

Walter Scott's romantic poem, as every reader knows, the Lord of the Isles is one person and the Lord of Lorne is another. That was at the beginning of the fourteenth century, when King Robert Bruce suddenly returned from his Irish exile, and appealed to Scottish patriotism to cast off the English yoke. Neither the Macdonald of Lorne, who took part against him, nor the Macraon, Lord of the Isles, who brought all the islanders to aid Bruce's landing in Ayrshire, has an hereditary representative in the house of Argyll. The founders of this were the Campbells of Loch Awe; and their territorial lordship, once invested with all but sovereign prerogatives, arose under political conditions totally different from those of the age when a victory of the Norwegian kingdom ruled the Hebrides, while a Celtic chieftain in Lorne asserted his independence against the Lowland kingdom of Scotland. It is true that the Macdonalds and Macraons had a common ancestor, Somerled, Thane of Argyll, in the twelfth century. It is true that to the present Duke of Argyll and Marquis of Lorne belong also the barony of Mull; and that the Duke is proprietor of Iona, which was anciently esteemed the metropolis of the northern isles. It is most certain that the new Marchioness of Lorne "will send a gleam of hope" everywhere about her future home. And it is probable, if she love yachting as well as the Queen her mother did at her age, that she will sometimes visit even the remotest Hebrides, whose wonderful scenery, awful and beautiful, with the grandest combined effects of rocks and clouds and mighty ocean, has never been described with more poetic force and feeling than in the book we have just read. But we trust the Princess now made Lady of Lorne will never embark in such a crank vessel as the Ocean Queen or the Tern, which Mr. Buchanan and his comrades navigated through those perilous firths and sounds of the West British Archipelago; and whenever she puts forth "round the Rhin," may it be in a well-appointed steamer and in the calmest and fairest weather!

The subject of our present notice is confined to the shores of Lorne and Morven, two distinct parts of the Argyllshire mainland, separated by the broad firth which terminates in Loch Linnhe, at the entrance to the Caledonian Canal; with the large island of Mull, situated opposite both those shores, due west of Lorne and south-west of Morven, and with the sacred little island of Iona, or Icolmkill, which lies, with Staffa near it, outside the south-west promontory of Mull. All these places, for the reasons above mentioned, having regard to existing territorial and titular privileges of the Dukes of Argyll, may fairly be taken into account upon the occasion of his eldest son's marriage to Princess Louise. Their features of natural beauty and historic interest abundantly reward the trouble of description.

The Duke of Argyll's seat, Inverary Castle, near the head of Loch Fyne, which stretches far inland along the south-eastern side of Lorne, is shown in another page. It is distant but sixteen miles from the eastern bank of Loch Awe, that mighty sheet of water, supplied by innumerable rivulets and brooks from the surrounding mountains, which Mr. Buchanan aptly calls "The Heart of Lorne." Loch Awe, its lower extremity gemmed with lovely green islets, and commanded by the huge mass of Ben Cruachan, with its heather-clad flanks and ruddy peaks aloft, must have a separate illustration next week. The best account of it may be read in Mr. P. G. Hamerton's delightful little book, "A Painter's Camp in the Highlands," for he lived through all seasons on an islet of Loch Awe, studying to depict its scenery with pencil and pen. This lake discharges itself northward by a deep and swift river into Loch Etive, and thence into the sea. The "Shepherds," as one might guess, are the guardian mountains of Etive. At one end of Loch Awe, which lies directly under Ben Cruachan, is the confluence of two streams flowing from the north-east—from that central region of Scotland, the watershed of all the Highland country, around the hills between Glen Lyon and Glenorchy, whence descend so many rivers both into the Atlantic and the German Ocean. Where Glenorchy and Glenstrae open together into the basin of Loch Awe, stands the ruined Castle of Kilchurn, which our Artist has sketched. It is an object of the greatest interest, especially at this moment, in reference to the noble family of Campbell, henceforth allied by a happy marriage with the Royal family of Great Britain. For this was the ancient seat of the "Knights of Lochow." They were the heirs of a younger son of the great Celtic family of Diarmid, who went to Normandy, won fame and fortune there as a soldier, and married the heiress of Beauchamp or Campus Bellus, niece to the Duke, William the Conqueror's father; this Macdiarmid's son, Gillespie, settled among his kinsfolk in Argyllshire; and his son, Duncaan, marrying the daughter of Dugald Cruachan, Thane of Lochow, before the close of the eleventh century, became the great Campbell of Lochow. The whole clan of O'Duibhne, or Sliocht Dhairmid, assumed the name of Campbell in token of their connection with this powerful chief. The title of Mac Callum More, Son of the Great Campbell, has been worn by the head of this family since the time of the first Sir Colin Campbell, a renowned statesman and warrior, knighted by King Alexander III. in 1280. It was one of these knights of Lochow or Loch-awe, about 1443, who built the old tower still forming part of the remains of Kilchurn Castle; and about the same time the title of Lord Campbell, with the delegated Royal jurisdiction of Argyll, was bestowed by King James II. Hence there is no more significant monument than Kilchurn of the rise of the house of Argyll.

