitted by all, rivals the finest of our Scottish lakes in picturesque effect; there are even many who are disposed to prefer its softer characters of beauty to all the wild sublimity of the Trosachs. It was in Aberfoyle that Mr Farrington, intent upon the object of his work, the delineation of the scenery of the Forth, took the most numerous and laboured views.[1] Before the stranger crosses the hill, therefore, let him dedicate a day to the examination of this delightful region.

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[1] The figures on the margin refer to the views delineated by Mr Farrington, and the author's description of which was revised by that gentleman.

The praise of this beautiful vale has been thus celebrated by a native Bard:

I.

" To thee my filial bosom beats,
On thee may heaven indulgent smile,
And glad thy innocent retreats,
And bless thee, lovely Aberfoyle.
How pleasing to my pensive mind
The memory of thy bold cascade;
Thy green woods waving to the wind,
And streams in every vocal glade!

II.

" The simple church, the school-house' green,
The gambols of the school-boy crew,
Meadows and pools, that gleam between,
Rush on my retrospective view:
Shades too, and lanes by old age sought,
To wander in at close of day,
To ruminate the pious thought,
And pray for children far away.

III.

" Timely descend, ye fost'ring showers!
With plenty bless that humble vale;

And fair arise, ye fragrant flowers,
And healthful blow, thou western gale.
And there, meand'ring Avendow,
By no invidious fen defiled;
Clear may thy youthful current flow!
And love to linger in the wild!"

Professor RICHARDSON'S *Ode on the Prospect of leaving Britain.*

1. Taking a station on a small eminence above the ford called Alinan, and directing the eye westwards, you have the whole of this beautiful little valley, two miles in length by about one in breadth, in full view. The Forth, called here by the natives the Avendow, or black river, traverses the whole extent of the vale, which has the appearance of an amphitheatre surrounded by mountains, covered half way up with luxuriant woods. On the north especially, the valley is bounded by a mountain, which exhibits a tremendous precipice of at least 1000 feet

high; and which seems to threaten destruction to the traveller as he passes along the road, which winds its course immediately under the brow of the rock. From this precipice immense masses of rock tumble down from time to time with a noise like thunder; and the path through which they have passed is marked out to the eye, like the deserted channel of a torrent. The lower part of the precipice is finely skirted with wood. Farther on, the woods and rocks are seen which overhang the first openings of Lochard. The back-ground is formed by Benlomond, which, on this side, exhibits an elegant conical shape.

The Forth has its source in a small stream that arises at a place called *Skia-n'uir*, or the ridge of yew trees, about 12 miles westward, beyond Lochcon; but it receives, about a mile above this station, a very important accession to its streams from the water of Duchray,

which has its rise near the summit of Benlomond; and which may seem to many to have an equal claim to the origin of the Forth.

The valley of Aberfoyle is inclosed on the east and south, by that celebrated range of mountains, called the Grampians, which traverse the whole breadth of Scotland, from south-west to north-east. The distinctness with which this line of mountain preserves itself, amidst the intersections of others, running in different directions, argues some very extensive, yet uniform cause, to which this appearance is to be attributed.

In passing through this district, the internal conformation of these mountains is marked by very particular characters; a similar conformation has been traced in a line of more than 30 miles on each side; and it is probable that it extends through the whole.

The front which these mountains present

to the south-east, is found uniformly to consist of *breccia*, in which the rounded pebbles, which are imbedded in the cementing calcareous substance, are of various sizes, from a half inch to eight or nine inches in diameter. These pebbles are of great weight, and of flinty hardness; they are of an elliptical form, and what is singular, they appear all to be penetrated through a great part of their substance with slight fissures, which are uniformly in a direction parallel to the shorter axis, and by which they break, when violence is used. Does not this seem to indicate some other origin of these pebbles than friction against one another by the action of water? Do they not exhibit the marks of cooling after fusion? Their silicious quality, however, is unfavourable to this idea.

These immense masses of breccia present sometimes a perpendicular precipice, and

sometimes a rounded projection, both generally destitute of vegetation. To this, however, there is one beautiful exception, in a conical hill on the eastern extremity of the vale of Aberfoyle, of the finest proportions, rising to the height of near 500 feet, and covered to the summit with a thick wood of oak and birch.

From the summit of this beautiful little hill, a most interesting view presents itself: Looking eastward, you have the windings of the Forth, deep skirted with woods, in bird's-eye prospect; the lake of Menteith; Rednock-house, the seat of General Graham Stirling; Cardross, the seat of Mr Erskine; the great moss, with Stirling castle and the Ochills, in the back-ground; looking westward, the vale of Aberfoyle, with the winding river; the opening of Lochard, the great rock on the

north; and in the back-ground, Benlomond, surrounded by inferior hills.

In this same line of mountain, adjoining to these rocks, immediately on the west, masses of limestone are found from time to time; not disposed in strata, with a regular dip, but in detached beds, or *nests*, as the workmen term it. The limestone is blue, with beautiful veins of white; it is susceptible of a fine polish, and has been made into chimney-pieces, which approach to the beauty of marble.

After a considerable interruption of vast masses of green-stone, extensive strata of fine blue slate are found to the westward, in this same line of hills. These are now wrought with great success, and rival the Easdale slate in beauty and lightness. All these strata uniformly maintain the direction of the Grampian range. Slate is found in this line on Loch Vennachar and Lochlubnaig.

LOCHARD.

About a mile to the westward of the inn, Lochard opens to the view. A few hundred yards to the east of it, the Avendow, which had just issued from the lake, tumbles its waters over a rugged precipice of more than 30 feet in height, forming, in the rainy season, several very magnificent cataracts.

2. The first opening of the lower lake, from the east, is uncommonly picturesque. Directing the eye nearly westward, Benlomond raises its pyramidal mass in the back-ground. In nearer prospect, you have gentle eminences, covered with oak and birch to the very summit; the bare rock sometimes peeping through amongst the clumps. Immediately

under the eye, the lower lake, stretching out from narrow beginnings, to a breadth of about half a mile, is seen in full prospect. On the right, the banks are skirted with extensive oak woods, which cover the mountain more than half way up.

This spot, in ancient times, formed the barrier between the low country, and the almost inaccessible tract that lies to the westward. It is called the *Pass* of Aberfoyle. Previous to the formation of the road, which now stretches along the banks of the lake, a few men stationed in this pass, could have repulsed an army in attempting to advance further into the Highlands: In the time of the commonwealth, a party of Cromwell's army, attempting to penetrate into the upper country by this pass, was repulsed with considerable loss, by the natives, headed by the Earl of Glencairn, and Graham of Duchray, whose

castle, situated about a mile to the southward, the invaders had just reduced to ashes. [1]

Advancing to the westward, you lose the lake for about a mile. The upper lake, which is by far the most extensive, is separated from the lower by a stream of about 200 yards in length. The most advantageous view of the upper lake presents itself from a rising ground near its lower extremity, where a foot-path strikes off to the south, into the wood that overhangs this connecting stream.

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[1] A little to the westward of the inn, one of Duchray's followers shot one of the Englishmen from the opposite side of the river, who fell near a clump of trees, by the road side, which is called to this day, *Bad an t' Shassonich*, or the Englishman's clump; the term *Sassonach*, or *Saxon*, being uniformly applied by Highlanders, not to the inhabitants of the Low Country, but to Englishmen.

UPPER LOCHARD.

3. Looking westward, you have Benlomond in the back-ground, rising, at the distance of six miles, in the form of a regular cone, its sides presenting a gentle slope to the N. W. and S. E. On the right you have the lofty mountain of Benoghrie, running west, towards the deep vale in which Lochcon lies concealed from the eye. In the fore-ground Lochard stretches out to the west in fairest prospect; its length three miles, and its breadth a mile and a half. On the right it is skirted with woods; the northern and western extremity of the lake is diversified with meadows, and corn fields, and farm-houses. On the left, few marks of cultivation are to be seen; thick clumps of wood, elegantly disposed,

cover the eminences down to the water's edge.

About a mile distant from the station of the spectator, a cluster of small islands is seen close upon the southern shore. They are merely barren rocks. On one of them are still to be seen the ruins of an ancient edifice, said to have been built by Murdoch, Duke of Albany, uncle of James I. of Scotland. It is said, that he designed this as a place of retreat when he apprehended a prosecution on account of his ambitious designs, for which, indeed, he was afterwards beheaded.

Here Mr Farrington added the following remark:—"A stranger must feel himself uncommonly struck on meeting, at the very back of Benlomond, in a spot so sequestered as to be almost unknown to the world, a scene like the present; an extensive sheet of water, skirted with woods and cultivated fields, and accompanied with every object

" essential to picturesque beauty; the whole " grouped and diversified in a style of har- " mony which may be thought by some to " rival the scenes presented by the Cumber- " land lakes."

