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SCOTLAND,

BY

WILLIAM BEATTIE, M.D.

ILLUSTRATED

In a series of views taken expressly for this Work,

BY

THOMAS ALLOM, &c.

ENGRAVED BY OR UNDER THE IMMEDIATE DIRECTION OF

ROBERT WALLIS.



PASS OF THE TROSACHS LOCH KATRINE

SCOTLAND

ILLUSTRATED

IN A

SERIES OF VIEWS TAKEN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK

BY

MESSRS. T. ALLOM, W. H. BARTLETT, AND H. M'CULLOCH.

BY

WILLIAM BEATTIE, M.D.

GRAD. OF THE UNIV. OF EDIN.; MEMB. OF THE ROYAL COLL. OF PHYS. LONDON;

OF THE HISTOR. INSTITUTE OF FRANCE;

AUTHOR OF "SWITZERLAND," "THE WALDENSES," "A RESIDENCE IN GERMANY," ETC.

"Scotland, one and all,
Scotch plaids, Scotch snoods; the blue hills and clear streams;
The Dee, the Don; Balgounie's Brig's black wall."—BYRON.

"The North Countrie;
A nation famed for Song and Beauty's charms;
Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;
Patient of toil; serene amidst alarms;
Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms."—BEATTIE'S MINSTREL.

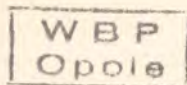
VOL. II.

LONDON:

GEORGE VIRTUE, 26, IVY LANE, PATERNOSTER ROW.

MDCCCXXXVIII.

1838



Lab 607

LONDON:

R. CLAY, PRINTER, BREAD-STREET-HILL.

Wpisano do Księgi Akcesji

Akc. K1 nr 291 7 Pradło
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* * The Poetry interspersed in this Volume, unless where otherwise marked, is original.

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* Ravenscraig Castle, too late to be fully noticed in its proper place, is situated on a bold promontory overhanging the sea, near the ancient town of Dysart. It is a place of great antiquity, having been presented by James III. to William St. Clair, Earl of Orkney. The situation and appearance of these ruins are highly picturesque; but the dangerous nature of the coast is sufficiently apparent in the storm-scene so forcibly delineated in the fore-ground of the picture.

SCOTLAND.

“ Land of brown heath and shaggy wood—
Land of the mountain and the flood !”

“ ’Twas here the Son of Fingal towered along,
And midst his mountains rolled the flood of song ;
’Twas here the heroes of that song arose,
And Roman Eagles found unvanquished foes.”

PERTHSHIRE.

THE county of Perth, one of the largest in Scotland, is proverbial as the favoured province in which Nature has been prodigal of her gifts. The Highlands of Perthshire,* with their fabled lakes and rivers, and woods and fountains—their feudal and monastic ruins—their popular legends and traditions—present a field peculiarly rich in all that can charm the eye, improve the mind, or flatter the imagination. In proof of these attractions, it is only necessary to advert to the numerous strangers, from every nation in Europe, who are annually attracted to these regions of “fell and flood,” where the magnificence of Nature and the primitive simplicity of the inhabitants offer the most pleasing contrasts, and

* At the commencement of the second volume of this work, it is proper to remind the reader, that, owing to the limited number of pages to which the Author is restricted, various topics of inferior interest must be omitted, others only slightly alluded to, in order that the connexion between the text and illustrations may not be interrupted, but mutually serve to explain each other. The Painter, in illustrating the scenery of the Highlands, has been careful in the selection of his subjects, so as to present a faithful transcript of that stupendous scenery with which the glory of the Gael is identified, whilst the Author has made it his study to frame his narrative according to the scenes through which he moves, and the historical suggestions to which they give rise.

unfold those interesting sources from which poetry has drawn many of her wildest themes, and history some of her noblest achievements.

With the bold chain of the Grampians swelling in lofty gradation before us ; the dark lakes gleaming in the distance ; and the Forth rolling its fantastic meanders at our feet ; herds in the valley, and flocks on the hill ; immemorial forests, casting their broad shadow along the mountain sides ; and crumbling rocks, that could once arrest an army in its march—all proclaim that sacred frontier from which the Roman legions recoiled like “ waves from the rock,” and where Freedom looked proudly down from her hills, as from an impregnable citadel. But whatever the lavish hand of nature may have bestowed on these native bulwarks—whether she has enriched them with precious ore, girdled them with forests, or rendered them subservient to pasture or the plough—their great charm and patriotic boast is, that they are peopled by a race who never yielded to a foreign yoke, nor pledged their fealty to a stranger. If they have suffered the calamities of war, these calamities have been the results of internal division, never of conquest. The first altars raised to Liberty were in the glens and mountains before us ; and there—so long as the name continues to influence the human conduct and warm the heart—these altars will be found. Like the Swiss cantons, the Highland clans, wherever united, have been invincible ; but between the two people there is this distinction :—the latter never “ surrendered ” their liberty ; the former “ recovered ” it when lost. The Swiss expelled their oppressors, but not till after they had been enslaved ; but the Celts, by repulsing them at the frontier, preserved their independence from pollution, and thus vindicated their pretensions as an unconquered people.

But, without following up the parallel to the extent to which it might be carried, we return to the more express objects in view, and prosecute our journey to the Trosachs—those haunted localities which the poetry and romance of our own times have invested with peculiar charms.

“ For there—on every wild and wondrous scene,
The Wizard’s many-coloured touch hath been.”

Continuing to ascend the valley of the Forth, the road passes the mansion of Craig Forth, crosses the river about two miles above Stirling, at the Bridge of Drip, and then winds for several miles through a tract of country which, within the last sixty years, the labour and ingenuity of man have converted from a dreary waste into a fertile garden. The Moss of Kincardine, the original name of this subdued waste, has undergone a thorough metamorphosis—a healthy population have displaced the heath-fowl and the bittern ;

corn fields and cottage gardens have overspread the once pestilential marsh, and fruit trees and flowers the dark heath and furze, “unprofitably gay.” It is one of those scenes which every philanthropic mind delights to contemplate, as affording the most gratifying testimony to the capabilities of man, when skilfully applied and perseveringly directed. This pleasing transformation was effected by the enlightened and patriotic Lord Kaimes, to whose exemplary labours we have already adverted in a former page.*

For the space of four miles above Stirling, the valley continues nearly two miles in breadth, but gradually expands as we ascend. On the north it is bounded by rising grounds, presenting scenes of wood and cultivation. The hills in front are green and pastoral, but in the back-ground the lofty summits of Benlomond, Benledi, and Benmore, rise in majestic dignity upon the scene, and recall to the tourist’s mind no inadequate idea of the Bernese Oberland. The points of resemblance are particularly striking when they are crested with snow; and on those who have not witnessed the Alps of Switzerland, these Celtic mountains cannot fail to make a lasting impression.

Blair-Drummond,† seat of the late Henry Home, Lord Kaimes, enbosomed in rich woodland scenery, and the church of Kincardine, with its Gothic architecture, —both pleasingly associated with the surrounding landscape—are the principal objects that mark the road as it winds into the vale of the Teith, where the fresh verdure, undulating surface, and wooded acclivities, present the most beautiful varieties of Highland landscape. The course of the Teith is fringed by luxuriant woods, through which, at intervals, the flashing of the stream and the gentle murmur of its waters exert a pleasing influence on the eye and ear, as we advance through scenery which fully vindicates to itself the epithet of Arcadian.

* About sixty years ago, the late Lord Kaimes became proprietor of one thousand five hundred acres of the Moss, which, to his shrewd intellect, appeared readily reclaimable from its then unprofitable condition. At an average depth of seven feet below the surface of the moss (*tourbière*) a substratum of rich coarse clay, with a thin covering of vegetable mould, held forth the prospect of a most inviting return for the expense of disencumbering it; and as the Kaimes possession extended from the Forth to the Teith, which flows along the north side of the valley, a large wheel was erected to lift water from the latter stream, for the purpose of floating the moss by means of drains cut in the clay into the Forth. Portions of the moss were then let to tenants in lots of eight acres, on leases of “three nineteen years”—without rent the first nineteen; twelve shillings for each acre brought into culture the second nineteen years; and so increasing till towards the close of the lease they came to pay a guinea per acre. About two hundred families are now settled on this portion of the Moss, who live in neat houses, disposed in regular lanes, and equidistant from each other. At the expiration of the leases, a rental of nearly £5000 per annum will be the fruit of this judicious improvement.—*See Statist. Acc.*

† “ And BLAIR, half hid in sylvan shade,
Where Taste and HOME delighted strayed;
What time when Lear and Genius fled, frae bar and town,
To ‘Teith’s’ clear stream, that babbling played by ‘Castle-Doune.’ ”—MACNEILL.

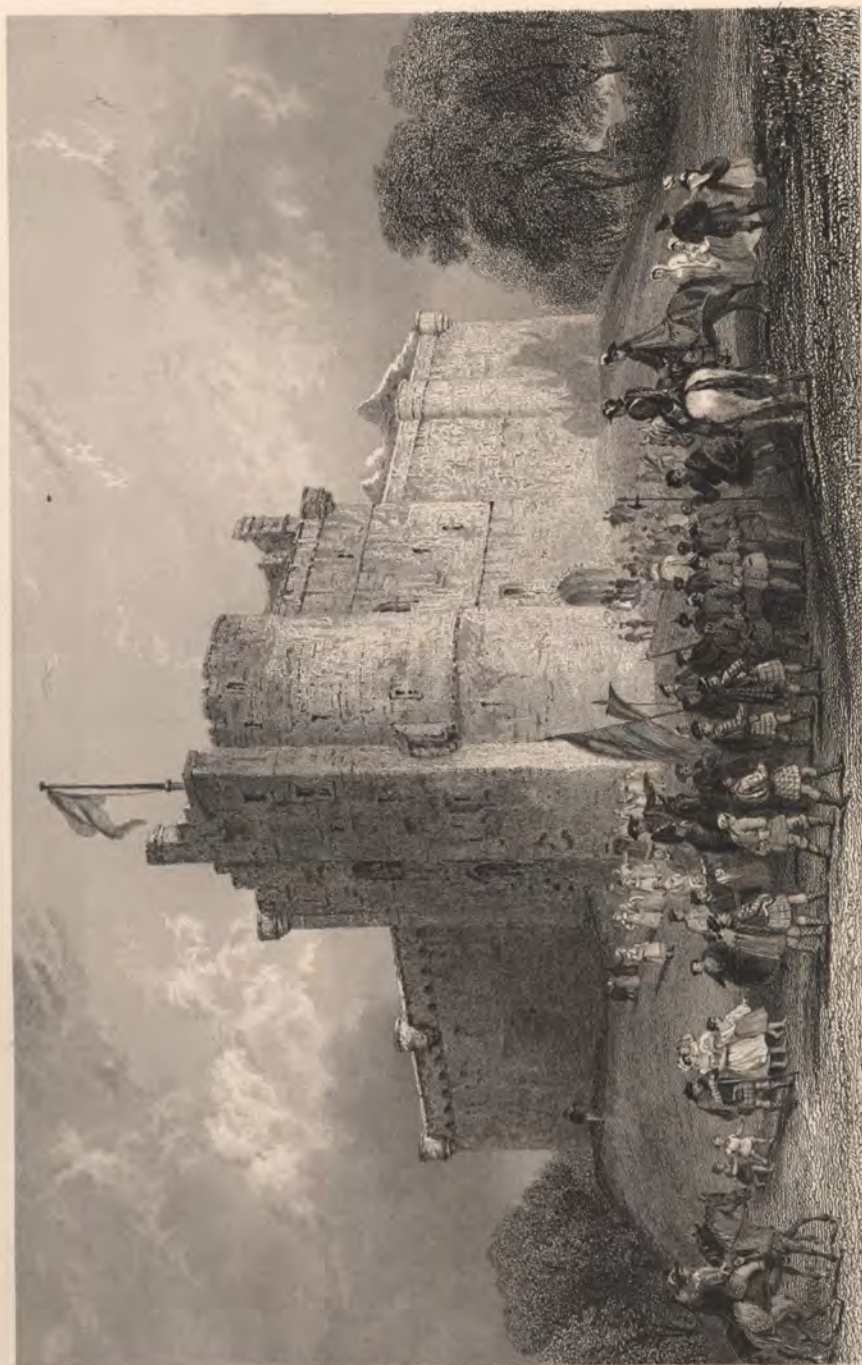
The chief object deserving of exclusive notice in this route, is the CASTLE OF DOUNE—the theatre of several important deeds, and the theme of more than one pathetic ballad. It overhangs the point of a narrow green promontory, with the Teith rolling at its base on one side, and the mountain torrent of Ardoch descending with its tribute from the other. According to tradition, it claims for its founder the unfortunate Murdoch,* duke of Albany, whose fate we have already noticed; but it is evidently of much earlier date, and belongs to the first-rate order of Scottish fortresses. At one end of the front, a spacious square tower rises to the height of eighty feet, succeeded by another of inferior dimensions from behind the opposite extremity. The great hall, or state chamber between the towers, is seventy feet long, and that in the great tower, forty-five by thirty feet. The kitchen fire-place alone seems of sufficient capacity to have accommodated with warmth and viands a full host of retainers. The whole structure, surrounded by a back wall forty feet high, forms an ample quadrangle of massive architecture.

In the reign of James V., Sir James Stewart of Beath, ancestor of the Moray family, was appointed constable of the Castle; and his son obtained a charter, under the great seal, of certain lands to be called the barony of Doune. In the succeeding reign, it served as a retreat for the loyalists of that unhappy period. The demesnes of the castle having been erected into a barony prior to the abolition of hereditary jurisdiction in the year 1748, courts of law were held in it; but, happily for the Scottish peasantry, these “hereditary and exclusive privileges” were thenceforth solemnly transferred to the executive government of the country. Queen Margaret,† and her unfortunate granddaughter Mary, are said to have frequently resided here.

In 1745 this fortress was held by Mac Gregor of Glengyle, a nephew of Rob

* Murdoch was son of Robert, (son of Robert II.) who was created earl of Monteath in 1370, and eighteen years later, duke of Albany. In 1406, he succeeded his brother, Robert III., and reigned fifteen years. In 1401, Murdoch was taken prisoner by the English at the battle of Homildon, and detained till exchanged for Percy, ten years after. In September 1420, he succeeded his father, but being unfit to hold the reins of government, he was obliged to resign in four years. His resignation was suddenly followed by a charge of high treason, in consequence of which, himself, his two sons, and his father-in-law, Duncan, earl of Lenox, were seized, carried to Stirling, and there beheaded, as already mentioned; Isabella, Murdoch's unhappy wife, being carried from Doune to the Castle of Tamtallan, the heads of her father, her husband, and her two sons, were inhumanly sent to her in prison, to try if in the agony of grief she would reveal the supposed treason; but her answer was noble and elevated.—“If,” said she, “the crimes wherewith they were charged be true, then hath the king done justly, and according to law.”

† The dowager Queen Margaret, daughter of Henry VII., married in 1528 Henry Lord Methven, descendant of Murdoch, already mentioned; and by consent of her son, James V., and her husband, granted to James Stuart, his younger brother, and ancestor of the MORAY family, the custody of the Castle of Doune, which formed part of the settlement made on her marriage with James IV.



THE CASTLE OF DOUNE.

(Prince Charles Stuart, Lord of the Isles, after the Battle of Falkirk, A.D. 1746.)

London: Published for the Proprietors, by John Murray, 25, St. James's Street, 1853.

Roy, who had raised two hundred men for the service of Prince Charles Stuart, and here supported his authority, and claims, till after the victory of Falkirk, when the prisoners taken on that occasion were disposed of in a large, ghastly room, in the highest part of the castle, near the battlements. Of this number was Home, the author of "Douglas," and historian of the Rebellion, who records the following circumstances:—To guard the prisoners there was a party of about twenty Highlanders: a sentinel, who stood two or three paces from the door of the room, allowed any of the prisoners, who chose, to take air on the battlements. One of them, availing himself of this privilege, made his way to the place where the soldiers and other prisoners were confined; but as there was not one officer with them, he returned the way he went, and told his companions their scheme of making their escape by force was at an end. It was then proposed that they should make a rope of the blankets they had, by which they might descend from the battlements to the ground—a depth of seventy feet, but where there was no sentinel. The proposal was agreed to; and to prevent suspicion of their design, some of the "volunteers" always kept company with the other persons in the great room, which was common to all, whilst the rest of them, barring the door of their cell, were at work till they had finished the rope, of which they resolved to make trial the very night it was completed. The two officers then claimed it as their right to be the first that should hazard themselves by proving the strength of the rope. But that claim was objected to, and all drew lots, so as to settle the order in which they should descend. This done, the captain showed No. 1—the lieutenant No. 2.

When every thing was adjusted, they went up to the battlements, fastened the rope, and about one o'clock, in a moonlight night, began to descend. The two officers, Robert Douglas and another, got down very well; but with the fifth, who was tall and bulky, the rope broke just as his feet reached the ground. The lieutenant now called to the next in the order of descent—an Englishman of the name of Barrow—not to attempt it, as twenty or thirty feet were broken off from the rope. Nevertheless, putting himself on the rope, he slid down as far as it lasted, and then let go his hold. His friend Douglas, and the lieutenant, as soon as they saw him on the rope, placed themselves under him, so as to break his fall; but descending from so great a height, he brought them both to the ground, dislocated one of his ankles, and broke several of his ribs. In this extremity the lieutenant raised him from the ground, and taking him on his back, carried him towards the road which led to Alloa. When unable to proceed further with his burden, two others of the company, by holding each one of Mr. Barrow's arms, helped him "to hop along upon one leg;" but thinking

that at this slow rate they would certainly be overtaken, they resolved to call at the first house in their way, and that happening to belong to a friend, a horse was procured, and having reached the sea, they were received on board the *Vulture* sloop of war.

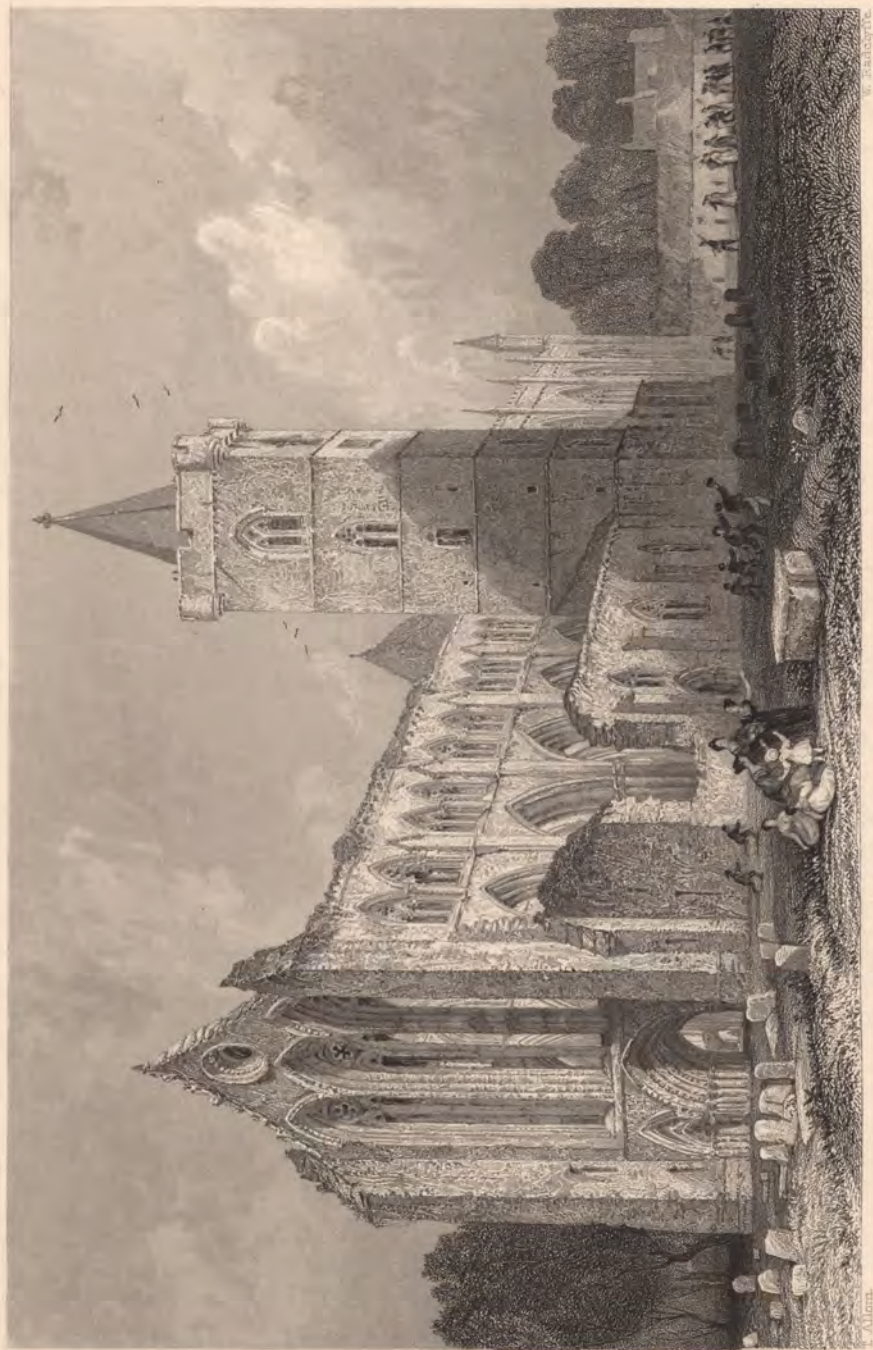
But to return to the castle. When Niel Mac Vicar had drawn the last number, and while standing on the parapet had seen the disaster of his friends, he carried the rope to his cell, where he substantially repaired and lengthened it with shreds of blankets. This done, he returned to the battlements, and there again fastening it, commenced his descent. But when he reached that part where the fracture had taken place, and which he had endeavoured to secure by adding greatly to its thickness, he found it beyond his grasp, and falling from the same height that Mr. Barrow had done, but with no one to break his fall, he was so seriously injured that he languished and died soon afterwards at the house of his father, a clergyman in the isle of Isla.

Since the publication of "*Waverley*," the Castle of Doune has enjoyed much additional celebrity, as the fortress to which the English hero was conveyed by his Highland captors, and which the classic author of the novel has so vividly depicted. The village of Doune is gradually rising into some degree of local importance. A church, and many new houses have been recently added, and cotton manufactures established near the bridge—the latter a very pleasing substitute for that of Highland pistols,* for which the village was originally famous.

Cambus-Wallace, the ancient seat of the Edmonstones, and now that of Lord Doune, eldest son of the earl of Moray, to whom the barony belongs, is in the immediate vicinity. In his march from the Highlands, the "*Chevalier*" took a cup of welcome, presented by a fair adherent, at its gate.

Dunblane, though not immediately in our route, is too important to be passed over in silence, and will amply repay the tourist, who, in pursuit of health or amusement, makes a short sojourn in this much frequented neighbourhood. For its recent celebrity, Dunblane is chiefly indebted to its mineral spring, which, for several years past, has enjoyed high reputation for its medicinal qualities. But, of itself, the scenery is so beautiful, and so rich in historical associations, as to present no ordinary attraction to the summer tourist, "who looks on Nature with a poet's eye."

* While the ancient dress was in use, there was a great demand for Doune pistols, presents of which were frequently sent by the nobility to foreign princes. The art was first introduced here about two centuries ago, by Thomas Cadell, who was considered the first pistol-maker in Britain. Among the national songs to which this district owes so many pleasing associations, we need only quote "*The banks and braes o' bonny Doune*;" "*The bonny Earl of Moray*," &c.



DUNBLANE, CATHEDRAL.

(Perthshire.)

The village is pleasantly situated on the classic river Allan—a tributary of the Forth—and remarkable for its ancient cathedral, erected by the pious king David about the middle of the twelfth century.* Though greatly dilapidated by time and fanaticism, enough of its ancient style and proportions remain to vindicate its claim as one of the finest consecrated structures of its age.

A cell of Culdees existed here long before the erection of the place into a bishop's see, and continued to flourish for several centuries. St. Blaen, from whom the modern name is derived, was superior of the convent during the reign of Kenneth in 982. Some remains of the episcopal residence are still visible. The last bishop of Dunblane was Robert Leighton, consecrated in 1662, and, seven years later, translated to the archiepiscopal see of Glasgow. His history, so intimately connected with that of his times, is too well known to our readers to require more than the mere allusion to the subject. Besides his daily charities to the poor, this pious and learned prelate settled a fund for some **beneficent purpose**, or some public work, in all the places where he had influence or charge; and by his last will bequeathed to the clergy of the diocese of Dunblane his valuable library, with funds for its support. This generous bequest has subsequently received many additions, and forms now a collection of great value and permanent advantage to the place and neighbourhood.

At the foot of the Ochil Hills, the fine pastoral chain that divides this and the adjacent county on the east, is the scene of another sanguinary engagement—the battle of Sheriff-Muir. It was fought in November 1715, between the insurgents commanded by the earl of Marr, and the royal army under the duke of Argyll, and, in history, is occasionally distinguished as the battle of Dunblane. On the evening before the battle, the insurgent forces occupied the same station at Ardoch—now the most perfect of the Roman stations in Scotland—which Agricola did in the third year of his expeditions.

On the fatal morning in question, the right of the royal army and the left of the rebels having advanced to within pistol-shot, at their first interview, were instantly engaged. The Highlanders began the action with all their accustomed ardour, and their fire was little, if at all, inferior to that of the best disciplined troops.† But Colonel Cathcart, being ordered to stretch to the right and take them on the flank—a movement which he executed in the most gallant

* In Strathern, a short distance from Dunblane, are the ruins of Inchaffray Abbey, founded in 1200.

† Ronald M'Donald, captain of Clan Ronald, was killed at the first fire; but Glengarry, who succeeded him as leader-in-chief, started from the lines, waved his bonnet in the air, and shouting *revenge*, so animated the men, that they followed him to the muzzles of the muskets, pushed aside the bayonets with their targets, and spread terror and havoc with their claymores.

manner—gave a decisive turn to the contest on that part of the field, while General Witham, with three battalions of foot, rapidly advanced to the support of the Duke, who was now pursuing the advantage so suddenly obtained by the first manœuvre. The Highlanders, though compelled to retreat, retreated like the Parthians. They harassed their pursuers—rallied so frequently, and repulsed the royal troops with such obstinacy, that in three hours they were not three miles from the first point of attack. But, to all appearance, they were completely broken, and the duke resolved to continue the pursuit as long as the light would serve. He was suddenly recalled, however, by the circumstance of there being no appearance of the division of his army under Witham, while a large body of the rebels were strongly posted behind him. Witham's division, while advancing, had fallen in with a body of Marr's foot, concealed in a hollow way full in front, while a squadron of horse stood ready to charge them in flank. In this situation they were attacked by the Braidalbane men, supported by the Clans, a great number of them cut to pieces, and the remainder driven in among their own cavalry, who were thus thrown into confusion. Had the rebel squadron on the right fallen in at the same time, that portion of the royal army had been entirely cut off.* This neglect on the part of the insurgents decided the day. The broken battalions were brought off with comparatively little loss, but, unable to join the other part of the army under Argyll, or to keep the field against the superior strength of the rebels, they retired towards Dunblane, thence to Corntown, and at the end of the long causeway† that communicates with Stirling bridge, took their station to defend the pass. Had the rebels pursued them, Stirling itself would probably have received the former as victors.

The battle of Sheriff-Muir reflected little credit upon the skill and experience of the commanders on either side; but, although in itself as indecisive as any action on record, it was followed, nevertheless, by consequences which are supposed only to attend the most signal victories, and, in the language of the day, “broke the heart of the rebellion.” Both armies claimed the honour of a triumph, from the fact that the right wing of each had been victorious.‡

* “A Highlander, stung with indignation at the inactivity of his general, could not help exclaiming at the moment, ‘*Oh, for one hour of Dundee!*’—conceiving, no doubt, that the hero of Killiecrankie would have shown very different generalship on such an occasion.”—*Chambers' Hist.*

† Supposed to be the Roman military way, and continuation of that formerly traced through Camelon.

‡ In allusion to this, many of our readers will remember the popular song—

“Some say that *we* wan, and some say that *they* wan;
And some say that *nane* wan at a', man.”—*Jacobite Relics.*



T. Alder.

J. C. Yarrall.

BRACKLIN BRIDGE.

(Near Callendar—Perthshire.)

The rebel army lost, on this melancholy occasion, the earl of Strathmore, Clanronald, and several persons of distinction. Panmure, and Drummond of Logie were among the wounded. Among the causes which the insurgent leaders assigned as an apology for their indecision, was the conduct of *Rob Roy*,* who, in the absence of his brother, commanded the M'Gregors, and on the day of battle kept aloof, waiting only for an opportunity to plunder.

The mineral spring, already noticed, is about two miles from the village of Dunblane, and was discovered about twenty years ago, by its having become the resort of pigeons, which flocked round the small pools formed by the water in its descent. It issues from two springs of various strength,† and, in its medicinal qualities, which are found highly serviceable in general debility and dyspeptic cases, resembles the celebrated Pitkaithly. The climate of the place is mild and salubrious, and the district well sheltered by surrounding mountains. The scenery will recall the popular ballad, long known to all lovers of Scottish song, the “Flower o’ Dunblane.”

Resuming our route through the vale of the Teith, we advance through a pastoral district of sloping uplands and waving woods, with here and there features of the olden time and modern improvement rising in contrast before us. Of these, Lanrick Castle and Cambusmore—the former, the residence of the Baronet M'Gregor, and the latter, of John Buchanan, Esq., are princely seats, and in fine keeping with the scenery. Callender, the “Capital of the Trosachs,” which has risen into importance in consequence of the celebrity conferred on the district by the genius of Scott, consists chiefly of a long row of houses flanking the road right and left—all slated and white-washed, and having the door and window-sashes painted green. It contains a neat church and school-house, and a large commodious inn. On the north the horizon is bounded by an imposing rampart of hills, sprinkled with trees, and presenting a bold, perpendicular front.

Bracklin Bridge, about twenty minutes' walk from the village, and the scene of the accompanying illustration, is one of the most remarkable of its kind. The cascade, “Bracklin's thundering wave,” consists of a series of minor falls, shelving rapids, and dark linns, formed by the torrent-stream of the Keltie, in its progress through a low, rugged chasm, dashing down a succession of horizontal ledges of rock, about fifty feet in height. In former times it was considered a trial of some skill and fortitude to pass this torrent by a narrow,

* Life of John, Duke of Argyll, p. 205. Struthers. History of the Rebellion, by Rae. Chambers.

† The ingredients in a pint of the water, are:—Muriate of soda, twenty-four grains; muriate of lime, eighteen grains; sulphate of lime, three grains and a half; carbonate of lime, half a grain; with slight indications of iron.

alpine bridge—a tree thrown across the chasm; but this terror, though partly dissipated by the addition of a hand-rail, is still a giddy enterprise; and when the torrent is full, the scene is one that cannot but awaken something like the “sublimity of fear.”

The plain of Bochastle, through which the river continues its serpentine course, is richly cultivated, finely sheltered with wood, and interspersed with cottages and villas, which afford pleasing evidence of the improved taste and increasing prosperity of the country. On the Dun, the remains of three mounds and ditches point out to the antiquary an interesting field of speculation. On either side of this eminence is a straight, artificial bank of earth, supposed to have been used in the practice of archery. To the westward, rising between the Teith and its mountain tributary the Lubnaig, Benledi takes possession of the scene. This gigantic landmark is upwards of three thousand feet in height; and in its Celtic name, Benledi, or the “Hill of God,” recalls the ancient religious ceremonies observed on its summit. Here, as tradition reports, the people were accustomed to assemble during three successive days, annually, for the worship of Baal, or the Sun. Near the top, an iron ring was discovered towards the close of last century, attached by a staple to the rock, but for what purpose—unless for securing the victims—remains a question still open for discussion. Near this spot distinct traces of culture are still observable. On the same mountain is a small lake, called Lochan-an-Corp, a name commemorative of a melancholy catastrophe. While a funeral party from Glenfinlas were crossing it when frozen over, the ice suddenly gave way, and the whole company perished. It is an incident from which superstition derives fresh evidence in support of her creed.

Within the memory of the present generation, certain practices used to be observed in this neighbourhood, which would appear to be vestiges of druidical rites. On Bel, or Baal-tain, the 1st of May, it was customary for the boys to meet and cut a circular trench in some verdant spot, and then light a fire in the centre. At this fire, a sort of custard of eggs and milk was dressed, and an oatmeal cake prepared. When the first of these was disposed of, the cake was divided into pieces corresponding with the number of the guests; and one bit being blackened, the whole were thrown into a cap, from which each individual drew one. He who had the misfortune to fall upon the black piece, was the “victim” to be sacrificed to Baal, in order to propitiate his genial influence for a productive season.*

* On All-Saints’ eve, also, numerous bonfires were lighted, and the ashes of each collected into a circular heap, in which a stone was put near the edge for every person in the hamlet; and the individual



J. C. Arncliffe

T. Allen

LOCHE ACCRAY, PENNTHESIRE.

London, Published for the Proprietors by Geo. Virtue, 26, Ivy Lane, 1837

The mountain range, which forms the outskirts of the Highlands, runs for several miles due west from Callender, and then verges to the south towards Benlomond. The small lakes of Vennachar and Achray, into which are discharged the waters from Loch-Catrine, lie on the outside of the Highland boundary; while the latter is encompassed by mountains through which a communication has been formed, between Loch-Catrine and Loch-Achray, by some great convulsion of nature—sweeping away the connecting link between Benan and Benvenue, which, on either side, present lofty and inaccessible precipices. The intermediate defile, known as the pass of the Trosachs, or “bristled territory,” is occupied by intricate groups of rocky and wooded eminences. On the south of Vennachar and Achray, the hills are covered with heather, and fringed at their base with oak. “Coilantogle ford,” where Roderick Dhu was overcome by Fitz-James, is at the lower point of Loch-Vennachar. “Lanrick Mead,” the mustering-place of Clan Alpin, lies on the north side of the lake.*

Loch-Catrine, serpentine in form, and about ten miles long by two in breadth, is encircled by high mountains. The narrow river which conducts its waters to Loch-Achray, keeps the southern side of the intermediate isthmus, sweeping by the precipitous flank of Benvenue. Between the river and Benan are various abrupt rocky ridges, rising into summits of different character—some more or less spiry; others presenting elongated outlines. This labyrinth is tangled over with a forest of oak, coppice, birch, and underwood, which also climb high up the long and almost vertical side of Benan. Not many years ago Benvenue could also boast a myriad of noble trees, which the extreme irregularity of its shattered rocky sides threw into the most varied and effective groups.—Byron censured the excellent monks of St. Bernard for having hewn down the timber from Clarens; but the present was an act of greater sacrilege, inasmuch as there was no similar apology for the axe.

Until the publication of Dr. Robertson's “Statistical Account,” in 1790, this romantic district was comparatively unknown. Shut out from the rest of the world by an almost impenetrable barrier of precipitous rocks, dark ravines, and impervious forests, the bright waters of Loch-Catrine, and its romantic shores, had

whose stone-representative happened to be displaced by the following morning, was regarded as *fey*—that is, one whose days were numbered, and might be expected to die within twelve months. These relics of ancient superstition are always interesting, and often serve important ends in facilitating historical and philosophical inquiry.—See *Local Statist.*

* For a minute account of this classic scenery, and the points that take a more prominent part in “The Lady of the Lake,” see “Chambers,” “Graham's Sketches,” and “Anderson's Guide to the Highlands”—a work of great merit.

slept for ages in their native wilderness. But when the report spread, that within this rugged girdle of rocks and chasms, a fairy-land was embosomed—the charms of which poetry itself could hardly exaggerate—curiosity was excited—taste and genius were attracted to the spot, and the scene was found to justify the enthusiastic encomiums in which the writers had indulged. Native pride was flattered by the arrival of strangers, who came to admire this new “el Dorado;” and the fame of the district was finally immortalized by the publication of the “Lady of the Lake.” A commodious road was constructed, and views which, by climbing precipices and crossing ravines, the hunter, or hardy mountaineer, had only ventured to indulge, were now rendered alike accessible to all. The lake and its scenery—as disclosed from the precipice where they first burst upon the eye of Fitz-James, in all the glory of an alpine sunset—are so finely sketched in the poem, that we shall here give the extract in preference to every other.

“ The western waves of ebbing day
 Rolled o’er the glen their level way ;
 Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
 Was bathed in flood of living fire.” . . .

“ One burnished sheet of living gold,
 Loch-Katrine lay beneath him rolled ;
 In all her length, far-winding lay
 With promontory, creek, and bay,
 And islands that, empurpled bright,
 Floated amid the livelier light ;
 And mountains, that like giants stand,
 To sentinel enchanted land.
 High on the south bold Benvenue
 Down to the lake in masses threw
 Crag, knolls, and mounds, confus’dly hurled,
 The fragments of an earlier world ;
 A wildering forest feathered o’er
 His ruined sides and summits hoar,
 While on the north, through middle air,
 Benan heaved high his forehead bare.”—*Lady of the Lake*, Canto I.

Travellers who wish to see as much as they can of the wonders of Loch-Catrine generally sail westward,* on the south side of the lake, to the rock and “Den of the ghost,” whose dark recesses the imagination of the natives conceived to be the habitation of supernatural beings.†

* See Dr. Graham’s Sketches of Perthshire.

† A gentleman who possessed a farm immediately above the den, going home one evening at a late hour, beheld, in passing through the haunted spot, a figure glide swiftly past him, and instantly drew his sword



LOCH KATRINE; LOOKING TOWARDS ELLEN'S ISLE.

(Perthshire)

LADY OF THE LAKE. CANTO II.

" Grey Superstition's whisper dread
 Debarred the spot to vulgar tread :
 For there, she says, did fays resort,
 And satyrs hold their sylvan court,
 By moonlight tread their mystic maze,
 And blast the rash beholder's gaze."

In sailing, you discover many arms of the lake—here a bold headland, and there black rocks dip in unfathomable water—there the white sand in the bottom of the bay bleached for ages by the waves. In walking on the north side, the road is sometimes cut through the face of the solid rock, which rises upwards of two hundred feet perpendicular above the surface of the lake. Before the road was made, the precipice had to be mounted by a kind of natural ladder, like that described in the poem—

" No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,
 Unless he climb with footing nice
 Some far projecting precipice ;
 The broom's tough roots his ladder made—
 The hazel saplings lent their aid."

Here every rock has its echo, every grove is vocal with the harmony of birds, or the songs of women and children gathering hazel-nuts in their season. Down the side of the opposite mountain, after a shower of rain, flow a hundred foaming streams, which rush into the lake with the noise and velocity of cataracts, and spread their white froth on its surface. On one side, the water-eagle sits in undisturbed majesty on his well-known rock, in sight of his eyry on Benvenue. The heron stalks among the reeds in search of his prey ; and the sportive wild-ducks gamble along the surface, or dive under the waters of the lake. On the other hand, the wild goats climb where they have scarce a footing, and take their sport on precipices which seem as if inaccessible to all but the eagle or raven. Perched on the highest trees, or rocky pinnacles, the winged tenants of the forest look down with composed defiance at man. The scene is closed by a west view of the lake, having its sides lined with alternate clumps of wood, and cultivated fields, and the smoke from farm-houses, concealed by the intervening woods, rising in spiral columns through the air. The prospect is bounded by the towering Alps of Arrochar, chequered with snow, or hiding their summits in the clouds.

in an attitude of defence ; when the mysterious figure, springing forward at the sight, exclaimed, " Walter of Drunkie, spare my life—it is I." It was an unfortunate female maniac, who had taken shelter in this dismal solitude.—*Spence's " Sketches."*

In one of the defiles of the Trosachs, two or three of the natives having met a band of Cromwell's soldiers on their way to plunder them, shot one of the party dead, whose grave marks the scene of blood, and gives name to the pass. To revenge the death of their comrade, the soldiers resolved to attack an island in the lake, on which the wives and children of the natives had taken refuge. This, however, they could not effect without a boat; but one of the most daring of the party undertook to swim to the island and bring off the boat for his companions. With this resolution he plunged into the lake, and, after an apparently successful enterprise, was on the point of seizing hold of the rock to secure his landing, when a heroine, named Helen Stuart, opposed the attempt, and cut off his head with a sword. The party who witnessed the performance of this tragedy on the body of their comrade, felt little disposed to repeat the experiment, and cautiously withdrew.*

The rocks of the Trosachs jut forward in successive promontories into the lake, and thus occasion a similar number of narrow inlets. A terminal portion of one of these headlands, detached from the adjacent shore and covered with wood, will be recognised as the *isle* of the poem—

“ Where Ellen's hand had taught to twine
The ivy and Idæan vine,
The clematis, the favoured flower
Which boasts the name of Virgin-bower;
And every hardy plant could bear
Loch-Katrine's keen and searching air.”

The defile of Beal-an-Duine, where Fitz-James's steed sank exhausted under him, is in the heart of the gorge. This is the subject chosen by the painter for the accompanying illustration, and, poetically, is the spot where—

“ . . . The good steed, his labours o'er,
Stretched his stiff limbs to rise no more”—

and Fitz-James breaks forth into the following apostrophe:—

“ I little thought, when first thy rein
I slacked upon the banks of Seine,
That Highland eagle e'er should feed
On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed!
Woe worth the chase—woe worth the day
That costs thy life, my gallant grey!”

See the “ Local Statistics,” “ Guide to the Lakes,” and the works already quoted.



LOCHE KATRINE.

Perthshire.

Scene "Loche of the Ladies" - Camp 1.

London, Published for the Proprietors by Geo. Virtue, 98, Ivy Lane, 1838

The clans who inhabit the romantic regions in the neighbourhood of Loch-Catrine, were, even until a late period, much addicted to predatory excursions upon their Lowland neighbours. Those districts, situated beyond the Grampian range, were rendered almost inaccessible by strong barriers of rocks, and mountains, and lakes; and, although a border country, almost totally sequestered from the world, and insulated with respect to society. Under such times and circumstances, it was accounted not only lawful, but honourable, among hostile tribes, to wage predatory warfare with one another; and the habits of a rude age were, no doubt, strengthened in this district by the circumstances mentioned, and the fact that they bordered upon a country, the inhabitants of which, though richer, were less warlike than they, and widely different in language and manners.* In those days might was right, and the watchword—

“ . . . They shall take who have the power,
And those may keep who can.”

But, in order that a connexion between the text and the subjects chosen for illustration may be preserved, our remaining notice of this district can only be brief and desultory. Much beautiful scenery and much interesting history must, consequently, be omitted; but, while we select the more prominent features in each department, we shall best enable the lover of Highland scenery to form a correct notion of its character. The choice, however—where all is beautiful, or picturesque, or sublime—is attended with no little difficulty; particularly where the artist, as in the drawings before us, has made it his study to combine an air of striking novelty with a perfect resemblance to nature.

The usual conclusion to a survey of the Trosachs is to cross over the hills between Loch-Catrine and Loch-Lomond, embark on the latter, and then return southward by Glasgow and the Clyde; but reserving these as the subject of a future portion of the tour, we continue our progress towards the valley of the Tay. On leaving Callender, the road enters the pass of Leni, and skirts the left bank of Loch-Lubnaig, a narrow sheet of water about five miles in length. The scenery is bold and rugged; the hills approach the water so closely as to give the space it occupies the appearance of a deep ravine. On the east side is the farm-house of Ardhullary, in which James Bruce secluded himself while engaged in composing his travels in Abyssinia.

Passing onward, the Braes of Balquiddar—a theme well known in Scottish song—rise in gentle acclivities on the left. The valley is chiefly occupied by

* See Notes to the “Lady of the Lake;” “Statistical Account.”

the small lakes of Doin and Voil. In the churchyard of Balquiddar is shown the tombstone of the famous Rob Roy, who spent the last days of his life at the upper end of Loch-Voil. His escape in crossing the river, as related in the celebrated novel bearing his name, is said to have actually occurred, and in the manner recorded. A party, headed by the duke of Montrose, having succeeded in capturing him, he was fastened on the saddle behind Graham of Gartnafuorach, who, unable to withstand the captive's remonstrances, slipped the belt at a spot where the fragments of rock precluded the possibility of any horseman being able to follow him. The arms on his tombstone are a fir crossed by a sword, supporting a crown, denoting his relationship with the royal line of Stuart.

Lochearn Head, where there is an excellent inn, is a favourite resting-place for tourists, and the lake is surpassed by few in all the mingled characteristics of Highland scenery. It is a "miniature and model of scenery which might well occupy ten times its space." At this point, all its peculiar beauties appear as if condensed into a space, so circumscribed, as to place them immediately before the eye. Its mountains rise in majestic simplicity to the sky, terminating in bold, and various, and rocky outlines, enriched with precipices and masses of protruding rock, with chasms and ravines, and the channels of innumerable torrents, which pour from above, and, as they descend, become skirted with trees till they lose themselves in the waters of the lake.

Loch-Tay, the next lake in our route, is about fifteen miles in length, by one in breadth. Among the lofty chain of mountains by which it is encompassed on the north, Benlawers, the Colossus of Perthshire, presents an elevation of more than four thousand feet. Killin, a small Highland village near the junction of the Lochy and Dochart, and embellished with two picturesque islets formed by the river, is proverbial for its striking scenery. It is a perfect picture-gallery of itself, says Dr. Macculloch,* since we cannot move three yards without meeting a new landscape. In addition to its fame as an admirable station for the artist, Killin is the reputed sepulchre of Fingal.

On the north side of the plain are the picturesque ruins of Finlarig Castle, an ancient seat of the Braidalbane family, overgrown with ivy, and crowning a broad, low mound with an avenue of stately sycamores, leading into the park. Immediately adjoining this ancient *berceau*, is the family burying-vault.

Between Killin and Kenmore the scenery, throughout, is of a bold and striking character; and the tourist has the choice of two roads, skirting the

* See his detailed account.

right and left banks of the lake, which assumes the appearance of a magnificent river, winding gracefully between its mountain shores, all finely embellished with woods, and enlivened with cottages or cultivated farms, which contrast well with the wild landscape from which they have been reclaimed by the labour and ingenuity of man. The village of Kenmore, occupying the slope of a small peninsula at the lower extremity of the lake, is highly picturesque in situation and appearance. Its cottages, festooned with sweet-brier, honeysuckle, and wild roses—its white church spire rising in the centre—the lake sparkling above, and mountains and forests extending their mingled shadows beyond, offer a most inviting subject for the pencil. On the north is a handsome bridge of several arches, spanning the “lordly Tay;” and beyond, a small wooded island, in which Sibylla, queen of Alexander I., lies interred.

The scenery of Taymouth—more particularly that portion which immediately surrounds the castle—is of the richest description, and, to the traveller who approaches it from the wilder districts of the north, appears like an Elysium reposing in the lap of horror.

“Hic secura quies, et nescia fallere vita,
Dives opum variarum; hic latis otia fundis.
Speluncæ, vivique lacus; hic frigida Tempe,
Mugitusque boum, mollesque sub arbore somni.”

The view from the vista-fort in the face of the hill, and directly fronting the castle, is universally admired. In the centre of the landscape, the lake opens on the spectator; on the left, two long mountain slopes, partly wooded, rise in successive stages from the water; to the right, Drummond Hill displays its flanks, *surging* downwards with undulating forests; the gigantic summit of Benlawers towers up from behind; and at the extremity of the range rises the cone of lofty Benmore. On the fore-ground, the village, bridge, lake, and island, are seen beautifully grouped, and thus complete one of the finest landscapes in the United Kingdom.*

Glenlyon, remarkable for its scenery, and no less for its traditions, will amply recompense the tourist, who has time and inclination to explore its recesses; and for this a single morning will suffice, as the more striking objects

* On the north side of the river is the Valley of Fortingal, in the churchyard of which is an enormous yew-tree—much older than the famous linden of Fribourg. About a century ago, the trunk was single, and measured fifty-six feet in girth. It now consists of two stems, the largest of which is quite hollow, and measures thirty-two feet. This is a vegetable production which may vie with the famous Sicilian chestnut *di cento cavalli*.

lie within the compass of a few miles. This glen holds a distinguished place in the native songs and superstitions of Braidalbane—

“ *Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Thessala rides?*”—

This is the principal seat of the marquess of Braidalbane, whose family possessions occupy a tract of seventy miles in length. The castle is a magnificent specimen of modern architecture; and, surrounded by a park stocked with deer, and embellished in the richest style of landscape gardening, forms a superb and princely residence.

In following the right bank of the Tay, the most prominent object in the route, after quitting Taymouth, is Menzies Castle, planted at the foot of a lofty range of rocky hills, rising in successive grades like an amphitheatre, fortified with precipices shaded with woods, and watered by mountain torrents. The park is rich in ancient timber, and commands delicious vistas over the adjacent country. Aberfeldy, so pleasingly associated with the charms of Scottish song, is a village of the first class, and celebrated for its fine series of water-falls, in which respect it is a miniature of the Swiss Meyringen. In the deep “birchen dell” of Moness, in which they occur, on either hand, rise high sloping banks, with a rich garniture of trees; where, soothed with the murmur of waters and the melody of birds, the visitor may indulge a pleasing day’s reverie.

“ When simmer blinks on flowery braes,
And o’er the crystal streamlet plays;
How sweet to spend the lightsome days
In the Birks of Aberfeldy !”

Three miles below Aberfeldy, Grandtully Castle—a domestic fortress of the olden time, and still a habitable as well as hospitable mansion—is a prominent object in the landscape. Logie-rait, at the confluence of the Tay and Tummel, is rendered classical as the birthplace of Dr. Adam Ferguson; but the scenery, till we arrive in the precincts of Dunkeld, is comparatively tame. Here, however, the aspect of nature is changed, and all that can fascinate the eye, or feast the imagination, is lavished around with unlimited profusion. In point of situation, and in all those natural and artificial accessories which enter into the usual descriptions of an earthly paradise, Dunkeld has scarcely a rival. Those who have once visited its enchanting scenery will leave it with regret, and often long to renew the acquaintance.

“ *Hic manus ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi,—
Quique pii vates, et Phœbo digna locuti.*”



D W N K E L D.

(Perthshire.)

The town is situate in a plain on the east bank of the river, embosomed in richly wooded hills, to which the rugged face of Craigie-barns, on the north, presents an ample and majestic screen. To the west, Cragvinean rears his pine-clad shoulders; and on the south rise detached circular hills, at the base of which—

“ Across the shire of valleys and of hills,
Braidalbane, and great Athol's dread domain,
Swoln by the tribute from a thousand rills,
The Scottish Tiber thunders to the plain.”