"The ruin," observes Mr. Buchanan, "stands at the end of the lake, on a rock which was originally an island, but is now a sort of peninsula, connected by a flat alluvial meadow with the higher shore; and, though its stones have been outrageously plundered to supply materials for a church and an inn at Dalnallyn, though every scrap of wood it ever contained has been pilfered and burnt, enough of the old place still remains to spiritualise the whole landscape, a few crumbling walls being enough for the purpose in all such cases. Built originally at the time of the Crusades, and occupied by a British garrison so late as 1745, Kilchurn still abides, and will abide for many a year to come, if not altogether demolished by the hand of man. Time has dealt gently with it, merely pencilling the walls with soft lichens and golden moss; and so far as time is concerned, it may be a ghost in the moonlight for a thousand years to come.

"Kilchurn, though beautiful exceedingly in dead-still summer weather, appears to most advantage when the wind is high and the waters wild. On some dark day, when Cruachan is black with shadow and the raincloud driving past, when the loch is broken into great waves with crest-like head and hollows black as ink, and when the wild lines of the rain shoot down in light over the old ruin, Kilchurn becomes a spirit; indeed, the almost human centre of the scene. Wild mist clouds the gorges of the Pass of Awe, the wind moans in the blackness of Cruachan, and Kilchurn, with the waves lashing at its feet, stares through the air like a human face, strangely relieved against the dazzling greenness of the meadow which links it to the land. What are all the effects of moonlight compared to that desolate look of loneliness and woe, mingled with secret strength to resist the elemental

strife! Truly does the old ruin remain paramount, while mountains, torrents, lakes, and woods unite to pay it homage. It is the most perfect foreground possible for a mountain picture, forming not only a poetic centre of human interest, but a fine scale wherewith to measure the mighty proportions of the hills, and the vast expanse of troubled water."

This place was visited in 1803 by Wordsworth and his sister. It is described in her diary as "a most impressive scene; a ruined castle on an island (for an island the flood had made it) at some distance from the shore, backed by the cove of the mountain Cruachan, down which came a foaming stream. The castle occupied every foot of the island that was visible to us, appearing to rise out of the water. Mists rested upon the mountain side, with spots of sunshine." This poet's fine "Address to Kilchurn Castle" is well known, beginning

Child of loud-throated war! the mountain stream
Roars in thy hearing; but thy hour of rest
Is come, and thou art silent in thy age;
Save when the winds sweep by, and sounds are caught
Ambiguous, neither wholly thine nor theirs.
What art thou, from care
Cast off, abandoned by thy rugged sire
Nor by soft Peace adopted?

