OBSERVATIONS

ON

SEVERAL PARTS OF GREAT BRITAIN,

PARTICULARLY

THE HIGH-LANDS

OF

Scotland,

RELATIVE CHIEFLY TO

PICTURESQUE BEAUTY,

MADE IN THE YEAR 1776.

By WILLIAM GILPIN, A.M.
PREBENDARY OF SALISBURY; AND VICAR OF BOLDRE IN NEW-FOREST, NEAR LYMINGTON.

THE THIRD EDITION, IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. I.

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1808.

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

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 your Lordſhip's name, and countenance can ſkreen me from critics of this kind, I ſhall rejoice

at

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,

WILLIAM GILPIN.

VICAR'S-HILL,
April 20, 1789.

ACCOUNT

OF THE

PRINTS.

WITH regard to the prints, which adorn theſe volumes, I can only ſay, what I have ſaid of thoſe in other publications of the ſame kind; that few of them pretend to be *exact portraits*. They in general *only characterize the countries* through which the reader is carried. They were ſlightly taken in the courſe of a haſty journey; and at beſt meant only to preſerve the great lines of the country: and even this, I fear, not always accurately. I have heretofore made confeſſion to the public, that when I have ſeen a line out of place, I have a great propenſity to correct it by one that is more picturesque.

I would not however wiſh theſe drawings to be conſidered merely as the effuſions of fancy. In thoſe views, in which the features are ſtrong, and prominent,

prominent, as in the approach to Edinburgh, to Sterling, and to Dunbarton, I hope, *the character of the place* is tolerably conveyed; in others, which offer nothing ſtriking, *the character of the country* only is attempted.

But indeed, on ſo ſmall a ſcale, it would be impoſſible to give an adequate idea of a grand ſcene. However exact the portrait might be, yet under ſuch paltry dimenſions, the eye would revolt againſt the idea of grandeur.

But though I ſpeak contemptibly of my own *diminutive* drawings; yet I hope I may offer them to the public with ſome little confidence, as *pictures*, at leaſt as far as they go, though not as exact *portraits*. Of the free and elegant manner, in which they are executed by Mr. Alkin in aquatinta, who compleated the whole work himſelf, I can ſpeak with great aſſurance. He has given me much ſatisfaction; and I hope he will give equal ſatisfaction to the public. The elegance of his workmanſhip makes up for the defects of the drawings.

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TRANSLATIONS

OF

LATIN PASSAGES.

VOLUME I.

Page 10. THOSE habits, which every man had when alive, continue with him after death.

— 36. He was a prince remarkable for every virtue, but above all for clemency.

— 38. A pricked line.

— 59. Except in the neighbourhood of ſome town, the country is deſolate and barren.

— 98. The icy Erne weeps over vaſt heaps of ſlain.

— 103. The Britons, in troops, conſiſting of men and women, fled every where with lamentable cries; dragging away the

wounded;

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wounded; and calling on thofe who had efcaped. Their houfes were deferted; and by themfelves often fet on fire. Hiding-places were fought out; and immediately forfaken. Plans of defence were debated; and hope for a moment entertained. Then perhaps the fight of their wives and children would drive them to defpair. Rage and frantic wildnefs would fucceed; and it was affirmed that many of them put their families to the fword, declaring they did it in mere pity.

Page 106. If the language of a dramatic character varies from his fituation in life, the abfurdity will be received with contempt.

Either make the character agreeable to hiftory; or make the fiction confiftent with itfelf.

Let the dramatic writer ftudy well the manners of real life; and draw his characters from thence.

— 110. A noble palace, fupported by a hundred columns, and fcreened by venerable woods, which have feen many generations.

Page

Page 110. Here the kings of the country received their crowns, and fceptres.

— 111. If there is truth in fate, the Scotch will always hold the reigns of empire, where this ftone is found.

— 159. Which overlooks a diftant country.

— 200. In the wars of barbarians, rage, and victory leave no kind of cruelty unpractifed.

VOLUME II.

— 21. And cloaths them with purple light.

