

OBSERVATIONS,
RELATIVE CHIEFLY TO
PICTURESQUE BEAUTY,
Made in the Year 1776,
ON
Several Parts of Great Britain;
PARTICULARLY THE
HIGH-LANDS of SCOTLAND.

V O L. I.

S E C O N D E D I T I O N.

By WILLIAM GILPIN, A. M.

PREBENDARY OF SALISBURY; AND

VICAR OF BOLDRE IN NEW-FOREST, NEAR LYMINGTON.

LONDON;

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TO THE
EARL HARCOURT.

MY LORD,

BESIDES your Lordship's great attachment to the polite arts, I have other reasons for placing your name before these papers. If you will accept this address as an instance of my gratitude, I leave it to the world to judge of it's propriety.

In perusing these remarks your Lordship will be pleased to recollect, they were written in the year 1776;

since which time many of the artificial scenes taken notice of in them, have probably undergone great improvement. In such instances I only shew how much has been done, by shewing how much was wanting.

The subject of these volumes, my Lord, is so nearly that of a late publication on the lakes, and mountains of Cumberland, that similar ideas must of course frequently occur. In this case I have endeavoured to vary my object by throwing different lights upon it---and to vary my remarks by throwing them on different circumstances.

In

In the work I have just alluded to, many thought my language too luxuriant---particularly a friend of your Lordship's, whose practice in versification makes his taste the more easily offended, when prose, deviating into poetical phrase, transgresses it's proper bounds. Your Lordship's correct judgment may probably likewise have taken offence on this head. I can only say, I endeavoured, as I could, to adapt my language to my subject; and as *picturesque description* was rather a novel mode of writing, I thought I had some little right to adopt my own. But as I find many of my friends disallow my apology, I submit; conscious that

no man is a proper judge in his own case. I have endeavoured therefore to make the following observations less liable to that objection.

But however justly I may have been censured on this head, I have heard other criticisms, founded on plain ignorance of the subject. Picturesque ideas lie not in the common road of genius and learning. They require perhaps a distinct faculty to comprehend them---at least they require more attention to the scenes of nature, and the rules of art, than men of letters in general, unless stimulated by a peculiar inclination, bestow upon them. Such men therefore are improper judges.

If

If your Lordship's name, and countenance can skreen me from critics of this kind, I shall rejoice at having secured myself behind so good a shield.

On the whole, if my remarks are so fortunate as to meet your Lordship's approbation; I have little doubt, but it will be an earnest of the approbation of the public. I am, my Lord, with great respect,

Your Lordship's obliged,

and most obedient

humble servant,

VICAR'S HILL,
APRIL 20, 1789.

WILLIAM GILPIN.

If your Lordship's name, and countenance can screen me from critics of this kind, I shall rejoice at having secured myself behind to good shield.

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Your Lordship's obliged,

and most obedient

humble servant,

Vicar's Hall,

WILLIAM GILPIN.

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E R R A T A .

V O L . I .

- Page 101. For, *the*, read *these*.
- 153. For, *taking*, read *taken*.
- 188. For, *but was formed then*, read, *but has been formed*.

V O L . II .

- 98. For, *is amusing*, read, *are amusing*.
- 120. For, *quicken'd*, read, *quicken'd*.
- 180. For, *the ground is woody*, read, *the ground is varied*.

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OBSERVATIONS

ON SEVERAL

Parts of GREAT BRITAIN;

PARTICULARLY THE

HIGHLANDS of SCOTLAND.

SECTION I.

IN this excursion we proposed to visit some of the more remarkable scenes in Scotland; and in our journey through England, some parts of it also, which we had not seen before.

Having passed the wild, open country of Enfield-chace, lately despoiled by act of parliament of it's trees; and having left the sweet woodlands of Hertfordshire; our views

became coarse, and unpleasant. The fatiguing uniformity of them was, here and there, just relieved by a distance; particularly at Alconbury-hill.

From hence among other remote objects, that large piece of water, called Whittlesey-mere, makes a considerable appearance, stretching into length, far to the right. You get a sight of it from other parts of the road; and if the foreground happen in any degree to rise, you may see perhaps a point of land pushing out into the water: but, in general, it appears only a long narrow slip, without form. The eye however makes some judgment of it's length, which is two leagues; tho none of it's breadth, which is at least one. It's dimensions are larger than most of the Cumberland lakes; yet through it's want of accompaniments, it's flat shores, and vile neighbourhood of fens, and marshes, of which it is the great drain, few travellers desire to see more of it than is exhibited from the road.

To the inhabitants of it's shores however it is a great source both of *use*, and *amusement*. It abounds with fish: and the winds being more constant here, than in a lake surrounded with mountains, where they blow in gusts;
and

and eddies, a boat is more manageable, and sailing a more agreeable amusement.

In Danish times Whittlesey-mere was considered as a great inland sea, and navigated only in cases of necessity. Camden tells us, from an old history of Ely, that it was once the scene of a great calamity. When Canute resided at Peterborough, his children, and others of the royal family, had occasion to go to the abbey of Ramsey. Whittlesey-mere lay directly in the way. Here they embarked; when *in the midst of their pleasant voyage, and their singing, and jollity, the turbulent winds, and a tempestuous storm arose*; their vessel foundered; and the greatest part of the royal family perished.

About the sixty-ninth stone, the view is beautifully confined by *Monk's woods*. As we approach Stamford, the country, tho every where full of little varieties, is on the whole rather flat.

From Stamford we visited Burleigh-house; which is a place of great magnificence. It

has no advantage of situation; being buried in the dip of a park, which indeed possesses no where much agreeable scenery. The house formerly was approached by descending avenues; which were as displeasing, as formality, and awkwardness could make them. Mr. Brown was employed to reform them; and if possible to give some air of elegance to the approach. Much he could not do. The situation of the house forbid; and the unaccommodating form of the park. Every thing however, that was disgusting he has removed. He has closed the avenues: he has varied the slopes; and has led the approach through a winding valley, in the very path, which nature would have chosen, as the easiest. The magic of these improvements is such, that it has given the house a new site. It appears, as you approach it, to assume even an elevated station. — But the *scenery* about Burleigh is not the object: it is the *house* chiefly which attracts the traveller.

Burleigh-house is one of the noblest monuments of British architecture in the times of Elizabeth; when the great outlines of magnificence were rudely drawn, but unimproved by taste. The architect, till lately,

was

was unknown; as indeed we know very little of the architects of those days. But the earl of Warwick has a book of original plans in his possession, by John Thorpe; from which it appears, that he was the architect of Burleigh-house. It is an immense pile, forming the four sides of a large court; and tho decorated with a variety of fantastic ornaments according to the fashion of the time, before Grecian architecture had introduced symmetry, proportion, and elegance into the plans of private houses, it has still an august appearance. The inside of the court is particularly striking. The spire is neither, I think, in itself an ornament; nor has it any effect; except at a distance, where it contributes to give this whole immense pile, the consequence of a town.

How far the fashionable array, in which Mr. Brown has dressed the grounds about this venerable building, agree with it's formality, and antique appendages, I dare not take upon me to say. A doubt arises, whether the old decoration of avenues, and parterres was not in a more *suitable* stile of ornament. It is however a nice question, and would admit many plausible arguments on both sides.

The rooms are fitted up in that rich, but solemn manner, which the magnificence of the house requires. Some of them indeed, which had been long disused, are now adorned in a lighter taste: but their uniformity is lost.—The grand stair-case, and many of the ceilings are painted by Verrio, who spent twelve years, we were informed, in this work; during which time he had a handsome pension; a table kept; and an equipage. Verrio was a man of extraordinary pomp; and had been so carested by Charles the second, that he thought himself a capital artist. He was a painter, as Mr. Walpole justly observes, whose *exuberant pencil was well adapted to adorn those public surfaces, on which the eye never rests long enough to criticize*: but he was certainly not worth the attention, which lord Exeter paid him; tho his works at Burleigh are confessedly the most correct of any he has left behind him.

Painted ceilings however are at best, I think, but awkward ornaments; not only as it is impossible to examine them without pain; but also as the foreshortening of the figures, which is absolutely necessary to give them any kind of effect, is so contrary to what we see

see in common life, that it is disgusting. Mr. Pope also, with his usual just taste, suggests another objection to them. He speaks of *the sprawling saints of Verrio, and Laguerre*: by which expression he seems to consider them as floundring in some strange medium, we know not what, which affords them no stable footing. Figures indeed represented *in the clouds*, are not so obvious to this exception. We can bear however to see such an artist as Verrio employed on a ceiling; but when we see a master, like Rubens, so engaged, it is mortifying.

Yet still a painted ceiling, if the colours are rich, and dark, adds a pleasing solemnity to these antique mansions: but we wish only for elegant, ornamental scrolls. It is merely the *general effect of the gloom* that pleases; as in a chapel we are soothed with that solemn light, which passes through painted glass; tho we wish neither for figures, nor any other form of creation.

In rooms of a lighter taste, as they are generally now fitted up in great houses, more airy ceilings are suitable. Lightness and gaiety in furniture is now the fashion; corresponding more perhaps with the manners

of the times. The manners of the great were formerly, reserved, grave, and dignified. Their apartments, of course contracted a more solemn air. They were hung with darker colours; to which the furniture was adapted. How far the manners of those days were more agreeable, I know not: but I have no scruple in giving the preference to their apartments. Awkwardnesses there might be, and certainly were: I speak only of their *general air*.

The pictures in Burleigh-house, of which there is great profusion, are highly valued. Indeed we seldom find a better collection. They are in general pleasing. In the chapel, which is adapted rather to *amusement*, than *devotion*, hang several very shewy pictures. Solomon's idolatry, and Moses in the rushes, both by Loti, are such. The altar-piece, by P. Veronese is more classical; but it is so deficient as a *whole*, that we could admire only some of the *parts*. Among these the head of St. James is wonderfully expressive. The death of Seneca by L. Giordano, is esteemed one of the best pictures in the collection: but in my opinion, it is wanting, both in *composition* and in *effect of light*. Either

of

of these requisites will contribute greatly to an agreeable whole: but when a picture is deficient in both, the eye cannot rest upon it with pleasure. The passion of grief is indeed well distributed among the attendants of the dying philosopher: but it is conveyed through the medium of very awkward characters.—

We must not leave this grand house without looking into the kitchen; which is a noble room; and decorated with the ensign armorial of hospitality, an immense carcase of beef well painted.

From Burleigh-house, we visited a more retired mansion, which this noble family possesses at Stamford. The family-vault there is a curious scene of the kind. Here lies the old statesman of queen Elizabeth; with a numerous race of his descendants collected around him. Even in these silent regions are found the vanities of dress. The ancients of the house are clad in plain lead and stone; but you trace the progress of fashion in the decorations of succeeding ages. Many, who came last from the upper regions, are adorned in crimson velvet, coronets, and lace; and figure

figure away in these cells of darkness. One would think the grave had little to do with vanity: but our foibles adhere to our last sand. It has ever been so.

_____ quæ gratia _____
_____ fuit vivis, _____
_____ eadem sequitur tellure repositos.

S E C T. II.

FROM Stamford we proceeded to Newark, through Colsterworth, a neighbourhood famous for giving birth to Sir Isaac Newton. This whole tract of country affords little that is amusing, till we come to *Gunnerfby-hill*; from whence we have a very extensive view. The grounds, on which the eye immediately falls, are level sheep-walks, with few interfections, but no way offensive. Distant views seldom enjoy this advantage. The near grounds, when cultivated, are always formal and disgusting. Here they were uncultivated and pleasing. Beyond the sheep-walks a vast stretch of flat country, enriched with a variety of indistinct objects, melts into the horizon. It consists only of the common features of a flat distance; but they are uncommonly broad, and ample.

Through

Through this country the Trent takes it's course, tho it rarely *appears* in any part. No river in England is subject to such wide, and lasting inundations: and on inspecting the map of the country, as it lay now before us, we wanted no geometrical level to convince us, that when the waters of this sluggish stream become once swoln, it's floods must be diffusive, and of long continuance: for there appears to be no where any descent to carry them off. The scenery before us was finely varied, when we surveyed it, by floating lights, which spreading over one part, and another, shewed us every part by turns. Nothing in landscape is more beautiful than these lengthened gleams. The Dutch masters who painted from a flat country, knew the force of their effect, and often introduced them.

When the distance consists, as it does here, of a vast *flat surface*, the painter cannot well manage it without these adventitious lights. It would be one heavy fatiguing tint. And yet *too many* of these gleams occasion what the artists call a *spottiness* in landscape. Two at most are sufficient: and if two, there should always be a subordination between them.

The

The nearer may be broader, and more vivid; leaving the more distant a mere strip.

When the distance, tho very extensive, is *not merely a flat*, but is varied with prominent parts, it may support it's consequence, tho the whole be in shadow. It will itself produce variety. A knoll may run out, of such conspicuous size, that according to the common rules of keeping, it will naturally be invested with a deeper tint, than the country, which lies beyond it: for as it's greater height intercepts a portion of that country, it is seen against a part more remote than itself; and will of course be tinted with a darker hue. Thus also the spot, or mote (which the eye conceives to be a castle, a clump of trees, or some other object in the distance,) is tinted with a darker touch; because in the same manner, it is seen against a country more remote than itself, and consequently lighter. Even the folding of rising grounds over each other, will produce the same effect. The nearer ground, intercepting a valley, will always appear darker. Tho the inaccurate observer therefore may think a distant landscape, when in shadow, might be represented by one broad dash of

equal

equal colour, excepting only what difference the gradation of shade occasions, he is mistaken. Simplicity and breadth are every where pleasing; and particularly in distance; but still, if the *inequalities of a surface* are not attended to, and marked by a discrimination, however slight, the picture may appear unnatural to an eye, which may not have knowledge enough in keeping, and the perspective of nature, to suggest a reason.

Under every circumstance a country retiring into remote distance, is among the most beautiful parts of landscape, and is a very pleasing study to a lover of nature. If he be a true disciple of nature; and attend closely to all her variations of weather—of seasons—of morning, and evening suns, he will discover, more and more, her magical secrets in the illumination of distant objects. He will see with what vivid touches of light she often marks each prominent part—nearly as vivid as those upon the foregrounds.—At the same time the shadows being suppressed, and every little detail, the object takes its proper place in the distance, notwithstanding its strong illumination.—Yet even in a distance he will observe a variety of little animated touches,

touches, which give it life, and spirit. He will study nature's mode of expressing these touches—the tuftings of the forest, the roughness of the mountain, and the stillness of the lake.—He will observe also what disposition of sky gives that cold blue tint to a removed country, which we sometimes see—what again gives it that clearness, in which the very delineation of every object may be discerned—and what throws over it that greyish tint, the sweetest of all hues that invest a distance; and gives it that amusing indistinctness, which leads the imagination of the spectator to

————— body forth

The forms of things scarce seen —————

Turn them to shape; and give to airy nothing

A local habitation —————

As we descended Gunnersby hill, and saw more around it, a distinct view of Belvoir-castle opened on the left: and we could have wished to have examined that noble repository of the works of eminent masters; but our time would not allow.

As we got more into the flat country, we found, that however qualified it's objects were, to melt into a beautiful distance, it contained nothing engaging on the spot. All the country through which the Trent flows, as far as we could command it from the great road, is unpicturesque.

Newark was formerly defended by a castle; which is now but an unpleasing ruin. It has more the appearance of a dwelling, than a fortress. It was once however a considerable place, and at the conclusion of the civil wars, sustained a siege of seven months from the whole Scotch army; during which period, in the necessity of the times, those shillings in the form of lozenges were stamped, which are now found in collections of old coins. They bear a crown on one side, inscribed C. R.; and on the other, mark the occasion of their being struck. Here also began that infamous treaty for the sale of the king, who had delivered himself into the hands of the Scotch army, of which the whole nation hath deservedly been ashamed ever since.

From

OBS:
NEWARK
1646

C
R
XII

From Newark the country still continues dreary and uninteresting. When the road happens to make any little rise, we had, far to the right, a distant view of Lincoln-cathedral, over the flats between it and the eye. It is so noble a pile, that it makes a respectable object at the distance of twenty miles. But this extraordinary appearance is owing to a mere deception: for tho' the eye considers it as standing in the plain; it stands in fact upon a hill; and the elevation of the ground being lost in the distance, all it's height is added to the church.—The whole country between Newark, and Lincoln is highly cultivated; and is famous for a breed of large sheep, and heavy horses, peculiar to itself.—A little after you pass Tuxford, you see the deception in the situation of Lincoln-cathedral. It appears there plainly to stand at the point of a long ridge of elevated land, rising above the flat country.

In this neighbourhood lie a cluster of great houses. Thoresby belongs to the celebrated

duchefs of Kingſton. We rode through the park, which has no advantages of ſituation. The houſe we found ſhut up by the duchefs's order.

Welbeck, the duke of Portland's ſeat, we did not ſee. It lay ſome miles out of the road.

Clumber-park, the ſeat of the duke of Newcastle, diſappointed us. We expected an old magnificent houſe, a park adorned with oaks, that had ſeen a fourth or a fifth generation of their noble owners; and other appendages of ancient grandeur. But every thing is new: the houſe is juſt built, the woods juſt planted; and the walks juſt planned. Clumber-park will hardly be worth a traveller's notice before the next century.

A few miles farther lies Workſop. This houſe is a ſingular inſtance of the ſpirit, perfeverance, and diſinterreſtedneſs, of it's proprietor, the duke of Norfolk. It had belonged formerly to the earls of Shrewsbury, and was gone much into decay. But the duke liking the ſituation; and conceiving it to be a good centre-houſe to his great eſtates in theſe parts, reſolved to reſtore it to it's ancient ſplendor. He was now in years; but for the advantage of his heir, the honourable Mr. Edward Howard,

Howard, he engaged in the work ; and having fitted it up in a very noble manner at the expence of thirty thousand pounds, he was just preparing to take possession of it: when on the 22d of October 1761, a fire left carelessly in the library, caught hold of the flooring of the apartment, and communicating itself with great rapidity to the other chambers, the whole edifice and all it's valuable furniture, pictures, and books were burnt to the ground. The loss was estimated at an hundred thousand pounds.

Such a catastrophe, one should have imagined, might have checked the duke's farther designs in building: but it only roused him. Almost before the ashes of the old house were cold, he engaged again in building a new one ; and taking his young heir in his hand, he laid the foundation-stone of a most magnificent pile on the 25th of March 1763. It was to consist of a centre, and two wings. With this work he went on so rapidly, that the centre part, as it now stands, which is itself a complete palace, extending three hundred feet, was finished in the year 1765. At that time Mr. Edward Howard dying, the

duke, who built only for him, dropt all farther thoughts of compleating his design.

The house stands in the midst of an extensive park : but we saw nothing, that tempted us to take more than a cursory view of it. The approach seemed easy, and beautiful.

A few miles from Worktop, on the borders of Yorkshire, lies Aston ; where Mr. Mason, with a generosity rather singular, has built at his own expence one of the most comfortable, and elegant parsonage-houses in England. The offices, shrouded with trees, stand separate from the body of the house, which being thus disincumbered, consists only of excellent apartments. In this sweet retreat we spent a day or two, and from thence made an excursion to Roche-abbey, a beautiful scene in the possession of the earl of Scarborough.

S E C T. III.

ROCHE-ABBEY stands in the centre of three vallies, each of which is about a mile in length; but otherwise their dimensions, as well as forms are different. One is open, another is close; and a third still closer, and rocky. All of them are woody, and each is adorned with it's little stream.

A very small part of the abbey remains; two fragments only of the transept of the great church. The architecture is rather of a mixed kind; but in general the Gothic prevails.

These ruins and the scenery around them were in the roughest state, when Mr. Brown was employed to adorn them. He is now at work; and has nearly half compleated his intention. This is the first subject of the kind he has attempted. Many a modern palace he has adorned, and beautified: but

a ruin presented a new idea ; which I doubt, whether he has sufficiently considered. He has finished one of the vallies, which looks towards Laughton spire : he has floated it with a lake, and formed it into a very beautiful scene. But I fear it is too magnificent, and too artificial an appendage, to be in unison with the ruins of an abbey. An abbey, it is true, may stand by the side of a lake ; and it is possible, that *this* lake may, in some future time, become it's situation ; when the marks of the spade, and the pick-ax are removed—when it's osiers flourish ; and it's naked banks become fringed, and covered with wood. In a word, when the lake itself is improved by time, it may suit the ruin, which stands upon it's banks. At present, the lake, and ruin are totally at variance.—The spire, which terminates this view, deserves particular notice, as a very beautiful piece of Gothic architecture, tho the ornament only of a country church. It is also one of the most extensive land marks in England ; and may, in some directions, be seen at the distance of fifty miles.

Mr. Brown is now at work in the centre part of the three vallies, near the ruin itself. He has already removed all the heaps of rubbish,

bish, which lay around; some of which were very *ornamental*; and very *useful* also, in uniting the two parts of the ruin. They give something too of more consequence to the *whole*, by discovering the vestiges of what once existed. Many of these scattered appendages also, through length of time, having been covered with earth, and adorned with wild brush-wood, had risen up to the windows, and united the *ruin to the soil*, on which it stood.—All this is removed: a level is taken, and the ruin stands now on a neat bowling-green, like a house just built, and without any kind of *connection* with the ground it stands on. There is certainly little judgment shewn in this mode of improvement. I do not mean to place Mr. Brown's works at Roche-abbey, and those of a late improver of Fountain's-abbey* in the same light. At Fountain's-abbey every thing was done with a childish hand. Here, every thing is manly, and in it's way masterly. The *character* only of the scene is mistaken. If Mr. Brown

* See observations on the mountains and lakes of Cumberland, &c. v. II. p. 183.

should proceed a step farther—pull down the ruin, and build an elegant mansion, every thing would then be right, and in it's proper place. But in a *ruin* the reigning ideas are *solitude*, *neglect*, and *desolation*. The environs of a house should partake of the elegance or grandeur of the mansion they adorn, *because* harmony and propriety require it. If there is force in *this* reason, it surely holds equally true, that a ruin should be left in a state of wildness, and negligence. Harmony and propriety require one, as much as the other.

Of what improvement then is the scenery of a ruin capable?

Of some no doubt. Tho we should not wish to adorn it with *polished nature*—tho the shorn lawn, the flowering shrub, and the embellished walk, are alien ideas; yet many things *offensive* may be removed. *Some part* of the rubbish, or of the brushwood may be out of place, and hide what ought to be seen. The ground, in many parts, may be altered, but discretely altered. A path may wind; but not such grand walks as are here introduced, rather for parade, than contemplation; and such certainly as the convent never knew,
even

even in it's highest state of prosperity. Trees also may be planted; and water may be introduced. But a sort of negligent air should run through the whole: and if art should *always be concealed*; it should here be *totally hid*. The precept conveyed in those beautiful lines, cannot be *too religiously* applied to scenes like these.

If art

E'er dares to tread; 'tis with unsandal'd foot,
Printless, as if the place were holy ground.

No sunk fence, or netted barrier, should restrain the flock. Let them browse within the very precincts of the ruin. It is a habitation forsaken of men, and resumed by nature; and tho nature do not require a *slovenly* path to walk in; yet she always wishes for one with *some degree of rudeness* about it.

If the mansion-house stand near the ruins you wish to adorn, the ruins themselves will then become only *appendages*. Neatness in part *must* be introduced. Yet still, even in this case, one should wish to have the ruins in a sequestered place, and less adorned, than the environs of a mansion ought to be.

There is another species of improvement, of which a ruin is susceptible; but it is of
the

the most delicate kind. Few ruins are exactly what we could wish. We generally find a *deficiency*, or a *redundancy*, as far as *composition* is concerned. The ruin we now consider, from the squareness, and uniformity of it's two parts, is heavy, uniform, and displeasing. The parts are elegant in themselves; but for want of contrast, they form a disagreeable whole. You can see them to advantage only from particular stands, where one part is thrown behind another in perspective. By the small alteration therefore of making either part *lower* or *higher*, you might improve the composition: but the operation would be exceedingly nice. No picturesque hand durst *take away*. But an addition might be made without much hazard; because what you *add*, you may likewise *remove*. The *beauty of the composition*, and the *harmony of the architecture* would be the two chief points to be attended to. The ruins of Roche-abbey might receive great beauty from the fragment of a tower. If this or any other prominent addition could happily be made, it would certainly have a good effect: but it would require great knowledge both of the ruin, and it's deficient appendages, to make it with propriety, and verisimilitude.

Of

Of the three vallies, which center in these ruins, I have mentioned one only, which Mr. Brown has yet improved. Both the others are beautiful: but one of them, which is a sort of rocky chasm, is *in it's natural state* so pleasing; that I should fear, every touch of art would be injurious.

I shall conclude these remarks on the improvement of ruins, with a few beautiful *images of desolation*, which the prophet Isaiah hath introduced in subjects of this kind. *His* ruins have their proper accompaniments. The passages I quote are interspersed in different chapters, but I shall bring them together in one view.

“It shall never be inhabited: neither shall the Arabian pitch his tent there; nor the shepherd make his fold. Thorns shall come up in it's palaces; nettles, and brambles in the fortresses thereof. The cormorant, and the bittern shall possess it. The raven shall dwell there. It shall be an habitation for dragons; and a court for owls. There the wild beasts of the desert shall meet. The satyr shall cry to his fellow. The screech-owl shall find herself a place of rest; and the vultures shall be gathered together, every one with it's mate.”

SECT.

Of the three values, which occur in this
 series, I have mentioned one only, which
 Mr. Brown has yet improved. Both the
 others are beautiful, but one of them, which
 is a sort of rocky chain, is in its natural state
 so pleasing that I should fear, every touch
 of art would be injurious.