Of the two principal streets, one opens on a handsome bridge of five arches over the Tay, and at the west end of the other, stands the ancient cathedral, four-score paces in length, in all its compartments of corresponding dimensions, and on a noble scale. Its architecture consists of the Norman, with that of every other variety introduced into ecclesiastical structures, during the three subsequent periods of the Gothic style.* “Wanting only the roof, it wants nothing as a ruin.” The choir, now converted into the parish church, was restored on the original model, and at a great expense, by the duke of Athol. Thus, while certain preservation has been gained to the whole structure, nothing has been lost of the original design; and the cathedral will now continue a venerable monument of ancestral piety, and of times when Dunkeld was the seat of primacy in Scotland, and “capital of ancient Caledonia.” Among the episcopal worthies, the name of Gavin Douglas throws a hallowing lustre over the darker features of his day. William Sinclair, of a different temperament, was as much the champion of his country's liberty as the former was of its literature. His spirit was worthy of the age of Wallace, and formed to be the companion of the best patriots of his country. On one occasion, when a party of Edward the Second's troops had made a hostile inroad upon the coast of Fife, Sinclair—like the famous Matthew Schimmir, the warlike bishop of Sion—overtook the invaders in the midst of their plundering expedition, near Aberdour, and, with the assistance of only threescore retainers, expelled the intruders at the point of the sword.

Among the few sepulchral antiquities, the most remarkable is a statue in armour, with a lion's head at the feet, representing the ferocious “Wolf of Badenoch,” Alister, son of Robert II. who burnt Elgin cathedral, and became otherwise notorious by his sanguinary disposition.†

* Here, it is said, while the site of the cathedral was consecrated as a cell of Culdees, Kenneth Macalpin deposited the bones of St. Columba. As a consecrated spot antiquaries trace its history to the remote reign of Constantine, in the early part of the eighth century.

† Hic jacet Alexr. Seneschallus. filius Roberti regis Scotor: et Elizabethæ More. Dominus de. Buchan. et Badenoch. qui obiit A.D. 1394.

Were we to quote the testimony of authors who have written on Scotland, we might here adduce many pages in praise of Dunkeld alone*—a topic in which all tastes seem to harmonise, and where one of the most graphic modern writers found ample materials for the composition of an interesting volume. But our own remarks must be few; and, however fascinating the subject, our limited space must plead our excuse for numerous omissions. The pleasure-grounds surrounding the ducal palace of Dunkeld—which will shortly be replaced by a magnificent new family mansion—are kept up with great nicety. The walks are upwards of fifty miles, independently of a carriage-drive of thirty.† These present every possible variety of picturesque scenery, and in their extent, and constant transition from one style of landscape to another, are equalled by no demesne in Great Britain. The greatest curiosity, however, is the cascade of the Bran. A hermitage, called Ossian's Hall, forty feet above the basin of the cascade, and directly in front, is so constructed, that the stranger, on entering it, is brought suddenly in view of the fall, which—multiplied a thousandfold by the mirror-glass with which the walls and ceiling are covered—appears as if rushing upon him from every point. The effect is altogether magical, and although too artificial, is well calculated to strike the visitor with astonishment—the more so, as there is nothing in the approach that leads him to anticipate such a scene; for, while he is contemplating a fine painting of Ossian, which covers the door-way, the latter suddenly springs open, and he is ushered into a fairy world, with the foaming cataract full in his view.

Between Dunkeld and Perth, the painter will find many rich subjects for his pencil; and every admirer of that landscape in which fertility predominates, and the sublime softens down into the picturesque, a source of uninterrupted enjoyment. The heath-clad waste and frowning precipice are now succeeded by a kindly soil under industrious cultivation. Birnam-wood, which every reader of Shakspeare is prepared to contemplate with some degree of curiosity, is much

* "That scene which opens before you after going through the pass, has not, perhaps, its parallel in Europe; and the grounds belonging to the duke, I do not hesitate to pronounce, are almost without a rival." Such is the testimony of the traveller, Dr. E. Clark; and, in confirmation, we cannot do better than annex to it that of Mr. R. Chambers:—"I may mention," says he, "after having seen almost all the rest of Scotland, this place appeared to me, on visiting it, decidedly the finest throughout the whole country." To this the present writer will add, that, after many excursions in the Alps, Switzerland, and continental Europe, he recalls, with undiminished pleasure, the delightful impressions made upon his mind by the scenery of Dunkeld.

† The pine and larch woods cover an extent of eleven thousand square acres—the number of trees planted by the duke, twenty-seven millions, besides several millions of various kinds. (Anderson, p. 100.) At the end of the cathedral the stranger is shown the *first two* larches introduced into this country. They were at that time treated as green-house plants, but are now of gigantic proportions.



THE RIVER.

reduced in extent, and has never, as Pennant remarks, “recovered the march of its ancestors to Dunsinnane.”

PERTH, the capital of the county, and once of the country, is the arena of many historical events in which the fate of the kingdom has been involved—many traits of national character and popular vicissitudes which arrest attention, and conjure up a thousand reminiscences in the reflecting mind.

Surrounded by a rich amphitheatre of hills undulating along the horizon, their summits covered with woods, their flanks sprinkled with cheerful country-seats, and washed by the majestic Tay, Perth is a city of almost unrivalled attractions. Highly favoured by Nature, it became a place of great commercial importance at the earliest period, and down to the present time has continued to be one of the chief seats of national prosperity.* Its handsome bridge of nine arches, its elegant quays and public buildings—of which the most interesting are the celebrated Academy and Antiquarian Institution—the north and south Inches—extensive public lawns stretching along the river, either of which would form a *Campus Martius*—with numerous gardens and public walks, are all of the most beautiful description, and worthy of its patriotic citizens.

As one of the first places in Scotland where Knox promulgated the doctrines of the Reformation,—which here took strong hold of the public mind, and extended its influence in every direction—Perth possesses a double interest, and recalls the most important epoch in the national history. It was, for some time, the centre of that moral revolution which broke the fetters of ancient superstition, emancipated the human mind from a despotism worse than feudal bondage, and at length placed a new dynasty on the throne.

The view from Moncrieff-hill is proverbially referred to as one of the most beautiful in the kingdom. Pennant styles it “the glory of Scotland.” From this point, when the Roman legions came first in sight of Perth—the ancient Bertha—and beheld the Tay, the exclamation of “*Ecce Tiberim!*” announced

* As the metropolis of ancient Caledonia and the residence of her kings—still pointed out in the palace of Scone—Perth and its environs occupy no small share in the history of those times, before the seat of royalty had been transferred to the more southern parts of the kingdom. As the Scottish nation extended its authority by the conquest of the Picts, and its subsequent intermarriages with England, the royal residence, keeping pace with the expanded limits of the sovereign, passed successively from Dunstaffnage, Kildrummy, and Inverlochy, to Scone. Scone was exchanged in its turn for Falkland and Dunfermline—these for Stirling—Stirling for Linlithgow, and this for Edinburgh, and lastly, Edinburgh for London. Amidst these changes, after the establishment of the monarchy of all Scotland, the natural boundaries which marked the land confined, on the whole, the choice of a place of residence for the royal family to that space which is bounded by the courses of the Forth and Tay, on the south and north; on the west, by the rising of the country towards the middle of the island, and on the east by the ocean. During the hottest times of war with England, the interposition of the Tay recommended Scone as the most secure court-residence.

the surprise and pleasure with which they discovered a resemblance between the two rivers. In the present day, however, the exclamation would not be complimentary; the Tay gains exceedingly by comparison with the 'yellow' Tiber, which has scarcely the volume of one of the tributaries to the former, unless when swollen by continued rains. In transparency, too, no less than in volume, the Caledonian river has greatly the advantage. By a sudden inundation of the Tay, in the reign of William the Lyon, the ancient city of Perth was overthrown in a night. The royal palace shared the same calamity, and with that, the king's infant son, the nurse, and fourteen other persons, perished.

The hill of Kinnoull is a point of view much resorted to by strangers; while the antiquary and patriot find an interesting pilgrimage among the "tumuli of Luncarty"—the celebrated battle-field of that name. This victory obtained over the Danes, in 980, gave name and title to the noble family of Hay.* The battle was decisive; of the enemy, according to tradition, those who escaped the sword were drowned in the river. A bleaching field and corn lands now occupy the scene of battle. The classic reader will recall the spirited lines of the poet Johnston on this subject.† At a short distance, on the Almond, a tributary of the Tay, is the scene of the pathetic legend of "Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,"—a scene which, independently of its associations, is highly picturesque. It is in the demesne of Lord Lynedoch, a circumstance which gives it an additional attraction to the patriotic tourist.‡ Pitkaithly, so long a fashionable watering-place, is also in the immediate neighbourhood,

* For the interesting legend, the reader may consult the family history of Kinnoull, descendants of the Scottish Cincinnatus, who, like his Roman prototype, left the plough to rout an army. Dupplin is also the scene of a sanguinary conflict in 1333, by which, for a time, the cause of Bruce yielded to that of Baliol.

† "Quo ruitis, cives? Heia! hosti obvertite vultus!

Non pudet infami vertere terga fugâ?

Hostis ego vobis; aut ferrum vertite in hostem.

Dixit, et armatus dux præit ipse jugo.

Quâ, quâ ibat vastam condensa per agmina Danûr

Dat stragem. Hinc omnis consequiturque fuga

Servavit cives. Victorem reppulit hostem,

Unus cum natis agminis instar erat.

Hic Decios agnosce tuos magnæ æmula Romæ,

Aut prior hac; aut te his Scotia major adhuc."

‡ These young ladies, according to the fondly cherished tradition, were celebrated for their beauty, and sincerely attached as friends. Their families had rank and property in the country, and lived on a footing of mutual intimacy. In the plague of 1645, which committed dreadful havoc in the population of this district, these young ladies, in the hope of avoiding infection by entire seclusion from society, retired to a lonely spot, called the "Burn Bræ." Hither, however, they were traced by a young gentleman in the neighbourhood, who had long entertained a romantic passion for both, but without being able to decide which was the most beautiful. The consequences of this visit were fatal. Having himself caught the



MARKET CROSS AND PALACE GATE, SCOTL.
(Perthshire.)

and equally famous for the efficacy of its spring, and the picturesque scenery by which it is surrounded.*

Scone, with its numerous relics of antiquity, and long and intimate associations with royalty, has attractions peculiarly its own. The princely edifice which now occupies the spot—long consecrated as the residence of kings, and the sanctuary of religion—is an object of the first attention to every stranger. Of its internal arrangements and decorations we cannot here enter into any detail; but may simply state that, after having visited the finest palaces in Europe, we can still find much to please and interest us in that of Scone. Its position, on a fine terrace, gives it an imposing aspect when seen from the river. In the short space of seven years, the patriot Wallace, Edward I., and Robert Bruce, were severally resident at Scone. In 1715 the Pretender found it sufficient to accommodate a numerous suite, and filled its courts with the splendour of royalty. Preparations, too, were making for his coronation, but were interrupted by an unwelcome visit from a party of the King's horse. The earl of Mansfield has added several recent embellishments.

In the church of the abbey of Scone was preserved the famous *stone* which was said to have first served the patriarch Jacob for a pillow, and, afterwards transported into Spain, was used as a seat of justice by Gothalus, a contemporary with Moses. From Spain it found its way to Dunstaffnage, and there continued as the coronation-chair, till the reign of Kenneth II., who removed it to Scone, where every Scottish sovereign was crowned upon it till the year 1296, when Edward I. in order, it is said, to defeat an ancient prophecy,† had it removed to Westminster Abbey, where it now remains an indispensable requisite in coronation ceremonies.

We now return to the historical recollections of Perth. Of these the more prominent features are the tragic death of James I. and the Gowry Conspiracy, which we shall briefly relate as they have been recorded by the best authorities.

Sensible how deficient his long imprisonment had made him in the knowledge of real life, James I. was most anxious in his endeavours to render himself

disease, the unhappy youth communicated it to the lovely friends, who soon fell victims to its malignity. They were buried in one grave, on the banks of the Almond; the spot has been enclosed, and from its romantic situation, and the melancholy circumstances of the story, is a favourite pilgrimage among lovers, and the "poetical spirits" of the place.

* This water is composed principally of muriate of soda and muriate of lime, with a slight trace of sulphate and carbonate of lime. In an English pint of the water, it contains about thirty-five grains of the different salts. The effects are similar to those already mentioned of the spring at Dunblane.

† "Ni fallat fatum, *Scoti* quocunque locatum

Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem."

This prediction was supposed to have been verified when James VI. ascended the English throne.

acquainted with the character, habits, and pursuits of all classes of his people. For this purpose he went often in disguise among them, visiting their firesides, mingling in their sports, observing their wants, and redressing their wrongs. He was thus enabled to dictate many excellent laws, for the security of the subject and the encouragement of industry; and, by conciliating the affections of the people, seemed to have established his throne on a basis which no private hostility could shake. The fate of James I., however, like that of Henry IV. of France, and Gustavus of Sweden, furnishes a striking proof that it is not in the height of his popularity that a prince has least to fear.

In the thirteenth year after his return to Scotland, a conspiracy was formed against his life. At the head of that deadly faction, was Walter, earl of Athol, one of the king's nearest kinsmen. The chief confederates were Robert Stewart, the earl's grandson, and Sir Robert Graham, of Strathearn, to whom James had given mortal offence by reannexing to the crown certain property of which Graham had unlawfully possessed himself during the regency. Unattended even by a body guard, and confiding in the love of his subjects, the king was residing at this time within the sacred walls of the Carthusian monastery, at Scone, which he had founded and endowed. Graham, who had been for some time heading a band of outlaws in the adjacent mountains, seized the occasion, and brought down a party by night to the neighbourhood of the monastery. Seconded in this unhallowed purpose by accomplices, and unsuspected or unobserved by all others, he quietly gained possession of the outer gates, and finally of the interior passages. The first intimation which the king received of his danger was from his cup-bearer, Walter Straton, who, on leaving the chamber, in which the king and queen were at supper, to bring some wine, was astonished to find the passage crowded with armed strangers, who answered his cry of alarm by striking him dead on the spot. The voice reached the royal chamber—a rush of the assassins followed; and Catharine Douglas, one of the queen's maids of honour, springing forward to bolt the outer door of the apartment, found to her dismay that the bar had been clandestinely removed. In this moment of surprise and consternation, reckless of her own life, she thrust her feeble arm into the staple to supply its place. But this noble intrepidity could not for a moment retard the sanguinary band. The last frail barrier which heroic beauty could interpose, was crushed in an instant; and, with no farther obstacle to check their purpose, the ruffians with drawn swords, and ferocious impatience, rushed forward upon the king. Patrick Dunbar, brother of the earl of March, was cut down while nobly interposing his sword and strength in defence of his sovereign. The

queen* threw herself between her husband and the daggers of his assassins: twice she received the wounds aimed at his person; and it was not till she was forcibly torn away, that the deed of blood was completed, and the sum of James's woes filled up by an end as tragic as any recorded in history.†

As few travellers ever quit Perth without a visit to the site of Gowrie House (for the building itself has given place to modern improvements), we annex an abridged statement of the particulars of the inexplicable conspiracy under that name, and to which the incident known in history as the "Raid of Ruthven," may serve as preface.

James VI., then in his twelfth year, was no sooner released from the stern control of Morton, than he surrendered himself to the guidance of the duke of Lennox and the earl of Arran—two designing courtiers, who entangled their royal ward in an unremitting round of amusements, while they themselves exercised the regal authority in a way best calculated to advance their own sinister views. To rescue the young sovereign from this degrading state of subserviency, the earl of Gowrie, at the head of a party of nobles, entered into a secret combination; and, as the king was returning from stag-hunting in Athol, on his way to Dunfermline, met and solicited him to honour the house of Ruthven with a visit. This loyal invitation was complied with; but the next day, when the royal visitor offered to take leave, he was informed that he was the earl's prisoner. His surprise and indignation, as natural at this tender age, were expressed in a paroxysm of tears and bitter upbraidings. But, whilst the young king was observed weeping, Sir Thomas Lyon boldly exclaimed—"Let the tears run—though we be sorry for the cause—better that bairns greet than bearded men."

But the reign of this conspiracy was brief: although it had the good of the country at heart, the party acted in a way little calculated to bring over the young prince to a cordial approbation of the measures thus forcibly imposed upon him. Themselves disciples of the reformed religion, they suffered its ministers to exercise undue influence over them in matters pertaining to the civil administration—to indulge in strains of vituperation, not only offensive to the king personally,

* The fair "Lady Jane," of whom he became enamoured, while a prisoner in the Castle of Windsor, and who was afterwards the subject of the "King's Quair,"—a poem which reflects the highest honour on the poetical talent of this accomplished prince.

† Æneas Sylvius, afterwards Pope Eugene IV., who was legate in Scotland at the time of this catastrophe, says, that he was at a loss which most to applaud, the universal grief which overspread the nation on the death of the king, or the resentment to which it was roused, and the just vengeance with which his inhuman murderers were pursued. Being all traced and dragged from their lurking-places, they were put to death by the most lingering tortures that human invention could suggest. Athol, after suffering three days' torture, with a red-hot coronet of iron, was beheaded, and his limbs exposed in the chief cities in the kingdom.

but subversive of the most established attributes of sovereign authority. At length, having contrived to escape out of the hands of his "dictators," James placed himself once more under the direction of Arran, and issued a proclamation declaring his recent detention an act of treason. On this charge Gowrie,* as the principal concerned, was tried, condemned, and executed for high treason, with this declaration in his mouth, that "if he had served God as faithfully as he had served his king he had not come to so disastrous an end."

The next remarkable epoch in the house of Ruthven, and that which completed its ruin, furnishes an event, justly termed one of the most problematical in Scottish history, and well known as the Gowrie Conspiracy. The court version, which James himself furnished for the satisfaction of his subjects, is briefly this. On the 5th August, 1600, while residing at Falkland Palace, and when going out to hunt in the morning, James was accosted by Alexander Ruthven, the earl of Gowrie's youngest brother, who informed him, that on the preceding evening he had seized a stranger, and found under his cloak a pot filled with a quantity of foreign gold. Thinking the circumstance suspicious, he had detained him, and now felt it his duty to inform the king. James, supposing him to be a foreign priest, come to excite disturbance in the country, ordered the prisoner to be consigned over to the magistrates of Perth for strict examination. Ruthven, however, eagerly advised the king to go thither in person. Accordingly, with a suite of only twenty individuals, James set out for Perth, and, being met by the earl of Gowrie and several citizens, who with much apparent loyalty invited him to partake of a repast at Gowrie House, he complied with the desire of his subjects. While sitting at table he was attended by the earl, but the latter, contrary to the etiquette on such occasions, and insensible to the joy which a king's presence ought to inspire, appeared thoughtful and embarrassed, as if some weighty matter pressed upon his heart.

When the repast was finished, and the royal attendants had withdrawn to dine in another room, Ruthven cautiously suggested, that now was the time to visit the chamber where the stranger priest was confined. To this proposal the king assented, and Ruthven leading the way, conducted him through several apartments, —but locking every door behind him—till he came to a small turret chamber, in which stood a man in complete armour, with a sword and dagger by his side. The king, who expected to have found the "priest" under very different circumstances, started back, and hastily inquired if this was the "stranger?" But

* The earl of Gowrie was son of that Lord Ruthven who played the principal part in Rizzio's murder, and was so little affected with remorse for his share in that tragedy, that on his death-bed he spoke with great coolness of what he termed "the slaughter of David!"



FALKLAND PALACE.

(Fife-shire.)

Ruthven, snatching the dagger from the girdle of the man in armour, and directing its point to the king's breast, answered, "Remember how unjustly my father suffered by your command! You are now my prisoner—submit to my disposal without resistance or outcry, or this dagger shall avenge his blood!" Startled by this sudden change in the drama, James expostulated, entreated, and flattered, till Ruthven, appearing to relent, protested, that if the king raised no outcry, his life should be sacred. In the mean time, moved by some inexplicable motive, and taking the king's word of honour not to make any noise in his absence, he left him in charge of the man in armour. But, while in this critical situation, the royal attendants becoming impatient to know what had become of their master, one of Gowrie's servants entered hastily and informed them that the king had just taken horse for Falkland, and was still in sight. At this intimation, all rushed into the street, while Gowrie himself, seconding their impatience, ordered out the horses.

By this time Ruthven had returned to the king, and swearing that there was no alternative but death, attempted to manacle his sovereign. Fired at the insult, and scorning to submit to such indignity, James, unarmed as he was, closed with the assassin, and a fierce struggle ensued. The man in armour, as hitherto, stood amazed and motionless, while the king, dragging Ruthven towards a window, cried with a voice of terror,—“Treason, treason! help!” His attendants instantly recognising his voice, and seeing at the open lattice a hand which violently grasped his neck, flew to his assistance. The duke of Lennox, the earl of Mar, and a number of others, mounted the great staircase, but in this direction found all the doors fastened. Sir John Ramsay, however, and others of the suite, entering by a back staircase, and rushing up, found the door of the closet open, and Ruthven still struggling with the king. Ramsay, starting to his assistance, struck the traitor twice with his dagger, thrust him towards the staircase, where Sir Hugh Herries met and dispatched him, while, with his last breath, he called out—“I am not to blame for this action!”

During this scuffle, the man in armour escaped unobserved. Along with Ramsay, Erskine, and Herries, pages of the king, a servant, named Wilson, returned into the room where the king was standing; but before they had time to secure the door, Gowrie, with a drawn sword in each hand, followed by seven of his armed attendants, rushed in, and with a loud and frantic voice threatened them with instant death. But Ramsay and his party, though so unequal in numbers, faced the earl; and, in the sharp encounter that ensued, the latter receiving a mortal thrust from Ramsay, fell dead without uttering a word. A great noise still continued at the door opening upon the principal staircase, where many persons were vainly endeavouring to force an entrance. The king being

assured that these were Lennox, Mar, and his other friends, ordered them to be admitted. Rushing forward, and finding the king, unexpectedly, safe, nothing could exceed the warmth of their congratulations; while James, falling on his knees with all his attendants around him, offered up fervent thanks to God for so miraculous a deliverance. But the danger was not yet over; the inhabitants of Perth, of which Gowrie was provost—and in that office highly popular,* on hearing the fate of the two brothers, flew to arms, beset the house, and threatening revenge, applied the most opprobrious epithets to the king. James endeavoured to pacify the exasperated multitude by speaking to them from the window; he admitted their magistrates to his presence, related the whole circumstances as they had occurred, and these being repeated to the people, their fury subsided, and they dispersed.

The man in armour, who was afterwards discovered, on a promise of pardon, and proved to be Gowrie's steward, declared that he was totally ignorant of his master's design. After many trials, and several executions, nothing was ever elicited that could throw any light upon this mysterious plot. The clergy, however, boldly maintained that the "court account" was a mere fabrication, formed and executed by the king himself, for destroying two popular characters, who were known to favour the Presbyterian interest, and whose family had long been privately obnoxious to James. Rendered stubborn by this conviction, they refused to return public thanks for the king's escape, and several were banished in consequence.†

Having mentioned Ruthven, now Huntingtower Castle, as that in which the Scottish sovereign was unlawfully detained, we may add the following anecdote by way of contrast. A daughter of the first Earl Gowrie, being addressed by a young gentleman, much her inferior in rank and fortune, (disadvantages which were entirely overlooked by the lady,) her family, although they discouraged the match, permitted his visits at the castle. On one of these

* Alexander Ruthven was a young man of great hopes, learned, handsome, young, and active; his brother and he belonged to the class of men which most readily attracted the king's notice; and generous, brave, and religious to a degree, not common with men so young, they were the darlings of the people.—*Sir Walter Scott*.

† Even on the continent, says Osborn, not a Scotchman could be found who did not laugh at it, and agree that the relation murdered all possibility of credit. The whole, indeed, is a story which might almost stagger a believer in miracles, and, for its proof, demands an evidence which neither the history of the times, nor the most intimate knowledge of human nature, can produce. We can only say with Bruce, one of the clergymen who demurred at thanking the Almighty for the discomfiture of this pretended conspiracy, that, "if we must, *on pain of death*, reverence his Majesty's report of the transaction, we will reverence it, but we will not say that we are convinced of the truth of it."—See also *Lives of Scottish Poets*, art. James VI.

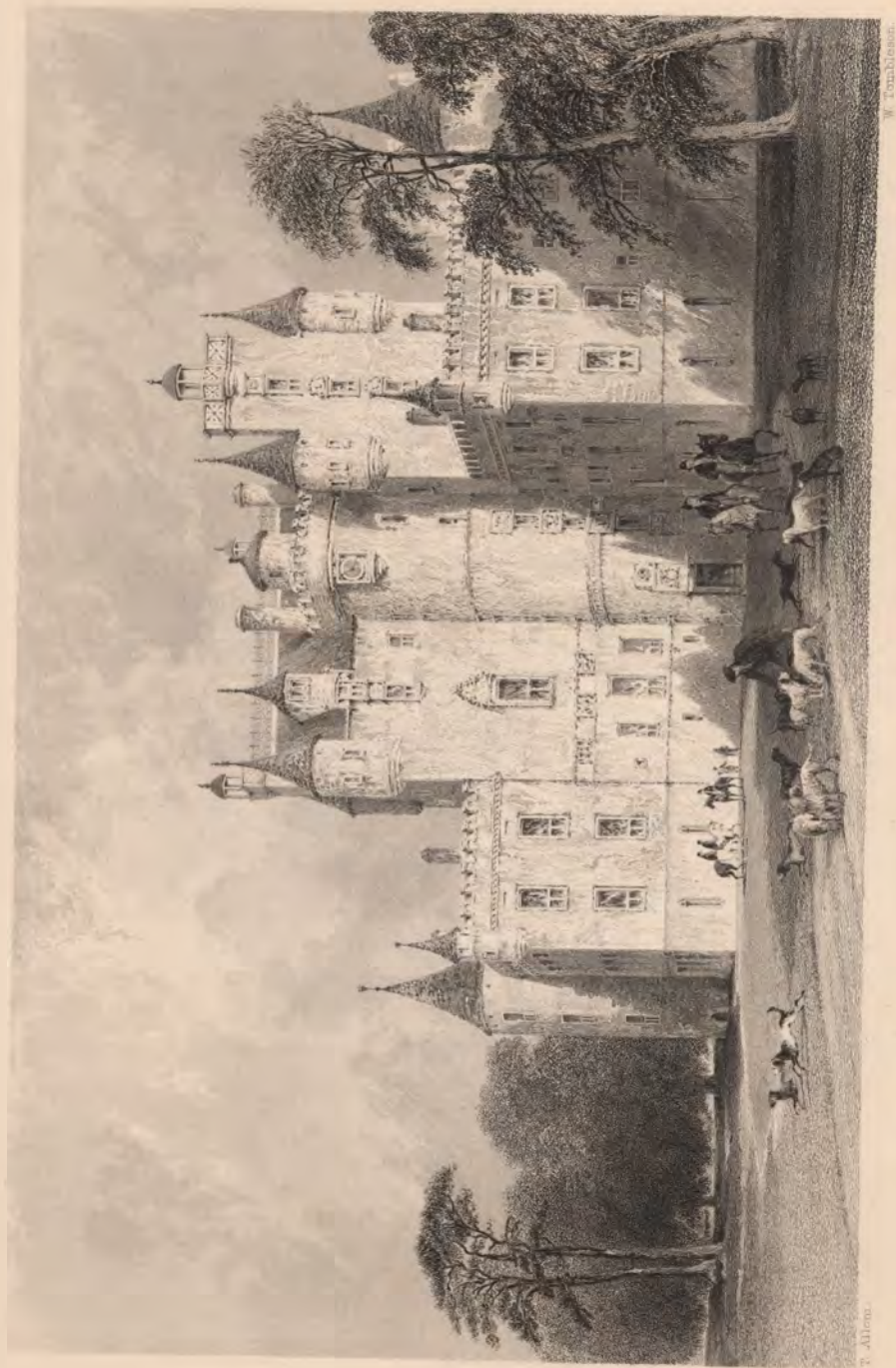
occasions, he was lodged in a tower, nearly opposite to that of his mistress, but communicating with a different staircase, and divided at top by a wide interval of nine feet between the walls, which were sixty feet in height. In the evening the young lady was accidentally missed from her chamber, at the accustomed hour; and some suspicion having arisen that she had mistaken the staircase, and was secreted in the turret of her lover, her mother hastened thither in search of the fair truant. The latter, however, rightly guessing what must ensue were she discovered in the prohibited "bower," and hearing the maternal footsteps approaching, formed the desperate resolution to elude detection under such delicate circumstances, or perish in the effort. Thus nerved for the attempt, and with the agility of a chamois on its native precipices, she cleared the frightful chasm at a bound, lighted on her own battlements without injury, and retired to bed, where the wary countess, defeated in her previous search, found her shortly afterwards apparently asleep, and could hardly forgive herself for her unjust suspicions of so dutiful a daughter. Next night, however, the young lady, taking a still more desperate step, eloped from the paternal castle, and was married to her lover. The battlements where this daring experiment was tried are still shown as the "maiden's leap."

One of the proudest days in the annals of Perth seems to have been that on which King David Bruce, or David II., was conducted thither on his return from France, and where he assembled the vast army with which he afterwards invaded England. The account given by Froissard, who was then in Scotland, furnishes a vivid picture of the scene. As soon as the young king landed at Inverbervie, in the Mearns, his subjects flocked to him in multitudes, and thence, with great joy and solemnity, conducted him to Perth. His arrival there was the signal of national festivity, and all classes hastened to bid him a loyal welcome. The smile of the sovereign was like a sudden light in a dark place; and for some time, every day was a renewal of the festival. When the first outpourings of the national spirit had in some measure subsided, it was represented to the king what waste and woe had been brought upon the country by his great enemy, Edward, the English king. David expressed his deep sense of the sufferings of which so many of his loyal subjects had been the innocent victims, but consoled them with the prospect of speedy retaliation, and pledged his royal word to see their wrongs redressed, or to perish in the attempt. Full of this lofty resolve, and with the advice of his council, he sent messages to all his friends and vassals, to entreat that they would unite their strength to his, and thereby insure a triumph to his patriotic enterprise. The

first who responded to the royal summons was the earl of Orkney, who had married the king's sister, and now arrived with a powerful subsidy of hardy mountaineers. Numerous barons and knights, also, from Sweden, Denmark, and other parts beyond sea—some for affection to the king and his cause, some for pay—swelled the amount of the Scottish host. So great were the numbers that arrived from all parts, that, on the day of rendezvous appointed by the king, sixty thousand warriors on foot, and three thousand horse, with a long roll of knights and squires, made their entrance into Perth. Ronald, Lord of the Isles, who governed the “wild Scots,” as Froissard terms them, and whom only they would obey, was especially invited to attend the king in Parliament, and brought with him three thousand of the “wildest of his countrymen.” Unhappily for the latter chief and his sovereign's cause, there was a deadly feud between him and the powerful earl of Ross, by whose machinations Ronald was murdered by a faithless harper, while lodged in the monastery of Elcho, near Perth.* Ross, justly dreading the king's resentment, immediately retired with his followers; while the men of the Isles, disgusted by the base assassination of their chief, and viewing the disaster as a bad omen for the cause, broke up, and deserting the royal standard, retired in disorder to their native mountains. The king, though disconcerted, and greatly weakened by this desertion, which lost him the service of two of the most effective chiefs and their clans, resolved to proceed; and on the disastrous field, near Durham, that closed the expedition, left the best part of that noble army which marched under the royal standard from Perth.

The Carse of Gowrie, in fertility of soil and beauty of scenery, may be not inaptly designated the Val d'Arno of Scotland. The interval between Perth and Dundee, a space of twenty-two miles, is filled up with a continued series of highly cultivated and productive farms, noblemen's seats, populous villages, and garden and orchard grounds. On the left, on leaving Perth, is the romantic Craig of Kinnoul, with Kinfauns Castle beneath, sheltered in luxuriant woods, and overlooking the Tay. Among the antiquities preserved in this castle, is Charteris's sword, five feet nine inches long. This formidable weapon is said to have belonged to Sir Thomas Charteris, or Thomas de Longueville, the ancient proprietor of Kinfauns. He was a native of France, and representative of a family well known in that country; but at the close of the thirteenth century, when at the court of Philip the Fair, having a dispute with one of the noblemen, he slew him in the king's presence. Being refused pardon for the rash and bloody act, he betook himself to the high seas, and under the name of the *Red Reaver*,

* Froissard's Chron. c. cxxxv.



GLAMIS CASTLE.

(Forfarshire.)

became terrible to all seafaring people as a remorseless pirate. Sir William Wallace, however, in his voyage to France, having met and encountered this formidable *giaour*, took him prisoner, and pleased with that kindred spirit of heroism, which would have immortalized the reaver in a better cause, presented him to the French king as a suppliant for mercy. Philip, who was pleased to have an occasion of obliging the Scottish hero, and of exhibiting a signal instance of his royal clemency, cancelled the sentence of outlawry, and conferred on his penitent subject the honour of knighthood. Thus restored to court favour, and to society, Charteris accompanied Wallace to Scotland,* where he ever after remained his steady friend, and a frank participator in all his daring exploits. When Wallace was betrayed and carried into England, and Bruce asserted his right to the Scottish crown, Charteris was the first that followed him into the water at the taking of Perth, in January 1313, and in reward for his bravery, received a royal grant of the estate of Kinfauns.

Pitfour, Kinnaird, and Castle Huntley, are magnificent mansions, combining all the advantages of situation with the embellishments of art. But of these, and many others with which this district is richly adorned, our limits will not permit us to enter into any description.†

Glancing at the valley of Strathmore, the first objects that arrest attention are the dramatic scene of Dunsinnan-hill, and Glammis Castle. The latter, in point of antiquity and historical interest, is one of the most remarkable structures in the kingdom. Although much dilapidated and dimmed in its original splendour, its feudal air of strength and haughty defiance, and its sullen gloom of seclusion in an antique forest, render it a subject peculiarly adapted for the pencil, and for exciting the imagination of the poet. We shall not detain the reader with the recent changes that have altered, but not detracted, from the dignity of this stately fortalice, but the following account will show what it was a century ago. “Entering Strathmore,” says an anonymous traveller, “we arrived at the palace of Glammis, belonging to Lyon, earl of Strathmore, which, by its many turrets and gilded balustrades at the top, struck us with awe and admiration. It stands in the middle of a well-planted park, with avenues branching off in all directions from the house. The great avenue—thickly planted on each side, and entered by a massive gate-way, with offices of free-

* See the Statist. Acc. and Family Hist.

† For the pedestrian who would see the Carse and its adjacent scenery in perfection, the best road is that along the heights, or braes of the Carse, which command the whole valley, the river, and the populous shores of Fife. As a central point in this route, the wane of Kinnaird might be selected as that which combines the greatest number of striking features. From this station, too, the traveller will trace no small resemblance to the Tuscan Val d'Arno already mentioned.

stone on each side, like a little town—leads through a space of half a mile to the outer court, within which are statues as large as life. On the great gate of the inner court, are balustrades of stone, finely adorned with statues; and in the court, four colossal statues—one of James VI. in his stole, another of Charles I., as he is usually painted by Vandyk. From this court we have a full prospect of the gardens on each side, cut into grass-plots, and adorned with evergreens. The house is the highest we have ever seen, consisting of a lofty tower in the middle, with two wings, and a tower at each end—the whole above two hundred feet broad. The stairs, from the entrance hall to the top of the house, consist of one hundred and forty-three steps, of which those of the great staircase, where five people can mount abreast, are eighty-six, each step of a single block. In the first floor are thirty-eight rooms with fire-places; the hall is adorned with family pictures, and behind this is a handsome chapel, with an organ. On the altar is a fine painting of the ‘Last Supper,’ and on the ceiling an ‘Ascension,’ by De Wit, a Dutchman, whom Earl Patrick brought from Holland, and who painted the ceilings of most of the rooms. In the drawing-room next to the hall is an excellent portrait of Queen Mary, of Medina, the ‘Pretender’s’ mother, with several others of the principal Scottish nobility; and over the chimney, a curious Italian scripture piece. When the Pretender was here on a visit, besides the state chamber, eighty-eight beds were made up for his retinue, besides the servants, who were lodged in the offices out of doors.”

On the Hunters’ Hill, an eminence which overlooks Glamis, Malcolm II. is said to have been attacked by assassins; and tradition still points out the chamber in the castle where the unfortunate monarch died of his wounds. To the readers of Shakspeare it would be superfluous to state how Macbeth became master of Glamis, and this stronghold and the usurper so closely associated. In the armoury of the castle—a museum well stored with antiquities that recall the “pomp and circumstance” of their feudal possessors—are the sword and shirt of mail worn by Macbeth—and, among others of modern date, the arms with which the earl of Strathmore fell on the field of Sheriffmoor, are exhibited to visitors. The castle is in all respects an object of interest, not only on account of its traditions, but as one of the finest specimens of feudal architecture now existing; and combines, in a striking manner, the gloom of prison security with the grandeur of a palace.

Among the melancholy associations connected with this castle, is the fate of the beautiful Lady Glamis, who fell a victim to that horrid superstition which, in a barbarous age, brought so many unhappy beings to the stake. In pursuance of the sentence which had pronounced her guilty of witchcraft, she

was publicly burnt* on the Castle-hill of Edinburgh, and met her doom with a fortitude and composure which, added to her youth and beauty, made a strong impression upon the multitude, and left an additional stigma on the legislation of her day.

Before taking leave of Perthshire—of which, as premised, we have offered only an imperfect gleanings—we return to the district of Athol, in which Blair Castle and the Pass of Killicrankie are the commanding objects. The former of these, the ancient residence of the dukes of Athol, stands on an extensive plain, known as the *blair*, or vale of Athol; and, in point of strength and situation, was well calculated to serve as a post of defence. With such facility, and being the only fortress commanding the Pass, it was repeatedly taken and garrisoned by the rival armies, which alternately lost and won this key to the Highlands. It was besieged and taken by Montrose, in consequence of its garrison having presumed to check his progress. Colonel Daniel, an officer in Cromwell's army, took it by storm ten years later; and in 1689, it occasioned, what was justly termed the most important event of the day, the battle of Killicrankie. In the last rebellion, its garrison, under the command of Sir Andrew Agnew, foiled the rebels in two several attempts to reduce it. But at last, the noble proprietor seeing that he had little prospect of ever enjoying domestic tranquillity whilst the mansion was in a condition to serve as a rallying post in every civil commotion, dismantled its towers, lowered it by three stories, and reduced the warlike fortress of his ancestors into a common-place family residence. By this decisive measure, it has gained in security what it lost in picturesque effect; and, in these peaceful times, with its magnificent curtain of umbrageous woods and mountains, watered by two rivers, embellished by the hand of art, and stocked with every species of wild game, from the roebuck to the ptarmigan, it presents one of the most attractive domains in Scotland.

The Pass of Killicrankie, which communicates with the Blair of Athol, stretches for the space of a mile or upwards along the termination of the river Garry. The hills rise from the bed of the river in steep gradation, flanking it on the western bank with a precipitous wall. The bold rocks, lining its channel, are mantled over with masses of waving birch, ash, and oak—the light and graceful foliage of which, moving and changing its hues with every breeze,

* Speaking of the indifference with which we pronounce the words, "*burnt alive!*" an able writer has well remarked—"Brulés vifs! on lit sans y penser ces expressions si courtes, qu'on est tant habitué à voir dans les martyrologes. Mais conçoit-on bien ce que c'est! se sentir enchaîné et la flamme vous atteindre: la peau s'écailler; la chair irritée décrépiter et se fendre; les muscles se tordre dans les membres; le sang faire effervescence sur les tisons, lorsqu'une veine éclate: puis, enfin la mort qui vous arrive dans un air ardent et méphitique."—*Muston*, liv. i. 62.

contrasts finely with the bleak crags that start at intervals through its leafy screen, and at length soar into the abrupt and rugged outline of Ben-Vracky. The situation of Fascally-house, at the entrance to the Pass, is singularly romantic.

This Pass, in reference to its military history, has been styled the Scottish "Thermopylæ," and, till the present road was constructed, might have been called with no less propriety the "Via-Mala" of Scotland. But the dangers of the Pass, which contributed not a little to its "sublimity," have disappeared with the progress of art, and those unprecedented facilities of intercourse which have been thrown open by modern enterprise. The circumstances by which it gained so important a station in history, are these:—General Mackay, with the design of intimidating the district of Blair-Athol into measures favourable to the revolution under King William, directed his whole force upon this point. When the Viscount Dundee, who supported the interest of King James with a body of the Clans, had reached Blair, he was informed that General Mackay had already entered the Pass of Killicrankie, and was momentarily expected at the head of a numerous force. Dundee, whose intrepidity was proverbial, and his influence over the minds of his Highland followers unlimited, resolved to meet his adversary at the mouth of the Pass. With this determination, he drew up his Highland force, explained in pithy phrase the emergency to which he was reduced, told them a bright day had dawned upon them at last, and that now their Highland broad-swords must open them a path to victory. His well-known voice was answered by shouts of loyalty and devotion to the cause, and the next minute, while the Highland bagpipe screamed its shrill note of defiance, the whole body moved rapidly forward to the Pass.

A brief march brought the generals in sight of each other; the troops hastily formed as they debouched from the rocky defile; a furious volley of musquetry announced their mutual recognition, and the Highlanders, armed with sword and target, and seizing the momentary pause, rushed down upon the "red-coats"—as the soldiers were contemptuously styled—with a confidence and impetuosity that carried every thing before them. The troops, who were chiefly composed of raw levies, were paralysed by this sudden appeal to close quarters; and, unable to stem the charge, fell under the blows of the Highland broad-sword and Lochaber axe, or fled like fragments scattered from the disjointed mass. Others, with better success, met the unwonted charge with serried bayonets, against which the Highlander dashed with reckless impatience, placed his target in front, entangled his adversary's steel, and then, springing

forward into the lines, slew or disarmed an enemy at every stroke. Thus beset by a continued rush of undisciplined troops, the soldiers could make no effective use of their fire-arms. The centre and left wing of Mackay's troops had been completely broken; but the right wing still maintained its ground, and, like a stately column, stood erect amid the ruin of its fellows. This caught the eye of Dundee: hastily rallying his horsemen for this important object, he made a desperate charge upon the stubborn mass; but at the very moment that he had brought them to the assault and raised his arm to strike, a bullet whistled through the thick mass of his attendants, and lodged in his body. A violent "imprecation" escaped his lips, and the next minute the chief lay expiring in the arms of his devoted followers.*

On the bleak surface of the moors stretching along the frontiers of Perth and Inverness, many pillars and cairns—memorials of those who have perished in the snow or fallen in battle—give melancholy interest to the scene. At Dalnaspidal, are the remains of an encampment occupied by Cromwell's troops. Here, also, in the last rebellion, General Cope drew up his army in expectation of an attack, but quitting his position to continue his march northward, threw open the Pass to the Highlanders. This ground is still further remarkable as the scene of certain exploits, in speaking of which, says General Stewart, of Garth, "I know not if the whole of the Peninsular campaigns exhibited a more complicated piece of military service." A battalion of the Athol brigade—common peasants, and a few country gentlemen, without military experience—under Lord George Murray's directions, "surprised and carried twenty detached, strong and defensible posts, all within two hours of the night; and the different parties engaged in this daring enterprise, met punctually at the appointed place of rendezvous, although their operations lay in a rugged and mountainous country. Lord George had himself marched to the bridge of Bruar with only *twenty-five* men, and a few elderly gentlemen, when he was informed that Sir Andrew Agnew, who held the Castle of Blair, was advancing with a strong force to

* Thus fell the "gallant Dundee!"—or, as he was designated by the Covenanters, the "bloody Clavers"—a man whom historians have depicted under the most opposite colours; one set representing him as a Castro-Caro, or a Pianessa,* the other as a second Bayard; but both agreeing in ascribing to him that military tact and fearless intrepidity, which made him the idol of one party, and the terror of the other. His death completely neutralized the victory; the Clans dispersed, and Mackay was suffered to retire with the wreck of his forces. An obelisk marks the scene of battle, and stands on the spot where Dundee received his death wound. It may be superfluous to remind the reader of the celebrated *novel*, in which the character of "Dundee" is so vividly portrayed. The *songs*, commemorative of this battle, have been long popular.

* See the History of the Waldenses, (the "Covenanters" of Piedmont,) in the persecution of whom these individuals were so infamously distinguished.

reconnoître. It was daylight, but the sun was not up.* Lord George, looking earnestly about him, observed a fold-dike, or wall of turf, which had been begun as a fence for cattle, but left unfinished. He ordered his men to follow, and draw up behind the dike, but at such a distance from one another that they might make a great show, having the colours of both regiments flying in front. He then gave orders to the pipers—for he had with him the pipers both of the Athol men and the Macphersons—to keep their eyes fixed on the road from Blair, and the moment they saw the soldiers appear, to strike up with all their bagpipes at once. It happened that Agnew's regiments came in sight just as the sun rose; and that instant the pipers began to play one of their most shrill and rousing pibrochs. Lord George and his Highlanders, both officers and men, whilst drawing their swords, brandished them about their heads. Sir Andrew, after gazing awhile at this spectacle, ordered his men to the right about, and without farther question marched back to the Castle of Blair. Lord George kept his post till several of his parties came in, and then marching forward with about three hundred, laid siege to the castle.

INVERNESS-SHIRE.

“ Land of the pibroch and the plaid;
 Land of the henchman and the raid;
 Land of the brave, the fair, the good.”—THE RECESS.
 “ Quos ille timorum
 Maximus haud urget lethi metus: inde ruendi
 In ferrum mens prona viris, animæque capaces
 Mortis.”
 LUCAN.

THE county of Inverness is the most extensive in Scotland, and, like that we have just left, peculiarly rich in all that can interest the mind, or waken the imagination of strangers. The expanse and character of its lakes—the wild sublimity of its mountains—its pastoral hills, fertile valleys, and waving forests—the venerable monuments of religion—the mouldering fastnesses of its Celtic chiefs—the gloom of its Alpine passes, and the smiling landscapes that encircle its lakes—all that is most effective in painting, or famous in the page

* Home. Anderson. Stewart's Sketches. Statistics of the County.

of history, invite the traveller to its recesses, and furnish ample materials for reflection and improvement. The barren heath displays on its breast the imperishable records of strife; the frowning rock, its once impregnable fastness; the forest, its druidical altars; the heath, its *cairns*; and the softer features of the landscape, its well-stocked folds, thriving hamlets, and cultivated farms. Lordly mansions, embosomed in their picturesque domains; villas and country seats, that have rapidly multiplied within the last twenty years; villages, that have risen into towns, and towns that far outstep their former limits, bear flattering testimony to the progress of industry, and the extension of those natural resources which form the great mine of domestic wealth.

This magnificent county is bounded on the north by Ross-shire, and part of the Moray Frith; on the east by the shires of Elgin, Moray, and Aberdeen; on the south by Perth and Argyll; and on the west by the Atlantic Ocean. It comprehends a variety of districts; a considerable portion of the Hebrides, with the smaller islands sprinkled along the coast; and, exclusive of these, presents a territory of more than ninety miles in length, by nearly fifty in breadth. The great distinguishing feature of this county is, its natural division into two parts, by what is called the Great Glen, or Valley of Albyn, which runs from its north-western extremity to that on the north-east—a direction nearly parallel with that of the Grampians. This immense fissure, opening between two distinct chains of lofty mountains, and occupied by a succession of lakes, suggested the great national undertaking of the Caledonian Canal, which now connects the Atlantic with the German Ocean.*

To the tourist, this canal presents the greatest facilities for an extensive survey of those romantic regions from which he was formerly debarred by the imperfect state of the roads, or could only reach by a very circuitous route. The country through which it passes is often of the most striking and varied character—alternately presenting all the gradations of lake and mountain scenery, from the cultivated farm to the cloud-capt palaces of Nature, and the wild magnificence with which she has invested the Celtic Alps. The fare by the weekly steam boats, which perform the trip between Inverness and Glasgow in forty hours, or less, is only twenty-five shillings; while to the weak or invalid traveller, the comfort

* The survey was made by Messrs. Telford and Jessop, civil engineers, in 1803, and the following year; and after nearly twenty years' labour, and an enormous expenditure, the canal was finally opened in October, 1822. A splendid fête—given on board the steam vessel with which the late Charles Grant, Esq., the county member, and his friends, proceeded from sea to sea, a distance of sixty miles—commemorated the event. From that time a regular communication has been kept up between Inverness, Glasgow, and the west coast, by means of steam boats, which have opened a new source of convenience and emolument to those engaged in foreign and domestic trade.—For particulars, see ANDERSON'S "Highlands," pp. 231-9.

and convenience of such means of transport from one side of the kingdom to the other are inestimable.

The city of Inverness, the Highland metropolis, occupies a station highly advantageous for trade, being traversed by the waters of the Ness, and in immediate contact with the great canal, where it joins the Moray Frith. The buildings, extending along the banks of the river, are generally handsome, and such as bespeak the ancient importance and modern improvements of a commercial capital. From the bridge, a handsome structure of seven ribbed arches,* the principal street extends eastward at right angles to the river; and from it two others diverge northward towards the harbour. At the angle of Church-street, one of these, is the prison, built at the close of the last century, and ornamented with a lofty steeple, which adds greatly to its effect as a public edifice. Nearly opposite are the exchange, the town-house, and the ancient market-cross, at the base of which lies the Clach-na-cuddin, or stone of the tubs, on which, in former times, the maid-servants, on drawing water from the river, were wont to rest their tubs, or pitchers. This antiquity, ornamented with the royal and city arms, is reckoned the *palladium* of the town, and recalls a period of national history which recognized none of those "water-companies" which have since banished the classic "pitcher," or, at least, confined it to the painter's canvass. The square tower of the High Church was built by Cromwell; and the sweet, clear-toned bell which tolls the *curfew*, was transported hither by his order from the cathedral of Fortrose, where it had long summoned to its altars the followers of a more imposing ritual.