— 30. Sometimes joining together, they form a continent; fometimes under the impreffion of uncertain gufts they divide, and are driven about in various directions. Then again, a calm coming on, they float upon the furface of the lake in feparate bodies: and often their connection is fo whimfical (great, and fmall adhering,) that they appear, at a diftance, like veffels at anchor with their boats. Then the gale perhaps rifing, they all fet off together, as if failing for a wager; all making to the fame point.

Page 45. The foaming wave dafhes the rock; while the quivering fea-weed is lafhed from fide to fide.

— 47. This rock is of fo hard a texture, that the keeneft inftrument can fcarce touch it: and if by any violence or accident, a piece is broken off, it emits a ftrong fmell, like fulphur.

— 50. In the midft of an extenfive plain, near the river Molucha, ftood an immenfe rock, fortified with a confiderable caftle. One only pafs led to it; and that exceedingly narrow. On every other fide, it was fteep, as if hewn by art.

— 50. Where the Leven falls into the Clyde, on a plain, extending about a mile to the neighbouring mountains, rifes a rock with two fummits: between which an afcent by fteps has been hewn in the folid rock with infinite labour; but fo narrow, that one perfon only can afcend at once.

— 50. On the fummit of a hill ftood a fortrefs, fo advantageoufly feated, that it defied any mode of attack but a blockade. At the bottom it was defended by two rivers: and

and the plain it ſtood on, extended about three miles.

Page 63. Horrid forms appear.

— 89. They were perfectly white, with rough manes like lions: in other reſpects they were like common cattle.

— 89. In the Caledonian foreſt are produced a ſpecies of white cattle with manes like lions: of a nature ſo fierce, that it is impoſſible to tame them. But as their fleſh is eſteemed very palatable, the breed is ſaid to be almoſt extinct.

— 113. In its natural ſtate, untouched by the rake, uninjured by the plough.

— 115. What you call a deſert, and inhoſpitable country, has abundant charms for him, who thinks with me.

— 123. A piny mountain-top.

— 131. The foaming rivers ruſh down the mountain ſide with impetuous courſe.

— 139. A more hardy race of men, who are a kind of foreſters, inhabit the northern,

and

and highland parts of the country. They are cloathed in a veſt, over which they fling a mantle; and wear no covering on their legs, as far as the knee. they are armed with a bow and arrows, a ſword exceedingly broad; and a dagger, which cuts on one ſide only.

Page 184. The extremities ought to wind in ſuch a manner, as to promiſe ſomething ſtill beyond them; and to lead the imagination to inveſtigate parts unſeen.

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OBSERVATIONS

ON 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. We get a ſight of it from other parts of the road; and if the foreground happen in any degree to riſe, we 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

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 forbad; 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 thofe days. But the earl of Warwick has a book of original plans in his poffeffion, by John Thorpe; from which it appears, that he was the architect of Burleigh-houfe. It is an immenfe pile, forming the four fides of a large court; and tho decorated with a variety of fantaftic ornaments according to the fafhion of the time, before Grecian architecture had introduced fymmetry, proportion, and elegance into the plans of private houfes, it has ftill an auguft appearance. The infide of the court is particularly ftriking. The fpire is neither, I think, in itfelf an ornament; nor has it any effect; except at a diftance, where it contributes to give this whole immenfe pile, the confequence of a town.

How far the fafhionable array, in which Mr. Brown has dreffed the grounds about this venerable building, agree with it's formality, and antique appendages, I dare not take upon me to fay. A doubt arifes, whether the old decoration of avenues, and parterres was not in a more *fuitable* ftile of ornament. It is however a nice queftion, and would admit many plaufible arguments on both fides.

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 careſſed 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 repoſtos.

SECT.

SECT. 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 *Gunnerſby-hill*; from whence we have a very extenſive view. The grounds, on which the eye immediately falls, are level ſheep-walks, with few interſections, 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, inriched 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 its 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 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 it's proper place in the diſtance, notwithſtanding it's 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 occaſions 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

1

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 its 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 Kingfton. We rode through the park, which has no advantages of fituation. The houfe we found fhut up by the duchefs's order.