Leaving this station, the traveller passes along the verge of the lake, under a ledge of perpendicular rock, from thirty to fifty feet high. Standing immediately under this rock, towards its western extremity, and looking to the other side of the lake, you have a double echo of uncommon distinctness. Upon pronouncing with a firm voice, a line of ten syllables, it is returned first from the opposite side of the lake; and, when that is finished, it is repeated with equal distinctness from the wood on the east. The day must be perfectly calm, and the lake as smooth as glass, for otherwise no human voice can be returned from a distance of at least a quarter of a mile.

In the crevices of this rock, and especially on the summit, may be found an immense profusion of the *Crithean*, or *populus tremula*. Here pike have been caught of 36 lb. weight. The extensive patches of the *Nymphæa alba*, which adorn the banks of Lochard, cannot fail to engage the attention of the botanist, and to please the eye of taste. The *Lobelia*, no where to be found to the east or south of the Grampians, not even in the lake of Menteith, which washes their base, is here abundant.

Immediately above the farm-house of Ledard, and near the west end of the lake, is to be seen a cascade, which the traveller will do well to visit. The stream, which is considerable, falls in one sheet, over a height of ten or twelve feet, into a beautiful bason, formed of the solid rock, and so transparent, that at the depth of ten feet the smallest pebble may be seen. From this bason, dashing over a ledge

of rock, it precipitates itself again over an irregular slope of more than fifty feet, finely skirted with wood. On the edge of the above bason, grow some plants of the *Hypericum Androsæmum*, with the beautiful *Vicia Sylvatica*.

LOCHCON.

If the tourist's time permits, his toil will be well rewarded by extending his excursion beyond Lochard as far as Lochcon, which opens to the view about two miles to the west. It is a very romantic lake; its length is between two and three miles, and its breadth about one. The road is tolerably good, and is about to receive some repairs. This lake is finely skirted on the north with thriving woods of oak, ash, birch, and alder. On the south it

is bounded by a precipitous mountain of at least 1500 feet, sprinkled, towards the west, with aged birches to a great height, somewhat in the style of the lower skirts of Benvenue.

Towards the west end of this mountain, a considerable stream pours itself down over a ledge of schistose rock, from a height of more than 1000 feet. Its course deviates a few degrees from the perpendicular, so that the stream does not throw itself over the rock, but glides swiftly down, after the manner of that at Croy. In very dry weather, this cascade makes no great figure; but even then the blanched rock over which it had glided bears a resemblance to a fall of water. In rainy weather its appearance is magnificent; the uncommon height compensating for the smallness of the volume of water. By constructing a small reservoir in the mossy soil on the summit of the mountain, which could easily be

done, water might, at any season, be collected in abundance; and, by letting it out occasionally, the Duke of Montrose would have it in his power to exhibit, on his estate, a cascade probably unrivalled in Europe.

In a small island of the lake, a vast number of herons annually build their nests. They seem to have chosen this spot, both on account of its sequestered situation, and the abundance of fish which the lake affords.

The road stretches north-west from the head of Lochcon to Inversnaid, upon the eastern bank of Lochlomond. At a place called *Skia-n'iuir*, or the ridge of yew trees, the highest ground occurs in this direction between the eastern and western seas; the waters which flow to the east forming one of the sources of the Forth, and those to the west falling by Lochlomond into the Clyde. A little lake of about two miles in circumference, called Loch-

arclet, is left on the south of the road. Hereabouts a fine view may be had of the western portion of Loch Katrine, which is concealed from the visitant of the Trosachs, by the interference of hills and promontories in that quarter.

At Inversnaid are to be seen the remains of barracks, now almost in ruins, where, till within these thirty or thirty-five years, a company of soldiers was stationed, to repress the depredations of the freebooters who infested the low country, especially after the years 1715 and 1745. It may be interesting to mention, that the celebrated General Wolfe was stationed for some time, whilst a subaltern, at Inversnaid. The situation is the bleakest that can be imagined; though within less than a mile of the wood-skirted shores of Lochlomond there is not a peep of the lake to be had. Nothing is to be seen but moun-

tains, and rocks, and heath. A short walk, however, brings the lake into view; a fine stream issuing from Locharclet forms a beautiful cascade at the mill of Inversnaid. At this place the stranger may be ferried over, and he lands within three or four miles of the inn of Arroquhar.

It may here be permitted to observe, that if a road were formed along the western skirts of Benlomond, through the woody wilds of Craigrostan, from Rowardennan to Inversnaid, a space of about seven miles; and if the road from Inversnaid to Lochard, by Lochcon, were a little repaired, the Duke of Montrose might enjoy a ride of near fifty miles, all upon his own property, excepting about one mile, where the road passes through the estate of Mr Cuninghame Graham, of Gartmore. In the course of this extensive ride, a series of scenes, unequalled in pictu-

resque effect, successively present themselves. To describe these has indeed been the principal design of these pages. Passing from Buchanan-house, by Rowardennan, Inversnaid, Lochcon, Lochard, the vale of Aberfoyle, Gartmore, and returning by the Muir of Drymen: or rather reversing that route, and setting out by the Muir of Drymen, Gartmore, Aberfoyle, Inversnaid, and Rowardennan, it is presumed that few noblemen in Scotland, indeed, probably none, can, in an excursion limited to his own domain, exhibit such a rich variety of whatever is beautiful and sublime in nature.

Before we take leave of this region, it may be proper to state, that it is very usual for travellers who visit the summit of Benlomond, to approach it on the north by Aberfoyle, the distance from the base being about nine miles. About a mile beyond the upper end of Loch-

ard they strike off to the left, and, having crossed a small hill, enter the valley of Glendow, through which one of the branches of the Forth has its course. The ascent of the mountain commences at the farm-house of Comar, at the further extremity of the glen; it is steep and rugged, but it is short. The stranger, having clambered, for the most part, through a deep and narrow ravine, finds himself suddenly upon the summit, emerging, as it were, from the hollow bosom of a large crater. In this excursion he will require a guide, who can be procured about the head of Lochard; and if he wishes to descend upon Rowardennan on his return, he can have his horse conducted thither by the eastern skirts of the mountain. If he had ascended, on the other hand, from Rowardennan, he can descend, as is often done, by Comar, and proceed by Lochard to the inn at Aberfoyle.

FROM ABERFOYLE INN, ACROSS THE MOUNTAIN, TO THE TROSACHS.

Having thus endeavoured to conduct the tourist through the interesting scenery of this extensive region, it now only remains to describe the route across the mountain from the inn at Aberfoyle to the Trosachs. This route being, as has been stated, only five miles and a half to the entrance of the Trosachs, and a comfortable inn to be found at Aberfoyle, is, of late years, equally frequented, especially by travellers from the south and west of Scotland, as that by Callander.

In ascending, about half a mile above the inn, immediately to the right of the road, we pass a magnificent cascade of about a hundred

feet high; it is variously broken by jutting angles of the rock over which it dashes with impetuous fury: the precipitous banks are skirted with birch and oak. It is called by the natives *Camiladir*, or the *strong arch*, (i. e. of water.) To see it to advantage, we must approach, by some difficult clambering amongst the rocks, to the very bottom of the fall. In rainy weather, this mountain stream is here truly grand, and furnishes a fine subject for the pencil.

At the summit of the mountain, the scene is no less bleak than that of Drymen Muir. It is, of late, somewhat relieved by the activity, presented at a little distance on the left, of a fine slate quarry, commenced, with a favourable prospect of success, by the Duke of Montrose. But when the opposite valley begins to open, with the distant view of Callander, Loch Vennachar, and Benledi, the prospect becomes,

at every step, more and more interesting; till, at length, the climax of sublimity is completed upon attaining the summit of *Craig-vad*.[1]

CRAIG-VAD VIEW.

PERHAPS there does not occur in the Highlands of Scotland a more magnificent view than that which presents itself immediately when Loch Achray and the Trosachs first burst upon the eye.

Let the stranger, just as he emerges from the narrow ravine through which the road

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[1] *Craig-vad*, or *Craig-inhad*, signifies, in Gaelic, the *Rock of Wolves*, an animal which is known to have existed, as well as the wild-boar in this country. Were we to judge by etymologies, the bear must have also been a native of Scotland. The stream which falls by the Camiladir is called *Altmhengan*, or "the burn of the bear."

passes, and at the instant that he loses sight of Loch-drunkie, (a beautifully little lake, finely skirted with oak coppice, which he now leaves to the east,) strike up through the heath on the right, for a few paces, till he reaches the summit; instead of the narrow horizon of a few hundred yards which had just bounded his view, an immense expanse of landscape bursts in upon him at once, extending at least a hundred miles, from the mountains of Glenorchay on the left, to the extremity of the Ochills on the right. Elevated more than 1500 feet above the valley, he has before him, in bird's-eye prospect, the opening of Loch Katrine, the whole range of the Trosachs, from the summit of Benvenue to that of Binnan, Loch Achray, as it were, under his feet, Glenfinglas, Benledi, Loch Vennachar, and the village of Callander. Just

as he begins to descend, he has a glimpse of the summit of Benmore in Braidalbin, a mountain 3653 feet high, just peeping out behind the brow of Binnan.