The same question might be poetically addressed to Dunstaffnage and Dunolly, which our Artist has represented, the two old castles on the Lorne coast, near Oban; and to the ruins of Ardtornish, on the coast of Morven, which belonged to the Lord of the Isles five or six hundred years ago. Ardtornish Castle was not, in fact, built till 1340, though Sir Walter Scott has made its festal halls, prepared for the marriage of Edith of Lorne to Ronald of the Isles, the opening scene of his chivalrous romance, the date ascribed to its events being 1307. The situation of this ancient feudal stronghold, at the south-eastern entrance to the narrow Sound or Strait of Mull, is highly picturesque; on one hand is a range of steep rocks or cliffs, overhanging the sea; on the other is the mouth of Loch Alline, a small salt-water lake, the banks of which are fringed with copse-wood. It looks up and down the Sound, to Aros and Duart, other fortresses of the Lord quite under his command. He used, no doubt, to levy a considerable toll upon all vessels going that way. The outer course, round the island of Mull to the west, is circuitous, and often dangerous for small craft, though it takes Iona on its way.

Dunstaffnage, overlooking Connel Ferry, where Loch Etive pours its furious cataract of waters over a ledge of rocks into the sea, meeting the flood tide with a roar that can be heard for miles, is a place of great historical importance. It was the capital of the primitive Scottish nation; but that was in times when the natives of what is now called Scotland, being of very different race, had no notion that their posterity would ever bear the name of Scots. It was not until the conquest of the Picts, in the eastern country, by the Scots, or western people of Irish race, which occurred about the middle of the ninth century, that the capital of the Scottish kingdom was transferred to a more central site in Perthshire. It was in like manner fixed afterwards at Dunfermline, and finally at Edinburgh. The stone called in Gaelic "Lia Fail," upon which the Scottish Kings were crowned, had been brought from Ireland to Iona, several centuries before; it had been brought again from Iona to Dunstaffnage; it was then removed to Scone Abbey, near Perth, where it served in the coronation of many Kings of Scotland, till Edward I. carried it off to Westminster Abbey; and there it still remains, a portion of the sacred chair in which all the Sovereigns of Great Britain, to Queen Victoria, have sat for the same ceremonial. During the English usurpation, the rightful King of Scotland being an exile, the castle of Dunstaffnage was seized by the Macdougall, Lord of Lorne, who was a partisan of our King Edward. It was recovered a few years later by Robert Bruce, after his victory in the Pass of Awe. It yet belongs nominally to the Crown, and the Duke of Argyll has the title of its keeper; but the real owner is Sir Donald Campbell. Part of the building which remains visible is ascribed to the thirteenth century, with subsequent repairs and additions. It stands on a lofty precipice of conglomerate rock, scarped on all sides to the perpendicular; the access is by a flight of steps, leading up to a wooden platform, formerly a movable drawbridge, from which the vaulted portal is entered, to the inner court. Sir Walter Scott, in his poem, describes a similar approach to Ardtornish Castle. Not much is left of Dunstaffnage, a fire in 1715 having destroyed most of the old building. It is about 300 ft. in circumference; the walls are 9 ft. thick, and were 66 ft. high, forming an irregular four-sided structure, each corner rounded, with round towers at three of the corners. Near the castle is an antique Gothic chapel, with a burial-ground, in which kings and chieftains have been laid. Dunstaffnage has a grand prospect across Loch Linnhe to the Morven shore, over the long, low island of Lismore.

Dunolly Castle, upon a bold promontory at one side of the bay of Oban, is the subject of another sketch. This was the proper ancestral seat of the original Lords of Lorne, the descendants of Dougal, one of the two sons of Somerled, killed in battle at Renfrew, 1164; and Dunolly is still the property of a gentleman named Macdougall. "The principal part that remains," says Sir Walter Scott, "is the donjon or keep; but fragments of other buildings, overgrown with ivy, attest that it had once been a place of importance, as large, apparently, as Ardtornish or Dunstaffnage. These fragments inclose a courtyard, of which the keep probably formed one side; the entrance being by a steep ascent from the neck of the isthmus, formerly cut across by a moat, and defended, doubtless, by outworks and a drawbridge. Beneath the castle stands the present mansion of the family, having on the one hand Loch Etive, with its islands and mountains, on the other, two romantic eminences tufted with copsewood. There are other accompaniments suited to the scene; in particular, a huge upright pillar, or detached fragment, of that sort of rock called plum-pudding stone, upon the shore about a quarter of a mile from the castle. It is called Clach-na-can, or the Dog's Pillar, because Fingal is said to have used it as a stake to which he bound his celebrated dog Bran. Others say that, when the Lord of the Isles came upon a visit to the Lord of Lorne, the dogs brought for his sport were kept beside this pillar. Upon the whole, a more delightful and romantic spot can scarce be conceived; and it receives a moral interest from the consideration attached to the residence of a family once powerful enough to confront and defeat Robert Bruce, and now sunk into the shade of private life."

