PICTURESQUE PERTHSHIRE

BY

J. E. A. STEGGALL, M.A.

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Perth from Barnhill.

THE SHIRE SERIES
EDITED BY A. H. MILLAR, F.S.A. Scot.

Picturesque Perthshire

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PREFACE

IN endeavouring to compress into 174 pages a description of a county so historic, so large, and so representative as Perthshire, it is obvious that something must be sacrificed. Of the two most convenient alternatives — partial treatment of each consideration as it arose, or concentration upon a moderately complete account of some one part of the subject—the latter has been chosen: and for this reason. The writer cannot claim to possess either the technical knowledge or the literary skill that would be needed in order to carry out the first alternative with even partial success; and the attempt to do so would only have resulted in more or less of a compilation. On the other hand, the writer, speaking, he hopes, with all due modesty, may claim an intimate knowledge of the highways and byeways of the beautiful county near whose border he has lived for over twenty years; and an appreciation of the constant kindness which he has experienced from all sorts and conditions of Perthshire friends.

Not least warmly does he feel towards those inhabitants of the remote and lonelier regions who have done so much to make his own journeyings delightful.

It is not, therefore, difficult to understand why, in this little volume, the parts of the subject that have been dwelt upon most constantly are the topography and the scenery. Some matters—such, for instance, as agriculture and local characteristics—are scarcely treated at all, while to others, as the writer is fully aware, the proportion of space allotted is hardly commensurate with their importance. But this was inevitable when once it was decided to make the topography fairly complete. It is to be hoped that in this respect few serious omissions may be found.

The plan on which the book proceeds is based on a division of the county into five districts. Through each of these, starting from the city of Perth, a rough kind of itinerary has been carried out, and as many places as possible within each district have been touched upon, or visited in imagination.

Such treatment, it is at once admitted, has something of the guide-book; but in the minds of those who remember that Pausanias in his great descriptive work on Greece adopted a similar course, no great blame on this account, at least, will attach to the writer, on whom a task involving so much compression has been placed.

The particular circuits chosen have been suggested rather by the convenience of the communications than by any more defined distinction, although in a measure each of them possesses some topographical character. They may be summarised as follows. First, the ground between Perth and Dundee, including the Carse of Gowrie and the Sidlaws, is visited; this may be called the district of the Tay estuary. Secondly, the country centering in Dunkeld is taken—Meikleour, Blairgowrie, and Meigle being included. This part of the county represents a kind of transition between the Lowlands and the Highlands. The third circuit is wider, and embraces the great central Grampian masses of Perthshire; it follows roughly the main line of the Highland Railway, and returns by Loch Garry and the valley of the Tummel. The fourth itinerary covers the wide western regions, from Aberfeldy through the long valley of Glen Lyon, and back by Crianlarich and Loch Tay to Aberfeldy. The fifth and last course is the most extensive, and takes in that district that, perhaps more than any other in Scotland, has been for ever associated with the name of Sir Walter Scott. It includes Crieff, the valley of the Earn, Callander, Loch Katrine, the Trossachs, Aberfoyle, Dunblane, and Auchterarder.

Such in bald outline is the course followed in this little volume. To those who wish for more minute information than can be given in so

small a compass, many other sources are open; for few if any parts of the world have been so completely described in all their aspects.

Such books as Sinclair's "Statistical Account of Scotland," Marshall's "Historic Scenes of Perthshire," Millar's "Historical Castles of Scotland," and the works of P. D. Drummond, R. Scott Fittis, and Thomas Hunter are amongst the larger volumes: but Perthshire is peculiarly rich in smaller but not less valuable volumes, that deal with selected topics; while outside this special literature the number of references to Perthshire that occur scattered through books of every kind is simply overwhelming.

It would be unseemly for the writer to omit, even in a somewhat formal preface, some reference to the kindness of many friends; and in particular of the Editor, who has been more than generous in suggesting sources of information. To these friends the reader is indebted for any merits that he may discover; for any faults and shortcomings that may be found in what has been indeed a labour of love, the author alone is responsible.

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INTRODUCTION

THE COUNTY—ITS BOUNDARIES AND CHARACTERISTICS

THE county of Perthshire includes, within its compact area of 2600 square miles, scenery as varied and buildings as representative as those of any equal area in the whole kingdom. Mountain and moor, wood and forest, loch and river, glen and strath, grass and heather, farm and waste, hamlet and city, stone circle or Pictish fort or Roman encampment, are all well represented within this wide domain. Nor is there any lack of historic associations: the very name of Perth, the Fair City, is suggestive of many, and in every corner of the county they are easily found.

Whether we look to the remote north-west where, on the dark shores of Loch Ericht and in the wild district round Rannoch, are the vestiges of the romantic Rising of 1745; or to the south-west, where the exploits of the Macgregors have added notoriety of a peculiar kind to one of the fairest parts of all fair Scotland; or to the south, where the historic Forth winds its devious way between the counties of Perth and Stirling, and where the district derives an additional charm from the pen of Sir Walter Scott; or to the east, where Perth, Dunkeld, and Dunsinane each brings its own historic memories: in whatever direction we may turn, we are conscious that the soil we tread is full of tradition, of poetry, of sentiment.

Indeed, the expanse of Perthshire is marvellously far-reaching. It is not easy to realise that the same county contains distant Loch Lydoch and familiar Loch Katrine; Schiehallion, with its memories of the astronomer Maskelyne's experiments; Glen Tilt, and Glen Shee so closely associated with Braemar; Alyth, Blairgowrie, and Inchture; Abernethy, with its round tower, and Auchterarder; Crieff, Glen Devon, and Dunblane; Callander and Aberfoyle.

We cannot do better than begin our visita-

tion of the county by following its generally well-defined boundary. Starting from Perth it runs north-east along the northern bank of the Tay till within three miles of Dundee where it turns northward, and then westward. After a somewhat arbitrary course by Coupar-Angus, Alyth, and Airlie, it follows the western watershed of Glen Isla; and thence passing convenient summits it crosses the various saddle-points of the southern Grampians. Amongst these points the Cairnwell Pass, almost due north of Perth at a distance of forty miles, is probably the highest regularly-used driving road in Great Britain. Proceeding westward by Glentilthead, and overlooking the higher waters of the Dee, it meets the junction of Aberdeen- and Inverness-shires at a height of 3276 feet. In fact it scarcely drops to a less elevation than 3000 feet until past Glen Bruar it crosses Lochan Duin. The Highland Railway line is passed about two miles north of Dalnaspidal, where a notice, on the railway side, informs the traveller that he is at the county march, 1454 feet above the sea. The boundary keeps to the summits just to the north of this pass, tailing down till Loch Ericht, 1153 feet above the sea, is reached; past the foot of Ben Alder by the huge masses

to the north-west of Loch Rannoch it crosses the moor of Rannoch, and holding to the highest ground crosses the West Highland Railway at the head-waters of the river Leven, and almost immediately we have Argyll on our right. Taking again the highest ground east of the vast Black Mount Forest, passing successively over the summits of Ben Creachain, Ben Achallader, Ben-a-Chaisteil, and Ben Odhar, it reaches the watershed between the Lochy, which flows into Loch Awe, and the Fillan, which, after a change of name, reaches Loch Tay. By Ben Lui's summit, near which the River Tay, here called the Coninish, may be said to rise, the boundary, having reached its extreme western point, turns east and now marks the limit of Dumbartonshire. It crosses Glen Falloch at Inverarnan, where stands a handsome and well-kept farmhouse that in former years was the great posting inn on this route, and that subsequently served to lodge some of those engaged in the construction of the West Highland Railway, which we have just crossed before meeting the high-road at Inverarnan. Taking again to its favourite summits before plunging down into the bottom of Glen Gyle, where it now joins Stirlingshire, we

pass the ancestral home of the Macgregors, and by Loch Katrine's head, we skirt Loch Arklet, called recently into the supplementary service of Glasgow for its water supply, and along the back of Ben Lomond, we include Loch Chon and Loch Ard as we trace the boundary by the Duchray Water's romantic course. From this a deviation includes the picturesque village of Gartmore; but the river, now the Forth, is joined about six miles lower down, and is followed to within two miles of Stirling. Just excluding Bridge of Allan, but including Dunblane, we help to enclose Clackmannanshire, and by some of the Ochil summits we wind round to the outskirts of Dollar. Thence by the Yetts of Muckart and Fossaway, on the highest ground between Dunning and Milnathort, skirting Kinross-shire, we cross Glenfarg, passing north of Strathmiglo; and a mile west of Newburgh we touch our last adjacent county, Fife, and join the Tay, whose south bank we follow for about eight miles, through Bridge of Earn, until we end at our starting-point.

Within this varied and indented boundary of over 300 miles, enclosing, roughly, a compact circular area, with the head of Glen Almond as its centre, we find a richness and variety of

natural feature in harmony with the ever-changing course we have pursued. The mountain ranges are three: the Grampians, which cover the greater part of the county; the Sidlaws in the south and east; and the Ochils in the south. Some of the finest hills in Scotland are included in the first, while from the humbler elevations of the last the views to be obtained are in many ways unrivalled. The Ochils and the Sidlaws possess the advantages of frontier hills; from their summits the greater Grampian masses are better appreciated, while, close at hand, the foreground is not dwarfed by any vast bulk in the mountains themselves.

Among the more celebrated peaks are Ben Lawers, the culminating height of the country (3984 feet); Ben More (3843) and its twin Am-Binnein (3827); Ben Laoigh (or Lui) (3703); Ben-y-Gloe (3671); Schiehallion (3547); Ben Heasgarnaich (by Loch Lyon) (3530); Ben Vohrlich (3224) and its twin, Stuck-a-Chroin (3218); Ben Chonzie (3048); Ben Ledi (2873); Ben Vrackie (2757). Twin hills are not uncommon in Scotland, but Ben More and Am-Binnein are remarkable alike for their great height, their near equality, and the symmetry of the deep gap of about 1000 feet in depth that sepa-

rates their summits, which are just a mile apart as the crow flies. Lesser heights, generally more famed as view points, are Mount Blair (2441); Dumyat (1375); Craig Rossie (1349); Birnam Hill (1324); King's Seat (1235); Dunsinane (1012); Pole Hill (944); Kinnoull Hill (729); and Moncrieff Hill (726 feet).

The lochs of Perthshire are as well known and as characteristic as the hills. In the remote north-west we have Loch Ericht, at an elevation of 1153 feet, which discharges into the west end of Loch Rannoch (628), a loch that receives too the surplus water from Loch Laidon (924) and Loch-na-Ba (957), the one partially, the other wholly in Argyll. From Loch Rannoch, Loch Tummel (490) receives the outflow, as well as that from the wild but charming Loch Kinardochy; and the issuing stream, swollen at Faskally by the waters from Loch Garry, reaches the Tay at Ballinluig. Farther south, Loch Lyon (1100) and Lochs Dhamh (1369) and Girre (1324) send their superfluous supplies to join that from Loch Lyon, in the river of the same name, which flows into the Tay near Tirinie farm, close under Drummond Hill. Loch Dochart and Loch Iubhair are half-way storages for the main

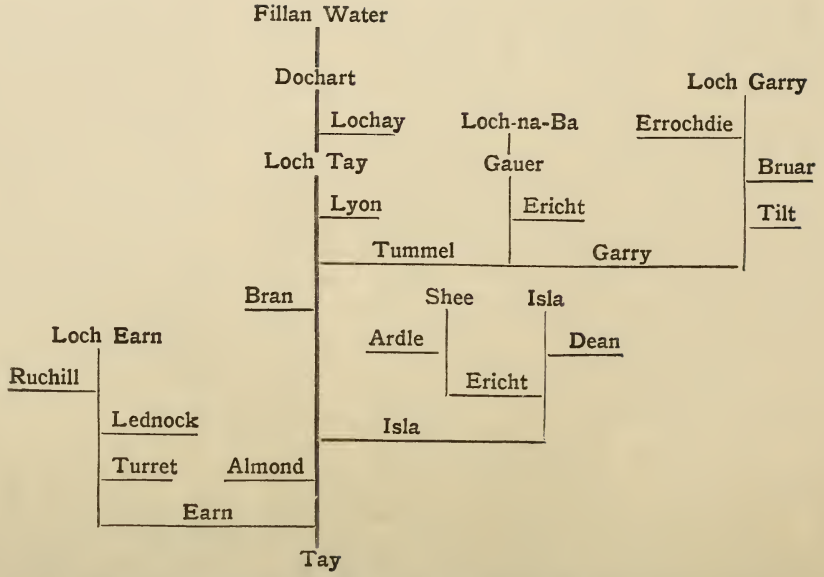
waters of the Tay, which, with the streams from mountain lochs, of which the beautiful Lochan-na-Larig (or Loch of the Pass) (1597), between Innerwick in Glen Lyon, and Edramucky, on Loch Tay, and Lochan-a-Chat (2350), the wild loch in the hollow behind Ben Lawers, may be named, flow on through the majestic Loch Tay (348). Southward still, Loch Earn (331) and Loch Turret (1100) discharge into the same river, joining it below Perth, while the waters of Loch Doine and Loch Voil (429) pass on through Loch Lubnaig (405) and thence ultimately to the Forth. Other chains of lochs are formed by Loch Katrine (364), Loch Achray (278), Loch Vennachar (270); Loch Chon (296), Loch Ard (106); while Loch Drunckie, Loch Rusky, and the Lake (always thus called) of Monteith (55) discharge their isolated and languid waters into tributaries of the Forth. The remaining lochs are small, but numerous. The chain of lochs near Blairgowrie, that empties itself into the Tay through the Isla, gives much picturesqueness to the scenery, and includes by far the most important of the eastern and southern sheets of water. The Loch of the Lows, Butterstone Loch, Clunie Loch, and Loch Marlee form its successive elements.

It is needless to describe the course of the rivers in detail, but a brief résumé may be useful. The Tay with its tributaries drains almost all Perthshire, besides part of the Blackmount district in Argyll, a small part of Inverness-shire, and a considerable area in Forfarshire.

Taking the streamlet that rises in Ben Laoigh (Lui) as the head-water, its course, after turning in every direction between north-east, south-east, and south-west, extends over 140 miles in length, while it affords drainage for 2000 square miles of area. The table overleaf shows the principal tributary streams met right and left as we pass down the Tay to a little below Perth.

The rest of the county is drained by the Forth, through the Teith, the Allan, the Devon, and minor streams.

While the geology of every county is of some importance in any minute consideration of its salient features, yet in Perthshire there is so much variety that such consideration would be out of place here; and a somewhat similar remark may be made regarding its sources of mineral wealth, its flora, and its fauna. But the woodland scenery of the county demands a brief mention. The early forests, of which the Black



PLAN SHOWING THE TRIBUTARIES OF THE TAY

Wood of Rannoch, between Dall and Camghouran on the south shore, is a detached specimen, once covered almost the whole district; but in the Middle Ages the country was almost denuded of its trees for the sake of the fuel. In more modern days the fourth Duke of Atholl may be said to have started the reafforesting of the country by his lavish operations and experiments in planting and his diligent encouragement of forestry. In few counties of Scotland, if in any, has an individual hand exerted so distinct an influence on its natural scenery; and the traveller will agree that for charm of variety and for beauty of arrangement it is not possible to improve upon the woodland landscapes presented at every turn in such districts as that about Dunkeld.

The population of Perthshire is sparsely distributed. It reached its maximum in 1831, when it was 142,166; in 1801 it was 125,583, in 1901 it was 123,262. When it is remembered that there has been a considerable growth in one or two commercial towns and residential villages, it will be clear that there has been a serious rural depopulation. This may be due to one or more of many causes: the excitement of town life, the

opening of new countries to emigrants, the competition of foreign food supplies, the growth of railways, and the demands of the sportsman. The last deserves perhaps the most serious consideration, for while, on the one hand, it is not to be expected that a large landowner will generally refuse the enormous rentals that wealthy tradesmen or wealthier speculators offer for the satisfaction of their passion, even though it involves the wholesale clearance of happy human beings and valuable food supplies from wide and fertile districts; yet, on the other hand, it is hardly clear that these districts draw as much benefit from the higher rents as they lose in other ways, and it is quite certain that the country as a whole is a loser to an incalculable extent through the gradual extinction of a patriotism that has always flourished more vigorously when associated with the traditions and memories of a romantic country. It is not easy to call up much national enthusiasm over the chimneys of Lancashire, or the hideous débris that marks the slate quarries of Ballachulish; but the memories of Glen Lyon and the traditions of Balquhidder will afford an atmosphere for the culture of patriotic feeling as long as there are inhabitants on the spot to breathe

it and growing traditions to renew it—but not much longer.

The population of Perthshire is at the rate of 51 inhabitants to the square mile; that for the whole country being 125.

THE CITY OF PERTH

The very name of Perth conjures up even to the least imaginative some kind of picture. Whether to the Londoner, who long before he ever travelled north has been familiar with the early autumnal bustle and confusion that made the old station so famous; or to the observant traveller whose experience has realised that here is the gate of Northern Scotland; or to the student whose blood is stirred by recollection of the departed glories of the Fair City —to these and to others Perth stands foremost among the historic places in Scotland, and in Perth itself we must first linger.

Three Roman roads led from the west, the south, and the east towards the site of the present city, and the Roman station of Orrea was certainly placed at the mouth of the Almond and on the Tay three miles above Perth. Some

authorities, led by Boece, assert that on this low river margin a town called Bertha was built, and that after its destruction by a flood in 1210 its name was transferred to a new town built where Perth now stands. But documentary evidence exists to show that a century before this date Perth was in its present position. Still there is no doubt of the Roman occupation at the place called on the Ordnance map Bertha Orrea; and the name Rome was until recent times attached to a small farm or village on the east bank of the Tay.

Perth, or St. John's Town, was the capital of Scotland until Edinburgh superseded it in 1482; and in the royal palace of Scone, across the river from Orrea, her kings were crowned at least, and some demand an earlier date, from Malcolm IV., in 1153, to James IV., in 1488; Charles II., who was crowned there on January 18, 1651, being the last of the long roll.

The stone beneath the seat of the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey was taken from Scone, where it had served a similar purpose, to Westminster by King Edward I. in 1296. The familiar Latin legend attached to it—

> "Ni fallat fatum, Scoti, quocunque locatum,
> Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem"—

may be freely rendered:

> " Unless the fates are faithless, in what place
> This stone is found a Scot shall rule the race,"

and, in a happy sense, with which the four quarters of our nation may agree, the fates are faithful still.

Briefly the legend runs that this stone formed Jacob's pillar at Luz (Genesis xxviii.), that it was brought from Syria to Egypt by Cecrops' son, who later took it to Spain, whence he sent it with his son to Ireland which he then invaded; that the Irish kings were crowned on it at Tara; that Fergus brought it to Dunstaffnage for his coronation; that in 834 Kenneth MacAlpine took it to Scone, where it remained until removed, in 1296, to Westminster.

Perth has passed through a full share of the vicissitudes that mark the history of capital cities. Fortified by Edward I. in 1298, her walls were razed by Bruce in 1311, and rebuilt by Edward III. in 1332. Her situation, at the head of the Tay's tidal waters, no less than her commanding position with regard to the surrounding country, rendered her occupation a matter of strategic importance. The city was successively taken by Montrose in

1644, by Cromwell in 1651, by Claverhouse in 1689, and by Prince Charles Edward in 1745.

Perth, except in the modern suburbs, is level and low-lying; the two fine meadows, called Inches, were originally islands, as the name clearly indicates, and are said to have been acquired by the town in the twelfth century in exchange for a vault assigned to the Mercer family in St. John's Church. The South Inch, with an area of 72 acres, was formerly used for such amusements as archery practice and witch-burning; the North Inch, with its area of 98 acres, was a frequent arena for judicial combats. A fine description of such a combat will be found in the last pages of the "Fair Maid of Perth" (vol. ii. chap. xvii.), when

> "Thretty for thretty faucht in Barreris,
> At Sanct Johnstoun on a day besyde the Black Freris."

Both Inches are now set aside to meet the usual recreative demands of a modern town.

The general architectural effect of Perth is highly satisfactory: the High Street is picturesque, and many of the residential streets and houses have a fine old-world dignity; this is particularly true of the part that stands at the north on the west bank of the Tay. The villas, many being of considerable age, that line the

St John's Church, Perth

east bank, or climb the various hillocks between which the old town lies, are provided as a rule with generous gardens, and, viewed either from the river banks or the higher ground, make a most pleasing impression, embowered as they are by graceful trees, and separated by luxuriant groves or hedges. The view from the old bridge, looking up the river, is so fine that Millais is reputed to have said that it surpassed the Riviera.