Every admirer of sublimity will dwell on this scene with delight. There can be nothing grander in nature. Whatever route the visitant of the Trosachs has taken, let him not persuade himself that he has done enough until he has seen this wonderful scenery from the summit of Craig-vad.

Descending from this eminence, we pass the river, if on horseback by a ford, at the beautiful farm of Achray; or, if on foot, by a truly Alpine bridge, supported by piles of wood driven into the channel of the river, and covered with turf and gravel. Mr Farrington made a drawing of this bridge. After travelling for about half a mile along the shore of

this *lovely lake*, we enter the Trosachs, as by the route from Callander already described.

It may be here noticed, that Mr Farrington, from a station a few hundred yards above the house of Achray, and upon the south-west border of the lake, delineated a *general* view of the Trosachs, including the whole extent of outline from the summit of Benvenue to that of Binnan,—a scene to which no powers of description are equal; and the magnificence of which is only surpassed by the unrivalled grandeur of the prospect from Craig-vad.

Taking leave now of the scenical beauties of these interesting regions, it may be grateful to the lover of natural history, to the antiquarian, and to the student of human nature, to receive some slight notices on these subjects, so far at least as relates to the district which has been under our consideration. Should the remarks that are offered be of no

further use, they may perhaps contribute to relieve the languor of a long evening, or of a rainy day, at an inn, where no better food for the mind can be obtained.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Of the minerals of this district, some notice has been taken in describing the Grampian range. Copper ore has been found in the parish of Aberfoyle, in the vicinity of Gartmore village, and also on the northern banks of the river of Duchray, but not in such quantity as to encourage the working of it. The staple mineral is slate, of which mention has already been made.

If the reader wishes to obtain further information concerning the mineralogy of this region, he will do well to consult the memoir presented to the Royal Society of Edinburgh by the Reverend Dr Macknight, "On the

Mineralogy and Local Scenery of certain Districts in the Highlands of Scotland." [1]

PLANTS.

There are few regions in Britain which present a more fertile field than this to the botanist.

The native woods consist of oak, ash, birch, alder, hazel, the trembling poplar, the sycamore, (perhaps not indigenous,) the mountain-ash, (*sorbus aucaparia,*) the holly, the bird's cherry, (*prunus padus,*) &c.

The native shrubs are numerous: the juniper, broom, furze, (*Ulex Europæus,*) honeysuckle, ivy, gale, &c. every where abound.

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[1] Dr Macknight having this season (1812) explored Benlomond, the public may expect further elucidations of the natural history of that mountain.

With regard to the rarer plants,[1] the glen of Leney, near Callander, furnishes a very copious collection of vegetables of the *Cryptogamia* class. In the wood of Carchonzie, on the south of the river above Callander, and also upon the banks of Upper Lochard, the *Pyrola rotundifoha*, or little winter green, grows plentifully. The *Pyrola Secunda* has been found on a little island in Lochard, amidst the ruins of Duke Murdoch's castle. The *Lobelia Dortmanna*, a truly alpine plant, is to be found in all the lakes to the north and west of the Grampian range, but no where to the south of them. That most beautiful of British shrubs, the *Hypericum Androsæmum*, or shrub St John's wort, is to be found sparingly upon the northern shore of Loch Vennachar; at Ledard, upon Lochard; and in a

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[1] Those of Ben-lomond have been already enumerated.

small island at the west end of Loch Katrine. Whilst the uncommon elegance of its flower and leaves recommends it for the shrubbery, the ambiguous quality of its berry renders its introduction dangerous, wherever its tempting appearance might induce children to eat it. But how much more strongly does this objection lie against the cultivation of the *Solanum Dulcamora,* the deadly nightshade, which is found native at the junction of the Forth and Keltie, below Gartmore house. It is frequently to be met with in our shrubberies, though the deleterious quality of its berry is well known.

At Dunira, as has been stated, upon Benledi, and in the neighbourhood of Auchintroig, in the parish of Drymen, the *Arbutus Uva Ursi* is found in abundance. The *Vaccinium Myrtillus,* or blaeberry; the *Oxycoccus,* or cranberry; and the *Vitis Idea,* occur in

great profusion. The *Vaccinum Uliginosum*, or, as it is vulgarly called, the berry bearing gall, is to be found upon the southern banks of Lochard, immediately below the houses of Culigartan.

On the northern side of Benlomond, about one-third, or one-half way up, and also upon the western shoulder of Benvenue, the *Rubus Chamcemorus*, a species of the bramble, above ground a diæcious plant, but having the male and female united under the surface, according to the observation of Dr Solander, grows in such profusion, that its fruit is often presented at our Highland tables after dinner in room of strawberries. The alpine strawberry, so much celebrated by Linnæus as a preventive of the gout, is to be found in considerable plenty along the banks of Loch Katrine, and in several places in Aberfoyle.

In the glen of Glenny, immediately to the

north of the Loch of Menteith, the *Paris Quadrifolia* grows profusely. It is not known to grow elsewhere in Scotland, except in the den of Bethaick, near Perth, and in the braes of Cathcart, near Glasgow. Its beautiful glossy fruit is more than suspicious.

On the borders of the island of Inchmahoma is to be found the *Litorella lacustris*, affording to the eye of the botanist a wonderful instance of the endless diversification of the works of Nature, combined with the utmost simplicity of design. The *Litorella*, though a diæcious plant, the male growing on one stem, and the female on another adjacent to it, is, in fact, nothing else than a *Plantago*, a genus whose general character and habits are precisely the same, with the sole exception of the difference of class.

On the smaller island in the Loch of Menteith, the *Lysimamachia Vulgaris*, (by no

means a *common* plant in this neighbourhood,) is to be found. In rowing from Port to Inchmahòma, the *Polygonum aquaticum* makes a fine shew; its scarlet flower, just appearing upon the surface, and its broad-leaved stem shooting up through nine or ten feet of water, give interest to the deep. In this, as in most of our Highland lakes, the *Isoetes lacustris* may be found at the bottom. The *Scirpus pulustris*, or great bulrush, also abounds.

The *Trollius Europæus*, or globe flower, a very specious plant, is very abundant, especially upon the banks of the Forth. The *Sison inundatum*, a plant which is rather rare, is to be found in the Forth, in a deep pool, about a mile below Aberfoyle. The *Sison Verticillatum* is well known to grow only upon the west coast of the island. It is abundant upon the Firth of Clyde. Some plants of it have

occurred about Luss, on the western shore of Lochlomond.

The *Osmunda Regalis,* or royal flowering fern, the most elegant, beyond all question, of our Cryptogamous plants, is to be found all along the northern shores of Lochard. It grows in such profusion upon the sides of the river that unites Lochcon with Lochard, a little beyond a place called Blarushaw, as to cover whole acres of ground.

In the glebe of Aberfoyle may be found the *Trientalis Europæa*, and the *Adoxa*, sparingly; the *Nymphæa Lutea et Alba*, or water lily, abundant; the *Schænus Albus*, the various species of *Potaenogetons*, *Vacciniums*, and *Ericas*, or heaths. A variety of the *Erica vulgarus*, perfectly white, is sometimes to be met with.

The *Chelidonium*, or celandine, and *Lythrum Salicaria*, or willow herb, are to be found on Inchmahoma. The *Agrimonia Eu-*

patoria grows in the rock, at the opening of Upper Lochard. The *Clinopodium vulgare* (not, however, a *common* plant) grows in the glen of Croy, and in one place in Aberfoyle. The *Parnassia* grows rarely, flowering in August. The *Comarum palustre*, the *Gnaphalium dioicum*, the *Empetrum nigrum*, or crowberry, the *Myrica Gale*, various species of the *Asplenium*, and of the *Lycopodium*, abound.

In the great moss, which stretches with little interruption from Gartmore to the vicinity of Stirling, that elegant shrub, the *Andromeda polifolia*, is found in plenty. The *Droseva rotundifolia*, or sun-dew, occurs in all our mosses, mingled with that shewy but unprofitable plant, the *Anthericum ossifragum*, or Lancashire asphodel. The *Drosera longifolia*, a rare plant, occurs in the Gartmore moss.

The *Solidago Virgaurea*, or golden rod,

grows in the upper parts of Buchanan, Aberfoyle, and Callander, in such profusion as surprises the student of the botanic garden. The *Circæa lutetiana*, or enchanter's night-shade, a very elegant plant, grows plentifully in the Trosachs, and about Lochard.

The *Orobus tuberosus*, the *Cormeil* of the Highlanders, is to be found in plenty, especially about the Ledard cascade. The Highlanders consider it as a pectoral, and strengthener of the stomach; and seldom travel without some of it in their pockets. It is of importance to state, on good medical authority, that it is a very efficacious cure of that troublesome complaint, the *heartburn*.