This is the place to speak of the famous "Brooch of Lorne," a jewel of much historic and romantic interest, the pattern of which is shown in an illustration at page 281. It will be remembered how, in Scott's "Lord of the Isles," the chieftain of Lorne, to provoke his unwelcome guests, bids his minstrel Ferrand sing at the banquet in Ardtornish Castle, in presence of Robert Bruce, an insolent song of triumph concerning this trophy of the fight near Teyndrum:—

Moulded thou for monarch's use
By the overweening Bruce,
When the royal robe he tied
O'er a heart of wrath and pride;

Thence in triumph wert thou torn
By the victor hand of Lorne!

The real brooch is not "of ourning gold," but of silver set with pearls. It consists of a circular plate, 4 in. in diameter, with a buckle on the under side. The upper side has a rim indented with battlements, like the wall around a fortress, within which rise eight round projections, an inch and a quarter high, probably intended to represent the towers inclosed by the wall. Each of these is surmounted with a Scottish river pearl. A second rim or inner wall, ornamentally carved, surrounds an eminence of circular form, but moulded into eight semi-cylinders. It is the "keep" of the castle, which stands higher than the eight outer towers. This is hollow, forming a case or locket to hold any small article of value. Its cover is elegantly adorned with a large gem on the summit. The brooch was that which fastened the plaid of Robert Bruce, crowned King of Scotland in 1306, when he was driven by the English forces into the west country. The Lorne Macdougalls, his bitterest enemies, met and fought with him at Dalree, or Dalrigh, or "The King's Field," in Glen Dochart, on the borders of Perthshire and Argyll. The followers of King Robert got the worst of the fight, but the King himself escaped. Alexander Macdougall, the chief of Lorne, was nephew to John Comyn, whom Bruce had stabbed at the altar of the Greyfriars' Church, in Dumfries. He had sworn to kill Bruce in revenge. It is said that in this conflict he had a personal struggle with the warrior King, who struck him down with his famous battle-axe, and would have slain him, but that two of Lorne's vassals, the MacKeochs, a father and son, rescued him by seizing Bruce's plaid or mantle, and so dragging the King aside. Another version of the story is that three MacKeochs, brothers, who were sons of the Lorne chieftain's doorkeeper, threw themselves at once upon Bruce, as he rode on horseback in the rear of his party; the rear being then the post of danger, with their enemies in pursuit behind. Bruce chopped off the arm of the first brother, who had grasped his bride, held down with his foot the second, who had laid hand on a stirrup, and slew him also while dragging him along the road; meanwhile, the third MacKeoch had got upon the horse's crupper, to stab the King from behind. The King's cloak, with its brooch, was pulled off and fell in the road; but the unlucky rascal, presently seized by Robert and lifted to the front of the saddle, had his brains knocked out in another moment. In whichever manner the brooch was lost, it was picked up afterwards by the Macdougalls, who kept it as a trophy, and subsequently as a family relic, more than 300 years. In the civil wars of the seventeenth century they took part with King Charles I.; their castles of Dunolly and Goalen were besieged, in 1647, by detachments of General Leslie's troops, on the Covenanters' side. With these was Campbell of Inverawe, who made spoil of the silver brooch; and it was long kept quietly by his descendants, kinsmen of the house of Argyll. The Macdougalls, in the last century, underwent great changes of fortune, losing their estates in 1715 by their attachment to the Stuarts, but regaining them in 1745 by their loyalty to King George. They did not, perhaps, know what had become of the ancient heirloom of their princely forefathers. It was supposed to have been destroyed in a fire which burnt down one of their houses, as stated in the notes to Sir Walter Scott's poem. But about the year 1819 one of the Campbells of Inverawe, being the owner of the brooch under a distribution of the goods of his family, died, leaving orders in his will for its sale and division of the money between his children. It was offered for sale in London, and the Prince Regent bid £500 for it (he ought to have presented it to Sir Walter), but the trustees would not take less than £1000. Six years later, "in 1825, the late amiable General Campbell, of Lochneil, being anxious to bestow some mark of grateful regard on his esteemed friend and neighbour Macdougall, purchased the brooch, and caused it to be presented to that gentleman by his chief, the Duke of Argyll, at a social meeting of the landholders of the county." It thus, after an interval of more than a century and a half, found its way back to the family who, next to King Robert and his heirs and representatives, were certainly its most rightful owners. It is at present kept with great care at Dunolly Castle.