Foremost among the public buildings is St. John's, one of the earliest stone churches in Scotland. Originally magnificent and extensive, it was granted in 1227 to the monks of Dunfermline, under whom it fell into disrepair. Bruce began a restoration which ceased when he died in 1329; it was repaired again by 1450, and remained complete until at the time of the Reformation it fell the first victim to the destructive zeal of Knox, who rejoiced over its downfall in these words: "They were so busy and laborious that within two days these three great places, monuments of idolatry, to wit the Grey and Black thieves and Charterhouse monks (a building of wondrous cost and greatness), was so destroyed that the walls only did remain of all these great edifications."

The County Buildings form a fine classical block in Tay Street; they were built on the site of Gowrie House—the scene of a famous conspiracy—by Smirke in 1819. The Municipal Buildings, erected in 1879, afford a good example of modern Tudor work; and the Post-Office is another handsome building. To these must be added the dignified Academy on the North Inch, the Museum of the Literary and Antiquarian Society, the curious and elegant classical structure designed by the learned Professor Anderson of St. Andrews for enclosing the engines used in pumping the town water, and the recently finished Cathedral, a fine example of pure Early English work. Besides these buildings are many others of great but perhaps minor interest, as well as numerous public monuments. In few towns is the general character of the architecture maintained at so high an average level.

THE SUBURBS OF PERTH

Having made this brief survey of the city, we shall begin our progress through the county by proceeding towards its eastern extremity; for which purpose we may cross the Tay by

any one of three bridges. Before the modern unsightly structure was built between the other two, the view from the foot-bridge alongside the railway was extremely fine; it included in the left foreground several of the handsome buildings already mentioned, the gardens and villas on the right-hand bank, and distant woods and hills behind the graceful old bridge in the central foreground. But now the effect is seriously marred by the new iron bridge which cuts across the view in a straight and bold incline. The best course is, therefore, to cross the river by this very bridge, from which, although the foreground is now curtailed, and the old bridge becomes too near and too dominant a feature, the view is still very fine.

At least one older bridge had been thrown across the river before Bruce erected his fine Gothic bridge in 1329; this was carried away by a flood in 1621; and for one hundred and fifty years the only means of communication between the two banks was by a ferry. The present graceful bridge, with a considerable but gentle rise and fall in the length of its nine spans, was begun by Smeaton in 1766, and opened in 1772. Like many others, it has

been widened to meet the emergencies of increased traffic, but the operation effected in 1871 has been carried out without serious loss to its architectural beauty.

Across the river we have choice of two roads. The low road gives us some charming peeps of river and of shore, and leads us within a stone's throw of Kinfauns station, to the delightful spot that forms the subject of Millais' well-known picture of "Chill October." In early summer the little backwater, with its foreground of lush grass richly pied with huge marguerites, has an equal charm.

On the left we pass the steep cliffs of Kinnoull Hill, with its artificial ruin perched on the extreme edge, and soon afterwards there is a capital view of the large but somewhat sombre Castle of Kinfauns, a seat of the Earl of Moray. It is a vast modern castellated building, whose magnificent gloom hardly reconciles it with the idea of a home. It was built on the site of an older house, of whose details neither drawing nor information exists, by Sir Robert Smirke, R.A., in 1822. This distinguished architect is best known from his London work, which includes parts of the British Museum, the General Post-Office, the

Mint, and the Carlton Club; he also designed Baldovan House, near Dundee.

Kinfauns Castle owes much to its situation; beautifully embosomed in undulating woodland, high above the dull stretch of road that runs level for two miles after we have left Perth and its suburbs well behind. The estate belonged to the Charteris family from 1400 to 1600, when John of that name, dying heirless, willed it to Sir Henry Lindsay, afterwards thirteenth Earl of Crawford. But when he succeeded to this dignity he had sold Kinfauns in order to assist his nephew, the twelfth earl, in removing some of the financial burdens which the improvidence of his ancestors had imposed upon him. The purchaser was Thomas Blair of Balthayock, whose descendant and heiress brought the property through her husband, the twelfth Baron Gray, into the family of the Earls of Moray.

If we had mounted by the high road directly we left Perth we should have rejoined the low road a mile or two farther on at Glen Carse. After a stiff climb behind Kinnoull Hill, whose steep side, close to the "ruin" just mentioned, commands one of the finest views in Scotland, this road, giving us an extensive panorama of Strathmore, proceeds in undulations, up and down as

well as to and fro, past the back of the castle; issuing from the wooded summit of its course, it clings to the edge of the slope at a height of about 400 feet above the Tay valley. Hiding now and again behind a gentle shoulder of grass-land, and emerging once more to its bolder course, it affords intermittent views of a landscape that it would be hard to rival. The gleaming river at one's feet; the many-coloured contour of Moncrieff or Moredun Hill; the rich stretch of carse-land running east and west; the valley of the Earn; the Fifeshire uplands, with their two clearly marked summits; the distant gleam of the sands at the estuary of the Tay; the varied tints shed so lavishly by the sun on these graceful outlines—all conspire to impress the beauty of Mother Earth upon the traveller who, here on this almost mountain road, will feel the spell of a silence unbroken save by the myriad inarticulate murmurs of wild nature.

After a passing glimpse of the simple and modern, but attractive, little church of Kinfauns, built in 1870, we descend by a steep pass, close to the grounds of Balthayock House, a modern mansion near the ancient keep supposed to have belonged to the Knights Templar. Thanks to the care that has been given to the preservation

of its roof, there is reason to hope that the old tower, which has been the scene of recent social gatherings, will long remain intact. The Blairs held this property for over 500 years, Patrick having obtained a charter of the estate in 1370.

Within a short distance we join a rough road that takes us out at Glen Carse, on the low and main road from Perth to Dundee, and we find ourselves in the celebrated Carse of Gowrie, one of the most fertile plains in Scotland, rich in arable land and farmed with economical skill. The district, about fifteen miles long and, on the average, three miles broad, was once under water; the names of Inchture and Inchmartine, places that amongst others rise a few feet above the general level, and the occasional discovery of a mooring post or ring in the midst of fields, testify to this fact. It is bounded on north by the Sidlaws, along whose base the Tay is believed once to have flowed, through which numerous and beautiful passes lead to the valley of Strathmore. From any of these, on the ascent, charming and varied views of the rich Carse-land, with its few small, scattered hamlets and its large and well-kept homesteads, may be obtained; and each picture has its own

special features, though a family resemblance runs through all. To the lover of colour, few effects are finer than the marvellous burst of brilliant landscape that meets him as, after rising through the foliage, the whin, and the broom that fringe and to some extent occlude the higher reaches of these passes, he reaches the saddle-point and sees, across the vast intervening valley, the Grampians of the far north. Where all are beautiful, it is hard to specify one pass as better than another, but perhaps for unexpected and brilliant contrast that by Over Durdie farm is specially attractive. And if, as we rise, we look back across the Carse, we feel that we are almost on the very spot which gave inspiration to Lady Nairne's version of "The Lass o' Gowrie":

"'Twas on a simmer's afternoon,
A wee before the sun gaed doon,
A lassie wi' a braw new goun
Cam' ower the hills to Gowrie.

. . . . . .

"And oh! the scene was passing fair;
For what in Scotland can compare
Wi' the Carse o' Gowrie?

"The sun was setting on the Tay,
The blue hills melting into grey,
The mavis and the blackbird's lay
Were sweetly heard in Gowrie."

At Invergowrie

Hanging on the southern slopes of the Sidlaws are numerous old castles, houses, and hamlets which have enriched the district in tradition, in history, and in romance. Behind Balthayock is Pole Hill, a commanding elevation of 944 feet, with precipitous southern and western slopes, from whose summit the eye ranges over a varied and undulating country, and rests, with an intervening distance of fifty or sixty miles, on the remoter and vaster hills of Perthshire, amongst which Ben More stands characteristic and clear. At the top of the lower peak of Pole Hill, sometimes called Evelick Hill, are well-marked remains of a British fort, probably occupied also by the Romans, at a point of vantage that is worth the labour of the ascent. Under the tutelary shadow of the hill lies the comfortable farmhouse of Evelick, and close at hand there is the fine old tower of the Lindsays. Although strongly built, there are graces of construction in the ruined castle that indicate its more peaceful occupation as a residence than as a mere fortress. Its mason-work is fine and fairly well preserved. The tragedy of jealousy or madness that began with the murder of Lindsay by his step-brother James Douglas,

and ended with the execution of the latter, is indissolubly bound up with the history of this corner of the carse.

From Evelick we can either descend to Kilspindie or to Rait: the latter route winds between Pole Hill and its rival, Beal Hill: the former takes us directly down to the little hamlet and church of Kilspindie, with its graveyard perched on the edge of a small ravine, and containing, besides the family burying-place of the Stuarts, some interesting old stones with bold and dignified sculpture. Sir William Wallace often lived here, his grand-uncle being Crawford, the laird; hence he went to Dundee for education, and hither he fled when he had killed the son of Dundee's English governor. Not far away was a cave, in the den of Pitroddie, known traditionally as Wallace's hiding-place; but for many years it has been hidden beneath the accumulated rubbish from the quarry that is worked higher up the face.

The little village of Rait lies a short distance to the north of the main road, itself another old route to Perth that we join close to Kilspindie, and although rather decayed in appearance, it is worth a brief visit.

Proceeding eastward we reach Fingask Castle,

through the policies of which the road runs. This ancient residence, founded, it is said, in 1194, has been partially destroyed and partially rebuilt in a quaint manner. The result is an inextricable confusion of modernity and antiquity. It stands at a moderate elevation, and commands a good view of the Tay valley. For centuries the estate has been in the hands of the Thriepland family.

Very different, as we continue our journey with the old kirk of Westtown a mile south-west, is the appearance of the massive square and uncompromising tower of Kinnaird, another castle belonging to the same family. Situated at the mouth of a delightful glen that issues at the height of 300 feet, its roof affords a standpoint for a magnificent view over the Carse. This fine tower must not be confused with the modern castle of the same name near Montrose; the latter belongs to the Earl of Southesk, and is described in the volume on Forfarshire.

The seat of Lord Kinnaird, whose family once owned Kinnaird Castle, is at Rossie Priory, close to Inchture. This enormous mansion replaced the old castle of Moncur, destroyed by fire in the beginning of the eighteenth century, and was built in a kind

of domestic Elizabethan Gothic style by the fashionable John Atkinson, who, born in 1773 at Bishop Auckland, commenced life as a carpenter. Three years (1807–1810) were spent in building the Priory; and it has since received constant and valuable internal furnishings in every conceivable form. Books, pictures, china, coins, medals, and antiquities attest on every side the industry of generations of collectors; and many romantic stories are attached to the acquisition of these treasures. The mansion has a cloistered front to the south, and is well placed in a slightly rising park of great extent.

On the south side of the road, a mile or two farther on, we pass the entrance of Castle Huntly, a bold tower forming a conspicuous feature in views from the south and west. It was originally built in 1452, by the second Baron Gray, and after two sales came into the possession of the Paterson family, who are connected by marriage with the original owners. The castle is built upon a rock which once broke ruggedly from the plain, but which through levelling, quarrying, and filling has now the appearance of a foundation rising squarely from the gardens and terraces. In the thick-

ness of the old walls a good staircase has been hewn ; the view from the roof, 130 feet above the ground, is magnificent. While the place was in the possession of the Lyons of Glamis and Strathmore it was known as Castle-Lyon. When the first of the Patersons bought the estate and married the heiress of Gray, he revived the original name of Castle Huntly. The castle was long the jointure-house of the Countesses of Strathmore.

The stone-work is in excellent preservation, the materials having been obtained from the great quarry at the neighbouring hamlet of Kingoodie, which also supplied the blocks for the celebrated Waterloo Bridge, built across the Thames by Rennie, finished in 1817, and opened on the anniversary of the battle from which it was named.

The wayfarer will soon pass through the pretty village of Longforgan, with its old church tower rising from an elevation of about 200 feet above the river. Here is to be seen a remarkable specimen of incised work, unearthed in July 1899. It consists of the tombstone, with an uncompleted date that points to its execution before the death of its subjects, commemorating J. D. Galychtly and his wife, who died MCCCC ,

—the rest left blank. The work is highly detailed, and of much antiquarian interest. Here, too, are well-thatched and prosperous-looking cottages that speak of a landlord interested in his people. Two miles farther east we pass the dull but clean village of Invergowrie, or, more strictly, Mylnefield Feus, that affords shelter to the workers from Bullionfield Paper Mills.

The county boundary here is artificial and erratic, and although Invergowrie village is in Forfarshire, yet the ruined church on the knoll at the mouth of the burn is claimed by Perthshire. Its undoubted antiquity—the foundation being ascribed to the seventh century—claims this brief notice.

Having now touched the very outskirts of Dundee, we turn back and proceed northward at Longforgan. But before leaving the low ground we may notice the little harbours that line the river up to Perth: we have Kingoodie with fairly extensive but dilapidated wharves; Powgavie, south of Inchture; and Port Allen, near Errol. These little, silted-up, or weed-grown ports tell of that bygone day when the most expeditious route for merchandise from Fife to Strathmore was across the Tay and thence by

any of the well-made hill roads already described over the Sidlaws to Coupar-Angus, Alyth, Meigle, Kirriemuir, or even Forfar.

Turning north of the Knapp, the road winds past Mill Hill, and skirting the other side of the Rossie policies it soon affords charming woodland and hill views. We shortly mount to a height of four or five hundred feet, and pass by Abernyte with its antique circles, its quaint parish church, and its beautifully situated manse, so secluded from the world as to form an ideal training ground for the devout scholar. From this manse the learned Allan Menzies passed in 1889 to the Chair of Divinity and Biblical Criticism in St. Mary's College at St. Andrews University; and from the quiet retreat of its study he gave forth his share in the famous collection of "Scotch Sermons," which caused much stir in Scotland in 1885. The tranquil hamlet is strangely altered since the date when it contained four public-houses, and held an annual market, and when the local habits gave reason for the rhyme:

"Peace and Grace cam' by Collace,
And by the doors o' Dron;
But the coup and stoup o' Abernyte
Mak' many a merry man."

Just where the steep road to Abernyte rises from Inchture stood the home of the Kirkaldys, a family now merged in that of Kinnaird, whose name has completely vanished from the neighbourhood. The model village of Baledgarno nestles at the western gate of Rossie Priory; it was, traditionally, built by King Edward of Scotland, son of Malcolm Canmore and St. Margaret, about the year 1100.

On the same roadside lies the secluded house of Ballindean, and higher up we get a glimpse of Lochton, in front of us, immediately before we turn round the foot of King's Seat, the highest point of the Sidlaws. This hill is worth climbing for the magnificent view that it affords, while the road that passes successively its base and the lower slopes of the Blackhill and Dunsinane is equally interesting. The higher parts of the last two are extremely steep, and their profiles as viewed from this road, from Strathmore, or from the high ground near Crieff, are very fine. The summit of King's Seat was the scene of a large gathering on the great Jubilee night, June 21, 1887; and the effect of the soft voices that sang the National Anthem as the pale light of dawn met the last tint of twilight, the hush of mid-

Runic Cross, Meigle

night, and the glimmer of seventy fires seen on surrounding hills, will never be forgotten by those then present.

Dunsinane is best known from the fulfilment of the witches' prophecy to Macbeth, when, in a sense as unexpected and as quibbling as is usual in such vaticinations, Birnam Wood did come to Dunsinane. On the hill large mounds indicate the site of Macbeth's castle, concerning the building of which rumour tells such strange stories. In Shakespeare's play there is so much accurate description as to occasion the belief that the dramatist was actually amongst the players sent by Queen Elizabeth to Perth in 1599 for the purpose of entertaining the Court of James the Sixth of Scotland, though this has been disputed. It is maintained that Shakespeare's intercourse with Scotsmen in London after the accession of James I. would account for his correct references to Scottish scenery.

Leaving the pass that goes through by Collace on the right, we reach the well-wooded road that runs past Bandirran House to Balbeggie, where we join the important thoroughfare from Perth to Forfar and Aberdeen, a little beyond Scone Palace, which lies, as we

go toward Perth, on our right. On our left we get very complete views of the northern side of the Sidlaws, and passing near the mansions of Bonhard and Murray's Hall, which are situated amidst pastoral scenery, intersected by shaded roads that are well worth using, we re-enter Perth where we left it, at the northern end of the old bridge.

COUPAR-ANGUS

Although destitute neither of historic interest nor of scenic beauty, the district of Perthshire which we have just surveyed is typical of the county's agricultural aspect. We now proceed to traverse a district that, still pastoral and productive in its own way, and still historic in an intense degree, occupies an intermediate position between the stern ruggedness of the extreme north and west and the smoother regions of the east.

Leaving Perth by the road just described, which runs parallel to the Tay, and shortly divides for Coupar-Angus and Aberdeen on the right and Blairgowrie and Braemar on the left, we take the right-hand branch, which soon

rises through the village of New Scone, with the vast demesne of Scone Palace on our left. We retrace our steps as far as Balbeggie, lingering again over the view of the Sidlaws, until we reach this hamlet, where we keep straight on to the old town of Coupar-Angus. Traces of Roman occupation are still to be seen, and on the site of what appears to have been one of the more important encampments of Agricola, about A.D. 84, was built the original town soon after the departure of the Romans.

At the east end of Coupar are the scanty ruins of the Cistercian monastery founded and endowed by Malcolm IV. in 1164. Under the patronage and protection of Kings, Lords, and Commons the abbey flourished until the zeal of the Reformers destroyed her buildings, while the rapacity of the nobles accounted for the dismemberment of her lands. The last Abbot, Donald Campbell, fourth son of the second Earl of Argyll, had been chosen by the Chapter as Bishop of Brechin, but, being suspected of liberal principles, his election was never confirmed by Rome; he had, although under monastic vows, five sons; and his liberalism was combined with such discernment that, foreseeing some kind of upheaval in the near

future, he assigned to them respectively the abbey estates of Keithick, Arthurstone, Denhead, Balgersho, and Cronan. A similar liberality towards other friends and relatives left the abbey in such a position that the royal favourites were subsequently less enriched than their patron had hoped. The last remnant of the dilapidated and scattered property was erected by James I. and VI. into the lordship of Coupar, which was conferred on the second son of Lord Balmerino.

The town possesses some claim to distinction on account of its historic families, amongst which the Kinlochs and the Halliburtons may be named, but its principal claim is to be found in the history and influence of the old abbey.

The modern town is a clean and neatly built burgh, lying pleasantly above the left bank of the Isla, and presenting a cheerful and busy appearance to the casual visitor; its communications with Perth, Dundee, Forfar, and the Highlands are excellent. A fine road runs direct to Glamis and Forfar, and as it emerges into the open country on the southern slope of Strathmore, the views of Blairgowrie and Alyth, with the hills of Glen Shee and Glen Isla behind, are very striking. In cer-

tain lights the glimmering roofs and windows, and the light wreaths of smoke that hang over these towns, bring forcibly to one's mind the description by Davidson:

> "The adventurous sun took heaven by storm,
> Clouds scattered largesses of rain,
> And distant cities rich and warm
> Smouldered and glittered on the plain."

A little licence must be allowed in applying these lines to Strathmore, as the cities in this case are on the lower slopes of the opposite hills.

We pass in about two miles the spacious mansion of Arthurstone, with its fine lawns and old trees; and shortly afterwards we notice the entrance to Kinloch on our left. This estate will always be honourably associated with the name of George Kinloch, who, for his public spirit in the agitation preceding the Reform Act of 1832, was outlawed in 1819. On the triumph of the cause for which he had toiled and suffered he was elected member for Dundee in the first reformed Parliament, in December 1832. He died in the following March, and a striking and characteristic statue of him was erected in that city in 1872.

The village of Meigle, charmingly situated

at the meeting-place of several important roads about a quarter of a mile to the south of the highway we are following, is one of the oldest in Scotland. Old-fashioned houses cluster about the church, while towards the south and east are some modern, but attractive, villas, and the new school, all facing a fine open space of greensward through which the road to Newtyle runs. The chief celebrity of the place is undoubtedly due to the sculptured stones, which, formerly exposed in or near the churchyard, are now gathered together and safely housed in the old schoolroom. These stones were described and figured by Pennant on his tour; and, later, by Principal Playfair, who believed that one of the monuments was erected to the memory of King Arthur's faithless queen, Vanora or Guinevere. The fact that in the immediate neighbourhood is an upright pillar called the Stone of Arthur, and the names of the two estates of Arthurstone and Arthurbank give some apparent support to this belief. The monuments are unquestionably Pictish; and a simple and clear account has been published by Archdeacon Aglen. They are figured in Dr. John Stuart's "Sculptured Stones of Scotland," and fully described by

Dr. Joseph Anderson in his "Scotland in Early Times," by J. Romilly Allen in his "Early Christian Monuments of Scotland," and in other works.