Welbeck, the duke of Portland's feat, we did dot fee. It lay fome miles out of the road.

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

A few miles farther lies Workfop. This houfe is a fingular inftance of the fpirit, perfeverance, and difintereftednefs, of it's proprietor, the duke of Norfolk. It had belonged formerly to the earls of Shrewfbury, and was gone much into decay. But the duke liking the fituation; and conceiving it to be a good centre-houfe to his great eftates in thefe parts, refolved to reftore it to it's ancient fplendor. 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

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 Workſop, 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.

SECT.

SECT. 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 prefented a new idea; which I doubt, whether he has fufficiently confidered. He has finifhed one of the vallies, which looks towards Laughton fpire: he has floated it with a lake, and formed it into a very beautiful fcene. But I fear it is too magnificent, and too artificial an appendage, to be in unifon with the ruins of an abbey. An abbey, it is true, may ftand by the fide of a lake; and it is poffible, that *this* lake may, in fome future time, become it's fituation; when the marks of the fpade, and the pick-ax are removed — when it's ofiers flourifh; and it's naked banks become fringed, and covered with wood. In a word, when the lake itfelf is improved by time, it may fuit the ruin, which ftands upon it's banks. At prefent, the lake, and ruin are totally at variance. — The fpire, which terminates this view, deferves particular notice, as a very beautiful piece of Gothic architecture, tho the ornament only of a country church. It is alfo one of the moft extenfive land marks in England; and may, in fome directions, be feen at the diftance of fifty miles.

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

bifh

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 ariſen 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

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* 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 browze 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 its 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.

SECT. 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, ſkreened it from inclement blaſts. Now theſe beautiful ſkreens 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 intire; and the croſs aile. 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 of the abbey of Kirkſtall, and it's picturеſque 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;

but

but in general 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 compleating 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 unwieldly animal is fixed on for theſe feats of activity, I can aſſign no reaſon, but that it makes the ſtory more wonderful.

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; though 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 picťureſque, as far as a diſtance, inriched 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 inriched. 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.

SECT. 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

of Picts, and Britons, Scotts 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 it's 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 Scotts.* The *ſtellata linea* ſeems to have been ſome abatement of what had been offered to the Scotts; but the commiſſioners ſtill think,

* See Hayne's ſtate papers, p. 120.

that

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 Armſtrcng.

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 crouding 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

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 times of peace, we may well ſuppoſe what they were in time of war.

The

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 Hayne'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 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 baſſes, 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 Bunčton and John
" Ordre, and certain of the garriſon of Ber-
" wick, burnt and ſpoiled the town of Dun-
" glaſſe very ſore; and ſeized three hundred

* Houſes. † Black-cattle. § Houſhold-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 ſore, 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 (contributing 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 practiſe 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.

SECT. 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 regularity of their forms, 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 interſections.

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.

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 *Atric'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

beyond Middleton, before we deſcended the 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 picturеſque. 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 picturеſque 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 it's 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 better.

And

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, "*hath 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 princeſs, 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,

effect, to the aſtoniſhment of all Scotland. 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.

SECT.

SECT. 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 beautiful.

* 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 picturefque, 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 prefents, on going round it. As you approach from the fouth, it appears like a grand city of noble extent. As you move to the right, it's fize gradually diminifhes. But when you view it from the Muffelborough road, which is in a direction due eaft, the ftreet is gone; and the houfes are all crouded together, as if they had retreated under the walls of the caftle. And yet the appearance of the town, and caftle thus united by perfpective into one vaft object, is extremely grand. If they had been feen before from no other fituation; and the ground plot unknown, the imagination would have been totally loft in developing fo ftrange a production of art. Formerly, the whole town was furrounded by water; from which the French gave it the name of *L'ifleburgh*. But now the water is entirely drained off.

