

Reference may also be made to the *Falls of Tummel*. The river itself is described by Mrs. Brunton as "of all rivers the most truly Highland—impetuous, melancholy, and romantic—foaming among the fragments that have fallen from mountains which seem to have been cleft for its course." The fall—which is, in truth, not one unbroken descending sheet of water, but a series of rapids and leaps terminating in a bold headlong bound of eighteen feet—has been accurately delineated by MacCulloch:—"Its rare and peculiar merit is, that it is beautiful in itself, and almost without the aid of its accompaniments. Though the water breaks white almost throughout, the foams are so graceful, so varied, and so well marked, that we can look at it long without being wearied by monotony, and without attending to the surrounding landscape. Whether low or full—whether the river glides transparent over the rocks to burst in foam below, or whether it descends like a torrent of snow from the very edge—this fall is always various and always graceful. The immediate accompaniments are, however, no less beautiful and appropriate; and the general landscape is at the same time rich and romantic—nothing being left to desire to render this one of the most brilliant scenes which our country produces."

In truth, almost every Highland glen has its cascade, or waterfall, or "louping linn," filling its recesses with a grand or tender music, and lighting up the landscape with the sheen of rainbows and the glory of sparkling waters. Their general character has been finely described by Clough, in a poem which ought to be more widely known, for where it is known it cannot fail to charm. The reader will perhaps forgive us for breaking up our narrative with another quotation:—†

"Broad and fair the stream, with occasional falls and narrows;
But, where the glen of its course approaches the vale of the river,
Met and blocked by a huge interposing mass of granite,
Scarce by a channel deep cut, raging up, and raging onward,
Forces its flood through a passage so narrow a lady would step it.
There, across the great rocky wharves, a wooden bridge goes,
Carrying a path to the forest; below, three hundred yards, say,
Lower in level some twenty-five feet, through flats of shingle,
Stepping-stones and a cart-track cross in the open valley.
But in the interval here the boiling pent-up water
Frees itself by a final descent, attaining a basin
Ten feet wide and eighteen long, with whiteness and fury
Occupied partly, but mostly pellucid, pure, a mirror;
Beautiful there for the colour derived from green rocks under;
Beautiful, most of all, where heads of foam uprising
Mingle their clouds of white with the delicate hue of the stillness.
Cliff over cliff for its sides, with rowan and pendent birch boughs."

Nor is England, though less plentifully endowed in this respect than her northern sister, without the beauty of the waterfall. In Devonshire and Derbyshire are many picturesque cascades; and the chines of the Isle of Wight are mostly occupied, as they were originally excavated, by leaping, tumbling, and flashing streams, which, at Shanklin and Blackgang, descend from a considerable elevation.

* [Dr. J. MacCulloch, "Highlands and Western Islands of Scotland" (ed. 1824).]

† [A. H. Clough, "The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich," p. 115 (ed. 1863).]