Cardean, a short distance to the eastward, bears in its name, "The Camp by the Dean," an indication of the Roman sway; and between the rivers Dean and Isla there are traces of a fortress in a situation of great natural strength. Belmont Castle, which was acquired from the Wharncliffe family by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, shows its long white front through the trees not far from Meigle; it is a large rectangular building, standing in a beautiful park adorned by some exceptionally fine trees. In the days of Charles II. this estate passed from the Nairns of Dunsinane to Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh; he is best known as "Bluidy Mackenzie," a name earned by his relentless persecution of the Covenanters. A descendant built the curious observatory that marks Kinpurnie Hill in the Sidlaws. The lands of Belmont passed by marriage to the Wharncliffe family.

At the other side of the valley and of the river Isla, which is crossed by a fine old bridge, is the old town of Alyth, from which the Earl of Airlie derives his sub-title, Baron Ogilvy of Alyth. The

loyalty of this family to the Stuarts is perpetuated in the name of some of their lands. The estate of Loyal was granted its name in commemoration of their "fidelity to Charles I. and Charles II. during the great rebellion," and truly their loyalty cost them much. James, first Earl, was excommunicated by the General Assembly of the Kirk for his Cavalier and Episcopal sympathies; his eldest son was carried prisoner to St. Andrews and sentenced to death, a fate he escaped by disguising himself in his sister's clothes. He, too, was denounced by the Presbyterians. James, third Earl, was attainted for his share in the rebellion of 1715; and the same lot overtook the fourth Earl in 1745. It was only in 1836 that the legal right to the title was restored.

On Barry Hill are the remains of a fort, with traces of the remarkable vitrified structure that is often found in Pictish remains. It was here that traditionally Queen Vanora was imprisoned, until she expiated her offences by the cruel death supposed to be depicted on the great Meigle stone.

Blairgowrie, three miles west of Alyth, five miles north of Coupar, next arrests our attention. The town, whose name is Gaelic and signifies "the plain of the wild goats," is situated some

Craighall, Blairgowrie.

200 feet above sea-level, on the right bank of the river Ericht. It has risen during the last century from a mere village of thatched houses to a well-built residential town. Its position, at the entrance to the passes that lead to Kirkmichael, Pitlochry, and Braemar, and on the great high-roads to Coupar, Perth, and Dunkeld, is important; but the town is not very interesting, and has not many claims to historic dignity. The river Ericht affords opportunities which are used in the development of linen and jute manufacture.

Across the river is the village of Rattray, divided into portions designated Old and New: the scenery on the Ericht above these villages is very fine; for much of its course its precipitous banks are overhung with copsewood, and above Craighall its banks are rocky walls, crowned with plantation.

The mansion-house of Craighall is one of the most picturesque in Scotland; built on the summit of the cliffs, its balconies and windows afford charming views of sylvan beauty and of rocky grandeur. The old house was taken by Sir Walter Scott as the model from which part of his description of Tullyveolan Castle in "Waverley" was evolved; other contributing castles being Grandtully, Ravelstone, and Brunts-

field. The name of Tullyveolan was devised by uniting the last part of Grandtully to the last part of Ballyveolan in Argyllshire, and thus both name and description are composite. The modern house, which includes much of the old, was constructed about 1825 by James Clerk Rattray, Baron of the Exchequer, who built into its walls several carved stones taken from old historic buildings in Edinburgh. A full description of these will be found at page 102 in Mr. A. H. Millar's work on "The Historical Castles and Mansions of Scotland" (Perthshire and Forfarshire). Paisley, 1890.

Three miles above Craighall we reach the Bridge of Cally, where the roads through Strath Ardle and Glen Shee follow the streams called respectively the Ardle and the Blackwater, which unite here to form the Ericht.

The latter road, the highest in the kingdom, affords the only through route to Braemar in Aberdeenshire. The rise from Blairgowrie to the Spital of Glen Shee, 19 miles, is 900 feet; in the next 3 miles the road climbs another 200 feet, and the next 2 miles involve a further rise of 850 feet. This last portion of the road, which is of course in constant use for carriages of all kinds, is one of the steepest in the kingdom,

Spital of Glen Shee.

and ranks with such roads as are met with in parts of Glencoe, at Gruinard, and in the English lakes, although it is not so steep as the approach to Ullapool by Loch Broom, the road by Honister Crag, or that across the moors to the Langdale Pikes, all of which, also, are used by coaches, although the last two are rarely taken except in one direction.

The summit of the pass, on the boundary of Perthshire, is at the Cairnwell mountain, and reaches an elevation of 2200 feet; near the top on our side is a terrible double turn called the Devil's Elbow, and on a post at this point there used to hang, with a somewhat weird suggestion of former days, a wrecked and rusty bicycle as a warning to rash riders. The descent to Braemar is comparatively gentle, the 1100 feet being descended in 10 miles.

The snow lies on this celebrated road well into early summer, and the views are very fine: in spite of the great height of the road, the huge masses of the Cairnwell (3059 feet) and Glas Maol (3502 feet) tower magnificently above us in the foreground, while the valleys on either side give an impression of vast space. Glen Shee has many stone circles and other ruins, and, connected with the hill at its head, Ben Ghul-

buinn, is an interesting legend of Diarmid, his beautiful wife Grainne, and his master Fingal.

If, instead of following the main road from Coupar to Blairgowrie, we had proceeded towards Dunkeld, we should have reached Meikleour, a charmingly situated little hamlet that defines, with Coupar and Blairgowrie, an equilateral triangle. If we had turned back from Blairgowrie towards Perth we should also have reached Meikleour; and this route is interesting on account of the great Pictish dyke, probably thrown up to defend the natives against the Romans, that encloses, the Tay and the Isla being the southern boundaries, a fertile tract of several square miles. This dyke, Cleaven Dyke, as it is called, runs perfectly clear and straight for 2000 yards, north-west to south-east, and consists of a mound, twelve yards wide and two yards high, with a level border on each side seventeen yards wide, each border being protected by a ditch six yards wide and about one yard deep. Thus the total width of this huge defensive work is fifty-eight yards. It is almost certain that, like other Pictish defences, this fell into the hands of the Romans, who added the usual camp and pretorium, of which traces can still be found. The dyke passes

through a wood that presumably has never been cleared, but if its line were continued to the Isla it would traverse some old cultivated ground, a fact that may account for its disappearance there, although some Roman earthworks are still indicated on a detached site on the "haugh" between the Isla and the Tay.

The dyke crosses the Perth-Blairgowrie road three-quarters of a mile south of the Lunan Burn and half a mile north of the road from Coupar-Angus to Meikleour.

Inchtuthill, on the estate of Delvine, was undoubtedly an island long ago, and served as a Roman camp; much interesting detail can be gleaned from Sir Alexander Muir Mackenzie's recent work, "Memoirs of Delvine," published by Hay of Perth in 1904.

Meikleour House is the ancient seat of the Mercer family, now fused by marriage into that of Landsdowne, and is, apart from its ancient history, interesting on account of the beech hedge that bounds its policies for a third of a mile on the east. This hedge, planted in 1746, consists of a row of fine beeches, rising to a height of eighty feet, and forming a perfectly closed screen. It is trimmed at long but regular intervals, this operation having been performed

in April 1900. At Meikleour is a fine old cross, on the open space where several roads meet. There are also the old "jougs" or stocks.

On the Tay, between Dunkeld and Perth, were several ferries, which are being gradually replaced by bridges. This is not wholly an advantage, especially where the traffic is light. The old ferry-boats, generally worked by a chain, are picturesque details in the river scenery, and the ferry-men are often interesting members of a native class that is rapidly dying out before modern progress. The writer well remembers one old ferry-man whose appreciation of Homer, both poetical and critical, would have done honour to a professor. Among these ferries, that at Kinclaven is perhaps the best known. It has been replaced by a handsome stone bridge, opened on April 22, 1905, by Colonel Home Drummond, Convener of Perthshire.

One of the main avenues out of Blairgowrie is that leading to Dunkeld, and it would be hard to find a finer stretch of twelve miles than this road affords. Either by the Ardblair main road, or by the by-road that lies a little to the south, we reach Marlee Loch in two miles. On the latter route a small but perfect Druidical circle is pierced symmetrically, three of its stones

The Beech Hedge, Meikleour

lying on either side. Ardblair is a picturesque castle, originally granted to the Blairs of Balthayock in 1399 by King Robert II., but afterwards belonging to the Oliphants of Gask.

The district of Kinloch, to the north of the Loch, was the scene of a heroic attempt to stem the tide of the Roman invasion: Buzzard Dykes, an area of about one square mile, can easily be identified as the site of a vast camp, and it is almost certain that here the Caledonian leader Galgacus joined battle with the Romans. The battle of Mons Graupius is described fully by Tacitus, and the speeches of Agricola and Galgacus are quoted verbatim by this historian. Murphy's translation affords a clear and admirably written account of this bloody engagement.

To reach this battlefield one proceeds northward by a good road running between the pretty Inn and the quaint church of Marlee. After two miles Middleton is reached; a well-built farmhouse with a large steading, now, alas! falling into decay, and tenanted only by a shepherd, whose flocks range over the rank and overgrown pasture that, but a few years ago, was a well-tilled farm.

The camp, and the numerous scattered cairns,

are reached by a footpath running due west, and are about a mile from the house.

The whole walk will repay the traveller, who will enjoy most beautiful views of the Sidlaws and the intervening lakes. By proceeding along the rough continuation of the road to Middleton, Bridge of Cally will be reached in three or four miles, and Craighall visited on the way back to Blairgowrie.

Clunie Loch is the next loch in the series: its situation is most charming, and the driving road which runs by the shore to the hamlet of Clunie, with its utterly incongruous church, gives varied and delightful views through all its short course of about a mile. The ruins of old Clunie Castle, and the fortifications at Steed Stalls are in the immediate neighbourhood; there is the old Bishop's Castle on the islet, which is believed to have been artificially constructed as the base of a lake dwelling: and high above the north-western shore will be seen the red modern mansion of Ballied, embosomed amidst its trees.

But the most romantic name connected with Clunie is that of James Crichton, heir to this estate, bought by his father Robert in 1562. Every one knows that James, the Admirable

Kinclaven Ferry.

Crichton, never succeeded, as he was murdered by his dastardly pupil, Prince Vicentio de Gonzaga, whose life he had just spared in a midnight brawl.

DUNKELD

The road to Dunkeld gradually rises and passes in succession Butterstone Loch, and the Loch of the Lows, two sheets of water situated amidst fine woods, but hardly so picturesque as the two just noticed. Shortly afterwards the road drops rapidly into the old cathedral city of Dunkeld, once of considerable importance, but now under unfortunate auspices rapidly becoming a ruined and unattractive village, at the gates of the princely demesne owned by the Duke of Atholl. Dunkeld may be called the Gate of the Highlands, for it is here that the river Tay rolls southward with the accumulated waters of a hundred glens.

Of immemorial antiquity, Dunkeld was approached by the Romans in A.D. 138, but they did not venture into the narrow valley, pierced by unknown defiles, leading from wide and mysterious moors that were held by fierce natives familiar with all the points of vantage.

In later days Dunkeld was often the seat of royalty; and her ecclesiastical position gave her the primacy of Scotland for ages. St. Columba and St. Kentigern sojourned here for six months; and soon afterwards their Culdee followers established a missionary college. This throve till David I. suppressed the Culdee rule in 1127, and superseded the missionaries by canons regular from Rome. The church he turned into a cathedral, appointing Gregory, the last Culdee Presbyter Abbot, to be first Bishop of the See.

The change was not popular, for the Culdees had endeared themselves to the people, alike by their sympathy, their character, and their learning. Crinan, one of the abbots, married a daughter of Malcolm II., and was the ancestor of a long line of sovereigns, of whom King Edward VII. is the twenty-eighth.

To King David belongs the credit of founding the cathedral, in 1127. It is placed in an ideal situation, close by the river bank. The architecture is Pointed Gothic. The choir was built by Bishop Sinclair in 1318. This part now forms the Parish Church. The nave was begun in a somewhat later style by Bishop Cardeny, in 1406. The stones were of small

Dunkeld Cathedral.

size, in order that they might be transported on horseback, in which transportation the Bishop and his noble guests assisted. The nave was only finished in 1460, and in 1473 the seven years' labour of building the great tower was completed by Bishop Lauder. The cathedral was unroofed at the Reformation.

Dunkeld is connected with Birnam, and thence with Perth, by a fine bridge, finished in 1809, by Telford. It consists of seven arches, with massive piers; the central span is 90 feet, two others, 84; two others, 74; and those of the approaches, 20 feet; its highest point is 54 feet above the river. The cost was £34,000, of which sum the Duke of Atholl gave £9000. Until 1879 it was subject to a toll. The views from the middle are charming; that up the river is finer, but both are very beautiful.

In the grounds of Dunkeld House are two of the five original larch trees. The five plants, with some others, were brought from the Tyrol by Menzies of Meggernie, and given to the Duke in 1738. Treated in the hothouses they languished, but thrown out as refuse they throve and became the parents of nearly all the larch forests in Scotland. It is stated that in the Atholl estates alone over ten thousand

acres were planted with about eleven million larches. An unfinished palace, begun by the fourth duke, stands by the Tay. Two storeys only were completed, at a cost of £30,000, or about one-sixth of the whole estimate. Dunkeld House itself is an unpretentious building.

From Dunkeld the Tay's direction is north and south; we shall follow the valley of the Braan, which flows eastward from peaceful Loch Freuchie. We pass the village of Birnam, with its railway station; the steep and rugged sides of Birnam Hill are on our left; from its summit the panorama is superb; it embraces the whole valley of Strathmore, bounded by the Sidlaws, amongst which Dunsinane stands clear and detached, and includes an admirable general view of the high Grampian summits to the north and west.

The historic wood, which supplied the foliage that converted Malcolm's army into a living grove as it marched on Dunsinane, and impressed the tyrant there with superstitious awe while its vague, terrifying, and formless mass approached his retreat, has long since vanished, although two great trees, an oak and a sycamore, behind the hotel, on the river

bank and near the church, are said to be survivors of the famous old forest.

At the foot of the hill is Rohallion, a fine old house, well placed amidst sylvan scenery; and a little farther west the old and new Castles of Murthly stand on the level ground, almost enclosed by a bend in the river. The new building has never been entirely finished, but what has been completed is on a handsome scale, and the grounds have been carefully adapted to the demands of the building.

Birnam has always been a favourite resort of those who love nature: the pageant of the seasons is nowhere better seen; the white bloom of the woods in May, the delicate and varied greens of June, the heavy masses of summer, flecked with the shadows of brooding clouds, the gorgeous evanescence of the autumnal tints, and the marvellous, but rare, effect of the winter snow, are all competitors in beauty, and few would venture to decide the supremacy.

Close to Birnam, and just across the river Braan, as well as across the Tay opposite Dunkeld House, is the little village of Inver, once on the main coaching road from Perth to Inverness, but now in a mere backwater, past which the trains to the North roar and

flash; and here in 1727 was born Neil Gow, the celebrated fiddler, four times painted by Sir Henry Raeburn. He died in 1807, and of him David Miller says:

> "Old 'famous Neil'! Still many a story runs,
> Of his great wit and worth and jokes and puns—
> A brave and jolly dreadnone sort of man—
> Great at the fiddle—glorious at a can—
> To all alike, whate'er their rank and name."

A little farther up the stream is the Hermitage, where a romantically situated summer-house commands a magnificent view of the falls that here present a broken face of about eighty feet. There are, or used to be, two spotless white painted boards, with an intimation that visitors wishing to do so might write their names on these. Whether the delicate satire was recognised, whether the imminence of complete erasure at the next painting was dissuasive, or whether the names are regularly written (the writer saw none, perhaps because the painting was just done for the coming season) and as regularly covered, it is certain that the vulgar taste for scribbling and carving names on trees, seats, and doors has received in this spot a salutary check.

The beautiful ravine spanned by the Rumbling

The Hermitage, Dunkeld.

Bridge is well worth seeing, and is a short distance above the Hermitage. From this point onwards, the road mounts and commands some magnificent and unexpected views across the Tay valley. We then enter a flatter part of the strath, and after passing Milton, where the road to Aberfeldy goes off to the right, we reach the village of Amulree, once the scene of two annual fairs, but now shrunk to insignificance.

Here the main road leaves the Braan, and climbs gently over to the valley of the Almond; and here too breaks off to the right the road to Loch Freuchie, sweetly situated at a height of 871 feet amongst low hills and pastoral valleys. Just beyond the Loch the road rises very abruptly, and after a long and almost level stretch dips down even more steeply to Kenmore; the highest point, 1672 feet, commands a portion of the Tay valley, the view being dominated by the clear-cut shoulder of Schiehallion that towers above the hills of Glen Lyon. It is quite practicable for carriages, but the cyclist cannot ride down with safety the short distance at the bottom near Kenmore.

Following the main road from Amulree, we cross the Almond River at the mouth of the Glen, through which a rough road, rising to

a height of 1400 feet, brings us round by the back of Ben Chonzie to Loch Tay: the inch Ordnance map here shows a tract which "is claimed by no parish." Our main road, constructed by General Wade about the year 1724, soon passes Dunmore, five miles from Amulree, with its Pictish vitrified fort; near which a huge stone, that was cleared from the direct road by General Wade, is said to have covered the remains of Ossian. This belief was discredited by M'Culloch, upheld by the learned Donald Smith, and sung of by Wordsworth:

> "I blame them not
> Whose fancy in this lonely spot
> Was moved and in such way expressed
> Their notion of its perfect rest.
> . . . . .
> And, therefore, was it rightly said
> That Ossian, last of all his race,
> Lies buried in this lonely place."

The "lonely place" is a distant stone circle, far up the glen, within which pious Highlanders bestowed the coffin and bones exposed by General Wade, and there buried with military honours what were traditionally held to be the remains of Ossian.

The great Roman camp at Fendoch can still be traced between the Fendoch Burn and the

James Square, Crieff.

roads that diverge at this point to Methven and to Crieff respectively. Up one of the southern tributaries of the Eden is the curious Kirk of the Grove, where once stood a chapel and a burial-ground. One hundred and twenty young men partook of the sacrament here on the eve of their departure to fight on Prince Charlie's side. Changed, indeed, are the times now, when scarce a handful of inhabitants can be found in the eighteen miles through which this lovely glen holds its course.

Three or four miles below Buchanty, Glenalmond College, founded in 1841 as a school and theological college (of which the latter was transferred to Edinburgh in 1875), occupies a picturesque position on the river bank; it was built from designs by Sir Gilbert Scott in a domestic Gothic style; the quadrangle has a pleasing effect, and is about 190 feet square. The school, which holds an important place in Scottish educational life, will always be associated with the names of Charles Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrews, who gave the fine chapel in 1851, and of William Ewart Gladstone, whose father, Sir John Gladstone of Fasque, was one of the founders.

Returning to the Crieff road, which passes

through or close to many ancient camps and other antique monuments, we reach the high ground between the valleys of the Almond and the Earn. The view on an autumn evening, especially across the hollow towards Glen Eagles in the Ochils, is sublime. Monzie Castle is on our left; it is a fine mansion, dating from 1634, and in its beautiful garden are larches coeval with those at Dunkeld, and quite as fine. Descending through the suburb of Gilmerton with its pretty villas, we reach Crieff. This town, lying partly in the valley of the Earn and partly on its northern slope, stands at an elevation varying from about 150 to 300 feet. The views from the town are beautiful; those from the Knock, an elevation of 911 feet, are the most extensive, but from the terrace of the handsome building called Morrison's Academy they are almost as fine. The landscape to the west is extraordinarily rich. The hills are broken up into harmonious masses, and, especially towards sunset, the variety of light and shade is marvellous; while the beautiful outline of the hills at the foot of Loch Earn, supported by the huge shoulder of Ben Vohrlich, add a special charm to this unsurpassable view. To the north-west the deep hollow in which Loch Turret lies, the gigantic Ben Chonzie, and the

Drummond Castle.

hills around Glen Almond, combine to make a picture more monotonous in tone, but wilder and more solemn in its effect.

Crieff is an old town, and has suffered many vicissitudes. The capital of Strathearn, it was for centuries the seat of criminal and civil courts; and its "kind" gallows, adorned with many and hated by all true Highlanders, stood grim and ghastly in the days of Sir Walter Scott. But long before this Crieff had suffered change, dwindling to a mere kirk-town between 1483 and 1683. After a revival under the patronage of Drummond of Milnab, it was burnt to the ground by some of the Highland adherents of the Jacobites in 1716, and lay in ruins for years. About 1732 James Drummond bestirred himself in repairing and rebuilding the town, laying out James Square, extending the town, and founding a linen factory, which was destroyed in 1745 when the Drummond estates were confiscated. In 1784 the estates were granted to Captain James Drummond, nephew of the other James, through whom they passed to his granddaughter, Baroness Willoughby d'Eresby. Under commissioners Crieff had developed satisfactorily from 1752 to 1784; and this development continued until 1828, by which time various causes, including the cessa-

tion of the great war, had conspired to depress the local industries. But towards 1856 the last phase of Crieff's chequered and now prosperous career began, when facilities for communication and a growing appreciation of the many natural advantages possessed by the town in position, climate, and beauty, led to the erection of the numerous villas and cottages that now cover the hillside.