The antiquity of Edinburgh cannot be traced: but it's hiftory eafily may. No times, but thofe of anarchy, and ariftocratic confufion, could have fixed on fuch a fituation for a capital — a fituation fo extremely inconvenient, that the town would long ago have left the craggy ridge it occupies, and have de-

fcended

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 aqueduct.

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 twenty 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 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. Enough however, ſtill remains to ſhew what it once was.

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 picturefque 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 picturefque 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.

SECT.

SECT. 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-

ſiderable 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 picturеſque. 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 picturеſque.

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.

FIRTH OF FORTH

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.

noble

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

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 Blackneſs-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 land-ſcape. We had this accompaniment at Black-neſs-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 land-ſcape around was overſpread with that grey, and dubious tint, which brought the whole into the exacteſt harmony.

From hence we directed our courſe to Fal-kirk. 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 pre-vented 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 Scot-land,

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 ſloops 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 picturefque light, I know not whether to call the Roman, or the Britifh work, more difgufting. Both equally deform the natural face of the country.

In this neighbourhood are ftill 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 ftill vifible; and known by the name of *Graham's dyke*. The antiquarian alfo traces many forts in different parts, where this mound ran, capable of containing an army. It is not however generally fuppofed, that thefe were all the works of Agricola; but that other generals, who fucceeded him, made additions to what he had done.

Among thefe remains on the banks of the Carron, one of the moft remarkable was an edifice; the ufe, and origin of which exceedingly puzzled antiquarians. It was a rotunda, open at the top, like the Pantheon at Rome, tho of very inferior workmanfhip, and dimenfions. From the ground to the fummit of the dome it meafured twenty-two feet—the diameter in the infide 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 teſſelated. 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, ſooty 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 diſ-

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 offſkip. In one part we ſaw the remains of an old fortreſs, called Briſcaſtle; which rather diverſified an unintereſting ſcene.

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* In 1788.

SECT. 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 picturefque; 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 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 its 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.

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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 ſurpriſed that it's neigbourhood 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

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 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 crouded with anxious ſpectators. Very ſoon the Engliſh cavalry, led on by the earl

of

of Gloucefter, was feen to pufh forward, and begin the attack. But they were prefently repulfed. Immediately after, the whole field was feen in confufion; but from what caufe, could not at that diftance be conjectured. This confufion foon ended in a total rout. The Englifh army fled; and the Scotts with all their force purfued. The cafe was, the horfe had been decoyed into pitfalls, where many of them being overthrown, the reft fell back with confufion on the main body. The diforder was ftill farther increafed by the appearance of a new army marching round their flanks, tho in fact it was artfully compofed only of futtlers, furnifhed with military enfigns. The loweft accounts make the Englifh to have loft, on that day, ten thoufand men. The earl of Gloucefter was killed; and the king himfelf with difficulty efcaped.

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

 The

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.

SECT. 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 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 it's 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

had intrufted her. George Douglas, his younger brother, a youth of eighteen, lived in the family, whom Mary fingled out as the inftrument of her deliverance. When fhe had fecured his heart, fhe employed his abilities. A plan was laid between them, and executed on funday night, the 2d of May 1568. Young Douglas contrived, as his brother fat down to fupper, to fecure the keys of the caftle. The queen ftood 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 poffibility of immediate purfuit being cut of, the queen reached the fhore in fecurity; where lord Seaton and fir James Hamilton ftood ready, with fwift horfes to receive her.

Every picturefque fubject may be treated on canvas in two ways. The fact may be reprefented under its plain circumftances — or it may be reprefented under an allegory. Thefe two modes of reprefentation anfwer to hiftory, and poetry; both of which may often adorn the fame fubject.

In the *hiftorical* reprefentation of a fact, the artift has only to obferve 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 inrich 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 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.

SECT. XII.

FROM Loch-leven we continued our rout northward, through a country of little curiofity. About eight miles before we reach Perth, we have a noble view from the higher grounds of an extenfive 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 leaft thirty miles; and the eye commands it almoft from end to end. Of the beautiful fituations it affords great advantage hath been taken by the gentlemen of the neighbourhood. You fee it in many parts marked with diftant plantations; and can often diftinguifh the buildings, of which thefe plantations are the appendages. Far to the weft ftands Drummond-caftle, once the refidence of the earls of Perth — now an ill-fated, forfaken manfion.

