

aid,—“Culloden's Bloody Moor,”—and a hundred other reminiscences of the past crowd upon the mind; but to call this pond of stagnant water and mud, without a single blade of green verdure around it, Loch Eil, is simply a burlesque and a misnomer. A mile or so further, and a marvellous change passes over the spirit of the scene,—Lochaber Lake bursts upon the sight, in all its loveliness and beauty, stretching before you, as far as the eye can see, glistening and sparkling in the morning sun.

For five miles, the land rises on both sides of the Lake. four to five hundred feet, sloping gently to the very edge of the water, the whole slope on either side, in a high state of cultivation, dotted all over with handsome, white, painted cottages, and with orchards of fruit trees, while, the bottom of the valley is filled with a bright mirror of pure water, reproducing every house, field, and tree on its placid bosom. The road, which leads along the east side, is nearly on a level with the water, and follows the windings of the shore, represents, as you go along, miniature bays and coves, and all the features peculiar to a seashore landscape. At times, the road passes through close thickets of maple, birch, and witch elm, with here and there a “Rowan” bush, with clusters of glowing red berries, hanging pendulous to its branches. At other times, you have full view of the lake, from end to end.

There is one spot, about the middle of the lake, Coopers', lately Sear's cottage, which presents beauties peculiarly its own. Close to the road, on the right hand, stands the cottage, a fine building, with offices, almost hid from view, by fruit and ornamental trees. On the left is a little headland, shooting out into the lake, and covered down to the bright pebbly beach, with fruit trees and garden flowers, while a small armlet of the lake comes up alongside, and drives its preposterous wavelets to the side of the highway on which you are standing, and see! yon tiny skiff, moored to an appletree, frail and fairy-like enough to be mistaken for that in which Ellen Douglas, in days “o' Lang Syne,” ferried the knight of Snowdown. If you are dry and hungry, call in; and see Mrs. Cooper.

At the head of the lake, there is a “cross road,” going to South River, and a cross road in reality it is! When from home, I always like to look at the bright side of things, but here, there was only one side to look at, and that side was so steep, that you might almost as well try, if your horse could climb the roof of a barn. In my travels this way, I more than once recognized the “McKenzie's” road making, but, of a certainty, no McKenzie was about the making of this “cross road.” There is, however, something to be seen at the top, that repays the labour of climbing this barbarous mountain. The first object, that calls attention, is two buildings, standing closely together, and showing singular contrasts, by

their juxtaposition. One of them is a showy building, and its use cannot be mistaken. It is a Free Church. It is quite creditable to that body, that everywhere they build respectable churches, although all on the same plan. If you see one you see all,—one ground flat, no gallery, door in the end, and outside painted white, the one before me was a large, showy building, much larger I fancy, than the place or congregation requires. But that black, dingy-looking little fabric, with its tabernacle-like roof, and so near the other, that it might serve the purpose of a session-house, if not a porch, what is it for? Oh! that is the Kirk of Scotland. If that insignificant-looking, little building be indeed the Kirk, it was scarcely worth while for the Free people, in carrying out the wretched policy of the mother country, (building the Free as near the Parish Church as possible,) to be at the enormous labor of dragging materials against the face of that horrible mountain. Such glaring instances of miserable revenge, generally punish the actors. Nevertheless, there are associations connected with that old, dilapidated building, which embalm it in the memory of many of the present generation, to which its more showy and aspiring neighbor can never pretend. It was the first Protestant place of worship erected on these wilds. To it, the fathers and mothers of the present generation gathered, to listen to the Word of Life, when first they pitched their tent amidst these hoary woods, long before the Free Church was in existence. Even at the time I visited, the moral contrast was most favourable to the old Kirk. When I arrived, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was being dispensed to the congregation worshipping there. On Saturday, the little Church was crowded with people, listening in the forenoon, with apparently devout attention, to an impressive and suitable Gaelic sermon, from Rev. A. McKay, of Salt Springs, and in the afternoon, to an equally impressive English sermon, from Rev. A. Pollok, of New Glasgow. On Sabbath, the little house was again crowded with an English audience, while there would have been 4 to 500 people at the tent, where the Gaelic services were being conducted. There was service on Sabbath, in the Free Church, not a half gun-shot off. I counted the people coming out of their Church—there were not thirty, all told, including the minister.

The breaking up of the once flourishing congregation at Lochaber, was effected by the same means employed for the same purpose elsewhere. The instrument selected for Lochaber was the now notorious McMillan, of Cardross celebrity. He was sent out to his countrymen here, clothed with all the sanction of the Free Assembly; and none, more than he, could expatiate on the glory, the freedom, and the godliness of the Disruption Church, nor none more foul-mouthed in his denunciations of the “Residuary” Church