The *Valeriana officinalis*, the *Angelica Sylvestris*, *Gentiana Centaurium*, grow in profusion. The *Chenopodium Bonus Henricus* was found by the writer of these pages in the area of Dounc castle. The *Athamanta Meum*, or

bawd-money, a strong aromatic, grows abundantly. The *Allium Ursinum*, of pungent smell and taste, is to be met with in the glen of Portend, and on the hill of Downe in Aberfoyle. The *Anemone Nemorum* is one of our earliest flowers in spring. It is reckoned pernicious to cattle; and it is said that the eating of it occasions a disease called the *muir-ill*.

ANIMALS.

With respect to the native animals of this district, they are nearly the same with those that occur throughout the rest of the Highlands of Scotland. The very picturesque island of Inchmurrin in Lochlomond, the property of the Duke of Montrose, of about two miles in length by one in breadth, finely wooded, and affording excellent pasture, has been, for more than a century past, well stocked with fallow deer. The stock, of all ages, upon this delightful island, amounts to about 240, and furnishes venison, distinguished by its ex-

cellent taste and flavour.[1] A gamekeeper, with his family, reside here in an elegant lodge, which is occasionally occupied, in a forenoon's visit, by the duke and duchess, with their parties.

The island of Inchlonachan, the property of Sir James Colquhoun of Luss, Baronet, which contains near 2000 yew trees of ancient growth, some of them being near three feet in diameter, is also well stocked with fallow deer.

In hard winters, when provender is scarce, the red deer of the northern forests sometimes wander, in quest of food and shelter, as far as Glenfinglas, and the heights of Craig-vad.

The roe is frequent on the skirts of Benvenue, and in the environs of Lochard. When Mr Farrington was taking his *first* drawing,

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[1] See Agricultural Report of Stirlingshire, p. 304.

at the opening of Lower Lochard, he had the pleasure and surprise of seeing a fine roebuck dashing into the lake from the precipice upon the south, and swimming across it, carrying his head and branching horns above the water. Upon his gaining the opposite shore, after shaking off the water with which he was drenched, he was lost in a moment in the woods that skreen the *pass* of Aberfoyle.

Foxes seem to have increased in number of late years: this is probably occasioned by the increased shelter afforded them by the plantations of Buchanan and Gartmore. A huntsman is stationed at Aberfoyle, furnished with a proper pack of hounds, who is constantly employed in guarding the sheep-farmers on the Duke of Montrose's estate, from the depredations of the fox, the martin, the pole-cat, and the wild cat, which are hereabouts very numerous. We have hares, bad-

gers, weazels, &c. every where. Otters abound in our lakes and rivers, committing great havock amongst the fish.

The black eagle has been extirpated, as already stated, for some time, from the cliffs of Benvenue. The osprey, or water eagle, which feeds principally on fish, built lately in the lofty trees of Inchmahoma, and probably still builds occasionally there: she is said to build regularly in a small island towards the north end of Lochlomond. She is often seen watching her prey, upon a small rock which rises a little above the surface, about the middle of Upper Lochard. In winter, all our lakes are covered with various species of water-fowl: some of the rarer kinds of *Colymbi*, or divers, occur. The wild swan, in its migrations, frequently pays us a visit. Those magnificent birds sometimes appear in large flocks, but their stay is only for a few hours. Sometimes,

however, a single pair will linger upon Lochard for several weeks.

Falcons, of a highly-esteemed breed, have their eyrie in the rock of Auchyle, in the parish of Port Kitos; and buzzards abound.

Black and red game, and partridges, are in plenty. The ptarmigan (*Tetrao Lugopus*, Linn.) is generally found in the higher regions of the mountains. The white and long-eared owl are frequent. The heron, the sea-gull, and cormorant, haunt all our lakes.

With respect to the fish produced in our lakes and rivers, it is singular that, in so circumscribed a district, their qualities, and even their species, should vary so much in situations so little removed from each other. In Lochlubnaig alone, as far as is known, the *Salmo Alpinus*, or charr, is to be found. In Lochlomond alone, the *Salmo Lavarellus*, the gwiniad, or powan, occurs. Perches of a

large size are found in the lake of Menteith, and in the river Forth, but in none of the other lakes, except Lochlomond. Loch Katrine abounds in a species of small trout, of a black colour, very lean and insipid. It is probable that their leanness arises from their vast numbers, joined to the scarcity of proper food. There was, till very lately, neither pike nor minnow in the lake. Some years ago, the writer of these pages suggested to a gentleman, who has a property upon its shores, to convey some pikes thither from a neighbouring lake. He has done so; and some of them have been lately seen, which have arrived at a large size. They will soon, it is presumed, reduce the overstocked population to its proper level: we may then expect to find good trout in Loch Katrine. It still remains to add some minnows.

The lakes of Menteith, Lochard, Lochcon,

and Locharclet, have pike and trout, and eels of a large size. In Lochard, fishes of 36 lbs. weight have been caught. The trout of Lochard and Lochcon are of the same quality with those of Lochleven; the flesh is red, and of a high flavour. In Lochcon, trouts of 5 lbs. weight have been caught.

Salmon rarely ascend the Forth of late years; they appear to be prevented by the large quantities of moss-earth which are floated off from Blairdrummond.

The *Coluber Berus,* or adder, which is poisonous, and the *Anguis Fragilis,* or blind worm, which is reckoned innocent, are happily our only serpents.

SOIL AND CLIMATE OF THIS DISTRICT, &c.

The soil having been formed, for the most part, by the sediment carried down by the running waters, and deposited in the plain, is light and sharp; and it is generally observed that the harvest is earlier in the vales of Callander and Aberfoyle, than in the immediate neighbourhood to the east and south.

The climate, though rainy, on account of the vicinity of the mountains, is extremely healthy. Instances of longevity are frequent. The grave-digger of Aberfoyle died lately in his 102d year, and was able to do his duty till within two years of his death. Several persons in this neighbourhood have lately reached the age of 90, and even of 97.

In September 1804, died Mr Alexander Graham of *Brachern*, (a property situated upon the south-east shoulder of Benlomond,) at the advanced age of 105. This gentleman, who retained the faculties of his mind, and much bodily vigour, till within a short time of his death, was, by the mother's side, the nephew of Gregor Ghlun Dhu, and the grand nephew of the celebrated Rob Roy of Craig-rostan. About two years before his death he related a circumstance to the writer of these pages, which seems, in a medical point of view, to merit record.

When a lad of about eighteen, he went to visit his grand uncle, who resided near the church of Balquhidder. It was in summer; he felt himself oppressed on his journey with sickness, accompanied by a burning heat. He sought relief, from time to time, by bathing in every river and lake that he met with on

his way; at length he reached his uncle's house. But so intolerable was the heat which he endured, that he got up several times during the night and bathed in Lochvoil. Still the fever continued without abatement; and next day, "being unable," to use his own expression, "to bear the merriment that was going on in his uncle's house," he set off on his return home, still plunging into every lake and stream that he met with to allay the heat which oppressed him. He was able, however, to proceed no farther than Inversnaid, where he betook himself to bed in the house of a friend. His distemper proved to be the smallpox, which, from the process he had undergone, he had in the mildest form, and was soon well. If any medical person, of a moderate enlargement of mind, had got hold of this fact at the time, it must have at once suggested the adoption of the cooling regimen in

that loathsome disease, half a century before it was brought into use, and many valuable lives might have been rescued from the stewing system, which has but lately been laid aside.

On account of the precariousness of the climate, the natives of this district have, from necessity, become adepts in presaging the changes of the weather. Benlomond is their barometer: the different phases which the mountain assumes, are reckoned certain indications of rain or drought. When, from the prevalence of dry vapours in the atmosphere, the outlines of the mountain, and of its scenery, are seen faintly, and as at a great distance, fair weather is portended. When, again, the atmosphere appears highly transparent, and Benlomond is seen magnified in its dimensions, and the objects on its surface approximated beyond their just limits, rain is

expected with certainty within twenty-four hours.

MANNERS, CHARACTER, &c. OF THE PEOPLE.

Having offered the preceding sketches of the scenery and natural history of this very interesting district, it may now be permitted to present a few traits of the distinguishing manners and character of the inhabitants.

The territory on the north and west of the Grampian range, where the scenery that has been described principally lies, is not more distinguished from the low country by its external appearance and productions, than the inhabitants of each formerly were, and still, in some measure, are, by their language, character, and manners. But these distinctions

are fast wearing away, and the character of the Highlander is rapidly assimilating itself to that of his neighbours on the south and east; the introduction of arts and industry, and especially the general diffusion of knowledge, have of late produced a great change in the habits of the natives of this district; and as it is probable that in a few years, that which is now matter of observation will depend only on record, or vague tradition, it seems the more necessary, therefore, upon this occasion, to delineate some of the leading features in the picture, whilst it is yet in our power to trace them.