——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 ſhade 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 theſe 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 failed round the eaftern coaft of England from Sandwich, and was then in the Forth, to attend his march.

The news of the Roman legions in motion foon drew together the whole force of the Britons, under one of their ableft 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, feizing the higheft ground of the Grampian hills, refolved there to wait the enemy. A battle enfued; 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 lofs of ten thoufand of their men killed upon the fpot.

The next morning the Romans had a full view of the melancholy event. The field was now filent, and folitary. Heaps of dead were lying round; but not a fingle body of the enemy appeared, either on the plain, or in poffeffion of any poft, while the country at a diftance was feen from the heights involved in fmoke, as if it had been ravaged by an enemy. The caufe was foon difcovered.

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

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* 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 conſilia aliqua, dein ſperare; aliquando frangi aſpectu pignorum ſuorum; ſæpius concitari: ſatiſque conſtabat, ſæviſſe quoſdam in conjuges, ac liberos, tanquam miſererentur.

ſail 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 obſtupefaciebat, tanquam aperto maris ſui ſecreto, ultimum victis perfugium clauderetur.*

† Vit. Agric.

this

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. Yet 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 has 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, peditеſque cachinum.
>
> Aut famam ſequere, aut ſibi convenientia finge.
>
> Reſpicere exemplar vitæ, morumque, jubebo
> Doctum imitatorem, et vivas hinc ducere voces.

SECT.

SECT. 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 picturеſque, 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.

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* See page 62.

The

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 develope, 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

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 ſceptra 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 locatum
> 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 inviron 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 curiofity at Dunkeld, was the feat of the duke of Athol. From Inver we ferried over the Tay; and in croffing, had a grand view up the river. It was a vifta of rock, and wood, which in nature's hands, was managed without any formality, and made a fcene of great beauty. We landed in the duke's garden; where a green walk along the fide of the river, brought us to his houfe. It is a villa, rather than a ducal manfion: but being a favourite fpot, it has been the object of much attention, and expence.

Dunkeld was formerly both an archiepifcopal fee, and an abbey: and the limits of the duke's improvements are thofe, which formerly confined the monks. Nature has marked them with very decifive boundaries.

This favoured fpot (for it is indeed a beautiful fcene) confifts of a large circular valley, the diameter of which is in fome parts a mile; in others two or three. It's furface is various; and fome of the rifing grounds *within the valley itfelf*, would even be efteemed lofty, if it were not for the grand fkreen of mountains, which circles the whole. At the bafe of thofe, towards the fouth, runs the Tay, in this place broad, deep and filent. The whole valley is

 interfperfed

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 ruins, and the embelliſhments which are neceſſary about a habitable manſion, interfere rather too much*. 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 weſt end we obſerved

* See this idea more explained; page 24.

the

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 Dunſinane no veſtiges remain; except a deep double ditch. The ſituation appears to have been very ſtrong.

SECT. 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, would make every body laugh. 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 picturеſquely 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

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

This grand view, which I ſcruple not to mention as the moſt intereſting thing of the kind, I ever ſaw, is exhibited through the windows of what is called a *Hermitage*, tho the name bears no reſemblance to the idea. 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 verdigreaſe. 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 Claude Loraine 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-brig*. 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-brig* 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-brig* there was much ſuperior in grandeur to this, as we were informed by thoſe who had 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 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, Oſſian, laſt of Fingal's line;
And mix thy ſighs, and tears with mine.
The ſhell is ceaſed 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

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 ſlipt 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 ſuſpence. Intelligence of no kind could be obtained. Every one had his ſuſpicions; but no one durſt avow them.