The various churches and chapels, which give a pleasing effect to the general architecture of the city, are numerous—compared with the population—well attended, and the service performed by able and conscientious pastors. In addition to those of the Establishment in English and Gaëlic, the town contains Episcopalian, Seceder, Independent, Methodist, and Roman Catholic chapels—all of which, in the full enjoyment of religious toleration, present a most gratifying

* One of the arches encloses a vault formerly used as a prison, and latterly as a madhouse, which, says Mr. Anderson, "has only been closed up within the last twenty years." The narrow iron grating through which the unhappy captive caught a distant glimpse of the hills, and of the river, which rushed under his dismal cell, is still visible. The roar of waters, the rolling of wheels, the trampling of horses over the arched roof, or the chime of the evening bell, were the only sounds that reached him in his dreary receptacle; and the only face which had become familiar, was that of the grim attendant who doled out the stinted means of prolonging a miserable existence. The "prison of Chillon" was a palace, and "Bonnivard" almost enviable, when compared with this breathing sepulchre on the Ness. It is a melancholy reflection that this dungeon was not abandoned till the last miserable tenant had been nearly devoured by rats—a fact which recalls the "ratten-thurm" on the Rhine. In the present day, a gratifying revolution has taken place in this particular administration, and a humane distinction drawn between the *maniac* and the malefactor.



INVERNESS.

contrast to that spirit of bigotry which so long denounced religious distinction as a crime against the state, and made it a sufficient ground for persecution. The Academy is a handsome building, with class-rooms for five masters, besides the public hall, ornamented with a fine painting by an old Italian master, and a bust from the chisel of Westmacott. The Northern Institution, for the encouragement of literary and scientific pursuits, is among the recent proofs of that march of intellect, which is now so generally promoted over the whole kingdom, and no where with better judgment or more ennobling efforts, than among the enlightened citizens of Inverness. Numerous private schools and academies have also come in for their share in the great and important business of public education; and the most laudable exertions are employed by parents and teachers, to qualify the course of human study* with the purifying influence of religious instruction. Reading-rooms, chambers for county assemblies, and, in short, all the usual resources of a great capital, only on a smaller scale, are to be found in the city of Inverness.

Within the last five or six years, the town has made a rapid advancement in all that contributes to the health and comfort of the inhabitants, and to the clean and cheerful appearance of the buildings. The streets have been newly paved with granite; the footpaths widened and laid with Caithness flag, a stone well adapted for the purpose; and the town exceedingly well lighted with gas. The public sewers have been deepened and carried under the streets and houses so as to sweep off every impurity, and preserve the town in a state of great salubrity. The public Hospital, erected in a pleasant and cheerful situation a short way out of the town, is supported by voluntary subscriptions only. It is extremely well conducted, and, we may add, highly deserving of support. Those wealthy individuals who annually resort for *health* to the mountains of Inverness, cannot better express their gratitude than by here contributing to that of its less fortunate inmates.

Of the public walks, and the magnificent and varied prospects which they command, it is hardly possible to speak too highly. The banks of the Ness are bordered with a rich garniture of trees, embellished with numerous villas, and within a mile of the town the stream is divided into separate branches by a series of small islands luxuriantly wooded. Here, in ancient times, the city

* By the late Dr. BELL's munificent bequest for the purposes of education in his native country, Inverness benefits to the amount of 10,000*l.* three per cent. consols, which is applied to the establishment of schools on his well-known system. Previously to this, a fund was left in 1803, by Captain Mackintosh, for the education of boys belonging to certain families of that name, and which now amounts to upwards of 25,000*l.* The public charities are numerous, originating in legacies devised by philanthropic individuals.

magistrates entertained the king's judges with rural feasts when they came to hold assize-courts. "Salmon, caught in the adjoining pool, formed the principal delicacy; while claret, brandy, and even the classic sack, flowed in plentiful libations among the guests." The surface of these islands is now intersected by pleasant walks, where the more refined citizens of the present day indulge the luxury of exercise and recreation. When the projected plan, of connecting these islands with the opposite banks by means of chain bridges, shall have been carried into effect—of which an earnest has been already given in the completion of one—Inverness and its precincts will have scarcely a rival within the limits of ancient Caledonia; even now it may challenge comparison with the finest cities in the kingdom. Every thing has been done for Inverness that can be effected by wood or cultivation; whilst, in a natural state, it unites the opposite qualities of a rich campaign with the wildest Alpine scenery—here interrupted, and there contrasted, in the most striking manner. The beautiful plain on which it stands—girdled with hills, variegated in shape and size, here projecting their rocky escarpments, there swelling in wooded cliffs, and interspersed with pleasing evidences of improved taste and increasing prosperity—presents one of the finest prospects in the kingdom.

On the Crown, a rising ground to the east of the town, formerly stood an ancient castle,* the nucleus of the burgh, where Macbeth is supposed to have resided when he perpetrated the murder of his sovereign. But on this point Shakspeare and the antiquaries are at variance; the latter having endeavoured to vindicate the castle from so foul a stain, by transferring it to a place in the vicinity. The version of the poet, however, will remain the more popular, and is too intimately associated with the drama to be overthrown by antiquarian arguments. This primitive fortress was razed by Malcolm Canmore, who built another on the eminence close by the river, which, after having served as a palace and fortress through a long line of royal descendants, was blown up by the insurgent forces in the last rebellion.

The Castle-hill has been very recently embellished with a spacious new court-house, record-office, and county-rooms, to which, it is said, a jail, better accommodated to the different classes of prisoners, will be added. Down to

* "This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.
The guest of summer—
The temple-haunting martlet—doth approve
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells woingly here."—MACBETH, *Act i. Scene 6.*



INVERNESS FROM THE WEST.
(Inverness-shire.)

the invasion of Edward I., Inverness was the frequent residence of the kings, whose presence was so often necessary to repel northern encroachments, and suppress the violence of faction at home. After the accession of Bruce, it was long held in despotic subjection to the constables of its own castle; while the constant inroads upon its territory, the heavy imposts levied upon its inhabitants, and its civil broils and battles with the neighbouring clans, render its early history replete with the disasters of a barbarous warfare.

Eminently adapted by nature as a seat of mercantile enterprise, Inverness appears to have been the early resort of those Flemish merchants who had their colonies on almost every shore where ships could receive or dispose of their lading. In proof of their Flemish origin, the old houses were erected with large courts, arched gateways, steep roofs, and gables turned towards the street; and, till the middle of last century, many of them were thatched with heath or straw. It is only within the last few years that the hanging balconies, round turnpike stairs, and towers projecting in front of the houses—features which gave several of the streets an appearance highly picturesque—have disappeared. Of the citadel, built by Cromwell, and dismantled at the Restoration, part of the ramparts still remains. For the erection of this fortress, England furnished the oak planks and beams, and Strath-glass the fir. The monasteries of Kinloss and Beaully, the bishop's castle of Chanonry, the Grey Friars' church, and St. Mary's chapel, in Inverness, supplied materials for the stone-work. It was built at the time when religious houses were converted into "stone quarries," when altars were demolished to erect the most humble domestic offices, and, in its turn, became a "quarry" for municipal improvement. Part of the house in which Queen Mary resided during her visit to Inverness, still exists. The object of this visit was to quell an insurrection raised by the earl of Huntly, whose lieutenant, the governor of the castle, she caused to be executed.

Till the legislative measures of the disarming act were put in force, every Highlander, even at church, appeared as if equipped for battle—the dirk and pistols at his belt, and broadsword at his side. But does not every levee and drawing-room in the present day present a similar spectacle? So slow was the progress of fashion, and so cautiously were its maxims adopted by the ladies of Inverness, that, little more than sixty years ago, only *three* appeared at the High church in straw bonnets: but it may be added with great justice, that the ladies of Inverness need not the foreign aid of ornament.*

The municipal authorities consist of a provost, four bailies, a dean of guild,

* " Quid de matronis dicam tenerisque puellis !
Si modo fas, dixeris esse deas."

a treasurer, and fourteen councillors. On Sundays, the magistrates walk to church, preceded by their *lictors*, and, till lately, used to attend, by invitation, the funerals of the inhabitants. The population of the town and parish is nearly fifteen thousand, and the number entitled to vote for a member of parliament, in conjunction with Forres, Nairn, and Fortrose, four hundred and eighty-nine.

Among the chief objects of attraction in the environs, are Craig Phadrick, and Ord-hill of Kessock, vitrified forts; Tomnaheurich, Culloden Moor, basin and entrance of the Caledonian Canal, Druidical Temple of Leys, and Battle-hill of Torvain.* Of these, Craig Phadrick has been long an object of philosophical speculation, as to its being the work of human art or the result of volcanic action. In support of the latter hypothesis, Dr. Johnson, who examined the hill only two years ago, has spoken decidedly.†

The hill is surrounded with a wall in the form of a parallelogram, about eighty yards long, and thirty in breadth. The stones are all firmly cemented by a *vitrified* matter, like lava, or the *scoria* of an iron foundry, the substance of the stones being, in many places, softened and vitrified—in some parts partially, in others entirely. Where the fusion is imperfect, the stones are embedded in the vitreous substance. Those who are familiar with volcanic phenomena are most likely to adopt that theory, and to conclude that, in the formation of the conical hills of Scotland, subterranean fire has had more to do than superincumbent water. From the level summit of this hill the view of the sea-coast is very beautiful.

Tomnaheurich is a beautiful insulated hill, wearing its sylvan coronet of trees, and in popular tradition the favourite rendezvous of “moonlight elves,” and the tomb of Thomas the Rhymer. As an alluvial relic, it forms an interesting

* The other objects lying within a day's excursion, and which will be noticed under their proper heads, are, Fort George, and Fort Augustus; Falls of Foyers, and Kilmorrack; Castles Stewart, Dalcross, Cawdor, and Urquhart; Stone Monuments at Clava, Roman Station at Bona, &c.

† “In my own mind,” says our distinguished author, “not a shadow of doubt remains that Craig Phadrick is a volcanic mountain; that its summit was the crater of an extinct volcano; that advantage was taken of the locality to form a fort, or place of defence; and that the rocks were vitrified by subterranean fire, not by human art. That the masses of lava now existing on the summit and sides of Craig Phadrick were vitrified by Roman, Celt, or Sassenach, is about as probable as that the basaltic columns of Staffa were baked like bricks, in the cave of Fingal, or that the Giant's Causeway was fused in a tinker's crucible.” “But,” says Mr. Anderson, in his notice of this passage, “it might as well be said that all the conglomerated sand-stone ridges between Speymouth and Mealfourvoney, and thence to the Kyle of Sutherland, are volcanic; for Craig-Phadric, one of these, in no respect differs in general composition from the rest.” P. 618. The most recent theory advocated (and especially with much success, by Sir George Mackenzie, Bart., of Coul,) is, that the *vitrification of these forts was caused by ancient BEACON-FIRES.*” To this proposition the traditions of the country, and the practice of its inhabitants to the present day, give much countenance.

object for the geologist, while it offers a pleasing feature in the landscape. Its summit, quite flat, and commanding the town and surrounding scenery, is a *belvédère* on which the landscape-loving tourist will be delighted to take his station. This remarkable fragment appears to have resisted the force of those primeval torrents which ploughed their way through the Great Glen, and swept away those mountain barriers originally interposed between sea and sea. It stands as a monument of the catastrophe; and having survived, as if by miracle, the dissolving floods that stripped the surrounding surface to a depth of two hundred and fifty feet, may well be supposed to inspire superstitious belief. It is compared to a ship with the keel upwards, and scattered with trees instead of sea-weed. Perhaps nothing can convey a clearer idea of its singular appearance and position than to compare it to an ark that had ridden out the storm, but remained stranded on the secession of the waters. Dr. Johnson has made it the subject of an amusing legend, in which it is made to figure as the sleeping-station of an original "Rip Van Winkel."

Among the objects which excite a very different interest in this neighbourhood, Culloden Moor is that which has acquired a mournful familiarity in the page of national disasters. It was the closing scene in that fearful drama in which the efforts of the Stuart dynasty were finally overcome, and the brave followers of an "exiled house" exposed to every calamity that could afflict the conquered. With the heath, and its undulating ridges of graves expanding before us, it requires little effort of fancy to conjure up the last struggle, and the carnage that followed. Wherever we turn, the words of the seer are forcibly recalled—

... "A field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight;
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain."

After the battle of Falkirk, already adverted to, Prince Charles Stuart having failed to take advantage of those circumstances which were seemingly at his disposal, continued his retreat upon Inverness, and here, in April, 1746, took up his last position, where his cause had excited the warmest interest. The duke of Cumberland having drawn together a large army, and anxious to realize the flattering expectations which parliament entertained of his generalship, speedily followed in the same track. An engagement, now eagerly expected by the rival forces, was to be directed on each side by the presence of a royal leader. The army of Prince Charles, however, was far from being under strict discipline; a spirit of insubordination manifested itself among the clans,

while dissensions, jealousies, and open quarrels, precluded all hearty cooperation among the chiefs. The army of the royal Duke, in the mean time, was in good order, well provisioned, confident under the auspices of their new leader, and anxious to retrieve the credit they had forfeited on a recent occasion.

On the evening preceding the engagement, Prince Charles, with the officers of his staff, took up his quarters in Culloden House. The same night, a project having been formed to surprise the Duke, the army wasted its time and strength in a fruitless expedition to this effect, and had to resume its position in an almost exhausted state between five and six in the morning. The men had received no pay for a month; and the only ration distributed the preceding day was a biscuit to each man. The night-march had been severe, and with nothing to refresh them on their return, a painful scene ensued. Many of the men threw themselves hastily down for a few minutes' sleep, while others, impelled by hunger, went in search of provisions for themselves and comrades. But at this very juncture, an express arrived to state that the duke's army was in full march upon Culloden. At this intelligence every chief hastened to his post; the stragglers were recalled, the sleeping roused from their brief repose, and a muster of about five thousand troops drawn up on the moor, with some small field-pieces on their right.

The rival force, amounting to little short of nine thousand, made its appearance on the verge of the heath. Its imposing front, flanked by a park of artillery, and supported by troops of horse, was speedily formed and distributed in order of battle. A sharp cannonade on the part of the Highland army opened hostilities, but, the guns being ill served, the shot was at last slack and defective, while a galling fire from the English carried death and disorder into the prince's van. Impatient of this slow and murderous operation, and maddened by the sight of their falling comrades, the Highlanders, with characteristic impetuosity, rushed to the charge. The Duke's right wing met the shock, and recoiled from the weight of the column; but, soon reinforced by two battalions from the line, again made head and stemmed the torrent. Hereupon, changing the point of attack, the Highlanders threw their whole weight upon the Duke's left wing, making a strong effort to flank the front line. But in this manœuvre they were again foiled by the advance of Wolfe's regiment, and exposed to a murderous fire from the artillery. In the mean time, a passage being forced through the park wall on the right, the royal cavalry were immediately brought into action, the Prince's corps of reserve dispersed, and the others, having to support a charge of horse, front and rear, were thrown into disorder. A scene of unsparing carnage succeeded. The heavy dragoons, finding little to resist them

in the masses of infantry that now pressed upon each other in helpless confusion, indulged the spirit of revenge to its full extent. But the Highlanders did not sink under the iron hoof and sabre of the horsemen unavenged; although entirely broken, in a military sense, they were still unsubdued in spirit.* Here and there, like a stag at bay, turning desperately on their pursuers, they cut their reins, wounded their horses, and, in falling, dragged the troopers to the ground. Others, maimed and bleeding on the ground, but with sufficient life remaining to render them formidable even in that miserable condition, sprang convulsively from the earth as one of the exterminating horsemen approached, and plunging his dirk into the charger's flank, brought his insulting enemy to the ground. Scattered at short distances, detached groups of the clans—almost buried in the mass of horse that charged them—stood back to back, the buckler in one hand and the broadsword in the other, and forming in appearance a sort of armed *testudo*, made desperate but ineffectual struggles to retrieve the fate of the day. Their sable plumes and waving tartans, surged for a time in rapid agitation, then, gradually sinking under the irresistible shock of cavalry, disappeared like rocks in the continued rush of an overwhelming tide. Others of the clans, struck with panic at a scene which threatened annihilation to their cause, fled like deer before the hunter, and were cut down without even an effort to resist, or a prayer for mercy. It was a moving sight to observe with what native dignity the worsted but still unvanquished Celt met his fate. Disabled by wounds, or exhausted by fatigue, he drew himself up feebly on the ground, clenched the still bloody but useless steel, extended his target, and with the attitude and expression of a dying gladiator, perished in the succeeding charge. Others, unable to rise from the ground, but keenly alive to the scene passing before them, followed with eager eyes the standard of the prince; but at last, seeing the tartan—the badge of heroic clanship—and “the blue bonnets of the north,” strewn around them like leaves in a sudden tempest, the sight was heart-breaking. The spectacle of their prince and their chiefs crushed in evil hour, inflicted an agony more poignant than their wounds, and falling

* Never was the peculiar and irresistible power of a charge of Highlanders more fearlessly displayed than in this their last *feudal* engagement on their native hills. It was the emphatic custom before an onset, says a spirited historian of this rebellion, to *scrug* their bonnets—that is, to pull their little blue caps down over their brows, so as to ensure them against falling off in the ensuing *mêlée*. Never, perhaps, was this motion performed with so much emphasis as on the present occasion, when every man's forehead burned with the desire to avenge some dear friend who had fallen a victim to the murderous artillery. A Lowland gentleman who was in the line, and who survived till a late period, used always, in relating the events of Culloden, to comment, with a feeling of something like awe, upon the terrific and more than natural expression of rage which glowed on every cheek, and gleamed in every eye, as he surveyed the extended line at this moment.—*Chambers*.

backwards on the bloody turf, they died "with their feet to the foe." But we need not here indulge in individual scenes; the entire field was now an arena where as mournful a tragedy was enacted as ever drew tears from a widowed mother. The shrill note of the bagpipe, the clang of the bugle, and the shouts of infuriated troopers, brought at once tidings of triumph and retreat. Cumberland remained in possession of the field, and on that field lay a thousand gallant clansmen who had surrendered their lives—victims of a mistaken loyalty.*

The Prince, who had now witnessed the destruction of his army and the death-blow to his cause, was hurried off the field by the officers of his staff, and consigned, as a fugitive, to those natural fastnesses where alone the royal name of Stuart was still revered. His adventures during the period which followed have furnished as noble a record of manly fortitude and endurance as ever did honour to human nature. Denounced, and destitute of the most common necessities—thirty thousand pounds offered for him, alive or dead—pursuing only the most lonely tracks—there sleeping in caves, and here soliciting shelter in some solitary cabin—his life, from that of a prince, was suddenly encompassed with every danger which could threaten him as an outlaw—with every privation that could afflict the body—every circumstance that could distract the mind. Those who affect to despise his pretensions as an aspirant to the throne, cannot refuse him, as a man, the tribute of their respect and admiration.

The victory was decisive;† but the glory to which the victors laid claim was sullied with the greatest inhumanity. The wounded and defenceless were cut down without distinction. Those who had merely assembled as spectators, shared in the disasters of the field. The cry of "no quarter" spread consternation among the flying, while it sanctioned the pursuers in the work of carnage. The Highland garb—whether of the unarmed peasant or the hostile clansman—was a fatal signal to the wearer. The accents of the "mountain tongue" were answered by the shouts of extermination; and he who counted most victims showed the greatest loyalty. Vengeance was now the word; and seldom has a retreat presented scenes of cold-blooded ferocity like that from Culloden Moor. That these were to be charged rather to the officers than the men, and most to the commander, is undeniable. The occasion offered one of the

* The French piquets stationed on the right took no share in the engagement, but intimidated by the disastrous commencement, remained passive witnesses of the conflict, and at its close, surrendered themselves prisoners of war. This inactivity, however, was neither to be attributed to want of courage, or want of zeal in the cause; but to a conviction that no sacrifice of life could retrieve the honours of the day.

† Prince Charles's resources, notwithstanding the loss of this battle, were by no means desperate; eight thousand men were ready to meet him at Ruthven, in Badenoch, had he signified his desire to renew the strife.—*Anderson*.



CULLODEN MOOR, LOOKING ACROSS THE MORAY FIRTH.

(Inerness shire.)

finest opportunities for the exercise of clemency ever presented to a victorious commander;* but the divine attribute of mercy was not a military virtue in the estimation of the leader. The noble maxim to spare the vanquished had no place in his catechism; he drew no distinction between actual treason and mistaken loyalty; between intentional guilt and error of judgment; between the vassal who fought in obedience to his chief, and the mercenary who betrayed his allegiance. His sole aim was to restore peace by forming a solitude; to establish authority by leaving none to resist.

The wounded were abandoned during three days to all the horrors of a lingering death, denied assistance, and a prey to all that mental and corporeal sufferings could inflict. The distracted friend or relative who stole forth at midnight to administer relief, ran imminent hazard of being shot as a rebel, and of taking his grave by the side of him for whose sake he had risked his life. Few could elude the vigilance of the sentinels stationed along every avenue leading to the Moor, and of those few who did, still fewer returned. The silence of the night scene was more appalling than the heat of the conflict. As the visitor approached the dismal heath, a thrill of horror rushed through his frame. The mingled sounds of agony and despair struck fitfully upon his ear; but all modified by the nature of the wounds, or the vigour of mind and constitution possessed by the survivors. One implored him for a drop of water; one, driven frantic with excessive pain, raved of the prince, and brandished in his hand the fancied trophies of victory. Another, fully alive to the horrors of his situation, invoked the names of his chief and his kindred, urging them to avenge his cause, and then, exhausted by the frantic effort, sank into a death-like torpor. A third spoke not, but pointed to the comely but disfigured countenance of one whose youth bespoke him a younger brother. They lay singly, and in groups, as they had fallen—the living unable to extricate themselves from the dead, and the dead retaining in their features that expression which the last agitating passion had left.

In this situation the wounded were left to perish on the field. Those who survived the third day, were shot by command of the duke of Cumberland, whose officers were charged with the execution of this sanguinary order. The accompanying plate represents the murderous proceeding. In pursuance of the same order, a barn, in which the maimed and dying, having crawled from the field, lay huddled together, was set fire to, and its miserable inmates consumed in the

* In the town of Inverness, the duke instituted a complete military government—treated the magistrates and inhabitants with contempt; and he was afterwards obliged to sue out an act of indemnity from the British parliament for these and other atrocities, of which it is notoriously known he was guilty.—*Anderson.*

flames. Had this taken place in the heat of battle, as at Hougumont, where the spirit of resistance was still maintained by those inclosed, the fact would have been written down as one of those catastrophes which no humanity could prevent; but in the present instance the battle had long ceased—resistance was at an end—the royal authority was recognised—and Cumberland might have reposed on his laurels, honoured, if not respected; and, if not popular, yet in the full enjoyment of power. By aspiring to those traits which show the avenger, he lost sight of all that magnanimity which should distinguish the victor; dissatisfied with the mere honour of victory, he neutralized its fame by the infamy of a massacre. It has been said, that if mercy were banished from the earth it should find a resting-place in the hearts of princes; but the royal leader in the present instance was insensible to its pleadings, and in the means adopted to render himself terrible in the eyes of the people, he became odious. Such conduct threw a qualifying shade over the lustre of conquest, and by degrading the illustrious personage from the character of a hero, avenged the people whom he had sacrificed.

“ Mais pourquoi rappeler cette *triste victoire* ?
Que ne puis-je plutôt ravir à la mémoire
Les cruels monumens de ces *affreux succès* ! ”

Parties of the military were sent into every district whose chiefs were supposed to have been concerned in the rebellion, to burn, plunder, and lay waste the country; and in this their orders were executed to the letter. The Duke in the mean time reached the highest degree of popularity; in the south, his victory of Culloden was regarded as a brilliant example of generalship, and the conqueror was flattered by every token of public admiration.* But the honour so liberally awarded him, and those high talents for which the parliament gave him unbounded credit, were eventually proved to be rash and unfounded. In proof of this, we need only allude to his royal highness's capitulation when opposed by a French general at Closter Severn. The letters written by him to the countess of —— expose his memory to ridicule. That other great men have not done the same, we presume not to say; some of our most distinguished

* After the battle of Culloden, most of the old signs of naval and military heroes gave way to the Head of Duke William. “ I was yesterday out of town,” says Horace Walpole in a letter to Mr. Conway, dated April 16, 1747, “ and the very signs at the inns, as I passed through the villages, made me make very quaint reflections on the mortality of fame and popularity! I observed how the ‘ Duke of Cumberland’s Head ’ had succeeded almost universally to ‘ Admiral Vernon’s,’ and his had left but few traces of the ‘ Duke of Ormond’s.’ I pondered these things in my heart, and said to myself, Surely all glory is but as the *sign over an inn door* ! ”



THE MORAY FIRTH, WITH FORT GEORGE & TORR BARR.

(Inverness-shire.)

statesmen and heroes have acted inconsistently with the characters they had won ; but then they had great virtues to throw into the scale, which established an immense balance in their favour.

Of Prince Charles—whose adventures after the battle of Culloden, the “ Flodden” of the North, are universally known—we need only add, that after innumerable hardships and hair-breadth escapes, he succeeded, with about a hundred of his friends, in securing his retreat to France in a privateer engaged for that purpose. It is worthy of remark, as a trait that reflects immortal honour on the people of the Highlands, that during his wanderings amongst them, Prince Charles had occasion to entrust his life to more than fifty individuals—many of them poor and destitute—but not one of whom was tempted either by the enormous bribe offered, or intimidated by the continual vigilance of their enemies, to betray his path or lurking-place.

A person of the name of M’Ian—to whose cottage the prince went and threw himself on his protection—though no friend to his cause, watched over him for several weeks with inviolable fidelity. What renders this fact still more remarkable is, that M’Ian, whose family were at the time in a state of starvation, was compelled to the dire necessity of robbing in order to support the prince—of robbing, too, at the risk of his life, when a word or sign would have raised him to opulence, and to special favour with government. It is a melancholy fact to add, in conclusion to such unparalleled fidelity, that this poor man was afterwards brought to the gallows for having, during a season of great severity, stolen a cow to keep his family alive, and when he had only one choice left, to rob or to starve. A little before his execution, he took off his bonnet and said—“ I thank God that, although condemned to suffer death for an offence committed under the pressure of want, I have never betrayed a trust—never injured the poor—never refused to share my last morsel with the stranger and the needy.” On having the circumstance represented to him, the king was said to have expressed much regret that the sentence had been carried into execution, and to have added, that, had the case been reported to him in proper time, the poor man should have been placed in a situation where he would have had no temptation to rob for his subsistence.

We now proceed to Fort George occupying the eastern extremity of the county which projects into the Moray Frith.* It was built at the disastrous period

* In pursuing this route, the antiquary will find the ancient baronial residence of Dalcross Castle an object of attraction. It consists of two towers, joined at right angles, the inner corner where they meet being covered with a projecting turret and large entrance gate. In the front court is a deep draw-well ; the windows are staunched with iron ; it has a huge oaken door, with inner iron gratings ; the kitchen, with its enormous vaulted chimney, is like the arch of a bridge ; the dungeons and the hall are quite perfect.

just named, by command of the duke of Cumberland, and covers a space of ten Scotch acres. The fortifications are regular, and, like others composing the chain of forts built to check any future rise on the part of the Highlanders, were finished under the direction of the best engineers of the day. It is considered a model in this respect, and equal in all but extent to the continental forts on the plan of the celebrated Vauban. It contains barracks for more than two thousand troops, exclusive of houses for the governor and officers; and is amply provided with all the accommodations to be found in the best fortification in the kingdom. The buildings unite great strength and solidity with elegance of execution; but the stranger is tempted to wish that the vast sums there expended had been employed in some work of more permanent advantage—something that, while it kept them in check, might have promoted the interests of the Highlands. While this vast citadel was erecting, famine was severely felt in the surrounding districts—the cottages were in ruins, the land uncultivated, and the survivors still suffering from the violence employed against them at the close of the rebellion. Having answered the purpose of their erection, these formidable bastions now serve only to recall the circumstance which caused them. The fort stands like a mailed veteran in the midst of peaceful citizens, and as if longing for war, like sailors for a fair wind.

The breadth of the Frith at this point is upwards of a mile; and immediately above the fortress it presents the appearance of a spacious basin, or inland lake. The communication with the opposite coast of Cromarty is kept up by ferry-boats, the security of which is provided for by a jetty projecting from the fort into the sea. The village of Cambelltown, which says more for the modern improvement of the Highlands than its forts, occupies the lower end of the peninsula, and has risen into importance under the protection of the house of Cawdor.

Fortrose, on the opposite side of the Frith, is remarkable as a free town, and as the ancient seat of the Catholic bishops of Ross, whose palace was completely destroyed, the cathedral greatly damaged, and its fine bells, as already

The ceiling of the latter is of fine carved oak, in part rudely painted: but its most interesting feature is the *dais*, or portion of the floor raised above the rest, for the special use of the lord of the manor, his family, and principal guests. The roof of one of the bedrooms was painted all over with the coats-of-arms of the principal families in the country. Those of Robert Bruce, of the earls of Huntly, Marischal, and Stuart, are still quite distinct. This castle was built by Simon, eighth Lord Lovat, in 1620. CASTLE-STEWART is a fine specimen of the castellated mansion, and has been restored to much of its ancient beauty by the timely interference of the earl of Moray. The precise period of its erection is disputed. By some it is said to have been a favorite residence of James IV., and built as a hunting seat. Others assert that the Regent Moray was its founder, and that Queen Mary occasionally honoured it with her presence.—See the description at full by Messrs. Anderson.—*Guide to the Highlands*, pp. 112, 113.



FALLS OF KILMORECK.

(Ross-shire)

London: Published for the Proprietors by Geo. Virtue, AG. Ivy Lane 1837.

mentioned, transported to Inverness, by order of Cromwell. Here resided the celebrated historian, Bishop Leslie—the biographer, Dr. Gregory Mackenzie—and another physician of the same name, author of “The Art of preserving Health.” Here the famous Scottish lawyer and statesman, Sir George Mackenzie, often retired from courts and senates, to enjoy the delightful and secluded walks. And here, also, the late Sir James Mackintosh, the well-known historian and eloquent senator, received the rudiments of his education.

The magnificent valley of Beaully—a plain nearly two miles wide, watered by the broad sweeping river of that name, and encompassed by a ring of high terraced banks—is a scene on which the eye reposes with peculiar delight. The surface of the plain, and the sides of the hill which slope down to it, are elegantly chequered with cultivated fields, and dense woods of birch and fir. On the west, where the acclivities approach each other, the eye penetrates the gorge of a rocky opening, through which the descending waters form the picturesque falls of Kilmorack. The lower falls are situate about two miles from the village of Beaully, immediately beneath the parish church. They are less remarkable for their height than for breadth and volume, and for the beautiful accompaniments of lofty rocks, smooth green banks, and hanging woods, which encircle them. The river, dashing from between two lofty precipices, where it is confined to an extremely narrow channel, suddenly expands into an open semicircular basin, through which it slowly glides, and is then precipitated over its lower edge in a series of small cataracts.*

The next group of waterfalls occurs about three miles up the river, at the top of a most romantic ride, called the *Drhuim*. This, in character, is the most completely Highland and beautiful part of the course of the Beaully river. On either hand the mountain acclivities are steep and rocky, and the intermediate valley not above four hundred yards in breadth. Woods of birch and fir encompass the whole scene, especially on the north side; and the edges of the river are fringed all along with rows of oak, weeping birch, and alder. In one part, half way up the strath, near the cottage of Teanassie, the waters plunge through a rocky passage encircling high pyramids of stone, slanting up in isolated masses in the midst of the stream—gigantic witnesses of its ceaseless and consuming power. This is the point represented in the annexed engraving.

* The bridge of Lovat which spans the Beaully, is a handsome modern structure, and highly ornamental in the landscape. The surface of the opposite hill is diversified with small patches of corn land, allotted by Sir Simon Fraser, of Lovat, to the veteran soldiers of his clan who had served under him in the American war; thus securing a substantial provision for his dependents by a slight tax on their industry—the best of all pensions, and redounding to the lasting honour of the chief.

Immediately below this scene, the turmoil of the waters subsides into smooth dark *linns*, while the rocks at the same time recede and give place to daisied banks, and sweet patches of corn-fields.

On the southern bank of the river, on a high conical mound, rising above a perpendicular sheet of rock, is the vitrified structure of Dunfion,* recently thrown open to public inspection by the taste and liberality of Mr. Fraser, of Lovat, who has also formed a beautiful drive along his own side of the river, so as to include this interesting and romantic scenery. At the further end of the Drhuim, the road begins to ascend towards the interior of the country; and here the river is seen pouring down on each side of a high rounded hill, covered with oak and birch, at the lower extremity of which it forms the second set of small but beautiful cataracts. This wooded hill is the island of Aigas—for the river parts into two and encircles it—noted as having been the temporary retreat to which Simon, the last Lord Lovat, conducted the dowager Lady Lovat, whom he had forced to become his wife—when letters of fire and sword were issued against him, and the principal families of his clan, by King William, in 1697.†

The ancient Priory of Beauuly stands on a fertile spot near the brink of the river, surrounded by aged trees, which give to its venerable walls an air of congenial sanctity and seclusion. The name, *beau lieu*, was no doubt suggested by the beauty of the situation. It was founded in 1230 by John Bisset, of Lovat, but received various additions from his successor. The monks belonged to the order of Valliscaulium, a reform of the Cistercian, and following the rule of St. Benoît, or Benedict. They were introduced from France by Malvoisin, bishop of St. Andrews, about the period above named; and established also at Pluscardine in Elginshire, and Ardchattan in Argyll. They led an austere and solitary life, and afforded, says Mr. Anderson, “an asylum within these walls to many natives of the Highlands, whom either bodily infirmity, or a distaste for the coarse manners of their countrymen, disqualified for more active occupations. The remains of an orchard still attest the fertility of the ground, and the attention which the good old monks paid to horticulture. At the Reformation, when the last prior resigned it along with his lands in trust to Lord Lovat, its revenues were considerable. It is now a mere shell; the roof is fallen in, the area occupied with rubbish, and the closely set graves of the Clan Fraser and their allies. Beside the high altar repose the ashes of the

* The cross sections of this *vitrified* fort displayed several layers of charcoa, earth, and bones.

† See the description of this and the adjacent scenery in the highly interesting “Guide to the Highlands,” already quoted;—an indispensable *Vade-Mecum* for the northern counties.



THE DREUM ON THE BEAULY RIVER.

(Ross-shire)



THE PASS OF INVERFARRAKAIG.
(Inverness-shire.)

London, Published for the Proprietors, by Geo. Virtue, 26, Ivy Lane, 1836.

old chiefs; and near them those of the principal branches of the Frasers, the Chisholms, and other tribes in the adjacent valleys. The variety of figures on the more ancient tombstones is considerable; some elegantly carved, and many of the inscriptions in the ancient Saxon character. The north aisle belongs exclusively to the Mackenzies of Gairloch. The effigy of a knight, recumbent, in full armour, marks the resting-place of Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, who died in 1493, and was the first chief of that name interred here; all his ancestors having been buried in Iona.

We now return to those points of view in the vicinity of Loch-Ness to which the accompanying illustrations have immediate reference. Of these, the first is the Pass of *Inverfarrakaig*—a defile which, in many respects, may vie with some of the minor passes of the Swiss Alps. It has all the characteristics usually observed in that country, glaciers excepted; and presents a combination of features rising in striking gradation, from the softness of cultivated landscape, through the different stages of the beautiful, the picturesque, and romantic, till it closes the picture with those sublime and stupendous bulwarks with which Nature appears to exclude the habitable world. There is nothing in the Highlands, says an able writer, more picturesquely beautiful, wild, or even stupendous, than the Pass of Inverfarrakaig. Woods of birch line the bottom of the deep ravine, from which a few groups and single trees extend along the face of the precipitous rocks above, waving their graceful twigs like flowery garlands along the mountain's brow, and blending in harmonious colouring their own bright green with the grey stone, purple heath, and the azure blue of the incumbent sky. At the entrance of the Pass, and for a considerable space, the eastern side consists of a range of perpendicular and rugged precipices, in the crevices of which a few straggling knotted oak, ash, birch, and elm trees, maintain a precarious footing. As Loch-Ness comes into view, the high and broad frontlet of the Black Rock, surmounting an ample birch-clad acclivity, terminates the range of precipices, and crowning its summit, we discern the green-coloured walls of the ancient vitrified fortress of Dundarduil.

The accompanying illustration of *Altsay-burn*, presents an incident in one of the most sanguinary feuds ever recorded in the annals of Inverness-shire. The historical circumstance to which it refers, is the barbarous outrage emphatically known as the "Raid of Cillie-Christ." In the early part of the seventeenth century, Angus, eldest son of the Glengarry chief, Macdonell, had made a *foray* into the territory of the clan Mackenzie, in the Frith of Beauuly, with whom the Macdonells were at war. On his way home from this fatal expedition, the heir of Glengarry was intercepted and slain, with several of his

followers, by a party of Mackenzies. To revenge his death, a strong body of Glengarry men were despatched under Allan Mac Raonuill, of Lundy, who led them immediately across the hills, into the country of their enemies. Marching under favour of night, they reached the scene of premeditated revenge early on Sunday morning; and, having ascertained that a numerous company of Mackenzies were then assembled in the chapel of Cillie-Christ, near Beauly, resolved to take advantage of the circumstance for the execution of their diabolical purpose. Having surrounded the sacred walls with sentinels, and secured every door and aperture by which the unsuspecting congregation might effect their escape, they set fire to the edifice in several places, and in a few minutes the house of prayer was blazing like a funeral pile. Lips, on which the orison was still unfinished, now gave vent to the wildest shrieks of despair. The wail of women and children—the groans of the men—the glare of the flames, as the crackling roof crumbled in their devouring grasp—the dense volumes of smoke checkered with red streaks, that at length concentrated into a blaze—the hurrying from aisle to altar, from door to window—the ejaculations of despair—the gaspings for breath—and finally the seething heart-streams bursting their receptacles—all formed a picture from which the mind shrinks appalled. The sacrilege, also, with which it was accompanied, invests the scene with a still deeper horror. The Macdonells looked on with complacency; and as the shrieks of their tortured and expiring victims rose wildly upon the ear, they were answered by shouts of triumph and the shrill notes of the pibroch,* which mocked their agony with a funeral dirge. Men, women, and children, were sacrificed without distinction; and what the fire would have spared, the sword thrust back into the flames. Not an individual escaped. Those who in the morning had met here, a numerous and happy congregation, were a mass of smouldering ashes at noon.

The perpetrators of this atrocious deed, enjoying the dastardly satisfaction of having avenged their wrongs, retired from the scene like troops after a victory, but like troops who dreaded reprisals. Vengeance, indeed, was already mustering her strength: the fire in which the Mackenzies were sacrificed, served as a gathering beacon to the clan. Every man who could bear a sword now drew it forth, and, casting away the scabbard, rushed to the pursuit. Dividing their force into two bodies, one followed the track along the south side of Loch-Ness; while the other, crossing the mountains to the north bank of the lake,

* The miserable victims found all attempts at escape unavailing, and were, without a single exception—man, woman, or child—swallowed up by the devouring element, or indiscriminately massacred by the swords of the relentless Macdonells; whilst a piper marched round the church, playing an extemporary piece of music, which has ever since been the pibroch of the Glengarry family.—Anderson.



ALTSAY BURN.

(Inverness-shire.)

"MAC RAONUILL OBSERVING HIS SITUATION TURNED BACK AND LOPPED OFF THE BRANCH."

Anderson's Guide to the Highlands.

London, Published for the Proprietors, by Geo: Virtue, 28, Ivy Lane, 1837.

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pursued the first division of the Macdonells, under their leader, Mac Raonuill. Stimulated by revenge, they continued the chase without intermission; and at length overtook the guilty fugitives near Altsay-burn, where they had ventured to halt for refreshment. The hostile clans, mutually fatigued in body, but still burning with revenge, rushed upon each other with the most deadly rancour. But the Macdonells, who had already exhausted their revenge, and were consequently more enfeebled, could not resist the fury of their opponents, to whom the prospect of immediate retaliation had given strength of arm and swiftness of foot. The conflict was maintained for some time with mutual fury; but at length the Macdonells, overpowered by numbers, were driven into the *burn*, or torrent, where many of them, missing the ford, or impeded by the rugged rocks by which its channel is encumbered, were overtaken and slain by the Mackenzies. Mac Raonuill, a man of athletic frame, having made good his retreat to a point where the torrent rushes through a chasm of great depth and breadth, took a desperate leap, cleared the abyss, and landed safe on the opposite bank. One of the Mackenzies, hot in pursuit, but with less of the wild stag in his limbs than the Macdonell leader, and blinded, perhaps, to the danger by the hope of overtaking his prize, followed at a venture. The attempt failed: his feet fell short of the brink; but catching fast hold of a birch sapling, he broke his fall, and hung dangling over the abyss that boiled beneath him. Turning round and seeing his pursuer in this critical state of suspension, Mac Raonuill coolly drew his dirk, approached the tree, and with a smile of demoniac satisfaction at the despair of his victim, lopped off the branch, and dropped him into the gulf beneath. "There," said he, with deadly sarcasm, "I have left much behind me with ye to-day—take that too!" This done, his athletic limbs carried him considerably ahead of his pursuers; till, reaching the cool margin of the lake, he plunged in, breasted the waters for some time, and was finally picked up by a boat to which he made signals.

The worsted party of the Macdonells, who had figured in the morning tragedy, and now fled by Inverness, were surprised in a public-house by the other detachment of Mackenzies, who made sure of their prey. The building was surrounded—the doors and windows secured—lighted matches applied to the thatch: the flames burst forth in an instant; and in these flames thirty-seven of the Macdonells did penance for the atrocious proceedings of the morning.—Such was the Raid of Cillie-Christ, or Christ-church, and such the speedy retribution by which it was followed. It is a revolting picture of the barbarous state of society at that period, and of the excesses into which the rival clans were perpetually hurried by the impulse of ungovernable passions.

Loch-Ness, along whose glittering expanse the business of commerce is now directed by the new impulse of steam, occupies the Great Valley for more than twenty miles. The scenery in which it is embedded presents a succession of grand and imposing features—pastoral acclivities, picturesque rocks, woods and waterfalls, dark ravines and dismal precipices, from which the frequent torrent dashes with its foaming tribute to the lake. Here and there, isolated rocks, starting forth like landmarks in the forest, bear testimony to the awful convulsion by which the ancient mountains were split, and when the lake sprang forth between the disrupted banks. The whole chain of these lakes occupies one vast chasm, through which the sea must have forced its way, and thus divided the country into two distinct portions.* The scenery of Loch-Ness, although generally fine, from whatever point it may be contemplated, is most so when viewed from the north shore, instead of the deck of the steamer. In the former case, owing to the doublings and undulations of the road, every turn presents the lake under a different aspect, and adds some new feature to the landscape. The waters of the lake fill the whole interval between the mountains, which dip so suddenly, that, within a hundred yards of the shore, the depth is often forty or fifty fathoms. Towards the centre, soundings have been made to the depth of one hundred and thirty fathoms—a fact which fully accounts for its never freezing; for even a Highland winter is too short to reduce so great a depth and volume of water to the point of congelation. After long continued rains, the lake has been known to rise eight or ten feet above its natural level. It abounds in trout. The water, though considered salubrious by the natives, has often the opposite effect upon strangers, who drink it freely in the “shooting season.” This is said to be owing to the immense numbers of *confervæ* adhering to the rocks at the bottom, and there giving off a decomposed vegetable matter, which, by intermixture, has a tendency to produce diarrhæa. In other respects the water is exceedingly pure; no saline ingredients having yet been detected by the ordinary tests of analysis. At the time of the great earthquake at Lisbon, the waters of this lake were thrown into violent agitation; rushing up their

* It is hardly possible to contemplate the great valley of the Ness, without coming to the conclusion that the German and Atlantic Oceans once communicated through this long and narrow chasm; thus separating Caledonia into two distinct parts; but if so, how comes a lake now in the centre, some ninety feet higher than the level of either ocean? It may be accounted for by supposing that the high or mountainous banks of this strait fell in during some earthquake or convulsion, so as to block up the chasms in two or three places—say at Inverness, or Fort Augustus—thus insulating as it were the site of Loch-Ness. The consequence would be, that the lake would gradually rise by the streams from the mountains, till the waters found an exit, as at present, into the Moray Frith.—*The Recess*, by JAMES JOHNSON, M.D., Physician extraordinary to the King.



LOCH NESS FROM ABOVE THE FALL OF FYES.

(over new stone)

channel with amazing impetuosity—invading the bed of the river Oich, and covering its banks to the height of five feet above the ordinary level. This continued for about an hour in violent ebb and flow; and then, a huge wave bursting upon, and inundating the northern bank, the commotion gradually subsided, and the waters returned to their bed. Loch-Tay exhibited a similar phenomenon; and in various other parts of the island, as our readers are aware, lakes and rivers at the same time gave strange evidence of sympathy in that terrible catastrophe.

Of this celebrated and much-frequented scene, the Falls of Foyers, Burns has transmitted us a correct and vivid picture in the following lines:—

“ Among the heathy hills and ragged woods,
The roaring Foyers pours his mossy floods;
Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
Where, through a shapeless breach, his stream resounds.
As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
As deep recoiling surges foam below” . . .
“ Still through the gap the struggling river toils,
And still below the horrid caldron boils.”

The Falls are distant about a mile from the “General’s hut,” or inn, and close to the public road leading to Fort Augustus. After passing across the highly elevated and chiefly moorland district, lying to the south of Loch-Ness, the river Foyers, on reaching the hills which skirt the lake, enters a deep narrow ravine, at the commencement of which it is precipitated over a ledge of rock, about thirty feet in height, and thus forms the Upper Fall. To see this to advantage, it is necessary to descend to the channel of the river below the bridge. From this position the appearance of the headlong and tumultuous mass of waters is very imposing; while the lofty and perpendicular rocks between which the river pours its noisy and troubled flood, and the aerial single-arched bridge spanning* the chasm, add much to the picturesque effect. Below the Fall, the channel of the river is deep and rocky, and shelves rapidly down towards the lake; the mountain sides are clothed with luxuriant woods of birch; and the river, interrupted in its course by numerous masses of rock, is lashed into foam, and hurries impetuously forward for about a quarter of a mile. Here it encounters a second

* A little above the cascade, the river is very much contracted between two rocks; and previously to the erection of the bridge, a log was thrown over this chasm, reaching from one rock to the other, and serving as a bridge to the more courageous foot passengers. There is a tradition, that a person who resided in the heights of the country, while in a state of intoxication, passed on horseback along the log-bridge in a moonlight night; and that, having gone afterwards to the place, he was so horror-struck at the peril he had escaped, that he returned home, went to bed, and soon after died.

abrupt descent, and is dashed through a narrow gap, over a height of ninety feet, into a deep spacious *linn*, or basin, surrounded by lofty precipitous rocks. As we approach this greater cataract, the ground is felt to tremble from the shock of the falling waters, and the ear is stunned with its sullen and ceaseless roar. Descending by a winding footpath to a point directly opposite to, and on a level with the Fall, the spectacle appears in all its sublimity. Here at once the eye can scan the terrors of the troubled gulf below, the whole extent of the Fall, and the stupendous overhanging rocks, waving with birch, and partially covered with a rank mossy vegetation, forced into life by the volumes of vapour which float around; but it is chiefly when the river is much swollen by rain that the spectator regards it with mingled feelings of awe and admiration. Then the living spirit of the waters wakens with thundering call the echoes of the solitude; every other sound is drowned, and all nature seems attentive to the voice of the falling element. The mighty caldron is filled with shifting masses of spray, frequently illumined with the bright and lambent tints of the rainbow.*

“ But on the verge,
From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,
An iris sits amidst the infernal surge,
Like Hope upon a death-bed; and, unworn
It steady dyes, whilst all around is torn
By the distracted waters, bears serene
Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn;
Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,
Love watching Madness with unalterable mien.” †

In several of the Highland districts, and particularly in that now under notice, the state of property, and the local history of ancient times, would be entirely unknown, but for the few gleams of light thrown upon them by the annals connected with their existing monuments of antiquity. Of this description is the Castle of Urquhart, one of the chain of fortresses—several of them royal—which, from the earliest times, stretched across the Great Glen from Inverness to Inverlochy, and thus secured the country from foreign invasion and the excess of civil discord. Perched on the western promontory of Urquhart bay, this ruined fortress overhangs Loch-Ness. The isolated rock on which it stands, is separated from the adjoining hill by a moat twenty-five feet deep and sixteen broad. The rock is crowned by the remains of a high wall or curtain, surrounding the buildings; the principal of which, a strong square *keep*,

* Anderson. Guide, Sect. v. p. 252.

† Byron.



T. Allom.

E. R. R. R.

FALL OF FOYERS.

(Invernesshire.)

of three stories, and surmounted by four square projecting turrets, still exists. The outer wall encloses a spacious area, and in some places is terraced, with platforms in the angles for the convenience of the defending soldiery. The entrance is through a spacious gateway, between two guard-rooms, projecting beyond the general line of the walls, and guarded by more than one massive portal, and a huge portcullis. These entrance-towers are much in the style of architecture peculiar to the Welsh castles built by Edward I.; and in front of them lay the drawbridge across the outer moat. The whole buildings were of superior masonry, strongly secured, and so extensive as to accommodate a garrison of at least five hundred men.

The first siege sustained by this castle was in 1303. In that year, the officers of Edward I.—who did not venture in person beyond Nairn—were sent forward to subdue the country around Kildrummie, and began their operations against Castle Urquhart, which, of all the strongholds in the North, maintained the most determined resistance. At length, however, the place was captured, A.D. 1334,* and the intrepid governor, De Bois, and his garrison, were put to the sword.

Fort Augustus, the central stronghold erected in the Great Glen, stands on a peninsula formed by the rivers Tarf and Oich, at the western extremity of Loch-Ness. The scenery is wild and mountainous; but in respect to convenience, and the facilities of communication, the locality is well chosen. All the supplies necessary for a garrison could be transported at little expense by land and water. It is a regular fortification, with barracks for nearly four hundred troops,

* Thirty-one years later, Sir Robert Lauder, a knight of Morayshire, was governor of Urquhart, and held the castle successfully against the Baliol faction. His daughter having married the laird of Chisholm in Strathglass, the offspring of that union, Sir Robert Chisholm,* on coming into the inheritance of his maternal property, the estates of Quarrel Wood, became constable of Urquhart Castle, in right of his grandfather. After this period, it is known to have been a royal fort or garrison; and such, probably, it also was at the commencement of the fourteenth century, the period of the siege, and during the reigns of the Alexanders, and other early Scottish sovereigns. About the middle of the fourteenth century, the barony and castle of Urquhart were *disponed* by David II. to William count of Sutherland, and his son John; and were subsequently held for the king by the ancient family of Grant of Freuchie, now Grant of Grant, who, as chamberlains of the crown, obtained possession of most of the lands around, constituting the domains of the Castle. Finally, at the commencement of the sixteenth century, when James IV. was empowered by parliament to let out in feu-farm the royal lands, both annexed and unannexed, he granted three charters of the lordship of Urquhart, and baronies of Urquhart and Glenmoriston, in different portions, to John Grant of Freuchie, and his two sons; from the latter of whom are descended the GRANTS of Glenmoriston and Corymony.—*Paroch. Statist.* 1836.