We are indebted for all these very interesting particulars to a little book entitled "The Clan Campbell and the Marquis of Lorne," just published by Mr. John Hogg, York-street, Covent-garden, and by Menzies and Co., of Edinburgh and Glasgow. The living chief of the Lorne Macdougalls, descended from "mighty Somerled" and a daughter of Olaus, Norse King of Man and the other Isles, is Charles Allan Macdougall, Esq., of Dunolly Castle, a Captain in the Bengal Staff Corps, brother of the late Captain Alexander John Macdougall, R.A., who died in 1867, and son of the late Sir John Macdougall, K.C.B., Vice-Admiral R.N., deceased in 1865. This gentleman—not the Marquis—is the hereditary representative of the Lords of Lorne. We refer to Sir Bernard Burke's "Genealogical and Heraldic History of the Landed Gentry."

The island of Mull, thirty miles long and twenty broad in some parts, but curved and indented to a very irregular shape, is separated from the Lorne coast, at Oban (with Kerrera lying in front of Oban), by its firth, ten or twelve miles in width; but from the Morven coast, towards the north, it is divided only by a strait, varying from one mile wide to three. Sailing or steaming up this channel, named the Sound of Mull, to the small seaport town of Tobermory, at its north-west extremity, you pass Ardtornish to the right hand, and Duart Castle, the stronghold of the Macleans, renowned in Ossian's heroic poetry, to the left, besides the ruins of Aros, and other relics of feudal or barbaric power. There is the "Lady's Rock," where a Maclean once exposed his wife, a daughter of the second Earl of Argyll, to be drowned by the flowing tide. The shore of Mull here is flat and low, but its westward mountains, and the cliffs of its southern coast, have a grand and imposing aspect. One remembers Dr. Johnson and Boswell here, with the pleasant anecdotes of their tour just a hundred years ago.

Iona and Staffa—one the consecrated abode of St. Columba, the other a geological marvel of science and natural beauty—lie not many miles from each other, off the south-west coast of Mull. We have nothing to say of Fingal's Cave on this occasion, any more than of the Giant's Causeway, on the Irish coast far to the south. It is remarkable that nobody took any notice of these wondrous basaltic pillar structures till comparatively recent times. Iona, its topography, scenery, and historical antiquities, with the devout life, the ecclesiastical position, and religious mission of its great inhabitant, from A.D. 563 to A.D. 597, have been described by the Duke of Argyll in a little book (published by Strahan and Co.), consisting of several essays written for *Good Words*. He is proprietor of the sacred spot, with its ruins of St. Mary's Cathedral, St. Martin's Cross, and St. Oran's Chapel, with the site of the primitive monastery, the cemetery of ancient Scottish Kings, and the remains of a nunnery, founded in the thirteenth century, long after the monks had been slaughtered and the place laid waste by savage Norwegian pirates. The oldest of these buildings still visible, St. Odhrain's or St. Oran's