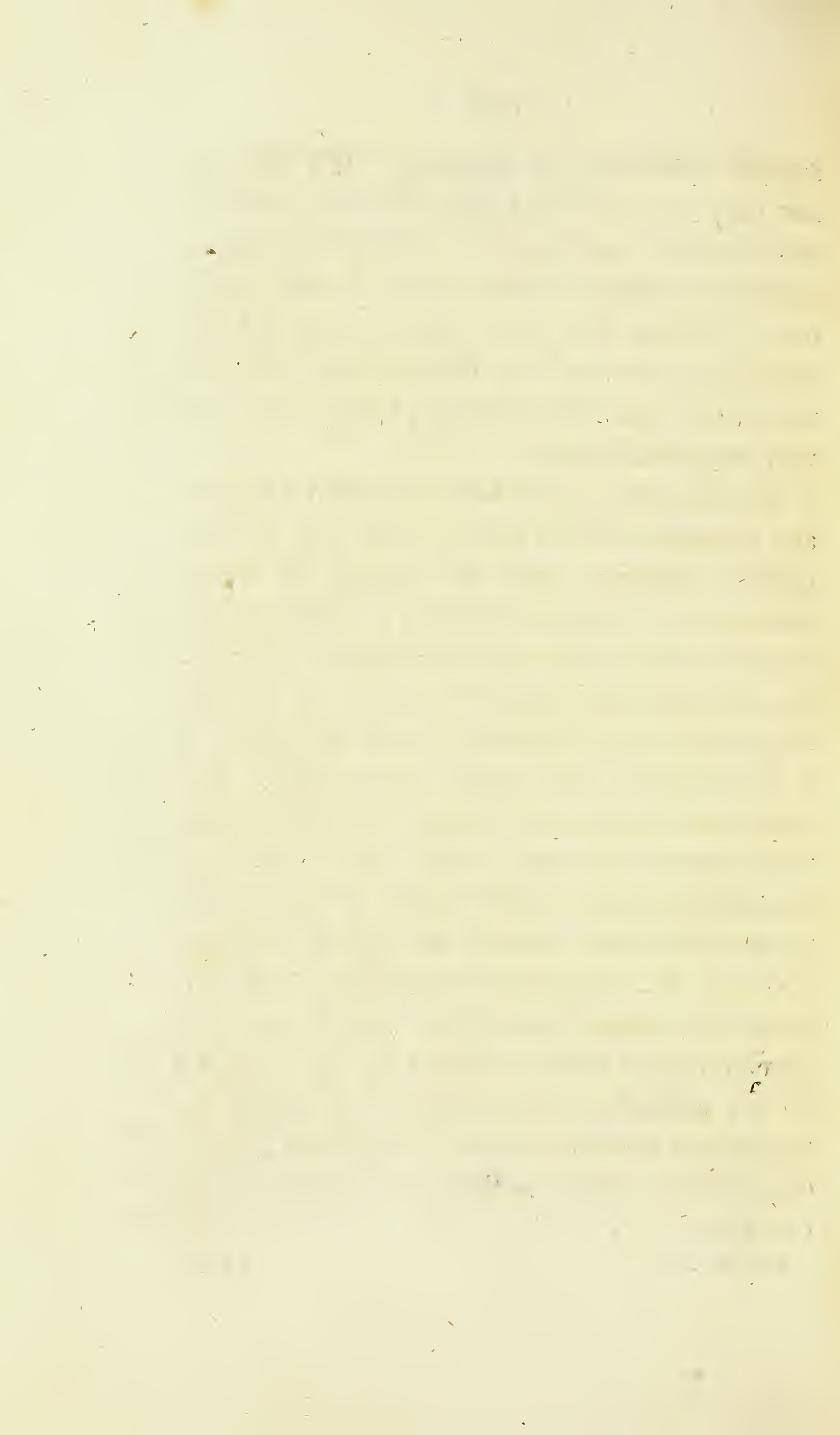
Some time after midnight, a fellow brought in the duke's hat, which he had found by the ſide of the river. This put an end to every glimpſe of hope: but the fatal event was not confirmed, till late the next morning, when the body was found in the Tay, about three miles below the houſe.

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.



SECT. XV.

