

Th' outstretching lake, embosomed 'mong the hills,  
 The eye with wonder and amazement fills ;  
 The Tay, meand'ring sweet in infant pride,  
 The palace rising on its verdant side ;  
 The lawns, wood-fringed, in nature's native taste ;  
 The hillocks dropt in nature's careless haste ;  
 The arches striding o'er the new-born stream ;  
 The village glittering in the noontide beam."

From Taymouth, Burns pursued his journey along the Tay to Aberfeldy so celebrated in one of his songs. Reaching the romantic river, Bran, he met and heard Neil Gow the celebrated violinist, whose name is so intimately connected with the history of Scottish song. Burns describes this master of music as "a short stout-built honest Highland figure with greyish hair shed on his honest social brow ; an interesting face, marked by strong sense, kind open-heartedness and unmistrusting simplicity."

Taking a cursory view of the falls of the Tummell and the wilderness of birches around it, the next point that attracted his attention was Killicrankie. There he thought of the famous battle and dropt a tear of loyalty over the honoured grave of the gallant Dundee. Blair Athole was now reached, and Burns had the pleasure to meet there his friend Professor Walker, and to receive a cordial highland welcome from the ducal family. This distinguished family was characterized then as now by the high breeding and culture so long the heritage of the ancient celtic races. It may be conceived better than told what pleasure they derived from the visit of the patriotic bard. His delight was equal to theirs ; and he expressed it together with his gratitude in a beautiful poem. This poem takes the shape of a petition to the noble duke on the part of the river which swept by Blair Athole unadorned by wooded banks. The petition entitled "The humble petition of Bruar water to the noble Duke of Athole," was not preferred in vain ; and the scenery, so rich in woodland, is now all that the poet could desire.

At Blair Castle, Burns was so fortunate as to meet Mr. Thomas Graham of Balgownie, afterwards so celebrated as Lord Lynedoch. His amiable and lovely spouse was a sister of the Duchess of Athole.

The poet now repaired to Inverness by way of Dalnacardoch, Aviemore and Dalwhinnie. It is needless to say how

much he admired the grand highland lake, Loch Ness with its picturesque scenery, and the falls of Foyers so much visited by tourists at the present day. Macbeth's "blasted heath," where this usurper murdered the good King Duncan, did not escape his notice. He was shown the bed on which King Duncan was stabbed. Proceeding, our traveller was much struck on viewing Elgin Cathedral, a venerable ruin, which at first sight, appeared grander than Melrose ; but, as the poet remarked, not nearly so beautiful. He was now close to the princely residence of the Duke of Gordon. Having been introduced to the duchess at Edinburgh, he went to visit her Grace at Gordon Castle, leaving his companion, Mr. Nicol, at the hotel of the neighbouring village. He was received with the greatest hospitality and kindness. As the family were about to sit down to dinner, he was invited to take his place at table with them. He accepted the invitation, but withdrew rather early. On being pressed to stay, he felt obliged to explain that he had left his fellow traveller at the inn. The duke sent a gentleman of his acquaintance along with Burns to invite Mr. Nicol to the castle. The pride of the conceited pedagogue was already hurt, and instead of accepting the invitation which was most kindly communicated, he set about proceeding on his journey. Burns must either quarrel with him or accompany him. From an excess of good nature, he chose the latter way, and so deprived himself of the pleasure of spending a few days at Gordon Castle as the ducal family so kindly invited him to do. The duchess was particularly anxious for his stay, as Mr. Addington, the home minister, was expected, it might have been for the interest of Burns to be introduced to him. The gratitude of the poet found expression in a short but elegant poem. We may be excused for quoting the last few lines.

" Wildly here, without control,  
 Nature reigns and rules the whole ;  
 In that sober pensive mood,  
 Dearest to the feeling soul,  
 She plants the forest, pours the flood.  
 Life's poor day I'll musing rave  
 And find at night a sheltering cave,  
 Where waters flow and wild woods wave,  
 By bonnie Castle Gordon."

At Aberdeen, Burns was much interested in meeting Bishop Skinner, a non-