I shall conclude these remarks on the im-
 provement of quins, with a few beautiful
 ways of *decoration*, which the proper *Latin*
 hath introduced in subjects of this kind. We
 think have their proper ornaments. The
 passages I quote are interspersed in different
 chapters, but I shall bring them together in
 one view.

That shall never be inhabited: neither shall
 the Arabian pass his time there; nor the
 shepherd make his fold. There shall come
 up to it palaces, towers, and battlements in
 the manner thereof. The compass shall
 be drawn about it. The trees shall
 be set there; he shall be an habitation for
 the deer; and a court for oxen. There the
 lion shall be in the desert shall meet. The
 lion shall be to his fellow. The crocodile
 shall be to his brother. And the
 unicorn shall be gathered together, every one
 with its mate.

S E C T. IV.

FROM Roche-abbey we proceeded to Wakefield, and from thence to Leeds, where we visited another scene of a similar kind, the ruins of Kirkstall-abbey, which belong to the duke of Montague.

Three miles from Leeds, the river Aire, taking it's course in an eastern direction, passes through a valley, which is about five miles in length, and one in breadth. The area of it is level. This form gives a sluggishness to the stream; which instead of sparkling over beds of pebbles, as the northern rivers commonly do; is adorned with reeds, and sedges, and water-lilies. The hills, which slope into the valley, descend in different directions: in some parts they are steep; but in general their descent is easy. Formerly, when

when this valley was the retreat of solitude, all these hills were covered with wood; which formed delicious bowers in various parts, and descending in clumps around the abbey, screened it from inclement blasts. Now these beautiful screens are removed: the abbey stands exposed; and the ancient limits of the woods are scarce marked by a few scattered trees. All the interval is divided into portions, and furrowed by the plough.

At the bottom of the valley, near the southern bank of the river, stand the ruins of the abbey; a very large proportion of which is still left. Almost the whole body of the great church remains, which seems to want little, except the roof. The tower is still entire; and the cross aisle. A variety of ruined buildings are scattered round, the uses of which are guessed at, rather than ascertained. Some of them are in sufficient repair to answer modern purposes. On the south are the traces of a beautiful Gothic cloister.

With regard however to the stile in general of the abbey of Kirkstall, and its picturesque form, but little can be said. It is composed of a sort of mixed architecture. Here and there you see a piece of Gothic has been added;

added; but in the greater part the Saxon heaviness prevails. The pillars in the nave are massy, and void of grace. The form too of the ruin is unpleasing. It is debased by the commonness of it. You have merely the shell of an old church. It is too perfect also. We rather wish for that degree of dilapidation, which gives conjecture room to wander; and the imagination some little scope. A certain degree of obscurity adds dignity to an object.

The precincts of the abbey were formerly surrounded by a wall, (as abbeys generally were) the vestiges of which may still be traced. The circumference of the whole is about a mile, drawn round in a semicircular form; the river completing the boundary on the south. In one part of this boundary, north-west of the abbey, stands a gate, which seems to have been the grand entrance. It is yet a considerable pile, and makes an excellent farm-house.

As we were examining the ruins, our guide pointed to a very narrow winding stair-case at the west end of the church, which led formerly to the roof. Into this stair-case, he told us, a cow, pushing herself probably at first,

first, to avoid the flies, at length gained the top; and was discovered by her owner, looking through the broken arch of a window, which he shewed us, where a narrow shelf had formerly supported the roof. The man had no expectation of seeing his beast again at the bottom without broken bones; but such was her dexterity, that with a very little assistance, she got down by the same narrow passage, by which she had ascended.—As this story belongs to the natural history of the place, I have recorded it: but rather, I must confess, with a view to discredit it, than to authenticate. There are so many stories told of cows climbing up narrow stair-cases, among ruins, that they destroy each other. One is told at Norwich; and I remember, at the abbey of Lanercost in Cumberland, a cow not only got up a narrow stair-case, but rang a bell at an unseasonable hour, by which she alarmed the whole neighbourhood. Why this unwieldy animal is fixed on for these feats of activity, I can assign no reason, but that it makes the story more wonderful.

From

From Leeds to Harrowgate, the landscape is seldom interesting: * but on crossing the river Need, we found ourselves in a very pleasant country. Few villages stand more agreeably than Ripley.

The passage over the mountains of Stainmore has very little in it that is amusing, till we come to a flat, near the close of it; where, tradition says, Maiden-castle formerly stood; tho no vestiges of it now remain.

From this elevated ground the eye commands a noble sweep of mountain-scenery. The hills sloping down, on both sides, form a vast bay of wide, and distant country, which consists of various removes, and is bounded at length by the mountains of Cumberland. The lines are elegant, and the whole picturesque, as far as a distance, enriched neither by wood, nor any other object, can be so. The scene, tho naked, is immensely grand. It has a good effect in it's present state, uniting a dreary distance with the dreary country, we had passed; and the wild foreground, on which we stood. We might perhaps have a better

* See an account of this country, in vol. II. p. 204, of Observations on the lakes and mountains of Cumberland, &c.

effect, if the distance were more enriched. The beauties of *contrast* would then succeed happily to those of *uniformity*—at least, if the middle ground, or second distance, were somewhat rough; and the landscape proceeded gradually from that roughness into a rich distance.

Appelby-castle, Brougham-castle, and other parts of the road, between Appelby and Penrith (which is in general pleasing) afforded us many views; but we had travelled the country before: as we had likewise the country about Carlisle.*

* See Observations on the lakes, &c. vol. II.

S E C T. V.

AT Longtown, which is seven miles beyond Carlisle, we crossed the Eſk; and ſoon entered Scotland, taking the Langham road to Edinburgh. The Eſk is properly a Scottish river, flowing along a ſmall part only of the English border; but along a conſiderable part of the Edinburgh road. In a few miles it is joined by the Liddel, and at the confluence of theſe ſtreams a ſort of promontory is formed, on which ſtand the ruins of a fort, called in the country the *Strength of Liddel*. It is ſuppoſed to have been a Roman ſtation, and was once the curb of the country. It commands a very extenſive view, which preſents, if not a picture, at leaſt a map well adapted to military ſpeculation.

In after times, when other oppreſſors ſucceeded thoſe of Rome, prevailing factions

of Picts, and Britons, Scots and English, had it alternately in possession. As contemptible as it now appears, it was twice besieged by royal armies; once under Edward the third of England; and again under David the second of Scotland. It is shocking to humanity that few of these places can be found, without some horrid tale annexed to them. When David took the place, he condemned the governor to death. That might be justice: but it could only be through the dictates of vengeance that he ordered his two sons to be butchered before his eyes, as he was led to execution. And yet David, according to Buchanan, was a prince *in omni virtutum genere, ac in primis clementia, memorabilis.*

In later ages this country wanted a stronger curb, than such a fortress as the *Strength of Liddel* could impose. It was an almost singular instance, in the history of civil society, that a paltry district, inhabited by clans of banditti, should continue in an independent state, between two powerful kingdoms; alike obnoxious to each, and not to be subdued by the police of both. Their captains lived in fortified castles; bad defiance to the power of a sheriff, and feared only the attack of regular

regular troops. The importance of these border-chiefs is well described in an old ballad, which does honour to Johnny Armstrong, who was in his day one of the most celebrated of them. This hero, having been sent for, in the year 1528, by James the fifth (who was then upon a progress to the borders,) came unexpectedly into the royal presence, magnificently apparelled, and attended by a numerous train of followers. The poet introduces him in this dignified manner :

When Johnny came before the king,
 With his eightscore men so gallant to see :
 The king he moved his bonnet to him,
 For he thought he'd been a king as well as he.

Numbers of the lower members of this plundering community were executed every year, both in England and Scotland; but no depopulation ensued. A livelihood from other men's labours, and an asylum from penal laws, were powerful incentives to the idle and profligate of both kingdoms; and fully repaired such casual depredations, as were annually made by the hand of justice.

In Edward the sixth's time, about the year 1552, the affair of the *debatable land*, as this country was called, seems to have been taken

into serious consideration. The plan was to divide it into two equal parts, that each kingdom might introduce order into its respective division. Commissioners for this purpose were appointed, and a letter is still preserved, in which the English commissioners inform the council, that *there be two small brooks in the debatable, the one called Hawburn, the other Woodhouseburn, whereof the former falleth into the river Sark, and the other into the river Esk; and they wish the division might be made from the mouth of one of these brooks to that of the other.** This division they explain by a plan sent along with their letter, *having, they say, three lines drawn across the debatable. The first towards the sea-side, expresseth the division, which the Scottish commissioners offered: the second, being the middle line, and named by us STELLATA LINEA, representeth the division, whereof we now write; and the third is that, which our commissioners offered to the Scots. The stellata linea seems to have been some abatement of what had been offered to the Scots; but the commissioners still think,*

* See Hayne's state papers, p. 120.

that rather than leave the matter undone, they should relent somewhat even of the said STELLATA LINEA, but so that the two houses of stone (the one being Sandy Armstrong's, the other Thomas Greme's) may be within the limits of the English debatable. How far this good work proceeded, does not appear; it is certain however, that it produced no effect; for throughout the reign of Elizabeth, we meet with numberless instances of the continuance of these border depredations. Sufficient employment perhaps could not be found for these borderers, in the infancy of arts and tillage, which certainly meliorate the manners of a savage people; and to a certain period at least, till luxury is introduced, supply the place of penal laws.

As we passed through the *debatable-land*, we were often amused with the sweet vallies of the Esk, which make the road generally pleasant, if not interesting. Most of these vallies are well wooded; and the trees, tho' far from what may be denominated *timber*, are yet sufficient to beautify the scene.

In one of these retreats stands Gilnoc-hall, the ancient castle of Johnny Armstrong.

We met with many of these little fortresses in different parts of the borders. They are commonly built in the form of square towers. The walls are thick: the apertures for light small. They are divided generally into three or four stories, each containing only one apartment. The lowest was the receptacle for cattle, which were driven into it in time of alarm. The family occupied the upper stories. As these towers were chiefly meant as places of security against the banditti of the country, the garrison had seldom more than the siege of an hour or two to sustain. They could bear therefore crowding together; and were not anxious about their magazines. If they were attacked by any of the neighbouring garrisons, they could make no defence.

Sir Robert Cary, earl of Monmouth, gives us an account, in his memoirs, written in the time of Elizabeth, of his manner of attacking one of these old towers. He was warden of the western march; and lay with his garrison at Carlisle; where hearing of an outrageous act committed by some Scotts, he pursued them with twenty horse. When he came

up with them, he found they had taken refuge in a tower. In this exigence his horse was of little use, except to prevent an escape. He sent therefore to Carlisle for a few foot, and *presently set them at work to get up to the top of the tower, and to uncover the roof, and then some twenty of them to fall down together; and by that means to win the tower.* The Scotts seeing their present danger, offered to parley; and opening the iron gate, yielded themselves to mercy.

Gilnoc-hall is probably what the commissioners call the *house of stone of Sandy Armstrong*. It has still a castle-like form: but it's situation, which is under a woody hill, is rather that of an abbey, than of a castle. As it had nothing however to do with the defence of the country; but only to take care of itself, a sequestered situation might suit it best.

Besides the Esk, we met with many rivulets; each of which in it's turn, hath run purple to the sea, with the blood of our ancestors. If the borders were subject to constant ravages in the time of peace, we may well suppose what they were in time of war.

war. The borderers were expert in all the arts of rapine, and plundering; and having on both sides a national antipathy, wanted only a pretence to indulge it. The ravages that were committed, when open hostility commenced between the two kingdoms, by the regular garrisons of both, were so ruinous, and so frequent, that we are astonished how countries so often desolated, could be worth plundering.

Among Haynes's state papers, we have the history of one of these irregular campaigns, in the time of Henry the eighth, under the title of *Exploits done upon the Scotts in the year 1544*. The first exploit was done on the 2d of July, and the last on the 17th of November. Between these two dates (which include little more than four months) is contained an account of ninety-seven different inroads into the borders of Scotland; which no doubt were repaid in kind by the Scotts; tho probably not in so full a measure. In each of these details the actors are specified, the time, the scene, the mischief done, and the booty obtained. As the paper is curious, two or three, out of the *ninety-seven exploits*, may be worth transcribing.

“ July

“ July 19. Mr. Clifford, and his garrison,
 “ burned a town, called Bedroul, with fifteen
 “ or sixteen steds; * whereby they have gotten
 “ three hundred nolt, † six hundred sheep,
 “ and much inside gear. § In their coming
 “ home they fought with lord Farnyhurst, and
 “ his company, and took him, and his son,
 “ with three busses, which lord Farnyhurst
 “ brought into the field with him.”

“ August 7. Sir Ralph Evers, with the
 “ garrisons of the middle marches of Tinedale,
 “ and Ridsdale, to the number of fourteen
 “ hundred men, rode, and burnt Jedworth,
 “ and Ancram-spittle, with two other towns,
 “ called East Nesbit, and West Nesbit; and
 “ won divers strong castle-houses, and slew
 “ all the Scottish men in the same to the
 “ number of eighty, and brought away two
 “ hundred and twenty head of nolt, and four
 “ hundred sheep, with much inside goods.”

“ August 16. William Buncton and John
 “ Ordre, and certain of the garrison of Ber-
 “ wick, burnt and spoiled the town of Dun-
 “ glasse very fore; and seized three hundred

* Houses.

† Black-cattle.

§ Household-goods.

“ and

“ and twenty nolt, eight hundred sheep, and
 “ much spoilage. In their return they fought
 “ with the Scotts, and put them to flight;
 “ and slew Alexander Hume, and forty other
 “ good men, and took the laird of Anderwicke
 “ and his son Hamilton, and sixty more pri-
 “ soners.”

“ August 27. Sir Brian Layton, &c.
 “ ranged the woods of Woddon, where they
 “ got many nags, sheep, and nolt, and slew
 “ in the said woods thirty Scotts. From
 “ thence they went to a tower of lord Buc-
 “ cleugh’s, called the Moss-house, and smoked
 “ it very fore, and took thirty prisoners, and
 “ have brought away eighty nags, two hun-
 “ dred nolt, and four hundred sheep; and
 “ they burned the town of Woddon, and
 “ many shielings, and houses in the said wood,
 “ and other steds and mills in their way.”

I need not multiply extracts from this horrid
 catalogue, in which the pillage, ruin, and
 slaughter of thousands of individuals (contri-
 buting nothing to the sum of the war) are
 related with as much indifference, as the
 bringing in of a harvest. We consider war
 as a necessary evil; and pride ourselves now
 on making it like gentlemen. Humanity
 certainly

certainly requires us to alleviate it's miseries as far as we can. But while our wars by land are tempered with generosity, why are our wars by sea carried on like barbarians? Taking the ships of an enemy, it is true, destroys resources: so would plundering a country; and carrying away it's inhabitants captive, in the old style of Babylonish conquest. From this however we refrain by land; tho we practice it by sea. The great point of difference between the two services, in this respect, lies here. By land, all *private plunderers*, and marauders, which are the most cruel kind of oppressors, are *restrained*: by sea, they are *licensed*: or, in other words, by sea we still practise the brutality of Scotch, and English borderers.

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 soldiers, and mariners, which are the
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 by sea they are allowed; or in other words,
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S E C T. VI.

WE travelled along the banks of the Esk many miles; and found several beautiful scenes. Near Langham particularly, it winds through groves, which diversify the road; and it's bed is finely channelled with rock.

The banks of the Tiviot soon after received us; and conducted us into a new country. On the borders of the Esk our views had been in general confined within contracted vallies. But now the country began to expand; and assumed features intirely different. The Tiviot takes it's course through wide vallies of smooth extended pasturage, sloping down to it in all directions; and in general forming beautiful lines; tho' otherwise void of all those circumstances, and that variety
of

of objects, particularly of wood, which give beauty to landscape. In some parts these vallies also are contracted; but in a different manner from those of the Esk. The same breadth of feature is still preserved, which we had in the more open parts; only it is here brought nearer the eye. Tho the lofty skreens rush down precipitately to the river, and contract the vallies, you see plainly they are the parts of a large-featured country; and in a stile of landscape very different from those little irriguous vallies which we had left.

The downy sides of all these vallies are covered with sheep, which often appear to hang upon immense green walls. So steep is the descent in some parts, that the eye, from the bottom, scarce distinguishes the slope from a perpendicular. Several of these mountainous slopes (for some of them are very lofty) are finely tinted with mosses of different hues, which give them a very rich surface. This however is probably the garb, which nature wears only in the summer months. She has a variety of dresses for all seasons; and all so becoming, that when she deposits one, and
 assumes



assumes another, she is always adorned with beauties peculiar to herself.

Hawick has a romantic situation among rocks, sounding rivers, cataracts, and bridges; all of which are very picturesque. When we meet with objects of this kind (the result of nature, and chance,) what contempt do they throw upon the laboured works of art? There is more picturesque beauty in the old bridge at Hawick, than in the most elegant piece of new-made river scenery. I mean not to assert, that such an object would suit a piece of improved ground. It would there be out of place. All I mean, is, that the picturesque eye has that kind of fastidiousness about it, that it is seldom pleased with any artificial attempts to please. It must find it's own beauties; and often fixes, as here, on some accidental, rough object, which the common eye would pass unnoticed.

As we proceeded to Selkirk, we found the road on the north of Hawick a perfect contrast to what we had passed on the south. There

we were carried along the vallies, and looked up to the hills. Here we were carried along the hills, and looked down upon the vallies. Here too, in general, the mountains formed beautiful lines; but as in history-painting, figures without drapery, and other appendages, make but an indifferent group; so in scenery, naked mountains form poor composition. They require the drapery of a little wood to break the simplicity of their shapes, to produce contrasts, to connect one part with another; and to give that richness in landscape, which is one of it's greatest ornaments. We are told indeed, that this was formerly a very woody country; that it was called the *forest of Selkirk*; and extended over great part of the southern counties of Scotland. And yet if this information did not depend on good historical authority, we might be led to dispute it. For people are seldom at the trouble of felling a forest, unless they want either the timber, or the ground it stands on; neither of which, in the present case, seems to have been wanted.

These mountains however, unadorned as they appear, are by no means void of beauty. We had several pleasing views along the vallies;



lies; particularly one towards Sunderland hall, where the river Atric plays round the promontories of several sweeping mountains, which guide it's course.

A little beyond the Atric we meet the Tweed; which is here a river of no great consequence; but it's deficiency in *grandeur*, is made up in *beauty*. We travelled along it's banks about a mile; and in that short space were entertained with two or three pleasing views; the most striking of which were at Yar, and Ferney.

The house at Yar, which belongs to the duke of Buccleugh, is no object; nor is the river visible in this view; but the road winds beautifully to a bridge, beyond which the mountains make agreeable interfections.

At Ferney we had a grand scene of mountain-perspective. It is not often that these elevated bodies coincide with the rules of beauty, and composition—less often indeed than any other mode of landscape. In a level country, the awkwardness of a line is hid. But the mountain rearing it's opakeness against the sky, shews every fault both in it's delineation, and combination with great exactness. These mountains however had few faults to

shew. They were both well-formed, and well connected; and shewed also in great perfection the beauties of gradation—gradation in form—gradation in light—and gradation in colour. With these adjuncts, which are among the most beautiful in landscape, the exhibition could not but be pleasing. One of the nearest of these mountains was enriched, when we saw it, with a deep purple tint; which did not seem the production of any vegetable substance, but rather some enamelled mineral stain.

It is no little recommendation of the rivers we met with here, that almost every one of them is the subject of some pleasing Scotch ditty; which the scene raises to the memory of those, who are versed in the lyrics of the country. The elegant simplicity of the verse, and the soothing melody of the music, in almost all the Scotch songs, is universally acknowledged. *Tweed-side*, and *Atrick's banks*, are not among the least pleasing.

Beyond the Tweed the country becomes again mountainous, wild and uncultivated; in which state it continues till within thirteen or fourteen miles of Edinburgh. A little beyond Middleton, before we descended the
higher

higher grounds into the plain, we had a view from the brow of the hill, of the situation of that capital.

The plain is bounded by the Pentland hills; which in themselves are not magnificent; but appeared considerably so to us through the medium of a light mist, which began to overspread the distance. Deceptions of this kind are very common in mountainous countries. Under such a circumstance I have often conceived myself about to ascend some stupendous mountain, which dwindled, on a nearer approach, into a mere hill. On the right of the Pentland hills arises Arthur's seat; a rock, which hangs over Edinburgh, of peculiar appearance; romantic, but not picturesque. It continues long the striking feature of the view; neither the castle, nor any part of the town appearing for some time.

As we approach nearer; the environs of Edinburgh become more distinct. We get a view of the Forth; and see the grounds about Musselborough and Dalkeith, on the southern side of it; and the mountains of Fifeshire on the northern.

About six or seven miles on this side of Edinburgh we turned a little out of the way to visit Dalkeith-house; which belongs to the duke of Buccleugh. It stands on a knoll overlooking a small river. The knoll is probably in part artificial; for an awkward square hollow hard by, indicates that the knoll has been dug out of it. Beyond the river are woods; and a picturesque view of the town and church of Dalkeith. But the house fronts the other way, where it is not only confined, but the ground rises *from it*. It might have stood with great advantage, if it had been carried two or three hundred yards farther from the river; and its front turned towards it. A fine lawn would then have descended from it, bounded by the river, and the woods. We often see a bad situation chosen: but we seldom see a good one so narrowly missed.

There are several pleasing pictures in Dalkeith-house; one of the most striking, is a landscape by Vernet, in Salvator's style. It is a rocky scene through which a torrent rushes: the foaming violence of the water is well expressed. I have not often met with a picture of this fashionable master, which I
 liked

liked better. And yet it is not entirely free from the flutter of a French artist.

Here, and in almost all the great houses of Scotland, we have pictures of queen Mary; but their authenticity is often doubted from the circumstance of her hair. In one it is auburn, in another black, and in another yellow. Notwithstanding however this difference, it is very possible, that all these pictures may be genuine. We have a letter preserved,* from Mr. White, a servant of queen Elizabeth, to Sir William Cecil, in which he mentions his having seen queen Mary at Tutbury castle. "*She is a goodly personage, says he, bath an alluring grace, a pretty Scottish speech, a searching wit, and great mildness. Her hair of itself is black; but Mr. Knolls told me, that she wears hair of sundry colours.*"

This house was formerly, like most of the great houses in Scotland, built in the form of a castle. It belonged then to the noble family of Douglas; and was once the gloomy retreat of a celebrated chief of that name—the earl of Morton; who was regent of the kingdom

* See Hayne's state papers p. 511.

nominally under James; but *really* under Elizabeth. That artful prince, having imprisoned Mary, conducted the affairs of Scotland, through this minister, as she pleased. Elizabeth was not nice in the choice of her instruments. Moral failings, in men of abilities, were no blemishes. Morton's character is marked in history with those vices which unbounded ambition commonly ingrafts upon the *fiercer passions*; cruelty, and revenge; to which we may add an insatiable avarice. Popular odium at length overpowered him, and he found it necessary to retire from public life. This castle was the scene of his retreat; where he wished the world to believe, he was sequestered from all earthly concerns. But the terror he had impressed through the country during his power was such, that the common people still dreaded him even in retirement. In passing towards Dalkeith, they generally made a circuit round the castle, which they durst not approach, calling it, the lion's den. While he was thus supposed to be employed in making his parterres, and forming his terraces, he was planning a scheme for the revival of his power. It suddenly took effect, to the astonishment of all Scotland.

But

But it was of short continuance. In little more than two years, he was obliged to retreat again from public affairs; and ended his life on a Scaffold.

But it was of short continuance. In little more than two years, he was obliged to retreat again from public affairs; and ended his life on a scaffold.

[The following text is extremely faint and illegible due to fading and bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. It appears to be a biographical or historical account.]



S E C T. VIII.

AS we approached Edinburgh from Dalkeith, the country around is woody, and cultivated; but it is cultivated in the Numidian fashion; *præter oppido propinqua, alia omnia vasta, atque inculta.**

A nearer approach did not give us a more pleasing idea of the environs of Edinburgh. We had always heard it represented as one of the most picturesque towns in Britain; but people often consider *romantic* and *picturesque*, as synonymous. Arthur's seat which is still the principal object, appears still as odd, mishapen, and uncouth as when we first saw it. It gave us the idea of a cap of maintenance in heraldry; and a view with such a staring feature in it, can no more be picturesque, than a face with a bulbous nose can be

* Sal. Bell. Jug.

beautiful. The town and castle indeed on the left, make some amends, and are happily introduced. In front also, between the eye and Arthur's seat, stands an old castle-like building, called Craigmiller, which has a good effect. It is celebrated for being the scene, where the unfortunate Mary, repenting her rash match with Darnley, would often retire from the public eye, and indulge her melancholy in private. Here too her imagination might draw a parallel between the brutal manners of that prince, and those of the all-obsequious Bothwell, for whom her passion at this time is said to have taken root.