FROM Dunkeld we continued our journey to Blair-caſtle, which is about twenty miles farther north. The whole road is a continuation of picturefque 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.

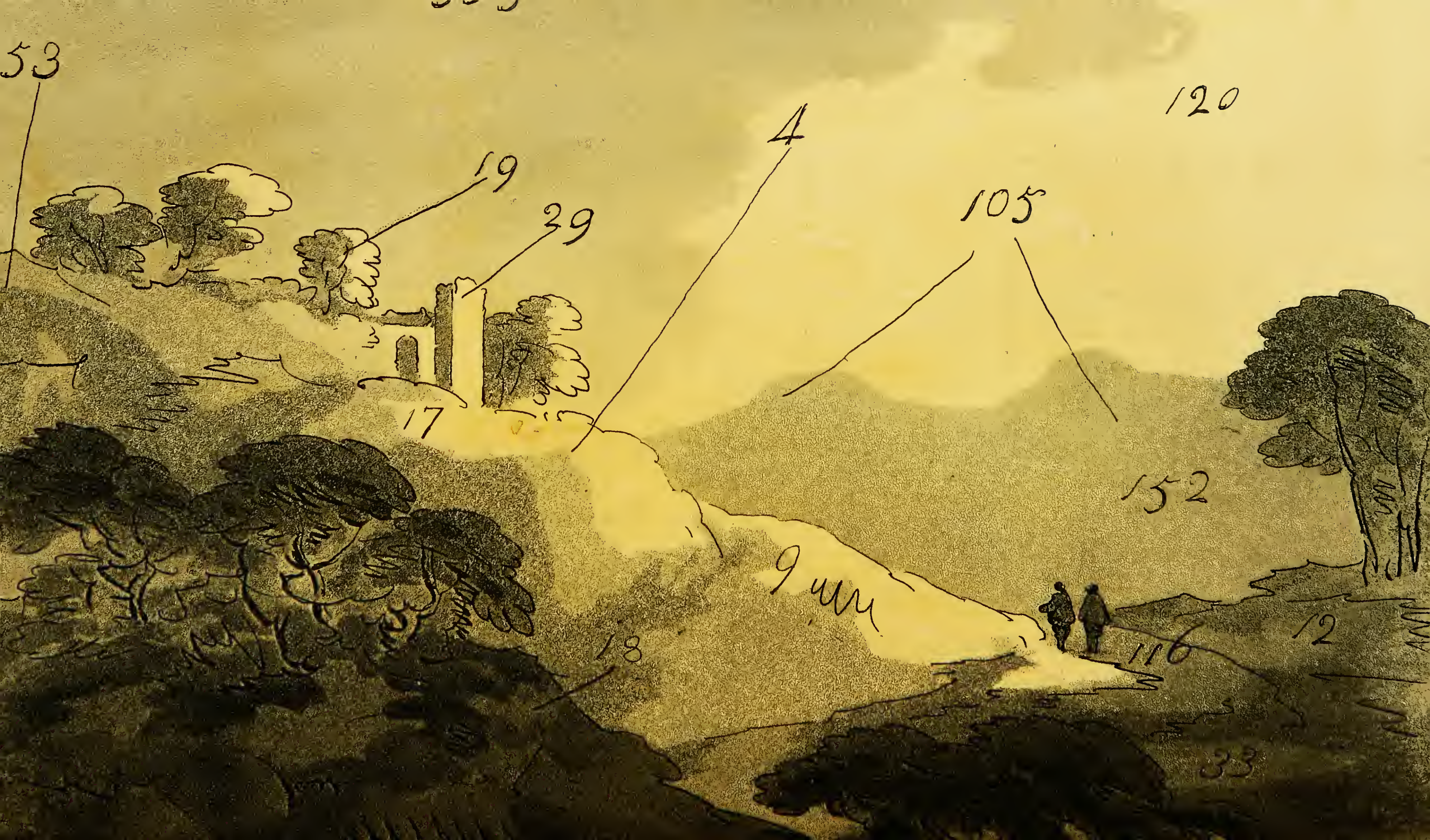
When we leave the Tay, we meet the Tummel, which, tho leſs wild in it's accompaniments, performs it's evolutions with as much beauty. One ſcene upon it's banks called aloud for the pencil. We had many, in