* A gentleman of Inverness is in possession of an original charter of this Sir Robert Chisholm, to the church of the Holy Cross, in Inverness, of certain lands near the town, dated on the first of the Epiphany, A.D. 1362.

and was built in 1729, on the Lovat estate, to overawe certain clans who were inclined to disturb the peace by supporting the exiled family of Stuart in their claims to the throne. In 1746 it was taken by the Highland clans, and partly demolished, but, afterwards reinstated, it became for some time the head-quarters of the royal army.* The garrison is now become unnecessary; and, some years ago, orders were given to dismantle the ramparts and transfer the ordnance to Fort George—measures which were carried into effect.

The hill of Suidh-Chuiman is crossed by the great military road from Inverness to Fort Augustus; and on its very summit, within two yards of him, the tourist will observe a small *cairn*—such as is commonly found where persons have perished from the inclemency of the weather, or died suddenly. On this spot, it is said, one of the chieftains of the Clan Cummin,† so powerful in their day, while on the way to visit some of his dependants, fell sick and died. Here, any disastrous event is perpetuated by a *cairn*—in the Alps, by a cross erected on the spot.

Among the traditions relative to events which took place in this neighbourhood at the calamitous period of “forty-five,” one is thus perpetuated:—Cameron of Lochiel, having joined Prince Charles, was followed by his whole clan—a measure which involved them in ruin. The royal army, after its victory on the field of Culloden, as already mentioned, was stationed at Fort Augustus, from which point small detachments were sent in different directions to plunder and lay waste the country. In Lochaber, they drove away all the cattle,‡ burnt the houses,

* When taken possession of by the royal army, it became the centre of gaiety and fashion. Amidst the fatigues and hardships which the soldiers had to suffer, says a writer of that day, “the brave Duke makes all about him as jovial as the place will possibly admit of.” In a letter, dated from the fort, June 17th, the writer gives some account of the royal pastimes. “Last Wednesday,” says he, “the duke gave two prizes to the soldiers to run heats for, on bare-backed gallows taken from the rebels, when eight started for the first, and ten for the second prize. These gallows are little larger than a good tup, and shew excellent sport. Yesterday his royal highness gave the soldiers’ wives a fine Holland smock to be run for on these gallows, also bare backed, and riding with their limbs on each side the horse, like men. Eight started, and there were three of the finest heats ever seen! The prize was won with great difficulty by one of the Old Buffs’ ladies. In the evening, General Hawley and Colonel Howard ran a match for twenty guineas, on two of the above shelties (or ponies), which Hawley won by about five inches.”—*Struthers’ Hist. Scots Mag.* 1748.

† The whole distict of Badenoch was originally the property of the Comyns, (or Cummins,) who, at an early period of Scottish history, were one of the most powerful families in the kingdom. It is matter of doubt at what time and in what manner this family, which came from England in the time of David I., acquired possession of so much wealth and influence; but we find John Comyn first noticed as lord of Badenoch in the reign of Alexander III.—See *Parochial Statistics*.

‡ “We hang or shoot,” says an officer, writing from Fort Augustus, “every one that is known to conceal the Pretender; burn their houses, and take away their cattle, of which we got a thousand head within these few days past; so that if some of your Northumberland graziers were here, they would make their fortunes.”—*Ray*. “We had near twenty thousand head of cattle brought in, taken from the rebels



LOCH OICH, WITH INVERGARREY CASTLE.
(Invernesshire.)

and expelled the miserable inhabitants, old and young, without food or clothing, to the hills. Several persons were murdered in cold blood, or shot through sheer wantonness. About four hundred of the royal army having surprised a young man of the name of Cameron with a musket in his hand, the unfortunate youth, without any form of trial, was posted up and shot by an order from Grant, who commanded a party of the Ross-shire militia. This, it is not improbable, was as much the result of private antipathy as of political zeal, which too frequently served as a mask for similar acts of violence. At this time, a difference in name implied a difference in nature; so that he who was not a Grant, or of some other clan conspicuous for its loyalty, was marked as a rebel; and, too frequently it is feared, the mere difference of a patronymic, sufficed for the prompt execution of feeble and inoffensive individuals. Dugald Roy Cameron, the father of the unhappy youth, and witness of his death, kept a vigilant eye upon the detachment as they returned to quarters with their plunder. In their progress towards the fort, either by accident, or, as it has been surmised, with the well-founded apprehension that the avenger was not far distant, and that his identity might at least be rendered doubtful by the change, Grant gave his horse to Major Munro. Dugald having come up shortly after, and taken aim at the rider without observing the change, the amiable Major fell mortally wounded by the shot. In vain the soldiers attempted to capture the assassin; throwing away his musket, he scaled the precipices with a speed and determination known only to mountaineers; and hastening to intercept them once more in a narrow pass, hoped to accomplish, by a discharge of rocky fragments, results still more fatal than that already caused by his musket. This, however, was happily prevented by the delay and consternation caused by the death of Munro. Cameron found no more victims that day, but the morning's disaster checked all similar expeditions into Lochaber. Cameron was never discovered, and served afterwards as a private in the royal army.

On the western shore of Loch-Oich, where it receives the tributary stream from Loch-Garry, is the modern residence of the Macdonell family—distinguished for centuries as the chieftains of that name, and the leaders of a warlike clan. Not far distant from the present mansion is the ruined Castle* of Invergarry

by parties sent out for them. . . Great numbers of our men grew rich by their share of the spoil, which was bought in the lump by jockeys and farmers from Yorkshire and the south of Scotland, and divided amongst the men. . . few common soldiers were without horses. . . gold was also as common among great numbers as copper at other times."—*Journal of a Medical Officer*, London, 1746.

* Invergarry was the first stage of Prince Charles's pilgrimage—after his defeat at Culloden, and when he had assumed his disguise—a pilgrimage long continued, perilous in the extreme, and which nothing

—the ancient stronghold of the same illustrious family—which was burnt at the close of the last rebellion, that disastrous period so often referred to, and which so many objects in this country serve to perpetuate. Over a well in the neighbourhood a small monument commemorates the following fact, highly characteristic of the lawless period to which it relates.

The laird of Keppoch, having sent his two sons to be educated in France, died during their absence, and left the management of his affairs to the care of seven brothers, men of his own clan. Thus placed in a station of unexpected authority, these kinsmen relished the advantages it afforded them better than became men of honour, and resolved to insure its continuance at every risk. But as the heir of Keppoch still remained in France, they suffered no interruption for a considerable time. At length, the young laird and his brother, having returned home to take possession of their inheritance, were waylaid and murdered on the very night of their arrival. The perpetrators of the foul deed evaded for some time the strong arm of justice; but the family bard succeeded at last in drawing down upon them that vengeance which they so richly merited. Having failed in several appeals to other clans, he finally addressed himself to Macdonald of the Isles. Receiving from that source what aid he required, he overtook the murderers in the midst of their guilty career, and, in the manner recorded,* avenged the untimely death of the young chief and his brother.

In this mountainous country, Ben-Nevis is to the Celtic, what Mont Blanc is to the Savoy Alps—the monarch of the chain. It is estimated at four thousand three hundred and seventy feet above the level of the sea, which approaches to within three quarters of a mile of the stupendous mass. The labour of ascending this colossus of the waste is well repaid by the majestic features presented to the tourist as he climbs from crag to crag, and observes at every pause the scene expanding before him. But when he reaches the summit, the vast panorama which then opens upon him, fills the mind with ideas to which no words can give utterance. If the weather be favourable, the extent of horizon thus embraced, and the variety of objects brought before the eye, are such as

but the sympathy of “some who were his enemies, and the extraordinary fidelity of his friends, could have saved from a fatal termination.”

* As a memorial of the ample and summary vengeance which, in the swift course of feudal justice, inflicted by the orders of the Lord Macdonell and Aross, overtook the perpetrators of the foul murder of the Keppoch family, a branch of the powerful and illustrious clan of which his lordship was the chief: This monument is erected by Colonel Macdonell, of Glengarry—xvii. Mac-Mic-Alaister—his successor and representative, in the year of our Lord 1812. The heads of the seven murderers were presented at the foot of the noble chief, in Glengarry Castle, after having been washed in this spring; and ever since that event, which took place early in the sixteenth century, it has been known by the name of “Tobar-nan-ceann,” or the Well of the Heads.



S. Fisher

BEN NEVIS AND ENTRANCE TO THE CALEDONIAN CANAL.

(Inverness shire)

no other of the Scottish Alps can exhibit, and which will long retain a place in the spectator's memory.* On forming an enterprise of this kind, however, caution and an experienced guide are indispensable requisites. A melancholy catastrophe, still fresh in the recollection of many of our readers, occurred while descending this mountain last summer, in which an amiable and accomplished youth was snatched away from his bereaved family in the moment of health, hope, and enjoyment.

Ben-Nevis is particularly interesting to the geologist, and will afford him a wide field for practical study and contemplation. The lower part is composed of mica-slate and *gneiss* : higher up we meet with *syenite* ; beyond this with granite, and on the higher elevations with porphyry, in different varieties.

The obelisk in the fore-ground of the annexed drawing, will be sufficiently explained by quoting the inscription, which is couched in the following terms :—
 “ Sacred to the memory of Colonel John Cameron, eldest son of Sir Ewen Cameron, of Fassifern, Bart., whose mortal remains, transported from the field of glory, where he died, rest here with those of his forefathers. During twenty years of active military service, with a spirit which knew no fear and shunned no danger, he accompanied or led in marches, sieges, and battles, the gallant 92d regiment of Scottish Highlanders, always to honour, almost always to victory ; and at length, in the forty-second year of his age, upon the memorable 16th day of June, A.D. 1815, was slain in the command of that corps, while actively contributing to achieve the decisive victory of Waterloo, which gave peace to Europe. Thus closing his military career with the long and eventful struggle, in which his services had been so often distinguished, he died, lamented by that unrivalled GENERAL, to whose long train of success he had so often contributed ; by his country, from which he had repeatedly received marks of the highest consideration ; and by his SOVEREIGN, who graced his surviving family with those marks of honour which could not follow to this place, *him* whose memory they were designed to commemorate. Reader, call not his fate untimely, who, thus honoured and lamented, closed a life of fame by a death of glory.”

Fort William is a market town, but exhibits little of the activity generally associated with towns so qualified. A quay has been recently built here, and is expected to be of some benefit to the place ; but, with a numerous population,

* The reader will find a detailed account of Ben Nevis in the “ Guide to the Highlands,” and New Statistical account. It may be said, without exaggeration, that every point of the horizon is at least one hundred and twenty miles removed from the spectator. On the north-east side is a terrific precipice, commencing at the summit, and descending to a depth of not less than one thousand five hundred feet perpendicular.

and great lack of employment, it exhibits at present a scene of afflicting poverty, for which it is difficult to foresee a remedy.*

A fort was built here during the usurpation of Cromwell, containing barracks for two thousand troops, and named the "Garrison of Inverlochy," from the ancient castle of that name. In the reign of King William it was rebuilt on a smaller scale, and in compliment to the sovereign received its present name, while the village annexed took that of Mary-burgh, in honour of the queen. In 1746, this fort, under the gallant conduct of Captain Scott, stood a siege of five weeks against the insurgent army.

Inverlochy Castle, the ancient fortress just named, is distinguished in native tradition as a residence of the early sovereigns of the country, and where the league between Achaius and Charlemagne was ratified.† However doubtful, or even fabulous, the latter circumstance may appear, there is nothing improbable in its having served as a royal residence, at a time when the fittest situation for the king's palace was that which promised the greatest security as a fortress. In this respect the ruins of Inverlochy offer sufficient evidence, by the strength of their position and the capacious area they still occupy, that they were well adapted to afford the kingly recommendations of splendour and security. It consists of a quadrangle, with round towers at the angles, well fortified according to those tactics which did not anticipate the effects of a battering-train. Here, it is said, Banquo, thane of Lochaber, resided in princely state; an event perpetuated by a pleasant walk still bearing his name. The powerful family of Cumming, or Comyn, already named, also possessed it, and have left their name to the western tower. From the opposite side of the lake from which it takes its name, the Castle, backed by stupendous mountain scenery and the wild and rugged opening into Glen-Nevis, appears to great advantage.‡

* Besides the Established Church, Fort William has an Episcopalian and Roman Catholic chapel, a Bible society, excellent schools, and two public libraries—each with a judicious selection of books. There is no prison in the parish—the garrison serving as such when required. In the months of June and November, the place is enlivened by two annual fairs, at which considerable business is transacted.

† The present building—constructed, perhaps, on the remains of some more rude and ancient fortress, to which the tradition refers—may be ascribed with more probability to the era of the invasion by Edward I. Like the castle of Urquhart, already mentioned, it presents, in the style and quality of its architecture, abundant evidence of having been the work of engineers well practised in the art of fortification; and if so, the presumption is that it was of foreign construction—one of those garrison forts raised by the English monarch to support his ambitious views in the North. Its similarity to the Welsh castles of the same era gives strength to the conjecture; but it is only by conjecture that the question can be answered.

‡ About three miles farther up the banks of the river, situated on the verge of a precipice overhanging the water, which is here confined and interrupted by ledges of rock, are the slight remains of Tor Castle, formerly inhabited by the chiefs of the clan Chattan, who once possessed this country, and in which the "classic" Banquo is said to have also resided.



INVERLOCHY CASTLE.

(Invernesshire.)

Inverlochy has been at different periods the scene of internal conflicts, of which history has preserved some melancholy details. Alexander, Lord of the Isles, having been imprisoned in Tantallon Castle by James I. for burning Inverness, and other acts of violence, his cousin, Donald Balloch,—either to insult or intimidate the king, and thereby procure Alexander's release,—carried fire and sword into the district of Lochaber. Two of the king's officers, the earls of Mar and Caithness, having encountered the islesmen at Inverlochy, the latter nobleman was slain; but the king, advancing in person, Donald fled to Ireland, from which his head was afterwards sent over to the king as an efficient guarantee for his future conduct.

The scene represented in the engraving, exhibits the battle, or rather flight, of Inverlochy—a battle which proved so destructive to the army under the marquess of Argyll, and so triumphant to his rival, the marquess of Montrose. It was on Sunday, the 2d of February, 1645, “just as the sun had risen over the shoulder of Ben Nevis, that the troops under Montrose advanced to the attack. Taken by surprise, and with a great portion of their strength already cut off, the Argyll force was drawn up in a line of somewhat formidable extent. In the centre were the Highlanders, on the right and left the Lowlanders, on an eminence behind stood a small body of reserve, and within the fortress itself was a garrison of fifty men. The ground on which they met was perfectly level, formed by the junction of the river Lochy with Lochail. Behind them, and still nearer the *embouchure* of the river, the castle of Inverlochy raised its vast square form into the cold winter air. Behind were the provision galleys; and that in which Argyll had taken shelter* lay upon the placid face of the estuary, as if quietly waiting to contemplate the dreadful scene that was to ensue.” . . . When the Campbells, waiting to receive the attack, saw the disorderly band of Montrose issue at sound of trumpet from the dusky glen before them—“when they saw their uplifted weapons flashing under the rays of the sun as they rushed forward at full speed—when they heard the wild yell with which they accompanied the discharge of their muskets, and sprang forward to close in active conflict—their hearts, unexcited by motion as those of their enemies had been, fairly sunk within them, and they might be said to have lost the battle before it was commenced. The greater part of them discharged their firelocks against the royalists only once, and then, without drawing a sword, turned and fled. A few only, and those in detached portions throughout the field, waited

† Argyll himself, suffering from a hurt in his arm and face, caused by a fall, and which disabled him for the use of sword and pistol, retired on board his galley, moored hard by, while his cousin, the veteran Auchinbreck, took the command. This fact alone—the absence of their chief—must have contributed not a little to discourage the troops.—*Chambers' Histor. Details of the Rebellion.*

for the charge, or made the least attempt to contest the fortune of the day." . . A few minutes saw the whole of the Argyll army accumulated in a confused and terrified mass upon the brink of the lake, or flying to irretrievable ruin along its shore. After the turn of the day, Montrose's men found easy work in chasing and cutting down their unhappy countrymen. The flight was more destructive than the hardest fought battle. Those who crowded back upon the beach in the hope of reaching the vessels, were almost, without exception, slain or drowned. Those who fled along the shore towards the south-west, were closely followed, and great numbers of them overtaken and slain. A party of about two hundred, who made for the Castle, were intercepted by a troop of Montrose's horse, and either cut down or driven back upon the beach. A great number endeavoured to reach their chief's vessel by means of the rope which attached it to the shore; but this support suddenly giving way, all that were upon it sank at once into the water and were drowned. Argyll himself, too much concerned for his own safety to attempt the rescue of his unhappy followers, was no sooner certain of the fate of the day, than he ordered his sails to be hoisted, and extricating his vessel from the midst of his dead and drowning clansmen, glided down the Loch in quest of a safer anchorage.—Such is a brief sketch of the battle of Inverlochy, which the reader will find detailed with great effect in the popular work here abridged.

A short excursion into Lochaber carries the tourist to Glen-roy, celebrated for a series of parallel roads, which have furnished abundant materials for discussion between geologists and those patriots who, with excusable partiality, still cling to the immemorial traditions of the country. The theory established by the latter, is, that these extraordinary roads, or terraces, were constructed by human labour, and devised for the use of the ancient kings who held their court at Inverlochy, and here indulged in the royal pastime of hunting. But, admitting that such was their intended purpose—that they could really have been useful in facilitating the business of the chase—still there is no trace of artificial formation. Had such been their origin, the exchequer of the Celtic kings must have been amply provided, and most idly expended. But this theory is not only untenable by any argument that could give it even an air of probability, but is refuted by the existence of similar lines in various parts of the

* Montrose is said to have "knighted on the field," John Hay, of Lochloy—the latest instance of that honour being conferred by a subject. This circumstance is commemorated by Sir Walter Scott, in his "Legend of Montrose," where the doughty "Major Dalgetty" is made to win his spurs in this battle, which the great novelist has depicted with admirable effect as well as historical accuracy. For this scene see "Legend of Montrose," pp. 284, 285.



LOCH LINNE; LOOKING SOUTH.

(Argyllshire.)

continent, in Italy, Germany, and the valleys of the Alps. In South America, also, Captain Basil Hall discovered horizontal roads very similar to those under notice, and which had been formed, as in the present case, by a sudden discharge of the waters with which the glen was previously filled. The subject, nevertheless, has given rise to much ingenious argument; and, in spite of geological dogmas, the more poetical account, it is probable, will long maintain the ascendancy. The strength of early prepossessions is hostile to scientific innovation. It is hard to divest the mind of what is so pleasing to the fancy, or so flattering to the national pride. No, say the advocates of the more poetical origin—no; we will not listen to a theory which would degrade this haunt of our Nimrod kings into the deserted bed of some primeval lake; nor need we be surprised that geologists who have “impugned the Book of Genesis, should venture a new theory on the roads of Glen-roy.”*

The scenery of Lochiel, like that which borders the contiguous waters of Loch-Linnhe, of which it is only a branch, is generally picturesque—always romantic. The hills are lofty; here rising abruptly from the water's edge, and there broken into ravines and valleys, and tracing their bleak and bold outline along the horizon. At one point their base is indented by a small bay, sweeping in a gentle curve under the face of the rocks; at another, a bold promontory, girdled with wood, and surmounted by a track of bright green pasture, surges forward into the lake, and shuts out, like a curtain, the fine scenery beyond. This passed, a fresh landscape unfolds itself, and is again surrounded by another and another—all different in arrangements—yet all presenting similar materials, and losing no charm by repetition. The accompanying engraving shows the most exciting and important event that ever took place on the lake of Eil—the “morning-march” of the rebellion—the nucleus of the insurgent army—Prince Charles at its head—the Stuart standard unfurled, and gathering strength at every step, but, after waving for a time over the heads of its followers, trampled at last on the fatal heath of Culloden. Their march was like their own mountain-stream, collecting its tributaries from every glen and green acclivity—filling the valley with the thunder of its course, and at last swallowed up in that ocean which in its pride it appeared to stem.

Donald Cameron of Lochiel, chief of the clan Cameron, inherited all the martial spirit, the social and manly virtues, of his ancestors. In this district

* Instead of arguing the point, would it not be better for all parties to admit at once the *geological* formation of these roads, and then allow that they were used by the royal hunters for the purpose described? The only objection to this compromise, is, that it would be giving Nature credit for what ought to have been done by the engineers of old Fingal!

of Lochaber, particularly, his memory is cherished with amiable partiality; and through the Highlands generally, the name of the "gentle Lochiel" never fails to awaken the most kindly sympathies in his favour. His opinion was so much respected, and his support deemed of so much weight in the cause, that, until the prince had obtained a guarantee for the latter, his desperate enterprise met with little countenance from the neighbouring chiefs. However much they felt attached at heart to the house of Stuart, and to the person of its representative then amongst them, it required little penetration to foresee, that the standard once raised, this proof of their loyalty might entail ruin on themselves and their posterity. This Lochiel clearly foresaw, and would have avoided; but, led away by a strange fatality, he openly espoused what he inwardly condemned, and to escape the imputation of coldness to his prince, plunged into the vortex in which so many of his gallant clansmen were destined to perish.

When Charles first landed in Borrodale, Lochiel heard the tidings with inward sorrow, but hastened to present himself before the royal stranger, and, if he could not prevail on him to abandon the enterprise, to offer him at least the rights of hospitality. Thus resolved on the part he should act, Lochiel set out, and on his way to the prince, who had anchored off the coast, called at the house of his brother Cameron of Fassavern, to whom he expressed his intention of dissuading Charles from the mad speculation in which he had embarked. "Then," said his brother, "if such be your intention, proceed no further; perform this duty by letter; a trusty messenger shall convey it into the prince's hands." "No," said Lochiel, "that were a mark of disrespect of which I cannot be guilty. I will present myself in person, explain my reasons, and without reserve counsel the prince to deliberate on the rash step he has taken, and abandon the enterprise." "Brother," said Fassavern, "I know you better than you know yourself; if the prince once sets eyes on you, he will make you do whatever he pleases: reflect while it is yet time." The conversation ended. Thus ominously warned, Lochiel proceeded to the interview,* and was complimented by the prince on this early demonstration of loyalty. "Yes," said he, "my father has often told me that Lochiel was our firmest friend." Lochiel, nevertheless, laboured by many arguments to convince the royal adventurer that every circumstance was against him. He pointed out

* It was while proceeding to this ill-starred interview, that Lochiel is supposed to have been met by a native "seer," in a wild pass of the mountains, and forewarned of the "coming events," and the disasters in which his concession should involve his own and the neighbouring clans. This traditional interview with a person gifted with the faculty of "second sight," has afforded a hint for CAMPBELL's celebrated poem of "Lochiel and the Wizard"—a poem which, had he written nothing more, would have gone far to establish his claims as the "poetarum facile princeps" of his age and country.



PASSAGE OF THE HIGHLAND ARMY ALONG THE SIDE OF LOCH EIL 1745.

(Inverness-shire.)

to him the necessity of at least deferring, if he did not utterly abandon, his expedition; for that, at present, he had neither men, money, nor arms at his command; and until his adherents could meet and deliberate on the measures to be adopted, any public manifestation of his arrival would not only derange his plans, but ensure imminent danger to his person. This prudent counsel was lost upon the prince. His inexperience, enthusiasm, and extravagant notions of the nation's attachment to his cause, rendered him too confident of success to reflect with calmness on the slender means at his disposal; and he was too impetuous in natural temperament to take a dispassionate survey of his actual position. His suspicions were roused, and his pride piqued, by the tone of moderation and diffidence in which Lochiel addressed him. "No," said he, "it would ill become Charles Stuart to temporize or retreat, when the voice of the nation has called upon him to assert his claims. I will not listen to counsel that would betray my claims and faithful adherents. I will erect the standard of my family on these very shores; I will proclaim to the nation that the son of their king has arrived to vindicate his rights, to reinstate himself on the throne of his ancestors, or perish in the attempt. Then it will be seen whether the nation will respond to the call, and whether the 'exiled Stuart' has yet a place in the hearts of his people. Lochiel, the descendant of a race who have never shrunk back in the hour of danger—never adopted 'counsel' when they should have drawn the sword—Lochiel, the representative of 'Ewen Cameron,'* may withhold his assistance, and withdraw to his castle. There, in inglorious retirement, he may learn from the public bulletins who are in the front of the battle, and then, if he may, enjoy the satisfaction of having abandoned his prince." "Never!" exclaimed Lochiel, with impassioned voice and manner—"never! If I cannot save my prince, I will share his fate! and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune have given me command!" The die was cast! Lochiel, under the dread of being impeached with cowardice, or disaffection to the cause, but with a strong conviction on his mind that it was hopeless, drew the sword, and by his example surrounded the prince's standard with those gallant chiefs and their adherents who had hitherto stood aloof.† The issue, as predicted, involved them in universal ruin.

* Sir Ewen Cameron, of Lochiel, was the last man in Scotland who maintained the royal cause during the great civil war. His constant incursions rendered him a very unpleasant neighbour to the republican garrison at Inverlochy. The governor of the fort detached a party of 300 men to lay waste Lochiel's possessions, and cut down his trees; but in a sudden and desperate attack made upon them by this chieftain, with very inferior numbers, they were nearly all cut to pieces. The skirmish is detailed in a curious memoir of Sir Ewen's life, for which see the Appendix to "Pennant's Scottish Tour."

† The clan Cameron, headed by Lochiel himself, and 300 men commanded by Mac Donald of Keppoch,

The other chieftains who followed the prince embraced his cause with similar presentiments: of this we have an example in his interview with Clanronald "the dauntless." Charles, says Home, almost reduced to despair, in his discourse with Boisdale, addressed the two Highlanders with great emotion; and summing up his arguments for taking arms, conjured them to assist their prince, their countryman, in his utmost need. Clanronald and his friend, who were well inclined to the cause, positively refused, and told him, that to take up arms without concert or support, was to pull down certain ruin upon their own heads. Charles persisted, argued, and implored. During this conversation they were on shipboard, walking backwards and forwards on deck, with a Highlander armed at all points, as was the fashion of the country, standing near them. He was a younger brother of Kinloch-Moidart, and had come off to the ship to inquire for news, without knowing who was on board. When he gathered from their discourse that the stranger was the prince of Wales—when he heard his chief and his brother refuse to take arms with their prince, his colour went and came—his eyes sparkled—he shifted his place, and grasped his sword. Charles observed his demeanour, and turning briskly to him, called out, "Will *you* assist me?" "I will, I will!" said Ronald; "though no other man in the Highlands should draw a sword, I am ready to die for you." Charles, with a profusion of thanks to his champion, said he wished all the Highlanders were like him. This incident closed the deliberations; the two Macdonalds declared that they would also join, and use their utmost endeavours to engage their countrymen to take arms.*

Lochiel had the good fortune to get safe to France, with the prince, and was there made colonel of a regiment, but did not enjoy his commission more than two years, when he died.†

composed the majority of the little band who commenced this hazardous enterprise. Their standard, which was made "of white, blue, and red silk, and twice the size of a modern stand of colours, was unfurled by the Marquess of Tullibardine, titular Duke of Athol."

* In reference to this subject, it must never be forgotten that the Rebellion of 1745 was only a *partial insurrection of a few Highland chiefs, and their followers*. Neither were those gentlemen the heads of the most powerful clans—nor did the whole of their respective tribes attend them to the field; only *nine parishes in the Highlands contributed a part of their inhabitants towards furnishing the rebel army*. . . That the insurgents met with little encouragement in Scotland, is evident. Their whole number amounted hardly to *seven thousand*, and of these about *two thousand* were English. It must not be supposed, therefore, that near two millions of people who were innocent, were to be involved in the guilt of a few thousands. Such, however, Dr. Johnson seems to have implied, when he states, "that the law which followed the victory of Culloden, found the whole nation dejected and intimidated." The truth is, that, without the assistance of the loyal clans, the victory of Culloden had never been heard of. It was the division among the chiefs and their followers—"when Greek met Greek"—the unnatural conflict between members of the same family, that invested the duke of Cumberland with the ensigns of a triumph.—*See M^r Nicol's Notes*.

† Lochiel's brother, Dr. Cameron, who fought also at Culloden, was wounded severely in the arm, but

“ To his blue hills that rose in view,
 As o'er the deep his galley bore,
 He often looked and sighed adieu!
 We'll never see Lochaber more !”

The feelings of those exiles, who for years lingered in foreign lands with the vague expectation of being restored to their native mountains, are the subject of many sympathizing lays. The severe measures which were put in force by government for the suppression of the insurrection, compelled great numbers of the Highlanders to seek for refuge on the continent. Those who escaped to France,* were chiefly of the upper class, and were consoled for the loss of property and the ruin of their families, by escaping a tragical death on the scaffold, while, at the same time, they were protected, and in many instances pensioned, by the humane and liberal government of France. A sum was set apart for their subsistence, and thus *les braves Écossais* were supplied with every means of support, and cheered by daily proofs of sympathy. The Dutch alone, on a demand of the British minister, consented to deliver up twenty of the unhappy emigrants. But of these one only was arrested; the others escaped to countries of greater security.†

It is worthy of record, that, during their exile, Cameron of Lochiel, Stewart of Ardsheal, and others, whose estates had been confiscated, were still supported by spontaneous contributions from their former tenantry, who, besides paying one rent to government, reserved another for their chiefs, whose misfortunes seemed only to add to the strength of their claims as landlords, and to the affectionate attachment due to them as the hereditary leaders of their race. Instances of this attachment are numerous, and reflect the highest honour on the warm-hearted and faithful Highlanders.

When the earl of Seaforth was in similar circumstances, after his attainder in 1716, he experienced the same generous and disinterested fidelity. When the rents were collected for the purpose of being sent to him in France, four

was reserved for a more melancholy fate. “ I remember,” says the late Dr. Spence, “ while a school-boy at Linlithgow, Dr. Cameron being brought into the town under an escort of dragoons. He wore a French light-coloured great coat, and rode a grey pony, with his feet lashed to its sides; but, considering his situation and prospects, looked remarkably cheerful. As the party were to rest for the night, the prisoner was placed for security in the common jail; and well do I remember,” continues Spence, “ as I remained with the crowd at the prison door, over-hearing the doctor within singing to himself his native song—‘ Farewell to Lochaber,’ ‘ we'll maybe return to Lochaber no more!’ He was afterwards conveyed to London, and suffered an ignominious death on Tower-hill.

* Sens, in Burgundy, was one of the principal cities in which the Scottish *émigrés* found a sanctuary, and where their names still survive in their descendants.

† Nothing proves more strongly the persevering vengeance of the British cabinet against those unhappy fugitives, than the fact, that, after the lapse of thirteen years, the chevalier Johnston did not think himself safe in Canada, and had serious apprehensions of being sent home for trial.

hundred of his old followers and dependants escorted the money to Edinburgh, to see it safely lodged in the bank. Their first appearance there, says General Stewart, caused no small surprise; and strong animadversions were made on government for allowing such proceedings. When Macpherson of Clunie was outlawed, and compelled to live for nine years in caves and woods, his people contributed every thing that money could procure for his comfort, and after his death continued the same noble proofs of sympathy and attachment to his widow and family.*

In addition to these instances of fidelity and attachment, the following example of heroic devotion awakens the mingled sentiments of regret and admiration. A young gentleman, of the name of Mackenzie, was so remarkable for the resemblance he bore to Prince Charles, that he often succeeded in diverting to the opposite side of the mountains the troops sent in pursuit of the royal fugitive. This he effected by showing his person in such a way as to be seen by the pursuers, and then escaping by the passes or woods through which he could not be quickly followed. On one occasion, having unexpectedly fallen in with a party of troops, he immediately retired, but intimated by his address and manner that he was the grand object of their search. The soldiers eagerly pursued him, stimulated by the near prospect of thirty thousand pounds—the reward offered for the prince, dead or alive. Here, however, Mackenzie's usual good fortune forsook him; he was overtaken and shot, exclaiming as he fell, "Villains, you have killed your prince!" Thus personating the character with his last breath, the pursuit was suspended, the prince extricated from immediate danger, and it was not till the head was produced at the next garrison, for the purpose of claiming the reward, that the mistake was discovered.

Of the many individuals to whom the secret of Prince Charles's concealment was entrusted, was one poor mountaineer, who, on being asked "why he did not give information and enrich himself by the reward of thirty thousand pounds," thus replied:—"Of what use would the money be to me? A gentleman might take it and go to Edinburgh or London, where he would find plenty of people to eat the dinners and drink the wine which it would purchase; but as for me, if I were such a villain as to commit that crime, I could not remain in my own country, where nobody would speak to me, unless it were to curse me as I passed along the road!" A similar instance has been already recorded of M'Ian. Neither the prospect of immediate death, nor the offer of immediate wealth, had any influence over the minds of these poor men in a case where they thought

* *Stewart*, vol. i. 62.



LOCH-AN-EILAN.

(Inverness-shire.)

their honour was concerned. As an example of the same principle operating in a higher sphere, we may add, that when Macdonald of Kingsborough was upbraided by Sir Everard Falkner for the fine opportunity he had neglected of making the fortune of his family for ever by betraying the prince, he indignantly replied, "No, Sir Everard, death would have been preferable to such dishonour. But, had I gold and silver piled in heaps to the bulk of yonder huge mountain, the treasure could not afford me half the satisfaction I now feel in my own breast in doing what I have done." Kingsborough, it will be remembered, had not joined the prince's standard; he gave no countenance to the enterprise; but when the prince was overwhelmed by misfortunes, he received him hospitably, and did not forsake him till he had placed him beyond the reach of his enemies.

The village of Onich—the last of the Lochaber country—is chiefly inhabited by families employed at the slate quarries hereafter named, and among the traditions of the country holds the following place:—The Comyns, says our authority, while in the plenitude of feudal power, paid little attention to the natural rights of humanity—much less to the rights of property—when interest or inclination prompted them to acts of despotism, or a breach of covenant. Acts similar to those by which Gesler roused the indignation of the ancient Swiss, rendered the Comyns odious in the sight of their dependants; but the latter for a time had no William Tell. The tenacity with which these chiefs adhered to the barbarous customs of their ancestors—exactng the most servile obedience in cases the most revolting to every feeling and sentiment which can distinguish the reasoning nature from the propensities of instinct—made them many deadly enemies. But we shall not here expatiate on the subject of feudal privileges, but return to the illustration—the "working of the system." Three marriages, it appears, were contracted at the time in question, between parties belonging to this village—the women remarkable for their beauty, the men for honour and personal bravery. It was customary, on such occasions, to propitiate their feudal superior by the payment of a fine, the acceptance of which was a token that the chief waived his claims, and gave a formal sanction to the ceremony. Accordingly, on the eve of the marriage, the half-mark, or commutation-money, was tendered by the three bridegrooms at the gates of Inverlochy Castle—the residence of Comyn—but rejected. The meaning of this was too obvious to be misunderstood. They returned from their mortifying embassy with feelings of indignation difficult to be repressed, and silently prepared for the result. On the day of marriage, Comyn, with his two sons, and a numerous retinue, presented themselves at the ceremony. The fine was again tendered, but again rejected

in a manner that fully evinced that the lord of Badenoch, in the present instance, would accept no commutation-money. The fact produced an instant and powerful sensation; fear rose into defiance: the men whom the chief regarded as serfs—the mere slaves of his will—now drew their swords, and planting themselves in front of their trembling brides, declared that the first attempt to offend their delicacy should cost the dastard his life. Fired at this act of defiance, the armed attendants stepped boldly forward to enforce obedience to the chief, and were received at the point of the sword. A fierce conflict ensued; the hands of the injured were strengthened by a hearty cooperation on the part of their village comrades: the young women were rescued; and Comyn, after losing both his sons in this disgraceful enterprise, was compelled to fly for his life; whilst the country, rising on his track, soon put on the appearance of a general insurrection. The body guard, by which he was attended, screened him, for a time from the fate which had already overtaken his sons, and he arrived at length on a hill near fort Augustus. Here he sat down, apparently to rest; but when his pursuers came up, they found that the object of their just indignation was already in the hands of death. The spot where he died is still named “Suidh Chuiman,” or Comyn’s seat—the same that we have already mentioned in a former page.

The accompanying view of Loch-an-Eilan, though not in the Lochaber district, is here introduced as one of the mountain strongholds where the powerful family of Comyn, just mentioned, too frequently indulged in similar acts of despotism and oppression. As the retreat of a lawless chief, nothing could have been more suitable in respect to strength and situation. It reminds the traveller of some of those isolated dens in the Alps or mountains of the Abruzzi, where the bandit-lord of former times could secure his plunder, and prosecute his schemes of rapine among the neighbouring valleys with impunity.

The castle, though neither extensive nor elegantly constructed, is of solid materials, and capable of affording, during the period to which it refers, ample security against all the weapons of ancient warfare. The island on which it stands is nearly covered by the mason work; so that the massy walls seem as if they rose through the surface of the lake, which encloses them like an impassable moat, reflecting the dark rampart on its bosom. Over the rocky precipices that skirt the water, birch, hazel, and mountain pine throw their intermingling shade, and where more densely grouped, impart a melancholy gloom that well becomes the scene. In other parts, the shore is beautifully varied with miniatures of bay and promontory,—the former delicately bordered with layers of bright sand, sparkling in the sun,—the latter crowned with isolated trees, through



LOCH LEVEN FROM BALLAHUISH FERRY.

(Argyleshire.)

which the ruins and mossy rocks gleam at intervals, and discover the landscape under varied attractions. On one isolated point, sprinkled with wild flowers, a huge tree, stript of its bark, stands like a solitary spectre among its still verdant associates. Its withered, tortuous roots appear straining forward as if to catch the reviving moisture of the lake,—while its vigorous successor, lifting its head proudly to the sky, takes the decayed monarch under its shadow, but for itself reserves all the sun.—On a calm summer evening, when the brake is vocal with the song of birds (few in this territory of their special enemies), the surface of the water silvered over with the moonshine—the broad shadow of the eagle passing across it to his eyrie in the ruins—the flap of his wings as he exultingly alights on his now undisputed domain, make a strong impression on the imagination, and invest Loch-an-Eilan with the romantic features of the “Castle of Otranto.” All this is rendered still more impressive by the recollection, that here that ferocious personage, named from his deeds the “Wolf of Badenoch,” had his lair, which is still tenanted by his representatives—the eagles of Cairn-gorm.

On the opposite bank of the river Spey, in a beautiful romantic situation, is the cottage of Kinrara, the summer residence of the late Duchess of Gordon. In this delightful retreat, to which she was enthusiastically attached, the Duchess entertained annually several of the most distinguished families and individuals in the United Kingdom. After her demise in London, her mortal remains were brought to Kinrara, and interred in a spot which she had often pointed out in her walks, as that in which she wished to take her last repose. The ceremony of interment took place in May 1812, and is now perpetuated by a magnificent monument of native granite, selected from the Grampian mountains. Belville, a district of the same parish, has become classical ground, by having been the residence of James Macpherson, the celebrated translator of Ossian's poems. He died here; but, unlike the Duchess in his choice of a resting-place, his remains, agreeably to his own particular instructions, were conveyed to Westminster Abbey, and there deposited in *Poet's Corner*. Belville is now the residence of Sir David Brewster, whose name and reputation require no comment in these pages. With this short digression we resume our progress to the Westward.

The view of Lochleven from Ballahulish Ferry is greatly admired, and may here be allowed to speak for itself. The porphyritic mountains of Glenco—the “Cona” of Ossian—give a specific character to the scene, and in one or two instances bear a close resemblance to the *Aiguilles* of the Alps. It has been justly remarked, that, from its mouth to the further extremity, Lochleven presents a continued succession of landscapes. Between the point here chosen and the Dog's Ferry—a strait three or four miles higher up—the basin is variegated

with several islets, the largest of which is St. Mungo's Isle. Here, in mould still sanctified by the remains of a small Roman-Catholic chapel, the people from the opposite shores of Lochaber and Glenco brought their dead for interment. Two broad grassy mounds, formed by a natural swell in the surface, point to the cemeteries of the two clans.* About twenty years ago, the body of M'Ian, laird of Glenco,—whose fate will be noticed in its proper place,—was disinterred by his descendants, and removed from the chapel to that portion of the islet appropriated to his own clan. The bones were of herculean proportions, and confirmed the traditions respecting his great strength, which made him so formidable in the eyes of his assassins that they durst only approach him while he slept, and in this condition dispatched him by a simultaneous shower of bullets. The adjoining island, called "Eilan-na-Corak," or isle of the lonely one, is so named in consequence of having been the last resting-place of an individual whose life had been so odious in the eyes of his countrymen as to exclude him from a sepulchre in hallowed ground. While this country was infested with wolves, the necessity of thus protecting the sanctuary of the dead by the choice of some isolated position, is apparent; and where such could not be obtained, the *cairn* may probably have suggested itself by way of substitute, where a person of distinction was buried.

In the scenery of Lochleven, the Serpent-river and the Falls of Kinlochmore are much-admired features, and will amply reward the stranger who has time and curiosity to indulge in a water excursion to the upper end of the loch. The Falls are about one hundred feet in height, but broken into several cascades by the projecting rocks over which they descend.

The second view of Lochleven, which embraces both frontiers, presents

* This sepulchral island is extremely interesting, not less on account of the various views which it affords, than on account of those relics and emblems of mortality which, during the lapse of centuries, have been accumulated in its narrow compass. Its crowded gravestones, heraldic devices, and rude sculptures, so little expected in this remote corner, attract an attention which, in the midst of civilization, more splendid works would hardly command. There is an impressive effect, also—a check and an awe, produced by thus suddenly meeting with the emblems of mortality in these wild and secluded spots—a feeling well known to those who, in their wanderings among the Highlands, have thus unwarily fallen upon these repositories of the dead. The English churchyard is habitual to our sight; nor is it ever unexpected, proclaiming itself afar by its spire or church, by its walled enclosure, or its ancient elm or funereal yews. We pass it coldly; and if we look at its monumental stones, it is seldom but to amuse ourselves with their barbarous emblems, or the absurdities of their mortuary verse; but in this country—in the midst of the beauties and sublimities of the fairest nature—when rejoicing in the bright scenes of an Alpine summer, in all the loveliness that surrounds us, we are suddenly recalled to the thoughts of that hour when these glorious scenes shall be to us as to those who are sleeping at our feet. Then it is that we feel the full force of the narrow green mound, the rude letters, and the silent stone, which seem to say, "The time is at hand when thou, too, shalt see these bright lakes and blue hills no more."—*M'Culloch*, vol. i. p. 312.



T. Allen.

C. Arnyng.

LOCCHELEVEN.
(Looking towards Ballanish Ferry.)

the scenery of this romantic district under a new aspect. Ballahulish Ferry is seen in the distance, with its bold mountain barrier towering beyond; the interval filled up by the lake and its small craft, the scattered cottages that enliven its banks, and the herds and flocks driven out to pasture on the green wooded acclivities, which in many parts furnish an exuberant vegetation.—But with this brief sketch of a few—and only a few—of its prominent features, we must here take leave of Inverness-shire, and conduct our reader into the territory of Argyll.

ARGYLLSHIRE.

“ Campbells, the modern glory of this isle,
Their doubling fame increased in great ARGYLL;
A race to Caledonia always dear,
And on whose blood their liberties appear.”—DEFOE'S *Caledonia*.

ARGYLLSHIRE, the *Argathelia* of Latin authors, is a county of great extent, extremely irregular in figure, and presenting an endless succession of the most variegated and commanding features. The whole district is so much intersected by lochs, or inlets of salt water, that it is nearly impossible to give any correct estimate of its extent. It consists alternately of ranges of mountains, between which the valleys are covered by the sea. The north-east division is bleak, and rugged, and of a purely alpine character; while that on the west presents a coast of indefinable beauty, and indented by seven magnificent bays. The soil comprises several varieties; in the higher mountains, and along the banks of rivers, which deposit their alluvial tribute brought down from these, it consists of gravel and vegetable mould, with an occasional admixture of other adventitious substances. The moors or heaths are extensive, most of them presenting deep layers of peat-moss, which furnishes the chief article of fuel in the inland districts. In general, a light loam mixed with sand, on a clay bottom, is the prevailing character of the soil. On the mountain acclivities, the ordinary soil is a light gravel on *till*; in the lower grounds, a mixture of clay and moss, and at times a layer of black mossy earth.* The soil appropriated

* Another soil consists of decayed limestone—a third of limestone and slate—of which the former is a light, the latter a stiff soil, but both fertile, and found in tracts of moderate elevation above the sea. They form the great mass of the soil in the districts of Mid-Lorn, Nether-Lorn, Craignish, &c. A fifth variety, formed by freestone or micaceous schist, prevails in the western parts of the country, and in some of the islands.

to pasture is partly dry, and partly moist and spongy; and a considerable portion of that which is either flat or hilly, is covered with heath. The summits of the highest hills are generally naked rocks, destitute of all vegetation.

After the "Jurisdiction Act," in 1748, the county underwent many alterations and improvements. Roads were made in every direction; the climate was more studied, and the grain best suited to its peculiarities introduced and cultivated. Villages sprang up; industry received a new impulse, and a favourable change diffused itself over the whole province. This county, however, furnishes but a small proportion of arable land, compared with its mountain pastures, where the breeding of sheep and black cattle is carried on with success, and now forms the principal branch of export. The natural wood with which the district was originally covered, and of which every peat-moss at various depths exhibits gigantic remains, has greatly diminished, but will soon be remedied by those extensive plantations with which the resident proprietors have so liberally enriched and beautified the country. Lime is found in almost every part of the county; and, in Lismore particularly, it forms a durable cement under water, not unlike that of Pozzuoli, near Naples. In Easdale and Ballachulish are excellent slate quarries, with every convenience for export by water. In the limestone and other strata, veins of lead are often met with, which are wrought both in Islay and Strontian. At the latter, a new species of earth*—*strontites*—was discovered in 1791, by Dr. Hope, whose labours have thrown new light on the science of chemistry, and established for him a lasting reputation among the first philosophers of the age.

Our principal object, however, is the "scenery" of the country; and in this respect Argyll presents a splendid series, in which all the varieties of sea and lake, frith and forest, mountain rocks, castellated ruins, and modern mansions, are brought forward into striking contrast, or harmoniously blended. In every district of the county, but especially on the west border of Loch-long, and on both sides of Loch-goil, the scenery presents unrivalled pictures of alpine gran-

* For some time the mineral which contained this *earth* was considered to be merely a variety of *witherite*, or carbonate of barytes; and this opinion was adopted by Pelletier, even after he had submitted a portion of it to chemical analysis. Dr. Hope, however, from some peculiarities which he had observed in the action of mineral acids upon the substance in question, strongly suspected the truth of this opinion, and having instituted a series of ingenious experiments, the results fully proved that the mineral from Strontian contained an earth different in its property from every other earth. The mineral from which it is obtained occurs massive and crystalized; but it is generally of a fibrous texture, and of a pale *asparagus* green colour, although it has sometimes been found transparent and colourless. It is soft, yielding readily to the knife, and showing wedge-shaped fragments. Its specific gravity is 3.675. Dr. Hope's memoir on its properties and combinations, with the detail of his experiments, are printed in the fourth volume of "The Edinburgh Philosophical Transactions."



GLENCOE FROM THE WEST.

(West Highlands)

deur and sublimity. The mountains are lofty—precipitous at various points—here covered with natural wood, and there cleft into dark, narrow chasms, through which torrents and cataracts rush down with foaming impetuosity, and fill the solitude with their mingled roar. In other places the mountains are hollowed by natural caves and grottoes—each with its tradition—which have served as the stronghold of outlaws, or the dreary sanctuary of unfortunate chiefs and their adherents. But of these we shall take more particular notice as we proceed.

The scenery of Glenco, through which we now continue our progress westward, is proverbial for the wild sublimity of its features, and never fails to inspire even the most experienced traveller with some degree of awe. As he proceeds under the shadow of its stupendous rocks—rocks that hide their summits in the clouds, and from their scathed sides discharge a multitude of foaming cataracts into the defile—he can hardly believe that the valley could ever have been peopled by civilized beings. The mountains on either hand, protruding forward in solid masses, and checkered with shallow furrows of red connecting clay, exhibit a picture of striking desolation. A shrub, a handful of heath, a few blades of grass, clinging at intervals to these interstices, are almost the only symptoms by which Nature manifests her vivifying influence. Nearer the eye, these occupy a wider space; the crevices are filled with a mossy vegetation, through which the dropping streams ooze forth in sparkling freshness, and, in their progress downward, give life to a few dwarf oaks and birches that shade their wayward course, and, from the moisture thus afforded, imbibe a miserable existence. The highest summits present an aspect of complete sterility, consisting of vast masses of pulverized mica and clay-slate, through which dark isolated rocks start forth at intervals, and in every variety of shape—here, like truncated cones, and there, in serrated edges, or like *aiguilles* or pointed obelisks, reminding travellers of the Alps. The glen exhibits nearly the same features at both extremities; the same aspect of mingled grandeur and sterility; the same chaos of rocks and frowning precipices which appear to exclude all human intrusion, and to reserve this fearful solitude as an abode for spirits. But as we advance towards the centre, the landscape undergoes a magical change. The pass gradually opens—the bleak rocks seem transformed into masses of rich vegetation, and, at length, a crystal stream—the *Cona** of Ossian—is seen gushing in beauty and freshness from its parent lake.

* “ Their sound was like a thousand streams that meet in *Cona*’s vale, when, after a stormy night, they turn their dark eddies between the pale light of the morning.” “ The gloomy ranks of Lochlin fell like the banks of the roaring *Cona*.” “ The roaring stream of *Cona*.”—*Ossian*.

The associations which spring up in the spectator's mind, as he enters this extraordinary pass, are very opposite in character. To the reader of Ossian it is classic ground—the hallowed retreat where the heroes of Morven “drew the sword and bent the bow,” and presented a stirring theme for the Celtic muse. On the right, is Malmor, a mountain celebrated by Ossian; on the left, Con Fion, or the hill of Fingal. From the evidence afforded by several passages in these poems, Glenco, or the vale of the Cona, appears to have been the birth-place of Ossian,* whose poems have been transferred into all the languages of Europe. Much controversy has taken place among the learned as to their authenticity; but whatever doubts have been advanced, nothing has yet appeared in the way of evidence to diminish their popularity. Napoleon is said to have been a great admirer of the Celtic bard, and to have been familiar with the best of his poems.