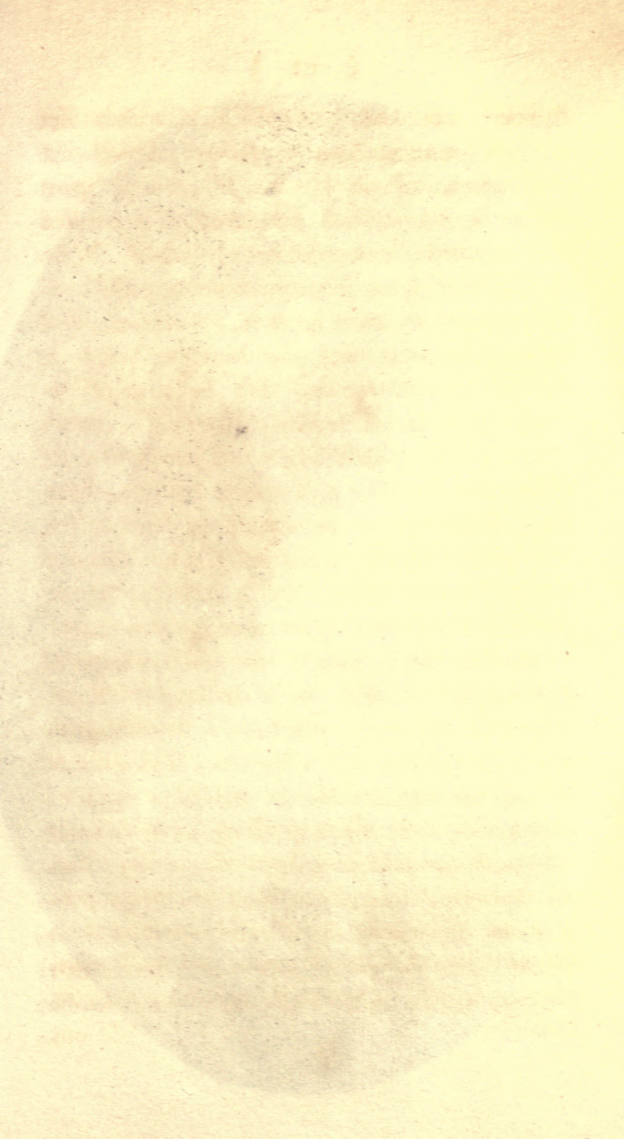
But the situation of Edinburgh, tho it cannot be called picturesque, is very peculiar. The castle stands so loftily, that it was called by the Romans, the *alatum castrum*, or the winged castle, as if it stood in the air. The rock is perpendicular on every side, but the east; from whence it descends gently, in a ridge, through the space of a mile and a half, into the plain below. On this ridge, which contains room only for one ample street, the town is built. From this form it is easy to
conceive,

conceive, the different appearances, which Edinburgh presents, on going round it. As you approach from the south, it appears like a grand city of noble extent. As you move to the right, it's size gradually diminishes. But when you view it from the Muffelborough road, which is in a direction due east, the street is gone; and the houses are all crowded together, as if they had retreated under the walls of the castle. And yet the appearance of the town, and castle thus united by perspective into one vast object, is extremely grand. If they had been seen before from no other situation; and the ground plot unknown, the imagination would have been totally lost in developing so strange a production of art. Formerly, the whole town was surrounded by water; from which the French gave it the name of *L'isleburgh*. But now the water is entirely drained off.

The antiquity of Edinburgh cannot be traced: but it's history easily may. No times, but those of anarchy, and aristocratic confusion, could have fixed on such a situation for a capital—a situation so extremely inconvenient, that the town would long ago have left the craggy ridge it occupies, and have descended

scended into the plain below, which lies perfectly commodious to receive it; if the magistrates, whose interest it is to keep it where it stands, had not forcibly prohibited it's removal; notwithstanding which it is, in one part spreading into a noble city, constructed on modern rules of symmetry and convenience.—It was not however till late in the Scottish annals, that Edinburgh became the seat of empire. A situation, south of the Forth, was thought too much exposed to English inroads: and tho it has now been long considered as the capital of Scotland, it was never, except occasionally, the residence of the Scottish kings. Perth had that honour anciently; and Sterling in more modern times.

The castle is almost the only object of picturesque curiosity in Edinburgh. They, who go to see it, are commonly satisfied with being carried *into* it; where they find a number of patched, incoherent buildings without any beauty. Scarce any thing in it deserves the least attention; except the views from the batteries, which are very amusing; particularly those over the Forth.—But he who would see Edinburgh-castle in perfection, must go to the bottom of the rock, it stands
on,





on, and walk round it. In this view the whole appears a very stupendous fabric. The rock, which is in itself an amazing pile, is in many parts nobly broken; and tho, in it's whole immensity, it is too large an object for a picture, unless at a proper distance; yet many of it's craggy corners, with their watch-towers and other appendages, are very picturesque.

One part is particularly pleasing, in which the bridge over the North-loch (which is a noble piece of architecture) is introduced in the distance like a Roman aquaduct.

Holy-rood house is a grand palace, occupying a large square. The front consisting of a round tower on each side of the gate, is of ancient architecture. The body of the edifice was constructed by Sir William Bruce, since the Grecian orders were introduced. The gallery is a noble room. It is a hundred and forty-seven feet long, and twenty-nine broad; and has that dark solemn appearance, in which grandeur and dignity so much consist. It is adorned with a succession of an hundred and eleven kings from Fergus the first to

James

James the seventh ;—a series which carries the Scottish monarchy, in the ordinary scale of calculation, not indeed quite to the times of Noah, but above two thirds of the way. Be the authenticity of these princes however what it may, as they are all painted by one hand (which has been no despicable one) and in a dark style, suited to the solemnity of the place, they have all together a uniform, and pleasing effect. In this palace we were shewn the blood of David Rizio—the chamber where the queen sat at supper when he was killed—the private door, through which Ruthven entered in complete armour ; and the room, into which Rizio was dragged, adjoining to that, in which the queen sat. Such was the barbarity of those times, that the lord high chancellor of Scotland, the guardian of it's laws, himself joined with a band of ruffians in perpetrating this murder.

Holy-rood house was formerly an abbey, as well as a royal mansion ; and among it's appendages are the ruins of a Gothic chapel, which was once very beautiful. Divine service had ceased in it, since the time of the reformation : but it had long continued to be the burial place of some of the best families in
in

in Scotland : and in honour of this sacred trust, it was some years ago repaired. But the architects employed in the repairs, had very different ideas from those, who had been employed in the original structure. A modern heavy roof was thrown over light, airy Gothic walls : the consequence of which was, it crushed them. On the night of the 2d of December, 1768, a crash was heard by the inhabitants of the neighbouring district ; and in the morning, the roof, walls, and monuments were all blended in one confused mass of irretrievable ruin.

This chapel is said to have been the most beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture in Scotland, except one, which still exists, at Roslin, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh ; which, through an unhappy mistake we did not see. It was built about the year 1440, which was the age of the purest Gothic ; and therefore we could easily give credit to what we were told of the beauty of it's construction. It's sides are supported by buttresses, like King's College-chapel, and Westminster-abbey ; but in a stile still richer than either of those structures.

At Roslin also stand the ruins of a castle, built on a projecting rock, which overlooks a deep valley. The whole, we were told, affords a very beautiful scene.

Arthur's seat presents an unpleasing view from every station. Some formal part stares you in the face in every corner of Edinburgh. You rarely meet even with a picturesque fragment. It's great regularity has in part been owing to the streets of London; which were paved from it's bowels. A girdle of quarry running round it, adds to it's formality.

This rocky hill was once probably a picturesque scene; for it was once, we were informed, covered with wood. But this was then thought so great a nuisance, that, we were told, there is still existing an ancient record, from which it appears, that every man, who would take building-timber from Arthur's seat, should be indulged with the privilege of projecting his house over the street.

S E C T. IX.

FROM Edinburgh we took the Sterling road, along the Forth; which afforded us a great variety of pleasing views.

In one of the most pleasing, the castle of Garvy is introduced, standing near the water-edge, at the point of a promontory, which seems to be formed by the high lands, on the northern side of the Forth. This however is only it's apparent situation. In fact it stands upon an island; the insularity of which is intirely hid. In this place the Forth becomes a narrow strait of about two miles over; and Garvy-castle, which occupies the mid-channel, was intended for it's defence. It commands a view of the whole Forth—on the west as far as Sterling—and on the east as far as the isle of May. On the southern shore of this strait stands Queen's-ferry, from whence the Forth widens again into a con-

fiderable bay on the west. The whole scenery is indeed very pleasing; and to those, who had time to examine it as it deserves, would afford very beautiful views.

Hopton-house is the next great object we meet. The first view of it from the road, at a distance, over a bay of the Forth, is very picturesque. It appears behind a sloping hill, which hides one of it's wings. The horizontal lines of the house, and the diverging lines of the hill accord agreeably. A regular building always appears best, when thus connected with some irregular object. A new source of beauty arises from the contrast: and indeed without it, a regular building has seldom a good effect. When the artist therefore is under the necessity of painting a modern house, he is under the necessity also of breaking it's regularity, at least with a few branches of trees, if he have nothing else at hand. Square lines, and angles uncontrasted, can never be picturesque.

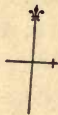
As we approach Hopton-house, it's situation appears very grand. It is seated on a magnificent lawn, which forms a kind of
 terrace

Situation of
HOPETON HOUSE.



F I R T
O F
F O R T

Irregular Lawn





terrace along the Forth. This lawn extends more than a mile in the front of the house; and at the extremity of it the Forth (which is still a noble estuary,) making a bold sweep, winds round it, and presents the appearance of a wide, extensive lake, interspersed with islands, and enlivened with a variety of shipping.

Behind the house the ground is more various, breaking into hills, vallies, and promontories, which shoot into the Forth. All the grounds, to a considerable extent, appear planted and adorned, and the house is very judiciously flanked with wood against the north winds, which attack it from the Forth.

On this side, as well as in front, the Forth appears in various shapes, assuming sometimes the form of a lake, and sometimes of a river, according to the point from which it is seen. The former shape it assumes, when it is seen in lengthened perspective; the latter when it is viewed directly across. Under both ideas, it is equally grand.

Around this vast and magnificent scenery, arise mountains in various forms, and at various distances. In short, the whole scene, and all it's appendages, on every side, as far

as the eye can traverse, is great, and noble; and the house is so fixed, as to receive the full advantage of it's situation.

With regard to *improvements* indeed little can be said.* The old ideas of formality still exist; and have taken full possession of the environs of the house. But they might easily be displaced. There is so much depth in the woods, so much variety in the ground, and so much space on every side, that the whole scene is capable of any improvement.

The house is a very magnificent piece of architecture. It was begun by Sir William Bruce, the most celebrated architect † the Scotch ever had; and finished by Mr. Adam. The latter, I believe, added the wings, which are a great ornament to it. That wing, which appears in the view, next to the Forth, is a range of stables. The other, which is hid, is intended for a library; but it is not yet finished. When it is compleat it will be a

* That is, little could be said in the year 1776, when we saw it. It may, by this time, have undergone many changes.

† Colin Campbell, tho a Scotchman, was an English architect.

very noble room. Some of the other rooms also are grand; but, in general, the apartments are smaller, than we should expect to find in so magnificent a structure: nor does the contrivance of the house seem equal to the beauty of the architecture.

The pictures, of which there is a numerous collection, have been chosen with good taste: but most of them were undersized. Little pictures give a littleness even to a grand room. A suitableness even in these things should be observed.

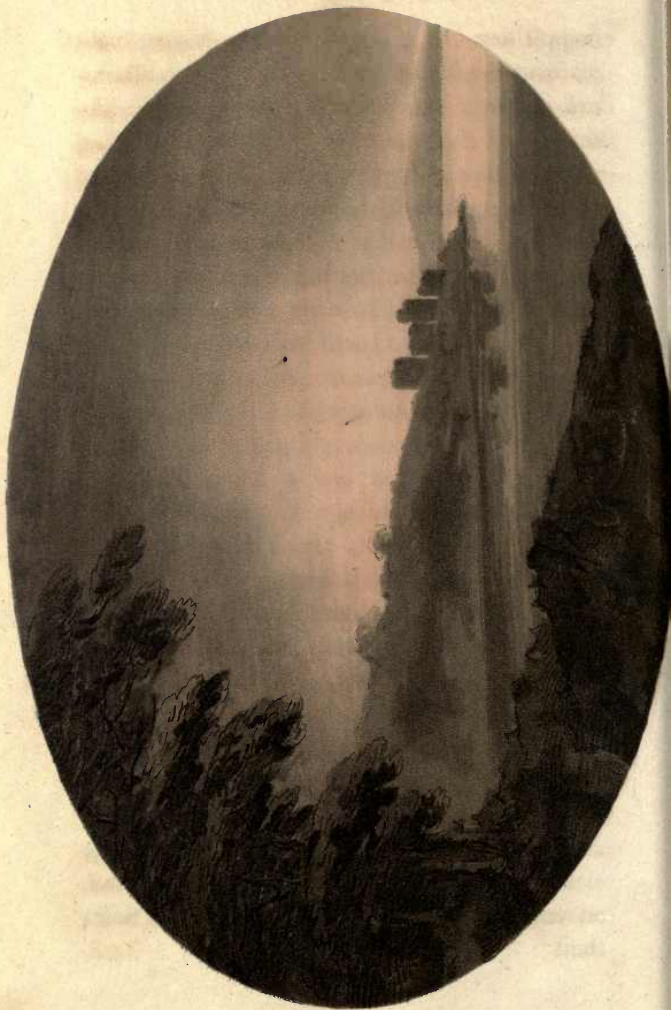
From Hopton-house we still continued our ride along the Forth; and were entertained, for some miles, with views of the woods, and grounds belonging to the noble mansion we had left.

Many natural beauties also we saw—hills and promontories, and winding bays, which had a fine effect in nature; and tho' deficient in point of objects to characterize each scene, they were still accommodated to the pencil. A country may please the eye in all it's naked, and unadorned rudeness; but when a portion of it is selected for a view, it's features must

be uncommonly striking, if it can support itself without the ornament of some artificial object, which both characterizes a scene; and adds dignity to it. The natural beauties of this country in a great degree rendered these appendages unnecessary. We had many noble views formed by the Forth, and it's lofty shores, which would have made good pictures, tho unsupported by artificial objects. And yet in some parts we found objects also.

One view of this kind we had, which was very picturesque. It was a view of Blacknefs-castle, which shooting a considerable way into the lake, forms a bay between it, and the eye. This bay is one of the noblest inland harbours in Scotland: and the castle was it's defence. It preserved also the communication by water between Sterling, and Edinburgh. In after times it became a state prison; and, if fame speaks truth, could unfold, during the religious dissentions of the country, many a tale of cruelty.

Objects often owe their happiest effects to accidental circumstances; and among others, as we have often observed, to evening suns. Let the picturesque traveller watch for these effects, and attend closely to them, when he finds



finds them accompanied with a noble landscape. We had this accompaniment at Blackness-castle. The sun was now set, and the shades of evening were more and more effacing that ruddy glow, which had not yet left the horizon. Right against this fading splendor rose the towers of the castle. The outline appeared very distinct; but all the detail, and surface were lost in obscurity: while the landscape around was overspread with that grey, and dubious tint, which brought the whole into the exactest harmony.

From hence we directed our course to Falkirk. At Linlithgow, which lies in the road, the kings of Scotland had formerly one of their noblest palaces; in the number and grandeur of which they seem to have equalled any princes in Europe. This palace stands on a rising ground running into a lake; a situation which can rarely fail of pleasing; but we were prevented by the weather from taking such a view of it as we wished. In this palace was born the celebrated Mary queen of Scots.

In Linlithgow the house is still shewn from whence the earl of Murray, regent of Scotland,

land, was shot as he passed along the street. It was one of the most deliberate assassinations upon record. Scotland, during the imprisonment of Mary, was divided by violent factions. The earl of Murray and his adherents sided against the queen: the house of Hamilton supported her. A gentleman, of this name, and family, inflamed both by party, and a very flagrant private injury, resolved to destroy the regent. He had long attended his motions, to find a favourable opportunity; and at length determined to shoot him, as he passed through Linlithgow in his way from Sterling to Edinburgh. The regent was riding leisurely through the high street, talking with a gentleman on his left hand, when a musket was fired suddenly from a window on the right; and the regent receiving the ball, fell dead over his horse's neck. The house from whence the blow came, was immediately assaulted; but the front door being barricaded, could not immediately be forced. Hamilton, in the mean time, mounted a swift horse, which stood ready at a postern, and escaped.

From

From Falkirk, we still continued our rout to Sterling. In our way we crossed the great canal; which forms the northern part of Scotland into an island, by joining the frith of Clyde with that of Forth. Busy man is ever at work grubbing the soil on which he exists; sometimes casting up heaps, and sometimes throwing them down. A few centuries ago the bands of Agricola were as eager in raising this very spot into a rampart, as our contemporaries are now in delving it into a canal. Both works were great efforts of human power: but the British seems to be the greater. It was a mighty work, no doubt, to raise an earthen mound sufficient to confine a nation: but it is still perhaps a greater work, to introduce a new element, and bring the flocks of the ocean to land their cargoes among the inland mountains of the country.—As a useful and humane work however the modern one is, beyond all doubt, more respectable; inasmuch as it is more conducive to the happiness of mankind to open a communication between one country, and another; than to block a nation up in it's barbarity, and shut

it

it out from every opportunity of knowledge, and improvement.—In a picturesque light, I know not whether to call the Roman, or the British work, more disgusting. Both equally deform the natural face of the country.

In this neighbourhood are still to be traced the works of Agricola. Some parts of the mound, which he threw up, and fortified between the Forth and the Clyde, are still visible; and known by the name of *Graham's dyke*. The antiquarian also traces many forts in different parts, where this mound ran, capable of containing an army. It is not however generally supposed, that these were all the works of Agricola; but that other generals, who succeeded him, made additions to what he had done.

Among these remains on the banks of the Carron, one of the most remarkable was an edifice; the use, and origin of which exceedingly puzzled antiquarians. It was a rotunda, open at the top, like the Pantheon at Rome, tho' of very inferior workmanship, and dimensions. From the ground to the summit of the dome it measured twenty-two feet—the diameter in the inside was nineteen and an half.

half. Boethius is the chief historian, who gives us any account of it's more perfect state. He tells us, that it's area within was surrounded by stone seats—that on the south was an altar; and that the floor had been tessellated. The common people called it Arthur's oven: but many antiquarians have supposed it to have been a temple, built for the god Terminus by Agricola, on his fixing here the boundaries of the Roman empire. This valuable piece of antiquity was destroyed by the proprietor, Sir Michael Bruce, in the year 1742, for the sake of the stone, with which it was constructed. The deed raised such indignation in Dr. Stukely, that I have heard, he drew Sir Michael carrying off his lap full of stones; and the devil goading him along. This drawing, miserable as we may suppose it from such an artist, was engraved, I believe, and published by the antiquarian society in their repertory.

In the neighbourhood of the new canal are the great forges of the Carron-works; which exhibit a set of the most infernal ideas. In one place, where coal is converted into coke

by

by discharging it of sulphur, and the fire spread of course over a large surface; the volumes of smoke, the spiry flames, and the suffocating heat of the glimmering air, are wonderfully affecting. How vast the fire is, we may conceive, when we are told, it consumes often a hundred tons of coal in a day. At night it's glare is inconceivably grand.

In another part of these works, we admired the massy bellows, which rouse the furnaces. They are put in motion by water; and receiving the air in large cylinders, force it out again through small orifices, roaring with astonishing noise. The fire of the furnace thus roused, becomes a *glowing spot*, which the eye can no more look at, than at the sun. Under such intense heat, the rugged stone instantly dissolves in streams of liquid iron.

Among the horrid ideas of this place, it is not the least, that you see every where, black, footy figures wheeling about, in iron wheel-barrows, molten metal, glowing hot.

Within less than a mile from the Carron-works was fought the battle of Falkirk. The workmen pointing out the place on a moor; bad us observe, upon the highest part of it, two small houses together, and one at a distance:

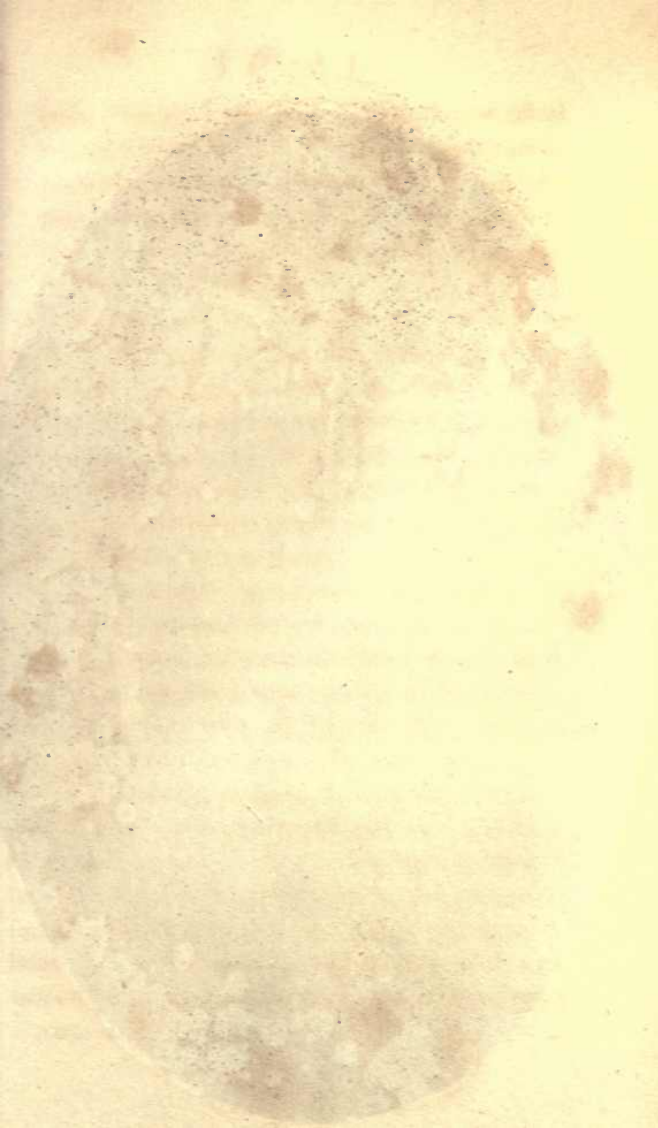
tance : between these, they said, the principal attack was made : tho I believe, *now* Falkirk-moor is inclosed, and cultivated ; and the scene of action perhaps scarcely to be traced.*

As we approach Sterling, the Forth, contracting it's dimensions, loses the form of an estuary ; and takes that of a river : but we left it's banks ; and afterwards had only distant views of it ; and these by degrees became less frequent. The country, through which we travelled, was in general flat, and barren of objects, except that here and there we had a mountain-scene in the offkip. In one part we saw the remains of an old fortrefs, called Briscastle ; which rather diversified an uninteresting scene.

* In 1788.

stance: between these they said, the principal
 attack was made: the I believe, now I think
 most is indeed, and certainly, and the
 focus of action perhaps likely to be made.

As we approach, looking the flood, now
 testing its dimensions, and the form of an
 evening, and takes that of a river, but we
 left its banks, and afterwards had only
 distant views of it; and these by degrees
 came less frequent. The country, through
 which we travelled, was in general flat, and
 barren of objects, except that here and there
 we had a mountain-tower in the distance. In
 one part we saw the remains of an old temple,
 called Balthala; which rather diversified an
 uninteresting scene.





S E C T. X.

THE castle of Sterling, tho an object of great importance, makes no appearance, till we approach within three miles of it. It has the air of the castle of Edinburgh; only instead of the formality of Arthur's seat, the back-ground here is a simple mountain. There is nothing very beautiful in the scenery around it; but an object of such consequence will give dignity to any scene.

As we approach nearer, and the castle comes forward from the back ground, it appears with still more dignity.

Viewed upon the spot, the *outside* of it is very inferior to the castle of Edinburgh. The rock, on which it stands, has neither the height, the circumference, nor the broken surface of that superb fortress. But if it be inferior on the outside, it is much grander *within*. Edinburgh castle is only a collection

of barracks, magazines, and officers houses; whereas in Sterling-castle you find very noble remains of royal magnificence. It was often the residence of the kings of Scotland. Almost the whole minority of James the sixth, under his tutor Buchanan, was spent here; and in troublesome times it was always a place of refuge to the distresses of majesty. Accordingly it contains all the accompaniments of a regal residence; a palace, a chapel, and a parliament house. The palace, in the inside, is totally without form, being now converted into barracks; but on the outside, it is very richly and curiously adorned with grotesque figures. The chapel is an elegant and simple pile; and the parliament house is a very magnificent room: it is one hundred and twenty feet in length, and lofty in proportion. At the entrance of the castle, the palaces of the earls of Argyle and Mar stand, like two royal supporters. They are now indeed in ruins; but they have once been very sumptuous buildings.

The views from the castle are in general over a barren, and uninteresting country: but
amends

amends is made by the superior excellence of one of them over the Forth, which has always been esteemed the most celebrated view in Scotland. It is not indeed picturesque; but it is exceedingly grand, and amusing. You overlook a flat valley of vast extent, stretching almost as far as Edinburgh; through which the windings of the Forth are very intricate, and curious. From the castle gate to Alloa it is four miles by land; but if you go by water, it is above twenty. Through a few of the first large peninsular sweeps the eye can follow the course of the river; but afterwards all becomes confused, and broken into patches of land and water. At Alloa, the river is a mile broad: at Sterling, it is contained within four arches. Through the whole of this vast channel the tide winds as through a great gut. But it is a sedgy, impure stream; the flux and reflux of the tide continually mixing the soil with it's waters, and stirring up the mud. It is navigated as far as Sterling by ships of seventy or eighty tons: but if they trust to their sails alone through the course of this sinuous navigation, they must wait for the benefit of every wind round the compass, two or three times over.

The valley through which the Forth makes these uncommon windings, tho' not a rich one, is by no means barren. It is varied with wood in several parts, with villages also, and other buildings; among which the abbey of Cambuskenneth is conspicuous. Of this ruin nothing now remains, but a single tower. On the right, this valley, which is wide in proportion to it's length, is bounded only by high grounds; but on the left, it is more nobly confined by the mountains of Ochil, and Clackmannan.

There are few countries perhaps on the face of the earth, of such narrow dimensions as Scotland, which have been the scenes of a greater variety of military events. Invasions from Norway, from Denmark, and from Ireland—irruptions from the Roman barrier—together with the various feuds, and animosities among the Scotch themselves, which have been more frequent than among any other people, have deluged the country, through different periods, in blood. But above all, the constant quarrels between the Scotch, and English, which were generally

decided

decided in Scotland, have made it a fertile scene of military events; to which several have been added by rebellions, since the union. In fact you can hardly ascend any elevated ground, without throwing your eye over the scene of some memorable action.