The language chiefly spoken in this district is the *Gaelic*, or a dialect of the ancient *Celtic;* a language which, though now confined to a few of the most remote and inaccessible corners of Europe, appears to have prevailed in former times from the pillars of Hercules to the

northern extremity of Scotland. In the ages and countries where this language prevailed, abstract speculations were indeed little exercised. But the simple feelings of an unrefined mind, and, above all, the aspect of external mind,—the objects which present themselves to the eye and to the ear, had their expressive and appropriate denominations; so that there is perhaps no language so well calculated to express external appearance and scenery as the Gaelic. Of this the mere English reader may be in some degree satisfied, even from the translation of Ossian's Poems, far short as it is of the original.

It must occur to the lover of antiquities as a subject of regret, that this ancient language is now hastening towards extinction in every country where it has been spoken. The Cornish is now for ever lost; the Welch and Gaelic are banished far beyond their ancient

limits, and are, by frequent commerce with the low country, giving way, with hasty steps, to the language of the rest of the island.

The bulk of the Highlands now understand English; and by many, both languages are spoken with equal facility. It is true, that from the intermixture of idioms, the dialect in either of them becomes corrupt; but perhaps, what is lost in elegance of expression, is gained in acuteness of thinking. The Highlander, thus possessed of two languages, is naturally led to compare modes of expression, to trace analogies in grammar, and to increase his stock of ideas, in a manner which might seem the effect of an acquaintance with the general principles of language, derived from a liberal education.

The ancient Highland dress is generally worn: the people have still a very strong attachment to the habit of their forefathers;

it was with extreme impatience that they bore the degrading prohibition of its use, which had been imposed by the legislature; and they naturally consider the boon of its removal as enhanced by its having been obtained by the interference of a chieftain of their own race.*

With regard to the general character of the Highlanders, as we find it exhibited here, as well as in the remoter districts of the country, it may be remarked, that they are a grave and intelligent people; of a turn of mind peculiarly inquisitive, and susceptible of improvement from education. This spirit of curiosity for which the Highlander is remarkable, and the consequent information which he is generally found to possess, with regard to distant places and events, may be partly, at least, attributed to that expansion of mind

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* The present Duke of Montrose.

which he naturally acquires from a rambling and excursive mode of life. While the farmer or labourer in the low country is apt to have his mind shackled, and his faculties narrowed, by the habit of circumscribing his whole views, and hopes, and fears, to the diminutive spot which he occupies, the Highlander is generally employed in traversing vast tracts of country, where he has daily opportunities of contemplating nature upon the most extensive scale.

To the same circumstance, it would seem, we are to attribute another feature which has been remarked in this race of men. Without any appearance of unhappiness, their minds appear to be generally tinged with a slight dash of melancholy; which, however, is far from being of the morose kind, or such as produces any thing like misanthropy. The melancholy of the Highlander seems rather

to be a habit of mind produced by the combined effects of sensibility, solitude, and the habitual contemplation of wild and sublime scenery. Little employed in cultivating the ground, his mind is not fettered by a minute attention to a single spot; the range of his excursions is wide, but it is lonely. In tending his flocks, he scales the lofty mountain, and traverses the extensive moor, or dusky forest. In the perambulations of a whole day, he may not have an opportunity of seeing "the human face divine;" or if he meets with a brother shepherd, the subject of their talk, in their short interview, generally consists of the disasters of the day, the presages of the weather, a dream of horror, or an adventure with a ghost.

Besides it may be observed, that the prospects which perpetually engage the eye of the Highlander, of barren heaths, lofty moun-

tains, rugged precipices, and wide-stretched lakes, have a natural tendency to call forth sentiments of sublimity, which are unfavourable to frivolousness of thought. The Highlander has occasion, from time to time, to contemplate the grandest objects of nature; the war of the elements; the impetuous torrent, sweeping every thing before it; the thunder of heaven, reverberating in repeated peals among the mountains; the violence of the winds, rendered furious by being pent up in a deep and narrow valley; and snow coiled up in heaps, that interrupt for weeks the intercourse of a whole district. All these are circumstances which are well calculated to fix down the mind to habits of sober thinking, and to impress it with serious meditation on the vicissitudes of human affairs.

Notwithstanding this general character, of what may be styled pensive susceptibility,

which belongs to the Highlander, he is in the highest degree alive to joyous feelings. The Highlanders are fond of music and of dancing, with diversions of all kinds. In ancient times, when the hospitality of the chieftain furnished subsistence to his numerous dependants, it is in the memory of persons still alive, and still more particularly in the traditions of the generation last passed, that the whole occupation of the long winter nights was to listen to the recitation of the poetry of Ullin, of Ossian, of Carril, &c. The Clanranald family, it is well known, had their bards, thus regularly appointed and employed, till within little more than half a century past; and even private individuals piqued themselves, till within these very few years, on reciting considerable portions of this ancient poetry. Robert Macniel, an old man still living in this district, can yet recite the long poem which records the inva-

sion of Manos, King of Lochlin, and his repulse by Fingal. Sarah MacLachlane, still living here, can recite the poem called *Bas Fhraoich,* which was translated by Jerome Stone, almost word for word as it is given by Henry Mackenzie, Esq. in the Report on the Poems of Ossian.

The music of the Highlanders is congenial with their general habits and character. It is, for the most part, not only plaintive, but even melancholy. *Laments,* as they are called, or funeral dirges, constitute a very important and favourite branch of Highland music. They have some exquisite airs, chiefly in this style of melancholy; and perhaps there are few who will not admit the pathos of "*MacGregor a Ruaro,*" "*Cuir a chean* "*dilis,*" and others, which could be easily mentioned. The bagpipe, to which the Highlander feels an almost instinctive attachment,

is well calculated for this style of melody: the great bagpipe, when played in the fields, produces a fine effect in a still evening, by the reverberation of the tones from the mountains and glens.

The Highlanders, like every other people in the early stages of society, are remarkable for their hospitality: from their eagerness to be informed, as well as to entertain, there are none who rejoice more heartily at the approach of a stranger.

The Highlander, at home, is indolent. It is with impatience that he allows himself to be diverted from his favourite occupation of traversing the mountains and moors, in looking after his flocks, a few days in spring and autumn, for the purposes of his narrow scheme of agriculture. It is remarked, however, that the Highlander, when removed beyond his

native bounds, is found capable of abundant exertion and industry.

The Highlanders are naturally a brave and generous people, and impatient of being outdone by others in any attempt. They are able to endure fatigue, and hunger, and thirst, and heat, and cold, beyond what is credible by those who have been accustomed to the softer modes of live. They are the best soldiers in the world. From them, it is well known, our armies have, for more than half a century, received their choicest supplies; and it will not be denied, that their valour has had a distinguished share, in raising some of the most illustrious trophies that grace the military annals of Britain.

Whilst the inhabitants of the district, which it has now been attempted to describe, are affected, in common with the other na-

tives of the Highlands, by the circumstances which have been mentioned, it must, at the same time, be observed, that accidental and local circumstances, peculiar to themselves, have had some effect in discriminating them from their neighbours.

In former times, those parts of this region which are situated beyond the Grampian range, were rendered almost inaccessible, by strong barriers of rocks and mountains and lakes. It was a *border* country; and though on the very verge of the low country, it was almost totally sequestered from the world, and, as it were, insulated with respect to society.

It is well known that in the Highlands, it was, in former times, accounted not only lawful, but honourable, among hostile tribes, to commit depredations upon each other: and these habits of the age were perhaps strength-

ened in this district by the circumstances which have been mentioned. It bordered on a country, the inhabitants of which, while they were richer, were less warlike than they, and differed widely in language and manners.

The tract of country which has been described, appears, however, to have enjoyed a considerable degree of tranquillity till about the year 1746. At that time it became infested with a lawless band of depredators, whose fortunes had been rendered desperate by the events of 1745, and whose habits had become incompatible with a life of sobriety and honesty. These banditti consisted chiefly of emigrants from Lochaber, and the remoter parts of the Highlands.

They seem to have made choice of this quarter for their principal resort; both upon account of the easy access which is afforded to the low country, and of the secure re-

treat which it furnished to them on their return. In the strongholds above the passes of this district, they led a rambling and licentious life. In convenient spots, they erected temporary huts, where they met, from time to time, and regaled themselves at the expence of the peaceable and defenceless inhabitants. The ruins of these huts are still to be seen in the woods. They laid the country under contribution; and whenever any individual was so unfortunate as to incur their resentment, he might lay his account with having his cattle carried off before morning; and was obliged to redeem them at whatever price the plunderers were pleased to stipulate.