The buildings in Crieff are effective and fairly good as specimens of architecture. The Academy, founded by Thomas Morrison, native of Muthill, who died in 1826, is a handsome building of Baronial style, erected in 1859 out of the accumulations of the founder's legacy; it is certainly the most important edifice in the town. There are several churches, nearly all of which have architectural merits, and contribute to the general effect of the town when seen from the south; and the banks, hotels, and post-office are satisfactory specimens of building construction.

Not far from Crieff are the ruins of Innerpeffray Castle and the ancient chapel in which is the old family vault the Drummond family still use. In the school, a building nearly two centuries later than the church and the castle,

is a remarkable library, bequeathed by David, Lord Madderty, in 1691, for the use of young students. It contains many old black-letter volumes, and although neglected for a considerable period since 1780, it has in recent times been placed under satisfactory management, through the public-spirited action of the late Robert Drummond of Innerpeffray.

A Roman road runs past Innerpeffray in an almost direct line to Bertha, near Perth; in its course it passes close to the ruined Inchaffray Abbey, a foundation dating from A.D. 1200; at that time, as the name implies, it was doubtless on an island; in 1696 there was still a marsh about it, but this was drained, with the result that a considerable area of good ground was recovered.

The main road from Crieff to the south takes us past Drummond Castle, the seat of the Willoughby d'Eresby family, Hereditary Chamberlains of England. Their origin is traditionally said to be Hungarian, and the first member to visit Scotland was Maurice, who came in the train of Edgar Atheling of England, when in the year 1068 this prince fled from William the Conqueror. The history of the family is full of vicissitude; the heirship has

often fallen to women; and they have not failed to leave their mark in troublous times. Thus, in 1745, the mother of that James called Duke of Perth, who commanded on the left the first line of the Jacobite army at Culloden, caused much of the old castle to be razed to the ground lest it should again fall, as in 1715, into the hands of the Hanoverians. The title was attainted, and the family was only reinstated fully by Queen Victoria in 1853. Their whole history is a romance with so complex a fabric that it would be idle to attempt any minute details. The gardens of the castle are vast, beautiful, and historic; they, with the parks, cover three or four square miles, and present every variety of scenery, from the utmost formalism of the French garden to the solemnity of the pine-covered mountain.

In due course we reach Muthill, a seat of the Culdees in the twelfth century, and for a long period an ecclesiastical centre of some importance, as it was the residence of the Dean of Dunblane. Close at hand is Culdees Castle; and on the old direct, and probably Roman road, to Ardoch we cross the Machany water at a hamlet called Mill o' Steps. This place is remarkable as the birthplace, in about 1750, of an Empress of Morocco, who, having fled

Round Tower, Abernethy.

from her father, the blacksmith, on his second marriage, fell into the hands of African pirates, was sold to the Emperor, and raised to share his throne. It is stated that her letters to her relations in the hamlet had been seen and read by persons living between 1860 and 1870.

The more modern road to Queensferry crosses the same river lower down and then divides; the branch for Stirling rises to a considerable height and passes the ruins of Kames Castle. It rejoins the older road shortly, and in about a mile we meet the direct road from Comrie to Braco. At the corner, divided by the road we have travelled, is the Great Camp, constructed by Agricola on his last campaign in A.D. 84, and a smaller camp of later construction partly on the area of the former. There are only slight remains of both, the plough and the forest having been busy. But half a mile farther south is the great station at Ardoch, just within the grounds of the house, but always accessible to the interested visitor. This station, without much doubt, was the Lindum of Ptolemy, and is one of the most perfect specimens in Britain. It measures about 140 yards by 125 internally; it is quite rectangular, and is protected partly by the bank of the Knaik, and partly by a series

of parallel ditches and ramparts arranged in two rows on the river sides, and five on the land side. The pretorium and the gateways are easily discernible, and there are traces of stone-work in the enclosing wall of the former. Even in such a fine monument of antiquity as Ardoch one must not expect too much: the waves of 1800 years of human activity can hardly have left undisturbed so convenient a site in our comparatively crowded country. The pretorium is supposed to have been in successive and long-vanished generations occupied by a chapel, which gave the name of Chapel Hill to the spot, and as a graveyard for receiving the bodies of vagrants and suicides, whose bones, and not those of Roman soldiers, have been from time to time exhumed.

On the direct road from Perth to Stirling, and about two miles to the north of the point where the Crieff-Edinburgh road crosses it, is the old town of Auchterarder, prosperous and growing, the centre of a good agricultural district. Changed indeed is its condition since that time when only one farmer sowed clover, and incurred a growing unpopularity, as it became necessary for the neighbours to look after their cattle a little more carefully than of old.

There are traces of an old and massive castle, and not far off, in the dilapidated old church of Aberuthven, is the mausoleum of the Montrose family.

But Auchterarder is best known as the scene of that celebrated intrusion in the Church of Scotland, when Robert Young, against the Veto Act passed by that Church in 1834, after much litigation, and after the repeal by the Church of its own Act, was settled in the charge during the year 1843—a settlement that was one of the immediate causes of the great Disruption in the same year.

Dunning and Blackford are two villages north and south of Auchterarder respectively; the former is a pleasant agricultural centre, with a fairly important fair, at the foot of the Ochils, through whose recesses a bleak but convenient mountain road leads into Glen Devon and Kinross. Blackford is the highest settlement between Perth and Glasgow, and contains a number of breweries.

Continuing on our main route, we shortly enter Glen Eagles, a wide glen, but rather bare in the upper part, although the lower is well wooded in the neighbourhood of Glen Eagles House. The property originally belonged to the

Haldanes, a family honourably known for many generations both in peace and in war, and perhaps most honourably for the Christian and missionary zeal which led the brothers James and Robert, in the last year of the eighteenth century, to expend their great wealth in religious enterprise.

Scarcely have we reached the summit of Glen Eagles when Glen Devon opens before us. The river Devon comes in on the west from the back of Bencleugh, and after a course of perhaps fifteen miles it doubles on itself at the Crook of Devon, and reaches the Forth only about four miles in a direct line from its source. The Glen is one of the sweetest in Scotland; gentle swelling hills mark the distances, with here a good farm, there an old castle, here an old-fashioned wayside inn, and there a tasteful and harmonious dwelling-house perched high on the face of the hill. The road winds past changed Glendevon Castle, past the old mill recently burnt down, where, but a few years since, a flourishing rural industry gathered a few happy families together round the scene of their labours. Into the great wheel here the mill-owner one day stepped to examine its condition; the foreman inside, not knowing, let loose the water, and

Elcho Castle.

the unfortunate man had to continue a weary walk inside the wheel. He could have easily stepped on the level between the great radii of the wheel on to the base of the supporting pier, but the miscalculation of a moment would have invited a terrible death, as the huge iron arms passed close to the inside of this support. At length, after two hours of monotonous treading, he was released by the stoppage of the machinery.

In the quaint old church are two memorial tablets of similar form, each of which records the fact that the minister had spent between forty and fifty years in the charge — the two covering almost ninety years between them. John Brown died November 12, 1838, in the seventy-eighth year of his age and the forty-eighth year of his ministry; and John Cunningham died March 31, 1881, in the eighty-fourth year of his age and the forty-second year of his ministry.

Going down the Glen, a beautiful old bridge, with many interesting masons' marks, crosses the Devon to the farmhouse of Downhill; at this point the river is seen deeply sunk in thick wood far below the level of the road, which shortly reaches the Yetts of Muckart, at which

several routes diverge. Half a mile to the south is the little village of Muckart, on the road to Dollar, while an equal distance to the north lies the ancient parish of Fossaway. Over the hills, between Dunning and Perth, are Forteviot and Forgandenny. The former place was the Pictish capital, and was for long a residence of later Scottish kings. To King Duncan, of Shakespeare (A.D. 1036), a romantic legend concerning the fair Nell, who bore him Malcolm Canmore, attaches, and Forteviot was the scene of this episode. Farther westwards, on the Earn, is Abernethy. This town is associated with the great family of Douglas, and with the learned Moncrieffs; but its most interesting outward feature is the round tower, one of two in Scotland, a well-preserved building 74 feet high, 16 feet in diameter, with walls of hewn stone three and a half feet thick. The hamlet of Dron, with its little secluded church and its fine farms, is close at hand, and near it the old Edinburgh road and the still older Wallace road turn towards the south. The hills through which the last road winds are worth climbing; their height is about a thousand feet, and one of them is crowned with an ancient fort.

The view from any of them is very fine, and

it is from some such standpoint that Sir Walter Scott (see the "Fair Maid of Perth") must have seen the view that inspired his well-known lines:

> "'Behold the Tiber!' the vain Roman cried,
> Viewing the ample Tay from Baiglie's side;
> But where's the Scot who would the vaunt repay,
> And hail the puny Tiber for the Tay?"

In the foreground is the Earn, with Pitkeathly just below us, and Moncrieff Hill just beyond. Over its shoulder Perth smokes and glistens in the sun; the grey rocks of Kinnoull Hill and the escarpment of Glen Carse give a rugged air to the opposite banks, while beyond and around are the magnificent distances of the Ochils, the Grampians, and the estuary of the Tay. Perhaps the most interesting revelation from this height is the continuity of Strath Earn and Glen Carse. The whole landscape suggests that the Earn is really the central river, while the Tay appears to have burst some rocky dam and taken a short cut into its neighbour's valley.

Towards Perth we pass the Bridge of Earn, where a picturesque old bridge, fast falling away, makes an effective ruin; and we thence proceed to Perth either by crossing the shoulder of Moncrieff Hill or by going round its base.

The latter course gives us changing scenes of a pastoral kind, and brings us close to Elcho Castle, a fine ruin with much beauty of decorative detail. The castle and lands have been in the possession of the Wemyss family certainly since 1461, and give the title of Lord Elcho to the eldest son of the Earl.

A short distance only divides us from Perth, and as we descend the long slope that takes us on to the South Inch we can appreciate the beautiful situation of the Fair City and the importance of the position it holds.

THE PERTHSHIRE HIGHLANDS

Starting again from Perth, we shall now take the direct road to the central Highland district; a district that presents new features both in the wild and bleak moorlands that stretch across the northern boundary of the county, as well as in the equally wild but more beautiful hills that lie to the west. Scone Park, with a fine view of the Palace, and the site of Bertha Orrea, are soon passed on the right hand, and we are almost immediately on the scene of the great battle in which the Danes were defeated by the Scots at Luncarty about the year 990. The road

Bridge of Clunie, Pitlochry.

soon divides; that on the right passes close by the site of the ancient Thistle bridge, a natural barrier of rock that, with rough trees flung across, afforded a primitive means of transit. Under a neighbouring stone there were found in 1834 about 1500 coins minted at Newcastle, Durham, London, and Canterbury, in the reign of Edward I. These probably represented the hoard of some passing soldier in the Wallace period, who died without an opportunity for declaring his secret.

Stanley is the only important place till we reach the Tay at Caputh and resume our route along its course to Dunkeld. In 1785 the Arkwrights established a cotton mill in Stanley, and with two breaks, due to trade depression (1814 to 1823, and 1862 to 1876), these works have been constantly busy. They are worked by water power derived from the discharge of water with a head of 25 feet through a tunnel 800 feet long, that connects two points at different levels on the river Tay.

Stanley House, once the seat of Lord Nairne, the husband of the poetess, ultimately passed by descent to the Sandeman family. It is interesting on many grounds, of which two may be noted. The well-known picture by Leech, in

Punch, of "Mr. Briggs landing his first Salmon," was drawn on this spot; and the statesman, John Bright, a frequent guest of the late Colonel Frank Sandeman, was a keen salmon fisher in the famed Stanley waters.

Spitalfield, to the east, and Caputh are two interesting villages that afford many evidences of extreme antiquity; and the neighbourhood is popular with men of leisure and wealth, whose modern and convenient mansions are scattered with some profusion about this district.

The direct road from Stanley to Dunkeld climbs by the prosaically named village of Bankfoot to the more dignified hamlet of Waterloo, and passing in an interesting sweep round the foot of Birnam Hill, with Murthly Castle on the right, it descends into Birnam, and thence by the bridge already described into Dunkeld. Here we practically cross a previous route, and once more climb through a beautifully-wooded road, between the firs of whose western slope we get fine glimpses of the rich Tay valley. On our right is the charming model dairy-farm established by the Duchess of Atholl. Across the valley the wood-clad hills rise from the fertile pastures, while here and there a farmhouse or a mansion peeps from its encircling

Pass of Killiecrankie from below.

woods; the valley of the Tay is seen winding away to the west, and the rugged summits of Farragon break the distant skyline. Keeping straight on by the river Tummel, and noticing the wide, grey gravel-beds through which it flows, we reach Pitlochry — one of the most popular holiday resorts in Scotland. The modern village, with its hotels, its hydropathics, its railway station, and its bustling street, so crowded with summer traffic in August that it is difficult to pass through it unimpeded, offers a remarkable contrast to its staid and almost solitary parent, the hamlet of Moulin. Ben Vrackie dominates the eastern landscape here, while on the west the valley of the Tummel affords a pleasant combination of cultivated ground, wooded upland, and rugged mountain.

Here the road follows the river Garry, the Tummel branching off to the west. In a few miles we reach the Pass of Killiecrankie, one of the narrowest and most beautiful in Scotland. Round the name of Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee — "Bonnie Dundee" — who perished here in the midst of victory in July 1689, a mass of romance, hardly inferior to that enveloping the hapless Prince Charles Edward, has gathered; and to the present day the battle

of opinion as to his character rages with persistent fury.

His portrait shows us a young man of gentle expression and personal beauty so rare as to verge on effeminacy: his enemies tell us of a soldier who feared neither man nor God; his friends would have us believe that in him chivalry was personified.

His last words were: "Since the day goes well for my master, it is less matter for me." His contemporaries describe him thus: "Stainless in his honour, pure in his faith, wise in council, resolute in action. . . . No one dares to question his loyalty, for he sealed that confession with his blood." He was buried in the church at Blair-Athol.

Burns's views on the Viscount are strongly expressed, in what may perhaps be called the native Doric:

"I faught at land, I faught at sea;
At hame I faught my auntie, O;
But I met the devil an' Dundee,
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.
The bauld Pitcur fell in a furr,
And Clavers got a clankie, O;
Or I had fed an Athole gled,
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O."

Soldier's Leap, Pass of Killiecrankie.

But in a statelier tongue the learned Dr. Pitcairn sings this farewell dirge:

"Ultime Scotorum! potuit, quo sospite solo,
Libertas patriæ salva fuisse tuæ:
Te moriente, novos accepit Scotia cives,
Accepitque novos, te moriente, deos.
Illa nequit superesse tibi, tu non potis illi,
Ergo, Caledoniæ nomen inane, vale!
Tuque vale, gentis priscæ fortissime ductor,
Ultime Scotorum, ac ultime Grame, vale!"

These lines evidently suggested the well-known verse in Aytoun's "Burial March of Dundee":

"Last of Scots, and last of freemen—
Last of all that dauntless race
Who would rather die unsullied
Than outlive the land's disgrace!
O thou lion-hearted warrior!
Reck not of the after-time:
Honour may be deemed dishonour,
Loyalty be called a crime.
Sleep in peace with kindred ashes
Of the noble and the true,
Hands that never failed their country,
Hearts that never baseness knew.
Sleep!—and till the latest trumpet
Wakes the dead from earth and sea,
Scotland shall not boast a braver
Chieftain than our own Dundee!"

The interested reader will find much food for reflection in studying the account of Claverhouse given by Macaulay in his history and the comments made by Aytoun upon this account.

A short distance above Killiecrankie stands the village of Blair-Athol, where Glen Tilt opens to the west, a glen at whose mouth the principal seat of the Duke of Atholl is situated. This fine mansion has gradually grown round the original part, called Cumin's Tower, built by John de Strathbogie, grandson of Macduff, the sixth Earl of Fife, in the thirteenth century. The castle is closely associated with the late Queen Victoria, who visited it in 1844, in 1861, and in 1863. For centuries it has been the centre of a vast sporting estate. In the immediate neighbourhood is Lude, once belonging to the Robertsons, who held it from 1358 to 1821, but now owned by the M'Inroys, who obtained it by purchase. The woods and water about Glen Tilt are extremely fine: some of the planting is supposed to be due to the well-known petition of Burns for the banks of the Bruar:

"Let lofty firs and ashes cool
My lowly banks o'erspread,
And view, deep-bending in the pool,
Their shadows' watery bed!
Let fragrant birks in woodbines drest
My craggy cliffs adorn;
And for the little songster's nest
The close-embowering thorn."

At Blair-Athol, as well for the train as for the

pedestrian, the long climb of fifteen miles to the county boundary begins. After reaching Struan, where a road for Kinloch Rannoch strikes across the moor, on the left the country gets drearier and drearier; hardly a dwelling, apart from one or two trim shooting lodges, is to be seen, and the only sound is the rough brawling of the Garry deep in its rugged bed. The gaunt snow-posts hint at the desolation of winter, and the scarred faces of the hills that mark the territories of Atholl and Breadalbane, and go by the names of the Boar of Badenoch and the Sow of Atholl, are torn with the grim and melancholy furrows left by the torrential rains. At Dalnaspidal, one of the numerous settlements of the Knights Hospitallers, as its name implies, there can still be recognised the site of a camp occupied successively by Cromwell's, by Cope's, and by Lord George Murray's soldiers. Here Glen Garry, with its wild loch, opens out to the south, and Loch Rannoch may be reached in eight miles. The route lies through a district that abounded in legends of fairyland, and afforded subsistence for vast flocks of sheep within the last few years. Nothing is now reared on this large tract save a few deer: legends, people, and sheep are a mere memory of the past.

A mile or so above Dalnaspidal the county boundary is met at a height of about 1500 feet. If we follow it in imagination we are led to the long and remote Loch Ericht. Of this lake the late Professor Wilson says: "The dreariest, most desolate, and dismal of the Highland lochs . . . lies in a prodigious wilderness with which perhaps no man alive is conversant, and in which you may travel for days without seeing even any symptom of human life. We speak of the regions comprehended between the Forest of Atholl and Ben Nevis, the Moor of Rannoch and Glen Spean. There are many lochs—and Loch Ericht is their grisly queen." At its south end is a huge rock on whose almost inaccessible summit the labours of an early people have constructed a huge fortification with walls 15 feet thick, composed of squared stone blocks uncemented by lime or mortar. Of its date nothing further is known. A mile up the eastern shore is the miserable shelter formed by falling blocks of stone, and known as Prince Charlie's Cave—a place of refuge after Culloden for him, MacDonald of Keppoch, and Cameron of Loch Eil.

We have now approached the north-western corner of Perthshire, and we find ourselves on Rannoch Moor, the greatest stretch of moorland

Glen Tilt.

in Scotland. The moor is, roughly speaking, 20 miles square, and stands at an elevation of 1000 feet. It is generally level and swampy, abounding in lochs and peat-stained rivers; gaunt wrecks of an old forest lie here and there, while giant boulders of grey granite raise their heads through the wild moss and heather. There are no roads across it, save the twisting and varying tracks that lead to one or two lodges, of which Corrour Lodge, 1723 feet, is probably the highest inhabited house in Britain. Huge mountain masses of no particular beauty rise all around us, and the West Highland Railway (carried like that across Chat Moss on a foundation of wicker-work, enclosing stones and earth) passes across to its northern side. The sound made by the train, over its floating bed, is subdued and sullen in the passenger's ear; and, except in autumn, when the colours of the innumerable varieties of vegetation baffle the skill of the artist, the monotony of the tone is in keeping with the sombre browns and greys of the peat and granite that line the shallow cuttings through which the train creeps.

The river Ericht, after a course of five miles involving a fall of 485 feet, pours the waste waters of its parent loch into Loch Rannoch,

a large and beautifully wooded sheet of water about ten miles long and three-quarters of a mile wide. Like most of the lochs in the central and western Highlands, it lies east and west; its margin affords a few fertile fields cultivated by small farmers, and two hamlets, that of Killichonan and Camghouran, front each other towards the western end. The village of George's Town is now reduced to one or two small houses, and its name has vanished from the maps.

The old barracks building is now a shooting lodge belonging to Robertson of Struan. It was to this prison that the celebrated Sergeant Mohr was taken after his capture, and from hence he was carried to his execution at Inverness. There is a rather touching legend, possibly true, concerning an officer from the barracks whose duty it was to pursue the freebooter, and who was lost on the moor. Making his way to a hut, he was received by its stalwart inmates, all Highlanders, with warm hospitality; and the next morning, having stated his duty and his abode, he was escorted to within a mile or two of the barracks by the gigantic sergeant himself, who for the first time disclosed his identity to the agitated officer. When after some time the sergeant was captured, the influence

Schiehallion from Loch Rannoch Hotel.

