occur, during which most of the passengers, and myself too, at last became sick, we found a

ful contrast in the tranquillity and glossy smoothness of the North, and the warmth of the atmos-

phere. I continued in Edinburgh 10 days, and then

focusing over to Glasgow, and staying some days, I

set out for Loch Lomond, Rob Roy's cave, the

Highlands, Loch Katrine, and the Trossachs,

returning by Callander, Doune, and Heling to

Edinburgh. Down the Firth in a steamer.

I stayed two or three days between Loch Lomond

Loch Katrine, among the mountains, is a house

or rather a cluster of buildings, called the Garrison,

which had been built 120 years ago, as a

station for troops to keep in check the wild

classmen of those times, and subdue them to

the English power. The garrison is about a

mile from Rob's cave, and from a spot where

they tell us his house formerly stood. One object

in staying here was to be for some time in the

country of the Shepherds, whom I visited in this