

And thus an airy point he won,
Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnished sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath him rolled.

To attempt any description of this combination of Swiss, Welch and Columbia river scenery, "were but wasteful and ridiculous excess," when Scott, himself, has, in the opening canto of the *Lady of the Lake*, given us so complete a picture of the whole, one so beautiful and true, that even at the risk of proximity, I venture to insert the words of the great magician—

Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire.
But not a setting beam could glow
Within the dark ravines below,
Where twined the path, in shadow hid,
Round many a rocky pyramid,
Shooting abruptly from the dell
Its thunder-splintered pinnacle.

* * * * *
The rocky summits, split and rent,
Form'd turret, dome or battlement,

* * * * *
For from their shiver'd brows display'd,
Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
All twinkling with the dewdrop's sheen,
The briar-rose fell in streamers green,
And creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes,
Waved in the west wind's summer sighs;

* * * * *
And, higher yet, the pine tree hung
His shatter'd trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seem'd the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrow'd sky;
Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
Where glist'ning streamers waved and danced,
The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer heaven's delicious blue;
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.

At Loch Katrine, we dismounted from our lofty seats on the coach, the only desirable ones for viewing mountain and lake scenery, introducing us often, also, to genial and informal companionship, and embarked upon the steamer running close by Ellen's Isle,

Where for retreat in dangerous hour,
Some chief had framed a rustic bower,

And soon after gained a fine sight of Ben Venue, which rises to the height of two thousand three hundred feet. At the west end of the lake at Stronachlachar, a most picturesque site, we disembarked and proceeded again by coach, through Glen Arklet, to Inversnaid, on Loch Lomond, a distance of about five miles.

Loch Lomond is, without doubt, the finest of Scottish lakes, being about twenty-three miles long, with its greatest breadth five miles. The hotel, at which we concluded to stay the remainder of the day and night, is charmingly situated on the border of the lake, which my bed room windows on one side overlooked. On the other, and just above the house, the Falls of Arklet, with its narrow foot bridge, on which Wordsworth met his *Highland Girl*, and whom he thus introduces to us—

Sweet Highland Girl! A very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower!
Twice seven consenting years have shed
Their utmost beauty on thy head;
And these gray rocks, that household lawn,
Those trees, a veil just half withdrawn,
This fall of water that doth make
A murmur near the silent lake;
This little bay, a quiet road
That holds in shelter thy abode.

All this, except the maiden, yet holds one's delighted vision, but with an effect more charming than the poet's prosaic words produce. The concluding lines of the poem, those to the "*Fair Creature*" herself, have a truer poetic merit. A beguiling path continues on and up beyond the falls, to a point overhanging and overlooking a magnificent sweep of the lake and surrounding shores. A pleasant and favorite row from the hotel is to Rob Roy's cave, an arch shaped cavern, at the base of Ben Lomond.

Yes! Slender aid from fancy's glass
It needs, as round these shores we pass,
'Mid glen and thicket dark to scan
The wild Mac Gregor's savage clan.