As the castle of Sterling has for many ages been a fortress, we are not surprized that it's neighbourhood abounds with scenes of this kind. Many a siege it has sustained; one through the space of a whole year against the puissant arms of Edward the first. Not fewer, I believe, than a dozen fields of battle may be counted from it's walls. Of the four great battles, which were fought by the two first Edwards, in support of their tyranny in Scotland, three were in the vicinity of this castle.

Within two years after the battle of Dunbar, in which Edward the first broke the power of Scotland, the spirit of Wallace roused the Scotch again to arms. Edward was then in France: but a large force under earl Warren endeavoured to quell them. A battle was fought under the walls of Sterling; in which Wallace was victorious.

This success drew Edward out of France. He entered Scotland at the head of a large army; and at the memorable battle of Falkirk, fought in the year 1298, broke it's power a second time.

The famous battle of Bannocburn was the last of these four great battles; and was fought within two miles of Sterling. This was the most glorious action in the whole annals of Scotland; as it entirely freed it from the English yoke.—Philip of Mowbray held this fortress for Edward the second, which was almost the only fortress he possessed. Mowbray was hard pressed by the Scotts, and had promised to capitulate, if he was not relieved by such a day. Edward, in the mean time, resolved to relieve him; and entered Scotland with an army much greater than had ever entered it before. Many historians rate it at one hundred thousand men, which number however is wholly incredible. Early on the morning of the 25th of June 1314, the English army was descried from the castle, marching in gallant array to relieve them. The Scotch army, well posted, lay between. The walls were crowded with anxious spectators. Very soon the English cavalry, led on by the earl of

of Gloucester, was seen to push forward, and begin the attack. But they were presently repulsed. Immediately after, the whole field was seen in confusion; but from what cause, could not at that distance be conjectured. This confusion soon ended in a total rout. The English army fled; and the Scots with all their force pursued. The case was, the horse had been decoyed into pitfalls, where many of them being overthrown, the rest fell back with confusion on the main body. The disorder was still farther increased by the appearance of a new army marching round their flanks, tho in fact it was artfully composed only of futils, furnished with military ensigns. The lowest accounts make the English to have lost, on that day, ten thousand men. The earl of Gloucester was killed; and the king himself with difficulty escaped.

As we stood upon the seven-gun battery an old gunner shewed us the situation of the rebels, and their intrenchments, when they attacked the castle in the year 1745. Blakeney, the governor, brought two or three of his batteries to bear upon a piece of rising ground between him and their works, which he took it for granted they would endeavour to occupy.

The spot is so near, that you may throw a stone upon it from the walls. Then, feigning intimidation, he ordered his men to lie close, till the rebels, among whom he saw every symptom of rashness, and inexperience, should advance their works to the destined ground. As soon as they were well collected upon it, such a terrible discharge of cannon, and small arms, burst at once upon them, from various parts, that seven hundred men were left dead upon the spot, the rest fled with trepidation; and the siege was instantly raised.

Order was given to a new army marching toward their
hanks, the in fact it was strictly composed
only of fathers, furnished with military en-
light. The joyful accounts make the English
to have lost on that day ten thousand men.
The earl of Gloucester was killed; and the
king himself with difficulty escaped.
The king stood upon the seven-gun battery
an old gunner showed us the situation of the
works, and their attachments, when they at-
tacked the castle in the year 1747. Blackney,
the governor, brought two or three of his bat-
teries to bear upon a piece of rising ground
between him and their works, which he took
it for granted they would endeavor to occupy.
The

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S E C T. XI.

AS we left Sterling, we had a fine retrospect of it, in which the castle takes a more exalted station, than any in which we had yet seen it.

At Sterling we crossed the Forth, and travelling twenty four miles under the Ochil mountains, on the north side of the river, (a tract of country affording little amusement) we came to the town of Kinross with an intention to visit the scenes of Loch-leven.

This lake, on the side next Kinross, is bounded by a plain; on the other side, by mountains. It is about eleven miles in circumference, and is of a circular form: but as the eye views it on a level, it loses it's circular appearance, and stretches into length, forming many beautiful bays.

Near

Near the middle of the lake, are two islands. One of them is noted for pasturage : the other (which contains little more than an acre of ground) is adorned with a castle, which, as a spot of peculiar beauty, or perhaps rather of security, was once a royal mansion.

All the level side of the lake, between the water and Kinross, is occupied by open groves. At the west end of the lake stands a handsome house, delightfully situated, belonging to the family of Bruce. It was built in the reign of Charles the second by Sir William Bruce, for his own residence ; and is esteemed a beautiful piece of architecture. In this neighbourhood there is another monument of his genius ; the house of the earl of Rothes, near Lesley ; but we had not time to see it. The gardens at Kinross run down to the margin of the lake ; which in all it's splendor is spread before them. Sir William Bruce, when he built the house, made wide plantations around it ; which are now come to maturity. Indeed all it's appendages were so pleasing, that I do not remember being often struck with a more beautiful scene ; which a sweet evening, no doubt, contributed greatly to improve. If we had seen it under a gloomy sky,

sky, it might perhaps have lost some of its beauties.

I shall never forget the sweet composure of an evening walk along the margin of the lake; shrouded on the right by an irregular screen of Mr. Bruce's pines; and open to the water on the left. A soothing stillness ran through the scene. It was one of those mild, soft evenings, when not a breath disturbs the air. About sun-set, a light grey mist, arising from the lake, began to spread over the landscape. Creeping first along the surface of the water, it rose by degrees up the hills; blending both together in that pleasing ambiguity, through which we could but just distinguish the limits of each. I do not call this the most beautiful mode of vision: but it certainly exhibits in great perfection a graduating tint; which is among the most pleasing sources of beauty. The mist becoming thinner, as it ascended the mountain; the ground of course appeared gradually stronger, as it emerged from it.

Our view was still improved by picturesque figures upon the foreground. Some fishermen were dragging a net to the shore, which had been carried into the lake by a boat. We waited,

waited, till the contents of the net were discharged; among which were some extraordinary trout. We met them again at supper; and found afterwards that this species of fish, which is more red than salmon, is peculiar to this lake: and tho a critic in eating would travel many miles to taste this delicate food in perfection, we were informed it sold at the price of three farthings a pound.

The castle, which appeared floating on the lake, was a happy circumstance in the scene; pointing the view from every part. It was important in itself; and still more so by an association of ideas, through it's connection with that unfortunate princess, Mary, queen of Scotts; whose beauty, and guilt have united pity, and detestation through every part of her history.* In this castle she was confined by the confederate lords, after the murder of the king, and her marriage with Bothwell.

Her escape from it was effected thus. The castle belonged to a gentleman of the name of Douglas; to whose care the confederate lords

* A late historian, Mr. Whitacre, hath given the public some new lights on the history of Mary; and thrown the guilt on Elizabeth.

had intrusted her. George Douglas, his younger brother, a youth of eighteen, lived in the family, whom Mary singled out as the instrument of her deliverance. When she had secured his heart, she employed his abilities. A plan was laid between them, and executed on Sunday night, the 2d of May 1568. Young Douglas contrived, as his brother sat down to supper, to secure the keys of the castle. The queen stood ready at the gate; which her faithful conductor locked behind her, and threw the keys into the lake. A boat had been prepared, and the oars of all the other boats were thrown adrift. Every possibility of immediate pursuit being cut of, the queen reached the shore in security; where lord Seaton, and sir James Hamilton stood ready, with swift horses to receive her.

Every picturesque subject may be treated on canvas in two ways. The fact may be represented under it's plain circumstances—or it may be represented under an allegory. These two modes of representation answer to history, and poetry; both of which may often adorn the same subject.

In the *historical* representation of a fact, the artist has only to observe the common rules
of

of his art. He must attend to design, composition, light and shade, expression, and so forth. But in the *allegorical* representation, besides these, something more is required. The allegory must be just, and consistent; and demands another kind of knowledge, besides that of the principles of his art. It may be formed either on a heathen, or a christian plan: but, on either, it must be both uniform in itself; and agreeable to the mode of machinery, which it adopts. It is the neglect of this uniformity, and propriety, which renders the allegorical mode of treating a subject, so often disgusting.

Nobody hath contributed more to bring contempt on allegory, than Rubens. Nobody painted more in that mode; and when he had to do with subjects, intirely fabulous, he generally did well: but in his attempts to allegorize history, he often failed. In representing a marriage, for instance, he would not scruple to introduce a christian bishop performing the ceremony; while Minerva, or the Graces perhaps waited as bride-maids. Nothing can be more absurd, than such a medley.

If the subject be treated *historically*, let the king, or the prince give his daughter away; and

and let the gentlemen, and ladies of the court attend in their proper dresses. If it be treated in *heathen allegory*, erect the temple of Hymen—let the God himself appear—rear the altar—call in Juno pronuba—and let as many of the gods, and goddesses attend in their different capacities, as may be thought convenient. But if the allegory be *christian*, dismiss the heathen deities—introduce christian virtues in their room—and deck the temple, and altar with proper appendages. Allegory thus treated is very pleasing: and tho, where the subject is grand, and noble, I should in general prefer a history piece well-painted, to the same subject treated equally well in allegory; yet such subjects, as a marriage for instance, which afford few circumstances of importance, and little room for expression, are best treated in the allegorical style. The imagination of the painter must enrich the poverty of the subject.

The little story of Mary's escape from Loch-leven, may be considered as one of these. It is replete with circumstances, which admit of allegory; but are little adapted to history. Love is the subject of it; and love-stories, which of all others are below the dignity of historical

historical

historical representation, are best consigned to allegory. The narrative, in this light, might run thus; from which the painter might choose his point of time, and adorn his subject with such emblematical appendages, as he liked best.

But neither the walls of Loch-leven castle, nor the lake which surrounded it, were barriers against love. Mary had those bewitching charms, which always raised her friends. She wore a cestus; and might be said to number among her constant attendants, the God of Love himself. His ready wit restored her liberty. Time, and place were obedient to his will. His contrivance laid the plan. His address secured the keys: and his activity provided the bark, to which he led her; with his own hand carrying the torch, to guide her footsteps through the darkness of the night.—Confusion ran through the castle. Hasty lights were seen passing and repassing at every window; and traversing the island in all directions. The laughing God, the mean while, riding at the poop, with one hand, held the helm; and with the other waved his torch in triumph round his head. The boat soon made the shore, and landed the lovely queen in a port of security; where Loyalty, and Friendship waited to receive her.

SECT.

S E C T. XII.

FROM Loch-leven we continued our rout northward, through a country of little curiosity. About eight miles before we reach Perth, we have a noble view from the higher grounds of an extensive vale—the fertile country of Strathern; through which the river Erne appears winding with many a meander, till it enter the Tay. This vale extends at least thirty miles; and the eye commands it almost from end to end. Of the beautiful situations it affords great advantage hath been taken by the gentlemen of the neighbourhood. You see it in many parts marked with distant plantations; and can often distinguish the buildings, of which these plantations are the appendages. Far to the west stands Drummond-castle, once the residence of the earls of Perth—now an ill-fated, forsaken mansion.

—In an opposite direction, beyond the Erne, you distinguish a rich scene of plantation. There the earl of Kinnoul has extended his woods on every side. You may yet distinguish Duplin-castle rising among them; but soon the woods will totally obscure it. In it's neighbourhood was fought the celebrated battle of Duplin; in which the family of Hay, like the Roman Fabii, were almost cut off to a man. From a passage in Claudian one should suppose, the Erne to have been often before dyed with blood.

Scotorum cumulos flevit glacialis Ierne.

Beyond the vale of Erne, which is a much richer landscape, than is commonly found in Scotland, the eye is still carried into a distance more remote. It easily distinguishes where that river, at the end of the vale, enters the Tay; which is now a grand estuary, and is one of the principal features of the view. You trace it, if the day be clear, as far as Dundee; where making a sudden turn, it retreats behind the higher grounds. This whole vast distance, both of Strathern, and of the vale of Tay, is bounded by mountains; as the Scotch views in general are,

are, which add both ornament, and dignity to them.

We did not however see this landscape with full advantage. The day was clear; and a noon-tide sun, in all it's dazzling brightness, had spread over it that full profusion of light, which is so unfavourable to landscape. A perpendicular ray scarce allowed the existence of shade: whereas to give the landscape it's full advantage, the shadow, not the light should have prevailed. The mountains particularly should have been in shade. In almost all cases the darkened mountain makes the most respectable figure, except perhaps when under a morning, or an evening sun, you wish to tip it's prominent knolls with light. Under the shadow of the mountains a gentle light spreading into the vale, would have had a beautiful effect; and as it decayed, it might have marked two or three objects with splendor, to carry on the idea to the end of the scene.

We did not enter Strathern; but left it on the right, and made towards the mountains of Moncrief.

From these heights we had a retrospect of the same scenes; only more extended. The

vale of Erne, which lay before to the north, was now removed to the south: but under this different aspect had still a better effect; at least it was so much better enlightened, when we now saw it, that it appeared to much greater advantage. In another direction the eye extended over the rich plains of Gowry, and the Frith of Tay, even to it's junction with the ocean.

The high grounds, where we now stood, make a part of the Grampian hills, which run through the middle of Scotland, from Aberdeenshire in the east, into Argyleshire in the west. Some interruption, no doubt, they meet with; and rarely, I believe, in any part, swell into mountains of remarkable note; but in the lowest parts they form a considerable rise, and on the whole may be esteemed among the grand features of the country. In a picturesque light, from the little specimen we saw of them, they afford great variety of ground, rising into well-shaped hills, and sinking into beautiful vallies, adorned with foaming rivulets, which carry their succours on both sides of the

the Grampian, to the different rivers of eminence in their several divisions.

But this country is still more remarkable as a scene of history, than of picturesque beauty. Here we trod, what may almost be called classic ground; where the last effort was made in defence of British liberty.

As yet the Glota, and Bodotria, (the friths of Clyde, and Forth) were the boundaries of the Roman power in Britain: and the neck of land between these estuaries, being fortified,* confined the barbarous inhabitants within it's bounds. This curb they bore with impatience; and determined to exert themselves in driving the Romans still farther from their frontiers. In one of their incursions falling upon the ninth legion in the night, they committed great slaughter.

The wise, and prudent Agricola, who commanded the Roman legions, seems to have had no great desire to carry his arms farther: but being roused by the repeated insults, he at length drew out his legions, and marched them into the enemy's country; ordering

* See page 67.

his fleet, which had sailed round the eastern coast of England from Sandwich, and was then in the Forth, to attend his march.

The news of the Roman legions in motion soon drew together the whole force of the Britons, under one of their ablest leaders. What was the name of this commander in his own barbarous language, we know not: but in the Latin of Tacitus he takes the name of Galgacus. This chief, seizing the highest ground of the Grampian hills, resolved there to wait the enemy. A battle ensued; the particulars of which we have at large in Tacitus. The event was fatal to the Britons. They had fought gallantly through the whole day; but were at length intirely defeated, with the loss of ten thousand of their men killed upon the spot.

The next morning, the Romans had a full view of the melancholy event. The field was now silent, and solitary. Heaps of dead were lying round; but not a single body of the enemy appeared, either on the plain, or in possession of any post; while the country at a distance was seen from the heights involved in smoke, as if it had been ravaged by an enemy. The cause was soon discovered.

The

The Britons flying from the field, had themselves, with barbarian fury, set fire to their own houses, and villages; and many of them had even put to death their wives and children.* So innate a love of liberty burned within them, that when that was lost, they thought all was lost.

The exact spot, where this great battle was fought, is not easily ascertained: but from the investigation of learned antiquarians, it is supposed to be somewhere among these hills; and I have heard there is a place, where the vale of Strathern unites with them, which is to this day called *Galgachan-moor*.

Agricola, having refreshed his troops, marched with a slow, and solemn motion, through the country; ordering his fleet to

* The description, which Tacitus gives of the behaviour of the Britons, after their defeat, is so animated a picture of that irresolution, and contention of various passions, which we might expect in a fierce, savage people under those circumstances, that I cannot help transcribing it.

Britanni palantes, mixtoque virorum mulierumque ploratu, trahere vulneratos; vocare integros; deserere domos, ac per iram ultro incendere; eligere latebras, et statim relinquere; miscere invicem confilia aliqua, dein sperare; aliquando frangi aspectu pignorum suorum; sæpius concitari: fatisque constabat, sævisse quosdam in conjuges, ac liberos, tanquam misererentur.

fail round the island, through the Orcades, and Hebrides, and along the western coast of England. After a prosperous voyage it arrived safe at Sandwich in Kent; if that be, as it is supposed to be, the *portus Trutulensis* of Tacitus; from whence, round the eastern coast, it had joined the army of Agricola in the frith of Forth.

This is commonly supposed to be the first account we have of the insularity of Britain. Camden supposes it; and indeed Tacitus seems rather to imply it, when he tells us, that the Britons were uncommonly alarmed at the appearance of the Roman fleet, *lest if it should be found they were bounded by the sea, they must relinquish their last hope, which consisted in the ignorance of the Romans.** It is implied too in the story he tells us (if I understand it rightly) of the Usipian cohort.†

On the other hand many writers before Tacitus speak of Britain as an island; and Cæsar gives us, with surprizing accuracy, the dimensions of it.—I can only reconcile

* So I interpret the concise expression of Tacitus. *Britannos ipsa classis obstupesciebat, tanquam aperto maris sui secreto, ultimum victis perfugium clauderetur.*

† Vit. Agric.

this difference, by supposing that Agricola's voyage was the first *authenticated* circumnavigation of Britain; and that all the accounts the Romans had before, were founded on conjecture, and vague report; at least not on any knowledge of their own.

Before I leave this account of Galgacus, I cannot forbear a short remark on the elegant, and judicious historian, from whom we have it.

The candor of criticism commonly allows the historian to put the intentions and views of generals into the form of speeches; tho such speeches neither were, nor could be spoken. It is a graceful decoration of action; and gives life to a character. Of this the best models of history afford examples. But then manners, and customs should be well observed. A Roman should speak like a Roman; and a barbarian like a barbarian. But Tacitus seems in this particular to have forgotten his usual accuracy. He has put a long and laboured speech into the mouth of Galgacus, which had no kind of similitude to the manners of the Britons of that day, even as he himself describes them. Galgacus seems perfectly informed of the state, and history of
mankind

mankind at that period; and reasons from a variety of topics, with so much elegance, perspicuity, and coherence of argument, that Agricola himself, who harangues his troops in the next page, does not appear to more advantage. An inadvertence of this kind is the more surprizing in Tacitus, as such admirable rules with regard to *propriety of character* had just been fixed by a celebrated writer, almost his contemporary.

Si dicentis erunt fortunis absona dicta

Romani tollunt equites, peditesque cachinum.

Aut famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia finge.

Respicere exemplar vitæ, morumque, jubebo

Doctum imitatore, et vivas hinc ducere voces.

S E C T. XIII.

WE were now descending the mountains of Moncrief; and as we approached Perth, we had a beautiful view of that town, and it's invirons. - Strathtay, or the vale of Tay, was spread before us. It is a level plain of considerable extent, skreened with woods, and surrounded with mountains. The Tay, forming a grand stream, winds through it; and about the middle of the vale stands the town; which with it's noble bridge, and the whole scenery around, forms a very amusing landscape.

This view, as we approach still nearer, would be extremely picturesque, were it not for one awkwardness, which totally incapacitates it for the pencil. The Tay runs in a direct line between parallel banks, from the town to the eye.—In a foreground, I think, the painter, tho copying nature, need pay little attention to such awkwardnesses; but may venture

to

to correct them. A liberty of this kind must be taken: it is impossible to compose a picture without it. The translation must needs be bad, if the idiom of the language, into which you translate, be not observed.

Perth was once the capital of Scotland.* Here the courts of justice sat; the parliament assembled; and the king resided. It was then defended by a strong castle; and was remarkable for being the only walled town in the kingdom. It's dignity of course subjected it to many insults. Whoever prevailed in Scotland, had generally his eye first on Perth. In the English wars, it was always warmly contested. Each of the three first Edwards had possession of it; and each of them lost it. It had it's share also in the religious wars of 1559. And in the civil wars of the succeeding century, it was besieged first by Montrose; and afterwards by Cromwell. It's last siege is said to have been the basis of it's glory. Cromwell's soldiers being dispersed about the country, introduced a spirit of industry, unknown before.

* See page 62.

The bridge at Perth, which is but just finished, is equal to any bridge we find on this side of Westminster. But the bridge at Perth has undergone as many revolutions as the town. It was swept away in the year 1210 by a prodigious flood, which destroyed great part of the town itself. Many lives were lost; and the royal family escaped with difficulty in a boat. Five times since that, it hath met the same fate.

At Perth every stranger must look through the window of Gowry-house, from whence James the sixth called for help, when he feared assassination from the earl of Gowry. Among all the doubtful facts, which history hath endeavoured to develop, this is one of the most mysterious. Whether James intended to assassinate the earl of Gowry, and his brother; or, whether those noblemen intended to assassinate him, is a point equally doubtful. Circumstances the most improbable attend both suppositions. And yet the king was certainly attacked by the earl; and the earl was certainly killed by the king's attendants. These are the critical points, which chiefly exercise the judgment and penetration of the historian: and it is very amusing

to observe, how admirably Dr. Robertson has developed this dark affair. He first states the facts; and shews the almost impossibility of either supposition. When he has brought his reader into this dilemma, who knows not what to think of the matter, he takes up the facts again—throws a new light upon them, on *another supposition*; and makes it very clear that the earl of Gowry intended only to get James in his power, who was in fact the property of each party, as it gained the ascendant.

Soon after we leave Perth we come in view of a place, famous in story; the ruins of Scone. Tho we cannot apply here the first lines of Virgil's noble, and very picturesque description of Latinus's palace—the grandeur of it's architecture—and the dignity of it's accompaniments—the

Tectum augustum, ingens, centum sublime columnis,
Horrendum sylvis, & religione parentum: &c.

we may however apply to it the following part of the description.

Hinc sceptrum accipere, & primos attollere fasces
Regibus omen erat _____

And

And yet Scone, tho in a state of ruin, was at least so far habitable in the year 1715, that the pretender found it sufficient to receive all his court; where he affected to live with the splendor of majesty. Preparations too were making for his coronation; but they were interrupted by a body of the king's horse.

The situation of Scone on the northern banks of the Tay, as we rode along the opposite side, appeared not unpleasant. It is surrounded by distant mountains; but lying low, it has not that grandeur of situation, which a palace demands.

The celebrated stone-chair, the palladium of the Scottish empire, which formerly had it's station here, is now one of the appendages of royalty in Westminster abbey. I have heard that a silly distich, in the form of a prediction, contributed not a little to reconcile many of the bigots of the Scotch nation to the union.

*Ni fallat fatum, Scoti quocunque locatam
Invenient lapidem, regnare tenenter ibidem.*

From Scone we proceeded to Dunkeld, but met with nothing worth our notice, till
we

we came within a few miles of it. This tract of country however, tho not beautiful, is remarkable. You pass over a very high, and flat plain. As you approach Dunkeld, this wild, unshapely desert begins to separate into parts; and form itself into hills, hung with wood, and broken with rock. But, what is remarkable, from these high grounds you *descend* into the *Highlands*: for here the country begins, which takes that denomination. The road winding among the hills of this descent, discovers new beauties, as we advance. We had a hasty view of the abbey of Dunkeld—of a picturesque bridge over the Bran—of the mountains, that environ the whole—and other objects as we passed. The several scenes shifted rapidly; and we suffered them to pass; as we proposed afterwards to take a more distinct view of them. There is something very amusing even in a hasty succession of beautiful scenes. The imagination is kept in a pleasing perturbation; while these floating, unconnected ideas become a kind of waking dream; and are often wrought up by fancy into more pleasing pictures; than they in fact appear to be, when they are viewed with deliberate attention.

The

The object of our curiosity at Dunkeld, was the seat of the duke of Athol. From Inver we ferried over the Tay; and in crossing, had a grand view up the river. It was a vista of rock, and wood, which in nature's hands, was managed without any formality, and made a scene of great beauty. We landed in the duke's garden; where a green walk along the side of the river, brought us to his house. It is a villa, rather than a ducal mansion: but being a favourite spot, it has been the object of much attention, and expence.

Dunkeld was formerly both an archiepiscopal see, and an abbey: and the limits of the duke's improvements are those, which formerly confined the monks. Nature has marked them with very decisive boundaries.

This favoured spot (for it is indeed a beautiful scene) consists of a large circular valley, the diameter of which is in some parts a mile; in others two or three. It's surface is various; and some of the rising grounds *within the valley itself*, would even be esteemed lofty, if it were not for the grand skreen of mountains, which circles the whole. At the base of those, towards the south, runs the Tay, in this place broad, deep and silent. The whole valley is

interspersed with wood; both on the banks of the river, and in it's internal parts; and would have been a still more beautiful scene, if art had done as much as nature. Much indeed it has done, but nothing well. Cascades, and slopes, and other puerilities deform a scene which is in itself calculated to receive all the grandeur of landscape. The walks shew some contrivance; and might with a few alterations, be made beautiful. Indeed the whole is capable of receiving any improvement; and may by this time have received it. I speak of it only as it was a dozen years ago.

The remains of the abbey, shrouded in wood, stand on the edge of the lawn; but rather too near the house. The solitude, which naturally belongs to them, and the embellishments which are necessary about a habitable mansion, interfere rather too much with each other.* These ruins consist of the nave of the great church, the two side aisles, and the tower. The architecture is a mixture of Gothic, and Saxon; yet elegant in it's kind. The tower is handsome. At the

* See this idea more explained; page 24.

west end we observed the peculiarity of a round, ornamental window, which is not exactly in the middle; but appears, as if it had been pushed aside by the point of the large one. Part of the old cathedral is now the parish church; and is very beautiful, and very slovenly. Near it is a square room, the burying place of the dukes of Athol, adorned with a tablet, containing the arms of all their connections.

