

the lower end of the lake the characteristic and imposing mass of Benvenue, which has been described as "an immense heap of broken hillocks," with a total elevation of 2806 feet above the sea.

Near the head of the lake lie three picturesque islands : one, the loftiest, blooms with purple heath ; another is embowered in vigorous leafy growth ; the third is also wooded, and contains the ruins of an ancient fortalice. Near the lower extremity is "Ellen's Isle," so called from its connection with Scott's poem of "The Lady of the Lake." It is a beautiful and romantic spot, fenced round with crag and boulder, and richly clothed with wood.

A glen of great sublimity leads from Loch Katrine to Loch Achray, which is one mile and three-quarters long and half a mile broad. This glen is famous among the "beauties of Scotland" under the name of the Trossachs, and with its masses of curiously shaped rock and lofty precipitous heights is assuredly a most impressive scene.

The features which distinguish the scenery of Loch Katrine have been described by Sir Walter Scott in one of his most effective passages, which, it is believed, the reader will not object to re-peruse :—*

" Boon nature scattered, free and wild,
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child.
Here eglantine embalmed the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there ;
The primrose pale and violet flower
Found in each cliff a narrow bower ;
Foxglove and nightshade, side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Grouped their dark hues with every stain
The weather-beaten crags retain,
With boughs that quaked at every breath.
Gray birch and aspen wept beneath ;
Aloft, the ash and warrior-oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock ;
And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung
His shattered trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrowed sky."

The traveller issuing through the glen now sees the smiling lake before him :—

" Gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnished sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath him rolled,
In all her length far-winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light,
And mountains, that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land.
High on the south, huge Benvenue
Down on the lake in masses threw

* [Sir W. Scott, "Lady of the Lake," canto i., stanzas 12-16.]