The exertions of the inhabitants, aided by the military stationed at Inversnaid, was found insufficient to exterminate this nest of villains. This district principally owes the suppression of them, and its consequent tranquillity, to the

wisdom and activity of an individual, the late Nicol Graham, of Gartmore, Esq. He had been originally bred to the bar; and to a skill in general jurisprudence, he joined a profound knowledge of the particular interests of the Highlands of Scotland. This was indeed a subject to which he had turned his attention at an early period of life; and the important hints which were suggested by him, "concerning the improvement and civilization of "the Highlands," not only procured him the correspondence and friendship of the minister, Sir Robert Walpole, but they were actually adopted, in some measure, in the subsequent arrangements. By his exertions, in co-operation with General Churchill, the commander in chief in Scotland, and with the law officers of the crown, very effectual measures were taken to restore tranquillity to the country.

Mr Graham, from his intimate knowledge of the country, was enabled to trace the depredators through all their haunts; and he drove them, by degrees, from all their strongholds. The ringleaders were apprehended; some of them were executed; others were banished; and some, who gave hopes of their leading a more inoffensive life for the future, were permitted to pass the remainder of their lives in peace.[1]

To these exertions of public-spirited individuals, and, above all, to the act of 1748, by which the feudal jurisdiction was abolished,

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[1] The author has seen a curious collection of papers, containing at large *the particulars* here stated, in the library at Gartmore. They are entitled *Thief-papers*. These very curious documents of the disturbed condition of this district, at that period, have been lately handed to a gentleman who will one day, unquestionably, turn them to a very amusing poetical use.

the present tranquillity and prosperity of the Highlands are doubtless to be attributed. The great bond of union between the superior and his vassals is dissolved; and they are no longer liable to be called forth to minister to his avarice or revenge; nor do they any longer depend on his bounty for their subsistence. The jurisdiction of the chief over his clan is now superseded by the wholesome regulations of a more general police. Every individual now feels himself to stand alone, and is obliged, by honest industry and subordination to the laws, to provide for his family, and to seek the protection of a regular government.

In consequence of these laws, by which the Highlanders have been subjected to the same forms of police with the rest of the inhabitants of the island, a change of manners has taken place amongst them, so rapid, and so

considerable, as to be almost beyond the belief of those who have not had an opportunity of remarking the contrast. The inhabitants of this country are a peaceable and honest race of men; and are generally capable of a considerable degree of industry, especially when they remove, as they are frequently obliged to do, by the enlargement of the sheep-farms, into the manufacturing towns and villages.

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE HIGHLANDERS.

Before quitting this scene, rendered important to the naturalist, by the commencement of a new field of research, and to the student of human nature, by an exhibition of character and manners, which is now pe-

culiar to a very limited sphere of observation, it may be interesting to obtain some slight notices of the superstitions of the Highlanders; in so far, at least, as they are found current in the region which has been described.

The superstitious opinions of the ancient Highlanders seem to have borrowed their tone, in a great measure, from the nature of the country which they inhabited. Living, as they did, amongst dreary wastes and rugged mountains, their progress from one place to another, impeded frequently by the rapid torrent, or wide-stretched lake; often, in their journeys, sinking under the pressure of fatigue and hunger, or borne down by the rigours of an inclement sky; their imaginations were naturally led to ascribe every disaster to the influence of superior powers, in whose character the predominating feature necessarily was malignity towards the human race.

Every lake had its *kelpie*, or water horse, often seen by the shepherd, as he sat in a summer's evening upon the brow of a rock, dashing along the surface of the deep, or browsing on the pasture-ground upon its verge.[1] Often did this malignant genius of the waters allure women and children to his subaqueous haunts, there to be immediately devoured. Often did he also swell the torrent or lake beyond its usual limits, to overwhelm the hapless traveller in the flood.

Of the *Urisks* something has been said already. They were supposed to be of a condition somewhat intermediate, between that of mortal men and spirits. They were gene-

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[1] So far this opinion of the Highlanders, concerning the kelpie, corresponds exactly with the accounts given by Bruce and Sparrman of the hippopotamus, which certainly, however, never existed in this country.

rally inclined to mischief; but, by kind treatment, were often prevailed on to be very serviceable to the family which they haunted; and by which they were accordingly considered as an acquisition. Their grand rendezvous, as has been stated, was in Benvenue; Coire-nan-Uriskin merits the notice of the traveller besides, for its magnificent scenery.

But the most beautiful and perfect branch of Highland mythology, which is to this day retained in some degree of purity, is that which relates to the *Daoine Shith*, or *Shi'*, (*men of peace*) or, as they are sometimes styled, *Daoine matha*, (*good men*) apparently in order to propitiate their favour; on the same principle that the furies were called Eumenides by the Greeks.

The mythology of the Daoine Shi', though generally considered as corresponding to that

of the fairies of England, and perhaps too of the orientals, ought, as it should seem, to be regarded as very different in many important particulars. These will be best understood and appreciated by a short description.

The Daoine Shi', or men of peace, of the Highlanders, differ essentially from the fairies of Shakespear, who, indeed, produced the wonderful mythology of the "The Midsummer Night's Dream" from his own most creative imagination.

Leaving it to others to institute the comparison, let it suffice to state a few of the particulars of the Celtic superstition on this subject.

The Daoine Shi', or men of peace, the *fairies* of the Highlanders, though not absolutely malevolent, are believed to be a peevish repining race of beings, who, possessing themselves but a scanty portion of happiness, are

supposed to envy mankind their more complete and substantial enjoyments. They are supposed to enjoy, in their subterraneous recesses, a sort of shadowy happiness, a tinsel grandeur, which, however, they would willingly exchange for the more solid joys of mortals.

The *men of peace* are believed to be always dressed in green; and are supposed to take offence, when any of mortal race presume to wear their favourite colour.[1] The celebrated Viscount of Dundee was dressed in green, when he commanded at the battle of Killi-

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[1] Green was probably the appropriate dress of the druidical order. In the poem of Conn, the son of Dargo, (who is styled the *Druid of Bel*,) published by Dr Smith, in his *Seandana*, we read, that in the battle with the Fingallians, which, according to tradition, finally decided the fortunes of the druidical order, their standard was green.

crankie; and to this circumstance the Highlanders ascribe the disastrous event of that day. It is still accounted peculiarly ominous to any person of his name, to assume this sacred colour.

They are believed to inhabit certain round grassy eminences, where they celebrate their nocturnal festivities by the light of the moon. About a mile beyond the source of the Forth, above Lochcon, there is a place called *Coir-shi' an*, or the *cove of the men of peace*, which is still supposed to be a favourite place of their residence. In the neighbourhood, are to be seen many round, conical eminences; particularly one near the head of the lake, by the skirts of which many are still afraid to pass after sun-set. It is believed, that if, on Hallow-eve,[1] any person goes *alone* round

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[1] The *Samh-in*, or *fire of peace*, of the Highlanders; a solemn season appointed for the administration of jus-

one of these hills nine times, towards the left hand, (*sinistrorsum*) a door shall open, by which he will be admitted into their subterraneous abodes. Many, it is said, of mortal race, have been entertained in their secret recesses. There, they have been received into the most splendid apartments, and regaled with the most sumptuous banquets and delicious wines. Their females surpass the daughters of men in beauty; the *seemingly* happy inhabitants pass their time in festivity, and in dancing to notes of the softest music. But unhappy is the mortal who joins in their joys, or ventures to partake of their dainties. By this indulgence, he forfeits for ever the soci-

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tice by the Druids, (the men of peace,) when they met the people on these round hills, or *laws;* and the occasion was solemnized by kindling fires, and perhaps by offering sacrifices, on these eminences.

ety of men, and is bound down irrevocably to the condition of a Shi'ich, or man of peace.

"A woman," as is reported in Highland tradition, "was conveyed in days of yore, into "the secret recesses of the men of peace. "There she was recognized by one who had "formerly been an ordinary mortal, but who "had, by some fatality, become associated "with the Shi'ichs. This acquaintance, still "retaining some portion of human benevo- "lence, warned her of her danger; and coun- "selled her, as she valued her liberty, to ab- "stain from eating or drinking with them "for a certain space of time. She complied "with the counsel of her friend; and when "the period assigned was elapsed, she found "herself again upon earth, restored to the so- "ciety of mortals. It is added, that when she "had examined the viands which had been "presented to her, and which had appeared

" so tempting to the eye, they were found,
" now that the enchantment had been re-
" moved, to consist only of the refuse of the
" earth."

That there have been instances of persons who have been released from Fairy-land, and restored to the society of mortals, is very generally believed. Mr Scott's story of Ethert Brand, so exquisitely told in the fourth Canto of the Lady of the Lake, is one. His intrepid sister was the instrument of his deliverance:

" She crossed him thrice, that lady bold:
He rose beneath her hand,
The fairest knight on Scottish mold,
Her brother, Ethert Brand!"

We have, in recent tradition, a story nearly similar, except in its unfortunate catastrophe.