Besides the church, nothing of the abbey remains. And indeed in most of the ruined abbeys, both in England, and Scotland, we find the great church is the only part left; which was owing to the piety of the times. It was merit to destroy the *habitations of the monks*; but it was profaneness to injure the *house of God*. Thus Knox would exclaim, "*Down with the nests, and the rooks will fly off:*" but his rage vented itself chiefly against the cells of the monks: the abbey-churches were generally spared. Such was the piety also of temporal spoilers. In a paper of Haynes's, to which reference hath already been made,* when we find an instance of a

* See page 38.

town, or a village destroyed, we often find it specified also, that the church was left uninjured. To this piety even amidst the rage of war, and the zeal of reformation, we are indebted for most of the ruins of abbeys, that are yet left in Britain.

Round one of the rocky mountains, which skreen the valley of Dunkeld, the duke has carried walks; and has planted both that mountain, and some others. Many thousands of young pines are struggling for existence among the crannies of rocks; and many thousands more, which have gotten hold of the soil, are flourishing greatly: for the situation seems wonderfully agreeable to them: but on so broad and lofty a base, the whole has yet the appearance only of a green moss tinting the rocks; and it will be a century before these woods, thriving as they are, will have consequence to break the lines of the mountains; and give a proper degree of sylvan richness to the scene.

On the top of one of the mountains behind the duke's house, are five small lakes; which communicate: but we did not see them; nor is their scenery probably of any value.

Opposite

Opposite to this mountain, and making a part of the same circular skreen, stands a hill celebrated in dramatic story; the hill of Birnam: but it is now totally divested of wood. Shakespear however is right in making it once a woody scene, which it certainly was. Of Dunfinane no vestiges remain; except a deep double ditch. The situation appears to have been very strong.

Opposite to this mountain, and marking a part of the same circular horizon, stands a hill celebrated in dramatic story; the hill of Dunnam; but it is now totally divested of wood. Shalkeper however is right in making it once a woody scene, which is certainly true. Of Dunnam no vestiges remain; except a deep double ditch. The situation appears to have been very strong.

S E C T. XIV.

HAVING thus taken a view of that side of the Tay, on which the house is placed, we crossed it again to see the Hermitage; a name the duke has given to some improvement he has made on the Bran.

Down the side of one of those mountains, which forms the southern boundary of the valley of Dunkeld, this river tumbles through a steep rocky channel; and falls into the Tay, at Inver. A considerable part of the ground along it's course the duke has inclosed: but his improvements are not suitable to the scene. Nothing was required but a simple path to shew in the most advantageous manner the different appearances of the river, which is uncommonly wild, and beautiful; and should have been the only object of attention. In adorning such a path, the native forest wood, and natural brush of the place had

been sufficient. Instead of this, the path, which winds among fragments of rock, is decorated with knots of shrubs and flowers.

Rocks and flowers, no doubt, make a contrast : and contrast is a source of beauty. But the pleasing contrast should be founded either in *harmony*, or *propriety*. In Horace's human head joined to a horse's neck, there is contrast ; but it is such a contrast, as the poet tells us every body would laugh at. The contrast is just the same between *rocks*, and *cultivated flowers*—between the grandest works of nature ; and the prettiest little decorations of art. We object not to wild flowers, growing naturally among rocks. They are *nature's decoration*, and are nurtured in the soil, that suits them. We object only when we see *the hand of art laying them out in knots*. Such ideas in scenes, dedicated to grandeur and solitude, are incongruous.

And yet *propriety* may sometimes happily unite ideas, which in themselves are inharmonious. A bull, for instance, grazing with flowers tied to his horns, is absurd : but lead him in the pomp of sacrifice to the altar, and his flowers, which connect him properly with the scene, for that reason become him.

Thus

Thus an elegant path round the environs of a house, where you would naturally expect the decorating hand of art, is pleasing: *propriety* gives it *beauty*. But in a wild, rocky scene, where you expect no human dwelling; nor any thing but the naked print of nature's foot, all appearance of *artificial ornament* offends.

Having passed through this elaborate parterre, half inclined to turn back at every step, we came unexpectedly to an astonishing scene.

The two rocky cheeks of the river almost uniting compress the stream into a very narrow compass; and the channel, which descends abruptly, taking also a sudden turn, the water suffers more than common violence through the double resistance it receives from compression, and obliquity. It's efforts to disengage itself, have in a course of ages undermined, disjointed, and fractured the rock in a thousand different forms; and have filled the whole channel of the descent with fragments of uncommon magnitude, which are the more easily established, one upon the broken edges of another, as the fall is rather *inclined*, than *perpendicular*. Down this abrupt channel the whole stream in foaming violence forcing it's way, through the peculiar
and

and happy situation of the fragments, which oppose it's course, forms one of the grandest, and most beautiful cascades we had ever seen. At the bottom it has worn an abyss, in which the wheeling waters suffer a new agitation, tho of a different kind.

This whole scene, and it's accompaniments, are not only grand ; but picturesquely beautiful in the highest degree. The *composition* is perfect : but yet the parts are so intricate, so various, and so complicated, that I never found any piece of nature less obvious to imitation. It would cost the readiest pencil a summer day to bring off a good resemblance. My poor tool was so totally disheartened, that I could not bring it even to make an attempt. The broad features of a mountain, the shape of a country, or the line of a lake, are matters of easy execution. A trifling error escapes notice. But these high finished pieces of nature's more complicated workmanship, in which the beauty, in a great degree, consists in the finishing ; and in which every touch is expressive ; especially the spirit, activity, clearness, and variety of agitated water, are among the most difficult efforts of the pencil. When a cascade falls in a pure, unbroken sheet, it

is an object of less beauty indeed, but of much easier imitation.

This grand view, which I scruple not to call the most interesting thing of the kind, I ever saw, is exhibited through the windows of a summer-house; which I suppose, gives name to the scene: but it bears no resemblance to the idea of a *Hermitage*. A more exact Hermitage had been a better decoration. We can conceive a recluse to have chosen such a retreat, and to have felt tranquillity of mind perhaps the more forcibly near the roar of a cataract. It's noise might exclude every other idea, and leave the mind to itself.—But such a summer-house as this would not suit a recluse. It is too much adorned.

Among it's other ornaments, the panes of the windows are in part composed of red and green glass; which to those, who have never seen deceptions of this kind, give a new and surprizing effect; turning the water into a cataract of fire, or a cascade of liquid verdigrise. But such deceptions are tricks below the dignity of scenes like this. Coloured glasses may be amusing; but I should rather wish to have them hung up in frames with handles to be used at pleasure, than fixed in a window,

window, and imposing the *necessity* of looking through them.

The only picturesque glasses are those, which the artists call Claud Lorraine glasses. They are combined of two or three different colours; and if the hues are well sorted, they give the objects of nature a soft, mellow tinge, like the colouring of that master. The only use of these glasses, (which have little, but in sunshine,) is to give a greater depth to the shades; by which the effect is shewn with more force. How far the painter should follow his eye, or his glass, in working from nature, I am not master enough of the theory of colouring to ascertain. In general, I am apt to believe, that the merit of this kind of modified vision consists chiefly in it's novelty; and that nature has given us a better apparatus, for viewing objects in a picturesque light, than any, the optician can furnish.

From the Hermitage we continued our rout about a mile and a half farther up the river, to see another grand scene upon the Bran, at a place called the *Rumbling-bridg*. Here nature had almost formed a bridge of
 rock,



rock, which is finished by art. Under it's arch the river makes a noble rush, precipitating itself near fifty feet, between the two cheeks of the rock, which support the bridge. The scenery too around it is very grand; but it is also very local: for all the ground at a little distance from the *Rumbling-bridg* is a desert heath. This bridge made us some amends for having lost, through a mistake, the sight of another of the same kind, near Kinross; tho the *Rumbling-bridg* there was much superior in grandeur to this, as we were informed by those who have seen both.

This scene is not among the duke's improvements: but we entered them again about a mile above the grand cascade; and were entertained with many beautiful pieces of rock scenery in our return to the Hermitage.—Almost all the Scotch rivers are rapid, and rocky as the rivers in mountainous countries commonly are; but we thought the Bran superior in these respects, to any we had seen. It's whole course is a continued scene of violence, opposition, and every species of agitation; till it's impetuous waters find peace at length in the tranquillity of the Tay.

Very

Very little advantage however is taken of the romantic banks of this river. The path might have been carried up one side of it, and down the other; straying artlessly to those parts, where the most beautiful views are presented; without any forced openings, formal stands, white seats, or other artificial introductions preparatory to the several scenes. But this walk, which has neither nature in it, nor art, carries you up and down in the same track. It is fortunate however that you have such a variety of beautiful scenes, that the eye is not disgusted with seeing them twice over.

In a gloomy cell, on the banks of the river, we found an inscription, which joined it's kindred ideas with those of the scene.

Ah! see the form, which faintly gleams:

'Tis Oscar, come to cheer my dreams.

On wreaths of mist it glides away:

Oh! stay, my lovely Oscar, stay.

Awake the harp to doleful lays,

And sooth my soul with Oscar's praise.

Wake, Ofcian, last of Fingal's line;

And mix thy sighs, and tears with mine.

The shell is ceas'd in Oscar's hall,

Since gloomy Cairbar saw thee fall.

The roe o'er Morven playful bounds,

Nor fears the cry of Oscar's hounds.

Thy four grey stones the hunter spies,
Peace to the hero's ghost he cries.

As we passed along the higher banks, we saw another inscription engraven upon a rock within the bed of the river; and as we descended to it, we expected to see an account of some life preserved, or some natural curiosity found upon that spot: but when we arrived at it, we were informed, in fair and handsome Roman characters, that a hole in the rock, near the inscription (scooped, as there were many, by the vortices of the river) was on such a day, some years ago, drunk full of punch by a set of gentlemen, whose names are inscribed at length. The atchievement appears to have been great in it's way; but one should have been sorry to have met the name of a friend recorded on such an occasion.

At Dunkeld we heard, in all it's circumstances, the melancholy tale of the late duke of Athol's death. He had shewn no symptoms of despondency, till within a few weeks of that event; yet it was thought proper to give

give his servants a caution over him. His watchfulness however eluded theirs.

It was about eight o'clock in a dark November night, when he slipped out of a door, which opens upon the lawn. He was instantly missed, and lights were dispatched in all directions; but without effect. His brother was in the house. The servants privately informed him. A full hour was spent in fruitless search. It was now thought necessary to inform the duchess. Several hours passed in painful suspense. Intelligence of no kind could be obtained. Every one had his suspicions; but no one durst avow them.

Some time after midnight, a fellow brought in the duke's hat, which he had found by the side of the river. This put an end to every glimpse of hope: but the fatal event was not confirmed, till late the next morning, when the body was found in the Tay, about three miles below the house.

What it was that threw him into that dejection of spirits, which occasioned this catastrophe; or whether it was a malady of mind or body, could never be explained. No cause appeared, either from his fortunes, or any other circumstance. He was one of the most amiable

amiable noblemen in Scotland. His life was not only innocent and domestic; but correct, and virtuous: and what in men of his rank is more uncommon, I have heard, it was religious. No man was more beloved: nor did any man enjoy more of that serenity and cheerfulness, which generally attend a benevolent, and well regulated mind.

When we see a man who has raised a sudden and princely fortune by the iron arts of oppression, sinking, after the heyday of enjoyment is over, into melancholy; unable to endure the horror of his own thoughts, and arming his own hand against himself, we are not surprized: it is the natural course of things: it is the serpent, that recoils upon itself. But when we see a man of virtue, and piety under these terrors of mind; when we see the appearance of guilt in the breast of innocence; when we see that, neither the highest fortunes, nor even the cheerfulness of religion itself can secure the mind from these inbred horrors; human nature stands abashed in the midst of all it's precarious enjoyments: we revere the mysterious hand of heaven; and learn a lesson of humility, which nothing else in this world can give.

aristocratic noblemen in Scotland. His life was not only innocent and domestic; but earnest and virtuous; and what in man of his rank in those times, I have heard, it was religious. His mind was more beloved: nor did any man enjoy more of that serenity and cheerfulness, which generally attend a benevolent and well regulated mind.

When we see a man who has raised a fortune and property, fortune by the iron arts of agriculture, when the heyday of enjoyment is over, into melancholy; unable to endure the horror of his own thoughts; and against his own hand against himself, we are surprised: it is the natural course of things. It is the defect, that recoils upon itself, when we see a man of virtue, and piety, and these virtues of mind; when we see the presence of guilt in the breast of justice, when we see that neither the highest talents, nor even the objects of religion itself, can leave the mind from their inward horror; human nature stands shuddering in the midst of all its precious enjoyments; we have the mysterious hand of heaven; and human nature of justice, which nothing else in the world can give.



S E C T. XV.

FROM Dunkeld we continued our journey to Blair-castle, which is about twenty miles farther north. The whole road is a continuation of picturesque scenery. Through the first eight miles we accompanied the Tay; which entertained us with all the playful variety that a river can exhibit. Sometimes it came running up to the foreground. Then it would hide itself behind a woody precipice. Then again, when we knew not what was become of it, it would appear in the distance, forming it's meanders along some winding vale.

When we leave the Tay, we meet the Tummel, which, tho less wild in it's accompaniments, performs it's evolutions with as much beauty. One scene upon it's banks called aloud for the pencil. We had many, in

which were greater beauties ; but they were mixed, as is often the case, with something awkward. But this view was almost purely picturesque. A broad sand-bank stretched before the eye, as a second distance, round which the river formed an indented curve ; it's banks were well decorated ; and the view was closed, in the fashion of Scotch landscape, with beautiful mountains.

Mere *drawing*, without *colouring*, can at best, only express the forms of objects ; and by adding a little light and shade, endeavour to grace them with something of an *artificial effect*. How much the face of nature must suffer from such partial imitation, is evident ; as her colours and tints are her principal glory : but they are so local, so fugitive, so mixed, and indiscriminate, that they must often be taken on the spot, or lost. The only *true* method of transferring the tints of nature, is, with your pallet in your hand : and every painter, who wishes to form himself as a colourist after nature, must accustom himself to copy her features, and complexion, as he does those of other beauties, from the life. And in this operation, it is his best method, when it is in his power, to watch the opportunity of the
best

<i>Yellow & Red.</i>		<i>Yellow & Blue.</i>			<i>Blue & Red.</i>			<i>Yellow, Blue & Red.</i>			
1	2	3	13	14	16	25	26	27	37	38	39
4	5	6	16	17	18	28	29	30	40	41	42
7	8	9	19	20	21	31	32	33	43	44	45
10	11	12	22	23	24	34	35	36	46	47	48

1870

1871

1872

1873

1874

1875

1876

1877

1878

1879

1880

1881

1882

1883

1884

1885

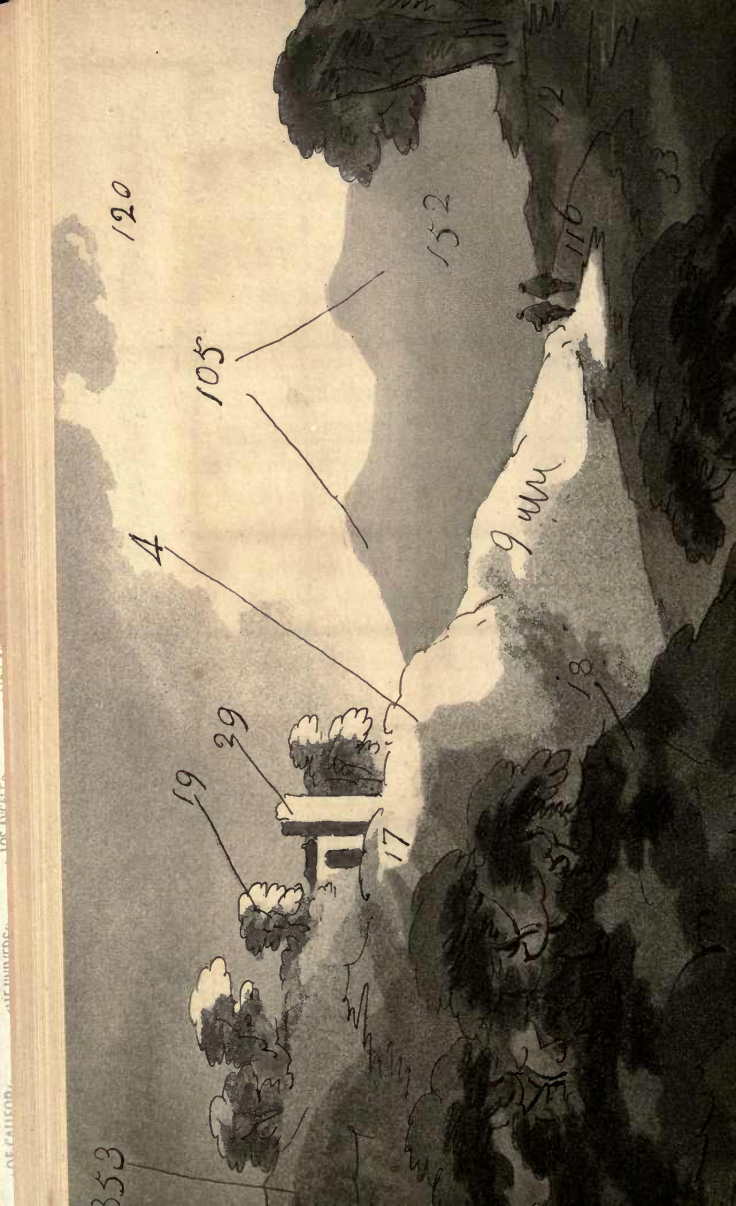
1886

1887

1888

1889

1890



120

105

152

4

9 444

18

19

29

17

353

12

116

33

best lights: for the face of nature, like other faces, has it's advantageous lights.

The next best method of catching the hues of nature, is by tinting a drawing on the spot, from which the artist may paint at his leisure. But this is a very imperfect method, as the hues of nature must greatly evaporate, and lose their spirit in a second translation.

To assist however in this matter, I cannot help mentioning a method which might perhaps be of some little use in fixing at least the coarser tints of nature, where time and opportunity of doing it better, are wanting. Let the artist carry about with him a book, on the leaves of which are exhibited in squares a variety of different tints. As all the tints of nature are supposed to be mixed from three original colours, yellow, blue, and red, his tints may be classed under these colours. With these the artist may compare the hues of nature; and each square being numbered, he may fix a few characteristic tints in his drawing merely by a reference to the numbers. I call this however a mere succedaneum; as there are a thousand variegated tints in nature, which it would be impossible to fix in this way: and indeed as the whole method is mere

theory; and was never, as far as I know, applied to practice, it might be found, upon trial, very inadequate.—This digression was occasioned by a view upon the Tummel, to which the colouring of a sand-bank, and it's harmonizing with the objects in it's neighbourhood, gave a beauty, that in a mere *uncoloured drawing* is entirely lost.

The banks of the Tummel are chiefly pastoral, but when it is joined by the Garry, or rather received into it, we had an ample specimen of the sublime. The pass of Killicranky began now to open, which is the great entrance into the highlands in these parts; and may be called the Caledonian Thermopyle; tho indeed what are generally called the highlands, as I observed, begin at Dunkeld. This pass forms a very magnificent scene. The vallies, as we approach it, are beautiful. Two or three gentlemen have fixed their habitations among them, and seem to have made a good choice.

As we enter the pass, the mountains, on each side, expand in noble, irregular wings. The road takes the right, and may be said to
traverse

traverse the *base* of the mountain, when compared with it's summit: but when compared with it's *real base*, it is raised to a giddy height. It is a great addition to the scene to look down upon the river foaming among rocks, diving into woods, and forcing it's way among the huge fragments that have tumbled into it's channel from the mountain.

Two of the scenes we met with in these wild regions, were particularly picturesque. In one the sloping corner of a mountain, with the road winding round it, forms the foreground: the middle is occupied by a bridge over the Garry; and some of the grand prominences of the pass fill the distance.

The other consists chiefly of a second distance, in which the river forms a sort of pool, and the mountains a very pleasing combination around it.

By this time we had nearly opened the pass, which continues about a mile, displaying, in one part or other of it's ample curve, every species of rough and picturesque scenery. In general, however, as it's lofty skreens are brought very near the eye, they are too large, and refractory to be moulded into composition. Innumerable parts of them may with little

trouble be hewn into good foregrounds: but they afford few materials delicate enough for a distance.

In a military light, this entrance into the highlands has, at all times, been considered as a very formidable defile. In the last rebellion a body of Hessians having been detached into these parts of Scotland, made a full pause at this strait, refusing to march farther. It appeared to them as the *ne plus ultra* of habitable country.

In king William's time, it was marked with the destruction of a royal army. The only spirited attempt, in his reign, in favour of the Jacobite cause, was made by Clavers lord viscount Dundee. This chief, who was a man of honour and enterprize, collected a body of forces, and set up the standard of the exiled prince. With great zeal he importuned all the disaffected clans to join him; but amidst the warmest professions he found only luke-warm assistance. Mortified by repeated disappointments, and chagrined at having the whole burden of the war upon himself, he was skulking about Lockabar with a few starved, and ill-armed troops, hesitating what course to take; when he received advice, that general Mackay, who
was

was in quest of him, at the head of the English army, was in full march towards the pass of Killicranky. In the midst of despair a beam of hope inspired him. He harrangued his men; assured them of success; roused them to action; and fell upon Mackay, as he fled out of the straits, with so much judgment, and well directed fury, that in seven minutes the English infantry was broken, and the horse in as many more.—In the article of victory Dundee was mortally wounded. An old highlander shewed us a few trees, under the shade of which he was led out of the battle; and where he breathed his last with that intrepidity, which is so nobly described by a modern Scotch poet*, in an interview between death, and a victorious hero.

“ Nae cauld faint-hearted doubtings teaze him.

“ Death comes. Wi’ fearless eye he sees him;

“ Wi’ bloody hand a welcome gies him :

“ And when he fa’s,

“ His latest draught of breathing leaves him

“ In faint huzzas.”

Dundee was the life of a cause, which in this short blaze of success expired,

* Poems by Robert Burns, p. 38.

From the straits of Killicranky we soon arrived within the district of the Blair of Athol, as this part of the country is called. Blair-castle, which is the capital of this wide domain, makes but a mean appearance. It stands, as you approach it, under a mountain, with a wood before it: but the former is ill shaped; and the latter, which is chiefly of fir, is formal.

Mean however as this castle appears at present in the light of a fortress, it was once a place of high renown; and has many a history annexed to it. As it was the only fortress in these wild parts, it was ever thought a place of consequence; and had it's share in every disturbance of the time. In many scenes of violence it was engaged, during the feuds of aristocracy: but it makes no figure in history, before the civil wars of the last century. In the year 1644 it ventured to check the career of that celebrated hero the marquis of Montrose: but it paid dear for it's temerity. He laid siege to it; and took it by assault. Ten years after, it fell under the displeasure of Cromwell; and experienced the same fate.

But

But in the last rebellion it had better fortune. Sir Andrew Agnew seized it with a body of seventy horse, and held it for the king. The rebels twice attacked it, but each time without success.

The late duke of Athol seeing his family seat thus subjected to so many insults on account of it's strength, took a resolution to dismantle it, that it might never again be an object of military concern. He did not perhaps sufficiently consider, that if any future trouble should arise, it is full as likely in it's present state of weakness to become a prey; as in it's ancient state of prowess to have been made a fortress. Be it as it will, the picturesque eye regrets the loss of it's towers, and battlements; and is hurt at seeing a noble castle transformed into an ordinary house.

But tho Blair-castle appeared, on our approach, to stand under a mountain, it changed it's situation, as we arrived on the spot. The mountains take a circular form around it; and it stands seated on a plain, as the word *Blair*, in the Erse language, implies. We found also, that notwithstanding it's outward appearance, the apartments are noble, and furnished in grand taste.

The

The scenery about the house is inferior to that at Dunkeld; and yet it is suitable to the grandeur of a great house, and capable of much improvement. The plain, on which the house stands, spreads about a mile in front; and might be beautifully diversified with lawns and wood. At present it is much injured by vistas, and a kitchen-garden, which tho' extraordinary in it's way, is still a nuisance.

At the end of the plain runs the Tilt, a rapid and rocky stream: but it is of no service in the view; for it lies within such lofty banks, that it is invisible, till you arrive on the spot. There the duke has conducted walks; but I cannot say much in praise either of the artifice with which they are conducted, or of their simplicity. In the course of them you see the cascades of two or three streams, which fall down the bank into the Tilt, and are admired more than they deserve. The bank is of lofty and broken rock; and the streams are by no means inconsiderable; yet the very circumstance of their falling *into the river* is a great disservice to them as capital objects. It makes them appear smaller by bringing them into comparison with a greater stream.

stream. It exhibits them also in an awkward situation: for as they fall down the side of an extended bank, they do not fill the eye like a river, pouring down between rocks, and seen as a simple object in one grand point of view. One of them is called the York-cascade, in compliment to the late archbishop Drummond; and is admired for it's broken stages. For myself, I am more pleased with a simple construction. That at Dunkeld indeed is infinitely broken; but it is still one noble gush: whereas this is frittered, and divided into several distinct parts, each of which makes a little separate whole.