Rannoch Bridge, & Craig Var.

of this officer was used, but all unsuccessfully, to save him from his unhappy fate.

Just at the head of the Loch is Rannoch Lodge, a seat of the Menzies family; it commands a full view of the lake, with its islets, its promontories, and its encircling hills, amongst which the bare and sharply defined shoulder of Schiehallion is conspicuous. Of the two islands, the smaller is said to be artificial, and to have been used by a Robertson of Struan in past days as a prison for his legitimate wife in order that he might swear to the father of another woman, whom he desired to woo, that he had no wife living on Scottish ground.

The woods on both banks are ancient; the birch forest on the north supplied, and almost disappeared in supplying, the raw material for some chemical works; that on the south is less affected by man, and consists of a rather thinly distributed assemblage of Scotch firs, whose twisted limbs, grotesque in their decay, proclaim their own age.

At the east end of the loch there is the small village of Rannoch, with a few modern shops of good construction, but quite out of harmony with their surroundings; there are two old inns, and one quite modern hotel which is not likely

to mellow, like its competitors, with age. The village is a delightful place to stay in; it is well equipped with churches. In a kind of square is a very fairly executed monument to the poet Buchanan; each of the three hotels is, in its own characteristic way, attractive; and the fishing is excellent.

From Kinloch Rannoch the river Tummel flows, making, before it joins the Tay, by its enlargement a beautiful loch of the same name. Our road is on the north of the river; that which keeps to the south rises to a great height, and, skirting the base of Schiehallion, proceeds towards Aberfeldy. Keeping to the main route, we notice the southern end of the bleak hill road to Strowan that starts not very far from Tummel Bridge, where another very steep but otherwise excellent road leads up to Loch Kinardochy, and there joins the road to Aberfeldy at about its highest point. The scenery as we go on towards Loch Tummel is very beautiful, although much of it consists of woodland vistas. The Queen's View, a little to the east of the loch, is world famous; a few steps from the road we find a small clearing at the summit of a steep cliff, from which the valley and the lake, adorned with every charm

Loch Tummel, Queen's View.

that variety of form and of colour can afford, are spread out before the observer, and are supported by the distant, subdued, and massive Schiehallion.

About two miles from the loch the road runs into the Glen of Fincastle, famed for its numerous strongholds, of which many remains exist; and having crossed the glen, it skirts the policies of Bonskeid House, the seat of the Barbours. Shortly afterwards it crosses the river Garry, where the fine views up and down tempt us to linger over the scene of Dundee's last victory. If we travel between Pitlochry and Blair-Athol by train, a beautiful view of the pass of Killiecrankie is to be seen immediately before we enter a tunnel from which we emerge into a wider part of the valley. It would have been possible to continue from Tummel Bridge along the south of the loch and river to Pitlochry, and in doing so the fine rapids or falls of Tummel, together with the well-situated mansion of Faskally, would have come into view.

THE TAY VALLEY

If at Ballinluig we had crossed the river Tummel and followed the valley of the Tay we should have very soon reached Logierait, a small and pleasant village, with a quaint ferry, a comfortable inn, and an old church. In early times it was, as its name—"the fortified place"—indicates, a stronghold for the defence of the rather narrow valley at this point; later it was the scene of a rough and somewhat arbitrary administration of justice; and the passage from the court-house to the Gallow-hill was often brief. The Lords of Atholl exercised a jurisdiction here from the twelfth century to the year 1748. The last man who suffered the extreme penalty was Donald Dhu, who was put to death on a charge of cattle-stealing, of which he was entirely innocent. The gallows-tree was riven by lightning on the same night. It was here that Rob Roy escaped from the custody of the Duke of Atholl, who, under the pretext of safe-conduct, was about to surrender him to the British Government. But Logierait is more worthily famed as the birthplace of two men

whose distinguished lives have added lustre to their country's history in very different ways. Adam Ferguson, the friend of Adam Smith, of Hume, of Blair, of Gibbon, was born here in 1723. A son of the manse, he became a student, an army chaplain—in which capacity he wielded a weapon by no means spiritual, in fact a good broadsword, with sound effect at Fontenoy—and a professor. He successively occupied the Chairs of Natural and of Moral Philosophy in Edinburgh; he accompanied the young Earl of Chesterfield on a lengthened continental tour, in which he made the acquaintance of Voltaire and secured the friendship of Madame de Staël. In 1778 he acted as secretary to the mission sent across the Atlantic in the hope of mediation between Britain and her revolted colony. A fine portrait of him is preserved in the University of St. Andrews, where he died in 1816.

In humbler circumstances was born in 1823 Alexander Mackenzie, the famous Premier of Canada. The son of a local mason, his character and his ability contributed equally to his success as a statesman and his honour as a patriot. His five years' ministry, during which Lord Dufferin was Governor-General, is said

to have been "the purest administration which Canada had experienced."

In the neighbourhood of Logierait are two ancient monuments. On the summit of the moorland between the Tay and the Tummel is an important Druidical circle; and at Dunfallandy, in the Tummel valley, is a fine sculptured stone, closely resembling in general character those at Meigle. It is known locally as the Priest's Stone.

The late Miss Fergusson of Dunfallandy was the last direct survivor of the ancient family whose tenure of their native territory was of an almost mythical antiquity.

As we ascend the river by a charmingly wooded road we pass several estates of no great size, but each with its own mansion and its own encircling woods and farms. Ballechin, the seat of the ancient family called Stewart, is a picturesque old house, and the sad ballad of Sir James the Rose, betrayed by his sweetheart, who repented, fled, and vanished for ever, refers to an heir of this historic estate.

Farther up still is Grandtully Castle, a fine specimen of Scottish Baronial work, dating from 1560, but only recently restored with considerable success in the old style.

Bridge on the Tay, and Black Watch Monument, Aberfeldy.

A little above Grandtully Castle, and higher in elevation, is the disused church, built in 1533 on the site of the old church of St. Eonan, whose name survives on the hillock called Tom-tigh-Eoghn, the hill of Eonan's house, where possibly some relics of his home still exist. The grotesque figures on the inside of the roof are dimmed by age, and the great stone on which the coffins of the old inhabitants used to rest is almost hidden by the moss in the middle of the churchyard. The view from the spot is charming, the foreground of field and plain, rock and river, hill and wood, being balanced and supported by the masses of the mountains between Loch Tay and Glen Lyon. There is little doubt that the spot has Druidical associations; and as one gazes on the scene the abyss of time that separates us from these mysterious worshippers who beheld the self-same hills seems to vanish.

> "We have no title-deeds to house or lands;
> Owners and occupants of earlier dates,
> From graves forgotten stretch their dusty hands,
> And hold in mortmain still their old estates."

We soon find ourselves in Aberfeldy, a little town with a fine situation. In later days the many comfortable villas and the well-equipped

shops have removed the reproach of the Brothers Anderson, whose valuable guide (1847) speaks of the houses as "cold and comfortless," a description that still applies to that portion west of the Crieff road. Just outside the town are the celebrated Falls of Moness, a succession of cascades falling about a hundred feet within perhaps a hundred yards, in the first part of their course, and ending with a precipitous leap of about eighty clear feet. The road to Crieff, just mentioned, climbs by their side, and affords a glorious view of the district. The rough top of Farragon, close at hand, impresses its wide bulk upon the observer, while in the north-east the sharp peak of Ben Vrackie dominates the valley of the Tummel. The long shoulder of Schiehallion, with its abrupt western slope, glistens a little in the north-east, while in the near distance the picturesquely situated farms and cottages in the valley and on the slopes arrest the eye with their variety. Close at hand is Aberfeldy itself, and the miniature ropeway down which small travelling trucks of road metal descend to the loading-bank near the station forms a detail that arrests the eye, with the thin spider lines of steel used in the construction of the supports and ways. In the

Castle Menzies.

neighbourhood of Aberfeldy the woods are very fine; the lines of Burns are almost too well known for quotation:

> "The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
> The foaming stream deep-roaring fa's,
> O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
> The Birks of Aberfeldy.
>
> "The hoary cliffs are crowned wi' flowers,
> White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
> And rising, weets wi' misty showers
> The Birks of Aberfeldy."

The Crieff road passes straight across the river, and, after a straight stretch that provokes intermittently some violent newspaper correspondence when the season is unusually wet, divides—on the right going back to Ballinluig, and on the left approaching Weem. But the bridge and its environment demand more detailed attention. In a meadow on its south side stands a monument that commemorates the first muster of the famous Black Watch, or 42nd Highlanders, in October 1739. This regiment consisted largely of Breadalbane men, although many other Highland districts were well represented in its ranks; and while these latter formed the majority, yet we are assured by Pennant that within the area of Loch Tay side and Glen Lyon 1000 men, capable of bear-

ing arms, might have been found. Alas for the present dreary aspect as regards inhabitants of this fertile and picturesque district!

The monument consists of a cairn, presenting a somewhat unnatural appearance, crowned by a finely conceived figure of a Highlandman in the old 42nd uniform, in an easy yet vigorous attitude, with his hand to the hilt of his claymore. Various other sculptures and inscriptions explain the memorial to the passer-by, whether English or Gaelic in his speech.

The celebrated bridge, one of Wade's, was constructed in 1733, and was then the only bridge (except those at Perth) that had ever spanned the Tay. The roadway is extremely steep, and its five arches, with the reversed curves at the shoulders of the central span, together with its four obelisks that rise from its main piers, present a curious appearance that provokes comments of the extremest divergency. One writer speaks of its "artistic beauty which commands the admiration of every spectator, . . . animates the whole scenery, and fills the soul with buoyant excitement"; while another (Dorothy Wordsworth) speaks of its "ambitious and ugly architecture."

The village of Weem is situated in a sheltered

spot, beneath the precipitous but well-wooded hill of the same name, with its rock cave associated traditionally with St. Cuthbert. The old church, now used as the mausoleum of the Menzies, contains a remarkable mural monument, and the modern building is a pleasing structure. The fields high above the rock forming its flat summit have been cultivated from immemorial time, and the views from the primitive roads that connect these lofty farm-towns are extensive and varied.

But the principal feature of Weem is Castle Menzies, the seat of the Menzies family. This family, as possessors of land, has been settled at Weem since the end of the thirteenth century, their earlier home having been Durisdeer in Dumfriesshire, the burying-place of the Buccleuchs. At first Comrie Castle, of which vestiges may be seen on the river Lyon, close to the new bridge at Tirinie, was their home; but this was destroyed by fire in 1487, and a new castle was built at Weem. In those troublous times the settlement of land was often interfered with, either by arbitrary fiat of the king, by vagueness in the charters, or by the very equivocal titles by which lands were often held. Neil Stewart, a rival claimant to some of the Menzies property,

destroyed this building in 1503. Only a few fragments of turf-covered foundation remain, and these fail to indicate the extent of the building, although the remains of a double avenue of sycamore trees still mark the old approach. The old part of the present building was ready for occupation in 1571, but great additions were made in 1840 by the Sir Neil Menzies of that date, whose architect showed great skill in blending the new with the old. In fact, the modern part is now so covered with ivy that it might readily be regarded as the older. Few Highland homes, either in fact or in appearance, harmonise so completely with the sentiment and scenery of their environment.

After leaving Castle Menzies the road continues a somewhat uninteresting level course, past the new residence of Farleyer and the pretty little cottage of Camserney, where the late Sir Robert Menzies lived for a considerable portion of his later years. On the northern slope are the decaying villages of Dull and Camserney, almost contiguous. To the former tradition assigns the seat of an ancient Culdee college or monastery; and this same tradition tells us that this college was transferred to St. Andrews in 1411. Probably the latter foundation only superseded that of Dull; but however

this may be, Dull abounds in ecclesiastical memories. St. Eonan, already referred to as the patron saint of the old church at Grandtully, gave his name to a mill in Glen Lyon, to a well in the manse garden of Dull, and to a market held there on his day, October 6th in the old reckoning. So great was the reverence for his name that, within the memory of living men, the miller at Milton Eonan would not grind on the saint's day. The name Tegarmuchd, attached as a farm a little to the west, means the begging friar; and the Keltney Burn, which carries off the water from the southern slope of Schiehallion, is called in Gaelic after that St. Aidan who founded the church at Kenmore and was Bishop of Northumberland.

At Coshieville, five miles from Aberfeldy, the road divides: on the right it ascends the winding margin of the Keltney Burn, which falls tumultuously in its deep channel on the left; and after a short time we see the old Castle of Garth, built in the fourteenth century by the Wolf of Badenoch, son of Robert II., hanging on a precipitous cliff on the opposite bank of the burn, by which it is almost entirely surrounded. After emerging from the overhanging woods, the

road gives a fine view of Schiehallion, whose wedge-shaped mass, when viewed either from the east, as, for instance, from the summit of King's Seat, or from the west, say from the Black Mount road, appears foreshortened to a huge cone. It was from observations on the disturbing influence on a pendulum of this fairly regular and isolated mountain that the Astronomer Royal, Dr. Maskeleyne, made one of the earliest determinations of the average density of the earth's substance in 1774. His results accord very fairly with the latest investigations made, on different principles, with all the experimental delicacy of modern instruments.

This mountain is practically an isolated mass of quartz, which has resisted the forces that have engraved their history on the surrounding district; a huge boulder of granite near the top tells of a time when the falling masses of the granitic summits to the north-east were slowly transported above or embedded in the flowing ice of the vast glaciers, that in due sequence melted, and deposited their burden on the soil or on the mountain that they tried to tear.

The ascent of this famous mountain is long,

simple, and laborious; the huge quartz blocks strewn about the higher part make it desirable to choose one's path with care, and in coming down it is desirable to try to select the grassy slopes scattered among the long slides of rock that are in many places unstable to an uncomfortable degree. The view from the summit is very extensive, but over at least half the area seen it is wild and monotonous. The point in which the mountain seems to end is, contrary to the usual fact, as near a point as a few square feet of well-defined summit can approach.

At the place where the ascent is usually begun the road divides again, its two parts being separated by Loch Kinardochy. The left-hand branch runs down to Kinloch Rannoch, passing in its windings a picturesque lochan, which has been evolved from a mere swamp, and skirting Schiehallion through almost all its wild course. The right-hand branch leads down very steeply to Tummel Bridge, through the "Braes of Foss," as the slopes here are called, and gives characteristic views both of Schiehallion, which presents its long side to the traveller, and of Loch Tummel.

Returning to Coshieville, and following the

road on the left hand, we keep close to the Lyon and skirt the policies of Garth House, the modern mansion on Garth estate, which, after passing into the possession of many different families, was acquired by Sir Donald Currie. This public-spirited proprietor tried, with a zeal as well-directed as it is exceptional amongst Highland landlords, to settle his tenants permanently on the land, and to solve some of the difficulties presented by the housing question in the rural districts. On the one hand, modern improvement is seen in the picturesque red-tiled roofs of the new farm buildings, rebuilt or repaired as the case may be, that give a warm effect to the landscape and produce the pleasant impression of a thriving tenantry; while, on the other hand, respect has been shown for the older traditions of the countryside in such matters as the preservation of Drumcharrie, an ancient hamlet where the communal system of tillage prevails, and where the old and well-thatched buildings suggest a warmth of prosperity that is not mere outward show.

About three miles from Coshieville we reach the model village of Fortingal, which was practically rebuilt by Sir Donald Currie. The small but beautiful church, the solid and hand-

Fortingal.

some inn, the cottagers' houses, with their red stone mouldings, their soft-coloured harling, and their deep-set windows overhung with a thatched roof so rich and graceful in its curves as to suggest the quaint, old-world architecture of Warwickshire or Devonshire rather than that of the colder North,—all attest the beneficent influence of the landlord.

In a field opposite the church is a heap of stones which is said to cover the bones of the natives of this village, all of whom, save one woman, perished in the great plague of the seventh century. She is said to have buried the dead in a great hollow, which was afterwards filled up with these stones. In the churchyard is a venerable yew to which, with reasonable probability, the age of two to three thousand years is attributed by Sir Robert Christison. Pennant, in 1769, found the circumference of this tree to be 52 feet; but now it consists of two separate stems, each quite hollow, from the larger of which a thick growth of young shoots has covered the "ruined shells of hollow towers" with a mass of dark green foliage.

Behind the church rises a steep, rocky, and wooded hill, on whose summit are traces of an old fort; it is even conjectured that Fortingal

took its name from this place, "Feart an-dunghil," the green hill of the white fort; and it is more than probable that an embassy sent to Scotland by Augustus Cæsar met the Scottish king Metellanus in or near this spot. Close at hand, on the south side of the road, and just opposite the point where the road to Fearnan, on Loch Tay, breaks off on the left, is a well-marked Roman encampment of which the details can be fairly well traced. But the most startling legend of Glen Lyon is that which, with an appearance of credibility, asserts that Pontius Pilate, whose father was one of Augustus' ambassadors, was born at Fortingal. If this story be true, and the expert estimate of the yew tree's age be accepted, then the little Pontius may have looked with awe upon the dark and gloomy tree, which must have seen even then some six hundred seasons.

Just beyond the little stream that has excavated the huge eastern slope of the massive Cairn Mairg is Glen Lyon House, a mansion that has been finely restored and in great part rebuilt by Sir Donald Currie, who is owner of this estate as well as that of Chesthill farther up the Glen. The house once belonged to the Campbells of Glen Lyon, whose share in the massacre of Glen-

Pass of Glen Lyon.

coe, February 13, 1692, will never be forgotten. A retributive justice was believed to have followed this crime, and for generations the family never prospered. Robert Campbell, who led the Glencoe expedition, was, some years later, in command at a military execution. A reprieve arrived late, but when he drew it from his pocket he drew out at the same time his handkerchief, which, falling to the ground, gave the signal for the death of an innocent man. Campbell immediately resigned his commission, exclaiming that the curse of Glencoe was on his house.

Near the interesting little hamlet of Ardtrasgert, and about half a mile above Glen Lyon House, the valley narrows in a marked way; as in many other Highland glens, its upper reaches are approached by a defile so narrow that the road winds in and out on the side of a precipice; at one point it is carried on a high embankment with the boiling and pent-up waters gleaming far below through the interstices of the overhanging copsewood, at another it is quarried into the solid rock of the towering hill-side. At one time it runs free for a short space through a mossy dell, carpeted with fern and moss, and adorned with sturdy beeches, at another it flings itself down a pre-

cipitous decline, only to rise breathless on the other side of some deep-set burn. This part of the Glen is called the Pass of Chesthill, the name of another estate once the property of the Menzies family, and afterwards acquired by Sir Donald Currie.

A mile or two higher up the Glen opens and presents a fine appearance. The river flows in its well-wooded bed between cultivated fields of considerable extent; the huge, though somewhat smooth, hills afford a magnificent field for the play of fleeting summer shadows, and the varying distances are marked by the charm of diversity in tone. At one single point do we catch a glimpse of Ben Lawers, whose retainers, in the form of hills at least 3000 feet in height, hide their monarch from the Glen. For Glen Lyon, despite its enormous length, rises very slowly, and even at its highest point is set quite deeply amongst the hills.

About ten miles from Fortingal the hamlet of Innerwick is reached. From this point an old road takes us in six or seven miles to Dall, on Loch Rannoch's southern shore. The glen of Roro, leading southward to Ben Lawers, is associated with the execution of the Macgregor hostages in Edinburgh after the cele-

brated Glen Fruin raid. The cradle song of "Macgregor of Roro" was composed in 1605, by the nurse of the young heir. It has been translated by Principal Shairp in an admirably sympathetic tone, but the verses of the poem are bound together too closely to admit of separate quotation.

Bridge of Balgie, where a rough road crosses to Loch Tay side, is the principal place in the Glen: one or two cottages, a post-office, and an extremely pretty school-house, on the old road that now passes through a wood on the north side of the new, constitute the village. The bridge itself is massive and dignified, and the river flows amongst huge rocks that blend in tone with the strong abutments of the bridge.

Beyond this point the Glen is little known, but to many its chief interest begins here. Just at the bridge is the entrance to Meggernie Castle, approached by a magnificent avenue about one mile in length, lined with very fine beeches and limes of great age. As the avenue suddenly ceases, a spacious lawn discovers itself, and just where the road begins to curve the picturesque old castle appears. It was built in 1579, originally as the seat of Sir John Stuart, son of Robert II. Its appearance has been little

if at all changed since then, and its simple and severe Baronial style accords well with its site and its environment, although a pagoda-like erection in the garden somewhat mars the effect.