But with the poetical associations of Glenco, one of a truly painful nature is ever present to the imagination. As we enter its dreary labyrinth, and recal the atrocious scenes of which it has been the theatre, a congenial gloom steals over the spirit. We are accustomed to look upon every act of “religious persecution” with indignation; we are struck with horror at the bare recital of those atrocities which one body of professing Christians have inflicted upon another. When we peruse the narrative of Leger, our sympathies are powerfully awakened in behalf of his suffering countrymen, and we decide in our own minds that the wanton cruelties, the unheard-of tortures, inflicted upon them by the mercenaries of the Inquisition, have happily no parallels in our own country. But a little reflection—a short retrospect, shows us how much we are mistaken. In this remote glen deeds have been perpetrated which even a Castrocaro,† or a Pianessa, might blush to own; perpetrated, too, under political sanction—and which have left an imperishable stain upon the government that could recommend, as “a salutary state measure,” the crime of assassination. But, without further comment, we shall here introduce such authentic particulars as will place the tragical history in its true light.

* “Sleeps the sweet voice of *Cona* in the midst of his rustling hall? Sleeps Ossian in his hall, and his friends without their fame?”—“The chiefs gathered from all their hills, and heard the lovely sound. They praised the voice of *Cona*, the first among a thousand bards; but age is now on my tongue, and my soul has failed.”—“So shall they search in vain for the voice of *Cona*, after it has failed in the field. The hunter shall come forth in the morning, and the voice of my harp shall not be heard. ‘Where is the harp of Car-borne Fingal?’ The tear will be on his cheek. Then come thou, O Malvina, with all thy music—come! lay Ossian in the plain of Luther; let his tomb rise in the lovely field.”—“Why bends the bard of *Cona*, said Fingal, over his secret stream? Is this a time for sorrow, father of low-laid Oscar?”—*Poems of Ossian*.

† See “Waldenses Illustrated,” uniform with the present work.

The Stuart dynasty, it is well known, long after its fall and expulsion from the throne, still maintained its influence among the Highland clans. Several of these were blindly devoted to its restoration, and could perceive no evidence of that misgovernment which had rendered the exiled house so odious in the Lowland counties. They viewed the actual sovereign as an usurper, the Stuart as a wronged monarch, and themselves as that portion of his ancient subjects who were bound by every obligation of honour and loyalty to redress his wrongs. Professing also the ancient religion, they found in this an additional motive for exertion; and, in espousing the Stuart cause, felt as if they had been agents holding a direct commission from Heaven, to restore at once the altar and the throne. Filled with this noble but mistaken enthusiasm, no enterprise appeared hazardous, no sacrifice too severe, provided they could reestablish the ancient *régime*, and place the crown once more on the head of the Stuart. In the battle of Killcrankie, already described, the Clan M'Ian, or "Macdonalds" of Glenco, had fought in support of the exiled king under the Viscount Dundee, whose death in the field imparted to that victory all the consequences of a defeat. Early in the summer of 1691, a cessation of hostilities was proposed on the part of government by the earl of Braidalbane, and accepted by several of the Highland chiefs, among whom was the laird of Glenco. In the month of August following, a proclamation was issued, by which all who had taken an active part in the former rebellion were promised indemnity, on condition that, within the current year, they should take the oath of allegiance to King William. After considerable demurrer as to the part he should act—whether he should desert the Stuart cause, already hopeless, and embrace the terms of the indemnity—M'Ian of Glenco repaired at length to Inverlochy, where Colonel Hill, governor of the fort, was stationed to receive the oath of allegiance. This was late in December; but Glenco, on presenting himself, was informed that the colonel had no instructions to administer the oath, and that he must apply to Sir Colin Campbell at Inverary, to whom he was furnished with a letter. The journey to this station was much retarded by deep snows, and the almost pathless wastes that lay between Inverlochy and Inverary; so that, besides being detained for a whole day by an officer of government, Glenco had great difficulty in accomplishing his journey. Three days also of continued storms elapsed before the government functionary, to whom the letter was addressed, could reach Inverary, and when he did so the term of indemnity had expired. Thus circumstanced, Campbell had no power to act; but moved by the distress of Glenco, and his entreaties to be permitted to take the oath, he administered it to him in due form, a certificate of which, along with Colonel

Hill's letter, he immediately forwarded to the Privy Council in Edinburgh. On receiving these, the clerk took the precaution to consult one of the council, who advised him not to lay these documents before the council, as the oath had not been taken within the time prescribed, and was therefore null. Colonel Hill's letter, nevertheless, would have been sufficient evidence as to the intention of Glenco, and showed that his not having taken the oath within the given period was no fault of his, but caused by circumstances over which he could have had no control. This justice, however, was denied him; neither the letter nor the certificate were presented to the Council. The impression of rebellious disaffection on the part of Glenco was suffered, without one palliating word in his favour, to kindle into speedy vengeance against the unhappy chief and his people.

Within five days from the taking of the oath, namely, on the 11th of January, the officers then at the head of the various detachments stationed in this part of the Highlands, received peremptory orders to "proceed with fire and sword" against all those who had not taken the benefit of the indemnity. By additional instructions, signed by the king, under date of the 16th of January—the day marked by the secretary Stair—it was commanded that the rebels should be received only upon mercy; and that, "if the tribe of Glenco could be separated from the rest of the Highlanders, it would be proper for the vindication of public justice to extirpate that set of thieves!"* For the execution of this barbarous edict, care was taken to employ a detachment from the regiment of Argyll, who were known to be well disposed for such a service, from the bitter feud that had long subsisted between the Campbells and the people of Glenco. About the end of January, in pursuance of strict orders, a strong body of militia, under the command of Campbell of Glenlyon, marched from their winter quarters, and, on the 1st of February, entered the doomed valley. Their sudden appearance naturally caused some degree of alarm, but on being questioned as to their object, they professed the most friendly intentions, and all suspicion was dropped. For twelve days they were entertained with all the kindness and hospitality which the unsuspecting chief and his people—even at their own

* It is obvious that the only distinction that could justly be made between the Glenco men and the Highlanders who had not taken the benefit of the indemnity, was, that the former stood in a much more favourable situation, their chieftain having actually taken the oath. . . The secretary, however, although aware of this fact, entirely overlooked the qualifying words—or, rather, took it for granted that the Glenco men might be separated from the rest of the Highlanders for extirpation. And in his letters to the military officers, with an outrageous zeal urges the execution of the scheme in the manner and at the season best calculated to render the massacre complete. "This," says he, "is the only season when they cannot escape us"—"This is the time to maul them, in the long cold nights."—*Campbell. Garnett, &c.*

great and personal inconvenience—could bestow. To every individual of that insidious detachment they extended the hand of friendship, and treated them with the warmth of a Highland welcome. But once secure in the heart of the fold, these wolves soon threw off their disguise, and manifested their natural thirst for blood.

It has been inferred from various circumstances, that the leader of this detestable expedition was ignorant of the design with which he was ordered to march upon Glenco; but there can be no doubt that, in Captain Campbell, the government saw an able instrument for the execution of its sanguinary measures, and selected him accordingly. Independently of the warm hospitality lavished upon this officer, and the troops under his command, other circumstances—namely, a close family connexion*—rendered the service, if possible, still more revolting. On the twelfth day after his arrival, Campbell received the following order from his superior, Major Duncanson, then stationed at Ballahulish, the ferry above named. “You are hereby ordered,” says the document, “to fall upon the rebels, the Macdonalds of Glenco, and put all to the sword under the age of seventy. You are to have special care that the old fox and his cubs do upon no account escape out of your hands. You are to secure all the avenues, so that no man may escape from the glen. This you are to put in execution at five o’clock in the morning precisely, and by that time, or very shortly after it, I will strive to be at you with a stronger party; but if I do not come to you at that hour, you are not to tarry for me, but fall on. This is by the king’s special command, for the good and safety of the country, that these miscreants may be cut off root and branch. See that this be put in execution without feud or favour, else you may expect to be treated as not true to the king, or government, nor a man fit to carry a commission in the king’s service.”

On receipt of this atrocious order, Campbell did not exclaim with generous indignation, “We are soldiers, not assassins!” He did not spurn the infernal instrument that was to brand his name with the crime of murder. He did not tear the insulting document, and cast it in the bearer’s face. He did not denounce the infamous plot, and call upon every soldier under his command to resist the order with his blood! No; as soon as he had read the death-warrant of his generous host and a confiding people, he took instant measures for its execution. Parties were distributed to every village in the glen, and at five o’clock in the morning, while the inhabitants were buried in profound repose, the massacre began. An

* A son of Macdonald, chief of Glenco, was married to a niece of Campbell’s.

inferior officer, named Lindsay, was charged with a special order to see the old chief M'Ian put to death. This they knew was a formidable undertaking; for being a man of athletic form, a true descendant of the "heroes of Fingal," and with a courage that shrank from no danger, they well knew that if he once drew his broadsword, he would not fall unavenged. Caution, therefore, was necessary; and resolving to accomplish by the basest treachery the object of his mission, Lindsay called at Glenco's house, pretending that he was the bearer of a friendly message. The *ruse* succeeded; he was admitted without scruple; and while the old chief was rising from his bed to receive him, a volley of musketry from the soldiers stationed at the window, struck their victim between the shoulders,* and left him prostrate in his blood. Several of his domestics were killed on the spot. From his wife's fingers the assassins tore off the rings with their teeth; she only survived the night; agony and despair overcame her reason, and the following day she died a raving maniac. By a timely warning the chief's two sons escaped; but thirty-eight of their friends were shot or put to the sword as they woke out of sleep. In Campbell's†

* These particulars of his death are slightly varied in the relations by different authors.—See preceding account, p. 76.

† The following fact, as illustrative of the religious tenets with which the Highlanders' minds are imbued—particularly as regards that of retributive judgments in this life—may here be aptly introduced. The late Colonel Campbell of Glenlyon, grandson of him who commanded the military at the massacre above related, retained, through a period of thirty years' service in the 42d regiment, the belief that the punishment of the cruelty, oppression, or misconduct of an individual, descended as a curse on his children to the third and fourth generations. In 1748, he was a supernumerary captain in the above regiment, and retired on half-pay. He then entered the marines, and in 1762 received his majority with the brevet rank of lieutenant-colonel, and commanded eight hundred of his corps at the Havannah. In 1771, he was ordered to superintend the execution of a soldier of marines, who had been tried by a court-martial, and condemned to be shot. A *reprieve* was sent; but in order to impress a salutary lesson on those around, the whole ceremony of the execution was ordered to proceed until the criminal should be upon his knees, with a cap over his eyes, prepared to receive the volley, and at that moment he was to be informed of his pardon. No person was to be told previously; and Colonel Campbell was directed not to inform even the firing party, who were warned that the signal to fire would be the waving of a white handkerchief by the commanding officer. When all was prepared, the clergyman having left the prisoner on his knees in momentary expectation of his fate, and the firing party looking with fixed attention for the signal, Colonel Campbell put his hand into his pocket for the reprieve; but, in pulling it out of the pocket, the white handkerchief accompanied it, and catching the eyes of the party, they instantly fired, and the unfortunate prisoner was shot dead. The same instant the paper dropped from Campbell's fingers, and clapping his hand distractedly to his forehead, he exclaimed, "The curse of God, and the curse of Glenco is here!—I am an unfortunate ruined man!" He ordered the soldiers to their barracks, quitted the parade, and shortly after retired from the service. His retirement, adds General Stewart,* was not the result of any reflection or reprimand, as the unfortunate affair was known to be purely accidental; but the melancholy impression on his mind was never effaced.

* Vol. i. p. 110.



THE EASTERN PASS OF GLENCOE.

(Argyleshire.)

quarters, nine men, including his kind-hearted entertainer, were bound hand and foot, and then shot; and a boy, twelve years old, who clung to his knees for mercy, was stabbed. Of those who escaped to the mountains, most perished in the snow; but, had the detachment from Ballahulish arrived in time to block up the avenues, as was expected, not an individual would have been left alive. A storm having come on, Duncanson was unable to march from his quarters, and to this circumstance the few that survived that dreadful morning owed their preservation. The same day, every house and hamlet in the glen was destroyed; and the whole of the cattle and other property belonging to the Macdonalds carried off. Such of the women as had not been massacred, nor died of terror, were reserved for a more dismal fate. Driven from their beds, or hunted down by these bloodhounds, and exposed without clothes or shelter in the midst of a snowy waste, six miles from any human habitation, they were found in general either starved to death, or expiring with their children under the frozen rocks and brushwood.

Many traditions of this massacre are still preserved by the present generation, who refer to the judgments which have since been visited upon the descendants of those who were actively employed in this tragedy. They carefully note, that, while the posterity of the unfortunate gentleman who suffered, is still entire, and his estate preserved in direct male succession to his descendants, the case is very different with the family, posterity, and estates, of the laird of Glenlyon, and of those who were the principals, promoters, and actors, in this infamous transaction. A parliamentary commission was afterwards appointed, by order of government, for the thorough investigation of the affair; but this measure had only the effect of placing it in a still more revolting light. The king endeavoured to lighten the odium which attached itself so strongly to himself, by pleading oversight and hurry in subscribing the royal mandates—an excuse which only aggravated the crime. That he was the dupe of his ministers, and had listened with too much credulity to their exaggerated statements respecting the rebellious clans, is certain;* but as neither these wicked counsellors, nor the actual perpetrators of the measure, were either reprimanded or punished, the imputation of guilt was strengthened almost to certainty, and it has left an indelible stigma on his reign. It forms a most humiliating contrast to the noble line of conduct pursued by the same monarch towards the persecuted Waldenses of Piedmont. It would be difficult to point out any two features more opposite,

* The earl of Braidalbane, who was Glenco's private enemy, devoted him to destruction. He represented him at court as an incorrigible rebel, a ruffian inured to bloodshed and rapine, who would never be obedient to the laws of his country, nor live peaceably under any sovereign.—*Smollett*.

than the massacre of his own subjects in Glenco, and the spirited mediation with which he interfered in behalf of these Protestants of the Alps. The facts are totally irreconcilable, and show that the human mind is made up of the most contradictory impulses. The tide of popular indignation against Secretary Stair* ran so high, that he never recovered his standing with the public.

It is only while contemplating this glen in all its native wildness—such as it is in the depth of winter—and in observing how difficult it must have been to escape, that one feels the full force of the “Secretary Stair’s cool blood-thirstiness,” as manifested in his letters; his earnest anxiety to have the passes well guarded, the work done in the depth of winter, and under cloud of night; when, if any escaped, they must have escaped naked; and if they did not fall by the sword, must have perished in the snow.—But we now take leave of this painful subject, recommending to such of our readers as would wish to examine the facts more in detail, to peruse the documents then published, particularly “the Report of the Commission”† given by his Majesty for inquiring into the slaughter of the men of Glenco.

From such melancholy details it is a sensible relief to turn once more to the radiant face of nature—to the romantic landscape spread out before us, and now reflecting its rich and varied beauties in the calm bosom of Loch-etive. “Je revenais de Glenco, par le sentier qui longe le bord du torrent . . . Je me retournais souvent pour considérer les ruines de ce malheureux village!” “Et comment trouvez-vous notre pays, colonel?” “Admirable!” “N’est-ce pas? des vues superbes!” . . . “Et des femmes charmantes . . . Une, surtout, que je n’ai fait qu’entrevoir.”‡ Here the grand and imposing feature is Ben-cruachan, looking from his “throne of clouds,” over the vast congeries of hills that form his girdle. This lake, like most of the others so named, is a long arm of the sea, communicating with Loch-awe by means of the river flowing out of the latter. That portion of Loch-etive which expands before the ferry of Bun-awe—the point from which the accompanying view was taken—is strikingly beautiful, possessing that air of tranquil majesty, that union of the beautiful and

* In the rebellion of 1745, the Glenco men were accidentally quartered near the house of his son and representative. When the circumstance was adverted to, some apprehension was felt lest the men might seize on so favourable an opportunity to avenge the massacre. But when this transpired, and they learnt that, by way of caution, they were to be marched to some distance, they at once prepared to return home; and being questioned on the subject—“We will not,” they said, “endure insult where we had pledged honourable service! We will not be thought capable of making an innocent man suffer for the crime of his father.” The answer is a noble testimony in their favour.

† This document was subscribed at Holyrood House, the 29th day of June, A.D. 1693.

‡ “L’Orpheline de Glencoë.”—*Paris*, 1836.



T. Allom.

H. Griffith.

BENAWIE, LOCH ETIVE, FROM NEAR TYANTILLT.
(Argyleshire.)

sublime, which delights the eye and interests the imagination, and the charm of which is so greatly increased by the soft repose infused into the landscape. At particular periods of the tide, the water rushes out of Loch-etive with a force and turmoil resembling those of a vast cataract. This phenomenon is caused by the contracted channel at its mouth, and a reef of rocks under water. The roar of the water is sometimes so loud as to be heard at the distance of several miles; but the fall is visible only during spring-tides, and at low water. This remarkable current is believed to be the stream of Lora, celebrated by Ossian.

Loch-creran possesses nearly the same character in point of scenery—the same union of the sublime and picturesque, which distinguishes the surrounding lakes. Its banks are luxuriantly hung with romantic woods, diversified with rocks and promontories, and embellished with rural seats of the landed proprietors, and others, who select these delightful shores for their summer residence. Barcaldine Castle, a lofty and massive structure, occupying a slight eminence on the plain to the south of the lake, throws an imposing feature into the landscape, and conjures up many traditions and warlike associations with deeds of the “olden time.” The baronial mansions of Airds, Appin, and Ardshiel, are in the immediate neighbourhood; and, independently of the splendid scenery in which they are embosomed, each has its domestic annals—its tales of suffering or of loyal service, which invest the district of Appin with a peculiar charm, and linger in the mind long after the mere landscape has vanished away. To these we shall very briefly advert; but where such materials abound, it is as difficult to select as it would be ungracious to omit. The more prominent features of the local history, the modern Ariosto has transferred to his graphic page, and what he has adopted he has adorned.

It is a remarkable fact, that, although surrounded by so many powerful and ambitious neighbours, the Stewarts of Appin preserved their estates entire during the long lapse of four centuries. The first laird of Appin was a natural son of Lord Lorn, the last of the name of Stewart who possessed that title and estate. It appears to have been the intention of Lorn to marry the mother of his son, and thereby legitimize their offspring; but this honourable intention was defeated by his sudden death, which was supposed to have been accelerated by those who only beheld in the contemplated union the advancement of a rival, and the ruin of their own prospects. The estates, therefore, went to three daughters, coheiresses of Lorn, the eldest of whom married the earl of Argyll, with the lordship and estate of Lorn for her dowry. The second married Sir Colin Campbell of Glenorchy, (see Kilchurn,) uncle to the earl, and received in portion the lands on the north side of Loch-awe, and part of Nether Lorn. The third

daughter gave her hand to Campbell of Ottar, but, dying without issue, her portion of the Stewart estates went to the children of her sister, the countess of Argyll. But to return to the son. On the death of his father, finding himself left with one sole inheritance, the sword, he resolved to take possession of such portion of the estates as his means enabled him. With this determination, and the support of some of his father's retainers, he appealed for additional help to his mother's family, the Maclarens of Balquiddar. This appeal being answered by a strong reinforcement, Stewart met his two brothers-in-law in a pitched battle, and gained a complete victory. Thenceforth he remained in undisturbed possession of the lands, which, during the long series of generations mentioned, and till finally sold in 1765, formed the family possessions of the Stewarts of Appin.

The Stewarts of Ardshiel, a branch of the same family, have performed many conspicuous parts in the history of their country. The following anecdote respecting the disastrous events so often alluded to in these pages, may, probably, be new to some of our readers. We have already mentioned that Stewart of Ardshiel was among the foremost who espoused the cause of Prince Charles Edward in 1745, and, like many of his brother outlaws, had to consult his safety by retiring to a remarkable cave in this neighbourhood. The mouth of the cavern is singularly protected by a waterfall, which descends like a crystal curtain in front of it, but through which no traces of such an excavation are perceptible. After the defeat of the Highland army at Culloden, the vigilance of the conquering party was a constant source of terror and distress to the inhabitants. By some unknown means, one of the Duke's officers stationed at Castle Stalker—the subject of many curious traditions—got notice that a cave existed in this quarter, and started with the resolution to subject the locality to a minute investigation. It happened that a poor idiot boy, a hanger-on about the family, had observed them approaching; but, not being in sufficient time to give the alarm, he ran after the party, expressing by his words and gestures a degree of ridiculous astonishment that was highly diverting to the soldiers. The drum, in particular, was viewed by him as an object of the greatest curiosity; and to gratify this, he kept close to the drummer, whom he affected to regard as a person of the highest consequence. "After using much importunity in order to get the drum to carry, he took out all the wealth he possessed, amounting to sixpence, and offered it to the drummer, provided he would let him hear a sample of the music." For the sake of diversion his request was complied with; but, at the first "tuck" on the parchment, the cunning youth, affecting the greatest terror, pretended to run off, which the drummer observing,



LOCH CIERAN, WITH BERCALDINE CASTLE.

(Argyllshire.)

in order to increase the speed of the fugitive and the laughter of his comrades, thundered away with all his force. The poor idiot was soon out of sight; but, on looking towards the cave, the soldiers beheld Ardsheel* and a few of his companions, who had been roused by the ominous drum, making their escape in different directions among the rocks.†

Invernahyle, on the opposite extremity of Lochcreran, will excite attention in the traveller's mind, not more by the beauty of its situation than by its association with the last rebellion, and the circumstances already detailed in our sketch‡ of the battle of Preston Pans. Alexander Stewart, of Invernahyle, as there stated, played a conspicuous part in the fortunes of that day. He had been out in the "fifteen" as well as in the "forty-five," and been an active participator in all the stirring events that had intervened. His most famous exploit was that of having vanquished Rob Roy in a trial of skill with the broadsword, a short time previous to the death of that celebrated hero, at the Clachan of Balquidder. Happening also to be in Edinburgh when the redoubted Paul Jones made his appearance in the Frith, Stewart, who was then far advanced in years, buckled on his arms, and, on examining the edge of his old and well-tried claymore, thanked Heaven that there was yet another chance of trying its temper before he died. Panic-struck at the aspect which this piratical squadron of three small vessels presented, and well knowing the desperate character of the leader, the magistrates of Leith made little preparations to repulse the aggressor, should he attempt a landing, till Invernahyle proposed to them, that, if broadswords and dirks could be procured, he would engage to find those among his clansmen who would make a right good use of them. The proposal was gladly accepted; but, unfortunately for the glory of the day, a stiff breeze from the west carried Paul Jones clear out of the Forth, and the old claymore was once more consigned to its scabbard.

* When the lands of Ardsheel were confiscated, Campbell of Glenure was appointed steward on the forfeited estate, and under him was James Stewart of Acharn, brother of the unfortunate proprietor. Much dissatisfaction, however, arose among the tenants, who could not regard Campbell but as a government spy and interloper. Piqued at this, and willing to retaliate, the latter set about removing the old tenants, and introducing those of his own party in their stead. To accomplish this impolitic measure, he had recourse to legal ejectments, which greatly exasperated the people, and was finally waylaid and shot by an outlaw, named Donald Breck. The assassin immediately absconded; but suspicion falling upon Stewart as the author or instigator of the deed, the unfortunate gentleman was tried, condemned, and hung in chains, on the spot where Campbell was shot. It was confidently believed, however, that he was sacrificed to the violence of party rage, and was innocent of the crime for which he suffered.—*See State Trials*, art. Stewart of Acharn, vol. xix.

† This tradition is supposed to have furnished Sir Walter Scott with several well-known incidents, and to have suggested the character of the "Baron Braidwardine," as well as that of the idiot, "Davy Gellatly," in the romance of "Waverley."—*See* p. 91.

‡ *See* vol. i. p. 65.

Such is the account sanctioned by the illustrious author of *Waverley*; but, in justice to the Stewarts of Ardshiel, we shall here beg leave to present our readers with the *authentic* version of these anecdotes, for which we are indebted to Dr. Leonard Stewart, a gentleman nearly related to the family, and intimately acquainted with every remarkable incident in its history. From this document it will be seen, that, in the principal adventure recorded, the real hero was *not* Stewart of Invernahyle, but Charles Stewart of Ardshiel; but as the latter died in exile at Sens, in 1757, long before the time of Paul Jones, the last-mentioned anecdote may be fairly placed to the credit of Invernahyle. The first document respecting the two claimants, and which appears to set the question at rest, is a letter, dated January 8, 1830—written by the late Mr. Stewart of Glenbuckie, who married a grand-daughter of Ardshiel—and called forth by the perusal of a new edition of *Waverley*, in which the mistake regarding the rencontre with Rob Roy remained unrectified. The letter is addressed to the editor of the *Glasgow Courier*.

“In common,” says the writer, “with the great proportion of the reading public, I am a fervent admirer of the writings of Sir Walter Scott, and especially of those historical romances, as they are called, in which he has so successfully blended facts with fiction; and, by detailing the traditionary stores of times gone by, has shed at once light and lustre on the history and character of our native land. I cannot but regret, however, that, of some of the anecdotes which he has introduced—and especially in some of those connected with the Highlands, of which I regard myself as in some degree competent to judge,—his narratives in several instances are far from being correct. One instance among others of this kind lately struck me in reperusing the spirited tale of *Waverley*, which I think is worthy of being pointed out both to the author and his readers; and of which, therefore, I hope the following notice may not be uninteresting, considering the excitement lately produced in the public mind by the new and improved edition of that novel. At page eighty-three of Vol. VII. mention is made of a duel said to have been fought between Stewart of Invernahyle and the celebrated Rob Roy Macgregor. But the fact is, that *none of the family of Invernahyle* were ever so engaged; and the true account of the meeting, which took place at the clachan of Balquhiddier, is as follows:—Charles Stewart of Ardshiel, who commanded the Stewarts and M’Colls of Appin in 1745, was, previously to that period, desperately in love with one of the three daughters of Haldane of Landrick. There being at that time no made road in the Highlands, the shortest and most direct way from Appin to Landrick Castle was by Landgearn, and the clachan of Balquhiddier. Ardshiel paid several visits to Miss Haldane,

but was not successful. In his last and almost despairing visit, he fell in on his way with Rob Roy, who happened to be at his brother's, at the clachan of Balquhiddy. During the course of their conversation a quarrel took place; and each being provided with an Andrea Ferrara, they immediately encountered in a kail-yard. Ardshiel was the conqueror; and Rob Roy, on his way up the glen, was not only heard in the greatest fury exclaiming that 'Ardshiel was the first that ever drew blood of him,' but it is said, moreover, that he threw his broadsword into Lochvail, nearly opposite to Stronvarr House, where there is reason to believe it still remains. But Ardshiel not only conquered Rob Roy—he also won the fair lady; for, on the report of the rencontre reaching Landrick Castle, Miss Haldane was so flattered with it, that she favoured his addresses. This account of the matter is well known to several of the inhabitants in the parish of Balquhiddy; and there is no doubt of its being the correct one."

This encounter is also mentioned by General Stewart of Garth.* "As the laird of Invernahyle was brother to Stewart of Ardshiel, it is probable," says our correspondent, "that, in the many conversations which Sir Walter Scott held with his friend, (the late Stewart of Invernahyle, nephew of the aforesaid,) adventures were related of the chief which were afterwards set down to the name of the narrator. Ardshiel was throughout the 'forty-five' employed in the most confidential transactions, and the most perilous enterprises. He was one of the first who rallied round the 'Tandem triumphans' standard, and was from the beginning in the council of Charles Edward. He was present at the surprise of Edinburgh, the rush upon the artillery, as already noticed, at Preston Pans, and was employed to cover the retreat from Penrith. He joined other leading chieftains in advising the abandonment of the Lowlands, after the battle of Falkirk; and even after the disastrous field of Culloden, pledged himself to re-assemble with the remaining Gaëlic bands. Soon after this last declaration, however, he was, like his prince, obliged to screen himself from his pursuers, and remained for some months sequestered among the peasantry of the Appin district, until his escape to France. It is probable, that upon this simple web Sir Walter Scott, as above stated, has so beautifully embroidered the tale of the concealment of Baron Bradwardine. Stewart of Ardshiel, who died at Sens, received for many years a *voluntary* rent from his former tenants, who could never be reconciled to the compulsory system adopted of farming the revenue of the forfeited estates."

Between the two lakes just noticed, the Creran and Etive, the antiquarian will

* Sketches of the Highlanders of Scotland. Notes to Vol. II. Append. p. xx.

be gratified by an inspection of a vitrified fort, and various remains of an artificial description, which are supposed to be the ruins of Beregonium, the ancient capital of the Picts. At the margin of the sea, an isolated rocky eminence shoots up, having two flattened summits, each girt with a vitrified wall, strongly defined, and in some parts exposed to a height of eight feet. This rock is called, in the language of the country, Dun-Mac-Sniachan—"the hill of Sniachan's son." It is barely accessible, except at one end, where it is defended by a second wall; and at another spot, about the middle of one side, where a broad gap affords a steep approach. The stupendous cliffs in the back ground, overhanging the road and the sea, are called "the hill of the king's town;" and from the foot of these, a straight raised way, about ten feet broad, said to have been at one time paved, and called "the Market Street," proceeds along the top, within a few yards of the steep green bank which lines the beach leading to the first-mentioned "Dun-Mac-Sniachan." Some years ago, a stone coffin, an urn, and a sandal, were found in the ground behind. A hollow log of wood, turned up at an early period, was readily supposed by many to be a remnant of the water pipes of the royal city. The distinction is farther claimed for this place as being the Selma of Ossian; and as Selma signifies a beautiful view, the identity may be readily admitted.* It is by no means certain that a city corresponding with the native tradition ever existed in this situation; but it is evident that a hill fortress, for the protection of the inhabitants, and a beacon-station for alarming them in case of invasion or surprise, existed at an early period in the locality here described.

Ardchattan Priory, which still diffuses an air of sanctity over these island scenes, was the pious endowment of John Macdougall, founder of the house of Lorn, and dates from the early part of the thirteenth century—an age peculiarly favourable to all monastic establishments. In this priory, Robert Bruce held a parliament, or council, on which occasion the questions were discussed in Gaëlic. After an eventful existence of several centuries, this venerable structure was finally destroyed by Colkitto, during the wars of Montrose.

The fertile island of Lismore, which rises in gentle undulating hills from the bosom of Lochlinnhe, is chiefly remarkable as the ancient possession of the bishops of Argyll and the Isles; and a few years since contained a Roman Catholic seminary, or college, under the superintendence of the late bishop Macdonald, who, in the strict observance of his sacerdotal functions, and in his civil intercourse with society, exemplified all the gentle virtues of the man and the christian. He died at an advanced age, after having been blind for

* On this subject, see "Statistics," Anderson, and tourists generally.



DUNSTAFFNAGE CASTLE AND ENTRANCE TO LOCH EIVE.

(West Highlands.)

several years. Under his surveillance, from the period of the French Revolution, those intended for the Roman Catholic priesthood here completed their studies, and afterwards assumed their functions in various parts of the Highlands. We have already adverted to the lime-stone quarries which furnish the chief export of Lismore. The lime is of a quality which finds it a ready market wherever it is known, and affords a lucrative source of revenue to the proprietor.

On the opposite shore, near the mouth of Loch-Etive, is the celebrated Castle of Dunstaffnage—the stronghold of the lords of Lorn, and, traditionally, one of the earliest residences of the Scottish monarchy. It is a lofty square, or rather octagonal structure, crowning a perpendicular rock, and accessible only by a narrow outer staircase, which one sentinel could defend against a thousand assailants.* At each of three angles is a round tower, the remaining angle being also rounded; and on the inner area of one of these is a square building of three stories, and of seemingly modern workmanship, compared with the rest of the castle. Of this portion the roof remains entire, and the flooring in a state of considerable preservation. A small house within the ancient walls, erected little more than a century ago, is the only portion of the fortress now inhabited. The circumference of the ancient building is about four hundred feet, and the walls from thirty to fifty feet high, by ten feet thick. It is supposed to have been erected towards the end of the thirteenth century, and was taken possession of by Robert Bruce after his victory over the lord of Lorn, in the Pass of Awe.† It was afterwards inhabited till the middle of the fifteenth century by the lords of Argyll; and, during the wars of Montrose, Macdonald of Colkitto narrowly escaped falling into the hands of its hostile garrison.‡ Believing it to be held by his friends, he was unsuspectingly approaching it in a boat, when a faithful piper, himself a prisoner in the garrison, struck up a well-known air, which Macdonald perfectly comprehending, hastily shifted his course and escaped. His escape, however, cost the piper his life;

- * “ Hewn in the rock, a passage there
Sought the dark fortress by a stair,
So strait, so high, so steep,
With peasant’s staff, one valiant hand
Might well the dizzy pass have manned
’Gainst hundreds armed with spear and brand,
And plunged them in the deep.”—*Lord of the Isles*, canto 1.

† See the following historical notice at p. 102. “Pass of Awe.”

‡ From Dunstaffnage, as stated in our notice, Perth, the famous stone or palladium on which the Scottish monarchs used to be crowned, was transported to Scoone, and thence to England, where it now remains in Westminster Abbey.

for so exasperated were the garrison at an incident which had lost them a prisoner of distinction, that they wreaked their vengeance on the faithful adherent. On the battlements two brass guns are preserved which formerly belonged to the flag-ship* of the Spanish Armada, when it was blown up at Tobermory, by a supposed emissary from Queen Elizabeth.

During various civil commotions, Dunstaffnage was considered a place of great security, and many curious deeds and charters were consequently deposited in it; of these, it is said, several still remain. The foundation of the Castle is on a mass of breccia. It is still among the number of royal castles, and gives the office of keeper to the duke of Argyll. The Castle is said to have been founded by Edwin, a Pictish monarch—contemporary with Julius Cæsar—who, in honour of himself, called it Evonium. Whether this account be true or not, it is certainly a place of great antiquity. Down to the commencement of the present century part of the ancient regalia was preserved, but at that period, says Dr. Garnet, "it was embezzled by the keeper's servants for the sake of the silver ornaments." An ancient battle-axe is the only relic left. The irregularity of the external walls, as observed in the annexed view, is owing to the angular rocky precipice along which they are carried. At a short distance from the Castle is a small roofless chapel, of elegant workmanship, which has struggled hard to accompany this venerable seat of kings through the various stages of its prosperity, decline, and fall. Within the hallowed enclosure, it is said, several of the Scottish monarchs lie interred. On the south side is a rock—one point of which stretches towards the chapel, and where, if a person be placed on one side of it, and speak loud, the sound of his voice is so distinctly reverberated from the ruin, as to make him imagine that the voice comes from a person within the walls. It is reported that, a few years ago, a man contracted a fatal illness on hearing a sermon on mortality read to him by an unearthly voice—proceeding from a person who, in the dusk of evening, had concealed himself on the opposite side of the point mentioned, but which he

* This vessel, the *Florida*, is supposed to have contained a great deal of specie, and attempts have been made, by means of diving-bells, to get at the precious stores, or to raise the ship. Guns of brass and iron, among which were those above-mentioned, have been recovered—some of them bearing the marks of an English founder, with the date 1584. A portion of the ship's plank was presented to his late majesty, George IV., on his visit to Scotland in August, 1822. The local tradition respecting this vessel, is, that a daughter of the king of Spain having dreamed that a young man of most prepossessing figure had appeared to her, resolved to sail round the whole world in search of the living prototype. On her arrival on these shores, Maclean of Duart realized in the eyes of the princess the being of her fond imaginings. His lady, however, becoming jealous of his attentions to the fair Spaniard, took counsel of the witches of Mull, and, by their agency, the ship was sunk with the royal object of her resentment. The story has lately been made the subject of a romantic ballad.—See the local history.



THE SHIP ON BERNSEA.

London. Published for the Proprietors, by Geo. Virtue 26, Vy. Lane. 1836.

believed came from one of the dead who had left this sepulchre of kings to warn him of his approaching dissolution. Some years ago, the following custom was still in use at Dunstaffnage Castle:—When a company of unexpected strangers arrived—an event by no means uncommon in the Highlands—a flag-staff was immediately erected on the battlements, with the expressive ensign of a table-cloth affixed to it. This served as a signal to the tenants on certain lands bordering the sea, to repair to the Castle with salmon, or any other fish then in season; while others, embracing the opportunity thus afforded of paying their court to the *laird*, presented any thing else that was rare, or which they thought might be acceptable. But at this period, luxury had not reached these retired shores; the proprietors lived chiefly at home, subsisting on the produce of their own lands and lakes, and exercising a princely hospitality. Campbell of Dunstaffnage is now the liberal proprietor of this ancient “palace, fortress, and shrine,”—

“ Whose walls once echoed to the battle-cry
Of haughty Lorn—and from whose battlements,
Unfurled, the flag of Bruce has waved on high—
The meteor-star of Scotland’s liberty !”

The Sound of Kerrera, so strikingly depicted in the engraving before us, is one of the most romantic and variegated scenes in Scotland. The island abounds in objects of natural curiosity, and affords the scientific traveller a wide field of interesting investigation. The western part, which rises to a great elevation above the sea, exhibits many appearances of volcanic origin. In the page of history it is memorable as the place where, in 1249, Alexander II. breathed his last. He had undertaken an expedition for the final reduction of the Western Isles; but his fleet, being overtaken by a tempest, sought shelter in the horse-shoe anchorage—a place of great safety in the Sound of Kerrera. On the death of the king the enterprise was abandoned, and the troops returned home with his body, which was afterwards entombed in the Abbey of Melrose. Sailing from Norway some time afterwards, with the largest fleet that ever left his country’s ports, it was also at Kerrera that Haco, king of Denmark, met the great body of the Highland chieftains, his vassals. By these he was accompanied in his disastrous attempt upon Ayrshire, where a tempest and the Scottish host, headed by the grand steward of the kingdom, and encouraged by the presence of their youthful sovereign—son of the deceased monarch—broke his mighty power, and reduced the Hebrides to the Scottish sceptre. Haco, worn out with fatigue, anxiety, and mortification at his defeat, died on his way home at Kirkwall, in Orkney, in December 1263. The ruins of the Danish

fort Gylen are pointed out as the site where Alexander died, and where the Danish monarch assembled his vassals on the eve of his catastrophe. In August, 1746, General Campbell lay in the Sound of Kerrera, waiting instructions from the earl of Albemarle to regulate his conduct respecting the capture of Prince Charles, who was then in concealment at Glendossorie; but, before the general had received his orders, the prince found means to provide for his personal safety by a timely retreat.

The interesting and romantic appearance of the south end of Kerrera is much increased by the view of Goalan Castle. This beautiful and picturesque ruin is perched on the extreme verge of an almost perpendicular precipice, overgrown with thick mantling ivy, which climbs from the bottom of the rock to the very battlements of the fortress; and as the foundations of the building spring from the extreme edge of the rock, the ivy has crept from the one to the other, concealing any little break that might otherwise have appeared, and presenting to the eye on two sides, the rock and the castle, as if forming one solid mass of architecture. On the land side the approach is also very striking; and as the ruins are still in tolerable preservation, a pretty good idea of the original state of the building is obtained. On the front are two stone effigies, called the Piper and the Nurse—two characters of great importance in all Highland families. This castle, once the seat of the lineal descendants of Macdougall of Lorn, the formidable opponent of Bruce, was reduced to its present ruinous condition in consequence of its owner taking part with, and protecting a person named Livingstone, who had killed a son of Campbell of Fauns, and thereby exposed himself to the indignation of that powerful clan. Campbell of Braglin, a man well known in the country for his fierce and determined character, undertook to avenge the death of his fellow-clansman. For this purpose he assembled a band of followers, invaded Kerrera, stormed and burned the castle, committing an indiscriminate massacre on the unfortunate Macdougalls, eighteen of whom were precipitated from the battlements. Among the spoil taken on that occasion was a brooch, which had belonged to Robert Bruce, and had remained for ages in the family. This ancient relic is now said to be in the possession of Macdougall of Dunally; and the history is so interesting, that we shall here briefly advert to the circumstances which render its loss an epoch in Scottish annals. After his defeat at Methven, being hard pressed by the English, Bruce, with the dispirited remnant of his followers, endeavoured to escape from Braidalbane into the mountains of Argyll; but in this attempt he was encountered and repulsed by Macdougall, the lord of Lorn—a repulse, however, which displayed the strength and courage of Bruce



OBAN, DURING THE REGATTA.

(Argyleshire.)

in the strongest light. According to the tradition preserved by the family of Lorn, their chieftain engaged in personal conflict with Bruce, while the latter was anxiously covering the retreat of his men. Macdougall was struck down by the king, who was no less remarkable for his corporeal than for his mental vigour, and would have been slain on the spot, had not three of his vassals, named Mac Keoch, father and sons, rescued him, by seizing the king's mantle, and dragging him from above his adversary. But of these Bruce speedily rid himself by his redoubted battle-axe; he was so closely pressed, however, by the other followers of Lorn, that he was forced to abandon the mantle, and brooch which fastened it, in the dying grasp of the Mac Keochs:—

“ When this brooch,* triumphant borne,
Beamed upon the breast of Lorn !”

Oban is a neat, handsome, and beautifully situated village; its appearance from the bay is particularly striking. The houses, drawn out in a semicircle, rise from the water's edge, and with a fine basin in front, and a bold undulating range of mountains behind, present an appearance highly picturesque. During the gay season, when the shore is crowded with spectators, and the bay enlivened with numerous small craft—as happens during the regatta, when the prize is contested by pleasure yachts—the scene becomes doubly animated.

For several years past, Oban has been much frequented during the summer and autumn, and has now a name among the fashionable watering places of the country. In addition to its attractions as an excellent sea-bathing station, it has also several powerful chalybeate and sulphurous springs, lately discovered in the immediate neighbourhood. Here the student of mineralogy, and the admirers of Highland landscape, will find ample means of gratification—

“ Gazing on pathless glen and mountain high;
Listing, where from the cliffs the torrents thrown
Mingle their echoes with the eagle's cry,
And with the sounding lake, and with the moaning sky.”—SCOTT.

All over the coast evident marks of the former height of the sea may be observed in the formation of regular banks, and in excavations of the softer rocks, which it has effected. These are of corresponding elevation, and run along the shores in a direct line as far as the eye can reach. The *breccia* and

* It appears that great art and expense were formerly bestowed upon the buckle, or brooch, used for securing the plaid, when the wearer was a person of distinction. It was as broad, says Martin, as an ordinary pewter plate, the whole curiously engraved with various animals. A lesser, worn in the middle of the other, was set with precious stones—a larger one in the centre, and smaller ones surrounding it, as observed in the art of modern jewellery.

micaceous schist lie above one another, and proceed together in parallel waving lines. In some instances, the summit of the latter is broken off and shattered to pieces; but all the detached parts of it are uniformly found embedded in the breccia above it. At the northern side of the bay is a rugged point of breccia, near which is a large portion of the same kind of rock, raised on end; and close by this, on a precipitous rock of great elevation, stands Dunally Castle.

Oban is admirably situated for a sea-port; and if it could attract the attention of government, might contribute in no small degree to the prosperity as well as safety of the nation. The bay, varying in depth from twelve to twenty fathoms, and affording anchorage to five hundred sail of merchantmen, is well protected from the westerly winds, and the fury of the Atlantic, by Mull, and other islands adjacent. Its immediate vicinity to the Crinan and Caledonian canals is another advantage which would materially contribute to render Oban a most eligible situation for the establishment of a naval arsenal. The population is still under two thousand, but annually increasing. The inns are excellent. The air of this Highland sea-port is considered of such remarkable salubrity, that Dr. Aldcorn, a physician of distinguished acquirements and experience, has here established a *Salutarium* for the reception of invalids, to whom change of air and scene, during the summer and autumnal months, has been recommended. As a centre, from which the stranger or invalid may enjoy the greatest variety of excursions, it would be impossible to select a more desirable position. Exercise and recreation are here within the reach of every one; and where that is the case, health is seldom far distant.

“ Her bower is by the blue sea wave,
Her temple on the steep.”

Dunally Castle, above-mentioned, is an ivy-clad square keep, which formed another of the ancient seats of the Macdougalls of Lorn. It is supposed to have been originally a Danish fort; the walls are of great thickness, but were mutilated by a late proprietor, who removed all the freestone he could quarry from it, to assist in the building of the modern family mansion, which is seen near it. Venerable by its antiquity, “it is somewhat surprising,” says a writer who has well described the locality, “that a gentleman very tenacious of the title of chief should destroy this monument of his clan.” It may be superfluous to remind the reader, that, around the ancient fastness, the Wizard of the North has waved his magic pencil, “and conjured up a living drama* of love and war,

* “Lord of the Isles,” in which Dunally Castle is erroneously stated “to overhang Loch-Etive;” and the error is repeated in the last edition, 1836, Note D



DUNOLLY CASTLE, NEAR O'BAN.

(Argyleshire.)

of maidens fair and chieftains bold, that will be rehearsed by Gaël and Sassenach, when these very ruins shall have disappeared in the boiling wave at their base."

We now proceed to a survey of the beautiful Loch-awe, whose isle-bestudded bosom and castellated banks give it a just precedence over its surrounding competitors. History and tradition have both united to throw a charm over the scene; the records of war and the wonder-working spirit of romance, have combined to infuse a spell into all its varied features. Its islands, floating like buoyant gardens on the sunny water, have each some relic of ancient times—some stirring tradition to engage the feelings or enliven the fancy. On one of these, religion has left the pleasing evidence of its reign—the remains of a secluded sanctuary, to which the disconsolate repaired for solace, the persecuted for refuge, the tempted for fortitude, the forsaken for comfort, the faltering for the gifts of renewing grace, and all of them, in their turn, for that untroubled repose—

" That dreamless rest,
Of all Heaven's gifts to those who grieve—the best !"

The islet to which we allude, is the poetical Inishail, or the " Isle of Beauty;" and the deserted sanctuary, that of a Cistercian nunnery, where the silent victim of unrequited love sought consolation in the soothing arms of religion.

On another island, the name of which—Fraoch-Elan—still recalls its poetical origin, stand the ruins of a castle which Gilbert Macnaughten received as a royal grant from Alexander III. The island was called the " Hesperides" of the country, from the flowers and fruit which enriched it being of the most exquisite fragrance and flavour. The following legend, however, gives a still more striking feature to the resemblance it was supposed to bear to the classic Hesperides—the " Afræ Serores" of Latin poets. An adventurous lover, named Fraoch, seeing that Scotland had her Garden of the Hesperides, resolved that she should also have her Hercules; and at the instigation of a fair idol, named Mego, who had conceived an irresistible desire to taste the enchanted fruit which the island produced, determined to gratify her innocent longing, by laying a full basket of it at her feet. She knew, however, as well as himself, that this fruit was guarded by a huge serpent, the coils of which would have encompassed half the island; but, along with the desire of the fruit, she had a desire to try the faith and fortitude of her lover, and sanctioned—if she did not exactly command—the enterprise. Love, they say, is blind; but, in the present instance, he was bold in proportion to his blindness, and scorned every danger and impediment that stood between him and the forbidden tree. Casing himself,

therefore, in complete armour, with a dirk—for they had no “Doune pistols” in those days—in his belt, and a huge claymore that descended in a steel scabbard to his left heel, he sallied forth at that favourable hour when the snake was wont to indulge in the luxury of a *siesta*. As he rowed towards the little bay which indented the island paradise, he felt his courage even greater than the occasion which called it forth. The charms of Mego—the gentle “fruit-fancying” Mego—gave fervour to his heart, and fluency to his lips. His voice kept tune, and his oars kept time; and, chanting her praises as the little prow skimmed the blue wave, he soon reached the calm anchorage, and felt through his whole frame the breezy fragrance of a celestial atmosphere. This, however, did not in the least enervate him; he had come to slay the snake, and secure the fruit in good earnest; and, having quite another scent to gratify, he resolutely shut his olfactories against the intruding perfumes, and, directed by the sense of sight only, sprang desperately on shore. At this instant a new world opened upon him; over his head, boughs laden with delicious fruit, as various in hue as the rainbow, tempted him to indulge his taste. Flowers sprang up at his feet, and filled the whole air with aromatic odours. Leaves and plants distilled ambrosia, celestial music issued from every recess, and he felt as if he had been translated, bodily, into the habitation of spirits. He thought he heard the harp of Ossian, saw the heroes of Fingal gliding through the leafy walks, and almost forgot the lover’s errand on which he had come. Collecting his scattered ideas, upbraiding himself with criminally indulging his own pleasure, and never thinking of the fruit, he made up instantly to one of the finest trees in the garden, and set about stripping it in the name of his beloved Mego. “Why,” said he to himself, as he crammed the corners of his flowing plaid and philibeg with the precious fruit—“why, they told me of a snake! . . . I see no snake, and fear none!” And so he continued the plunder. The next moment, however, the huge monster was in motion. Opening its hideous jaws, and uncoiling its scaly circles, it advanced in a series of terrible gyrations towards the rash depredator. “So, so!” said Fraoch, with an air of supreme indifference, and, drawing his claymore, placed himself in an attitude of perfect defiance. This, however, did not arrest the scaly monster; on the contrary, he showed an additional length of sting, and a determination to act on the offensive. “Take that,” said Fraoch, “and that!”—striking most manfully to right and left. But, alas! the edge of his well-tempered blade fell on its scaly armour as if it had fallen upon Macnab’s anvil!* His blows were redoubled; but the snake

* Names famous among the ancient armourers of the Highlands.—See M’Nicol’s Notes.



L O C H A W E .