Having viewed the disposition of the ground in the front of the house, we viewed it next on the other side, where it is much more beautiful. The mountains here approach nearer the house; and between two of them runs a valley about a mile in length; and a quarter of a mile in breadth. The sides and bottom of this valley are wholly filled with wood, through which winds a rocky and sounding stream. This beautiful piece of natural scenery is improved as it ought to be. A pleasing walk about two miles in length is conducted round it; and is in all it's
parts

parts easy, and natural; except that, here and there, a semi-circular parapet is set off from the walk, to shew some parts of the river and rocks at the bottom. They might have been shewn better by the simple, and natural curve of the walk. These preparatory stations always injure the effect, by exciting beforehand the expectation of it. The charm of novelty is so far lost.

Between this scenery and the house are a few acres, which are laid out with more embellishment; but less taste. What we chiefly admired here, were some firs of the spruce kind, which we thought the most picturesque, we had ever seen. They were indeed

————— a stately progeny of pines;
With all their floating foliage richly robed.

If Dunkeld appeared more the retired seat of pleasure; Blair-castle, especially in it's ancient form, was more the residence of the highland chieftain. Here he was always found in the article of danger. Here his clan mustered around him; and here he fed them, and kept their courage alive, from his extensive pastures and vast ranges of forest.

These wastes we wished much to visit; and should have found great amusement in traversing

travelling their extensive boundaries, and examining their various inhabitants—in springing the ptarmigan, and other heath birds, that frequent them; in hearing their various cries and notes; and in seeing those herds of wild stags, which are never seen in cultivated chases; and among them the nimble roe-buck, bounding in its native clime: but so wide are these domains, that we were informed we might have travelled twenty or thirty miles, before we could have gratified our curiosity.

travelling their respective boundaries, and examining their various inhabitants—in passing the mountains and other high lands, that frequent them; in passing their various creeks and rivers, and in seeing those herds of wild deer, which are never seen in cultivated places; and among them the noble roe-deer bounding in its native clime: but so wide are these domains, that we were informed we might have travelled twenty or thirty miles before we could have gratified our curiosity.



S E C T. XVI.

FROM Blair to Taymouth, which we proposed next to visit, we found two roads; one to the north by Donacardoc, and the other to the south by repassing the straits of Killicranky. The latter is the better road, but we chose the former, as leading through a new country.

The first object, that called our attention, after we left Blair, were the falls of the river Freer. About two miles beyond Blair, we were directed to leave the road on our right, and to pursue the course of that river, which, as it comes tumbling down a lofty hill, would shew as several fine cascades. They were scarce worth so long and perpendicular a walk. One of them indeed is a grand fall; but it

is so naked in it's accompaniments, and seen from so bad a point, that on the whole it is of little value.

In our way to Donacardoc, and beyond it, the country in general, is wild and mountainous: but the vallies are wide, and extensive; and as we passed along their sweeping sides, many of the scenes were very noble. The mountains retiring in different distances from the eye, marshalled themselves in the most beautiful forms, and expanded their vast concave bosoms to receive the most enchanting lights. The picturesque traveller indeed, if he finds the lights; as we found them, will be sufficiently rewarded for his trouble in traversing this rough country. The scenes on the right, are those, which will chiefly engage his attention.

And here I cannot help disclosing what appears to me a truth; tho' so bold a one, that it ought only perhaps to be opened to the initiated. In the exhibition of distant mountains on paper, or canvas, unless you make them exceed their *real* or *proportional* size, they have no effect. It is inconceivable

able how objects lessen by distance. Examine any distance, closed by mountains, in a camera, and you will easily see what a poor, diminutive appearance the mountains make. By the power of perspective they are lessened to nothing. Should you represent them in your landscape in so diminutive a form, all dignity, and grandeur of idea would be lost. The case is, a scrap of canvas compared with the vastness of nature's scale, *misleads* the eye; and if the *exact proportion* of the mountain be observed, it is so trifling, that we cannot easily *persuade* ourselves, it is the *representative* of so vast, and enormous a mass.

If indeed the mountain always, and invariably appeared *under one hue*, the eye might in some degree learn to infer the distance, and of course the bulk, from the colour. But this is not the case. The colour of mountains is as various, as the colour of the sky. Light ethereal blue, which is the colour of the air, is the hue thrown upon the most removed objects. But the blue mountain can only be represented under the bright and colourless sky. You would often wish to adorn your landscape with other appearances of nature; in which the distant mountain assumes other

L 2

hues.

hues. It is brown, or it is purple, or it is grey: and all these in a variety of degrees. So that colour is by no means a criterion of bulk.—Besides, you often wish to introduce your mountain nearer than the distance, at which it assumes aerial blue. And when this is the case, it's surface is subject to a still greater variety of tints; and it's bulk, is consequently with more difficulty ascertained from it's colour.

Even *in nature* the eye is apt to make frequent mistakes; and often misjudges with regard both to bulk, and distance; notwithstanding it is able to form comparisons from the various objects that appear in the extent of landscape around, which may assist the judgment. But in painting, the eye has not this assistance. It has only the objects of a very circumscribed spot to compare by, and cannot therefore deduce the real size of the mountain, for want of objects of comparison. We must therefore enlarge the scale a little beyond nature to make nature look like herself. If indeed the picture and nature should be brought together, the deception will be apparent: otherwise the *deception* appears the *reality*.

The celebrated boat of Raphael, in the cartoon of the draught of fishes, is a fiction somewhat of this kind, in which the boat is represented much less than the truth, lest the real truth should offend. An object of the full size of a boat so near the eye, would have ingrossed too much of the spectator's attention; and the painter hoped the beauty of his figures would engage the eye so much, as to pass over the inaccuracy. If indeed the absurdity could have been removed with a little contrivance, it would certainly have been better. As so great a master however found reason to make his object too little; another artist, by a parity of reason, may make his object too large.

The ancient columnal sculptures at Rome were accompanied with a degree of this artificial deception. As the figures at the top of the column, would be seen from the bottom diminished out of all proportion, if they had been of the natural size, the sculptors very properly made them much larger than the life; so that the eye seeing them from the bottom, conceived them to be of the proper size.

As we left the wild country about Donacardoc, we met our old acquaintance the river Garry: and were surprized to see it, tho so much nearer it's source, in better plight than it appeared at Killicranky. Here it occupies a broad channel; and makes an ample sweep: but there, tho it had received many considerable accessions, it made no figure. The case was, it was there contracted, and limited within narrow banks, except in that part, where it spreads into a pool: so that altho it contained more water, it made a less appearance.

From the banks of the Garry we found more coarse country: but it was of no continuance. The steep sides of Glen-lion received us, and afforded us several views, which were magnificent in their kind, into the deep recesses of the dell; where the river is sometimes seen, but oftener only heard; and where it's sequestered haunts are seldom interrupted by human curiosity. The eye is often carried many fathoms below, into these depths of
solitude;



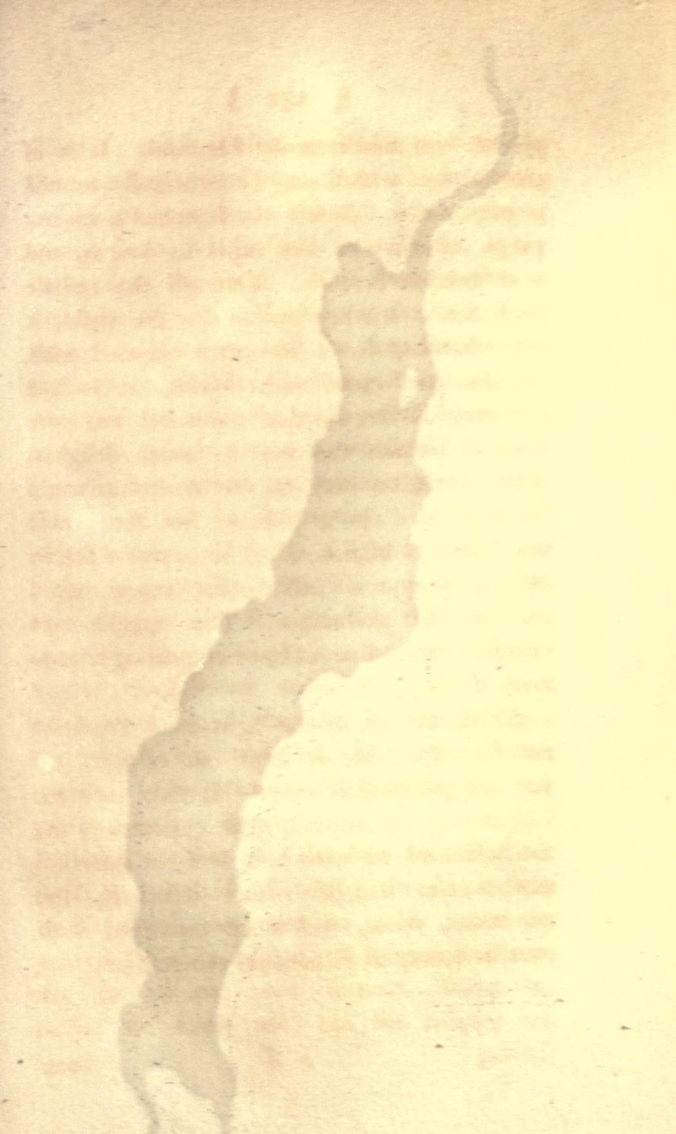
solitude ; and is as often arrested in mid-way by the spreading tops of trees, from whence getting passage perhaps again through some opening among them, it is baffled a second time, by the darkness of the recess. The splendid tints of sun-shine *sleeping*, as Shakespear phrases it, upon the tops of the trees, and the deep shadows beneath them, afforded the strongest contrast, and were blended with the most perfect harmony ; an effect, which nature is wonderful in producing ; but which art, without great attention, will fail in attempting. It is much easier to carry off justly a light or shade, and blend it gradually with it's opposite ; than to manage with just expression the extremes of either, when brought into contact. Amusing as these views were, they would have been more so, if the edge of the precipice on which we travelled, had been better guarded. Our attention, in some degree, was engaged by our danger.

Along the side of Glen-lion we missed our road ; and instead of taking the direct way to Taymouth, we went six miles round by general Wade's bridge. This we had reason to esteem good fortune. What we missed we knew not : but the country we

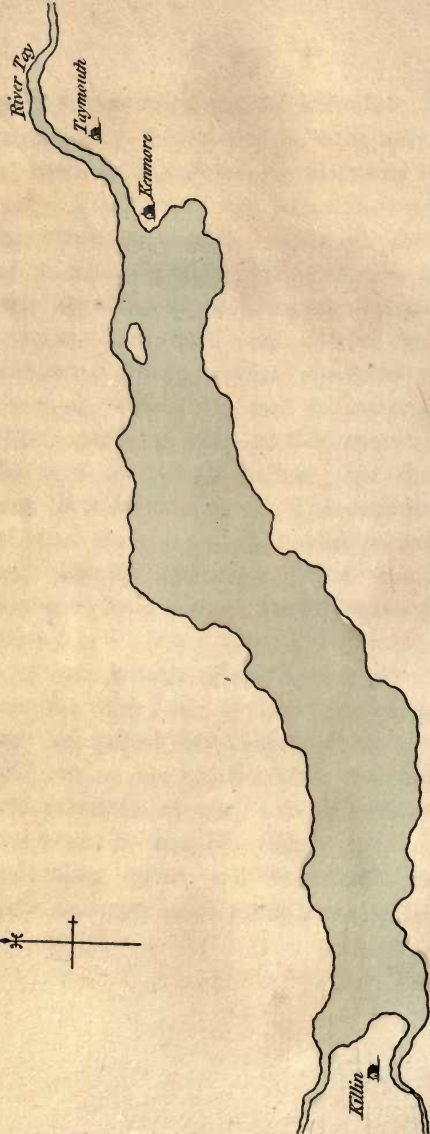
gained, was uncommonly beautiful. It is of that species, which may be technically termed a *plano-valley*. Before us stretched a champaign of four or five miles in length, and near two in breadth. Through the middle of it ran a winding road. On the right, it was screened by a mountain wooded with clumps, and varied with objects, at such a distance, as throws that equivocal veil over them, in which the eye so much delights. The conclusion only of this mountain could be introduced in a picture: but the whole was beautiful in nature. The opposite screen of the vale was still bolder, more rocky, and equally picturesque. The middle was occupied by a fine distance of retiring mountains.

At the bottom of the right-hand mountain ran the Tay; but it kept out of sight, till we had passed the bridge. It then took the lead among the objects, that entertained us; and presented us with two or three beautiful reaches; in one of which especially, the mountains, water, and wood combined with peculiar beauty in picturesque composition.

Soon



LOCH-TAY.





Soon after, we came to Kenmore, which is a neat little town, built by lord Breadalbin, at the foot of Loch-tay. Nothing can stand more sweetly: the lake is spread on one side of it; and on the other, are lord Breadalbin's improvements.

The view of the lake from the rising grounds near the church, is capital. On the right, a lofty mountain falls into the water, and forms a grand promontory. It's lines at the base are finely broken by a wooded island. Another promontory projects from the opposite shore, and both together form the water into a spacious bay. Between the two promontories the distant mountains recede in perspective; and the lake goes off in the form of another bay. We seldom meet with a grander piece of lake-scenery.

Having taking this first view of the lake we embarked upon it; expecting, that as it's reaches opened, our entertainment would increase. But having continued our voyage near a league, we found no part equal to what we first saw.

One inducement to this voyage, was a cascade on the banks of the lake, which had been represented to us as an uncommon piece of scenery. A pompous preface so often produces disappointment, that expecting a disappointment here, we were agreeably surprized. We found a very beautiful scene. It is not indeed of so sublime a kind, as that of the Hermitage at Dunkeld. It is of a tamer nature, gliding down an excavated rock; but meeting with interruption enough to give it variety. It's accompaniments are very beautiful. The rock it falls from, is lofty, and well broken: and it graces the center of a little woody theatre; which nature seems to have made on purpose for it, and where it is shewn to much advantage. Lord Breadalbin, to whom it belongs, introduces the stranger to it through a sort of subterranean passage, the necessity of which did not appear. It is an exhibition, which wants no aid to give it consequence.

In our return we had a view of the church and bridge of Kenmore, and of the mountains, and island, in it's neighbourhood: but from so low a point, they lost much of their dignity. We landed also upon the island; but found little to amuse us.

And

And yet this island, small and contemptible as it appears, has more than one history annexed to it. Here stood formerly a small, but elegant priory dedicated by Alexander the first of Scotland, to the memory of his beloved queen, who was the natural daughter of Henry the first of England. At his death it was more liberally endowed; and he entrusted the repose of his own soul, as well as his queen's, to the prayers of pious monks, whom he established for that purpose, in this religious retirement. Often in the calm still hour of evening, or before the sun had risen upon the mountains, the boatman plying his course, would rest on his oars, to listen to the chanted hymn, or early matins, as they came floating in the breeze along the surface of the lake.

In after times this island wore another face. When the bravery of Montrose carried every thing before him in defence of the royal cause, which was nearly in it's wane in England; a numerous body of Campbells, against whom the rigour of Montrose was chiefly directed, took possession of this island, where they fortified themselves among the ruins. Montrose took, and garrisoned it; and it continued in
the

the hands of the loyalists till 1654, when general Monk retook it. It would now however be difficult to trace the least vestige in it either of religion, or war.

S E C T. XVII.

HAVING finished our voyage, we took a walk to Taymouth, lord Breadalbin's seat, where we met with little to engage our curiosity. The house stands on a lawn, between two mountains, which open to the lake; tho' the architect has contrived to screen it intirely from the view of the water. The lawn is about a mile in breadth, diversified with a great variety of ground. Under the southern mountain, a quarter of a mile behind the house, runs the Tay; which, tho' not so grand a river, as we found it at Dunkeld, is however a noble, and rapid stream. The banks of the river, the lawn, and the mountains around, are all well clothed with wood; and the whole scene is capable of great improvement: but when we saw it,*

* In the year 1776.

nothing

nothing like taste had been exercised upon it. The house had formerly been a turreted castle, but was formed then by the addition of two wings, into a large, convenient, tho unpleasing mansion. The grounds around it were laid out with little beauty; and the walks were formal, and ill contrived; pacing under the paling of the park, instead of winding around, and taking such circuits as might shew the lake, and mountains to most advantage. There was a grand walk also beyond the Tay; which had cost more than it deserved. Indeed the walks on neither side of the river seemed intended to shew the scenery; but rather as avenues to a few tawdry, inelegant buildings, which terminated them. Nothing could shew a more thorough inattention to every idea of beauty and taste, than the whole contrivance of the place.

Perhaps no country in the world abounds more with grand situations, especially in the highland parts of it, than Scotland: and perhaps none of the Scotch nobility have a greater variety of noble situations, than the earls of Breadalbin. Whether they wished for elevated, or sheltered situations—for views of wood, of water, or of mountains—they had choice

choice of every kind. When therefore, we see a situation so unhappily chosen, in the neighbourhood of such a scene as Loch-Tay; we are apt to think it required some ingenuity, and contrivance to fix it. The situation indeed in itself would not be so bad, if we did not see every where around it, situations that are so much better.

Of all the views which a great house should wish to command, I think *a noble distance* is the most desirable. This was the opinion of Horace. He commends the house,

— longos quæ prospicit agros.

And I think he is right. *Distant views*, if there is a good foreground, are generally the most pleasing; as they contain the greatest variety, both in themselves, and in their accidental variations. But if you have before your windows, a beautiful lake retiring among mountains into remote distance, as lord Breadalbin might have had, adorned with woody banks, and tufted islands; while his house might have been screened from the rough quarters of the sky; it is all one would wish for in a situation.

As we left lord Breadalbin's, we had, from the road near Maxwell's temple, a very picturesque view of the lake and it's environs. The water bears only a small proportion; but the promontories sweeping into it, the islands detached from the main, and a distant view of the grand mountain of Benavoir, which occupies the head of the lake, unite in forming a very noble landscape.

In this country originated the massacre of Glencoe. The fact is noted: but a detail of circumstances does not often find it's way into history.* They who have never met with this detail, will be shocked to find at the end of the seventeenth century, an action marked with such circumstances of horrid cruelty and treachery, as are rarely found in the annals of a Roman, or an Eastern despot.

After the *act of settlement* had passed in Scotland, as well as in England, in favour of king William; and the government expected submission from all it's subjects, a number of the highland-clans bowed with

* I believe Dr. Smollet is the only *historian*, who enters into the *detail* of this shocking affair.



great reluctance to the new yoke. Many ineffectual efforts having been made to bring them to a better mind, the *ratio ultima regum* was at length resolved on; and a proclamation was issued, which threatened them with military execution, if they did not take the oaths before the beginning of the year 1692. This measure carried strong conviction into the Highlands, and made several converts to the principles of the revolution. Many however could ill brook the idea of what they esteemed so arbitrary a proceeding; and among these, the loudest was Macdonald of Glencoe. This haughty chief, in opposition to all the persuasions of his friends, would exclaim with eager asseverations, that he would suffer any extremity rather than submit. "When I take arms against them, he would cry, let them send their military executioners: but while my opinions keep at home, they injure no man." Notwithstanding however this lofty language, as the day of grace began to expire, his fears for his wife, his children, and his dependents, got the better of his indignation; and he made his submission at Inverary before the sheriff of the county; tho, through

an unavoidable accident, three or four days after the allotted period.

This chief it seems, in the violence of the times, a little before the revolution, had plundered the lands of the earl of Breadalbin. For this, and some other acts of animosity, that nobleman, it is thought, had devoted him to destruction; and is accused of persuading king William to put him, and all his clan under military execution, as a terror to other disaffected parts of the Highlands. No inquiry therefore was made, whether Macdonald had submitted, or would submit; but a warrant for putting to death near two hundred innocent people, was dispatched with as little ceremony, as if it had been an order to apprehend a smuggler. This horrid warrant having passed through all the usual forms, was brought to the king, who signed it, it is said, without scruple; tho I think, it is probable, that Macdonald's *submission* was concealed from him. Bishop Burnet indeed* endeavours to make the king intirely ignorant of the whole affair. He was rather dilatory, the bishop says, in business; and used to put

* See his history of his own times.

off signing papers, till they began to multiply; when he would sign them in a lump with too little examination. In this precipitate manner, he gives us to understand, the king signed the fatal warrant against the inhabitants of Glencoe.

From the king it was directed to the secretary of state in Scotland; who sent it, in the course of business, to the commanding officer of Argyle's regiment, then in garrison at Fort William.

Early in February, 1691, a detachment from that corps took possession of the valley of Glencoe; and when Macdonald inquired into their intention, he was told it was friendly; and had in view only to levy the arrears of some ill-paid taxes. Upon this Macdonald and his dependents, laid aside all apprehensions (as indeed having submitted to government, they had no grounds to harbour any) and entertained the troops hospitably, during the space of fifteen days.

On the evening of the sixteenth day, young Macdonald observed the guards were doubled; and thought he saw something among the troops, which he did not well understand. He brought his suspicions to his father: but

the old man endeavoured with jocularity to disperse them. The youth however at the close of day, drew his brother aside, and carried him out privately among the soldiers, to make observations. Approaching a guard under the cover of the night, they overheard a centinel tell his fellow, that “It was a brutal work, but their officers must answer for it.” Upon this the two young men in terror made instantly to their father’s house:—but the bloody deed was begun. As they approached, they heard the report of fire-arms—they heard the shrieks of despair; and saw the house surrounded by armed men. Old Macdonald was shot through the head, as he slept by his wife: and, at the same time, a Highland gentleman, who was then upon a visit to him; tho he had the king’s protection in his pocket. The houses of the tenants, and dependents of the family, were surrounded also, and every man butchered, who was found. A pillage ensued; and all the wanton cruelty was practised, which is customary at the sacking of a town.

The women and children indeed were spared: but such of them, as had neither died of the fright, nor had been butchered by mistake,

take, were turned out naked, at the dead of night—a keen, freezing night—with all their calamities about them, into a waste covered with snow.

When the morning rose, the horrid deed appeared in all its guilt. Thirty-eight slaughtered bodies were drawn out; and the women, who had never attempted to fly, were in general found either starved to death; or expiring with their children under hedges. It was thought, that about a hundred of those destined to slaughter, had escaped through the intelligence given them by their friends among the troops.

This horrid affair was never sufficiently examined. King William endeavoured to repel the odium from himself, by throwing it upon the Scotch secretary; who had exceeded, he said, his orders. But various circumstances, and especially the lenity shewn to all concerned in this business, rendered such an apology very defective. “The king
 “ sent orders, says Burnet, to inquire into
 “ the matter; but when the letters writ
 “ upon this business, were all examined,
 “ which I myself read, it appeared, that so
 “ many were involved in the matter, that

“ the king’s gentleness prevailed on him to
 “ a fault; and he contented himself with
 “ dismissing only the master of Stair from
 “ his service. Indeed the not punishing
 “ this with due rigour, was the greatest
 “ blot in this whole reign.”

We did not see the valley of Glencoe; as it
 would have carried us too far out of our road:
 but it is described as one of the most inter-
 esting scenes in the whole country; hung
 with rock, and wood; and abounding with
 beauties of the most romantic kind. This
 valley is famous also for being the birth-place
 of Ofcian. In it’s wild scenes that bard is
 said to have caught his first poetic raptures.
 Near it lies the country of Morven; which
 Fingal hath turned into classic ground by his
 huntings, and his wars.

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 "many were involved in the matter, that...
 "the...

S E C T. XVIII.

FROM Kenmore we proposed great pleasure in our ride to Killin, which was our next stage. It lies at the head of the lake, which is about fifteen miles long; and as the road kept almost intirely by the water side, we expected many beautiful scenes. But we were disappointed. We had seen the lake in it's greatest glory from Kenmore. It never spreads into any considerable expanse of water; but has the appearance rather of a river of unequal dimensions. Where it is widest, it seldom exceeds a mile: but in general it is much narrower. Nor are it's boundaries pleasing. They exhibit no bold shores, broken promontories, nor other forms of beauty; but are rather tame hills, than picturesque mountains. Nor are they furnished with wood, or other pleasing appendages.—Upon the whole however, as the evening was cold,

four, and unpleasant, it is probable, that it tinged the landscape with similar ideas. The effect is common. A clear evening might have dispelled these gloomy visions, which we attributed to the landscape; and might have opened new beauties. I have heard indeed judicious travellers, who have seen it under a more favourable aspect, speak of many grand views from advantageous stands along the shores of the lake. Of this I have not the least doubt; and am only unhappy in not being able to add my own testimony to what I have heard.

As we approached Killin, the country began to amend, and pleased us in spite of the untoward medium of a drizzling rain, through which we viewed it. Many of the hills were clothed with wood; and some of them finely disposed, skreening little irriguous vallies, which played among them. But as the evening grew worse, and set in wet, we could not examine the landscape as it deserved. In general, however, the two ends of Loch-Tay are certainly the most beautiful parts of it.

The town of Killin is celebrated for being the receptacle of the bones of Fingal. We
 were

were shewn the place, where tradition says, they were buried: but the traveller must view his tomb with the eye of faith. Not the least monumental fragment remains.

At Killin we heard the little history of a Highland migration. Several expeditions of this kind to America, from different parts of Scotland (which were supposed to have been attended with success) began to make a noise in the country; and a discontented spirit got abroad, even in those parts, where no oppression could be complained of; particularly in the domains of the earl of Breadalbin; the happiness of whose tenants seems to have been among the principal sources of the happiness of their lord. The *word was given*, as it was phrased, in the beginning of March 1775; and a rendezvous was appointed at Killin, on the first of the ensuing May. Here convened about thirty families, making in all above three hundred people. The first night they spent at Killin, in barns, and other out-houses, which they had previously engaged. Early the next morning the whole company was called together by the sound of bag-pipes, and the order of their march was settled. Men, women, and children, had all their
proper

proper stations assigned. They were all dressed in their best attire; and the men were armed in the Highland fashion. They who were able, hired carts for their baggage: the rest distributed it in proper proportions, among the several members of their little families; each of them, in the patriarchal style, *carrying provisions for the way*. Then taking a long adieu of their friends, and relations, who gathered round them, the music began to play, and in the midst of a thousand good wishes mutually distributed, the whole train moved on.

