

"There's nothing here but Highland pride,  
And Highland scab and hunger ;  
If Providence has sent me here,  
'Twas surely in its anger."

The bard was soon consoled in the midst of the magnificent scenery of Loch Lomond, "the bonnie bonnie banks of Loch Lomond." The agreeable company he met with added not a little to his enjoyment.

Returning to Edinburgh for a short time, he undertook a more extended tour to the north. Reaching Linlithgow, he has not left us any remark on the magnificent palace there, so long a seat of Royalty. Perhaps it was the contrast presented at Linlithgow which prompted him to animadvert so severely on the miserable style of the Presbyterian churches of his time: "What a poor, pimpled place is a Presbyterian place of worship; dirty, narrow and squalid, stuck in a corner of old Popish grandeur, such as Linlithgow. Ceremony and show, if judiciously thrown in, are absolutely necessary for the great bulk of mankind, both in civil and religious matters." It was not to be expected, however, that a sect when only beginning to assert its existence should have buildings that could show to advantage beside the magnificent palace of Linlithgow. Here the Regent Moray expired on being mortally wounded by Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh in revenge of an atrocious act of private cruelty.

Our traveller bard made a short excursion into that part of the West Highlands which is known as the country of the Campbells. It might surely have elicited some words of praise from him associated with the memory of his favorite, Mary Campbell. It is not known that he bore any grudge to "McCallum-More," or the Campbells generally. It may be supposed, therefore, that at Inverary, some one had offended him, when he wrote the ungracious stanza:

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On beautiful Loch Lomond his sentiments were very different. Fine scenery, agreeable company, social parties and boating excursions on the lovely lake, all contributed to promote his enjoyment. Visiting Falkirk and the Roman vallum, he, on

the same occasion, enjoyed the foaming waters of the Carron and the green beauties of Dunipace (*Duni pacis*). Some remark from him on the historical associations of this interesting place would have been very pleasing. It carries us back to the time when the Emperor, Septimius Severus, who baffled in his attempt to subdue Scotland, was obliged to conclude a peace with the ancient Caledonians. The *Duni pacis* (the two mounds of peace) were raised as a lasting memorial of the event. They were still to be seen in the days of George Buchanan the historian, and to-day, the village of Dunipace is the only sign. He was now close to Stirling and the field of Bannockburn where King Robert Bruce with a comparatively small army of thirty thousand men, completely defeated one hundred thousand veteran troops of Edward I., commanded by King Edward II. in person. How his heart must have leaped within him when he thought of the indomitable Scots.

"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,  
Scots wham Bruce has aften led."

Descending the Valley of the Forth, he was on the flowery banks of the lovely Devon. Crossing the quiet vale he was at the base of the Ochill mountains. Ascending the rocky steep, he looked down upon that grim fortress of a warlike age—Castle Campbell, called also, "Castle Gloom." Situated in a deep hollow of the mountains, this now useless castle contrasts grandly with the smiling plain beyond.

Proceeding northward by Crief and Glen Almond, he reached Taymouth, the magnificent seat of Campbell, Marquess of Breadalbane. An admirer of fine scenery Professor Blackie, describes beautiful Taymouth where English softness and Highland grandeur combine to form a harmonious union of the beautiful and the sublime in landscape, certainly not surpassed in any most lauded district of the United Kingdom. The poet's admiration was no less.

"Admiring nature in her wildest grace  
These Northern scenes with weary feet I trace.  
O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,  
Th' abodes of coveyed grouse and timid sheep,  
My savage journey, curious, I pursue,  
Till famed Breadalbane opens to my view.  
Cliff meeting cliff each deep sunk glen divides,  
The woods, wide scattered, clothe their ample  
sides