(Argyleshire.)

was sword-proof, hissed vehemently, and protruded its forked tongue in such a way, that it might have put a whole battalion of the "Black Watch" into bodily fear: but Fraoch thought only of Mego. "Shall the lover of Mego," he asked, "succumb to a snake?—Never!" And he made another swinging stroke with his claymore. Alas, for that stroke!—it so irritated the dreadful monster, by shearing a slice from its forked sting, that the combat now proceeded to extremities—and literally so; for while Fraoch was recovering his weapon, he got entangled in one of the coils, and there stood fixed like a nail in Macnuithear's vice.* The horrid animal, too, profiting by the advantage, seized upon that part of his body which some physiologists have described as the seat of honour. We need hardly observe, that as no man has a keener sense of honour than a Highlander, no man resents an insult—even from a snake—with more desperate courage. Though writhing under the torture, Fraoch could not die unrevenged; and, summoning his whole mental and corporeal vigour into one terrible effort, let fall such a blow upon the remaining prong of the monster's sting, that, from the agony it suffered, its coils were relaxed, and the captive was released from their horrid grasp. The snake, having thus lost its sting, rolled itself up in agony and died, while Fraoch had just sufficient strength left to reach, and deposit the hard-earned fruit in the lap of his mistress. "Fairest of the forms of earth," said he, "and gentle as thou art fair, behold the fruit! . . . The snake is slain—the fruit is sweet! . . . but Fraoch—thy lover Fraoch, is numbered with the ghosts in the airy halls." Mego was inconsolable. Her restless eye wandered between the pale youth at her feet, and the bright peaches in her lap. The bloom on the latter was irresistible, and she resolved, painful as it was, first to enjoy the dessert, and then indulge her unbounded sorrow for the dead. The fruit, indeed, was as sweet to the taste as it was pleasant to the eye; and as she stripped peach after peach, her relish for the after-part diminished in proportion, and she determined to continue the feast to-day, and defer her sorrow till the morrow. But mark how she was punished: the fruit for which she had so much longed, contained, like other forbidden fruits, a subtle poison, and before sunset Mego ended her life with her repast.

The Pass of Awe—grand and imposing throughout—is beyond dispute one of the most striking defiles in the Highlands. The scene so ably represented in the engraving, recalls one of the most remarkable events in the life of Bruce, namely his advance into the west, which John of Lorn had vainly endeavoured to withstand. Here, having gained a vantage-ground, which the latter had unwarily left

* See Note to preceding page.

in his power, Bruce discomfited the Argyll men with great slaughter, and secured the Pass.*

This defile seems as strong to the eye of a soldier, as it is wild and romantic to that of an ordinary traveller; but the skill of Bruce had anticipated this difficulty. While his main body, engaged in a skirmish with the men of Lorn, diverted their attention to their position in front, James of Douglas, with Sir Alexander Fraser, Sir William Wiseman, and Sir Andrew Grey, ascended the mountain with a select body of archery, and thus obtained possession of the heights which command the defile. A volley of arrows descending upon them, directly warned the Argyllshire men of their perilous situation; and their resistance, which had hitherto been bold and manly, was now changed into a precipitate flight. The deep and rapid river Awe was then, as we learn from Barbour, crossed by a bridge, which the mountaineers attempted to demolish; but Bruce and his followers being too close on their rear, they had no means of defence, and were dispersed with great slaughter. John of Lorn, suspicious of the event, had early betaken himself to the galleys which he had on the lake. After this decisive engagement, Bruce laid waste Argyllshire, besieged Dunstaffnage castle, took possession of it, and for that of Macdougall of Lorn, substituted a garrison of his own.

Among the local anecdotes, the following is interesting, and characteristic of the past.—In the early part of the seventeenth century, a young man of the name of Lamont, travelling from Cowal to Fort William on a shooting excursion, fell in with the son of a chieftain, of the Clan Gregor, who inhabit the adjoining district of Glenstrae. Having adjourned together to a public-house, a dispute arose between the two clansmen, which terminated in a scuffle, in which Macgregor was mortally stabbed. Lamont instantly escaping, was hotly pursued; but, descriing a house, he fled thither for shelter, was received

* Lorn, it will be remembered, had espoused the third daughter of the red Comyn, slain by Bruce in the Dominican church of Dumfries; and in addition to other strong motives for resistance, had this also—the ardent desire of revenge. In the former rencontre, the Highlanders under Lorn, being on foot, and armed with long pole-axes, attacked the little band of Bruce, where the knights had no room to manage their horses, and did them much harm. Thus beset, the latter was forced back; but Bruce, placing himself in the rear of his followers, protected their retreat with the utmost gallantry. Three Highlandmen, a father and his two sons, assaulted him at once; but, completely armed, and full master of his weapon, he cut them down one after another, and escaped; leaving, however, according to the tradition above-mentioned, a royal badge in the dying grasp of his victims. “Look at him,” said Lorn, as he witnessed the unequal combat with involuntary admiration, “see—he guards his men from us as Gaul, the son of Morni, protected his host from the fury of Fingal!”—See *Lord of the Isles. Notes. Statist. Bruce.*

* A comparison taken from the ancient poems of Ossian.



THE PASS OF AWE.

(Argyleshire.)

London, Published for the Proprietors, by Geo. Virtue, 26. Ivy Lane, 1836.

without question, and assured of protection. Those in pursuit coming quickly up, communicated the startling intelligence that the fugitive had blood upon his hands, and was the murderer of the eldest son of their chief, the owner of the very mansion in which he had craved protection. Macgregor, however, having promised him shelter, remained faithful to his word; and, conducting the young man to Loch-fine, saw him safely across. This clemency and magnanimity were not without their reward; for, not long after, the Clan Gregor being proscribed, Lamont, who owed his life to his forbearance, received the chieftain to his house, and, by every act of kindness to him and his relatives, endeavoured to supply the place of that son, of whose support in the hour of trial he had so unhappily bereaved them.

Kilchurn Castle, which gives so much life and interest to this beautiful lake, is a capacious structure of great antiquity and strength, remarkable as the *berceau* of the Braidalbane family, and, in itself, one of the most picturesque ruins in Great Britain. It is built on a projecting rock, and, when the water is high, completely insulated. The shore immediately adjacent is low; but, on the opposite side of the lake, the rocky promontories of Ben-cruachan rise abruptly from the water, till the gradually expanding mass loses its desolate summits in the clouds. Of the building itself, the exterior walls are nearly entire; the circular towers, which project on the south and east, prevent the monotonous effect of a too regular line, whilst the magnitude of the pile is such as to give the whole a characteristic baronial grandeur. This effect is particularly conspicuous in the view looking towards Dalmally. The entrance is by a small door-way, with the date 1693; but the principal building was erected early in the fifteenth century by the lady of Sir Colin Campbell, the black knight of Rhodes, during the absence of her husband in foreign wars. From a court in the centre, the mass is seen to great advantage, and forms an excellent subject for the pencil. The walls are mantled with ivy, the apartments high, and surmounted by lofty towers, in the solid masonry of which the wasting hand of time has opened many a yawning fissure. Here, in the times of trouble and predatory warfare, the proprietor found a safe retreat from external violence; here, when an attack was meditated, and the revenge of injuries summoned every vassal to his post, the chieftain sallied forth at the head of his retainers, and carried the terror of his name into the surrounding districts. Then followed the triumphant return—the shrill note of the pibroch—the division of the spoil—the festive bowl—and the boisterous mirth of a long wassail night. How changed is the scene! The plash of the water, as a crumbling stone drops from

its perch—the moan of the wind, as it ruffles the wild ivy, floating from its crest like a green banner—and the scream of the water-fowl, are almost the only sounds that now interrupt its profound solitude. Its apartments no longer echo to the tread of armed heel, or to the tramp of sentinels; it stands like a vast sepulchre mouldering over the grave of its princely founders. But, in the still moonlight, in the broad glare of summer, and in the roar of the winter storm, how different is its aspect—how different the associations which it calls forth! In the first, with the waves of the lake stretched around it like molten silver, reflecting on their bosom, as in a mirror, the shattered outline of its walls and the flash of some stealthy oar, glimmering in the distance, it offers a scene fit to lull the contemplative mind in a delicious reverie—a reverie sweetened by the very melancholy which it inspires. Again, the warder's bugle seems to salute us from the wall; troops of phantom retainers sweep past us in waving tartan and shining steel; lights glance forth at every lattice; the clang of the portcullis, lowered to admit the warrior in his plumed helm; the sound of music, the shouts of rivalry, all pass in review before us, and we can scarcely bring ourselves to avow that it is “but a dream.” See it again in the morning; like a haggard veteran with his mail hacked, his once brawny arms covered with scars, the sunshine, in whose warmth he feels a glow of returning strength, serving only to expose his miserable plight—so these lofty ruins appear in all the desolation of age, and neglect, and poverty. But, in the winter storm, they assume a stately, and even sublime appearance: the thunder breaks on Ben-cruachan; the blast sweeps through the defile, shattering the forest and chafing the lake into foam; the boats are drawn hastily upon the beach, the rowers crouch for shelter among the rocks, and over the wide and desolate landscape, the spirits of the storm execute their terrible commission. Against these abutting ramparts, the wave, ploughed into deep furrows, now bursts and recoils, and bursts again with redoubled fury. Through the wide unlatticed casements the ruffian tempest howls with deafening roar. But, in the midst of this terrible concert, a mysterious voice, far above the storm, and from the highest turret is heard exclaiming—

“ Wave may burst, and wind may howl—
Lightnings flash, and thunders growl—
I shall never fall, but when
The sea has covered Cruachan-Ben !”

The gigantic Ben-cruachan, here named, rises in solitary grandeur over the scene, and from the summit of the mountain issue those waters that supply the



THE GUNN CASTLE, DOUGAL AWE.

(Argyllshire.)

lake at its base—the beautiful Loch-awe. Their source is called the fatal spring—a name originating in the following tradition :*—Bera was the daughter of Grianan the sage, and dwelt in the cave of the rock. Long was the line of her fathers—large and fertile were their possessions : hers were the beautiful vales below, and hers the flocks that roamed on the hills around. To her was committed the charge of that awful spring which was one day to prove so fatal to the inheritance of her fathers, and to her fathers' race. . . . Before the sun withdrew his beams, she was commanded each night to cover the spring with a stone, on which sacred and mysterious characters were impressed. One night, however, this duty was forgotten by the unhappy Bera. Overcome with the chase and the heat of the day, she was seized with heavy sleep before the usual hour of rest. The stone, therefore, remained unclosed, and the long-confined waters, rushing down upon the plain, expanded themselves into the lake of Awe. The third morning Bera awoke from her fatal sleep ; she flew to remove the stone from the spring, but, behold, no stone was there ! She looked mournfully towards the inheritance of her fathers ; she saw only the devastation of her plains. She shrieked !—the mountain shook to its base ; she fell prostrate on the heath ; her spirit retired to the ghosts of her fathers, in their airy halls !—Such was the poetical origin of Loch-awe.

To the admirers of Ossian, this country, as before noticed, is all classic ground, the birth-place of heroes, and the native land of the most sublime species of romance. Here resided the heroes of Fion, or Fingal ; and the traditions of the country are still full of their exploits.—Ben-cruachan, the mountain already named, is nearly four thousand feet in height, with a circumference at the base of about twenty miles. From the north-east the ascent is very steep, sloping gently down on the south, but rising with an abrupt ascent near the summit, which is bicipital. The flanks are covered with natural woods in great variety, and abounding with red deer. The scenery of this mountain has had the singularly good fortune to be celebrated by two of the earliest and most distinguished of the Scottish bards—Barbour and Blind Harry—the one in describing the arduous struggles of Bruce, and the other in recording the glorious achievements of Wallace. It is a curious circumstance, also, that the two greatest heroes that Scotland ever produced, should both have been victorious in decisive battles fought at the base of Ben-cruachan ; and it is gratifying to find traditions still existing among the older inhabitants, establishing the historical fidelity of

* Communicated to Mr. Lettice, by the late Dr. Mac Intyre of Glenorchy, from the original Gaelic.—P. 256. Continued, also, in a collection of traditionary Celtic poems, translated by Dr. Smith of Cambelltown.—Also, *Statist. Acc. Arg.* p. 403.—*Tourist's Guide*.

those events. On this and the neighbouring mountains, ptarmigan, a rare bird, is to be found in considerable abundance.

Within two miles of Dalmally, we obtain a charming view of the Vale of Glenorchy, with the Castle just mentioned, rising from the waters of the lake; but, from whatever point it is seen, the ruins of Kilchurn present a most interesting feature in the scene. Here the landscape is particularly grand, composed of all that can "fascinate the eye of the painter, or inspire the soul of the poet." The beauty of the glen is much enhanced by the church and its gothic spire, lately built on an island in the river Urchy, which waters the valley, and over which there is a romantic and picturesque bridge. The point so generally recommended to strangers, is "Burke's View," so called, from the great admiration expressed of it by that very appropriate authority in "landscape," as well as in literature—the author of the well-known essay on the "Sublime and Beautiful."

" That glorious Valley with its lake,
And Alps on Alps in clusters swelling."

The approach to Inverary exhibits a very remarkable combination of picturesque and imposing features; and, as the seat of M'Callum More, the "King of the Campbells," calls forth historical reminiscences which cannot fail to interest even the most cursory observer. The most striking feature in the landscape is the hill of Duniquaich, crowned by a watch-tower, luxuriantly wooded, and giving fine and prominent relief to the lordly mansion at its base. The ancient family residence stood near the town, and, in its internal arrangements, exhibited a picture of the times and taste for which it had been designed; but, in the modern edifice, ornament has been united with utility, strength with elegance, and baronial stateliness with all those minor considerations which insure domestic comfort. It is built of *lapis ollaris*, a dark blue pot-stone, resembling the slate-coloured marble of Namur, and after rain presenting a tint almost of a cloudy black. Its castellated style of architecture, with a round tower at each corner surmounted with battlements, gives it an air of imposing grandeur which is in fine harmony with the place and purpose of its erection. Great taste has been displayed in the decoration and furnishing of the interior, which contains, in addition to a splendid suite of state apartments, many chambers of elegant design and stately dimensions. The great drawing-room, hung with Ghent tapestry, is said to have cost eighteen thousand pounds sterling; and in finishing and ornamenting this princely residence, a sum of not less than three hundred and fifty thousand pounds is said to have been expended since the close of the



MELGERTON CASTLE, LOCH AWE.
LOOKING TOWARDS DALLALY.
(Argyleshire.)



IYVERREY CASTLE.

last rebellion. The picture gallery contains several pieces by the ancient masters—some rare, and of great value; but the collection is of limited amount, compared with the lofty scale of the building, and the station of the noble proprietor. But should the fastidious tourist find little to excite his admiration in the landscape gallery, he has only to take his station at one of the windows, and the face of nature will afford him ample compensation for his disappointment. In the saloon, about one hundred and fifty stand of arms, used by the Campbells at the battle of Culloden, are arranged with much taste and ingenuity.

The walks and roads through the woods are numerous, and highly variegated in scenery—here, opening upon the light waters of Lochfine, and there, on the blue mountains of the Gaël, which bound the horizon. The river Ary, from which the castle and burgh derive their name, forms in its course many pleasing cascades, to which convenient paths have been cut for the accommodation of strangers. The whole of this demesne is embellished with luxuriant forest scenery, of which the timber alone has been valued at two hundred thousand pounds. The hill of Duniquaich, already mentioned, which towers, in a variegated mass of verdure, to the height of seven hundred feet, is a point from which the stranger will enjoy one of the most fascinating lake-and-land prospects in the kingdom. The barren mountains in the distance, furrowed with cataracts, frowning with rocks, and sprinkled with alpine firs, contrast strongly with the high state of cultivation, the sheltered beauty, and the general air of prosperity which pervade the coast. Inverary is, without exception, the most princely residence in Scotland: it embraces a domain of vast extent, every rood of which is kept in the finest order, and exhibits, even to profusion, all the charms of lake, mountain, and forest scenery.

Of the more conspicuous members of this illustrious house, distinguished alike by its vast possessions, its devoted patriotism, and its ancient power, was Archibald, earl and marquess of Argyll, born in 1598. He was a zealous Covenanter; and, notwithstanding his opposition to the fanatical schemes of Charles I., was created marquess for promoting a conformity between the churches of England and Scotland. It was by his persuasion that Charles II. visited Scotland in 1651, and was crowned at Scoon. At the Restoration, however, this unfortunate nobleman was committed to the Tower, whence, after five months' confinement, he was sent to Scotland, and being tried and pronounced guilty of high treason, was there beheaded in 1661. "I could,"—said he, when brought to the block—"I could die like a Roman, but I choose rather to die like a Christian." He fell with heroic firmness, exculpating himself—and with truth—of having had any hand in the death of his royal master. His generosity in

declining to take any part in the prosecution of his arch enemy, Montr  se, would have done him great honour, had he not placed himself at a window to mortify the fallen hero as he passed in a cart to receive judgment.* Archibald, his son, with less ability, but much greater integrity than his father, fell a victim to the same unhappy fate. He was uniformly steady and virtuous; and, during all the misfortunes of Charles II., firm to the trust which that monarch reposed in him. In every respect he acted a moderate and patriotic part; for, though strictly devoted to the interests of his sovereign, when the Restoration took place, he honestly refused to acquiesce in the unprincipled and tyrannical measures which the ministers of the crown adopted in Scotland. The result was, that, under the same prince, to whom he had steadily adhered in his utmost adversity, he was brought to trial and condemned without a crime. But, for a time, the rancour of his enemies was frustrated by his escape. In 1685, he, unfortunately, shared in the attempt made by the duke of Monmouth to restore the liberties, and preserve the established religion then invaded by James II.; and having been taken prisoner, was put to death on his former sentence, in defiance of every principle both of law and equity.† No man ever met his death with greater resignation. On the day of his execution he ate his dinner cheerfully, enjoyed a sound sleep after it, and, on awaking, was led to the scaffold, where he fell with that dignity and composure which became a life of integrity. A third, and more fortunate chief of this family, was John, the second duke. He was bred to the army, served under Marlborough, was brigadier-general at the battle of Ramillies, commandant at the battles of Oudenarde and Malplaquet, and was present at the sieges of Lisle and Ghent. After numerous other services, and high civil offices, in which he benefited his country and gained fresh accessions of honours, he died in 1743, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a noble monument is raised to his memory. It is this duke who figures as Macallummure, in Sir Walter Scott's admirable tales of "Rob Roy," and "The Heart of Midlothian."

The appearance of the town of Inverary, the capital of the county, is neat; it is well-built, and offers many very pleasing indications of increasing prosperity. That prosperity, however, depends almost exclusively on the fishing and curing of herrings, the season for which commences in July and continues till December. Lochfine herrings are proverbially known as superior to all others, and exported to every fish-market in the kingdom. From fifteen to twenty thousand barrels

* See vol. i. of this work. Art. *Canongate, Edinburgh*.

† It was now that a neighbouring clan was deputed by government to carry destruction through the whole territory of the Campbells. Seventeen gentlemen of that name were taken at Inverary, and executed without even the formality of a trial. Their monument, erected on the spot, commemorates the tragical fact, and, with very laudable moderation of language, the cause in which they fell.



T. Allen.

Robt. Wallis.

LOCHE FINE.

of this fish are taken annually in Lochfine, and bringing a higher price than those taken in other parts of the coast, form a very lucrative branch of trade. Few things can be more amusing to the curious stranger than to accompany the fishermen when they go out in their boats to haul in their nets, as the coruscations produced by the fish in the water are exceedingly brilliant, and cannot fail to surprise and interest every one not previously acquainted with such phenomena. The boatmen, whose civility is proverbial, go out in the evening, and, for a very small compensation, will enable the stranger to indulge his curiosity. A dark windy night is best suited for their purpose; they generally ply to windward in order to have a speedy return to market in the morning. After searching about for some time, examining the appearance of the water, the flight of sea-fowl and other prognostics, the fishermen *shoot* their nets, which are composed of separate pieces bound together with twine: on the upper side is a back-rope, to which buoys of calf or dogskin are attached by means of long lines, and thus the net is raised or lowered at pleasure. The boat is then permitted to be at the end of the net, which serves, in some measure, as an anchor; a sail is converted into a covering for a tent; a fire is lighted, and the song and jest make the time pass lightly till the net is drawn, or a new station selected. The fishermen contrive to make excellent cakes, and have a method of dressing the fresh-caught herrings that might tickle the palate of the most fastidious epicure. If the visitor has taken care to fill his own scrip, and replenish his flask before coming on board, he will have no cause to regret the length of the voyage. Three or four, and, at times, as many as five hundred boats are to be seen on these occasions, "darkling in the silvery moonbeams," and taking their stations opposite the town. Each of the boats is manned by three or four men, who have regulations by which they are compelled to abide, in respect to their modes of fishing, their hours, and their stations. Much of their success depends on the proper depth to which the nets are sunk, as the herrings sometimes pass over and sometimes under them. It is a beautiful sight to behold the surface of the water silvered, as it sometimes is, by the glancing play of immense shoals which crowd up to the very head of the Loch, pursued by flights of sea-fowl, hovering over them with ceaseless screams. By these signs the experienced fisherman discovers the particular haunt which they have chosen; for, in this respect, they often seem to be guided by habit, though more frequently by accident or caprice. But to this we shall again advert.

At East Tarbert the aspect of the shore is particularly forbidding, and, owing to many sunken rocks, the entrance to the harbour is very critical; but when the

vessel is once in, no place can be more secure or commodious. On the left, in gloomy elevation, towering on a sullen crag, stand the ruins of Tarbert Castle, formerly the stronghold of the M'Gilchrists, then of the M'Alisters, and now the property of Campbell of Stonefield. The walls are eight or nine feet thick; the stair is in the west side, and underneath is an arched vault. The summit of the hill was formerly surrounded by a strong wall, and numerous bastions; and on the west side are several outworks, still popularly called the barracks. In 1261, the church of Kilcalmonell, the parish to which Tarbert belongs, was granted to the monks of Paisley; and soon after, Dovenald M'Gilchrist granted to them a right of cutting all kinds of timber in the woods of Tarbert. Macdonald, Lord of the Isles, in order to obtain an undisputed claim to every place round which he could pass in his boat, caused his barge to be drawn across the isthmus, which at this place is only a mile broad, with all the pomp of chivalrous times.* Tarbert was also the place of rendezvous chosen by James IV. when he proceeded with his nobles to reduce his rebellious subjects of the Western Isles to obedience; and of the unfortunate Earl of Argyll in 1685, previous to his descent upon the Low Country, where, as well known to our readers, he was defeated, taken prisoner, and afterwards beheaded. The first grand object for erecting this Castle, was to check the incursions of the Irish during that turbulent period when the Lords of the Isles were sovereigns of Cantyre, and of the greater part of Argyllshire.

The habits of the people employed in the Tarbert fishery are industrious, orderly, and even religious. Each boat, as before stated, is generally furnished with three hands, one of whom is the master, who defrays the whole cost, and receives a double share of the profits arising from the fishery. He is also exempted by law from impressment. The proprietors of boats subscribe a certain sum weekly to a fund—a species of insurance—out of which they are indemnified for the occasional loss of nets. The greatest number of fish taken at a single draught on this station, is stated at forty-one *maizes*, each containing

* The ceremony, as performed by Bruce, is thus described by Sir Walter Scott, in his "Lord of the Isles:"—

" It was a wondrous sight to see
Topmast and pennon glitter free,
High raised above the green-wood trees,
As on dry land the galley moves
By cliffs, and copse, and alder groves."

But, as Dr. James Johnson has observed, it is a much more wonderful sight to see the steam vessel of the present day darting across the same isthmus—by the Crinan canal, a little farther north—without the assistance of human muscles—without oars, or sails.—*The Recess.*



TARBERT, FROM LOCH FINE, LOOKING WEST.

(Argyleshire.)

five hundred herrings, and selling for about ten shillings. In casting their nets, the fishermen observe the supposed injunction of our Saviour to St. Peter, always casting them on the right, or starboard side of the boat. In like manner the time of sailing is regulated by many superstitious observances; but a cloudy evening, as already mentioned, is considered the most propitious. Once under weigh, and weather permitting, they light their fire and prepare supper, consisting of fish, potatoes, oat cakes, porridge, and molasses; from the latter a very pleasant liquor is brewed in various parts of Scotland, called treacle-beer. If the night be stormy, the repast is deferred; but for which compensation is made by a moderate allowance of whisky, of which there is always a small "reservoir" on board; for, "let the world sink or swim, the Tarbert man must have his dram." It is very rarely, however, that this habit is carried to excess. The paternal vigilance and exhortations of their pastors have been very successful in checking a vice to which so many other fishermen have become irrecoverably addicted; and it is worthy of remark, that, among this humble class, the practice of family worship is not uncommon. When out on the deep, watching their nets, the fishermen, after supper, not unfrequently kneel down in united prayer, concluding their devotions by singing a hymn. This excellent and pious habit is also kept up in the same form when ashore, and, as Martin informs us, is the invariable practice among the rude fishermen of St. Kilda. Of their respect for the sabbath in Tarbert, some idea may be formed by their refusing to carry the luggage of a neighbouring proprietor across the isthmus on that holy day. If any dispute arises among them, it is adjusted by arbitration, for which three seniors are appointed, and thus the too often ruinous process of litigation is prevented. The same happy method of settling differences is practised among the primitive Christians of the Alps—the Waldenses—and also, in some instances, among the miners of Cornwall.—"On one occasion," says an observer, "I found the harbour of East Tarbert in a state of much excitement. The people were all standing at their doors with smiling countenances, whilst a perpetual discharge of fire-arms from different parts of the harbour greeted the ear. Soon after, a procession, headed by the national music of the bagpipe, descended the hill, some of whom returned from their muskets the martial salute of their fellow-townsmen. It was a wedding party; a young fisherman was the bridegroom, and the whole procession moved on to the church, where the minister offered up a prayer on behalf of the young couple, followed by a suitable exhortation—both in the Gaëlic tongue. The friend of the bridegroom took off his glove, a young girl performed the same office for the bride, and the marriage ceremony concluded according to the simple form of the Scottish Church. There

is an excellent school in Tarbert, supported by the Edinburgh Society for the Propagation of Knowledge, and some of the heritors of the place.

Continuing our route towards Loch-long, the eye and mind are continually refreshed by a succession of wild and romantic landscapes, which open and shut at almost every turn of the road, and present the most inviting subjects for the pencil. At the head of Loch-fine, the road winds gently through Glenfinglas, a fine pastoral valley, watered by a beautiful stream, and encircled by green hills that rise in smooth acclivities to a great height, and then, throwing off their verdant mantle, terminate in crests of naked rock. Crossing the Kinglas, the road bends off to the right, and winding through an interval in the hills into Glenlochan, opens on the celebrated Pass of Glencroe, which, in its prominent features, bears a close resemblance to that of Glenco. On one hand, the mountains present a range of noble precipices of mingled, dark, overhanging rock, interspersed with patches of green pasture, and terminated by a bold, sharp, and serrated outline. The descent through Glencroe is rapid; but for those who come in the opposite direction, it is a toilsome march. By the wayside is a semicircular stone seat, erected at the summit of the pass, bearing the inscription, "Rest, and be thankful"—an exhortation which commemorates its formation in 1748, by the military then occupying the pass. Twenty years later, it was repaired by the twenty-third regiment, as recorded in the same inscription. This road, though in general well made, is injudiciously laid down, and on that account, it has been proposed to form a new line from the head of Loch-long, in a more northern direction, and thereby obviate the necessity of passing through Glencroe. But, without a parliamentary grant, this very desirable improvement must fall to the ground. Whoever has read Livy's description of the Pass of Tempe, in Thessaly, will remark how nearly it corresponds with that of Glencroe.* The phenomenon of a thunder-storm in such a situation as this, presents a truly sublime, and even terrific spectacle; and the occasions for such a treat are neither "few nor far between."

One of the caverns in this savage glen might have passed, says Stoddart, "for the grotto of a Naiad, designed with peculiar fancy. At one end the sun-beams, admitted through different apertures, played upon the water; at the other, a small cascade glanced at intervals through the gloom; the sides are wrought into various odd forms by the whirlpools; and, in one part, a natural chair is scooped out of the rock." This glen, savage and dreary as it now appears, was

* Sunt enim Tempe saltus transitu difficiles, nam præter angustias per quinque millia, quæ exiguum jumentum onusto iter est, rupes utrinque ita abscissæ sunt, ut despici vix sine vertigine quadam simul oculorum animique possit.—Lib. xlv. c. 6.



T. Allom.

G. Richardson.

GLENCROE BETWEEN LOCH LONG AND CAIRN DEU.

London. Published for the Proprietors, by Geo. Virtue, 20, Ivy Lane. 1836.



VALLE OF GLENCRONE,

Argyleshire.

once partially inhabited. High up the mountain, traces of cultivation are visible, and, being inaccessible to the plough, must have been dug by the hand.* On another part are the remains of a *shieling*, or *chalet*, to which, in the summer months, as practised in Switzerland, a whole family resorted with their cattle, and returned again to the valley in winter. "But this," as the shepherd feelingly added, "was when the country was inhabited." The introduction of sheep to these pastures led unavoidably to the expatriation of the old inhabitants. The system of farming which now prevails over almost the entire Highlands, is incompatible with the existence of population. This is a topic on which it is painful to dwell, and which was justly estimated by an amiable nobleman, who told his stewards that "he would rather see one human being on his estates than a hundred sheep."

Along the borders of Loch-goil and Loch-long, the natural sterility of the soil is partly concealed, and its savage grandeur agreeably diversified, by extensive woods, which cover the land near the coast, and extend their waving verdure along the rugged flanks of the mountains. To strangers unaccustomed to Highland landscape, and who will make a boat-excursion up Loch-goil, when the weather is sunny, and the surface of the lake is serene, the scenery which then develops itself at every few strokes of the oar will afford convincing evidence that there are few spots, even in the Highlands, where Nature has arrayed herself in more varied and imposing features. The mountains are lofty, but present at intervals the most opposite character; here, piled in rugged cyclopean masses, hollowed into dismal and dripping caverns, frowning in precipices; and there, so smooth as hardly to interrupt the undulating pasture by a single rock. These hills, which, till the introduction of sheep, were covered with the natural produce of dark mountain-heath, have now undergone a pleasing transformation; and, not unfrequently green to the very summits, want only a few *chalets* scattered along their acclivities to recall to the traveller's mind some of the most pleasing scenes in Switzerland. Here, indeed, there are no glaciers—the source of that exuberant vegetation which distinguishes the Swiss Alps; but, from the frequent showers which here drop from the passing clouds that float over these mountains, reservoirs are formed, which, descending through innumerable ramifications, keep up vegetation, and provide a rich summer pasture for the flock. In looking down from these pastoral, or rocky regions, the eye is always refreshed by the bright expanse of some

* Probably by the *cascrom* or foot plough, an implement much more efficient than the spade, and peculiarly adapted for mountainous districts. The reader will find a drawing and description of this instrument in Mr. Logan's well-known work, "THE SCOTTISH GAEL;" a production of great research, and containing a rich fund of information on Highland topics.—Vol. ii. p. 90.

romantic estuary or inland loch, which, in many respects, may vie with the more celebrated of the Helvetian lakes. The latter may be enclosed in a bolder frame-work, but, with one or two trifling exceptions, they are destitute of the "fairy isles," which, scattered along their surface, give so peculiar a charm to the Highland lochs, and of which the beautiful Loch-awe and Loch-lomond afford striking examples.

"Behold our lakes!" the Swiss exclaims,
 "Like gems encased in gorgeous frames—
 Those mirrors, where the snowy Alps
 Sleep with the sunset on their scalps..."

"Nay, look at *ours*," replies the Celt,
 "Each girdled with its mountain belt
 Of rock, and tower, and forest trees,
 And gemmed with island sanctuaries!
 Like floating palaces they seem,
 The Elysium of a poet's dream:
 I grant ye rocks and glacier-snows,
 Where sunset leaves a lingering rose;
 But every lake without its isle
 Is Beauty's cheek without its smile."—MS.

On winding round the head of Loch-long, girdled by a romantic shore, this fine arm of the sea is seen to great advantage, and never fails to command admiration. Its mountains send down into the water a series of inclined arms, or ridges, of singularly irregular and indented outline—each hinder one projecting beyond the extremity of that which is nearer, closing in towards the centre of the vista, as if they all obliquely converged to one point. Their lower portions are covered with copse-wood, or brought into culture; while above, they exhibit a pleasing alternation of grey rock, purple heath, and verdant pasture. One of the mountains at the head of Loch-long, Ben-Arthur, presents a singularly bold and fantastic outline; and, from an imaginary resemblance to that personage when stooping over his last, has obtained the characteristic designation of the "Cobbler"—whose *lap-stone* may justly be considered the largest of any in the craft. Persons disposed to enterprises of danger and difficulty, may here find ample scope for such indulgence, in scaling the rugged side and giddy precipices, which even a practised chamois-hunter would traverse with cautious deliberation. The finest object on the banks of Loch-long, is Ardgarten, the seat of Campbell of Strachur. The view of Loch-long from the Pass of Glencroe is greatly admired.*

* The conflict so ably introduced by the painter, represents one of those scenes of cattle-lifting (in Gaelic parlance a *creach* or foray) and reprisal which, in former times, were familiar occurrences in these wild passes, and the cause of many sanguinary contests, with this understanding, that "he might take who had the power, and he might keep who could."



LOCH LONG, FROM GLENCEOR.

Engraving, from H. Macdonald.



LOCH-GOCHIL, FROM THE HEAD OF THE LAKE.

(Argyllshire.)

Loch-Goil branches off in a north-westerly direction from Loch-long. On a rock overlooking the western coast, are the remains of the Castle of Carrick—once a royal residence, but burnt by the Atholl men, and now reduced to a mass of ruins. Loch-goil, it will be remembered, is the scene of the pathetic ballad, by Campbell, of “Lord Ullin’s Daughter;”*—a poem of unrivalled beauty, and in which the effects of the storm are vividly depicted.

During the memorable invasion of Scotland by Haco, king of Norway, in 1264, a squadron of sixty ships, or galleys, commanded by Magnus, king of Mona—the Isle of Man—sailed up Loch-long; and, dragging their boats across the isthmus connecting it with Loch-lomond, launched upon the latter, laying waste its shores and islands, in which many of the neighbouring inhabitants had found, as they supposed, a secure refuge. This is the country of the Macfarlanes, the ancient lords of the soil; and at the head of the lake is Loch-slugh, where the numerous retainers of these chieftains were wont to assemble. Near the latter was once a fir plantation, says tradition, to which, on occasion of some clannish feud, the men of Atholl repaired, and lay in ambush to surprise the chief of the Macfarlanes: but his son Duncan being apprised of it, surrounded the plantation on a Sunday evening, and setting fire to it, consumed the Atholl men in the flames. The mansion-house of this ancient chief is now converted into an inn.

DUNBARTON-SHIRE, OR, THE LENNOX.

“ How wide the lake in limpid beauty smiles
Round the green yews that shade the Lomond isles, &c.
See, old Alclutha to the sight displays
Her rock, impregnable in ancient days!
From the broad stream its whitening summits rise,
Like famed Parnassus, towering to the skies.”

CLYDE, *a Poem.*

LOCH-LOMOND, so justly considered one of the most picturesque lakes in the world, lies principally in Dunbartonshire. It is nearly thirty miles long, and at its southern end, eight or ten miles broad; but towards its northern extremity, its breadth is contracted to less than a mile. Its depth varies from sixty to six

* Having some doubts on this subject, we consulted our friend Mr. Campbell whether this lake was the poetical one, and were happy to have his confirmation before applying to it the stamp of classic ground.

hundred feet. Thirty islands, mostly habitable and of various dimensions, are scattered over its surface; some rising to a considerable height, and most of the larger ones finely shaded with wood. Of the latter, Inch-murrin, upwards of a mile and a half in length, is used by the duke of Montrose as a deer-park, and when we last saw it, maintained an abundant herd. Inch-lonaig, another island about a mile long, is converted to a similar purpose by the proprietor, Sir James Colquhoun, of Luss, Bart. The waters of this lake are supposed to have increased very considerably during the lapse of ages; and in Camstradden Bay, more than a hundred yards from the shore, the ruins of submerged houses are said to be still visible under water. In former times Loch-lomond was superstitiously renowned for three wonders, "waves without wind, fish without fins, and a floating island." To the last of these Wilson alludes in his "Clyde"—

"That charming isle the distant sight deceives,
Which floats like Delos on the ambient waves;
Where Delos' god, deceived, first pours his beams—
The dome so like his ancient temple seems."

Among the finest points of view which present themselves on the borders of this magnificent lake, are those beneath Tarbet, from Inveruglas, with Ben-lomond in the distance, from the head of the lake looking southward, (as ably delineated in the annexed engravings,) and from the village of Luss. The lake is now daily traversed by commodious steam-vessels, the decks of which will afford tourists the best station for enjoying its grand and imposing scenery.

Like that of some other Highland lakes, the surface of Loch-lomond often displays what is termed the *blue belt*, the usual precursor of storms, and caused by that unequal agitation of the atmosphere in the vicinity of lofty mountains, which produces a corresponding inequality on the surface of the water. On this cause also depends one of the "wonders" above mentioned, namely, "waves without wind." During the great earthquake at Lisbon, as already noticed, the surface of this lake was thrown into violent agitation, and a boat carried forty yards beyond the ordinary limits of the water's edge. As we proceed northward, the breadth of the lake gradually diminishes, so that its finely wooded banks are seen to still greater advantage. To the right towers the colossal mass of Ben-lomond, the summit of which commands one of the most extensive and highly diversified prospects in Europe—a prospect in which Nature is contemplated in her wildest and most awful form. From this point, all the principal mountains of Scotland, and no less than nineteen lakes, are visible. So extensive, indeed, is the view, that it is hardly possible to convey even a faint idea of it in description, or to express the feelings of astonishment that take possession of the mind when we are so



LOCH LOMOND FROM BELOW TAREET.

(Dumbartonshire)



BEN LOMOND FROM INVERUGLAS.

(Dunbartonshire.)

fortunate as to reach the summit in fine weather. The spectacle of a thunder-storm, which we once beheld at that elevation, formed a scene of indescribable grandeur and sublimity. The mountain, in its catalogue of rare plants, furnishes a wide field of entertainment for the botanist. Like all primitive mountains, it is formed of granite and micaceous schist, with large masses of quartz embedded in it. On the borders of the lake various specimens of red jasper have been found, which had been washed down from the summit and polished by long attrition.

Ben-lomond, and the lands extending along the whole eastern shore of the lake, were formerly the property of Rob Roy, whose name is identified with several of the more remarkable features in the landscape. At a short distance up the country is Inversnaid * fort, built in 1713 to repress his daring inroads; not far from which is the dreary cavern, so often described as Rob Roy's Cave, and said also to have afforded shelter to "the Bruce" after his defeat at Strathfillan. About a mile above Rowardenan is Rob Roy's Rock, rising abruptly from the water to the height of thirty feet perpendicular, and flat on the top. From this platform the hero of the scene was in the habit of letting down, by means of a rope fastened round their waists, such of his hostages or prisoners as refused to comply with his demands. If, after being again drawn up, they still persisted in their obstinacy, they were lowered a second time, with a gentle hint that if their sentiments should continue unaltered, the next experiment should be suspension by the neck.—In concluding this very brief sketch, we cannot do so with a stronger testimony in favour of the scenery under notice, than has been already pronounced by Smollett:†—"I have seen," says he, "the Lago di Garda, Albano, De Vico, Bolseno, and Geneva; and, upon my honour, I prefer Loch-lomond to them all." If the genius of Rousseau, Voltaire, Gibbon, De Staël, and Byron, has bequeathed so many magical associations to the lake Lemán; the enchanting creations of Scott have conferred on this, and the neighbouring lakes of the Trosachs, the spell of fascinations no less powerful and enduring.

We now cross the frontier of the once redoubted clan Gregor, whose proscription, suffering, and persecution, are familiar to every reader. The following is the incident which brought on a legalized warfare of extermination against them, and, in all probability, excited King James VI. to make the battle of Glenfruin

* Inversnaid Mill, with the bold scenery adjoining, is the scene of Wordsworth's beautiful poem, beginning—

" But I, methinks, till I grow old,
As fair a maid shall ne'er behold
As I do now; the cabin small—
The lake—the bay—the waterfall—
And thee!—the spirit of them all."

† Miscellaneous Works, vol. vi. p. 269.

the signal for every wrong and oppression. The act alluded to, so revolting in its nature, and followed by such terrible consequences to the Macgregors (but who, it must be remembered, were only secondary in the transaction) is thus recorded:—A party of young men, Macdonalds of Glenco, having been found trespassing in the royal deer-forest of Glenartney, were sentenced by the under forester Drummond-Ernock, to have their ears cropped for the trespass, which was immediately carried into effect. In retaliation for this barbarous act, Drummond was waylaid and killed by the kinsmen of the Macdonalds, while providing venison for the grand banquet which was to welcome Anne of Denmark to the Scottish throne. Not satisfied, however, with the death of the individual, they planned a further act of diabolical vengeance, and, having cut off his head, adjourned to the house of Mrs. Stewart of Ardvorlich, Drummond's sister. From her, who little suspected the atrocious murder of which they had just been guilty, they received a cold reception, having only bread and cheese set before them. Her husband being from home, she left the room where the uninvited guests were sitting; and they, taking advantage of that interval to effect their fiend-like revenge upon an innocent and defenceless woman, placed Drummond's bloody head upon the table with a morsel of the bread and cheese between the jaws. On Mrs. Stewart's return to the apartment, the ghastly spectacle caught her eye, the shock overcame her reason, and, in a few minutes, as if pursued by some terrible spectre, she rushed to the mountains, a piteous and distracted maniac. To excite a still deeper interest for the object of this barbarous experiment, she was in that state which demanded from her family every mark of indulgence—expecting shortly to become a mother. The murderers, gratified at having so well succeeded in their vengeance, hastened from the spot to the church of Balquhiddy, where the Macgregors and their chief, laying their hands on the head of Drummond, swore on the altar* to defend the authors of the deed.

News of the murder, and its consequences, spread in every direction; and government, determined to make a lasting example of the clan, issued "letters of fire and sword" against the Macgregors. Among those appointed to carry these instructions into execution, Colquhoun of Luss was indefatigable. On the other hand, Alexander, chief of the Macgregors of Glenstrae, at the head of Loch-awe, was anxious to effect a reconciliation; and, having solicited a conference for that purpose, set out with two hundred of his clan, to a place appointed in the valley of Leven: but, on their return from this conference,

* This was made the subject of "Clan Alpin's Vow," a spirited poem, by the late Sir Alexander Boswell, Bart. See "LEGEND OF MONTROSE," Append. No. I. p. xx. ed. 1832.



THE HEAD OF LOCH LOMOND, LOOKING SOUTH.

they were treacherously beset near Glenfruin, by their inveterate enemy, Colquhoun, with eight hundred of his retainers and neighbours. Macgregor, however, having been secretly apprised of this treacherous design, kept his men on the alert. Colquhoun, confident in his superiority of numbers—four to one—began the assault with a vehemence which, for a moment, appeared to carry every thing before him. This, however, was speedily checked by the characteristic firmness and desperation with which the Macgregors stood the onslaught. As the latter gained ground, their aggressors began to waver, and at length took to a precipitate flight, leaving two hundred of the name of Colquhoun, besides others, dead on the field, and many prisoners in the hands of the Macgregors.

Besides the mortification of this signal defeat, the Colquhouns had to deplore a catastrophe far more painful than the loss of battle, and which converted their wounded pride into agony and despair. The principal part of the youth of the adjoining district being then at school in Dunbarton, and hearing of the conflict which was to take place on that day between their friends—many of them family connexions—and the Macgregors, had stolen off to witness the combat, and assist in the triumph in which it was confidently expected to end. Before the action commenced, however, their parents and friends judged it proper to confine them, amounting to about eighty, in a barn, till the conflict was decided. But the result being very different from what they anticipated, the barn was taken by the Macgregors, who, in the heat of pursuit, left a guard in charge of it. Either from accident, however, or the inhuman act of the party there stationed for its preservation, the barn caught fire, and the unhappy children were suffered to perish in the flames. To this tragical occurrence, or atrocious cruelty, may be attributed the numberless calamities with which the clan Gregor were afterwards visited. A partial statement of all these occurrences was drawn up and presented to James VI. A procession of sixty widows, whose husbands had fallen on that day, mounted on white palfreys, and bearing on long poles, upwards of two hundred bloody shirts—tokens of the slaughtered Colquhouns—gave effect to the representation, and succeeded so well with the king, that from that hour the clan Gregor was outlawed, their lands confiscated, and their very name doomed to extermination.* Driven to

* As early as 1563, the parliament of Scotland passed an act of attainder and forfeiture against the laird of Macgregor, then in possession of the estate of Glenstrae, in Glenorchy. Other severe enactments succeeded the first; and in 1633 an act was passed, declaring it "unlawful for any man to bear the name of Macgregor; that no signature under that name, no act or agreement entered into with a Macgregor, was legal. That, to take the life of a man of that clan, was not an act of felony, nor any way punishable; and that no minister or preacher should at any time baptize or christen any male child of the Macgregors." And, the better to facilitate their extirpation, they were hunted with blood-hounds, trained to follow on the track, and thus discover the haunts and hiding-places of the unfortunate clan. These were measures

acts of desperation by this treatment—unmerited as it certainly was—they became notorious for acts of daring reprisal, and famous as systematic leviers of *black-mail*. Among these, it may be superfluous to mention “Rob Roy Macgregor,” whose life and exploits have been so ably depicted in the novel of that name.

The sound of the bagpipe in these glens fully corroborates what has been observed by Gibbon, in his “Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.”—“Experience,” says he, “has proved that the mechanical operation of sounds, by quickening the circulation of the blood and spirits, will act on the human machine more forcibly than the eloquence of reason and honour.” Of this, the annexed anecdote offers a remarkable illustration : *—Beyond all memory or tradition, the favourite instrument of the Scottish musicians is the bagpipe—introduced, as some have supposed, from the ancient Norwegians. The large bagpipe is the instrument of the Highlanders employed in war, in funeral processions, for marriages, and other great occasions. The smaller pipes are more generally used for dancing tunes. A certain species of the wind music called pibrochs,

which throw almost into shade the terrible system of persecution by which the inhabitants of Piedmont and Dauphiny were hunted from cave to cave, and from rock to rock ; and with whom—forgetting what has been done and suffered in our own country—we so keenly sympathize. Theirs was religious, this political persecution. “And yet,” says General Stewart, “this species of Algerine law did not destroy, nor apparently influence in any manner, that spirit of loyalty, so characteristic of the Highlanders, which the Macgregors evinced in the Great Rebellion. All of them who could carry arms—although under assumed names—joined Montrose, and through his whole campaigns proved themselves loyal and true, always ready to bear a part in the execution of his most daring attempts. Of the value of their services to his father and himself, Charles II. was fully sensible ; and one of the first acts of parliament, after his restoration, was to rescind that of 1633, and re-establish the name of Macgregor with all its natural and legal rights. . . . But this relief was of only brief duration ; for, only five years after the Revolution, the original act was renewed, under King William, and the Macgregors placed in the same state as in 1633 ; and which, though not enforced, was allowed to remain a blot on the statute-books till the parliamentary session of 1774–5.” — *History of the CLAN GREGOR, STEWART'S SKETCHES, &c.*

As a contrast to the preceding, we refer to the high office they were called on to fill at the memorable epoch of 1822, when his late majesty George IV. visited his Scottish dominions. “We saw with particular interest,” says the historian of that day, “the clan of the Macgregors—whose sufferings and proscriptions are so well known—come forth so gallantly to attend the crown of Scotland, ‘which still they love, because their fathers wore.’” The tartan of the clan is red, with a sprig of mountain fir in the bonnet. The high office of depositing the regalia in the castle, to which the Macgregors are hereditarily entitled, we have already alluded to in a former part of this work. This clan, who trace their descent to the Alpine kings, and thence called Clan-alpine, was once numerous in Balquhiddy, Monteith, and Glenorchy ; and they are still in great numbers in the district of Fearnon, on the north side of Loch-Tay, on the south side of Glenlyon, in Fortingall, and on the north side of Loch-Rannach.

* At the battle of Quebec, in April 1760, while the British troops were retreating in great confusion, the general officer complained to a field officer of Fraser's regiment of the bad behaviour of his corps. “Sir,” answered the latter with some warmth, “you did very wrong in forbidding the pipes to play : nothing encourages Highlanders so much in a day of action—nay, even now, they would be of use.” “Let them blow then like the devil,” replied the general, “if that will bring back the men.” The next instant the pipes struck up a favourite martial air : the Highlanders no sooner heard their native pibroch, than they faced round, and formed with alacrity in the rear.—*The SCOTTISH GAEL, &c.*



LOCH LOMOND.

From the Road above Invercargill Mill.

rouses the native Highlander in the same manner that the sound of the trumpet rouses the war-horse, and even produces effects little less marvellous than those recorded of the ancient music. But to return to our subject.

Rob Roy, or *the red*, the reputed chief of Clan-alpine, or the Macgregors, and pourtrayed with such remarkable fidelity by Sir Walter Scott, was the second son of Donald Macgregor of the Glengyle family, formerly a lieutenant-colonel in the king's service. His mother was a daughter of Campbell of Glenlyon, and, consequently, Rob was a gentleman by birth. He received an education at that time considered liberal, or at least suitable for the line of life in which he was destined to appear. Being of strong natural parts, he soon acquired the necessary but rude accomplishments of the age; and with a degree of native hardihood, favoured by a robust and muscular frame, he wielded the broadsword with such irresistible dexterity, as few or none of his countrymen could equal. When unruffled by opposition, his manners were complacent; but where danger appeared, he was resolute and daring; and became no less remarkable for his knowledge of human nature, than for the boldness of his achievements. Many of his earliest and happiest days were spent in cattle dealing—a business in which many Highland gentlemen, as well as their tenants, engaged. On succeeding to his paternal estate, however, he began to have higher views in life; and being invested with unlimited command over a few faithful vassals, he exercised his authority in levying the tax of *black-mail* in the adjoining counties. The purpose of the exaction and payment of black-mail resembles, in some degree, the reciprocal advantages of a modern insurance office. Rob Roy extorted this tribute from the farmers and small lairds around; and in return, not only insured their property from the plunder of his own clan—which would otherwise have been unavoidable—but also engaged to employ his power and influence in protecting it from other predatory incursions, and in restoring it when taken away, to the losers, at his own risk. This impost,—which was in some degree necessary in such a country, and not without its peculiar benefits—had long been suffered to prevail in the Highlands, and, having the sanction of many ages, was considered neither unjust nor dishonourable. The custom of carrying off the cattle of other clans was still kept up; and Rob Roy engaged so deeply in the practice, that in a short time he became obnoxious, not only to his neighbours, but to the government. His predatory excursions were for the most part directed against the Lowlanders, whom he considered as his natural enemies, and who were opulent and less inclined to military resistance. By the severe enactment which, as above mentioned, rendered it capital to bear the name of Macgregor, Rob Roy assumed that of Campbell, the maiden name of his mother; and, accordingly,

in a writ dated 1703, he was denominated Robert Campbell of INVERNAID, his paternal inheritance, which extended for some miles along the eastern border of LOCH-LOMOND. From embarrassments, however, the estate had fallen into the hands of the duke of Montrose, but on this condition, that it should revert to the original proprietor as soon as he could repay the sum advanced to him by Montrose, which was only a part of the value. Finding himself, some years later, in a condition to redeem his paternal lands, he brought the money to the duke, and requested to be reinstated in his inheritance. This offer was rejected, and an adjudication obtained in behalf of Montrose, which deprived Macgregor of any future claim. He contrived, however, to levy the rents of the alienated lands; and on one occasion, when Graham of Killearn, the duke's factor, had received a year's rent from the tenants, he was compelled to refund it in a manner little to the satisfaction of his master. Killearn had imbibed all his chieftain's hostility towards Rob Roy; and after the business of the day was over, and money collected to a large amount, he loudly declared that the ponderous money-bag should be the property of him who should bring the Highland free-booter into his presence. Macgregor, who, on occasions of moment and interest to himself might almost be said to enjoy an ubiquity, was near enough to hear this friendly declaration. With his wonted circumspection and celerity, he ordered his *gillies* to take their stations, two by two, around the house, as a precaution against any unexpected arrival, and to prevent an escape, should any be attempted. He then boldly entered the apartment where the factor was seated in the midst of a group of tenants who had just emptied their purses into his. "Well, Killearn," said the fearless free-booter, "here am I, Rob Roy Macgregor, the greatest enemy your master has on this side of purgatory—I claim the proffered blood-money.—Produce the bag!" The factor, who at first stared at Macgregor with as much amazement as if he had been a spectre from the grave, was quite astounded at this demand—more especially as it came from a person whom he well knew it was fruitless to refuse or resist. Accordingly, he began, as well as a faltering voice would allow, to work on the feelings of his unwelcome visitor. "No whimpering for me," said Rob, striking the table with his fist, "down with the bag!"—The demand was instantly complied with, and the unfortunate factor was compelled on the spot to give the tenants receipt in full for their rents. "One word more," said Rob, "and our business is settled for this time; swear by your salvation that you will neither raise an alarm, nor divulge one circumstance that has passed at this interview, before the expiration of two hours." The oath was accordingly administered and taken. "Now," said Rob, in conclusion—"now I have done with you, valiant factor.