Goldsmith, in his deserted village, gives a melancholy picture of a body of emigrants, taking a last farewell of their country.

Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
 I see the rural virtues leave the land:
 Down, where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
 That idly waiting, flaps in every gale,
 Downward they move, a melancholy band,
 Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.

But these emigrants were of a different stamp. Many of them were possessed of two or three hundred pounds, and few of less than thirty or forty; which at least shewed, they had not starved upon their farms. They were
 a jocund

a jocund crew ; and set out, not like people flying from the face of poverty ; but like men, who were about to carry their health, their strength, and little property, to a better market. The first day's march brought them to Loch-Lomond, which is about twenty-five or thirty miles from Killin. At the head of this lake they had provided vessels, in which the greater part of them embarked ; and were carried by water twenty-four miles farther, into the neighbourhood of Dunbarton ; where they cantoned themselves, till their transport vessel was ready at Grenock.

We proposed also to visit Loch-Lomond, and Dunbarton ; but not by the rout of these emigrants ; which would have abridged our tour. We chose a wider circuit by Tindrum and Inverary.

From the pleasing environs of Killin we launched out into a wild country, which nature had barely produced ; but had done little to adorn. Neither had art ever deigned to visit it, except in the shape of a soldier working on a military road. Even the cottage smoking among a few trees, which almost every heath presents, was not here to be found. All was wide, waste and rude ; to-
tally

tally naked; and yet in its simplicity often sublime; the ground heaving, like the ocean into ample swells, and subsiding into vallies equally magnificent. The ideas were grand, rather than pleasing. The imagination was interested, but not the eye. Here and there indeed a mountain-scene fell within the rules of composition. But in general, we had few forms of picturesque beauty, at least in the larger parts. In the smaller, we often found them; in the winding of rivulets, in their rocky beds, and in their little bustling cascades, of which we had great variety.

The ground-plot, if I may so call it, of this rude landscape, was a wild valley, *ascending* through the space of twenty miles from Killin to Tindrum. It could not be called steep; yet was generally steep enough to give rapidity to the rocky rivulet which adorned it. This rivulet is one of the chief sources of Loch-Tay: but it does not assume the name of the Tay, till it leave the lake. About the middle of this ascent, the country becoming flat, we found the torrent arrested by a valley; and formed into a small lake, called Loch-Dochart; the shores of which afforded us some fine scenery, both when we
saw



saw it in extent (for tho it was small, it had dimensions sufficient for any landscape) and when we saw only a portion of it. In the former situation, the distant hills made an agreeable boundary to the water. In the latter we had a huge promontory hanging over a castle, which stood upon an island at it's feet.

The great picturesque use of islands, in these situations, is to break the tedious lines of such promontories, and mountains, as fall into the water. But this island, besides it's use in composition, is itself an object of beauty. It is decorated with wood; and adorned with a castle.

Castles in the middle of lakes, tho not proper for regal fortresses, were commonly chosen as seats of security by those chiefs, who had the advantage of such situations. The island-castle could only be attacked by water. In summer the lake could not afford navigation to carry over a body of men; and in winter the ice formed so exposed an approach, that troops would hardly attempt it. There was no covering above ground; and the mattock could make none beneath. This castle however was once stormed by the M'greggors, in the midst of a frosty winter, by a well-contrived project. They brought
a vast

a vast quantity of fascines to the edge of the lake, with which they made a stout breast-work. This they pushed before them along the smooth surface of the ice; and being sufficiently defended by it from the shot of the castle, they made good their landing, if I may so speak; and quickly overpowered the place, which trusted more in it's situation, than in the strength of it's garrison.

About Tindrum we had attained the summit of our ascent. This place is supposed to be one of the highest inhabited parts of Scotland—some say of Great-Britain. The word Breadalbin, in which country we now travelled, has that signification.

Among the mountains, which compose these wild scenes, the mountains of Bendoran are the most conspicuous. The country-people consider them as enchanted mountains. Before the storm begins to rage, they emit a hollow sound, which forebodes it. The shepherd knows it well, and instantly shelters his flock. Sounds however of this kind are not peculiar to mount Bendoran. They are often mentioned among the signs of bad weather. They were prognostics of ancient times.

Montibus audiri fragor

Altit

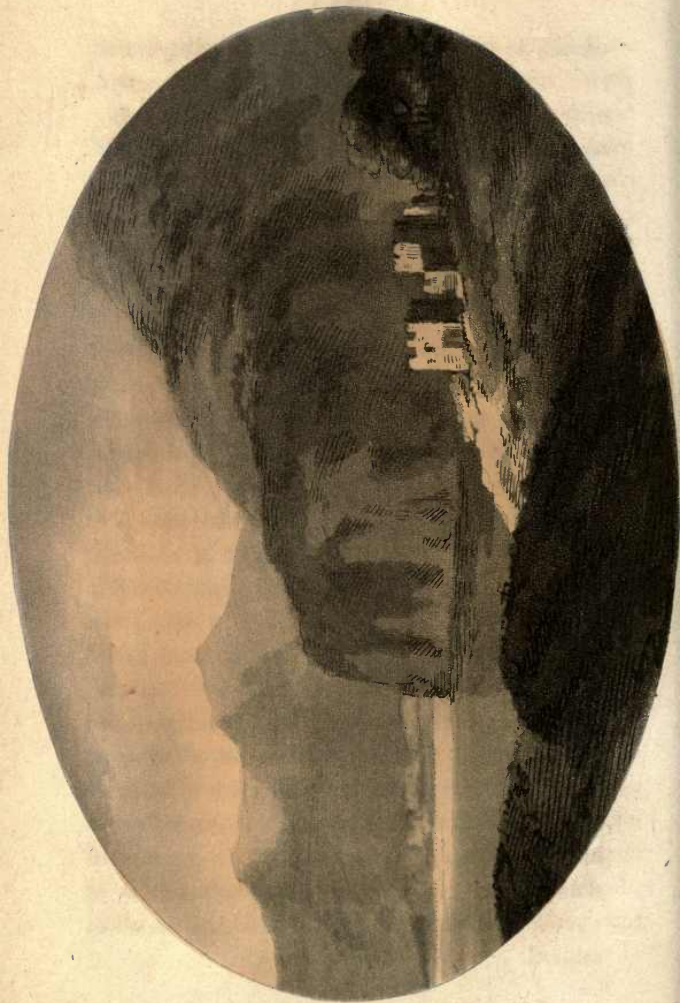
At Tindrum the ground which had been rising from Loch-Tay begins *immediately* to fall. The Tay which takes it's source at the summit of this elevation, runs due east; and a little lake within a quarter of a mile of the fountains of the Tay, discharges it's waters due west. Along the banks of this little bustling stream we descended through a valley, wild like that we had left behind, and nearly in the same style of landscape; but of quicker descent.

Near Dalmary the view opened upon a rich cultivated country, at least such it appeared—a sight we had not met with for many days. We thought it could hardly be composed of the plains of Lorn, tho that is the richest part of Argyleshire; and lay directly before the eye; but our maps seemed to place Lorn at too great a distance; and we had no opportunity of inquiring. The remote distance however was dubious; and tho it appeared to us a cultivated scene, it might have been through some deception in the light. The nearer

nearer grounds were varied by a part of Loch-Awe; towards which we approached.

Loch-Awe is one of the grandest lakes in Scotland. It extends thirty miles; and contains near a dozen islands. We skirted only it's northern shores; but were much amused with what we saw. On the opposite shore arises, in appearance almost perpendicular to the lake, the vast mountain of Crouachan, near enough for the eye to distinguish it's woods and rocks. Beneath it, on an island, stands the castle of Kilchurn, which is a grand object under the impending gloom of the mountains. This castle was built originally by the lady of one of the Campbells, who went to the holy wars. Here in solitary retirement, she mourned his absence, and waited his return. In after ages the castle of Kilchurn taking a more dignified form, became the seat of the earls of Breadalbin, and was admired chiefly for the view it commanded over the lake, and over a rich vale, bounded by lofty mountains. It afterwards became a fortress; and when the rebellion broke out in the year 1745, was hastily fortified by lord Breadalbin for the government, and garrisoned to defend this pass into the Highlands; which intention I believe it fully answered.

Besides



Besides this island, we had two others in view, both woody, and both very ornamental. On one of them stood formerly a convent. We had also a long extent of water before us. The lake winds slowly, and falls off in good perspective, exhibiting a great variety of bays, promontories, and large peninsulas. In many parts also the scenery around it was woody; but yet on the whole, it had rather an unpicturesque appearance. The islands are formally stationed; and many of the mountain-screens, which are unadorned with wood, are tame, and unbroken.

We took two drawings however upon this lake. In one of them, two of the islands appeared with great advantage; and the mountain-screens behind them, consisting only of simple parts, were magnificent.

The other view was more contracted, and exhibited a large promontory, under which stood the island, with the ruins of Kilchurn-castle. The constituent parts of this latter view are the same as those we had observed upon Loch-Dochart: but it is one of nature's samenesses: it is *alter et idem*. There the island appeared connected with the promontory, under which it stood; here it appeared

detached from the lake, and connected with the foreground. In each situation the islands broke the lines of the promontories, and had a good effect. But the island on Loch-Awe afforded the better picture.

Both these lakes deserved more attention, than we were able to pay them. We wished to make a circuit round them, and view them in various points. The islands upon Loch-Awe, however formal they might appear in some views, would unquestionably have a fine effect in many other situations: and promontories, which, on one side, appeared smooth, tame and unadorned, might appear broken, animated, and rich on another: but our time was limited; and we were obliged to satisfy our curiosity with little more than a view of such parts, as the road presented.

From the neighbourhood of Loch-Awe we pursued our rout to Inverary-castle, the principal seat of the duke of Argyle. A very long and dreary ride had made us languish for the contrast of a little woody scenery: when the forests arose, as if by enchantment; vast, rich, and luxuriant. Whole mountains
in

in a great degree, were covered with woods of ancient standing; which sinking into their deep shadowy recesses, or standing out boldly upon their knolls in broad masses enlightened by the sun, wonderfully charmed the eye, both with the greatness, and novelty of the scene. They seem planted to exemplify the poet's precept.

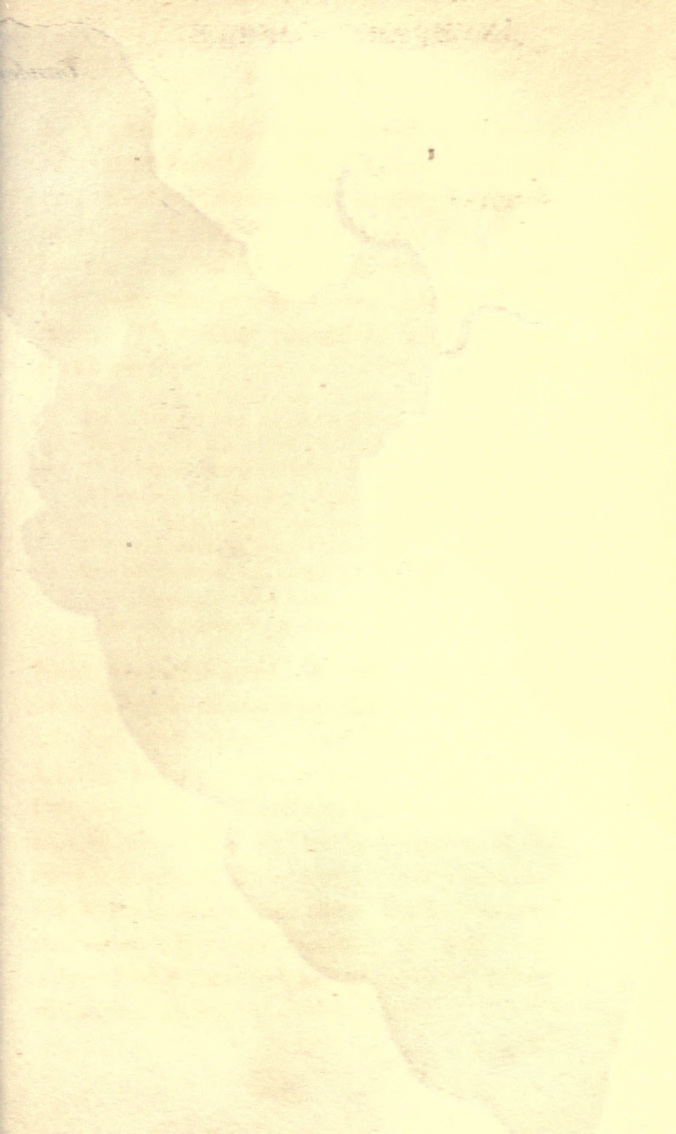
Does then the song forbid the planter's hand
 To clothe the distant hills, and veil with woods
 Their barren summits? No; but it forbids
 All poverty of cloathing. Rich the robe,
 And amply let it flow, that nature wears
 On her throned eminence. Where'er she takes
 Her horizontal march, pursue her step
 With sweeping train of forest; hill to hill
 Unite with prodigality of shade.

Some powerful hand, it was evident, had been at work in cloathing the naked sides of all these vast ridges; and we might have known, by the noble decoration of the scene, that we were in the dominions of some potent chieftain, tho we had not known it, by the geography of the country. Every moment we looked, when the castle would open to our view. But we travelled at least four miles among these Alpine plantations, before we arrived at it.

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deep shadowy recesses, or standing out boldly
upon their knolls in broad masses enlightened
by the sun, wonderfully charmed the eye,
both with the grandeur, and novelty of the
scene. They seem planted to exemplify the
poet's precept.

Do not then the land forbid the planter's hand
To plant the distant hills, and veil with woods
Their barren summits? No, but it forbids
All poverty of planting. Rich the robes
And ample let it show, that nature wears
On her throned entrance. Where'er she takes
Her horizontal march, perfect her step
The West sweeping train of forests till to fill
Their with prodigality of shade.

Some powerful hand, it was evident, had
been at work in clearing the naked sides of
all these vast ridges; and we might have
known, by the noble decoration of the scene,
that we were in the dominions of some po-
tent chieftain, tho' we had not known it by
the geography of the country. Every mountain
we looked upon, when the cattle would open to
our view, that we travelled at least four
miles among their Alpine plantations, before
we arrived at it.



INVERARY CASTLE.

Carndon

Doniquaik

River Aray

Castle



Town



LOCH FYN E





S E C T. XIX.

INVERARY-CASTLE fully answered the grandeur of the approach. It seems equally adapted to all the purposes of greatness, beauty, and accommodation. It stands upon a gentle rise, the ground gradually sloping from it in various directions. The area, which surrounds it, is spacious, containing two or three miles in circumference; and is bounded, behind the castle, by a semi-circular skreen of mountains, rising in different forms, some of them broken, and others adorned with wood; so that the castle stands in a kind of mountain-recess, open in front; where it commands a spacious view over Loch-Fyne. One of these mountains, called Doniquaick, is a noble, spirited object. Its sides are shaggy, and broken; and the interstices of soil are filled with wood. On its summit stands a lonely watch-tower, which

like every thing characteristic has a good effect. Had it been an ornamental building of any kind, thus loftily seated, it had been absurd.

At the foot of this mountain, runs the Aray, a considerable stream. It issues through a narrow valley, behind the house; and taking a semicircular sweep around it, at the bottom of the lawn enters Loch-Fyne.

This lake which is the glory of the scene, spreads into a noble bay before the front of the castle; forming an irregular circle of about twelve or fourteen miles in circumference, beautifully indented with a variety of peninsulas, and surrounded by mountains. It is an object, not only beautiful in itself; but it makes a fine contrast with the woods, and mountains around it.

Loch-Fyne is a salt lake, communicating with the sea, at the distance of about twenty-five miles from Inverary-castle; but as the tide has no very great effect upon it here, it has almost all the beauties of an inland-lake; and some, which an inland-lake cannot have; particularly that of a very crowded navigation. It is one of the favourite haunts of herring; and at certain seasons of the year is frequented by innumerable shoals. The country-people
 exprefs

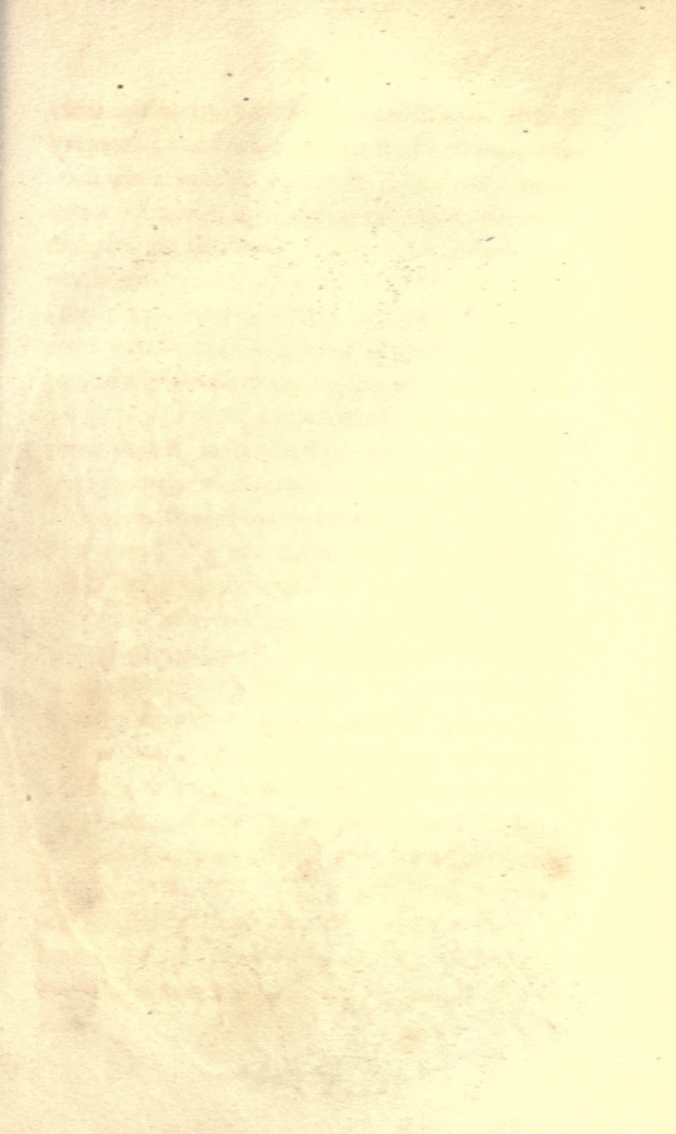
express the quantities of this fish in strong language. At those seasons, they say, the lake contains one part water, and two parts fish. In this single bay of the lake, we were told that above six hundred boats are sometimes employed in taking them. The groups of these little fishing vessels with their circling nets make a beautiful moving picture; which is frequently varied by vessels of a larger size, shooting athwart; threading the several little knots of anchoring barks; and making their *tacks* in every direction.

The herring-boats commonly take their station on the lake, as the evening comes on; and if all this moving picture should happen to be enlightened with a splendid sun-set, the effect is very fine. The crews of these boats seem generally to be a cheerful, happy race. Among the implements of each boat, the bagpipe is rarely forgotten; the shrill melody of which you hear constantly resounding from every part; except when all hands are at work. On Sunday, the mirth of the several crews is changed into devotion: as you walk by the side of the lake, if the evening be still, you hear them singing psalms, instead of playing on the bagpipe.

The mountain of Doniquaick, and the lake, are two very harmonious neighbours, in every point, in which they are brought together. We saw them contrasted in several forms; and always beautifully. One of the grandest views of the whole may be taken somewhere about the new-inn. The mountain of Doniquaick—a bridge over the Aray—the lake, and the mountains, which screen it, all unite in very pleasing composition.

From the bay, which Loch-Fyne forms before the castle of Inverary, run two grand openings; one to the north-east into the country; and the other to the south-west towards the sea: but all appearance of these outlets is excluded from the castle by the folding of the mountains. I mean not by this remark, to express any peculiar excellence in the circular form of a bay. This particular one indeed contains great variety, and is very beautiful in it's kind: but still there is in general more variety, and more beauty, in the fading distance of a lake going off in perspective.

The castle of Inverary is new, but constructed in the old castle-form. The ground plot is square; and each corner is adorned
with





with a round tower. In the middle rises a square one, which is higher than the rest, and gives a picturesque apex to the building. The whole is grand, and makes an appearance suitable to the scene. Yet there are two very disgusting parts about it. These are the square appendages, which are tacked to each side of the middle tower, for the purpose of furnishing the interior apartments of the castle with light. The contrivance is awkward; and greatly injures a noble pile. The inside seems to be admirably divided into grand, and convenient rooms; but it is yet unfinished. At the entrance is a guard-chamber; which in most private houses would be ridiculous; but in a Highland castle is characteristic, and gives an uncommon dignity.

In one of the apartments we were struck with a number of small paintings in a fine old mellow style; but all of them evidently by the same hand. Upon examining them more attentively, we found them all copies from pictures we knew; some of which were very modern. Enquiring farther into the mystery, we were informed, they were all the work of the present duchess of Argyle; and were in fact mezzotinto-prints, varnished
 out with

with gum-copal; and painted on the back, in a manner lately invented. I have seen no invention of the kind that has so much merit. Coloured prints are in general miserable daubings.*

This noble castle was built by Archibald, duke of Argyle, who finished little more than the shell: but his ideas seem to have been so grand; that it is probable he would have struck out something beyond the taste of the times, in the improvements around it, if he had lived to complete his designs. One great work he had in view, was to remove the whole town of Inverary, which was indeed a great nuisance to him. Part of it had even straggled between the castle and the lake; and the whole, a dirty, ill-built hamlet, was a disgrace to the scene. With a grandeur of conception, equal to his other designs, the duke resolved to transport the whole town to a peninsula on the lake, about half a mile from his castle. The situation was admirably chosen, at least for the benefit of the town;

* The method here mentioned, of colouring mezzotinto prints, was at this time, just invented; and was sold, under promise of secrecy, to many ladies.

tho it may still perhaps a little interfere with the views of the castle; particularly of that down the lake towards the south. The duke proceeded so far in his plan, as to build a noble row of houses; one of which is an inn, and another a custom house: but his death prevented the completion of this grand design.

In his successor's time, all operations were at a stand: but the present duke has called his workmen again together. He has already removed as much of the old town, as was a nuisance to himself: but whether he means to carry his predecessor's full intention into execution does not yet appear.* About the castle however he is making great improvements; and, as far as he has yet done, in a very good taste. A grand walk is conducted over a noble bridge, at the foot of Doniquaick, and along the banks of the river; from which an offset carries you in a spiral up the mountain. From the watch-tower, at the summit, we were informed, one of the grandest views in Scotland is exhibited, over Loch-Fyne, and the neighbouring mountains.— But a wet morning prevented our seeing it.

* I am informed that all the old town is now removed.

In a word, as Inverary-castle has one of the noblest situations that can be conceived, it will probably in a few years, be as well worth visiting, as any place in Britain; if the improvements continue in the same style of simplicity and grandeur, in which they are begun. No place we had yet seen in Scotland, if we except Hopeton-house, can bear the least comparison with it. If we found fault with any thing, it was with some little decorations, and cascade-work upon the river; but as these things might have been executed before, and may easily be altered, all censure should cease, till the whole be finished.

We had now almost completed our tour through the Highlands of Scotland, Inverary being the last town of any consequence we visited in that district; and through our whole journey were greatly pleased both with the face of the country, and with the manners of the inhabitants. The former may probably have some effect upon the latter. The extremes of heat and cold produce nearly perhaps the same effect. The savage, under a southern clime, is languid, and inert; under
a northern

a northern one, benumbed, and torpid. It is in the middle regions, that we find the boldest, and most spirited exertions. I speak of men in a barbarous state. Civilization brings all to a level. The early and uncivilized native of this country seems to have had great vigour of mind and body; but it was the vigour of a wild beast. Indolence and activity took their turns in his breast. Every passion had it's course, and when it's rage was spent, he sunk into sloth. He was easily offended: fierce in his anger, and implacable in his revenge, he shed blood without remorse.

Some years ago, an old manuscript was printed at Glasgow, under the title of *Feuds and conflicts among the Scottish clans*. It contains many anecdotes, very descriptive of the ancient manners of the country. One little history I shall present to the reader from the materials * which it furnishes, and the coincident circumstances of the times. It is an account of the petty wars between Angus Macdonald of Kintire, and sir Laughlan Maclean of the Isle of Mull; and is both curi-

* See page 39, &c. and page 95, &c.

ous in itself, and will give a better idea of the ancient state of the Highlands, than any systematic inquiry. It is likewise nearly connected with the scenes we are now surveying. The characters too are drawn from the life, and well marked.

S E C T. XX.

ABOUT two centuries ago, it happened, that Donald Gorme, a gentleman of the isle of Sky, proposing to visit his relation Angus Macdonald of Kintire, was driven by adverse winds into Invernook-bay in the isle of Jura. This place belonged to fir Laughlan Maclean; who happened to be there himself at that time, tho his principal residence was in Mull.

In Jura also, by an unusual concurrence of circumstances, happened to lurk some out-laws; whom Donald Gorme for certain offences, had lately driven from their country. These fugitives, understanding to whom the vessel in the bay belonged; and not having
it

it in their power to injure Gorme themselves, contrived a very malicious scheme to draw upon him the resentment of Maclean. In the silence of the night, they drove some of Maclean's cattle towards the bay; and carried them off; not doubting but the suspicion would rest on Gorme.

Suspicion is the evidence of barbarians. Maclean, a young, fiery chief, without farther inquiry, collected his clan the next night, fell upon Gorme, and killed sixteen of his people. Gorme himself, and a few of his followers, with difficulty escaped.