The Glen, which had again narrowed, begins to widen once more, and a branch road, which should not be neglected, mounts about a mile beyond Meggernie towards Lochs Girre and Dhamh, between which it degenerates into a mere track. The view, looking back from the first loch reached, repays the trouble. The varied appearance of the Glen Lyon hills all seen in profile, and each separated clearly from its neighbour, is only paralleled in a few cases, amongst which the Braes of Balquhidder, the west shore of Loch Long, and the north side of Loch Maree are examples.

The main road proceeds on for about ten miles more through a rather flat valley towards Loch Lyon. There are one or two solitary and poor-looking farms, and there are vestiges of a larger population in the form of the usual ruined huts. But the soil appears generally unsuited for tillage, although it is well adapted for pasture. On the road are the remains of several Pictish forts; three or four of these are on the roadside, some are at the gates that occasionally cross the road, and there are per-

Meggernie Castle

haps a dozen altogether. They are built of dry stones without cement, their walls are 8 feet thick, and their outer diameter is from 30 to 60 feet. It is difficult to understand how some of the larger boulders were transported. These forts are within sight of each other; in all likelihood they served at one time as signal stations also. At Loch Lyon the real road ends, but a mere wheel-track continues half in the water and half on the shore to the head of the loch. Standing by Invermeran at its foot, the vast torn flank of Ben Heasgarnich on the south side and the scattered firwood in the foreground form an impressive picture. At the head of the loch are two dejected-looking huts, suggesting an appalling isolation; and the rough road, a mere watercourse in the hill-side, after a rather stiff climb descends very gradually between Ben Doireann with its wonderful slope and rugged Ben-a-Chaisteill. As Professor Blackie, in his rhapsodic poem, after Duncan Ban MacIntyre, writes:

"For Ben Doireann lifts his head
In the air
That no Ben was ever seen
With his grassy mantle spread,
And rich swell of leafy green,
May compare."

Midway between the huts on Glen Lyon and the great farm at Auch, now, alas! displenished and converted into a lodge, its cart-sheds transformed to motor-houses, is a little clearing which brightens the downward journey from the summit with the vivid colouring of its well-tilled plots. A small holding in the desert, a neat house and a well-trimmed garden, show what can be done with well-directed labour. The contrast between this spot and the last houses seen is extraordinary.

The great horseshoe sweep of the West Highland Railway shortly appears, and two miles farther on we pass under it, when another half-mile takes us to the main road through the Black Mount. But we have trespassed, since the summit, into Argyllshire, so after pausing to observe the magnificent contour and colour of the Black Mount as seen from Auch in an evening light, we take up our route at the other road summit beneath Ben Odhar, where, two miles farther on, we re-enter Perthshire, having traversed from Fortingal the whole length of Glen Lyon.

A sharp descent of two short miles brings us to the decaying village of Clifton, once a scene of considerable activity when the lead mines at Tyn-

Ben More from Glen Dochart.

drum were being worked, but now bleak and melancholy indeed is the appearance of the straggling houses that line the steep road.

Tyndrum is the nearest point from which to begin the ascent of Ben Laoigh, that stately mountain whose eastern front resembles some great cathedral, while its western face—mysterious, beautiful, and solemn—dominates the exquisite view of which Kilchurn Castle is the central feature. From this mountain the Tay derives its birth, and near the infant stream was born Duncan Ban MacIntyre, the unlettered Gaelic poet. This remarkable man was born in 1724, and died at Edinburgh in 1812. A small obelisk in Greyfriars Churchyard records his memory there, while a massive stone memorial on the moor above Dalmally reminds the wayfarer that these silent and solitary places found a voice through him; one of his finest songs is that on Ben Doireann, which inspired Blackie's ode.

Near at hand, close to the little Free Church and Manse, is the pool of St. Fillan, the patron of the district. For generations this pool—

> "St. Fillan's blessed well,
> Whose spring can frenzied dreams dispel,
> And the crazed brain restore"—

was the resort for many generations of the sick,

the maim, and the insane; and meal mixed with its holy water was regarded as a specific for diseases both of men and of beasts. Traces of an old priory with its hammer-hewn font still exist, but there seems little reason to doubt that this spot has religious associations going back far beyond the dawn of Christianity into Pagan times.

Between Tyndrum and Crianlarich there is little change in the general effect of the landscape. On the left are the huge masses between Loch Lyon and Strathfillan, while in front the majestic if somewhat lumpish cone of Ben More blocks our view This mountain is perhaps one of the easiest of ascent in all Scotland. Its summit is 3843 feet above the sea, and about 3300 above the road, from which its distance is under two miles. Active young persons can ascend and descend within three hours, and the view from the top is extremely wide. Perhaps the finest feature is the wonderful appearance of its twin, Am-Binnein, whose summit is about one mile away, across a steep but smooth chasm nearly a thousand feet in depth. The symmetrical flanks of this mountain and the serrated edges of the remoter hills are in striking contrast. A long but most interesting way of leaving Ben More

On the Dochart, Killin.

is to pass straight on to the summit of Am-Binnein, from which a well-marked sheep-track on the ridge keeps an elevation for a considerable distance of about 3000 feet, and ultimately brings the traveller down by Stob Invercarnaig on to Inver Loch Laraig, the birthplace of Rob Roy, at the head of the valley that contains Loch Doine and Loch Voil, and is bounded by the exquisite Braes of Balquhidder.

At Crianlarich the road and railway through Glen Falloch strike off to the south, and passing close to the Falls of Falloch, and across the mouths of two deep glens, dip down towards Loch Lomond. From more than one point on this road the valley which holds Loch Lomond on its breast presents one of the finest scenes in Scotland.

The beauties of colour and form, particularly in the early evening when the light strikes from the right and reveals the varying distances and the deep recesses of the mountains, pass all verbal description; while in autumn a bewildering variety of tint is added. Few walks so well repay the traveller as the seven miles between Crianlarich and Inverarnan. At this place there was once a busy inn where the horses were changed in the coaches that ran through these districts; but

now the old building has been converted, after some years of less dignified service in connection with the railway, into a comfortable and even luxurious farmhouse.

Here is the march between Dumbartonshire and Perthshire; we therefore retrace our steps to Crianlarich and continue eastward along the route which we left there. For some distance the road passes through a rather dreary district relieved by two small lochs, and by, at some miles distance, the hills on the north of Loch Tay. On Loch Dochart are the ruins of an old castle, built by one of those Macgregors who were owners of this district; but the Campbells dispossessed the ancient family, who once, indeed, for a brief time reoccupied their old castle. On a winter night, when the loch was frozen, they pushed up fascines of straw and boughs of trees, thus sheltering themselves until near enough to take the castle by storm.

The next loch, which is little more than an extension of this, is associated with a memorable escape of Robert the Bruce from the Lord of Lorn; on its northern side is a sheltered mansion, surrounded by dense foliage and almost hidden from the road. Still keeping eastward, and without sensibly changing our

level, we pass through an uninviting district, the only houses on the road being a shooting-box, once a farm, a comfortable but small hotel, a school, one or two miserable hamlets, and one or two small farmhouses. Across the river are a few larger farms, but the whole valley looks cheerless and uncared for until we reach the old tollhouse of Lix, where the road to Lochearnhead goes off to the south. Our own road begins to descend more suddenly, and after three miles we find ourselves on the bridge that spans the Dochart at the entrance to Killin. This spot possesses interests of different kinds. The view up the stream is very fine; the brawling river, passing in little falls and rapids over the ledges of flattish rock that form its channel, is divided into two portions by a beautifully wooded island; and in the distance Ben More and Am-Binnein present jointly their most striking profile. Until late in the year these hills are just touched with snow, and their outlines are seen at the most effective angle. On the other side of the bridge the huge mass of Ben Lawers occupies much of the view, and the surrounding hills—themselves of considerable height—emphasise the middle distance. Close at hand is the graveyard,

where the ancient family of MacNab have for many generations laid their dead. The tombs are of vast antiquity, and built into the wall of the enclosure is an old slab with a cup-mark that tells of its former position in some pagan altar. The gate through which this sombre and dismal abode is reached is itself most curious, and those visitors who are accustomed to reflect are invariably saddened and impressed with the suggestions of past glory that these memorials convey. Owning great estates under an honoured title from the days of Bruce till the close of the eighteenth century, the MacNabs fought for their country in countless wars. Impoverished alike by their carelessness, their hospitality, and their loyalty, they sold their lands to the Campbells, whose possessions now stretch from Aberfeldy to Oban, and the larger part of the clan went in a body to Canada, where they did good service to their country. A short time ago the last chief of MacNab died in France, and his daughter is buried in Florence.

Killin is one of the most beautifully situated villages in Scotland. Turn where one will the scenery is charming; and although the main street has been spoiled by the erection of

The Lochay near Killin.

several unsightly shops and tenements, yet the two extremities are still simple and attractive. It is much to be regretted that the great nobleman who now owns the whole district should not have refused his sanction for the erection of high and ugly new buildings that impress one with a sense of overcrowding, alike grotesque and needless.

To the Parish Church belongs a celebrated book, a copy of the rare Bishop Bedell's Bible, in Irish Gaelic, presented in 1688 by the celebrated Robert Boyle, the teacher and friend of Sir Isaac Newton. It was used in succession by several ministers, who translated as they read it into Scottish Gaelic. The Reverend James Stewart, for fifty-two years minister of Killin, commenced a written translation into Scottish Gaelic, and this was completed by his son and successor, Dr. Patrick Stewart, who afterwards became the minister of Luss, on Loch Lomond.

From the foaming waters of the Dochart it is an extraordinary change to the placid waters of the Lochay, into which the other river flows just before their joined waters enter Loch Tay. Close behind the hotel is a small waste field, reached by an obvious gate; the view from the

edge of the river is superb. A fine smooth curve in the stream is marked on one side by the foliage that lines the road, and on the other it sweeps round a gently sloping and well-timbered park. Above the river and the trees the magnificent peaks of the Craigcailleach range tower to the blue sky, the whole forming a picture that needs neither omission nor addition, so rare is its perfection.

If we cross the river, and follow the narrow road that goes to the steamboat pier, we pass on the left the old castle of Finlarig, the ancestral seat of the Campbells of Lochow, from whom the family of Breadalbane takes its origin. The dungeons, with the old fetters fastened to their walls, bring back memories of those cruel days when knights and ladies trod light measures to the music of the tuneful lute, whose echoes may have pierced even the thick walls of those gloomy cells, where deep below the wretched prisoners awaited their certain doom.

The grim mausoleum, on the site of an ancient chapel, holds the mortal remains of many generations of Campbells — marquises, earls, baronets of Breadalbane, and knights of Glenorchy, all lie here each in his narrow cell.

The incongruity of this mausoleum with its surroundings was noticed by Wordsworth:

> "How reconcile
> With truth, or with each other, decked remains
> Of a once warm abode, and that new Pile,
> For the departed built with curious pains
> And mausolean pomp?"

The trees round Finlarig are most interesting, and there are many unusual cases of grafting within the outer wall. Close at hand, on the left side of the road to the loch, there are some enormous sycamores, of which several have fallen in recent years. They are about 130 feet in height, and within comparatively recent times there was a remarkable group of seven or eight, just off the roadside, arranged in a circle, from within which the effect of the stately stems, the mysterious green hue that filled all interstices, and the vast roof of verdure arching overhead was singularly fine. Unfortunately the destruction of some of these trees by a storm has exposed the deficiencies due to a lateral overcrowding which in no way impaired their aggregate effect.

About a quarter of a mile beyond the bridge that crosses the Lochay a glen of the same name opens. Through it there is no way save

for the pedestrian, who, after he has reached the end of the good driving-road that goes several miles up the glen, may find a track to Pubil, in Glen Lyon. At a distance of two miles the finely situated Falls of Lochay are passed; but the upper valley is picturesque though rather lonely.

There are two roads along Loch Tay: of these, that on the northern side is easier, although it rises to a very considerable height at the foot of Ben Lawers: that on the southern side is much more undulating, with steeper gradients, but its adjacent scenery is more picturesque, and it commands views of the much finer hills on the north side. The loch itself is about fifteen miles long and three-quarters of a mile broad, and in form resembles an elongated S. Its surface is about 336 feet above sea-level; its deepest point is about 164 feet below this level. The water is subject to occasional ebbings or flowings, which are not altogether explained; they were peculiarly marked during the earthquake at Lisbon in 1784. Climbing the northern road, we soon reach an elevation of 400 feet above the loch-level, and we command, from time to time, an extensive view of the loch and its southern shores with their

comparatively modest hills. Looking back, a fine view of Ben More and the valley of the Dochart is soon presented to us, and we notice on the wayside a beautiful modern memorial chapel that is used for occasional services. Farther on, the wild mountain-road from the Bridge of Balgie comes in on the left, and presently the neat hostelry of Lawers greets us on the right. The general views are pleasing but not romantic; and an unpleasant feeling is caused by the desolated sites of former hamlets or cotter's huts, where the rowan tree and the nettle mark with sad irony the former life and the present decay. The village of Carie, on the south of the road, presents a melancholy spectacle; a large number of huts, placed in well-defined rows, on a slight but favourable declivity facing the south, are now, with one or two exceptions, empty and desolate, while the few residents left move about with a depressed and resigned air. To the casual traveller it is hard to understand why these human beings, tenderly attached as they are to their native soil, should not be permitted to coax an adequate livelihood out of a territory so favourably situated.

Some miles farther on we descend a long

slope which ends on the lake-level, at the thriving hamlet of Fearnan, where the road to Fortingal strikes off, and in two or three miles we reach, after crossing the fine bridge at the foot of the loch, the well-kept village of Kenmore, with its artificial appearance of prosperity, at the gates of Taymouth Castle.

Kenmore owes its importance, if not its existence, to the fact that here, since 1580, has been the seat of the Breadalbane Campbells. In an earlier age the Clan Macgregor occupied this district, and the spot on which the huge modern castle stands was then called Balloch. This name is found in several parts of Scotland, the foot of Loch Lomond affording the best-known instance. Sir Colin of Lochow, the third knight, was an inveterate enemy of the Macgregors, into whose possessions, under one pretext or another, he entered, using, as it is said, his position as a judge to justify his acts as an executioner. The Black Book of Taymouth reports that he beheaded Macgregor himself, in the presence of the Earl of Atholl and sundry other noblemen, at Kenmore. He built the old castle in 1580, at the eastern extremity of his possessions, with the avowed threat, "We'll birze yont"—that he would widen

his vast possessions till this castle was at their centre. Strangely enough, the family estates have extended until they touch the Atlantic, and run for upwards of one hundred miles from east to west, but Taymouth Castle is still but a few miles from their eastern boundary.

The modern castle was built in 1801, and a vast west wing was added by the late David Bryce, R.S.A., in 1842, on the occasion of Queen Victoria's visit to Scotland in that year.

Opinions differ as to the merits of the building, and the wisdom that dictated the choice of site. William Gilpin, writing in 1789, speaking of the latter, says that it required some ingenuity and contrivance to fix a situation so unhappily chosen, which, he adds, "would not be so bad if we did not see everywhere around it situations that are so much better." Other writers, again, speak of its "imposing appearance," and its admirable harmony "with its magnificent surroundings," "its symmetrical appearance," and "the favourable impression" it creates.

The truth is that the building is so huge that the impossibility of getting a complete view at one glance from any near point gives

it the kind of dignity that a whale or a mammoth possesses; but if it is looked at either in critical detail, or from the few points on the Aberfeldy road from which it can be seen between the trees, and at a considerable distance below the observer's eye, it will be found much less interesting than many smaller buildings. The detail consists mainly of a repetition of plain square windows in two or three symmetrical rows, with somewhat incongruous battlements and turrets; while in the *toute ensemble* there is, beyond the square outline of the vast central portion, no special feature whatever. There is, moreover, a singular lack of balance between the secondary mass to the west and the long low tail of minor building to the east.

The castle is full of curious works of art, and possesses a fine library. Many good pictures by Jameson, the pupil of Rubens and the friend of Vandyck, are hung in the great hall, but they are placed so high that they form ill-lit details in a scheme of Gothic decoration.

The grounds are very extensive, several farms having been appropriated to the policies, in which the lawns and the trees vie with each other for supremacy of beauty: a charming

waterfall; an ancient beech, that marks the site of a still more ancient, but vanished, hamlet; a museum of natural history; a lime avenue, through whose living walls only a delicate green tint can penetrate; and a rustic dairy of the most luxurious kind, are some of the many curiosities within the ten-mile circuit of this wide demesne.

From Kenmore the steep mountain-road to Amulree rises until it attains a height of 1772 feet; it commands some beautiful views of Loch Tay; of Drummond Hill with its dark green coating of thick pinewood, broken only in one place, where a wide expanse, now overrun with wild growth, indicates the former cultivation of some long abandoned farm; of Schiehallion, in the north-west; while, as we pass the top of the road, a pastoral valley, that of Loch Freuchie, opens before us.

Kenmore church has interesting associations. The building, though modern, occupies the site of its predecessor that was built in 1579. Before that date the parish church, dedicated to St. Aidan, was nearer to the castle; on the erection of a church on the present site the old building was used as a barn, and in its churchyard were planted fir trees, which now,

inside the private grounds of the castle, mark the spot where the devotion of the district was once outpoured. Near this spot an old market was held, but this, too, has been transferred to Kenmore. The Fair of the Holy Women, to use its ancient title, has been carried on every July 26th for four hundred years.

The inn with its rose-embowered porch and windows at once attracts the eye. It was here that Burns wrote his well-known lines over the chimneypiece:

"Here Poesy might wake her Heaven-taught lyre,
And look through Nature with creative fire;
Here, to the wrongs of Fate half-reconciled,
Misfortune's lighten'd steps might wander wild;
And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds,
Find balm to soothe her bitter, rankling wounds;
Here heart-struck Grief might heav'nward stretch her scan,
And injur'd Worth forget and pardon man."

The south side of Loch Tay abounds with many delightful rustic scenes, while across the water the magnificent masses of Ben Lawers and the various hills between Loch Tay and Glen Lyon afford a fine background to the landscape. The road winds in a pleasant manner, now close to the water's edge, now on a breezy upland, now through a sheltering grove; but the hills are severe. The principal details of interest are at Acharn, Ardtalnaig,

Ardeonaig, and Kinnell. The falls of Acharn, itself a pretty hamlet about a mile west of Kenmore, are reached by a pleasant but steep path along the edge of the ravine which the waters have cut out. Just where the view is finest a quaint stone building has been placed on the very margin, and in this secluded spot a veritable hermit once lived, although for some time the hut has been closed. The path, or drive, winds round the head of the fall, which, viewed from near the hermitage, and under favourable conditions, is singularly beautiful, and ultimately rejoins the road from Kenmore through Glen Quaich to Loch Freuchie and Crieff. This road was in great measure built, or at least reconstructed, in order that Queen Victoria might drive along these heights when she visited Taymouth in 1842. Ardtalnaig (the High Pass) is another small village from which a pass leads across the hills to Comrie by Glen Lednock. Here are to be seen the remains of the long galleries, excavated under the rule of a late Marquis, for the lead mines that used to be worked there. The difficulties of transport, and other obstacles, rendered the enterprise unremunerative, and all that now remains is an accumulation of débris.

At Ardeonaig, higher up the lochside, is a village and small inn. The first church here was dedicated to that St. Eonan or Adamnan whose name has been mentioned already. The village nestles comfortably between the loch and the inclined ground to the south. Much excellent material used to be woven here, and the art of dyeing the wool for tartans was carried to considerable perfection. The colouring material was obtained from local vegetable produce, and the tints proved both bright and lasting. From Ardeonaig a pass leads across the hills to Glen Almond; and primitive fortifications to guard this line of communication can still be traced on the higher ground.

The old mansion of the MacNabs, theirs for several centuries, is situated close to the head of Loch Tay on its western side. An old Druidical circle, near at hand, is in complete harmony with the melancholy impression made by the old home, now a mere item in the huge possessions of the Campbells. In a large greenhouse is the famous vine, one of the largest in the world, planted about one hundred and twenty-five years ago, and yielding two to three thousand bunches of grapes.

Returning again to Kenmore, we have a

short connecting-road to Comrie Bridge, and thence to Aberfeldy; this road is practically a continuation of that running on the north side of the loch; from it the ascent of Drummond Hill may be made, although notices placed here and there tell the wayfarer that if he does ascend he will run some risk at certain seasons of the year, not stated, from rifle shooting. Inquiry on this point will in all probability be met with civil information, and, if the fates are propitious, a well-made footpath can be followed up to the top. The view more than repays the labour. At the back, that is to say on the north, a magnificent view of Fortingal and the mouth of Glen Lyon opens out; Ben Lawers, and the numerous peaks that crowd round this central mountain, are seen to great advantage; Schiehallion dominates the north-western skyline, and towards the north-east and east the heights of Weem appear, with the serrated Farragon behind them, while Aberfeldy and the broad Tay valley lead the eye towards the east. To the south and south-east the undulating uplands between the valleys and lochs of Earn and Tay stretch their long length, and to the west and south-west the silver entrance of Loch Tay is spread out, and

the cone of Ben Vohrlich rises in the blue distance.