DUMBARTON CASTLE ON THE CLYDE.

(Dumbartonshire.)

But, hark ye—if you attempt to break your oath, remember you have a soul to save; and remember, too, that Macgregor has a dirk which has let daylight into stouter men than Killearn.” Thus they parted, and in a very brief space Rob and his gillies were counting the contents of the bag at leisure among the fastnesses.* This anecdote will remind the traveller of “Terracina,” and the feats of “Fra Diavolo.”

The Rock and Castle of Dunbarton are among the most interesting objects in the west of Scotland, and by their picturesque appearance offer the most striking point of view on the Clyde. Our space in a work of this kind being extremely limited, admits only of a brief and imperfect sketch of this remarkable fortress. The rock consists of a huge mass of basalt, five hundred and sixty feet in height;† the sides nearly perpendicular, and, in some places, slightly columnar; the base washed by the Leven and the Clyde; and the summit, as seen in the drawing, divided and surmounted by walls of considerable elevation. Its remarkable form and impregnable nature must have pointed it out, from the remotest times, as a place of strength and security, and till the invention of cannon, impregnable. It appears to have been the Roman station called Theodosia—the farthest point to which that power had penetrated, and where the famous wall, already mentioned, terminated. Its modern name is evidently derived from Dunbritton, the hill-fort of the Britons; or from Dun-bar-ton, the town of the hill-fort. Harding,‡ who wrote in 1334, says, that it was so surrounded by water that no force could take it; and that the tide flowed round it twice in twenty-four hours. By this it would appear, that either the rock was insulated by the river, or that it was detached from the surrounding river by a *fosse*, in which the water ebbed and flowed with the tide. The ground in the vicinity, however, bears evident marks of having been formerly covered by water. The surface of Lochlomond is now only twenty-two feet above the high-tide level of the Clyde, while it is known that the western sea rose several feet higher§ than at present; so that it must have covered all the low grounds on the borders of the Clyde, and rendered Lochlomond an arm of the sea. In 1333, the period above mentioned, the rock is described by Froissart as “standing upon the marshes over against the wild Scottes”—that is, on the immediate frontier of the Highlands. It must have been an arduous undertaking in rude ages to render the summit accessible, and to give it the necessary means of defence. It is now ascended by different flights of steps; before the placing

* For many other traits and anecdotes, all highly characteristic of this renowned freebooter, the reader may consult the notes to the last editions of “ROB ROY,” his “Life,” and the “LEGEND OF MONTROSE.”

† Lumsden.

‡ *Vide* Oban.

§ Garnett.

of which, great labour must have been required to cut the rock. The view from the western pinnacle, which is thirty feet higher than the eastern, is exquisitely grand. On the north are seen the smiling vale and silver meanderings of the classic Leven—Smollett's "Leven." Beyond, is the lake of Loch-lomond, from the margin of which rises in awful majesty the cloud-capt Ben-lomond. Looking up the Clyde, the prospect, as far as Glasgow, is exceedingly beautiful; while the view down the river is no less striking for its extent, than for the irregular mountain outline of Argyll, which closes in the perspective.

In the guard-house, a portion of an immense sword was formerly shown, said to have been that of the illustrious Wallace. A few years ago, this precious relic was removed to the tower of London, where it was repaired and sent back to the armoury, where it is now to be seen. The town of Dunbarton is chiefly famous for its glass-works. Some parts of the rock are strongly magnetic, causing a compass, when brought near it, to vary considerably. Professor Anderson of Glasgow, many years ago, made experiments on this subject, and marked with paint those parts which possessed magnetism, with the direction of the poles.*

Before quitting this interesting scene, we select from its annals one of those daring and romantic incidents of which, since the days of Wallace, it has so often been the theatre. We allude to the escalade in 1571.

After the assassination of the earl of Murray, as detailed in the present work, the two parties, who distinguished themselves as "king's-men" and "queen's-men," prepared for war. A third party, led by Sir William Drury, assisted Lennox, father of the murdered Darnley, in laying waste the vale of the Clyde. Among various other advantages gained by the young king's party, was the following,—an extraordinary feat of courage and dexterity. Crawford of Jordanhill, an enterprising officer, undertook the hazardous exploit of storming the almost impregnable Castle of Dunbarton, which had hitherto remained in possession of the queen's partisan, Lord Fleming. With this desperate aim, and supported by a handful of soldiers, he advanced to the foot of the rock under favour of a misty night. Ladders were cautiously placed at their disposal; but when they looked up to the dark precipice and compared their frail means with the end proposed, the soldiers could hardly regard it but as an act of madness. Their words, however, were necessarily few and low. "To-night," said Crawford, addressing his right-hand man—"to-night we shall outdo the old story of the Capitol!" "Yes, and that of the Numidian fortress, too." "Fear nothing;

Garnett, vol. xiii.—Buchanan also observes: "In superiore arcis parte, ingens est saxum, magnesii quidem lapidis, sed ita cæteræ rupi coagmentatum et adhærens, ut commissura omnino non appareat."—*Scot. Hist.* lib. xx. 28.

the guns, like the garrison, have been long off duty—sound sleepers on those very battlements they should guard! Our sole antagonist is the rock; and this surmounted, we shall have sumptuous fare to indemnify us for the exploit.” “An up-hill march, truly,” observed one of the adventurers, as he cast his eye up the wall-like rock. “And in case of a rather hasty descent from the half-way?”——“Promotion, and a pension, of course—’tis little more than a hundred feet, with a few notches to break the fall.”... “Nay, tell that to the ‘friar of Tungland;’* for, to gain that crest, a man, methinks, must either have the friar’s wings, or a crab’s claws. . . .”

“Now, my men”—whispered Crawford, who observed that they were becoming rather curious as to the height of the ramparts—“know ye not that the Lord Fleming and the Archbishop† have invited us to supper? Let us taste their cheer; and they who dislike the governor’s soup shall have the bishop’s absolution.”

“Pity,” said another, “that the way to mess is not a little smoother! But never mind; guests who arrive by the steepest way, are sure to contract the keenest appetites in the ascent.” “Thus,” said Jordanhill, “I ascend in the king’s name;” placing at the same instant his foot in the ladder, and followed by the others, who had pledged their lives in the cause. “Now,” he added, “not a syllable till we stand on the summit.”

They proceeded in profound silence, drawing the ladder after them, and refixing it at every spot of the rock where they could gain a footing. A more perilous enterprise it is impossible to imagine. But, to a certain degree, the darkness was favourable, as it concealed the abyss over which they hung, with an uncertainty that even a breath of wind might have turned to their destruction. Example, however, nerved the followers; while the leader himself, knowing that doubt or hesitation on his part would be fatal to the whole, kept his eye steadily on the rampart, and continued his determined progress. When about half way up, however, an incident occurred which had nearly proved fatal. One of the party, whilst in the act of ascending the ladder, was seized with a

* See his flying leap from Stirling, described in vol. i. pp. 167-8, of the present work.

† John Hamilton, Archbishop of St. Andrews, then in the fortress. (See History of that time.)—This prelate, it will be remembered, was highly obnoxious to the king’s party on account of his profession, his family, and his talents; and being already attainted by parliament, lay open to their severity, which was carried to the uttermost, as already stated in our account of Stirling. That he deserved this fate, is, says Sir Walter Scott, highly probable. He was proprietor of the Kirk of Field, in which Darnley was blown up; and of the no less fatal lodging at Linlithgow, from which the Regent Murray received his death-wound; and there was little doubt of his being on both occasions aware of the purpose to which the lodgings were to be applied. But his execution, without even the semblance of trial, in the heat of a civil war, was calculated to add fuel to its fury, and became the example and justification of numerous atrocities practised by way of retaliation.

fit of epilepsy. Thus, the profoundest silence being necessary, they were thrown into the most embarrassing difficulty; for, by his falling, or the noise unavoidable in attempting to remove him, the most imminent hazard arose of their discovery. It was a moment that demanded instant decision. An expedient was suggested and adopted. The invalid was made fast to the ladder, which was then turned, so that his comrades passing over his breast, pushed forward to the summit. Surmounting the wall, they surprised the ill-watched garrison, who were too confident in the strength of the castle to keep a due guard, and carried the place by an attempt unequalled for its daring intrepidity, and which may recall the capture of Edinburgh Castle by Randolph, as already mentioned in this work.* The consternation of the garrison may be conceived, when, wakened from their dream of fancied security, they heard the voice and saw the flashing sword of Crawford, as he headed his band of desperadoes, and pronounced them his prisoners. The governor escaped by a hasty retreat to the river, but the archbishop was secured before the alarm had reached him; escorted to Stirling, and there executed, in the manner already described.†

To this rock the monkish traditions of the country have ascribed an origin very different from that given to it by modern geologists. It is this:—St. Patrick, the tutelar saint of Ireland, was a native of Dunbartonshire, born in the parish of Kilpatrick, where he devoted his whole energies to the preaching of the gospel. His success was marked by a numerous train of proselytes; but, while the saint was thus bringing his countrymen out of darkness into light, Satan was watching him with malignant eye, and labouring, by every fiendish machination, to interrupt the good work. He found his own votaries gradually deserting his standard, and taking up their cross with the pious and indefatigable Patrick. In haunts where the shout of bacchanals was so lately heard, the blessed sound of hymns and spiritual songs now threw a sanctity over the spot, and in the ear of the arch-fiend sounded like the “pæans of open rebellion.” Feeling his empire on these shores already tottering under him, he summoned to his aid the witches and magicians from the neighbouring caves; and to them, as his faithful servants, expounded the wrongs he had suffered, and was likely to suffer, through this audacious rebel, Patrick the preacher. . . . The word was hardly spoken, when those faithful auxiliaries flew to execute their commission, and, by innumerable enchantments, beset the good Patrick night and day, till, concentrating the whole powers of darkness into one terrible effort, they finally compelled him to retreat, but were not permitted to take away his life. No, he had other work before him; and, committing himself to a small open boat

* See vol. i. pp. 90—93.

† See vol. i. Art. “Stirling.”



THE CLYDE, WITH DUNBARTON CASTLE IN THE DISTANCE.

(From the Hill above Old Kilpatrick.)

on the Clyde, proceeded on his way to Ireland, where he was much needed. Exasperated at this escape, and well knowing that so long as he lived the fugitive would preach open rebellion against Satan their master, the magicians, like the giants of old, snatched up huge rocks from the mountains adjoining, and hurled them, like hand-grenades, against the saint! The whole scheme, however, proved abortive—St. Patrick was beyond their reach; but the reader will hear with amazement that the colossal rock of Dunbarton was one of the identical fragments used by the magicians on that memorable occasion.

Among the eminent men to whom this county has given birth, is the celebrated Dr. Tobias Smollett, whose writings as a novelist, poet, and historian, have secured for him a lasting fame in the literature of his country. He was the grandson of Sir James Smollett, of Bonhill, Bart., a gentleman of property in the county, member of the last Scottish parliament, and a commissioner in framing the Union. The monument erected to the memory of Smollett, with a very classical inscription, is a lofty pillar of the Tuscan order, judiciously placed on the banks of his native Leven.* His tomb in the cemetery of Leghorn, near which he died, we have often visited in company with his countrymen, whose first step of pilgrimage on that part of Tuscany is generally to the “grave of Smollett,”† the marble obelisk of which is covered with their names.

One of the most beautiful views on the river Clyde, is that from Dalnotar hill, near the village of Kilpatrick. Here the river is of ample breadth; its shores are highly cultivated; and beyond, in lofty gradation, successive ranges of mountains form a magnificent back-ground. On a point of land stretching from the right to the middle of the picture, the ruined castle of Dunglas presents an interesting feature; while in the distance, the twin-crested rock of Dunbarton rises in

* In the neighbouring parish of Killearn, across the Stirling frontier, a handsome obelisk announces the birthplace of George Buchanan. The whole of this romantic district is richly studded with gentlemen's seats, embosomed in woods, and commanding the most varied prospects of lake and mountain. Among these is Buchanan House, the superb family seat of the duke of Montrose.—*MS.*

† In a diary written many years ago, the author finds the following memorandum:—“Leghorn, Sept. 27, Rode out to view Smollett's Villa; it is situated about two hundred yards up the western flank of Monte Nero, opening on the Mediterranean, with its islands in front, and the bold chain of the Apennines on the right. Behind, it is completely sheltered by the hill, which is here ploughed into numerous furrows and ravines by the sudden torrents that swell on the summit after rain, and precipitate themselves into the sea. These, however, are concealed by a luxurious underwood of myrtle and other shrubs and plants, impregnating the whole air with aromatic odours. A high wall surrounds the whole, and the garden appears to have been laid out in the English style. Nothing seems here wanting to have realized the gifted proprietor's warmest anticipations of an ‘Otium dignitate.’ Scarcely, however, had he entered the house, (too rashly, says his friend Mrs. Parbridge,) and slept in a green painted room not then quite dry, when he was seized with the fatal malady which speedily carried him off. But the residence of Genius, like some spot where we have held converse with spirits, is stamped with an impression which no circumstance of time or change can obliterate.”

isolated grandeur. On either hand, the slopes and shores are sprinkled with country seats, villages, farms, cottages interspersed with bays and promontories; and the river itself enlivened with all the indications of a great mercantile city.

LANARKSHIRE.

And now we trace the steps of "those who bide
Around the valley, where the 'DOUGLAS' stream'
Devolves from mossy hills his dusky tide,
Fast by the castle of that haughty name;
And those who dwell where 'many-falling Clyde'
Sweeps down by 'Bothwell's towers' of massy frame;
And by the green where Glasgow's daughters lave,
On summer days, their robes within the crystal wave."—TENNANT.

THIS rich and picturesque county is generally denominated Clydesdale, from the river Clyde, which, dividing it longitudinally, traverses it in a winding course for the space of more than sixty miles, and then expands into the noble Frith, which wafts the trade of Glasgow to the ocean. The county is divided into three wards—the upper, middle, and lower; each under the jurisdiction of a sheriff substitute. The upper ward, comprising nearly two-thirds of the county, is mountainous; the middle, though less so, is diversified by numerous inequalities; but, on every spot susceptible of improvement, the effects of judicious agriculture are strikingly manifested. Localities which, at the close of the last century, exhibited an aspect of unconquerable sterility, have now undergone a complete change, and become sites of industry, or the sources of abundant harvests. The lower ward, which is almost covered by the city of Glasgow, and the populous villages adjoining, exhibits a scene of uninterrupted beauty and fertility, realizing the motto—"Let Glasgow flourish!" while her poet exclaims—

"As shines the moon among the lesser fires
Unrivalled Glasgow lifts her stately spires;
For Commerce, glorious with her golden crown,
Has marked fair Glasgow for her favourite town."

The poet and the utilitarian, however, contemplate these transformations under very different lights. While the latter points with exultation to the vast sources

of industry thus opened up, to the rapidly increasing population, to the numerous monuments with which successful trade has embellished the landscape, to the lordly mansion and its demesne, rising on the site of their cottage-predecessors, to the banks of the river, sparkling with architectural elegance, odorous with the breath of exotics, and, in every thing, indicative of a “luxury unknown to ancestors”—the poet of “Hope” answers:—

“ And call ye this *improvement*?—to have changed
My native Clyde, thy once romantic shore?
Where Nature's face is banished, and estranged,
And Heaven reflected in thy wave no more!”
“ Improvement!—smiles it in the poor man's eyes,
Or blooms it in the cheek of Labour?—No!
To gorge a few with Trade's precarious prize,
We banish rural life, and breathe unwholesome skies.”
. “ 'Tis therefore I complain
That thou no more through pastoral scenes shouldst glide,
My WALLACE'S own stream!—my once romantic Clyde!”—CAMPBELL.

The city of Glasgow, with its suburbs—so universally known as a vast commercial emporium—is said to cover a space of seven hundred acres of ground, containing a dense and rapidly increasing population.* Its tide of prosperity began with the Union of the two countries, and has continued to flow in upon its spirited citizens with increasing favour down to the present time. To the invention of the spinning-jenny, by Arkwright, to the improvements of the steam-engine by Watt, and the boundless supply of coal with which the manufactures are furnished, Glasgow is chiefly indebted for her long and prosperous trade. Cotton goods, although the staple trade of the place, are not the only manufactures. Steam-engines are here constructed to a vast extent; brass and iron foundries are actively employed; works for the construction of cotton, flax, and woollen machinery; admirable type foundries, chemical works—and, in short, whatever is connected with art or luxury, is here to be met with in the greatest perfection. To detail the particulars of the exports and imports of Glasgow, would be to furnish a catalogue of all that contributes to the convenience

* In 1831, the population amounted to nearly two hundred and three thousand. Twenty years ago, Glasgow had fifty-four mills for spinning cotton, containing six hundred thousand spindles; and the number has been much augmented since then. In 1825, fifty-four power-loom factories, for the weaving of various kinds of cotton goods, were in activity. In 1818, the hand-loomers employed were calculated at thirty-two thousand. The suburbs contain vast mines of coal, ironstone, limestone, freestone, whinstone, fire and potters' clay, and many valuable minerals; but of all these coal is by far the most valuable, as indispensable to the support of the manufacturers.

and the luxury of man, and to name every port in the known world where commercial enterprise has ever penetrated.*

The streets of Glasgow are spacious, admirably well paved, the houses lofty, and, in many instances, exhibiting great architectural elegance. Of this the Trongate, a street upwards of a mile in length, presents numerous examples, and, in the busy multitude with which it is thronged, will remind the stranger of the metropolitan thoroughfares of Cheapside, or the Strand. Of the public buildings, which are numerous, many present fine specimens of the different orders of architecture. Our restricted limits, however, will only admit a brief notice of the Cathedral and University. The Cathedral, like so many others in the kingdom, traces its foundation to the pious King David, in the beginning of the twelfth century, who appointed his tutor, or chaplain, Johannes Achaius, to the episcopate. To the present building, however, numerous additions were made in the progress of time, till the Reformation, which diverted the church revenues into a new channel and left the original design unfinished. The first bishop† was followed by twenty-five successors, when, in the person of Bishop Blackader, the see was erected into an archbishopric. After this period, four Catholic archbishops followed in succession; and after the Reformation, ten others of the Episcopalian church, when the Presbyterian religion became that of the nation. The church was then divided, and now forms two distinct places of worship. The interior, as seen in the engraving annexed, is of noble design and elaborate workmanship, and had the good fortune to escape the popular fury by which so many other shrines were mutilated or destroyed.

“ Huge columns heave to a stupendous height
 Their gothic grandeur’s vast unwieldy weight;
 The pile the rich unpolished genius shews
 Of that wild daring age in which it rose.”—WILSON.

The University of Glasgow associates with its history many names which reflect lustre on their age and country. It had anciently several remarkable peculiarities in its constitution, and conferred on its members various important

* During the year 1834, *twenty-seven thousand* vessels passed Renfrew ferry; and at some periods in the same year, between twenty and thirty passed in one hour.—*Stat.* 1837.

† A.D. 1300. Edward I. of England took upon him to appoint Anthony Beik to the see of Glasgow, whilst Earl Percy usurped the military government of the western part of Scotland, and took possession of the episcopal palace. The renowned Wallace, who was then at Ayr, determined on ridding his country of the usurpers; and, supported by several patriotic individuals and their adherents, gave battle to Percy in the High Street, nearly where the college now stands, when Wallace, with one stroke of his sword, cleft Earl Percy’s head, and put his whole army to the rout. The following year King Edward offered oblations at the shrine of St. Mungo, in the church, on learning that Drummond, a Scottish knight, had been taken prisoner by Sir John Seagrave.



GLASGOW CATHEDRAL.

(Lanarkshire)

privileges. Previously to the Reformation, the whole University, like a royal borough, formed a general corporation, while at the same time it was divided into separate faculties, which, like the different classes of tradesmen in a borough, were distinct inferior corporations, enjoying peculiar immunities, property, and by-laws. The whole incorporated members, whether students or teachers, assembled annually in full congregation on the day after St. Crispin's day. They were divided into four classes, called nations, according to the place of their nativity. Under the heads of Clydesdale, Teviotdale, Albany, and Rothsay, all Scotland was included; and each nation or class elected representatives, who acted as assistants to the lord rector on weighty occasions. At the dissolution of the Catholic hierarchy, however, this system was overturned, and various changes effected from time to time, till the constitution of the University assumed its present form. It is now governed by a chancellor, a lord rector, a dean of faculties, a principal, and professors. The office of chancellor is usually filled by some nobleman, or other gentleman of rank, elected by the senate, who holds the dignity for life. The office of rector, however, may, in one respect, be called the most important in the University; because the person appointed to it is chosen upon the favourite principle of the whole members of the college having a voice in the election. The popular character of this officer has generally imparted intense interest to it; and when candidates of opposite politics are started, which is generally the case, a keen contest takes place, in which not only the professors and students, but also citizens of every class, engage with all the zeal and enthusiasm peculiar to political partizanship. In evidence of this, we need only state, that the rector's chair has been successively filled by such men as Edmund Burke, Adam Smith, Marquess of Lansdowne, Sir James Macintosh, Lord Brougham, Thomas Campbell, Lord Jeffrey, and Lord Cockburn; thus associating not only their *alma mater*, but the city and its inhabitants, with the most distinguished characters of the age. The election of Campbell, who was Brougham's successor, was carried under circumstances peculiarly flattering to the illustrious poet. The name set up against his was no less than that of George Canning, but the poet of Hope gained the election by a vast majority. The office of lord rector, originally instituted for the protection of the rights of students, had become a sinecure honour; and Mr. Campbell's predecessors had, from time immemorial, contented themselves with coming down for a few days to Glasgow and making a speech on their installation. Campbell set the first remembered example of a lord rector attending, with scrupulous punctuality, to the duties which his oath implied.*

* He spent several weeks in examining the statutes, accounts, and whole management of the University.

The induction of the illustrious statesman, Sir Robert Peel, to the same distinguished honour, is an event too recent, and fresh in the memory of every man, to require any notice in these pages. The occasion was most strongly marked by all that could do honour to that accomplished scholar and senator, and to the professors and students who had installed him in his high office of Lord Rector in the Glasgow University.

Omitting numerous objects and topics of great interest—literary and scientific institutions, museums, charitable foundations, national monuments, in all of which Glasgow is peculiarly rich, but which our space will not even permit us to name—we proceed to notice those particular scenes of beauty, or wonder, on which the painter has laid his hand in this picturesque province; the valley where—

“ Clyde, foaming o’er his falls, tremendous roars,
And Mouse, through rugged rocks, his waters pours ;
Where Cleghorn, beauteous by a Lockhart’s care,
Bares to the distant view her bosom fair ;
And Lee’s recess—whence many a chief of name,
Heroes and sages, moved in quest of fame.”—WILSON.

The river Mouse, which traverses the parish of Lanark from east to west, presents in its course much wild and romantic scenery. Near Cleghorn, it plunges into a deep ravine, scooped out apparently during the long lapse of ages by the impetuous rush of its waters. Lower down, and nearer its junction with the Clyde, it makes a sudden bend, and pouring its waters into a deep chasm in the hill of Cartlane, which forms its channel for about a mile, presents throughout a succession of views peculiarly wild and imposing. Wherever the cliffs press forward like jutting battlements on the one side, there is a corresponding recession on the other; so that the ravine appears to have been formed by some sudden and awful disruption, and if closed seems as if each projection and depression would again enter into their original union. The north bank, piled

During the first and second year of his rectorship, however, royal commissioners were employed in a similar inspection, and with their proceedings he found it beyond his power to interfere. But so much satisfaction had been diffused among the students by his known good intentions, that they resolved to confer upon him the honour, unprecedented for a century, of electing him for a *third* year. To this proceeding the professors objected, and, setting up Sir WALTER SCOTT as a candidate, gained over a large body of the students; and, in fact, the nomination of Sir Walter was carried, by what the Campbellites considered an unfair election. A deputation of them, therefore, went off to Edinburgh, and waiting on Sir Walter Scott, expressed themselves to that effect. This illustrious individual accordingly sent word to the professors that he declined the proffered honour. Campbell immediately left London for Glasgow, insisted on a new election, and carried it triumphantly. Such was the joy of the students on the occasion, that they founded the “Campbell Club” in honour of the poet, which still continues.—MS.



T. Allen.

J. Hoggan.

CARTLANS CRAIGS BRIDGE.

Invernesshire.

like a Cyclopean rampart of vast rocks, and covered with a verdant netting of trees and underwood, rises to a height of four hundred feet, at the base of which the struggling torrent rushes on in foaming precipitation to the Clyde.

To see the Cartlan Craigs under the most picturesque colouring, the tourist must thread his way along the rocks, and vary his station so as to take in every combination of objects in succession. At every turn of the river, a new and varying scene of rocky grandeur, heightened by the accompaniments of the stream, and a rich and brilliant foliage, bursts on the view. What gives peculiar interest to this romantic solitude is, that, in a natural cave of the ravine, the renowned Wallace once found refuge from his pursuers, and at length emerged to hoist the standard of liberty.* The recesses of the craigs present a rich variety of plants to the botanist, and above the falls several rare species of mosses.

The new bridge, which, like a lofty aqueduct, spans the chasm, is an elegant specimen of modern architecture. The height of this noble structure is one hundred and thirty-six feet above the water. The view which it commands is among the finest in the country, including, with the more remote, the immediate features of—

“ Cartlan craigs, that high
O'er their pent river strike the eye,
Wall above wall, half veiled, half seen,
The pendent folds of wood between,
With jagged breach, and rift, and scaur,
Like the scorched wreck of ancient war,
And seem, to musing Fancy's gaze,
The ruined holds of other days.”—JOANNA BAILLIE.

In following the banks of the Clyde, we shall not deem it necessary to describe each of the “ haunted localities,” as they occur to the tourist; but, proceeding at once to the Falls, as the great attraction, touch on the other objects illustrated as we again descend to Hamilton and Bothwell. In this notice of the scenery, where mere prose would fall far short of the subject, we have gladly availed

- “ If through the greenwood's hanging screen, high o'er the deeply-bedded wave,
The mouth of arching cleft is seen yawning dark, 'tis ‘ Wallace' Cave!’
If o'er its jutting barrier gray, tinted by time, with furious din,
The rude crags, silvered with its spray, shoots the wild flood—'tis ‘ Wallace' Linn!’”

The habit of identifying every thing most remarkable in its natural or artificial properties with the name of Wallace, is well known, and thus alluded to by Joanna Baillie, who adds:—“ I cannot help mentioning the pleasure I lately received in being shown by two simple country children on the Biantyre Craigs, opposite Bothwell Castle, the mark of ‘ Wallace's footstep' in the rocky brink of a little well.”—*Poem of William Wallace.* METRICAL LEGENDS.

ourselves of those descriptions with which the Clydesdale muse has already celebrated its numberless beauties

The Clyde, of ample volume, and alternately smooth and troubled in its channel, after receiving the tribute of Douglas water* and dividing into two streams, dashes down a precipitous ledge of rocks, and forms the "Bonnington Fall." For the space of half a mile from this point, its bed is enclosed on either side by a range of perpendicular and equidistant rocks, rising to the height of a hundred feet, and presenting a stupendous wall of natural masonry. From the crevices of these lofty ramparts, which enclose the channel of the river, choughs and crows are continually springing, and, wheeling in airy circles round the Fall, contribute to heighten the wild and romantic effect:—

" Where, roaring o'er its rocky walls,
The water's headlong torren falls,
Full, rapid, powerful, flashing to the light;
Till sunk the boiling gulf beneath,
It mounts again like snowy wreath,
Which, scattered by contending blasts,
Back to the clouds their treasure casts,
A ceaseless wild turmoil—a grand and wondrous sight!"—JOANNA BAILLIE.

The grounds of Bonnington, as well as those of Lee and Cleghorn, are luxuriously wooded, and much of the timber is of very remote planting. Close to the house of Lee, two trees are especially deserving of notice. The first of these is an oak of prodigious dimensions, measuring sixty feet in height, thirty feet in circumference, and containing fourteen hundred and sixty cubic feet of timber. It is called the Pease tree, and understood to be a relic of the ancient Caledonian forest; but, although it still vegetates, its huge trunk is hollowed to such a degree, that ten persons have been insinuated into the excavation. The other vegetable wonder is a magnificent larch—like those mentioned in our account of Dunkeld—said to have been one of the first introduced into Scotland. It measures one hundred feet in height, and eighteen in girth.†

Cora Lynn, about half a mile from Bonnington, is considered the finest of these magnificent Falls. It is only, however, within these few years that this grand and imposing scene could be enjoyed from the bottom of the Fall. Formerly, the spectator could only contemplate the tortured waters from above, and thus, much of the effect was lost. This inconvenience, however, has been most happily remedied by the taste and liberality of the proprietor, who has caused

* Douglas Castle, the "Castle Dangerous" of Sir Walter Scott.

† "Surely," says a critic on Dr. Samuel Johnson, "trees like these, of which there is no scarcity in those parts, might have gibbeted the most bulky of all tourists." In explanation of this the reader is referred to the "Journey."



BONNITON LYNN.

(On the River Clyde.)



CORRA LINN, ON THE CLYDE.
Lanarkshire.

a flight of steps to be cut along the face of the opposite rock, by which the visitor descends into a deep and capacious amphitheatre, where he finds himself exactly in front, and on a level with the bottom of the Fall. Here the imagination is bewildered by the grandeur and sublimity of the scene. The vast body of water churned into foam, and projected in a double bound over the precipice; the dark and weltering pool below; the magnificent rampart of grim perpendicular rocks which project and undulate round him on the left; the romantic banks opposite; the rich garniture of wood with which it is mantled; and the river, after a stormy passage, again pursuing its placid course in the distance—sparkling, as if purified by its recent struggles—present altogether a spectacle which may challenge comparison with the finest scenes of the kind in Switzerland. But such scenes are the poet's peculiar province.—The awful phenomena exhibited by this Fall, when augmented by sudden storms, are thus ably depicted by a native bard:—

“ But when the deluge pours from every hill—
When Clyde's broad bed ten thousand torrents fill,
His roar the thundering mountain-streams augment—
Redoubled rage in rocks so closely pent.
Then shattered woods, with rugged roots upturn,
And herds and harvests, down the wave are borne;
Huge crags heaved upward through the boiling deep,
And rocks enormous thundering down the steep,
In swift descent, fixed rocks encountering roar,
Crash, as from slings discharged, and shake the shore. . . .

“ From that drear grot which bears thy sacred name—
Heroic Wallace! first in Scotia's fame,
I saw the liquid snowy mountains rolled
Prone down the awful steep; I heard the din
That shook the hill, from caves that boiled within.
Then wept the rocks, and trees, with dripping hair,
Thick mists ascending loaded all the air,
Blotted the sun, obscured the shining day,
And washed at once the blazing noon away.
The wreck below, in wild confusion tost,
Convulsed in eddies, or in whirlpools lost,
Is swept along where Lanark's ancient claim
To eldest rank has given a province name.”*—CLYDE.

The lower, or Stonebyres Fall, resembles in so many respects the others of

* Much of the description in the preceding lines will remind the French reader of the well-known ode by Laharpe, in his “*Épître au Comte de Schowalow*,”—

“ Au loin, le bruit de son passage
Fait trembler les rochers, fait mugir les vallons,” &c. &c.

the series, that it would here be superfluous to indulge in any minute description; for, in this case, description would be little more than a repetition of the same ideas and features. The distinctive character of this cascade is its *triple* stage, thereby forming three distinct leaps; and on that account it is considered by many as an object of even greater beauty and attraction than the others. This cascade takes its name from Stonebyres, an estate of the ancient family of De Vere, celebrated in the history and poetry of the country.

“ From Oxford’s lofty race their lineage springs;
 Famed Oxford, sprung from emperors and kings.
 How bright the Veri Antonini shone
 When Virtue’s self possessed the imperial throne! . . .
 But when the fierce prætorian cohorts sold
 The earth’s broad empire for alluring gold,
 The generous Veri left imperial Rome. . . .”
 “ On either side they stretch their wide domain
 Where turbid Nethan rends the indented plain.”—WILSON.

Lanark, with its numerous claims to ancient renown, is remarkable as the scene of Wallace’s first military exploit, in which he slew the English sheriff Heselrig, and expelled his soldiers from the town. This patriot—the Scottish “Tell”—appears to have resided in the town of Lanark, even then a garrisoned place, after his marriage with the beautiful coheiress of Lamington, barbarously slain by Heselrig, and since become the subject of many a pathetic and popular ballad. For still—

“ There is a melancholy pleasure
 In tales of hapless love; a treasure
 From which the saddened bosom borrows
 A short respite from present sorrows;
 And even the gay delight to feel,
 As down young cheeks the soft tears steal.” *

Bothwell Castle, a specimen of baronial magnificence scarcely equalled by any existing ruins, is situated on the northern bank of the Clyde, and by its stately grandeur and majestic turrets, rouses the admiration of every stranger. It is difficult to imagine a finer situation, or battlements and towers in finer harmony with the scene. One might suppose that the celebrated French poet had these scenes in view when he composed the following lines:—

“ Tantôt d’un vieux château s’offre la masse énorme
 Pompeusement bizarre, et noblement informe.

* Sir WILLIAM WALLACE, “Metrical Legends,” by JOANNA BAILLIE, pp. 93, 94.; in which, and the well-known romance of the “Scottish Chiefs,” the reader will find the particulars beautifully and affectingly depicted.



STONBYRES, THIRD FALL OF THE CLYDE.
(Lanarkshire.)



BOTHWELL CASTLE ON THE CLYDE.
(Lanarkshire)

Combien de souvenirs ici sont retracés !
 J'aime à voir ces glacis, ces angles, ces fossés,
 Ces vestiges épars des sièges, des batailles,
 Ces boulets qu'arrêta l'épaisseur des murailles.
 J'aime à me rappeler ces fameux différends
 Des peuples et des rois, des vassaux et des grands." . . .

" Ces spectres, ces lutins rôdant dans les ténèbres :
 Vieux recits, dont le charme, amusant les hameaux,
 Abrège la veillée, et suspend les fuseaux. . . .

" Ici, du haut des tours, plus d'une tendre amante
 Suivait son jeune amant dans la lice sanglante ;
 Là, nos gais troubadours, et nos vieux romanciers,
 Célébraient la tendresse et les exploits guerriers ;
 Là, nos fiers paladins, à la gloire fidèles,
 Combattaient pour leur Dieu, leur monarque et leurs belles.—
 Je crois les voir encore, et rêve tour à tour,
 De joutes, de tournois, de féerie et d'amour."

These buildings—comprising at once a palace and a fortress—covered, in ancient times, a wide extent of ground ; and what still remains of their past glory measures two hundred and thirty-four feet in length, by ninety-nine in breadth. The walls are remarkable for their massive solidity, fifteen feet thick, and, where the severed fragments scattered round their base attest the force of the sudden bolt, the besieger's mine, or the levelling effects of time, the single masses cohere as if composed of one block, thereby evincing the extraordinary quality of the mortar in which they were originally imbedded.

The court is wide and capacious ; and in the east and west ends of the building apartments, as well as the mutilated walls and narrow windows of the family chapel, are still to be seen. In one of the towers, two of which are nearly entire, is an old draw-well, bored to a considerable depth in the solid rock. By a flight of steps the traveller may still ascend to the battlements of one of the highest towers, which overlooks the river at an immense depth below, and commands a beautiful prospect.*

The first possessor of the barony of Bothwell was a Walter Olifard, from whom it descended by an heiress to the Morays of Bothwell, and again in the same manner, in 1370, came into possession of the Douglasses.† During his military occupation of the country, Edward I. resided for some time in this castle ; and on

* A short distance from Bothwell, "Tinto Tap," the hill celebrated in one of Burns' popular lyrics, forms a prominent feature in the landscape, while Benlomond rises in colossal majesty in the back ground.

† Craignethan Castle, the property of Lord Douglas, but formerly a stronghold of the Hamilton family, is generally understood as the *Tillietudlem* so well pictured in the "Tales of my Landlord." In this fortress the unfortunate Queen Mary found a temporary asylum from her persecutors, after her escape from Lochleven Castle.

two occasions it was besieged by the Scots. It passed from the earls of Douglas at the memorable epoch of their forfeiture in 1455—an event to which we have adverted more particularly in another part of this work. It came afterwards to the earl of Bothwell, and then to the earl of Forfar, who, as already noticed, fell at the battle of Sheriffmuir. It then reverted to the duke of Douglas, with whose noble representative it now remains. The modern castle, which commands an admirable and impressive view of these majestic ruins, is an elegant and extensive pile, and embosomed in a demesne of unrivalled beauty. The gateway leading to the castle is a structure of great classic taste and elaborate finish, and exhibits in high relief the sculptured arms of the ancient family of Douglas.

In his visit to these localities, Blantyre Priory presents a scene which cannot fail to make a lasting impression on the stranger's mind. It is built on the brink of a perpendicular rock overhanging the river, opposite Bothwell Castle, and dates the period of its foundation to the thirteenth century. The grounds enclosing the ancient castle are tastefully laid out, and embellished with lofty woods, the growth of ages, beneath the umbrageous canopy of which the walks branch off in all directions. Here the moralist will probably "pause when he reverts to the various incidents of history with which these noble ruins are connected; he will naturally figure to himself the pomp and grandeur which pervaded them in the days of their glory, and contrast the picture with the mournful silence of their now deserted halls, and mouldering turrets." All these localities, independently of associations, present scenes of the most exquisite natural beauty.

Bothwell Bridge—so famous in history and in fiction—is well entitled to the stranger's notice. Here was fought, in 1699, the battle between the covenanters and the royal troops, under the duke of Monmouth. The latter were posted on the north side of the river, partly on the hill and partly in the valley, supported by a few field-pieces, which cannonaded the high ground on the south side of the Clyde. Here stood the covenanters, who had posted a few marksmen on the left side of the bridge, among some brushwood, with the intention of annoying a party of the enemy's horse on the opposite bank of the river. There was at that time a strong gate in the middle of the bridge, where the most resolute of the covenanters took their stand, and for a considerable time resisted every effort made by the king's troops to dislodge them. At last, however, they were driven back, and the earl of Linlithgow charging across the bridge with the dragoons, completed their discomfiture.

Cadzow Park, the castle of which is now reduced to a mass of ruins, occupies



SCENE IN CADZOW PARK.

(Lanarkshire)

See the description

London: Published for the Proprietors by Geo. Virtue & Co. 48, Ivy Lane, E.C. 3.

a considerable space on the banks of the Avon, opposite Chatelherault,* the summer residence of the duke of Hamilton, surrounded by deer parks. During the convulsions which marked the reign of the unhappy Queen Mary, Cadzow Castle was plundered, and partly dilapidated, by the followers of the Regent Murray, when flushed with their recent success at the battle of Langside.† It was to this fortress that Bothwellhaugh escaped into the arms of his party after his assassination of the Regent Murray at Linlithgow, as already described.

The park is remarkable for containing some of the oldest and most stately oak trees in the kingdom, many of which measure thirty feet in circumference, and are considered as the last “representatives” of the ancient Caledonian forest;‡ but, like the castle round which for centuries they have drawn a luxuriant curtain, they are now fast hastening to mingle with the soil out of which they sprang. Here is preserved a herd of the ancient breed of Scotch bisons—white as the oxen of Clitumnus—and retaining, in spite of the corrupting effects of luxurious pasture, traces of their original fierceness and love of freedom.

In 1824, a new bridge was erected over the Avon, a few hundred yards below the old one, which is a very ancient structure, and on that account, as well as for the accommodation of the workmen employed at the neighbouring coal-pits, is still kept entire.

In the valley between the town of Hamilton and the Clyde, stands the ducal palace, one of the most magnificent and classical structures in the kingdom. It is in the purest style of the Corinthian order, and in all respects does honour to

* Built in imitation of the French château of that name, the property of the duke's ancestors, and giving title to the family. “Cadzow” is the subject of a fine poem by Sir Walter Scott, to which the reader is referred.

† This is a field of paramount interest to all who sympathize in the fate of her to whom the Scottish sceptre was one of many sorrows. It lies about a mile to the south of Glasgow, and is much visited as the scene of Mary's last ineffectual effort to regain the throne of her ancestors. A hawthorn-tree, well known by the appellation of “Queen Mary's thorn,” once marked the fatal spot where all her hopes were blasted. Another has since been planted as a substitute for the original tree, which had decayed from age, and, retaining the same endearing name, is cherished with a fond and almost superstitious regard. The closing scene of this battle has been made the subject of an admirable painting, now exhibiting in the National Gallery (1837). The mention of Langside will suggest that of Cruikstone Castle, hard by, and also identified with Mary, but under very different circumstances. It was to the latter that she was borne in triumph as the bride of Darnley; and here, under a spreading yew tree, according to tradition, the happy pair were often seated during the brief sunshine that followed their nuptials. This yew was removed about the close of last century; but is represented on the reverse of the medal known as the *Cruikstone dollar*, struck to commemorate that fatal union.

‡ “In this wood of Caledon,” says Bellinden, in his translation of Bœce, “wes sum tym quhit bulls with crisp and curland maine, like feirs lionis,” &c. See the original.

the national architecture. The splendid projecting portico, forming its principal front, consists of a double row of six fluted Corinthian columns, with exquisitely formed capitals and corresponding pilasters; while the whole is surmounted by a noble pediment, in the centre of which the arms of the family are superbly emblazoned. The wings are also adorned with Corinthian pilasters; and a deep and extremely rich cornice runs along the whole edifice. The stone of which it is built is of the finest quality, and selected with the greatest care. The columns of the grand portico are each of one block, and when taken from the quarry weighed twenty-six tons. As a whole, the ducal palace of Hamilton is considered the most magnificent residence in Scotland, and, in its internal arrangements, corresponds in all respects with the grandeur and beauty of its exterior. The picture gallery is peculiarly rich in paintings, by the great Italian masters.

Most of our readers have heard of the philanthropic Robert Owen, whose name is so favourably identified with the village of New Lanark, in this neighbourhood. It was here that he began and successfully prosecuted his new system of education—a system which, however visionary in some respects, has certainly done much to instil moral and industrious habits into the youth of this manufacturing establishment. The children are put to school at two years of age, and receive an education from teachers who maintain their authority by gentleness and the force of reason. After they have grown up and become fit for labour, their more toilsome duties are relieved by a course of mental instruction, calculated to produce habits of industry and rectitude. In proof of the success with which this system has been crowned, it has become the subject of general remark, that the members of the little community live in practical illustration of the excellent precepts which they have thus imbibed. The population of the place is estimated at nearly three thousand.

As our observations must be necessarily confined to the subjects chosen for illustration, we must here omit numerous localities to which history and tradition have given many powerful attractions. To have described this county with the minuteness to which even its scenery entitles it, would have far exceeded the limits to which this work is restricted, and in which our chief object is to present specimens of its local history and landscape—detached features of that great moral and physical picture which it presents as a whole, but which it would require an ample volume to embody. Our indulgent readers will therefore accept this cogent reason for any omissions observed in the literary or pictorial departments. Among the more distinguished individuals to whom this county has given birth—and some of whom are still adorning the walks of literature and



CASTLE CAMPBELL, FROM THE VALLEY OF DOLLAR.

(Perthshire.)

science—we need only enumerate those of Joanna Baillie, Thomas Campbell, Ramsay, Graham, and Findlay; William and John Hunter, Dr. Moore, and his son, the gallant Sir John Moore, who fell at Corunna, Professor Young, and the patriotic Lord Archibald Campbell.

FIFE, ABERDEEN, AND MORAY.

WITH SCENES FROM PERTH, INVERNESS AND ROSS.

BEFORE passing the boundaries of the first of these, the “ Kingdom of Fife,” we shall here, in addition to those already presented, introduce two illustrations of Perthshire, which arrived too late to be included under that particular head. The first of these, Castle Campbell, near the now classic village of Dollar,* has long enjoyed the reputation of being one of the most picturesque and romantic ruins in the kingdom. The advantages of situation have been greatly enhanced by the associations of history; and in a survey of this noble relic of a chivalrous age, the eye is fascinated with the natural scenery, while the mind is furnished with ample materials for meditation.

.... “ C’est un vieux fort, qui, du haut des collines,
 Tyran de la contrée, effroi de ses vassaux,
 Portait jusqu’au ciel l’orgueil de ses créneaux :
 Qui, dans ces temps affreux de discorde et d’alarmes,
 Vit les grands coups de lance et les nobles faits d’armes
 De nos preux chevaliers.” ...

Castle Campbell never recovered from the ravage of the civil war, when the troops under Montrose laid waste the country, and wreaked their vengeance in a more particular manner on this baronial fastness—the lowland residence of the rival chief Campbell, marquess of Argyll, from whom the castle derives its modern name. Before the invention of gunpowder, it must have been a place nearly impregnable; being surrounded on three sides by a profound natural *fosse*, down the shaggy sides of which numerous torrents are precipitated into

* TENNANT, the author of “ Anster Fair,” the “ Thane of Fife,” and other well-known works—all admirable in their kind—is Master of the DOLLAR ACADEMY, and a man whose acquaintance is eagerly courted.

the ravine, and there formed into a copious stream, which pursues its boisterous course into the Devon. This ravine, which nearly encircles the castle, is richly hung with variegated woods, and offers a solitude, sweetened with the "song of many birds," refreshed with gushing fountains, and fragrant with wild flowers, which breathe an air of soothing tranquillity, where the lover of Nature delights to meditate as in the very "elysium" of chastened contemplation. A steep and difficult ascent, now open—but which in former times must have formed the secret communication between the castle and the stream—leads to a little chapel, the dilapidated "oratory" of the place. From this, which occupies the centre of an amphitheatre of green hills—projections from the pastoral Ochils, and commanding a rich landscape to the south—the view is peculiarly fine. The castle is much frequented, and has long enjoyed the distinction of being considered one of the beauties of Scotland.

The next scene to which we alluded, is the Cauldron Linn, the celebrated fall on the river Devon, which here separates the counties of Perth and Kinross. The valley of the Devon is of great beauty, richly variegated in scenery; and, along with its picturesque attractions, presents a highly cultivated and fertile tract of country. The Linn and the Rumbling Bridge, however, are the points to which the traveller's attention is expressly directed, as features peculiar to the Devon, and unique in their kind. The bridge, which spans the river, has now become the medium of public intercourse, and is partially concealed by the new bridge, built at a considerable height over it; but nothing can diminish the horror inspired by a close inspection of that Tartarean chasm, over which the original arch is flung. Although, in point of elevation, it is far inferior to many of those Alpine bridges to which we have adverted in a former work—to those, for instance, in the pass of the Via-Mala in Switzerland—still the impression here produced, from the circumstance of no indications of such a scene being visible in the nature of the country through which it is approached, and the surprise with which the traveller surveys the spot, are much greater than could otherwise be imagined. Taking his stand on the centre of the arch, and looking down into the yawning chasm, a thin cataract of foam is all that indicates the copious river, which here, confined to a deep and extremely diminished channel, is churned into spray by the rugged rocks, and fills the ear with its hollow roar. The flashing of the foam, contrasted with the dark rocks through which it ploughs its way, seems to illumine at intervals that dismal labyrinth from which it sends forth, night and day, the "cry of its agony." The intertwining branches of oak which meet over the ravine, and mask, in some measure, its form, give an air of deeper gloom to the scene; while the rocks which line the gorge, and the



J. Allen

J. E. Williams

CALDRON LINN.

(Perthshire.)

trees they support, are seen to vibrate with the shock of the waters by which they are undermined. An old gnarled oak, which projects with fearful inclination over the torrent, was often employed in the author's day as a test of courage; the aspirant to that distinction climbing the trunk, and proceeding, as he best might, to a limb which suspended him directly over the chasm. If he could here find himself sufficiently at ease to cut his initials on the bark, as a memorial of the feat, he was reported as a youth of some just pretensions to courage. It was, at all events, a feat quite as perilous as that of climbing an *aiguille* in the Alps, and with death in as hideous a form beneath him. To this tree, says tradition, a poor suicide retired many years ago to commit the last act of despair, and was found suspended over the gulf, where no human hand could recover the body.