When Angus Macdonald of Kintire, to whom Gorme's visit had been intended, heard of this disaster, he was much distressed; and the more, as he was nearly related to both parties. He was first cousin to Gorme; and had married the sister of Maclean. Fearing therefore the consequences of the affair, he resolved to employ his good offices in making it up.

His first efforts were in the isle of Sky, where he found Gorme not untractable. From thence he failed to Mull; proposing an interview with Maclean at Castle-Duart, the
place

place of his residence.—But his friends advised him to be cautious.

As the Scottish government inclined to aristocracy, it had ever been the regal policy to divide the clans: and to this end the crown, on feudal principles, would often take the occasion of very slight pretences, to grant some favoured chief a claim on the lands of his more obnoxious neighbour. These grants being commonly obtained, when families were at variance, gave a kind of sanction to their quarrels.

A claim of this kind had formerly been granted to the Macleans, upon some lands in Ilay, which belonged to the Macdonalds: and tho' the claim had long lain dormant, and the families were now united by marriage; yet the friends of Macdonald advised him not to put himself in the hands of a youth, whose character was little known; and whom, for that reason, it was imprudent to trust. But Macdonald naturally frank, and generous, and unacquainted with fear, could not conceive, that a man, whom he had never offended, and whose sister he had married, could possibly intend him ill. He went therefore with all

confidence to Castle-Duart: and even left the greatest part of his retinue behind.

Maclean received him courteously; and gave him hopes that Gorme's conditions might be the basis of an agreement; and put an end to the unhappy affair between them. But in the hour of retirement other thoughts possessed him. The secret whispers of interest and ambition intervened; and all scruples of integrity, and honour were thrown aside. Before the morning he had settled the whole affair in his own mind; and with a confident air informed his astonished guest, that he must expect to spend his future life in captivity, unless he gave up all title to the disputed lands in Ilay. The unfortunate Macdonald had no choice. He was obliged to submit; and to leave his son, and brother, as pledges of his faith.

This act of perfidy roused all the spirit of Macdonald. The affair of Invernook-bay was forgotten. The quarrel was now his own. But being as cool, as he was determined, not the slightest whisper of discontent passed his lips. All appearance of resentment was stifled, till he could shew it with effect.

It was necessary, it seems, for Maclean in person to take possession of those lands, which had thus been ceded to him. He

went

went therefore to Ilay, and encamped his little company upon the ruins of a fort, near the Kinnes, which was the name of the lands, he was going to possess.

It was a custom among the highland chiefs to invite all strangers to their houses; and make them welcome, as long as their provision lasted. When this was consumed, the master of the family accompanied them to his next neighbour's, where their visit was limited by the same necessity. This chief also joined the procession; and thus they went on, increasing their company, and devouring the provisions of a whole district.

Of this jovial custom, and the inconvenient situation of the camp of Kinnes, Macdonald took the advantage. He offered Maclean the use of his own habitation at Mullintrea; and describing his neighbours, as disposed to mirth and jollity, wished him to pay a friendly visit among them: observing, that his retinue, which was numerous, and especially his hostages, would effectually secure him from any affront.

Credulity is as much the characteristic of a state of barbarism, as suspicion. Maclean with little hesitation complied; and scrupled

not to accept an invitation from a man, with whom he had just before broken every rite of hospitality.

But other thoughts than those of merriment possessed the mind of Macdonald. He had privately sent orders to his clan to rendezvous in arms, at an appointed place; and at midnight to surround a house, which he had appropriated for the reception of Maclean.—The habitation of a highland chief was a little town, consisting of various appendages; many of which were detached.

The carousal, which had purposely been prolonged to a late hour was now over; all were retired to rest; and the highland-clan had taken their appointed stand around the lodgings of Maclean, when Macdonald in a peremptory tone calling loud at the window of his guest, ordered him to come down. The alarmed chief started from his bed; and seeing through the lattice, the house surrounded by armed men, he cursed his own imprudence, gave up all for lost, and opened the door, holding the young son of Macdonald, his hostage, before his breast, to prevent any sudden attack. But Macdonald assured him, that nothing against his life was intended.

The

The possession of his person was all he desired, and having obtained this, he proclaimed liberty to all the rest of Maclean's followers. Two of them only were excepted, who were thought to have been their chief's principal advisers. With these Macdonald made short work, ordering fire to the out-house in which they lodged, and leaving them to perish in the flames.

Maclean had scarce taken possession of his dungeon, when a plot nearer home was contrived to compleat his ruin. One of his near relations, Allen Maclean, thinking this a favourable opportunity to serve his own interest, spread a report that Maclean had sent secret orders to put Macdonald's brother to death, who had been left as an hostage in Mull. In consequence of this he hoped, that Macdonald would retaliate upon his prisoner; while he himself, being prepared, might seize the estate. His contrivance miscarried in it's principal aim; tho it had horrid consequences. Macdonald believing the report, massacred in his rage all the retinue of Maclean, above eighty men, who had not yet left the island. Maclean himself

he spared, reserving him probably for a more exemplary punishment.

The superiority of Macdonald in this contest, and his own personal abilities, began now to raise the jealousy of the little court of Inverary. The territories of Kintire, which lay upon the shores of Loch-Fyne, were contiguous to those of Argyle; and the large island of Ilay, which belonged also to Macdonald, was immediately upon the coast. These insular possessions gave him the consequence of a maritime power: he had a navy in his ports, and could have carried a sudden war up Loch-Fyne to the very walls of Inverary. So potent a neighbour therefore became matter of just alarm. Many councils were called, and it was at length, resolved to raise a body of forces, ostensibly to adjust the quarrel between these contending chiefs, but really to check the power of Macdonald.

The earl of Argyle however soon found he had embarked in a matter above his strength. Macdonald had address in council, and abilities in the field, beyond the barbarism of the times, in which he lived; and put on so resolute a countenance, that Argyle thought it prudent to draw back. His attempts took
a safer

a safer channel. He made an application to the king, whom by certain arguments he induced to come forward in the affair. James the sixth, who was then king of Scotland, menaced in his usual tone of magnificence: but a highland chief, tho of a secondary order, would not easily at that day, submit to a royal mandate, when issued from such a prince as James.

It happened however that Macdonald was himself at this time disposed to settle his difference with Maclean. He had just engaged to assist the quarrel of a neighbouring chief upon the coast of Ireland; and wished to transport himself into that country, as soon as he could. On some rigid conditions therefore; and the delivery of several hostages; Maclean was set at liberty.

Neither prudence, foresight, nor contrivance, mark the events of savage war: every man seizes his prey, like a wild beast, either by open force, or by a sudden spring, when it is off it's guard. He considers not, whether he is able to maintain the quarrel. He begins it with temerity, and thinks not beyond the first attack. Thus Macdonald had no sooner embarked for Ireland, than Maclean incited probably by the counsel, and assistance of

Argyle, entered Ilay with fire and sword. He had every reason to believe, that Macdonald would put his hostages to instant death: but he gave up every motive to the gratification of revenge.

Macdonald however with unusual generosity, scorned to revenge a public quarrel upon a few unfortunate individuals. The innocent blood he shed at Mullintrea, had probably taught him this lesson of humanity. But he was rapid in taking open vengeance. He instantly transported his troops from Ireland into the isle of Mull, which he burned, ravaged, and destroyed from one end to the other. The clan Lean could make no resistance, flying before him like sheep; whom the raging chief sometimes slaughtered in a scattered pursuit; and sometimes driving them in bodies into corners of the island, butchered in a promiscuous heap. Cattle and every thing of value he carried off; and left the place smoking under the effects of his vengeance. *Nullum in barbaris sævitia genus omittit ira, et victoria.**

* Tacitus.

Maclean, in the mean time, was not backward in retaliating; but finding himself unable to cope with the prowess of Macdonald, he had, as usual, recourse to perfidy.

John Macean, of the kindred of Macdonald, had, in peaceable times, expressed a great attachment to Maclean's mother, who was then a blooming widow. The disposal of a mother in marriage, was, it seems, among the privileges of a highland-chief; and Maclean was eager to bring on this match, in expectation, that it might be the mean of alluring his new father-in-law into a confederacy against Macdonald. Macean heard with pleasure, that his proposals would be accepted; and came to Mull with great joy, where the marriage was solemnized. But after the nuptials, when Maclean sounded him about a league against Macdonald, the proposal was received with disdain. Macean would not hear of acting so perfidious a part against his friend, his patron, and his near relation.

In revenge for this disappointment, Maclean, with a brutality almost unparalleled, broke at midnight into Macean's chamber, tore him from his bride, put him to death

and

and killed eighteen of his men, who ran to assist their chief.

Barbarous as the country was, an act like this was received with horror. The massacre at Mullintrea had thrown no odium on Macdonald. He was pitied for a mistake. But *Macean's nuptials* became a proverb to express every thing that was vile, and shocking in human nature.

This horrid deed seemed the expiring act of despair. The credit, which Maclean had lost, accrued of course to Macdonald; and all Scotland acknowledged the inequality of the contest between them. The king saw it with concern; and considered the chief who pressed before his peers, as disturbing the balance of the aristocracy, and trespassing on the royal authority.

In this light Macdonald appeared at court; where James, incited by suspicion, and jealousy, determined to curb his influence. That prince, ever inclined to an oblique path, instead of boldly calling the man to account (as he might legally have done) who in the open defiance of law, durst presume to revenge his own quarrel; had recourse to an act of perfidy. He pretended great zeal to serve

two kinsmen, who ought to be so dear to each other: he cajoled them with the kindest expressions, and gave each of them a safe conduct to Edinburgh, where he promised to make up the matter to the satisfaction of both. The method he took to settle their differences, if we except the perfidy of it, was sensible enough. He shut them both up together in Edinburgh-castle; and left them to manage the dispute by themselves. This conference brought affairs to a speedy issue. The two chiefs tired of their company, and confinement, made the king every promise he desired; and to recover their liberty, left their sons as hostages for their future behaviour.

A peace during several years ensued. But the highland quarrel of those days was never worn out. Macdonald growing old, and leaving the management of his affairs to his son, who was a mere youth, the revenge and ambition of Maclean again took fire. He got his old claims on Ilay confirmed, and enlarged, by a new grant from the crown; and at the head of his clan entered the island.

Young

Young Macdonald, hearing of his preparations, raised forces likewise; and appeared in Ilay at the same time. Great endeavours were made by their common friends to prevent blood-shed; and young Macdonald offered to give up half the disputed lands, rather than have his father's age disturbed: but Maclean rejected the offer, and proudly bad him prepare for battle.

At the head of a small lake, called Groinart, these two little highland-bodies were drawn up; and began one of those desperate conflicts, which is seldom seen among regular troops. Maclean's party were more numerous; but Macdonald's were better soldiers, having been trained in the Irish wars, and long inured to discipline.

The event of the battle was favourable to Macdonald. By a feigned retreat, that young chief disordered the enemy, and wheeling suddenly round, charged them with such unexpected fury, that after a brave, tho ineffectual defence, they gave way. A great slaughter ensued. Three hundred were left dead upon the field; near eighty of whom were of the kindred of Maclean; and the dead body
of

of that restless, and perfidious chief himself was found amidst the carnage.

Before Maclean engaged in this enterprize he consulted one of the weird sisters of those uninlightened times; and was answered, that if he landed in Ilay on a thursday; or drank of a well near Groinart, he waged a war with fate. Both these injunctions he transgressed, A storm drove him upon the coast on a thursday; and he drank of the well before he had inquired the name of the place.

Thus ended, this long dispute between the Macdonalds, and the Macleans; and it ended as the disputes of those times commonly did, in the death of one of the contending parties.

Victory however did not secure repose to the brave Macdonald. Other contests ensued. The death of Maclean had thrown so much power into his hands, that it excited anew the jealousy and ambition of the earl of Argyle. That potent chief got a grant from the crown, as was usual in those days, of the disputed lands both in Kintire, and in Ilay, which Macdonald now possessed. This produced a new series of wars, which lasted many years, between the Campbells, and the Macdonalds. Old Angus Macdonald

was

was dead; but tho his son inherited his virtues, the power of the house of Inverary at length prevailed; and the lands in dispute were finally annexed to it's vast domains.

This narrative places in a strong light, the character of those barbarous times—the spirit of aristocratic chiefs—and the extensive mischief of their quarrels, which were continually raging in some part of Scotland. In the mean time the lower members of each little community were as frequently making depredations on their neighbours in a lower style; and often indeed under the influence of their chiefs, who enriched themselves at the hazard of their vassals; or made them the instruments of some act of vengeance, in which they did not care to appear openly themselves. When the chief did not want the services of his clan, he allowed them to pillage for themselves. It was no uncommon thing, we are told, for a father to give as a dowry with his daughter, what he could plunder in three Michaelmas moons.

The arts of rapine generated the arts of defence. Cattle were the great objects of plunder;

plunder; and many ingenious modes of securing them were practised. Among these arts we are told wonderful stories of the sagacity of the highlanders in tracing their cattle. They could distinguish the track of their own beasts from any other—either by their number—or by their different ages—or by some other signs we are ignorant of; and would pursue it through the territories of different clans, with the certainty of hounds following their game. Wherever the track was lost, the owner of the land was obliged to recover it: and if he could not, he was sued for the damage. This plea had by long custom obtained the force of law.

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S E C T. XXI.

HAVING thus shewn the unfavourable side of the highland character, let us consider it next in a more pleasing light. The whole system of manners indeed which belongs to it, is now wholly changed. You may travel through any part of Scotland; and rarely hear of an atrocious deed. Contention among the chiefs is subdued; and theft, and rapine among the inferior orders are at an end.

There are very few instances, in the annals of human nature of a country so suddenly reclaimed. After the battle of Culloden, when the sovereignty of the highland chiefs was abolished by act of parliament, this happy change immediately took place.

But yet, wise as this measure was, it would have answered no end in reclaiming the manners of the people, if they had not been naturally of a virtuous cast. They thieved not so much from principle, as through the force of clanship. When this was abolished, the honest principles of nature revived. And yet it is very certain, that the prohibition of theft, and rapine among barbarous nations makes no part of their moral code. From the times of the ancient Greeks, to the present Arabs, the invasion of another's property was never considered as having any criminality in it; tho' one would obviously be apt to suppose, that justice should be among the first principles of nature. At this very day, the young Circassian prince is taught by his preceptor to ride, to use his arms, to steal, and to conceal his thefts. The word *thief* is a term of the utmost reproach; but only as it implies detection. He is afterwards led to more considerable, and dangerous robberies; till his cunning, his address, and strength are supposed to be perfect.*

* See Ellis's account of the Caucasian nations.

The Scotch highlander was greatly addicted also to revenge: and carried his quarrels, (as we have just seen), to the last extremity. But for this we can easily account: it was chiefly through a desire to do himself justice; and to repair wrongs, for which the law, but weakly executed, gave him no redress. This we see verified in the narrative I have just given. But one of the strongest illustrations of this remark, is a story told of James Hamilton, who assassinated the regent Murray.* After the assassination, Hamilton fled into France; where party then raged high. A person there, who knew him, and who wished to assassinate the admiral Coligny; but had not resolution to perpetrate the deed himself; thought he could not apply to a properer man, than Hamilton, who had just committed an act of the same kind in his own country. Hamilton shocked at the proposal, cried out; "What! Villain, do you suppose me an assassin?" and challenged him on the spot.

But notwithstanding the proneness of the Scotch highlander to acts of revenge, and

* See page 74.

rapine, he was, in other respects, in the worst of times, a virtuous character. He was faithful, hospitable, temperate, and brave; and if he did not easily forget an injury; he was always esteemed grateful for a benefit. How strict he was where confidence was reposed, appears in a very strong light from that universal protection and fidelity, which the pretender experienced after the battle of Culloden. Tho' the penalty for concealing him was so great; and the reward for giving him up so tempting; there was not a single man found among such numbers whom he was obliged to trust, who did not contribute all he could to conceal, and succour him. A fellow of the name of Kennedy, to whom he was particularly obliged, is often mentioned. This man had virtue enough to resist the temptation of £.30,000, tho' he was afterwards hanged, I have heard, for stealing a cow. We are told also of a very celebrated robber of the name of Roy M'greggor, who even formed thieving into a science; and yet was one of the most benevolent men in the country; and remarkable for his many acts of kindness, and friendship.—There appears to be therefore in the Scotch highlander, notwithstanding the blemishes

blemishes in his national character, a good foundation of moral virtue. A spurious kind of religion he always had: but it disturbed the career of none of his passions. It struck no root in his heart; but appeared only in a few wild shoots of superstition. He was a religious observer, for instance, of his oath: but it was only when he had sworn by something, which for some whimsical reason he deemed sacred; his dagger perhaps, or his father's soul: but he would break an oath, taken on a bible, without scruple.

A better direction hath now been given to minds thus in a degree prepared by superstition. King George the second gave, out of the forfeited estates, £.1000 a year, which is still continued, to erect schools—to translate the bible into Erse—and to maintain ministers, and catechists. The good effects of this bounty are very visible.* Through the whole country we found not only a pleasing simplicity, and civility of manners; but a serious, and religious

* It hath done a great deal; but Mr. Knox, in his *Tour through the Higblands, and Hebride Isles*, tells us, that much remains yet to be done; and that the difficulties, which he enumerates, of the missionary preachers, are exceedingly great.

deportment among the common people, which can hardly be conceived by those, who are acquainted with the prophaneness and profligacy of the lower ranks near the capital. A small Erse bible is the highlander's usual companion; and it is common to see him reading it, as he tends his cattle, or rests upon the road. We had frequently this pleasing sight. It is common also, when you enter his little cottage, to see the mother spinning, or knitting, and the children standing round either reading in the bible; or repeating their catechism.

To this virtuous disposition of the highlander may be added, what commonly accompanies a virtuous disposition, an independent spirit. There are no poor-rates in Scotland; and indeed a relief of that kind would be but ill-relished in the country. While the English peasant will often forge pretences to live on the labour of others; the Scotch highlander, even in his real distresses, will make his last effort, and submit to any inconvenience, before he will complain.

To these remarks on the present character of the Scotch highlander I shall subjoin a pleasing picture of domestic life, both as an illustration

illustration of what hath been said; and as a contrast to the bloody scene, presented a little above. It is taken from a book of poems, by Robert Burns, a bard, as he calls himself, from the plough: but the images being caught from nature, are such as must give pleasure to every feeling heart. The whole indeed is equal to any praise,

The Cotter's Saturday Night.

November chill blows loud with angry fugh¹;
 The short'ning winter-day is near a close;
 The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
 The black'ning trains of Crows² to their repose:
 The toil-worn Cotter³ frae⁴ his labor goes,
 (This night his weekly moil is at an end,)
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
 Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
 And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
 Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher through⁵
 To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin⁶ noise and glee.

¹ *Sugh* is a very expressive word, which we want in English, signifying the sound, which the wind makes, when it is resisted: as when you strike a stick through it; or when it blows against trees.

² *Crows*, rooks. ³ *Cotter*, cottager. ⁴ *Frae*, from.

⁵ *Wee-things toddlin, stacher through*—Children walking unsteadily, stagger along.

⁶ *Flichterin*, fluttering like young birds.

His wee-bit ¹ ingle, blinkin bonilie,
 His clean hearth stane, his thrifty wife's smile,
 The lispin infant, prattling on his knee,
 Does a' his weary kiaugh ² and care beguile,
 And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.

Belyve the elder bairns ³ come drapping in,
 At service out, among the farmers roun';
 Some ca' the pleugh⁴, some herd, some tentie rin ⁵
 A cannie ⁶ errand to a neebor town:
 Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
 In youthful bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
 Comes hame perhaps, to show a braw ⁷ new gown,
 Or deposite her fair-won penny-fee,
 To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

With joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet,
 And each for other's weelfare kindly spiers ⁸;
 The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet;
 Each tells the uncos ⁹ that he sees or hears.
 The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
 Anticipation forward points the view;
 The mother, wi' her needle and her sheers,
 Gars auld claes look amaißt as weel's the new ¹⁰;
 The father mixes a wi' ¹¹ admonition due.

¹ *His wee-bit ingle blinkin*---his little fire blazing with unsteady light.

² *Kiaugh*, distress of mind.

³ *Belyve the elder bairns*. Soon the elder children.

⁴ *Ca*, drive. ⁵ *Tentie rin*---carefully run.

⁶ *Cannie*, dextrous. ⁷ *Braw*, fine. ⁸ *Spiers*, inquires.

⁹ *Uncos*, news.

¹⁰ *Gars auld claes look amaißt as weel's the new*.

Makes old clothes look almost as well as new.

¹¹ *A wi'*---all with.

Their maister's and their mistress's command,
 The youngkers a' are warn'd to obey;
 And mind their labors wi' an eydent hand',
 And ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jank² or play:
 ' And O! be sure to fear the Lord alway!
 ' And mind your duty³, duly, morn and night!
 ' Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
 ' Implore his counsel and assisting might:
 ' They never fought in vain that fought the Lord aright!'

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
 Jenny, wha kens⁴ the meaning o' the same,
 Tells how a neebor lad cam⁵ o'er the moor,
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
 The wily mother sees the conscious flame
 Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek,
 With heart-struck anxious care enquires his name,
 While Jenny haffins⁶ is afraid to speak;
 Weel pleas'd the mother hears, it's nae wild worthless rake.

With kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben⁷;
 A strappan youth; he takes the mother's eye;
 Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en⁸;
 The father cracks⁹ of horses, ploughs, and kye¹⁰.

¹ *Eydent*, diligent ² *To jank*, to loiter

³ *Mind your duty*. Say your prayers.

⁴ *Wha kens*. Who knows.

⁵ *A neebor lad cam*. A neighbour lad came.

⁶ *Haffins*, hesitatingly.

⁷ *Ben*. The Scotch cottage consists commonly of two apartments, the *but*, and the *ben*. The latter is the inner part, where the family sit.

⁸ *No ill ta'en*. Not ill taken.

⁹ *Cracks*, talks with pleasure. ¹⁰ *Kye*, cows.

The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
 But blate an ¹ laithfu', scarce can weel behave;
 The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
 What makes the youth fae bashfu' and fae grave;
 Weel pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave²,

O happy love! where love like this is found!
 O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
 I've paced much this weary, mortal round,
 And sage experience bids me this declare—
 ' If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
 ' One cordial in this melancholy vale,
 ' 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
 ' In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale,
 ' Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale.'

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
 A wretch! a villain! loth to love and truth!
 That can with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
 Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
 Curse on his perjur'd art! dissembling smooth!
 Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exil'd?
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
 Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?
 Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild!

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
 The healsome parritch³, chief of Scotia's food:

¹ *Blate an laithfu'*---modest, and bashful.

² *The lave*, like other young women.

³ *Healsome parritch*. Wholesome porridge. It is a mess made of oatmeal and water boiled thick together; which is eaten with milk. In the next line we are told their *barwkie* (their cow) affords the soup; or the milk, with which it is eaten. This is the common food for breakfast, and supper among the low people.

The soupe their only hawkie does afford,
 That 'yont the hallan ¹ snugly chews her cood.
 The Dame brings forth in complimentary mood,
 To grace the lad, her weel hain'd kebbuck, fell²,
 And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid :
 The frugal wife, garrulous, will tell,
 How 'twas a towmond auld, fin' lint was i' the bell³.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
 They, round the ingle, form a circle wide ;
 The Sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,
 The big ha' bible⁴, ance his father's pride :
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets ⁵ shewing thin and bare :
 From strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
 He wales ⁶ a portion with judicious care ;
 And, " Let us worship God ! " he says with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise ;
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim :
 Perhaps *Dundee's* ⁷ wild-warbling measures rise,
 Or *plaintive Martyrs*⁸, worthy of the name ;

¹ *Hallan*, a separation in the house, beyond which the cow is houfed in winter.

² *Weel-bain'd kebbuck, fell*---well-preserved cheese of strong taste.

³ *How 'twas a towmond auld fin lint was i' the bell.* That it was a year old, when flax was in bloom. The vegetation of different plants makes the common calendar among the low people in Scotland.

⁴ *Big ha' bible.* Large hall bible.

⁵ *His lyart haffets.* His grey temples.

⁶ *Wales.* Seeks out, selects. ⁷ ⁸ Names of psalm-tunes.

Or noble *Elgin* ¹ beets ² the heavenward flame,
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays;
 Compar'd with these Italian trills are tame;
 The tickl'd ears no heartfelt raptures raise;
 Nae unison hae they, with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
 How Abram was the friend of God on high;
 Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
 With Amelek's ungracious progeny;
 Or how the royal bard did groaning lie,
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
 Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
 Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
 Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
 How He, who bore in heaven the second name,
 Had not on earth whereon to lay His head:
 How His first followers and servants sped;
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land;
 How he, who 'lone in Patmos banished,
 Saw in the sun a mighty Angel stand;
 And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc'd by Heav'n's
 command.

Then kneeling down to heaven's eternal King,
 The faint, the father, and the husband prays;
 Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing,*
 That thus they all shall meet in future days:

¹ A psalm tune. ² *Beets*, adds fewel to.

* Pope's Windfor forest.

There ever bask in uncreated rays,
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
 Together hymning their Creator's praise,
 In such society, yet still more dear;
 While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor religion's pride,
 In all the pomp of method, and of art,
 When men display to congregations wide,
 Devotion's every grace, except the heart!
 The Power, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
 But haply, in some cottage far apart,
 May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the soul;
 And in his *book of life*, the inmates poor enroll †.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
 The younglin cottagers retire to rest:
 The parent pair their secret homage pay,
 And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
 That He who fills the raven's clam'rous nest,
 And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
 Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
 For them, and for their little ones provide;
 But chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

† This pleasing picture of a family supper, I am told, is drawn from the life. After their meal it is a common practice to unite in worship. A psalm is first sung. Then the father of the family reads a chapter in the bible; and they all afterwards join in prayer.