The road from Kenmore to Aberfeldy is very beautiful; it is almost entirely sheltered by the trees that flourish on either side; and when once the two miles of rather tedious wall that bound the Taymouth policies are passed it affords a charming walk.

But the wall is not so grudging as many such erections, for it is possible for a considerable distance to see over it, and between the closely planted stems of beech, plane, and oak one gets delightful if transient glimpses of the paradise within. Close to the end of the wall is the farm of Stix, and just inside a gate to the south of the road are the Druidical circles of Croft Moraig. These are very complete; three concentric rings are quite distinct, the stones on the innermost being the largest. The sacrificial stone consists of a long slab with several cup hollows in it, and is situated a short distance outside the system of circles. The boulders are unmistakably glacier borne; but their erection presents a problem of greater difficulty than does that of their transport.

The baronial mansion of Bolfracks, a shooting-lodge, arrests the eye; and the magnificence of

the grove, for such it is, through which the road runs fills one with admiration as, almost unconscious of its near companionship and its gentle murmur, we follow the river, now swollen with the waters of Glen Lyon, until we reach the western extremity of Aberfeldy once more.

It is probably of this stretch on the Tay that the Ettrick Shepherd sings:

> "It seemed a fairy land, a paradise,
> Where every bloom that scents the woodland green
> Opened to heaven its breast, by human eye unseen.
>
> "Queen of the forest, there the birch tree swung
> Her light green locks aslant the southern breeze;
> Red berries of the brake around them hung;
> A thousand songsters warbled on the trees."

THE TROSSACHS AND SOUTHERN PERTHSHIRE

The last circuit to be made includes the part of Perthshire that is best known to the tourist. The beauty of the colouring in this district is unrivalled of its kind; Sir Walter Scott has invested the whole country-side, naturally romantic in its history, with a peculiar and personal charm; and the scenes that he has taken for the background of such stories and poems as

"Rob Roy" and "The Lady of the Lake" are more than usually accessible to the public.

It will be convenient to start once more from Perth, and to take the details of the district in the order opposite to that in which it is usually traversed. Leaving Perth, then, by the Crieff road, which passes the cathedral and the fine new swimming baths, we take the left-hand turning where the Highland road continues to the right. About two miles from Perth we see the remains of Ruthven, or, as it is now called, Huntingtower, Castle on our right. It is a fine building and looks capable of complete restoration. The seat of the ancient family of Ruthven, it has experienced many vicissitudes, and has been the scene of many stirring events. There is a story of a daughter of the house, who afterwards married a suitor — James Wemyss of Pittencrieff—of humbler rank than her own, leaping from one tower to another across a nine-foot chasm sixty feet from the ground in order to regain her room, which she had left in order to meet her lover, by whose side she was almost surprised by her angry mother.

The Parish Church of Tibbermore is situated in a secluded grove about one mile from the road. It is in this neighbourhood that the

Marquis of Montrose gained a signal victory over the Covenanters in September 1644.

On the other side—the north—of the road lies the pretty village of Almond Bank. In the bed of the river, which is crossed by a fine old bridge, are several mills where the produce of the local looms is finished by the "beetling" hammer. The motive power is derived from the stream, and the noise is considerable. The industry is a curious one, for its only object is to produce, by crushing the superficial fibres of the material, a smooth finished appearance, which disappears with the first exposure of the goods to water, and which is attained by the sacrifice of a good deal of the fabric's natural "life." Still on these points the housewife is inexorable, and the linen draper has to meet her wishes.

There used to be a delightful river-side walk down to the junction of the Almond with the Tay at Bertha; but by an excambion, mismanaged by the County Council, a private owner has been permitted to convert some low-lying pasture ground, through which the river passed, into a fish-pond, and to construct a dull foot-path away from the water's edge.

Just across the river, up a steep bank—and the banks of the Almond are wonderfully steep,

the red clayey soil standing very firmly—is Pitcairngreen, one of these few Scottish villages that are not built in a single plain street. There is a large central green with fine trees, and on three sides are the houses and other buildings that form the attractive village. Farther up the river is Cromwell Park, where the mill-workers live, and higher up still is Dalcrue Bridge, an exceptionally fine structure of a single span, close to the entrance of Lynedoch House, formerly the seat of General Thomas Graham, the victor of Barossa. Ennobled in 1814, he died in 1843, and his title became extinct. Of him the Honourable Richard Brinsley Sheridan said, referring to the esteem in which he was held by the British army, "In the hour of peril Graham was their best adviser, in the hour of disaster their sweet consolation."

In the policies of Lynedoch House are the graves of Bessie Bell and Mary Gray, into whose retreat, during the plague of 1646, a young man from Perth unwittingly brought the fell disease to which all three succumbed.

To the south lies Methven Castle, a building about two hundred years old. It has a fine effect, but the style is not very pure, and there is some appearance of artificiality about it. The

estate was granted in the twelfth century to the Mowbrays, who were connected by marriage with Scotland. The Mowbray who was Governor of Stirling Castle in the English interest surrendered on the day after Bannockburn to the victors. After this capitulation the estates of the Governor were confiscated, and Bruce bestowed Methven on his son-in-law, Walter, Lord High Steward, whose son became Robert II. of Scotland. A long story of alternate grant and confiscation follows, until in 1664 Patrick Smythe of Braco purchased the estate from Charles II., who had, by virtue of his relationship, fallen heir to the Duke of Lennox, the previous owner. In the Smythe family it still remains. There is a large loch within the walls, and in the spring the air is filled with the voices of innumerable gulls that visit this spot in the breeding season. The trees within the extensive policies are numerous and fine.

The village of Methven is quiet, but fairly extensive; and is, perhaps, best known in connection with the Secession of 1750. The laird of Methven having refused the Seceders any facilities for building, had the mortification of knowing that the materials for a new church

were being carted past his mansion from the neighbouring estate, at four miles' distance, of Logie Almond. The cause of quarrel was the intrusion of a minister, on a call signed by only twelve out of four hundred heads of families—eleven of these being labourers on the patron's estate.

A little farther on we pass the northern mansion of Gask, with its "Auld House," and its long and honourable family traditions. The Oliphants have held it for centuries. Staunch Jacobites, they won the respect of King George III., whom they would never acknowledge as King. The monarch himself sent a complimentary message, through the member of Parliament for Perthshire, to their obstinate laird; a message alike creditable to himself and honourable to his subject.

The daughter of this laird, Laurence, was Caroline, the flower of Strathearn, better known afterwards as the Baroness Nairne, whose ballad of the "Auld House" is so well known:

"Oh, the Auld House, the Auld House,
What tho' the rooms were wee!
Oh! kind hearts were dwelling there!
And bairnies fu' o' glee.

Comrie from the River.

"And the leddy too sae genty,
There sheltered Scotland's heir,
And clipt a lock wi' her ain hand
Frae his lang yellow hair."

In the immediate neighbourhood of Gask is the Roman road that runs from Ardoch to Orrea, keeping to the highest ground, and as straight as circumstances permit. It is well made, being laid with stone, and about twenty feet wide. On the roadside are frequently occurring traces of the stations used for occasional shelter; there are also two well-marked camps close to the school and to the house respectively.

After a few miles of rather uninteresting country, we reach Gilmerton and Crieff once more; but instead of turning north we continue westward, and here we may notice that the route we are now following gives us, with the exception of the barrier that we evade rather than surmount by ascending Glen Ogle, a direct through route from east to west—from Dundee to Oban; this is, in fact, the only such route north of the Forth and Clyde until we get to the Caledonian Canal, or, rather, the route from Inverness to Strome Ferry. As a consequence we have, along this

valley, really that of the Earn, a stream geographically, as has been said already, of more importance than the Tay, the east wind in almost as great perfection as when it is first born on the Siberian plains.

From Crieff to Comrie is a beautiful district, pastoral yet mountainous, bracing in climate, yet not severe. To the north Glen Turret, with its magnificent background of Ben Chonzie, with Loch Turret at its foot, opens up. At a short distance is Ochtertyre, the seat of the Murrays since 1467. Castle Cluggy, on the little loch, "The Loch of Monivaird," was then described as "fortalicium antiquum," an ancient fortalice. It is a strong square tower, with walls six feet thick, and measuring internally about seventeen feet square. The peninsula on which it stands was once an island, and the approach would be by a drawbridge. The estate has descended from father to son ever since the days of Patrick Murray, to whom it was first granted, who died in 1476. No collateral succession has been known. The names Patrick and David, for the heads of the family, alternated for four generations, and afterwards those of Patrick and William down to the present time.

It has been, and still is, the custom of the family to admit the public into the beautiful park that is seen from the high-road; and to allow most generous and most unusual privileges to visitors. Unfortunately these privileges are occasionally abused, but on the whole there seems to have been only cause for gratification in the success of the experiment, for making which the inhabitants of the district are no less indebted to the Lairds of Ochtertyre on account of the happiness they are bestowing, than on account of the good example that they afford to other proprietors.

Next to Ochtertyre is Lawers, the seat of the Williamsons. The house is a wide and handsome building in the Italian style. It faces south down a magnificent avenue of extraordinary width that extends almost down to the river bank nearly a mile away. It is not often that private grounds possessed of such natural charms, and kept up with such fine taste, are so freely exposed to a high-road, or afford to every wayfarer so beautiful a prospect as the low walls and well-trimmed hedges permit him to enjoy here.

There is a good road on the other side of the Earn, which winds, for the most part,

amidst trees, and passes the estate of Strowan, with its comfortable house, finally reaching Comrie by the suburb of Dalginross, and crossing the river on an ugly iron bridge that has replaced the fine old stone structure which, though narrow, was very picturesque.

Comrie is most beautifully situated at the confluence of three streams, the Ruchill, which comes from Glen Artney, the Lednock, from the hills between Loch Tay and Loch Earn, and the River Earn. The village itself is not attractive, consisting as it does of a dull street nearly three-quarters of a mile long, and turning twice at right angles. There is a quaint old parish church, which forms an element in the magnificent view that is seen from the bridge just described. The wide extent of bright-coloured shingle that forms the river-bed, the many scattered bushes that mark the course of the rivulets, the woods in the foreground, with the rugged fronts of Ben Halton and Mor Bheinn behind, combine with the old church at the right hand, and its graveyard extending to the very bank of the river, to make a picture complete and faultless.

Although Comrie is not beautiful, the suburbs of Dalginross and Ross have attractive features.

At St Fillans.

The former is more modern and contains many neat villas; the latter, which is approached by a single-arched bridge with a steep curve, is quaint and old-fashioned. The direct road through it leads to Glen Artney, that ancient and royal deer forest, the scene of the opening cantos of Scott's "Lady of the Lake"; while if we bend to the right we have a charming woodland road by Aberuchill and Dalchonzie to St. Fillans. The main road does not cross the river, but keeps in a fairly direct line towards the junction of the two roads, about three miles from Comrie. Except for Dunira, which presents a fine appearance with its encircling woods and its numerous gables, there is little of interest until St. Fillans is reached. The road has been recently diverted on account of the new railway, and the traveller on the new bare fenced stretches looks longingly at the copsewood through which the mutilated old road across the railway line may still be seen winding its rustic way.

St. Fillans itself is one of the most beautiful spots in Scotland; and closer acquaintance only improves the first impressions. Of late it has been somewhat spoiled by the railway, but the injury has been limited practically to the im-

mediate neighbourhood of the station. Near the rustic bridge which spans the Earn just as it issues from the lake is a small island to which the Neishes, after exhausting quarrels with the MacNabs, of Kinnell, had retreated. This island was the scene of an atrocious crime whose story is perhaps too well known. The old Neish had plundered a servant of the MacNabs as he was bearing to Kinnell from Crieff provisions for a Christmas feast. The story tells that "Smooth John," for so the most violent and powerful of MacNab's twelve sons was called, led on by a cryptic and semi-sarcastic utterance of his father, induced his brothers to carry a small boat from Loch Tay across the hills to Loch Earn. The fancied security of "Neish's Isle" was soon dispelled; with two exceptions the inhabitants were slain, and their bloody heads were carried over the hill and presented by the young men to their savage parent. To this deed of vengeance the head and motto "Dread Nought" on the MacNabs' coat of arms are attributed.

Close to St. Fillans is a small detached green hill with a natural rock seat near the summit. Here St. Fillan, one of the ancient Culdee preachers, is said to have delivered

Ednample Falls.

his addresses to the people. The hill is extraordinarily green, and is at the same time steep and rocky.

Following the narrow, level, winding, and altogether charming road on the north side of the loch, we obtain after three miles a fine view of Ben Vohrlich, whose smooth and precipitous northern slope affords a fine contrast with the wooded grounds of Ardvohrlich House at its foot. This mansion, the seat of the ancient and well-born family of Stewart, is said to be the original of Sir Walter Scott's Darlinvaroch Castle in the "Legend of Montrose." It was here that, under inhuman circumstances, some of the persecuted Macgregors in the sixteenth century murdered the brother, Drummond Ernoch, of the laird's wife, and surprised her by placing his head upon a plate at table for the horrified sister to find it soon afterwards.

A green and fertile peninsula marks the entrance into the lake of the burn that waters the broad pastures of Glen Beich; and that fine old specimen of ancient architecture, Edinample Castle, is seen across the loch. Close to this massive hold, which is kept in good habitable repair, are an ancient chapel and a fine waterfall some sixty feet in height. The

latter is approached by an obvious path that leaves the road on the other side of the loch just where the Glen Ample path opens. By Glen Ample is, perhaps, the best route for Ben Vohrlich, from whose steep and narrow summit the view will well repay the exertion of climbing. The twin hill of Stuck-a-Chroin presents a fine aspect when viewed from this summit. We can go down either into Ardvorlich or into Glen Artney. The rough track into which the road had degenerated when we struck to the east in order to ascend Ben Vohrlich, emerges at Ardchullerie on Loch Lubnaig, a farmhouse that still exhibits in its filled-up window recesses, with their somewhat finer moulding, traces of that more flourishing period in its history when it was the home of Bruce, the celebrated traveller in Abyssinia.

But we have in this digression crossed the loch. Returning therefore to the north shore, we soon find ourselves at the hamlet of Lochearnhead, which for over thirty years, although within a quarter of a mile of the railway line which passed high on the hillside above the village, was a comparatively secluded spot. Now all this is changed: a new station, which is almost metropolitan in its dimensions, stands

just behind the hotel; and the place is easily accessible both from east and west. It is unfortunate that while the old line, still the only route to Oban, adorned rather than injured the landscape with its occasional but handsome viaducts, the new line is, and from its nature is likely to remain, a perpetual eyesore with its huge embankments, its massive concrete bridges, and its glaring culverts.

Just here Glen Ogle rises until the pretty, if rather melancholy, Lochan-na-Lairige is reached; the modern road, which is beautifully constructed, rises through a height of about six hundred and twenty feet in three miles. The old road still exists, but, chiefly through the decay of bridges, is not passable for any vehicles; while a still older road can be traced in several places. From one particular point on the railway the three roads, each with its corresponding bridge over a small burn, can be seen very clearly. There are, on the rough eastern hillside, traces of more than one ancient pack-road. On the western side the hill is so wild, so rocky, and so steep as to have compelled from Queen Victoria the remark that this was the Khyber Pass of Scotland. Special automatic contrivances are arranged along the

railway to warn the engine-drivers, as well as the surfacemen who are constantly on duty here, if by any accident rocks become detached and roll down upon the line. The views of Ben Vohrlich and Stuck-a-Chroin from the southern slope, and of Loch Tay and Ben Lawers as the northern descent is begun, are extremely effective.

Our road turns southward, and we shortly see Edinchip, a house belonging to the Macgregor family, of whose origin and antecedents we shall speak presently; about three miles from the loch, close to the station, we pass under the railway at the highest point on the road. Here we cross almost in a single well-marked step from the valley of the Tay to that of the Forth. Hitherto the rivulets from the hillsides ran down to the Earn and thence to the Tay; now we find them going towards the sluggish Balvaig, and thence to the Leny, the Teith, and the Forth. Soon we come in sight of the exquisite profiles, hill beyond hill, of Balquhidder; and if we ascend the slope for a hundred feet above the little farm of Letters, close to the railway station, we shall enjoy a view that beggars any description. Above a thin wood of firs and larches Loch Voil gleams in the distance, while the Balvaig

twines through the valley like a silver ribbon; close to it the white and winding road follows a less erratic course, while in the distance slope after slope stands out; far away, towering into the sky, the straight-cut top of Am-Binnein, and if our position is sufficiently high and southward, the huge cap of Ben More, are dominant. The sweep of light and colour on a favourable day is matchless and indescribable.

Although a good road runs along each side of the Balquhidder valley as far as Stronvar, yet beyond this the road on the north alone is practicable. Passing Loch Voil and Loch Doine, it takes us to Inverlochlaraig, where nothing but a rough track is left—a track which, if followed, would bring us down to the head either of Loch Lomond or of Loch Katrine.

This district is indissolubly associated with Rob Roy, who spent his early days in Glengyle, died at Monachyle Tuarach on Loch Doine, and was buried in the churchyard at Balquhidder. The popular misconceptions about this extraordinary man are numerous and unusually gross. After generations of strife, persecution, and retaliation, Dougal, the youngest son of the old family of Macgregor that occupied Glenstrae, was adopted, for friendship's sake, by

MacIntyre of Balquhidder. This estate was bequeathed to Dougal, who lived an exemplary life, and left two sons, of whom the younger, Gregor, had also two sons. Of these the younger, Donald, rose to be lieutenant-colonel under Charles II., and his second son, Rob Roy, began life with a slender patrimony indeed, but with an honest and independent desire to earn his livelihood, despite the ambitions of his nature, as a grazier. In this he succeeded so well that he became an agent of, or a partner with, the Duke of Montrose, who proved himself far too astute a financier for the simple Macgregor. By accident, or more probably by intent, the latter became involved in obligations which he had difficulty in discharging; and on his return from a business visit to the South which had resulted so favourably that he could meet certain unexpected and unjust supplementary claims for interest that had been the cause of his absence, he found that his unscrupulous "partner" had enforced the letter of the law, and had managed to secure his outlawry for non-appearance at the Edinburgh Courts, where he had been sued by the Duke, as a notorious bankrupt. The looseness of the times had led Macgregor to keep a band of clansmen for the

protection of the neighbouring farmers against external raiders; and for this service he had received, with the entire approval of Argyll and Montrose, some kind of payment. At the instigation of the latter this was magnified into "keeping a guard of armed men in defiance of the law." There seems no doubt that Rob Roy was innocence itself compared either with the double-dealing and treasonable Argyll or the mean and money-loving Montrose.

When Rob Roy returned he found his home empty, his wife Mary (a woman very different from the Helen described by Scott) a wanderer, and himself an outcast. Mary had sought shelter, after a long and dangerous journey with her children, in Glenstrae; but the terrified natives dared not take her in without the express permission of Breadalbane. She had therefore to return to Balloch, where she found Breadalbane, who, though he had acquired an evil reputation through his implication in the Glencoe massacre, had not the heart to refuse the wife of his old friend and ally the needed permit.

It was this experience that converted Rob Roy Macgregor into a freebooter, a cattle-raider, or whatever he may have been; it was the

treachery of those mighty ones, to whom he naturally looked for the same friendship that on their entreaty he had shown to them, that made him prey upon society. But whatever may have been his faults, they were those of a generous nature; and to opponents who were placed within his power he proved himself neither vindictive nor unreasonable.

Many were the vicissitudes of his later days: some of them are described with fair accuracy by Scott; most of them can be authenticated from contemporary records. He died December 28, 1734, at the age of seventy-four, and was buried in a grave at Balquhidder. The tomb is perfectly well known, and has lately been securely fenced to protect it from the depredations of the ubiquitous transoceanic goth. The tombstone, with a rudely carved sword and two animals that might be almost any quadrupeds, has been often stated to represent emblematically his double character of warrior and grazier. But there is little doubt that the stone is neither more nor less than an ancient sculptured monument of a date centuries anterior to Rob Roy's time.

The general burying-place of the clan is a small enclosure, dark with firs, nearly two miles lower down than the Kirkton.

Loch Voil and Balquhidder.

From time to time the name of Macgregor had been proscribed, and the clansmen had assumed others, of which Campbell, Drummond, Graham, Stewart, and Murray were perhaps most frequent. On the rescission of the penal Acts in 1784, John Murray of Lanrick was accepted as chief, and purchased the estate of Edinchip from the Commissioners of Forfeited Estates. He was raised to the baronetcy in 1795; in 1822 he resumed, under Royal Licence, the family name of Macgregor, and from him the present representative of the clan takes his descent.