About a mile lower down the river is the Cauldron Linn, of which the annexed engraving will furnish a vivid picture. In this, however, only a part of the phenomena of the Linn could be represented. The characteristic features of this waterfall are the series of caldrons into which the whole volume of the river is precipitated, churned into foam, and finally discharged over the rocks. These caldrons vary in dimensions, and are continually changing in shape by the boiling impetuosity with which their contents are swallowed up, and again vomited forth in masses of foam. To the spectator the appearance is exactly like that of a caldron in a state of violent ebullition, but with a fierce gyratory motion, like that of some rabid monster plunged suddenly into a pit, and howling and raging for an outlet. This peculiar motion, as we have often experienced, is apt to produce vertigo, and is therefore unsafe to the stranger who contemplates it beyond a very short time.* Volumes of spray are continually hovering over the falls; and, unconnected with the river, the scene reminds one of those volcanic scenes, where the incumbent water is kept boiling over subterraneous fires. Though gradually lowered in its channel by the continued action of the water, the fall is still, and will long continue, one of the most remarkable in Scotland. It is the favourite resort of summer parties, who, in the course of the same day, can enjoy the scenery of Castle Campbell, and these beautiful falls of the Devon. On a flat rock of large dimensions, and rising like an islet in the basin under the fall, the repast is generally spread. There the party, squatted like pious moslem at a feast, completely sheltered from the sun, fanned by the breath of the cascade, and filling up the intervals

* With the Cauldron Linn, as with too many other scenes where Nature exhibits herself in beauty and power, the death of a promising youth, whose adventurous spirit led him beyond the bounds of prudence, has associated another melancholy story

with anecdote and native song, may enjoy those delightful hours which, in after life, haunt the mind like a dream, and, in the midst of the brighter but more studied enjoyments of the great world, conjure back the simplicity of rural life on the banks of the Devon.

We now enter the county of Fife,* where the royal burgh of Dunfermline recalls the splendour of past days, and furnishes subjects innumerable for observation and reflection. But its claims on the patriot, the historian, and the antiquary, are so fully admitted and known, that we shall confine ourselves chiefly to the subject chosen for illustration. Here, when the palace of the sovereign, and the rich pile of the lord abbot were thronged with pilgrims and courtiers—with the ensigns of religion and the pomp and circumstance of royalty—when the king, in proof of his state, “sate in Dunfermline toun,” as the minstrel has described, “drinking the bluid-red wine”—when the abbot, uniting the splendour of things spiritual and temporal, with the chanting of mass and the chiming of bells, followed the royal example and conjoined the more substantial cheer of the refectory—Dunfermline must, indeed, have presented a scene of mixed royalty and religion which might have yielded materials not unworthy of our greatest dramatist. But the scene is changed; the royal cavalcade and the religious procession have long vanished from its streets; the grass waves over the hearth of kings; Desolation has shaken her rod over the crumbling shrine; under our feet is deposited the dust of many generations—those who served at the altar, who wielded the affairs of state, or lifted the battle-axe in the cause of BRUCE. But, amidst all the changes of times and circumstances with which this ancient town has been visited, one magnificent landmark is still left, and, within its hallowed enclosure are the thrice consecrated ashes of Bruce. Here the patriot will feel a warmer devotion to the liberty of his country, and, at the tomb of her greatest hero and wisest king, breathe a prayer for her prosperity.

The Abbey of Dunfermline was of the Benedictine order, founded by Malcolm Canmore, finished by Alexander the Fierce, and invested with additional sanctity as the sepulchre of the Scottish kings, among whom was the heroic monarch above named. After the Reformation, this interesting fact was only traditional; for, although a splendid mausoleum had enclosed the spot, not a

* This county lies chiefly on the eastern coast of Scotland, forming a peninsula, with the Frith of Forth on the south, and the Frith of Tay on the north. The extreme length of the county is upwards of sixty miles and its breadth, from Kinghorn to Newburgh, about thirty miles. It is fertile, highly cultivated, populous, interspersed with many thriving towns and villages, and richly embellished with sixty-four seats of the nobility and landed proprietors, who form a numerous and powerful aristocracy. The population, according to the latest report, amounts to one hundred and thirty thousand.



THE NEW CHURCH AND ABBEY, DUNFERMLINE.

(Fife-shire.)

vestige of it now remained, and no investigation took place to solve the doubt. At length, in making preparations for the foundation of a new church in 1818, the workmen, on digging under the ruins of the ancient choir, came to a sub-structure of cemented stone, which was evidently the tomb of some person of distinction. Curiosity was thus excited, the workmen proceeded, and on opening the vault, found in it the decayed fragments of a coffin, in the midst of which lay a skeleton wrapt in lead. This was unrolled, and around the head was found a circlet of lead placed in form of a crown. Closer examination showed that the body had been originally shrouded in cloth of gold, from the shreds of that material which still remained. These circumstances excited the greatest attention, particularly as the grave was immediately in front of the high altar, and rendered it probable that such was the last resting-place of the immortal Bruce. The truth of this was soon confirmed by the discovery of a small coffin-plate among the rubbish, bearing these three words—*ROBERTUS. SCOTORUM. REX.* Having obtained this conclusive evidence, the tomb was shut up, and notice sent to the Barons of Exchequer. A day being then fixed for the imposing ceremony, the tomb was re-opened in their presence, and in that of a great many persons of rank, as well as of literary and scientific distinction; when the royal skeleton was examined, measured, and drawings and casts taken of it. The breast bone, in corroboration of history, was found to have been sawn asunder—an operation necessary for taking out the heart, which the good Lord James of Douglas was to convey to the Holy Land.* It was now ascer-

* When Bruce found his end drew nigh, that great king summoned his barons and peers around him, and affectionately recommended his son to their care; then, singling out the good Lord James of Douglas, fondly entreated him, as his old friend and companion in arms, to cause the heart to be taken from his body after death, conjuring him to take the charge of transporting it to the Holy Land, in redemption of a vow which he had made to go in person thither when he was disentangled from the cares brought on him by the English wars. "Now the hour is come," he said, "I cannot avail myself of the opportunity, but must send my heart thither in place of my body; and a better knight than thou, my dear and tried friend and comrade, to execute such a commission, the world holds not." All who were present wept bitterly round his bed, while the king, almost with his dying words, bequeathed this melancholy task to his best beloved follower and champion. On the 7th of June, 1329, died Robert Bruce, at the almost premature age of fifty-five. With the precious heart under his charge the good Lord James accordingly set out for Palestine, with a gallant retinue, and observing great state. He landed at Seville in his voyage, and learning that King Alphonso was at war with the Moors, his zeal to encounter the infidels induced him to offer his services, which were honourably and thankfully accepted. But having involved himself too far in pursuit of the retreating enemy, Douglas was surrounded by numbers of the infidels, where there were not ten of his own suite left around his person; yet he might have retreated in safety, had he not charged with the intention of rescuing Sir William Sinclair, whom he saw borne down by a multitude. But the good knight failed in his generous purpose, and was slain by the superior number of the Moors. . . . The relics of his train brought back the heart of the Bruce, with the body of his faithful follower, to their native country. The heart of the king was deposited in Melrose Abbey, and the corpse of Douglas was laid in the tomb of his ancestors, in the church of the same name.—*Sir Walter Scott. Hist. Scot.*

tained beyond all doubt that this was the grave of the Bruce; and that there lay the hallowed relics, which, after the lapse of nearly five hundred years, accident had revealed to the veneration of his grateful and admiring posterity. The discovery created a powerful sensation over the whole kingdom, and drew many individuals of the highest rank to the spot. A new coffin was then made and filled with melted bituminous matter, in which the precious remains were carefully imbedded, and the whole again consigned in great solemnity to the earth.

With these brief remarks we take leave of Dunfermline, and proceeding through a succession of the richest landscapes, arrive at St. Andrews. As partially seen in the annexed engraving, this city shows only the skeleton of that ancient grandeur to which it once laid claim; and, in its ruined outline, harmonizes well with the stormy sea and sky here depicted. Those towers and spires which once overlooked a populous city, are now the solitary chronicles of its history—the dilapidated monuments of the past, pointing a moral on the transitory nature of man and his works. But, although decay and desertion are legibly impressed on every building around—although the grass grows on the street, and those noble monuments raised by a departed hierarchy are left mouldering in the winds of heaven, Learning has still her seat within her walls; and that celebrated university, identified with the good city of St. Andrews for so many centuries, maintains her vigour and freshness, and is yearly giving new proofs, that, while matter is crumbling away—while the crosier and the sceptre are continually changing hands, the lamp of science is kept burning—the “mind” still advancing in its immortal career.

In its history, St. Andrews is certainly one of the most remarkable cities in the kingdom. Its university, which, in point of date, takes precedence of every other in Scotland, was founded by Bishop Wardlaw in 1411; and, during the long period which has intervened, has been frequented by students from almost every part of Christendom. The archbishop of St. Andrews, as we have already noticed, was primate of Scotland, generally a person of the highest rank, and possessing a powerful influence in the state. To the unhappy fate by which two of these dignitaries were overtaken, we have already adverted.

The ruins of the Cathedral, founded in 1162, the Gray Friars' Chapel, and Cardinal Beaton's Castle, are objects which fully attest the number and splendour of consecrated edifices in this place, and awaken a sentiment of veneration in the mind of every stranger. In the parish church is a monument erected to the memory of Archbishop Sharp, who, as our readers know, was assassinated on Magus Moor, by Balfour of Burleigh, and other enthusiasts, called



ST ANDREWS FROM THE PIER.

(Fife-shire)

London, Published for the Proprietors, by Geo. Virtue 26, Ivy Lane, 1837



RAVENSCRAIG CASTLE NEAR KIRKCALDY.
(Fifeshire.)

“Covenanters,” private gentlemen of the county.* This atrocity has been made the subject of a powerfully dramatic scene in the popular works of the day. Of St. Andrews it may be said, *Ubi Troja fuit nunc seges*; but its resident society is still among the best in the kingdom. The views inland, as well as those embracing a vast extent of coast and sea, are highly interesting.

Continuing our route from St. Andrews, we cast a passing glance at the ruins of Falkland Palace, already mentioned in our notice of the “Gowry conspiracy,” where the view is inserted.† This was the ancient stronghold of the Thanes of Fife, and devolved to the crown on the forfeiture of that family in 1425. In the reigns of James VI. and his immediate predecessor, it was rebuilt and enlarged; and possessed, in its magnificent park and romantic scenery, peculiar attractions for the court. With the latter monarch it became a favourite residence; and here he was enjoying the pleasures of the chase when the mysterious transaction above mentioned called him to Perth. Of the royal forest, hardly a tree remains; the fine oak timber having been cut down by order of Cromwell to erect the fort at Perth. It was in a dungeon of the original castle, on the ruins of which the royal palace was constructed, that Robert, duke of Rothsay, brother of James I., was starved to death by direction of Albany, his near relative. Of this ill-fated prince several interesting traditions still exist, which the reader will find in Mr. R. Chambers’s instructive work.

Within the last ten or fifteen years, the patriotic family of Nuthill have done much to arrest the progress of dilapidation. By their care the royal mansion is now guaranteed as a monument that will gratify the taste of many generations to come. To the Lomond hills, the palace and village of Falkland, we have enjoyed several interesting excursions; and although denuded of their rich forest, the former present a beautiful undulating green range, where the listless shepherd and his “bleating flock” have long superseded the huntsman and the “bounding deer.” Falkland gives the title of viscount to the family of Carey, the first of whom was raised to that dignity by James VI., on receiving the announcement of Queen Elizabeth’s demise. The present representative is married to the youngest daughter of his late Majesty, William IV. The vale of the Eden which these heights command, is one of the richest in the kingdom, and embellished with many noblemen and gentlemen’s seats. Among these, perhaps, none is more quietly picturesque, or presents a finer back-ground of tastefully arranged plantations, than Wellfield House, the hospitable mansion

* The “Murder of Archbishop Sharpe” has been made the subject of a fine painting, recently engraved (1837), in which the circumstances of the horrid transaction are faithfully depicted.

† See ante, “Perthshire,” of the present volume.

of our respected friend, George Cheape, Esq., whose patriotism and public spirit have identified him with so many improvements in the valley:—

“ Where Eden warbles through its valley green,
And the proud Lomond overlooks the scene.”

We now cross the Frith of Tay, and continue our progress along the east coast. We confine our observations, however, to the views here chosen by the painter as most characteristic of the scenery, or as landmarks in the history of the county. Glammis Castle, belonging to Forfar, we have already described, while skirting the frontier in our preceding sketch of Perthshire, among the views of which it is introduced. Of the county of Forfar, the town and harbour of Dundee—in which manufactures and commerce have attained unprecedented success and extent—present attractions of the deepest interest to all who delight to contemplate scenes of national prosperity. The town is familiar in the page of history, and has held a prominent station in all the principal epochs in which the nation has cultivated the arts of war or peace.

“ Thy maids are the fairest—thy men are the bravest—
Thy merchants the noblest that venture to sea;
And this their indenture—‘ They prosper that venture,’
So joy to the commerce of ‘ bonny Dundee!’ ”

The county of Aberdeen is bounded on two sides by the sea, and on that account enjoys a climate sensibly milder than many districts lying more to the south. In proof of this, it is but seldom that snow lies for any length of time in the lower grounds; and it is a common observation, founded on experience, that when snow is a foot deep in Aberdeen, it is double that depth on the borders of Northumberland. But if the severity of winter be less felt here than in other parts of the country, the influence of a genial spring is also less frequent, so that its equable temperature is modified by disadvantages from which the colder districts are exempt.

The city of Aberdeen, the seat of two celebrated universities, is divided into the old and the new towns, at an interval of about a mile. Of these, the former—now reduced almost to a village—appears to have been a town of some note as early as the ninth century, but gradually fell into decay after the great epoch of the Reformation. The Cathedral of St. Machar was founded at the remote era of 1164, and repaired in the beginning of the fourteenth century. But a new building of more elegant design was founded by bishop Kinnimond, the second prelate of that family, and finished by Bishop Leighton, a name already mentioned in these pages. The Reformation, however, suspended all further



BRIDGE OF DON,
OR
 BRIDGE OF BALGOWNIE,
 Aberdeenshire.

operations, and left the pile a monument of premature decay. Of King's College, founded at the close of the fifteenth century, the learned Hector Boethius was the first principal.

New Aberdeen, though irregularly built, is a handsome city, and beautifully situated on three gentle eminences at the mouth of the Dee. The streets are spacious, and many of the public buildings of elegant design. In ancient times, several religious establishments flourished here, belonging to the different orders of Dominicans, Carmelites, and Gray Friars, with an hospital, or *maison-Dieu*. Marischal College, so named from its liberal founder, George, Earl Marischal of Scotland, has, like its predecessor, been long celebrated as a seat of the muses. Its professors and lecturers—twenty-seven in number—have shone conspicuous in every department of human learning, and are continually sending forth in their pupils the living proofs of that zeal and assiduity with which their important functions are discharged. With the fame of this university, the names of Campbell and Beattie are more especially associated, as the champions of religion, and the ornaments of our native literature.

The environs of this ancient city exhibit many pleasing indications of commercial improvements, which are daily acquiring fresh impulse, adding new embellishments to the landscape, and evincing an increase of comfort and independence among the inhabitants, who amount to nearly fifty thousand.

About a mile from the old city is the bridge over the Don, well known to every reader of Byron as “Balgounie Brig’s black wa’.”* It consists of one spacious gothic arch, spanning the river from bank to bank, and built in the reign of Bruce. Although a fine object in itself, it is now chiefly visited by strangers on account of its poetical association with the illustrious poet. It was in the year 1790, when Byron was two years old, that his mother took up her residence in Aberdeen. In the fourth and fifth summers after this event, he was taken for the benefit of his health to Ballater, a farm house, about forty miles up the Dee. Aberdeen, however, may be considered his place of

* “And ‘Auld lang syne’ brings Scotland one and all—
Scotch plaids, Scotch snoods, the blue hills and clear streams,
The Dee, the Don, Balgounie’s Brig’s black wall,” &c.

Don Juan, cant. x. st. 18.

“I still remember,” says Byron, in a note on this stanza—“though, perhaps, I may misquote—the awful proverb which made me pause to cross it, and yet lean over it with a childish delight, being an only son, at least by the mother’s side.” This proverb, or rather prophecy (slightly misquoted by the noble bard) is—

“Brig of Balgony, wight’s (strong) thy wa’!
Wi’ a wife’s ae son on a mare’s ae foal
Down sal ye fa’!”

residence till the summer of 1798, when he came to his title, and left Scotland with his mother to take possession of Newstead Abbey. Through after life, he cherished an affectionate recollection of the scenes with which he had become familiar at this early period, and boasted that he was half a Scot by birth, and bred a whole one. "To meet with an Aberdonian," says Moore, "was at all times a delight to Byron; and when the late Mr. Scott, who was a native of Aberdeen, paid him a visit at Venice in 1819, and was talking of the haunts of his childhood, one of the places he particularly mentioned was Wallace'-nook, a spot where there is a rude statue of the Scottish chief still standing... In his early voyage into Greece, not only the shapes of the mountains, but the kilt and hardy forms of the Albanians—'all,' as he says, 'carried him back to Morven;' and, in his last expedition, the dress which he chiefly wore at Cephalonia, was a *tartan* jacket."* It is no wonder, therefore, that the people of Aberdeen cherish a warm affection for the memory and name of Byron.

Bræmar, one of the three divisions forming the district of Mar, is generally rugged and mountainous, but here and there presents many pleasing exceptions, with much picturesque and romantic landscape: it is, nevertheless, a land of "heath," the natural carpet of freedom. The Castle of Bræmar, on the Perth side of the river, is a lofty structure, in the shape of two buildings united at right angles, and surrounded by a wall enclosing a square, with angles protruding from the centre of each side. In a field below this castle, the earl of Mar unfurled the Stewart banner in 1715; an event which involved his own family, and those of many others, in irretrievable ruin. This was long the stronghold of the Mar family; but, after their attainder, was purchased by Farquharson, of Invercauld, the chief of his clan, and let on lease to government as a military station for keeping the Jacobite clans in check. It is now used as a barrack for a company of military, stationed here to aid the excisemen in the discharge of their duties, in these "dew-distilling" mountains.

About a mile below the Castle, on the opposite side of the Dee, is the mansion house of Invercauld, surrounded by much of the fine river, mountain, and forest scenery, for which this district is celebrated. New plantations have been laid out with great taste, covering a vast extent of country, and contributing greatly to the picturesque effect of the landscape; while the patriotic exertions of the Chief are faithfully directed to the moral improvement of his numerous tenantry and dependants. The scene is literally such as poets have described it.

* It was in this jacket of the clan that he appears in the striking profile taken by the Comte d'Orsay, and prefixed to "Byron's Conversations with the Countess of Blessington," a work in which the character of the noble bard is portrayed with great delicacy and effect.



BRAEMAR CASTLE.

Aberdeenshire.



L. Alton.

G. K. Richardson.

THE PASS OF CAIRN GORM, LOOKING TOWARDS AVIENMORE.

(Inverness shire.)

“ Here first beneath the hawthorn bush,
 The spring-flower scents the gale :
 Here first the song of vernal thrush
 Awakes the smiling vale.
 Here, oft by wild and wimpling stream,
 From alpine summits bald,
 The bard has sung his Doric theme—
 ‘ The Bowers of Invercauld.’ ” &c.

In the district of Bræmar is a mountain, called the “ Lesser Cairngorm,” which it is important the tourist should know how to distinguish from the real Cairngorm;* for, although the latter is accessible on this side, the enterprise is one that will occupy many hours, and require an effort of no mean consideration even to the robust pedestrian. This mountain we briefly mentioned in our sketch of Inverness-shire, to which it belongs, and shall here confine our observations to the scene so ably represented in the engraving.

The Highland deer-stalker, like the chamois hunter of the Alps, requires no small share of fortitude in the pursuit of his game ; and to be successful, he must, like the former, have a constitution tempered by long and frequent exposure to the keen blasts of the desert. The stately red deer, like the chamois, keeps far aloof from the haunts of men. As in the plate before us, the adventurous native must track the noble herd through the snow, and from his ambush pick out the stragglers. Accidents have often occurred during severe winters in the exercise of this dangerous calling ; and not a pass in the Grampians but has its catalogue of hair-breadth ‘scapes, or sudden catastrophes. On New Year’s Day, in the year 1799, a party of huntsmen in the forest of Gaich, headed by a gentleman of the name of M’Pherson, proceeded the previous night to a hut on the hill, that they might be out early in the morning in quest of the deer. During the night, a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning came on, and before morning the hut was entirely destroyed ; the walls were scattered in fragments, and every individual perished, leaving an impenetrable mystery as to the real circumstances of the case. By some, the catastrophe was attributed to the fall of an avalanche from the adjoining height, where the snow, having accumulated to a great depth, had suddenly slipt its perch, and overwhelmed the hut and its inmates. Others assign electricity as the cause ; while the natives invest the whole with many dark, superstitious surmises, which, in a country like this,

* The surface of Cairngorm is, in some places, sprinkled over with those crystals which have obtained the name of *Cairngorms*, and are generally washed down by streams from cavities in the rocks. Scotch topaz and beryl are likewise found here, but more plentifully on the south side, in the alluvia of the Dee and the Don.

so mysterious a calamity was too well calculated to strengthen. The rifles of the party were found twisted, as if from the effects of lightning; but the bodies of the men themselves appeared when found as if they had been suffocated in bed; only one of the party was found a little way beyond the spot where the hut had stood.

In this, as in almost every country where the ancient barons or feudal chiefs were much given to this pastime,* the superstitious belief of *invisible* hunting seems to have prevailed. Speaking of this, as popularly received in the neighbouring country of "woody Ross," the author of "*Albania*" has the following highly poetical passage:—

" There oft is heard at midnight, or at noon,
Beginning faint, but rising still more loud
And nearer, voice of hunters, and of hounds,
And horns hoarse-winded, blowing far and keen :—
Forthwith the hubbub multiplies, the gale
Labours with wilder shrieks, and rifer din
Of hot pursuit; the broken cry of deer
Mangled by throttling dogs; the shouts of men,
And hoofs thick beating on the hollow hill.
Sudden the grazing heifer in the vale
Starts at the noise, and both the herdsman's ears
Tingle with inward dread. Aghast he eyes
The mountain's height, and all the ridges round,
Yet not one trace of living wight discerns;
Nor knows, o'erawed, and trembling as he stands,
To what—to whom he owes his idle fear,
To ghost, to witch, to fairy, or to fiend;
But wonders, and no end of wondering finds."

The town of Elgin stands in an open, alluvial, and fertile valley, skirted by low terraced banks on the margin of the Lossie. It is a flourishing town, having a well conducted weekly print, an extensive public library, with the benefit of an excellent academy; and is much resorted to by families in easy and affluent circumstances, who find in Elgin most of those rational pleasures and advantages which attend a residence in the capital. The buildings of a public nature—particularly the new church—are of chaste design and able execution. The church, in the Grecian style, is considered the finest specimen

* For an account of, perhaps, the most gorgeous hunt on record, the reader may refer to that given in *fête* to James V., by the earl of Athol, 1528.—LINDSAY, page 266. And also "the hunting given by the same nobleman for the entertainment of the queen," 1563, in which were killed three hundred and sixty deer, five wolves, and some roes.—*Barclay. Logan*, vol. ii. p. 49.



DESTRUCTION OF ELGIN CATHEDRAL.

(Burnt A.D. 1390, by the "Wolf of Badenoch," the ferocious Son of King Robert II.)
See the text.

of a sacred edifice in the north of Scotland. The others are the Infirmary,* the Episcopal Chapel, and a richly endowed institution for the support of old people, and for the education of the poorer classes.* The streets, like those of some other old episcopal towns, abound with picturesque and fantastic-looking houses, which, besides every variety of shape, often display projecting wooden balconies and piazzas, overhanging and partly encroaching on the public way. But the pride of Elgin is its venerable Cathedral, long styled the "lantern of the North," similar to that of Haddington, which was anciently designated the "lamp of Lothian." Of this magnificent temple the two square towers alone are left standing, each eighty-four feet in height, but which were formerly terminated by lofty spires. The large intermediate door-way, and part of the great window above, are entire. The body of the cathedral measured two hundred and eighty-two, by eight-six feet, over the walls: the transept was one hundred and fifteen feet in length; while, in the centre of the whole, a superb tower, supported on massive pillars, rose to the height of two hundred feet.—But it is not necessary here to enter into a minute detail of its admirable proportions and elaborate workmanship, the latter of which is not surpassed by that of any existing edifice in the kingdom. The whole was surrounded by a wall of nearly a thousand yards in circuit, with entrances by four different gates. The resident officials consisted of a dean, a chancellor, archdeacon, chanter, treasurer, and twenty-four canons, each of whom had a house and garden within the precincts. This magnificent pile was founded in July, 1224, by Bishop Andrew Moray, and completed afterwards, through the exertions of several popes, who directed collections to be made for that purpose in various parts of Europe, and sent artisans and architects from Rome to forward and superintend the execution of the work. The scene represented in the engraving, is that of its destruction in 1390, by the ferocious "Wolf of Badenoch"—son of King Robert II., already noticed in these pages—who, having been excommunicated for some heinous outrage by the bishop of Moray, assembled a tumultuary army of Highland vassals, and burned this stately pile, "without," says Scott, "incurring punishment, or even censure, from his feeble-minded sovereign, for an act which combined the glaring crimes of rebellion and sacrilege." Its rebuilding was commenced by bishop

* Grey's Hospital," for the sick poor of the town and county, was founded and amply endowed by Dr. Grey, of the East India Company's service, a native of Elgin; and opened for the reception of patients in 1819. The "Elgin Institution" was founded by another philanthropic native of the same place, and long in the same service, Lieutenant-General Anderson—consisting of an Hospital, a School of Industry, and a Free School—in which latter department, two hundred and thirty children are now (1835) receiving a gratuitous education, suited to their future prospects or capacities. These noble monuments of native philanthropy are the source of innumerable blessings to the town and county.

John Innes, in 1407, and completed after thirteen years' labour. In 1506, the great tower fell in, and was not restored till thirty years after. In the month of February, 1568, the Regent Murray and his council, to raise money for paying the soldiers, issued an order to strip the lead from the roofs of the cathedrals of Elgin and Aberdeen, which was carried into effect; but the vessel freighted with the sacrilegious spoil, intended for the Dutch market, sank, it is said, in the bay of Aberdeen. For some years past, public measures have been adopted for preserving the remains of this splendid monument. Several grants of money have been also judiciously expended in clearing away the great mass of rubbish, so that a tolerably accurate idea may now be formed of the original form and extent of the building.

The ruins of the Abbey of Pluscardine—another of these splendid relics of the ancient hierarchy—are situated in a vale of the same name, about six miles from Elgin, and which the patriotic earl of Fife has carefully protected from the effects of further dilapidation. The Castle of Spynie, the ancient residence of the bishops of Moray, in the same neighbourhood, is also well deserving of the stranger's attention.

GORDON CASTLE, the subject of the annexed engraving, is proverbially known, *par excellence*, as the palace of the North: and, certainly, no subject of the British crown was more splendidly lodged than its late noble proprietor, the duke of Gordon. The structure is of light coloured stone, and of extraordinary dimensions, particularly in length. The main body of the building is connected on either side by two straight arcades, each running one hundred and twenty feet clear to the eye, and terminating at two wings of domestic offices, each sixty feet long. The whole front is crowned with battlements. The accessory parts are depressed in beautiful symmetry, and in subordination to the body, which, in turn, is again surmounted by a massive Saxon tower, rising in lofty state behind it—a relic of the ancient castle of the Gordons. The effect of this combination is grand and imposing, and offers the highest proof of the genius by which the architect* was enabled to plan, and carry into completion, this gorgeous undertaking.

The plantations and pleasure-grounds by which this princely mansion is surrounded, are beautiful in the extreme, and kept up with minute and unremitting attention. Such an elysium as this, in the midst of a rugged and mountainous country, and on the very site of a former morass, is a creation which speaks loudly in the praise of human enterprise, and the judicious employ-

* Mr. Baxter, of Leith, who had the advantage of several excellent suggestions from the duke of Gordon, a man of acknowledged taste and discrimination.



CASSELL, GORDON.

(Morayshire.)



CROMARTY BAY, FROM THE EAST.

(Cromarty-shire.)

ment of those resources which are never better expended than in giving encouragement to talent, and inculcating habits of industry among the poor. The fine old timber flanking the venerable avenues, and throwing its umbrageous shadows over the scene, produces a magnificent effect. One tree in particular—a huge lime behind the castle—measures eighteen feet in girth, and covers with its drooping branches an area of two hundred feet. The trees which most prevail in these grounds—forming a walled park of thirteen hundred acres—are limes, horse-chestnuts, and walnuts. The flower and fruit gardens alone occupy about twelve acres, with a fine piece of water in the centre, where the lordly swan takes his cruise of pleasure. The surrounding forest, of vast extent, and spreading over all the mountain, abounds in red deer and roe. Through this pine-clad wilderness, the great road to the south winds for several miles. It is almost superfluous to add, that every thing in the interior of this sumptuous mansion is arranged with corresponding taste and magnificence. It has now descended to the duke of Richmond, heir to the late duke of Gordon, whose name, while marquess of Huntley, was so familiar among those of the early friends and companions of George IV. His loss has been severely felt and lamented in the country where he resided with such princely munificence, and where the rites of hospitality were exercised with unbounded liberality. It may be affirmed without fear of contradiction, that no visitor ever left Gordon Castle without carrying with him a most elevated sense of what is meant by a true “Highland welcome.”

Ross-shire—the “Sylvan Ross”—is a wild mountainous country to the westward; but, on the east, where it skirts the German Ocean, it assumes the most pleasing aspect, being naturally fertile, highly cultivated, and embellished with all that indicates a condition progressively prosperous. In the way towards Dingwall, some delightful glimpses are obtained of the grand scenery of western Ross; and the traveller, says Chambers, is impressed with an idea that he is wandering through a stupendous and inaccessible citadel; while the wayside is adorned by various seats scattered up and down the valley of Conan. At the mouth of a glen opening into Cromarty Frith,* near the western extremity of that beautiful estuary, is the royal burgh of Dingwall, surrounded by some of the most beautiful scenery in Scotland. The town, which is built in the Dutch

* The grand and imposing feature in the natural scenery of the county, is the gigantic Ben-weavis, the summit of which was never known to be uncovered by snow, till the warm summer of 1826. Sir Hector Monro, of Foulis, proprietor, holds his estate by a tenure from one of the early Scottish kings, binding him to “bring three wain-loads of snow from the top of that hill whenever his majesty should desire.”—*Chambers, Statist. Crom. Hist.*

fashion, is chiefly remarkable for its town-hall—a curious old building, situated near its centre, and surmounted with a spire and clock. On the north side is the new church, a plain edifice; and, in its neighbourhood, an obelisk, to the memory of the first earl of Cromarty, secretary of state for Scotland in the reign of Queen Anne, and whose life and eccentricities are so well known. The powerful earls of Ross had once a castle here, the foundations of which are still visible; and here, also, they held their courts. The waters of the Frith come close up to the town, but, owing to its being too shallow for that purpose, the mouth of an adjoining stream has been deepened and formed into a canal for admission of small vessels.

About two miles up the vale of Strathpeffer, is Knockfarrel, on the summit of which is one of the finest specimens in the kingdom of those equivocal structures called vitrified forts—several of which we have already noticed—and which, in various parts of the kingdom, have been discovered and partly described, to the number of forty-nine. In the same vale, a little higher up, are the chalybeate wells of Strathpeffer, much frequented in the fine season, and with many testimonials in favour of their medicinal virtues.

If the name of Cawdor Castle—as a popular writer* has well observed—be not of itself sufficient to excite curiosity, the beauties of its situation, the freshness in which all its appurtenances of ancient feudal gloom, and grandeur, and means of defence, still remain, will amply recompense the stranger for any trouble he may be put to in visiting it. Perched upon a low rock, overhanging the bed of a Highland torrent, and surrounded on all sides by the largest forest trees, which partly conceal the extent of its park, it stands a relic of the work of several ages—a weather-beaten tower, encircled by later and less elevated dwellings. The whole is inclosed within a moat, and approachable only by a drawbridge, which rattles on its chains just as in the years long gone by. The staircase—the iron-grated doors and wickets—the large baronial kitchen, partly formed out of the native rock—the hall—the antiquated furniture—the carved chimney-pieces and mantle-shelves—the rich and storied tapestry, and even the grotesque family mirrors in use two centuries ago, are religiously preserved by the family who still inhabit their ancestral halls. In this castle, according to local tradition, the good King Duncan was murdered by Macbeth, his sister's son. But, as we have already stated, the infamy of being the scene of that deed is also claimed by the castle at Inverness, and another in the neighbourhood of Elgin: but few would feel an interest in searching out the disagreeable truth on this point, even were it now practicable to do so. Of the “Thanes

* Mr. Anderson of Inverness. See his “Guide to the Highlands.”



STRATHPEFFER MINERAL WELLS.

(Ross-shire.)



C A W D O R C A S T L E .

(Nairnshire.)

of Cawdor," mention is found in the records of Nairnshire as early as the year 1295; but there is no doubt that they held possessions here long prior to that date. They were hereditary sheriffs, or constables of the royal fortress of Nairn, where they chiefly resided; and to this day, the constabulary garden in that town, partly surrounded by the old castle wall, is still the property of the Cawdor family.

Immediately opposite to the outer gate opening to the lawn, is seen a hawthorn tree; another stood some years since in the old garden; and a third, still rooted in the earth, is shown in the dungeon of the tower, extending its stem to the arched ceiling. Tradition, in reference to this, relates that the founder was led, either by a dream, or the counsel of a wizard, to build this castle at the third hawthorn tree, where an ass, laden with a chest of gold, should stop.* In allusion to this, prosperity to the family of Cawdor is metaphorically expressed in the well-known toast—"Freshness to its hawthorn-tree!"

" Spread the board and brim the bowl!
And thus let every patriot soul
Drink the gladdening 'toast' with glee—
'HEALTH TO CAWDOR'S HAWTHORN-TREE!'" &c.

The bed and chamber in which, according to family legends, Macbeth perpetrated the bloody deed, were usually shown to strangers, till a fire, which broke out a few years ago in the great tower, destroyed every vestige of them; and nothing but the stone-vaulted roof could have saved the whole building from destruction. It was between the ceiling and roof of another part of this castle that Lord Lovat was concealed for a short time after the battle of Culloden; but, finding it was becoming the abode of too many of his enemies, he let himself down from the battlements by a rope, and escaped to Morar, on the west coast, where he was taken prisoner. The scenery around Cawdor Castle is of the richest and most picturesque description. In the park are several of the largest oaks, sycamores, elms, limes, ash, and pine trees, in the north of Scotland. One of these, an ash, measures twenty-three feet in circumference, at a foot from the ground. The garden, also, presents a fine specimen of an ancient yew-tree; and the adjoining woods and rocks abound in many interesting plants, and especially in ferns, among which the splendid *Scolopendrium vulgare* occurs in great luxuriance.†

* A German tradition, as the reader may perhaps remember, gives a similar origin to an ancient fastness in the Black forest, Wirtemberg.—See the Author's "German Courts."

† Anderson.

COUNTY OF SUTHERLAND.

THE extensive province on which we now enter, though naturally wild and mountainous, has latterly undergone so many favourable changes in its moral and physical aspect, that we can hardly recognise the features by which it was so strongly marked, even at the close of the last century. Of Sutherland it might then have been said with little exaggeration—

“ La nature marâtre, en ces affreux climats,
Ne produit, au lieu d'or, que du fer, des soldats,
Tout son front hérissé n'offre aux désirs de l'homme,
Rien qui puisse tenter l'avarice de Rome.”*

But, in the present day, a complete revolution has taken place; fields once covered with heath or sand, are now waving with grain. The mountain pastures are stocked with cattle; the coasts sprinkled with villages; the plough has superseded the *cascrom*† and the spade; the inhabitants, once rude as their soil, but rescued at last from the dominion of prejudice, have been taught the blessings of industry, peace, and independence. Districts, that once bore the stamp of almost unconquerable sterility, have been brought into a state of successful cultivation, and, with their thriving population, now afford the most unequivocal testimony that indolence is the bane, and industry the blessing of society. Sutherland has now all the appearance of a new country that has suddenly risen into life and importance, rewarding those who had the courage and perseverance to examine its resources, and to bring its hidden treasures into light. There are few settlements even in the New World, probably, where, within so short a period, so much has been done to ameliorate the present generation, and to insure a comfortable provision for the next. Whenever we can effectually inculcate habits of industry, and teach an individual to earn his

* CREBILLON. *Rhadamiste*. Nölker le Begue, a monk of St. Gall, desirous of painting the rugged character of Switzerland in a single line, thus described it:—

“ Dura viris, et dura fide, durissima sede.”

To which another monk replied, in testimony of its improved condition—

“ Dura fuit *quondam*, sed nunc est mollis ut unda,
Exceptaque *fide*, quam corde fatetur et ore.”

It would be difficult to find three lines which could depict more forcibly the state of Sutherland as it *was*, and as it *is*.

† The ancient foot-plough.—See the previous notice of it in this work.

own subsistence, we certainly perform a more lasting service to himself and to the state, than if, from time to time, we only ministered in charity to his necessities. The hand that *gives* liberally, too often paralyzes that which receives, and which should *gain* its own livelihood. The first duty of all to whom Providence has confided the welfare of subjects or servants, is to place within their reach the stimulus to exertion—the means of acquiring a comfortable livelihood as the premium of industry. No bread is so sweet as that which the labourer himself has sown, reaped, and gathered in; for, along with the enjoyment, he feels the consciousness of having deserved it; and thus, by the labour of his hands, realizes that cheerful independence to which he had aspired. No man better understood and appreciated these advantages, and the means by which they were to be attained, than the late Duke of Sutherland; and no landlord ever accomplished in one lifetime so much for the lasting benefit of the country, and the permanent good of his numerous tenantry. Independently, too, of the immediate benefit conferred on the population of this extensive province by his own unremitting exertions, his example was adopted, his patriotism and philanthropy, from being admired, were imitated by others, who, in their respective districts, led the way to the same happy results.

In order to exemplify a few of those unprecedented improvements effected by the late duke, while marquess of Stafford, we may state, on the authority of Mr. Loch,* that even at the late period of 1812, there was no post road through the whole county of Sutherland, and only one bridge at Brora. In the course of ten or twelve years, however, he had constructed four hundred and fifty miles of road, well and sufficiently made, with one hundred and thirty-four bridges exceeding ten feet span, several consisting of three arches of large dimensions, many of two, while the cast-iron arch at Bonar of one hundred and fifty feet span, manufactured near Shrewsbury and transported to this remote portion of the kingdom, attests the enterprise of the promoters of the measure,† and the skill of those who executed it. Up to the period in question, however, Sutherland had undergone but little change from that state which formerly characterised the rest of the Highlands of Scotland. For while the purposes of clanship and war had ceased to exist and to afford their occupation to the people, the increase of population received no check, and other sources of

* Memoir of GEORGE GRANVILLE, late DUKE OF SUTHERLAND, K.G. By JAMES LOCH, Esq., M.P. 1834, (not published).—See also *New Statist. Acc.* 1836.

† At the period when these improvements were undertaken, parliament had agreed to advance a moiety of the expense for constructing roads, on condition that the proprietors of the land should advance the remainder. Of this the marquess of Stafford was the first to avail himself.—While supported by the counties, he paid the whole contribution for Sutherland, amounting to 2000*l.*—*Memoir.*

employment had not yet been introduced. Thus some of the evils of a crowded population, without employment, began to be felt. But, independently of this natural course of events, the circumstances of the people were powerfully influenced in consequence of the improvements of the more southern counties having driven into the mountains of Sutherland those who could not, or who would not, apply themselves to the more regular and industrious habits of society, which such alterations rendered necessary. Many also, who, by the commission of less grave offences, had rendered themselves obnoxious to the laws—especially those of the revenue—found a safe refuge in the remote and less accessible portions of the Sutherland and Reay estates, where they induced the *tacksmen* to receive them as sub-tenants, by undertaking to pay rents which never could be realized out of the funds of honest industry. The evils of such a system were enormous. The introduction of such men, brought up in lawless pursuits, among the old, well-doing, and moral cottagers of the estate, deprived the latter of many of the comforts they had hitherto enjoyed, and diminished the means for the payment of their rent, while the amount exacted by the tacksmen remained the same, so that their condition was reduced, and they were in many instances forced to adopt the same means of realizing it as the fugitive settlers. The Duke of Sutherland's great object was to put an effectual end to this system, and to make all who lived upon these estates immediate tenants of the landlord, so that the managers should become acquainted with the wants of all, and that the poorest tenant on the property might have a direct appeal to himself and to the Duchess. His next object was to stimulate their industry, and rouse their dormant energies, expecting thereby to raise their character, and give them a desire of independence. In this he succeeded in a degree far beyond his own expectations, or the anticipation of those who were most active in carrying his benevolent intentions into effect. This, however, was attended with many difficulties; for there were too many interests to be interfered with, too many prejudices to be overcome, not to produce considerable complaints, and some opposition. Such was sure to be the case, and such actually happened. The Duke of Sutherland, however, was not to be shaken in his purpose. He had considered the subject in every aspect; he had prepared the people for the change by a timely notice of two years; he had abandoned his rents during the period of such change, and he had furnished the timber required for their new houses. Having satisfied himself, therefore, that he had provided not only sufficiently, but liberally, for every one whose possession he disturbed—substituting a lot better suited as a lasting provision for the poor man's family, and under the peculiar circumstances of the country much better calculated to reward



From a sketch by the late James Watson of Sutherland.

DORNBIN CASTLE.

(Sutherlandshire.)

his industry and labour—the Duke pursued his course with that calm equanimity which formed so distinguishing a feature in his character, and with that persevering resolution which never forsook him when he felt that he was right. And never, surely, was person so fully rewarded for his energy and perseverance, for never was success more complete. He had the great satisfaction of living to see every cotter on his estate holding immediately of himself, benefited by reduced rent, freed from vexatious services, and enjoying the entire fruits of his own labour. He had the inexpressible satisfaction also of knowing, that however disinclined many of them might have been to these alterations in the first instance, they all finally acknowledged,* and are now entirely sensible of, the great benefits which they have derived from the change.” Such benefits are not of an equivocal or hidden nature, but exhibited in the wonderful improvement in their appearance and in their dress—in the style and character as well as in the cleanliness of their houses—in the establishment of schools—in the introduction of gardening—and in the cultivation of several thousand acres of land that had heretofore lain waste, and which they now enjoy without any increase of rent.

The manner in which these admirable changes were effected, was greatly accelerated by that perfect unanimity between the Duke and Duchess which was sure to forward every scheme for the public good, and every act of private beneficence. “The interest which the Duke took in these improvements was intense. Having, after his first illness, gone to one of the principal new settlements in the vicinity of Brora, he ascended a knoll, whence could be observed the whole scene of new cottages and improvements, comprising a vast district, which, from having been an arid waste not many years before, was now under flourishing crops, which the people were in the act of securing. After surveying the scene for some time with much evident satisfaction: ‘It is,’ he observed, ‘it is indeed well worth all that it has cost!’ meaning not only the outlay in capital, but the unjust accusations that were at one moment heaped upon his plans, and were so derogatory of his motives.”

Having thus adverted to a few of the vast and rapid improvements effected by the diligence, skill, and liberality of this patriotic and enlightened noble-

* In proof of this we may add, that, on revisiting his estates in June, 1826, the satisfaction of the people was loud and universal; while their unequivocal attachment was displayed in the presentation of a piece of plate, of eight hundred guineas’ value, subscribed for in small sums by more than *one thousand* of his tenants, “IN TESTIMONY OF THE ATTACHMENT OF A PEOPLE ADVANCED TO INDEPENDENCE, INDUSTRY, AND COMFORT, AND SUPPORTED AMIDST THE CALAMITIES WHICH OPPRESSED AGRICULTURE, BY THE WISDOM, THE JUSTICE, AND THE GENEROSITY OF THEIR BELOVED LANDLORD, GEORGE GRANVILLE, DUKE OF SUTHERLAND,” &c.—See the “Memoir” above quoted.

man, we come to that period which was to terminate a career ripe in every ennobling virtue, and rich beyond precedent in that series of events which were the commencement of a new era for the county, and a source of the purest satisfaction to himself.

In July, 1833, after he had been raised by the unsolicited favour of his sovereign to the highest title in the peerage, the Duke set out on his last visit to Sutherland, where the whole population were anxiously employed in making arrangements for his welcome—such as might best express their respect and gratitude, and the joy they felt at seeing the oldest title in the kingdom revived in the person of their munificent landlord. The warmth of congratulation, however, was speedily chilled by the most painful apprehensions. On his landing at Dunrobin, on the fifth of July, the Duke was still suffering from the debilitating effects of influenza. The symptoms, though twice partially subdued, gradually assumed a more serious character, till, on the nineteenth of the same month, he closed in tranquillity a life of unblemished honour and extensive beneficence.

In the words of the Lord Chief Commissioner Adam, “he devoted his splendid rank and fortune to promote the happiness of mankind in all its ranks. He successfully improved the condition of all under his extensive protection, by a most judicious and well-directed beneficence; and added most materially to the satisfaction of that class of society whose leisure and education render the improvement of the fine arts a principal part of their enjoyment: to which it may be added, that his perfect goodness rendered his own family, in all its branches, a scene of uncommon happiness.”*

Restricted by the limited nature of the present work,† we must now close our brief sketch of Sutherland with a cursory notice of the two subjects chosen for illustration. The first of these, Dunrobin Castle, is said to be the oldest inhabited mansion now existing in Britain. It is situated on a high natural terrace, overlooking the sea, with a large sloping garden in front, enriched with verdant masses of fruit and forest trees, and a magnificent park in the background. But the noblest feature in the landscape is undoubtedly the sea, which harmonizes well with the Castle, whose antique towers soar with feudal pomp and sternness over the subject waves. On the platform near the gate, a few

* The respect and affection in which his memory was held are powerfully exhibited by the fact, that, immediately after his funeral was over, meetings were simultaneously held in Staffordshire, Shropshire, and in Sutherland. At each of these, it was determined to erect a monument to his memory. In Sutherland, the summit of Ben Bhraggie (as seen in the engraving) was the site chosen for this memorial, the contributors to which amounted to two thousand two hundred and ninety-nine.”

† The history of Sutherland, and other remarkable districts, will be resumed on another occasion.



W. H. Bartlett.

J. I. Williams.

C A P E W R A T H .
(North Highlands)

London, Published for the Proprietors by Geo Virtue 26 Ivy Lane, 1837.

pieces of ordnance, "like retired veterans," still do duty so far as appearances go, but moat and portcullis are gone. To the ancient building, erected in the thirteenth century,* considerable additions have been lately made; and, happily for the picturesque, they are in strict keeping with the original. The interior of the Castle has been kept as much as possible in its primitive simplicity.

The country and grounds around Dunrobin, from their mixture of cultivation with mountain scenery, as well as their extent and variety, are highly picturesque. One of the most perfect Pictish towers that ever delighted an antiquary, stands on the east of the Castle; and, on digging at the spot lately, some bones and charcoal were found. Golspie-burn† flows through a deep wooded ravine, that occasionally may vie with the banks of the Findhorn in wildness and beauty, and is further enriched by a succession of picturesque waterfalls. The deer forests are extensive, well-stocked, and such as would have afforded ample scope to the most chase-loving of Scottish sovereigns.

The whole of the immense tract, called "Lord Reay's country," and from time immemorial the habitation of the clan Mackay, has now been added to the other estates of the Sutherland family. It abounds in wild, majestic scenery; its lakes, rivers, caves, spacious bays, headlands, and numberless curiosities, natural and artificial, would alone occupy a volume of description. We proceed, therefore, to offer a few words on the subject of the engraving.

Cape Wrath, the "Parph" of ancient geographers, is a remarkably bold headland, forming the marked and angular north-west extremity of Great Britain. It is, consequently, one of the extreme points of our island, and on that account, like John o' Groat's, or the Land's End, is much visited by strangers. Its stupendous granitic front—its extensive and splendid ocean scenery—and the peculiarly wild character of the country by which it is approached, invest Cape Wrath with an interest to which few, if any, other promontories on the British

* The THANES of Sutherland first received the title of earls from Malcolm Canmore, king of Scotland, A.D. 1031. The duchess-countess is the twenty-third representative of this family, and a lineal descendant of ROBERT BRUCE—the third William, earl of Sutherland, having been married to the princess Margaret, daughter of that monarch. On the visit of King George IV. to Edinburgh, in August 1822, it was determined by His Majesty that the right of carrying the Scottish sceptre lay with this noble family; and Lord Francis Leveson Gower was permitted to act as deputy for his mother, the duchess-countess, in that honourable office.—See our sketch of the ceremony in the first vol. of this work, art. "King's Visit to Edinburgh."

† A clergyman from Orkney had brought his son, a fine intelligent boy, with him on a visit to some friends in the south. They had travelled during the night; and when the scenery of Golspie, seen on a bright summer's morning, burst on the view, the boy, who had hitherto been a total stranger to woods and trees, and familiar only with the bare rocks and ocean of his native landscape, seemed perfectly entranced with astonishment and delight. He ran about, wondering at all he saw; eagerly exploring every leaf and flower, as if entering on possession of a new world of enjoyment.—*Inverness Courier. Statist. Anderson.*

coast can lay claim. The shore, however, is here so precipitous and steep, that, from the land, it cannot be viewed to advantage without great difficulty. In fair weather, therefore, the survey of this magnificent headland is generally attempted by sea. But the strong currents and high swollen waves that at all times roll at the Cape, joined to the risk of one of those sudden squalls that characterize the coast, frequently deter persons not accustomed to boating from making the attempt. Sir Walter Scott, in his diary, kept during a cruise in these seas in the summer of 1814, thus describes it:—"This dread Cape, so fatal to mariners, is a high promontory, whose steep sides go sheer down to the breakers which lash its feet. There is no landing, except in a small creek, about a mile and a half to the eastward. There, the foam of the sea plays at 'long-bowls' with a huge collection of large stones,—some of them a ton in weight—but which these fearful billows chuck up and down as a child tosses a ball. Cape Wrath," he adds, "is a striking point, both from the dignity of its own appearance, and from the mental association of its being the extreme cape of Scotland, with reference to the north-west. There is no land in the direct line between this point and America. I saw a pair of large eagles, and, if I had had the rifle, might have had a shot; for the birds, when I first saw them, were perched upon a rock, within about sixty or seventy yards. Here, I suppose, they are little disturbed, for they showed no alarm. In front of the Cape are some angry breakers, called the 'Staggs,' occasioned by rocks, which are visible at low water." The scene is altogether well calculated to make a deep and lasting impression on the visitor's mind.

" 'Tis not alone the scene—the man, Anselmo—
The *man* finds sympathies in these wild wastes
And roughly tumbling seas, which fairer views
And smoother waves deny him."

END OF VOL. II.

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