

is that of Baron Murray of Tullibardine, for in Scotland the baronies are always older than the dukedoms; his other titles are Earl Tullibardine, Earl of Athol, Marquis of Athol, Viscount of Balquhider, Baron Murray Balvenie and Gash, Duke of Athol, Marquis of Tullibardine, Earl of Strathay and Strathardle, Viscount of Glenlyon, and, in the English peerage, Earl Strange, and Baron Murray of Stanley. The kernel of all these hulls and wrappings is John Murray."

Taymouth Castle, the seat of the highly popular Marquis of Bredalbane, was honoured, it will be remembered, with a long visit from Her Majesty, on her first visit to Scotland. Mr. Kohl is charmed with its magnificence.

"The interior of the castle is fitted up with a refined and costly elegance that certainly lost none of its effect by being suddenly met with in the midst of the smoky huts of the Highlands. At every step I found some confirmation of the account that had been given me of the vast wealth of the family, whose possessions, it is said, extend from the Eastern to the Western Ocean, in a straight line for a hundred miles. Estates of this magnitude in Russia awaken no surprise, but in so small a country as Scotland it seems scarcely credible that so large a portion of the land should be the property of one family. So powerful and wealthy an oligarchy, however, and one so little numerous as in Scotland, is scarcely to be found in the world.

"It was not the richness and luxury that pervaded the apartments, however, that fixed my attention, so much as the taste and judgment shown in their distribution. Nowhere so well as in Great Britain is understood the manner of giving to the antique forms and arrangements of furniture and apartments the magnificence and luxury suiting the present advanced condition of these arts, without forfeiting any thing of their peculiar and characteristic effect. The richness and beauty of the wood carvings struck me particularly, as well as the superabundance of curtains, hangings, and carpets of the most superb quality, the paintings by the first masters, and the very choice collections of books in the library. Every thing is perfectly genuine, even the armour in the banquetting hall, one suit of which had belonged to a French king, another to an Austrian archduke, and the tartan stuffs, which are commonly made of wool, here shone out splendidly in rich satin and velvet.

Our Author asserts that "the horses in Scotland are mostly white." The following passage contains the fruit of his researches on the subject of *thatched houses and salt boxes*.

"We returned to the shore of the Lake Tay by a circuitous path across the mountains, and by the way I took the opportunity of viewing the interior of one of the smoky huts of the Highlanders. My companion, an old mountaineer, told me, that all Highland huts were like this, thatched; and as it happened, that though I might, if I had looked, have found the word in any dictionary, I did not know the meaning of the word *thatched*, and asked an explanation; and the following was the explanation obtained.

"A thatched-house, sir?—that means, for instance, when any one is thatching his house, and you happen to go by, and you say, 'Well, good man, are you thatching to-day?'—that's what it means to thatch a house, sir."

"The said thatched-house was built of wood, and inside by the fire sat an old man warming himself. Over the chimney was fastened a large wooden box, intended, I was told, for salt. I do not believe that in any other country in the world so central and imposing a position is accorded to a salt-box. At the side of this utensil hung a kind of bird cage, containing, however, not birds, but the family stock of cups and saucers. Before the door stood a great cheese-press of very simple construction, in which the principal part was performed by large stones. This is, in this part of Scotland, a regular article of household furniture, for a great quantity of cheese is made here, though not usually of a first-rate quality."

Pursuing his journey on foot, our traveller visits Loch Earn, and the grave of Rob Roy at the pretty village of Balquhider. He records it as matter of surprise, that he found the greatest difficulty, at the latter place, in persuading his guide, "the most stupid companion" he ever travelled with, to accompany him to the church-yard, during the time of divine service. Passing on to the far-famed Loch Katrine, Mr. Kohl takes up his quarters in the house of an intelligent Highland sheep-farmer, and is there seized with a fit of philosophising, such as we should like to see him indulge more frequently.

"It is a remarkable coincidence that in most countries of Europe, the inhabitants of the northern are more intelligent and better educated than those of the southern provinces. The remark certainly applies to France. In the Netherlands, the Dutch provinces are far better educated than those of Belgium. In northern Germany popular education is very superior to what it is in the south, and in Italy, the Milanese, in this respect, offer a most advantageous contrast to the Neapolitans. Even in Russia the centre of intelligence lies towards the north. May not climate have something to do with this? Long winter evenings compel the inhabitants of a northern country to spend a greater part of their time within doors, and this naturally tends to encourage a taste for reading. Before the invention of printing, indeed, when knowledge had to be communicated chiefly from mouth to mouth, it was in southern lands, in Greece and Italy, for instance, that the spirit of enquiry was first awakened; but since we have had books and printing presses, it is by reading, rather than by oral instruction, that the light of knowledge is diffused."

Mr. Kohl's guides, it seems, are not all "stupid."

"My Highland guide from Calandar was a lively young fellow, and had at his command an inexhaustible stock of stories about the fairies and goblins of the mountains. Many of the stories were precisely the same as those that had been told me in Ireland. My Highlander called them likewise the good people, though, when I rallied him on so strange a name for such a mischie-