

with their recluse withdrawing valley,—the green rolling meadow on which the village is built,—and in front the bolder and finer islands of the lake,—belong all to the clay-slate, and compose a very characteristic landscape. Dunkeld, Comrie, and the fine country to the north and west of Callander, including Loch Vennachar, with many a scene besides of a character intermediate, as becomes their place, between the Highlands and Lowlands, occur in the belt of clay-slate that sweeps in its diagonal course from sea to sea. Leaving Luss behind us, we enter, ere quitting the lakes, on what is unmistakably the low country. The framework of the land before us and on either hand, with that of about one-half the lower islands of Loch Lomond, is all formed of the Old Red Sandstone; and what Byron would perhaps term the ‘domestic beauties’ of the prospect,—swelling hills ploughed to the top, green lanes, rich meadows, and woods whose rectilinear edges still tell of the planter’s line,—bear evidence to the fact. The land, however, is that of Buchanan and of Smollett. Both were born on the Old Red Sandstone here; and the latter, in his well-known description of the lake, in *Humphrey Clinker*,—the product of a time when descriptions of Scottish scenery were less common than they are now,—places in the foreground, in a style unmistakable from their truth, the features of this Lowland formation, which, in his age, was unfurnished with a name. ‘I have seen,’ he says, ‘the Lago di Garda, Albano, De Vico, Bolsena, and Geneva, and, upon my honour, prefer Loch Lomond to them all,—a preference which is certainly owing to the verdant islands that seem to float upon its surface, affording the most enchanting objects of repose to the excursive view. Nor are the banks destitute of beauties which even partake of the sublime. On this side they display a variety of woodland, corn-fields, and pasture, with several agreeable villas emerging, as it were, out of the lake, till, at some distance, the prospect terminates in huge