The Reverend Robert Kirk, the first translator of the Psalms into Gaelic verse, had formerly been minister at Balquidder; and died minister of Aberfoyle in 1688, at the early age of 42. His grave-stone, which may be seen near the east end of the church of Aberfoyle, bears this inscription:

Robertus Kirk, A. M. Linguæ Hibernii, (c) œ bumen, obiit, &c.

He was walking, it is said, one evening in his night-gown, upon the little eminence to the west of the present manse, which is still reckoned a *Dun shi'*. He fell down dead, as was believed; but this was not his fate:

" It was between the night and day,
When the fairy king has power,

That he sunk down (but not) in sinful fray,
And, 'twixt life and death, was snatched away,
To the joyless Elfin bower."

Mr Kirk was the near relation of Graham of Duchray, the ancestor of the present General Graham Stirling. Shortly after his funeral, he appeared in the dress in which he had sunk down, to a mutual relation of his own and of Duchray. "Go," said he to him, "to my cousin Duchray, and tell him that I "am not dead; I fell down in a swoon, and "was carried into Fairy-land, where I now "am. Tell him, that when he and my friends "are assembled at the baptism of my child, "(for he had left his wife pregnant) I will ap- "pear in the room, and that if he throws the "knife which he holds in his hand over my "head, I will be released, and restored to hu- "man society." The man, it seems, neglected, for some time, to deliver the message. Mr

Kirk appeared to him a second time, threatening to haunt him night and day till he executed his commission, which, at length, he did. The time of the baptism arrived. They were seated at table; Mr Kirk entered, but the laird of Duchray, by some unaccountable fatality, neglected to perform the prescribed ceremony. Mr Kirk retired by another door, and was seen no more. It is firmly believed that he is, at this day, in Fairy-land.

One other legend, in a similar strain, lately communicated by a very intelligent young lady, is given, principally because it furnishes an opportunity of pursuing an ingenious idea suggested by Mr Scott, in one of his learned notes to the Lady of the Lake.

" A young man roaming one day through " the forest, observed a number of persons, all " dressed in green, issuing from one of those " round eminences which are commonly ac-

" counted fairy hills. Each of them, in suc-
" cession, called upon a person by name, *to*
" *fetch his horse.* A caparisoned steed in-
" stantly appeared; they all mounted, and sal-
" lied forth into the regions of air. The
" young man, like Ali Baba in the Arabian
" Nights, ventured to pronounce the same
" name, and called for his horse. The steed
" immediately appeared; he mounted, and
" was soon joined to the fairy choir. He re-
" mained with them for a year, going about
" with them to fairs and weddings, and feast-
" ing, though unseen by mortal eyes, on the
" victuals that were exhibited on those occa-
" sions. They had, one day, gone to a wed-
" ding, where the cheer was abundant. Du-
" ring the feast, the bridegroom *sneezed.* The
" young man, according to the usual custom,
" said, " God bless you." The fairies were
" offended at the pronunciation of the sacred

" name, and assured him, that if he dared to " repeat it, they would punish him. The " bridegroom *sneezed* a second time. He re- " peated his *blessing;* they threatened more " tremendous vengeance. He *sneezed* a third " time; he *blessed* him as before. The fairies " were enraged; they tumbled him from a " precipice; but he found himself unhurt, " and was restored to the society of mortals."

Mr Scott, in Note XI. to Canto IV. after having remarked that " one of these stories, " now translated from popular Gaelic tradi- " tion, is to be found in the Olia Imperialia " of Gervase of Tilbury," adds, that " a work " of great interest might be compiled upon " the origin of popular fiction, and the trans- " mission of similar tales (and customs) from " age to age, and from country to country."

As a small contribution to a design, the proper execution of which might throw light

upon the history of the human mind, the following observations are offered upon the antiquity and universality of *blessing* a person when he *sneezes.*

The practice of this custom is mentioned by Apuleius, in his Metamorphosis of the Golden Ass.

In the Greek Anthologia, a collection of very great antiquity, this custom is recorded in a verse which speaks of the withholding of this *blessing* by an evil-minded person:

——Οὐδε λεγει, ξεν σῶσον ἐαν πταρῃ.

Lib. II. § εις δυσειδεις.

——" Nor does he say, Jupiter save him, if he should *sneeze.*"

In the seventeenth book of the Odyssey of Homer, we find Penelope, led by the account which Eumenus had given of a stranger that had just arrived, to entertain some hopes of

the return of Ulysses, she expresses her expectations, when her son Telemachus sneezes aloud. Penelope, auguring favourably from this omen, smiles, and gives orders to conduct the stranger to the palace. "Dost thou "not see," said she to Eumenus, "that my "son has *sneezed* at every word; speedy de- "struction awaits the wooers."

Let it suffice to add, that this appears also to be an oriental rite; and probably transmitted along with the druidical superstitions. In the *Voyage de Siam* of Pere Tachard, abridged by Le Clerk in his *Bibliotheque Universelle de l'Année*, 1687, we have a not inelegant mythology on this subject. "The Siamese," says he "believe, that in the other world, "there is an angel whose name is *Prayom-* "*paban*, who has a book before him, in which "the life of every individual upon earth is "written; he is incessantly employed in read-

"ing this book; and when he arrives at the "page which contains the history of any par- "ticular person, that person infallibly sneezes. "This, say the Siamese, is the reason why "we sneeze upon earth; and that we use to "wish a long and happy life to those who "sneeze."

BEFORE we proceed farther in this account of the still prevalent superstition of the Daoine Shi', it may be observed, that it evidently appears to be founded on the history and fate of the druidical order, who formerly, in matters civil and ecclesiastical, held the supreme sway in Celtic Europe.[1] That this hierarchy existed in Scotland, can be

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[1] Mr Scott, in Note VII. to Canto IV. of the Lady of the Lake, expresses his dissent from this theory. After

proved satisfactorily from other sources; but it is presumed, that to an inquiring mind, the still remaining traces of this superstition of the Daoine Shi', or men of peace, will

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having done the author of these Sketches the honour to say, that he, "in an entertaining work upon the sce- "nery of the Perthshire Highlands, already frequently "quoted, has recorded, with great accuracy, the peculiar "tenets held by the Highlanders on this topic, in the vi- "cinity of Loch Katrine," he adds, "The learned author "is inclined to deduce the whole mythology from the "druidical system, *an opinion to which there are many* "*objections.*"

Without presuming to provoke a controversy with Mr Scott on the subject, the author may be permitted to retain his theory, until objections sufficiently valid are advanced. The more he considers it, the more probable it appears to him that the Celts, with their language and religious institutions, were of oriental descent; that the Druids, as Pliny hints, were the magi of the east, and that the Fairy-land of the Highlanders is borrowed from an analogous oriental superstition.

furnish the best evidence of their identity with the ancient Druids, as well as the best documents that can *now* be obtained, of the particular tenets of a system of worship, whose essence was secrecy, and the knowledge of which has been buried with the extinction of the order who professed it. In whatever way, however, this opinion may be now estimated, it may be permitted to suggest, that it is by no means improbable, that in the slight sketch which is here offered of a mythology which is daily losing ground, the principal features of the polity and doctrines of this ancient and powerful, though, in many respects, horrible hierarchy, will, one day, be clearly recognized.

Even in the little legends which have been given, degraded as they are by many puerile extravagancies, may we not recognize some traits of the druidical institutions, which they

so studiously concealed? May we not trace in them something of the mode by which the Druids procured the necessary supply of members for their order? May we not trace in them the period of the noviciate of the disciples, which, when it had elapsed, fixed their condition irrevocably, as well as the general reluctance which must have been felt by young persons of either sex, to seclude themselves for ever from the gaieties of the world, and to devote themselves to retirement and a course of painful studies?

The Shi'ichs, or men of peace, are still universally believed to carry off, into their secret recesses, new-born children, and women in childbed; and accordingly care is always taken that women, in these circumstances, shall never be left for a moment alone, till the child is baptized, when the power of the

Shi'ichs, with regard to them, is supposed to cease.

Is it not probable that this superstition is founded on the circumstance, that the Druids, after the overthrow of their hierarchy, would be naturally led to endeavour, by such practices, to maintain the existence of their order? That, having retreated to caves, and deep recesses of the forest, such as the Shi'ichs are still believed to occupy, they should embrace every opportunity of strengthening, by such accessions, their sinking interests?

Accordingly, we have the best grounds from history to conclude, that the Druids were enabled, by such practices, to maintain some traces of their order, for many centuries after its great catastrophe; and that some individuals of the Druids were to be found, as far down as the sixth century, in the retinue of

the princes and great men, who had not yet been converted to Christianity. In Adomnan's Life of St Columba, we read of the *mocidruidi,* (or sons of the Druids,) in Scotland; and in the same work, we are informed, "That the saint was interrupted at the castle "of the king, in the discharge of his religious "offices, by certain *magi;*" and it must be observed, that this term *magi* is the same that is employed by Pliny, to denominate the order of the Druids.