In the churchyard of Balquhidder a very curious monument marks the burying-place of the Maclarens or Maclaurins, rulers in the district for generations and constant enemies of the Macgregors. A pompous and elaborate inscription on a huge tombstone discusses in detail the proper spelling of this name, and refers in scathing terms to those unhappy people who spell it wrongly. The great mathematician, Colin Maclaurin, claimed connection with this clan.

The hamlet of Balquhidder consists of a few attractive cottages, both old and new, and the parish church, close to which are the ruins of an older chapel. Two picturesque bridges span the stream, which comes down the Kirkton glen

from the overflow of a small and picturesque loch near the watershed between Balquhidder and the Dochart valley. Loch Voil runs westward for four miles, and is immediately succeeded by Loch Doine, which for one mile embraces the foot of the gigantic mountain mass that has been already described as terminating at the other end in Ben More. At the head of this loch is Inverlochlaraig, where the road ends, and from which a deep valley leads over the shoulders of Ben More and Am-Binnein, at a height of 1700 feet, down to Benmore Farm.

Just across Loch Voil from the Kirkton of Balquhidder is Stronvar House, a well-placed modern building, behind which Glen Buckie affords a pleasant route to Strathyre, a growing village on the main road that we left at King's House where we turned off to Balquhidder, and which we can now in imagination resume.

Loch Lubnaig, the crooked loch, is about five miles long, and presents a pleasant variety on its shores. The eastern margin, on which the road runs, ascending the hills in general at an easy gradient, is fringed with meadows and woods; the west side, where the railway has blotted out much of the old road, is bounded by the rugged lower slopes of Ben Vane and

Falls of Lenz, Callander.

Ben Ledi. The precipitous mass round which the railway runs has the appearance of diverting the natural course of the lake, and to Dorothy Wordsworth there appeared a close resemblance to the intrusion of Place Fell upon Ullswater, which, it will be remembered, is subject to a similar bend in its course.

Ben Ledi commands a magnificent view towards the south, but is hemmed in by lofty hills in other directions. The Hill of God, as its name signifies, was the seat of great Druid observances on the first three days of May, during which the sun was worshipped solemnly on the summit. A survival of this ritual was found as late as the end of the eighteenth century, when Beltane Day, the 1st of May, was observed with many superstitious rites of Druidical origin.

The pass between Loch Lubnaig and Callander is extremely narrow, and is well wooded. In more than one part it could be fairly said—

> "A hundred men might hold the post,
> With hardihood against a host."

The Falls of Leny are within a few yards of the road, and consist of some effective rapids. About a mile from Callander, at Kilmahog, a

quaint village with a tweed mill, the road to the Trossachs goes off on the right.

The whole district from Balquhidder to the Trossachs is very fully traversed in the course of the events described in "The Lady of the Lake"; and Callander, which we now approach, owes much of its popularity to Sir Walter Scott. The village is long and straggling, but contains a good many handsome villas, two or three good hotels, and some excellent shops. There is, just outside the village, a most remarkable mound by the river's bed, which has been often described as a Roman camp. There is little doubt that the embankment is in some way due to the course of the river's ancient channel. The falls of Bracklinn, on the road to Glen Artney, are fine, falling in two or three smooth sheets over somewhat regularly placed rocks, through a height of perhaps fifty feet.

The road that we passed at Kilmahog takes us to Loch Vennachar, which forms, with Lochs Achray and Katrine, a continuous chain. The hills on the south-east are extremely interesting from their long parallel ridges, a feature which is seen to extend over a considerable stretch of country towards the east. Loch Vennachar is a

quiet and simple loch, especially when seen from the north side, on which the main road runs. The views from the south road are finer, because the broken masses of Ben Ledi and its neighbours are on the north. At the east end of the loch is Coilantogle Ford, where Scott places the scene of the combat between Roderick and Fitz-James; the route that they took together is not quite clear, but from the poem it appears to have been in the hollow to the west of Ben Ledi. At the other end of Loch Vennachar is Lanrick, the gathering-place of the clansmen in the same poem; across the water is Invertrossachs, a fine modern house, close to which lies the irregular Loch Drunckie.

Along the Brig o' Turk, which we soon reach, Fitz-James pursued his solitary ride, and up Glen Finglas (famed for the legend of the seduction by the Green Women of Lord Ronald) the stag escaped. This valley, which presently divides into three, is singularly beautiful; there is no passage through it except by crossing the mountains at a considerable height, but each glen leads into a distinct place—Glen Finglas to Loch Voil, Glen Main to Balquhidder, and Glen Cashaig to Strathyre. Loch Achray immediately opens out on our left; this,

though one of the smaller lochs, is one of the most beautiful. The effects of light and shade are soft and varied. Ben Venue and Ben A'an form the massive setting to the loch, with its little creeks and promontories and its beautiful wooded shores. The fine modern hotel quite close to the water should be visited before the coaches arrive at lunch-time; the traveller will then enjoy an admirably served meal, after the conclusion of which he can rest for a while on the comfortable seats in front of the hotel and study human nature in the extraordinary variety that the disgorgement of the coaches will afford to the interested observer.

The road to Loch Katrine through the Trossachs is about a mile in length, and affords the most exquisite views, in turn, of mountain, river, and loch. The tourist would be wise to eschew as far as possible the main roads, and to investigate the minor paths that appear here and there; amongst these the old and romantic cattle pass that reaches the loch by crossing the shoulder of a low but steep hill should not be omitted. The district has been made famous by Sir Walter Scott, but long before his day its charm was recognised by the hardy traveller who succeeded in penetrating so far.

Falls of Bracklinn, Callander.

The charms of Loch Katrine—a name possibly derived from the name cateran, meaning a member of a wild band of marauders—are too well known to need lengthy description; but it is interesting to recall Dorothy Wordsworth's impressions when, tired and hungry, she reached Stronachlachar. To her "the whole lake appeared a solitude—neither boats, islands, nor houses, no grandeur in the hills, nor any loveliness in the shores . . . like a barren Ullswater —Ullswater dismantled of its grandeur and cropped to its lesser beauties." The kindliness of the few inhabitants of the desolate place impressed her, but she goes on to say: "A laugh was on every face when William said we were come to see the Trossachs; no doubt they thought we had better have stayed in our own homes. William endeavoured to make it appear not so very foolish by informing them that it was a place much celebrated in England, though perhaps little thought of by them." This was on Friday, August 26th, 1803; "The Lady of the Lake" was first published in 1810. But if Loch Katrine in some measure proved disappointing to the poet's sister, she did not fail to recognise the exquisite beauty of the Trossachs; and the very sentence she uses—"in a word, the Tros-

sachs beggar all description"—proves that she was no more the discoverer of this beautiful spot than Sir Walter Scott. The Reverend James Robertson, minister of Callander, published a careful and full description of the place in Sir John Sinclair's "Statistical Account of Scotland" in 1790, and it was from his account that Miss Wordsworth's reference is taken. Various other and later writers, including the Reverend Patrick Graham of Aberfoyle and the Honourable Mrs. Murray, have successively had the credit of discovering the Trossachs, but the claim of Robertson undoubtedly takes precedence.

A tragic story is told of Cromwell's expedition here. Helen Stewart, one of the women left on an island that was used as a stronghold, during such raids, for the rough treasure of the clansmen, struck off the head of a soldier who was swimming to the island in order to seize a boat for his troop. The islet was thence called by her name, and the name, but not the story, was associated by Scott with that of the heroine in "The Lady of the Lake."

On the slopes of Ben A'an is an extremely rough track where Fitz-James's horse may be supposed to have dropped; and close to the

In the Trossachs.

waterside a rough road runs along to Glengyle, once a seat of the Macgregors, and associated with a chivalrous if high-handed action by Rob Roy on behalf of his nephew, Gregor Macgregor, called Graham, of Glengyle.

Graham's father had incurred a debt, to a certain Buchanan, under a forfeitable bond. When the last days of grace were running out, Rob Roy placed in the needy Graham's hands the money for the redemption of the bond. As usual, Buchanan had involved the youth in the capricious delays of legal processes, and refusing the proffered sum, had sent men to take possession of the estate, which he preferred to the money. Rob Roy captured and detained Buchanan in Strath Fillan until he sent to his distant home for the precious bond. By a logic not wholly indefensible, Rob Roy kept both the bond and the money, on the ground that Buchanan had tried fraudulently to evict his nephew from his ancestral home.

On the way to this secluded home we pass the poor remains of what was once a beautiful peninsula of the whitest sand, the Silver Strand. Owing to the demands of Glasgow, which draws its water supply from Loch Katrine, the level has been raised so much as almost to obliterate

the last remnants of this beautiful feature. At the west end of the loch the same process has made the old hotel, used until a recent date, almost uninhabitable. The pedestrian who cares to follow the track on the north will see three small islands about a mile from the head of the loch. On one of these are the scanty relics of a stronghold once belonging to the Macgregors; while on another Graham of Killearn, factor to Montrose, was detained by Rob Roy, who had just eased him of the rents collected at Chapel Erroch. At about this place the loch can be crossed by a ferry, and Stronachlachar, that name of offence to a southern tongue, will be reached. Here we are close to the county boundary, and from the road summit a fine view of the great hills about Arrochar will be obtained; but short of this point our road turns southward, and after climbing a moderate elevation reaches the Perthshire head of the Forth valley, although a parallel valley to the south-west, watered by the Duchray, which takes its rise in the northern slopes of Ben Lomond, may with equal truth be considered to contain the source of the river Forth. About three miles from Stronachlachar we reach Loch Chon, in a quiet and pastoral valley, bounded on the south by a

Silver Strand, Loch Katrine.

smooth and steep acclivity, and on the north by coppice woods; down the stream we come upon Loch Ard, along whose side the road runs between the water and an almost vertical wall of rock. The general impression made is one of seclusion and peace, despite the somewhat numerous and rather ostentatious villas that nestle here and there in the woods; but this changes as we arrive at the very small eastern reach where, turning, we see one of the finest views in Scotland. The lake is lined by wooded ledges of rock, and surrounded by wooded eminences over which tower the distant hills. On a rocky islet are the ruins of Duke Murdoch's Castle, while at the further end Ben Lomond presents its most beautiful contour; the long and graceful slope of its southern shoulder leads the eye to the clear-cut summit, with a delicate suggestion of a dimple at its highest point; the ascent of the mountain from the head of Loch Ard affords a much more interesting walk than that from Rowardennan.

Just beyond Loch Ard, with its memories of Captain Thornton's attempt to capture Rob Roy that ended with his own surrender to the chieftain, is the pretty village of Aberfoyle. Its beautiful modern church, and its numerous and

neat villas—perhaps too numerous, or, at least, too neat—and its fancy shops for tourists' wares, are in striking contrast to the old clachan in which the roofs of the miserable bourocks "so nearly approached the ground that Andrew Fairservice observed they might have ridden over the village the night before, and never found that they were near it, unless their horses' hoofs had gane through the riggin'." The old inn is replaced by a modern building, close to which, under the shade of a huge tree, is suspended a red-painted coulter, which affords to innumerable trippers a somewhat vulgar realisation of the immortal scene described in "Rob Roy."

From Aberfoyle a good road takes one across the hills to Loch Achray, while the operations of the Glasgow waterworks have resulted in the construction of an admirable carriage-road that enables a circular drive to be taken round Loch Ard and over the moor to the Duchray valley. In the neighbourhood is the picturesquely placed village of Gartmore, and the graceful old mansion once the seat of the ancient family represented by Mr. Cunningham-Graham; but the pretty and simple approach to the house has been spoiled by the huge and discordant lodge erected by the new owner of the old estate.

The principal road out of Aberfoyle is that to Stirling. It follows at a considerable height the larger windings of the Forth, and affords a fine view of the valley and of the curious conformation of the opposite hills. After about three miles, the only natural sheet of water in Scotland that is called a lake is reached. The lake of Menteith is about a mile across and about five miles in circumference; it possesses a singular and quiet woodland beauty all its own. Rising from its waters are three islands, of which the largest contains about four acres. Inchmahome, the isle of rest, is adorned with beautiful and venerable woods, amidst which the ruins of the old Priory, with its exquisite Gothic architecture, form an impressive sight. Close at hand is the mausoleum of the Earls of Menteith and Airth. In the south-east corner of the island is a small hill, called the Nun's Hill, of which the legend runs that a nun having fallen in love with a son of an Earl of Menteith, the lovers arranged to meet on this spot, to which the nun was to row from the east of the lake. But the gallant having meanwhile been mortally wounded in a foray, had confessed himself to a monk, who took his place at the tryst; and when the tired and

expectant woman arrived she was immediately drowned by the holy man, jealous for his Church's honour. Her body was recovered and buried by the monks in an upright position on the Nun's Hill.

To this priory Queen Mary of Scotland and her mother fled after the battle of Pinkie in 1543; and the boxwood border of her childhood's garden, neglected for three hundred years, has grown into a boxwood grove, called erroneously Queen Mary's Bower.

Near Inchmahome is the small isle of Talla, almost covered by the ruins of a castle once the favourite residence of the Earls; and two hundred yards away is the tiny Dog Isle, on which the Earls of Menteith once kennelled their dogs.

The valley of the Forth here is very flat and boggy. When the railway was constructed a device similar to that employed in crossing Chat Moss was used with success. There are many remains of Roman stations close at hand, and through some of the drainage operations conducted a long time ago parts of the old Roman roads were discovered; these roads were built on trees, roughly squared and laid lengthwise, with transverse timbers about twelve feet long closely laid to form the upper surface.

Doune Castle.

Between Aberfoyle and Stirling lies the uninteresting village of Thornhill, while a little to the north are found Lanrick Castle, the quaint seat of the Murrays, consisting of seven connected houses of varying heights, and the village of Doune.

Doune is on the road from Callander to Dunblane, and is, in fact, the only place of importance between the two towns. It is a pleasant little market village, and is chiefly remarkable for the ancient castle, of which the ruins remain, built about five hundred years ago, by Murdoch Duke of Albany. The situation is fine, and the great square tower is imposing. It will be remembered that to this castle Waverley, in Scott's novel, was borne by his Highland captors.

Here we are near the extreme south-western boundary of the county, which indeed runs along the Forth to within a mile of Stirling; and soon after leaving Doune we reach the Allan Water, on which the ancient city of Dunblane, four miles from Doune and close to the Clackmannanshire boundary, is beautifully situated. The main line from Carlisle to Perth passes quite close to the cathedral, of which the best view possible is seen from the railway

itself; and the cathedral is the only thing in Dunblane worth spending much time over. It was founded by David I. towards the end of his reign, and restored or rebuilt about a century later through the private munificence of Clemens the bishop. It suffered the usual fate of such buildings on the revival of the Protestant religion, and for a long time lay in ruins. The choir was, as is frequently the case in Scotland, cheaply restored to suit the Presbyterian form of worship, and until recently the beautiful ruins of the nave and tower formed a picturesque group above the steep river-bank Under the care of the Government further decay was arrested, and few sights were more beautiful than this roofless shell with the beautiful arcade of its triforium, its fine west window with the lancet openings, and the exquisite symbolical oval window in the western gable, considered by Ruskin to be one of the finest existing.

The daylight penetrated every part, and the general effect was perfect. But a movement was started to restore the whole building, a process that the comparatively perfect state of the ruin made quite practicable, and the nave and tower were accordingly repaired and roofed.

Dunblane Cathedral.

The work has been done extremely well, but the effect of light and shade is quite lost, and the uncompromising line of the new roof takes away most of the effect in the appearance of the cathedral as seen from the railway line in these not long past days when the grass grew in the nave, and when the visitor could ascend to the clerestory level and study in the open light of heaven the delightful curves of the masonry around the open windows.

North of Dunblane we find at about seven miles' distance the village of Braco, with the great camp of Ardoch close at hand. Westward are Sherriffmuir and the northern undulations of the Ochils. In this out-of-the-way corner of the country, which almost includes Dollar, and which touches Clackmannanshire and Kinross-shire in bewildering rapidity of succession, we reach the respectable summit of Whitewisp Hill, 2110 feet, and skirt the river Devon in a most picturesque part of its winding course. The little village called Pool of Muckart is close to the Yetts of Muckart, where the road to Crieff turns northward; and the Rumbling Bridge, with its weird old roadway far beneath the modern structure, separates us from Kinross-shire. Another road, not devoid of interest, takes us across the hills

from the Yetts to the quaint village of Dunning, full of old associations that cluster round the name of Rollo.

The village of Blackford is on the main road, about twelve miles from Dunblane; it is the seat of a considerable brewing industry, but is otherwise unimportant. Just where the Edinburgh-Crieff road crosses from Stirling to Perth, on which latter we may suppose ourselves to be standing, the view to the south up Glen Eagles is very striking. A long stretch of road that is seen climbing the hill at a gentle angle accentuates the spaciousness of the valley, while the profile of the hills to the left, especially one called the Seat, is seen to great advantage. To the north of Blackford is Tullibardine Castle, a ruin that was for a long time the seat of the noted Murray family; the title Earl of Tullibardine was merged in the dukedom of Atholl in 1670.

Auchterarder is a town some five miles north-west from Blackford. It is over a mile in length, and presents an appearance of great prosperity; at the western end a pleasant suburb has grown up, while towards the east are to be found the mills on which the town's progress depends. It is healthily situated at a height of about three

hundred feet. It will be remembered that the Presbytery of Auchterarder refused in 1834 to accept as minister Robert Young, the nominee of the Earl of Kinnoull, patron of the Presbyterian charge. The Court of Session decided that the Veto Act had been used illegally, and the Presbytery appealed to the House of Lords, who, on May 3, 1839, dismissed the appeal. The Commission of the Church prohibited the Presbytery from settling the presentee Young, and it was only after the Disruption of May 1843, of which this business had been a material cause, that Young was settled through the rescission by the remanent or residuary Assembly of the Veto Act itself.

A more interesting, though less important, example of the intrusion by a patron of an unsuitable minister is seen in the case of Muckart parish. In 1734 Archibald Rennie was called to this charge by one non-resident and two resident heritors. The rest of the parish being opposed to this, the case was argued through Synod and Assembly, until in 1735 the candidate was ordained under military protection in the presence of two heritors and a non-resident Episcopalian. A secession took place, and for fifty-two years the thick-skinned pastor ministered

without a kirk-session, without even an elder. After he preached on the Sunday succeeding his ordination he closed the church, and let the manse except the dining-room, which he used as a place of worship to a congregation that rarely exceeded seven. He held no communion service; but he worked a farm that he leased so well that out of the profits—his stipend was under £45 a year—he bought a property that was valued fifty years later at £15,000, while the farm itself, when he resigned it, brought in three times the rent that he had paid.

Close by Auchterarder is the romantically placed house of Cloanden, honourably associated with the name of Haldane; reference has already been made to the early devotion of this family, and to the present day we have apt illustrations of the influence of illustrious example and the permanence of family honour.

Following more or less the course of the railway and of the river Earn, we see Craigrossie, a hill of moderate elevation that commands one of the finest views in Scotland; and we successively pass Forteviot, the last capital of the Pictish kings, and Forgandenny. Here we approach the beautifully undulating range of hills that we have already seen from the Bridge

of Earn road—those hills that encircle Glenfarg. Through their fastnesses various roads pierce—all more or less connected with the main route from Edinburgh to Perth. To-day the railway and the great main road run side by side through the principal glen; but those who turn aside by the old church of Dron and climb the hills to the south will come across various ancient tracks through the hills, from some one of which (if it ever really took place) the Roman legion's comparison of the Tiber with the Tay must have been made. But in any case by some of these tracks the Romans must have approached Perth, and, practical though these hardy pioneers of a new civilisation may have been, we cannot but feel that in spirit at least the lines of Sir Walter Scott must have been the exclamation of many a warrior. In those distant days it is at least likely that the river channels covered a wider area, and that the woods were more extensive; few buildings, and those of a small size, would arrest the eye, which would range as it does to-day over the broad surface of Moncrieff Hill, Kinnoull, the Sidlaws, and the nearer Grampians. These vast features would be unchanged, and a brooding silence would be over the whole landscape, that

would be made mystic by the haunting thought of the great unknown beyond. It is not impossible in imagination to bridge the gulf of time; to ignore the disfigurements of the chimney, the railway, the square masonry in the foreground, and from a height of nine hundred feet, beneath the shimmering blue of a summer sky, to realise the same exquisite harmony of landscape that on such a day met the eyes of the Roman legions as they rested on the summit of the pass. And when from this, as from many another vantage-point afforded by the fair county of Perth, under the spell of some subtle emotion that trembles between pain and rapture, one reflects that these ineffable harmonies of form, of sound, of colour, were there unheeded long before our generation was born, and will still remain, unmoved, long after our generation shall have passed back to mother earth, one is overborne with a mingled sense of sadness, of awe, and of hope. For side by side with the greatness and the age of nature the works of man are as dust in the balance, and the days of his endurance but a moment.

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