

and rude hieroglyphics, which are evidently of a pre-Christian date.

From Lismore, we can cross Loch Linnhe, over to Morvern. An eminent Gallician has informed me that this is not the Morven of Ossian and the Fingalians; that their Morven included the whole of Lorn, and indeed the greater part of the West and North of Scotland; and that the present parish of Morvern is in strict Gaelic Marivern, or the dead, dull land, inasmuch as its hills are not to be compared in grandeur to those of other parts of the Highlands. This may be true or it may be a crotchet; but of course every Morvern man is bound to reject it as heretical. Certainly, it would be difficult to find anywhere, more beautiful glens, or sweeter nooks and snatches of scenery, and also bolder rocks and cliffs than in this parish. It has Unimore, which our last Scottish lion, Wilson, loved to haunt, and which he has sung so well; and Loek Aline, which McCulloch has rendered famous by his pencil, and the entrance to which is guarded by the ruins of Ardtornish. Only the ruins! for Scottish history has begun since the halls of Ardtornish were silent. But Morvern shows sadder sight still than crumbling pile, or "the first bones of time;" one too that is also to be witnessed all over the Highlands, by "dim Rannoch's lakes," and on the mountain sides of Sutherlandshire, down Strath Conin and throughout Lochaber, in Gairloch and the Western Isles—everywhere do we come upon traces of the "clearances," touching memorials of the expatriated children of the soil. Here an old fireside, there still standing in great part, the walls of a cluster of houses. This glen once supported some twenty families—true sons of the Gael, who at the call of their chief and prince did always fight

"As they fought
In the brave days of old."

now it constitutes a sheep farm for some wealthy Lowlander who can afford to pay from £200 to £400 of rent for it. Sir Walter Scott used to tell of an old clansman, who spoke to him in indignant terms of the injustice of thus treating clansmen as if they had been mere tenants, and who concluded thus: "In my young days, an estate was held valuable according to the number of *men* it could send forth: then according to the number of *black cattle* it could feed: now it is counted by *sheep*: and next I suppose it will be by the number of *mice*." Unless it remain at sheep, I suppose it will descend either to mice or red deer; but at all events, the "bold peasantry" has already been destroyed. But in the backwoods, on the great prairies, in cities, and on the gold fields, they live again; yet ever are their hearts true to the homes of their fathers, and the glorious hills among which they were cradled:—

"From the dim shieling on the misty island,
Mountains divide us, and a world of seas."

Yet still our hearts are true, our hearts are true,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides."

Every Pictonian Churchman feels an interest in Morvern, for its minister was the first who came to them from the Mother Church after that terrible agitation and secession of '43, when they were in doubt who or what to believe. Dr. John McLeod came and spoke with authority: in his own person and reputation he was a contradiction to more than one slander; and now that he has returned to his ancestral parish, from which no offer, however tempting, has been able to attract him, he still remembers, with kindly feelings, the old scenes and Sabbaths and faces of Pictou. The beauty of the country round about the manse, every one who has heard "Farewell to Funary" can readily understand. Stately trees planted by forefathers; a mountain torrent; Ossian's knoll beside us; a lofty hill behind; the Sound of Mull in front; and the magnificent mountain forms of Mull on the other side—what more can poet's heart or eye wish for! Oh, the power of these Scottish hills on the imagination, on the whole man! Many of my aged readers, I well believe, remember the joy of footing it up the mountain side; the elastic spring of the heather; now coming upon a foaming fell white as milk, and now on a wimpling burn, or sullen tarn; your dog starting a hare, or harsh-voiced muirfowl; all else solemnly quiet, yet filling you with the sense of living power. No wonder that Scotland has her heroes and martyrs on many pages of story! God did not make such a land for slaves, or shallow-pated, glib-mouthed intelligents. So may each Scot, and his descendants too, sing praises,—

"For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our father's God!
Thou hast made our spirits' mighty
By the touch of the mountain sod."

This also have I felt on the wild moorlands of Ayrshire, and in the misty glens of Mufatdale; standing beside John Brown's lonely cottage, or Cameron's grave, or on the spot where gentle Renwick preached his last sermon. Everywhere is there the God-appointed harmony between the human spirit and their own Mother Earth. From Morvern it is quite easy to visit

"Ulva dark and Colonsay,
And all the groups of islets gay
That guard famed Staffa round;"

and "old Iona's holy fane," but it will not do to make such slow progress Northward. So we must give them the go by for the present, and take the next steamer for Skye and the Lewis. So "farewell to Funary," and past the little round bay of Tobermory within whose shelter many an English bankrupt hides from his creditors. We move on to the point of Ardnamurchan, where we can snuff the pure unadulterated wind of the Western sea, and look straight across to