

mountains covered with heath. Everything here is romantic beyond imagination: the country is justly termed the Arcadia of Scotland.' In the corn-fields here, the woodlands, and the pastures, we recognise the *Lowland* features of the Old Red placed prominently in the foreground; and in the huge mountains in the distance, the bolder *Highland* features of the clay-slate and the mica-schist. In still journeying southwards, we skirt the banks of the Leven,—the stream which connects the waters of the lake with those of the Clyde, and which, for the greater part of its course, runs over an Old Red Sandstone of the same age as that of Balruddery, Carmylie, and Turin, and which presents as its characteristic organism, the Cephalaspis. And nowhere in Scotland, as is well shown in Smollett's classical Ode, is there a more thoroughly Lowland river.

' Pure stream, in whose transparent wave
 My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
 No torrents stain thy limpid source,
 No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
 That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
 With white, round, polished pebbles spread.
 Devolving from thy parent lake,
 A charming maze thy waters make,
 By bowers of birch and groves of pine,
 And hedges flower'd with eglantine.'

Ere, however, closing our journey of a day, which introduces us to so interesting an epitome of the scenery of the primary rocks and the Scottish Highlands, we are startled in the midst of the low country by scenery which seems to be that of the Highlands repeated, but on a smaller scale, and, if I may so express myself, in a more *mannered* style. We pass over a narrow belt of the trap-rocks, which, like the stratified deposits of this part of the kingdom,—clay-slate and Old Red Sandstone,—runs from sea to sea, and which, including in its range the Campsie and the Ochil hills, is here represented by the 'picturesque