It is probable that the above incident is the same which is related in an ancient Gaelic MS. (No. IV.) now in the possession of the Highland Society of Scotland, and noticed in the Appendix to the Report on the Poems of Ossian, p. 310. From that MS., which is considered as of the 12th or 13th century, the following passage is extracted:

"After this, St Columba went upon a time

" to the king of the Picts, namely, Bruidhi,
" son of Milchu, and the gate of the castle
" was shut against him; but the iron locks of
" the town opened instantly, through the
" prayers of Columb Cille. Then came the
" son of the king, to wit, Maelchu, and his
" Druid, to argue keenly against Columb
" Cille, in support of paganism."

The practice of the Shi'ichs, of carrying off children, and women recently delivered, is illustrated by the following tradition: " A
" woman, whose new-born child had been
" conveyed by them into their secret abodes,
" was also carried thither herself, to remain,
" however, only until she should suckle her
" infant. She one day, during this period,
" observed the Shi'ichs busily employed in
" mixing various ingredients in a boiling
" cauldron; and as soon as the composition
" was prepared, she remarked that they all

" carefully anointed their eyes with it, laying
" the remainder aside for future use. In a
" moment when they were all absent, she also
" attempted to anoint her eyes with the pre-
" cious drug, but had time to apply it to one
" eye only, when the Daoine Shi returned.
" But with that eye, she was henceforth ena-
" bled to see every thing as it really passed,
" in their secret abodes; she saw every ob-
" ject, not as she hitherto had done, in decep-
" tive splendour and elegance, but in its ge-
" nuine colours and form. The gaudy orna-
" ments of the apartment were reduced to the
" naked walls of a gloomy cavern. Soon af-
" ter, having discharged her office, she was
" dismissed to her own home. Still, howe-
" ver, she retained the faculty of seeing with
" her medicated eye, every thing that was
" done, any where in her presence, by the
" deceptive art of the order. One day,

" amidst a throng of people, she chanced to
" observe the Shi'ich, or man of peace, in
" whose possession she had left her child,
" though to every other eye invisible. Prompt-
" ed by maternal affection, she inadvertently
" accosted him, and began to inquire after
" the welfare of her child. The man of peace,
" astonished at being thus recognized by one
" of mortal race, sternly demanded how she
" had been enabled to discover him. Awed
" by the terrible frown of his countenance,
" she acknowledged what she had done. He
" spit into her eye, and extinguished it for
" ever."

The deceptive power, by which the men of peace are believed to impose upon the senses of mankind, is still termed, in the Gaelic language, *Druid-'eachd;* founded, probably, on the opinion entertained of old, concerning the magical powers of the Druids. Deeply versed,

according to Cæsar's information, as the Druids were, in the higher departments of philosophy, and probably acquainted with electricity, and various branches of chemistry, they might find it easy to excite the belief of their supernatural powers, in the minds of the uninitiated vulgar.

It is still believed, that the Shi'ichs, or men of peace, are present on all occasions of public entertainment, as at funerals and weddings, and even at fairs; and that they are there busily employed, though invisible to mortal eyes, in abstracting the substantial articles and provisions which are exhibited, and in substituting shadowy forms in their stead. Accordingly, it is in the memory of many, that some persons, whose faith in this mythology was strong, used to abstain from eating any thing that was presented on such occasions, believing it to be unsubstantial and hurtful.

The peevish envy and jealousy, which the Shi'ichs are believed to entertain towards the human race, render the Highlander cautious of conversing freely concerning them. On Friday,[1] particularly, they are supposed to possess very extensive influence; they are believed on that day, in an especial manner, to be present with their rivals of mortal race; and to be extremely jealous of what may be said concerning them; if they are spoken of on that day, it is with apparent reluctance, and they are uniformly styled the *Daoine matha*, or *good men*.

Indeed, it is a maxim among the Highlanders to say nothing of them but good.

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[1] Why this day is considered as peculiarly sacred to the men of peace, cannot now be discovered: perhaps that was the day which the Druids used to set apart for their solemn rites.

Being supposed always, though invisibly, present, they are, on all occasions, spoken of with respect. In general, all conversation concerning them is avoided; and when they are casually mentioned, their apprehended displeasure is carefully averted, by adding some propitiatory expression of praise.

May we not, it may be asked, in all this superstition, recognize the character and feelings of a once powerful order of men; who, possessing a deep knowledge of the secrets of nature, and a philosophy, which, by the testimony of the most respectable ancient writers, was of a very exalted kind; found themselves reduced to seek shelter in caves and forests, deprived of the high influence they once enjoyed, and stript, no doubt, of the wealth which they had, through a series of ages, accumulated? And is it not to this source that we are to ascribe the envy and jealousy, still

supposed to be entertained by their invisible representatives of later ages, against the invaders of their ancient privileges and rank?

That this mythology is still preserved in some degree entire, through the lapse of so many centuries, and that the same character and feelings are ascribed at this day to the Daoine Shi', that may be supposed to have belonged to the Druids, on the destruction of their order, should not appear surprising. There is nothing we know, which takes a more powerful or lasting hold of the unenlightened mind, than superstitious opinions. Whilst historical facts are lost or disguised, superstitious opinions are handed down from age to age: they are imbibed at an early period of life, and transmitted from father to son.

The Shi'ichs are believed, in the traditionary legends of the Highlanders, to be of both

sexes; as we know, from the testimony of ancient history, the Druids also were. In Flavius Vopiscus,[1] we have the following story of the Emperor Diocletian.

"Whilst he lived amongst the Tungrians, "(now Brabant) being yet of low rank in the "army, as he was one day settling the account "of his board with a Druidess with whom he "had lodged, she said to him, Diocletian, "thou art too avaricious, thou art too nig-"gardly." "When I am emperor," replied he, "I shall be generous." "Jest not, Dio-"cletian," said the Druidess, "for emperor "thou shalt be, when thou hast slain the boar. "(*Aper.*") "The saying sunk deep into Dio-"cletian's mind; he hunted boars assiduous-"ly, and took care always to be in at the "death, but found himself as far from the

[1] In Numeriano.

" purple as ever. At length, however, on the " murder of the Emperor Numerianus, by " his father-in-law Arrius Aper, he seized " the opportunity of avenging the emperor's " death, and of raising himself to the purple, " by plunging his sword into the heart of the " assassin: " I have now," said he, in allusion to the prophecy of the Druidess, " slain " the fatal boar."

It is the general opinion, among the Highlanders, that mortal men have sometimes cohabited with individuals of the Shi'ich race. Such mistresses are called Leannan Shi'; and by their assistance, their mortal paramours have been frequently favoured with the knowledge of many things present and future, which were concealed from the rest of mankind, particularly, it is related, that by such communications, the knowledge of the medical virtues of many herbs has been obtained.

The Daoine Shi' are said, in their turn, to have sometimes held intercourse with mistresses of mortal race.

The following legend, which seems evidently to refer to a period previous to the extinction of the order of the Druids, is common in tradition.

"An illustrious youth of that order became enamoured of a fair damsel of the "daughters of men; such was the love which "he bore to her, that he wished, for her sake, "to quit the rank and happiness which he "enjoyed in his sacred recess. He petitioned "the men of peace for leave to abandon their "society, and to become an ordinary mortal; "and his request was granted, upon condi-"tion that he should previously supply his "loss to the society, by begetting three chil-"dren by his mistress, who were to be asso-

" ciated with their order in his room. He " joyfully embraced the terms, and waited pa- " tiently for the period of his release. His " mistress returned his love with equal ar- " dour, and resorted every day to the *Dun-* " *shi'*, or *hill of peace,* in the forest where her " lover resided. In the course of this com- " merce, the condition of his release was at " length fulfilled, and he was about to be uni- " ted to his mistress in the abodes of men.

" The brothers of the young woman, how- " ever, had, for some time, observed the fre- " quent visits which their sister made to the " forest, and became jealous of her intercourse " with some concealed paramour; one day, " they watched her steps, and traced her to " the sacred hill, the Dun-shi', where they " caught her in dalliance with her lover. " They were strangers to his rank and order;

" they were ignorant of his honourable in-
" tentions towards their sister, and, yielding
" to the first sallies of their rage, they sacrifi-
" ced the unfortunate youth, together with
" his children, to their fury."

In this legend, there seems to be an obvious reference to a period, when the men of peace, that is, the Druids, were considered, with the exception of the sacred mystery, and solemn obligations of their order, as mere ordinary mortals. And it would even seem, that in certain cases, and under certain conditions, those who had been initiated in these mysteries, might be relieved from their vows. All this is human, and belongs to the order of man. The shades of this ancient institution, it is true, have, with the lapse of many centuries, become very faint; but in the eye of the antiquary and philosopher, it may ap-

pear of some importance, to exhibit the faintest tints, and to concentrate, from every quarter, the remaining lights, which tend to illustrate the history of this august and once powerful order.

THE END.

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