

Our British cataracts and waterfalls are greatly inferior in magnificence to those of Switzerland or the United States, but some of them possess a quiet picturesque beauty which is far more winning. The *Falls of the Clyde*, for instance, though only on a miniature scale, exhibit those sylvan charms which poet and painter know so well how to appreciate. They are three in number—the Stonebyres, Corra Linn, and Bonnington Falls; of these the Corra Linn is the grandest. Here the river rushes over a declivity, 84 feet high, into a sheltered basin hollowed out of the rock, whose sides are richly clothed with wood. As the bed of the stream is encumbered with crags, the waters now sweep through a narrow gulf with measureless violence—now dimple and circle in quiet glassy pools—now flash around and around in ceaseless eddies—everywhere presenting some fresh point of beauty.

Near Crathie, the stream of the *Garr-vall*, or Garrawalt, a tributary of the Dee, forms a noble waterfall, which cannot be seen without an emotion of admiration. The *Linn of Muick*, near Ballater, is a cascade with only 36 feet depth of fall, but the surrounding scenery gives it an imposing character. A streamlet which flows into Dhu Loch makes a bold and resplendent leap of fully 200 feet.

Near Moffat are the famous *Falls of Devon*, where the river tumbles and flashes through a rocky ravine, in a series of abrupt descents; the first of 34 feet, and the second of 44 feet; in addition to a confused whirl of eddies, and roaring rapids, and natural sluices, which bewilder the spectator with their incessant motion and strange wild noises.

Superior in grandeur, however, are the *Falls of the Foyers*, a tributary of Loch Ness. The stream runs chiefly along a deep and narrow glen, with wild mountainous barriers on either hand, until, within a mile and a half of its mouth, it forms two falls of a splendidly picturesque character, with romantic accompaniments of rock and wood, chasm and precipice. The upper fall is a leap of about 40 feet; from thence to the lower fall the river descends an incline of a quarter of a mile in length, with a gradient of 30 feet; the lower measures about 90 feet. Professor Wilson, no incompetent judge, speaks of these Falls as “the most magnificent cataract, out of all sight, in Britain;” and they have also been celebrated by the poet Burns:—\*

“ Among the heathy hills and ragged woods,  
The roaring Foyers pours his mossy floods,  
Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,  
Where, through a shapeless breach, his stream resounds.  
As high in air the bursting torrents flow,  
As deep-recoiling surges foam below,  
Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,  
And viewless Echo’s ear, astonished, rends.  
Dim-seen, through rising mists, and ceaseless showers,  
The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding, lowers;  
Still through the gap the struggling river toils,  
And still below the horrid caldron boils.”

At the *Rumbling Bridge*, near Dunkeld, the river Bran takes a sheer leap of about 85 feet into a gloomy and precipitous chasm, where the tortured waters seethe and boil with a wonderful commotion.

\* [Burns, “Poetical Works:” *Lines Written with a Pencil at the Fall of Foyers.*]