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

Yellow & Red.			*Yellow & Blue.*			*Blue & Red.*			*Yellow, Blue & Red.*		
1	2	3	13	14	15	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



53
19
29
17
4
105
120
152
9 un
18
116
12
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;

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 where it joins the Garry, or rather is 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

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 harangued his men; aſſured them of ſucceſs; rouſed them to action; and fell upon Mackay, as he filed 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 times. 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 marquiſs 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 its 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 flows 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 what is

larger.

larger. 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

traverſing 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 it's 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.

SECT. 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 us 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 picturеſque traveller indeed, if he find 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 inconceiv-

able

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 etherial 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 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

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, I have heard, 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 ſculptor very properly made them 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 atchieving. 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,

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 ſkreened 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 ſkreen 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.

River Tay

Taymouth

Kenmore

Killin

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 taken 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 had firſt ſeen.

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 Campbell's, 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 loyalifts till 1654, when general Monk retook it. It would now however be difficult to trace the leaft veftige in it either of religion, or war.

SECT. 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 ſkreen 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 cloathed with wood; and the whole ſcene is capable of great improvement: but when we ſaw it*, nothing

* In the year 1776.

nothing like tafte had been exercifed upon it. The houfe had formerly been a turreted caftle, but has been formed by the addition of two wings, into a large, convenient, tho unpleafing manfion. 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, inftead of winding around, and taking fuch circuits as might fhew the lake, and mountains to moft advantage. There was a grand walk alfo beyond the Tay; which had coft more than it deferved. Indeed the walks on neither fide of the river feemed intended to fhew the fcenery; but rather as avenues to a few tawdry, inelegant buildings, which terminated them. Nothing could fhew a more thorough inattention to every idea of beauty and tafte, than the whole contrivance of the place.

Perhaps no country in the world abounds more with grand fituations, efpecially in the highland parts of it, than Scotland: and perhaps none of the Scotch nobility have a greater variety of noble fituations, than the earls of Breadalbin. Whether they wifhed for elevated, or fheltered fituations — 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 ſkreened from the rough quarters of the ſky; it is all one would wiſh for in a ſituation.

As

As we left lord Breadalbin's, we had, from the road near Maxwell's temple, a very picturefque view of the lake and it's environs. The water bears only a fmall proportion; but the promontories fweeping into it, the iflands detached from the main, and a diftant view of the grand mountain of Benavoir, which occupies the head of the lake, unite in forming a very noble landfcape.

In this country originated the maffacre of Glencoe. The fact is noted: but a detail of circumftances does not often find it's way into hiftory *. They who have never met with this detail, will be fhocked to find at the end of the feventeenth century, an action marked with fuch circumftances of horrid cruelty and treachery, as are rarely found in the annals of a Roman, or an Eaftern defpot.

After the *act of fettlement* had paffed in Scotland, as well as in England, in favour of king William; and the government expected fubmiffion from all it's fubjects, a number of the highland-clans bowed with

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

great

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 it is probable, Macdonald's *ſubmiſſion* had been 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

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

the old man endeavoured with jocularity to difperfe them. The youth however at the clofe of day, drew his brother afide, and carried him out privately among the foldiers, to make obfervations. 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 muft anfwer "for it." Upon this the two young men in terror made inftantly to their father's houfe: — but the bloody deed was begun. As they approached, they heard the report of fire-arms — they heard the fhrieks of defpair; and faw the houfe furrounded by armed men. Old Macdonald was fhot through the head, as he flept by his wife: and, at the fame time, a Highland gentleman, who was then upon a vifit to him; tho he had the king's protection in his pocket. The houfes of the tenants, and dependents of the family, were furrounded alfo, and every man butchered, who was found. A pillage enfued; and all the wanton cruelty was practifed, which is cuftomary at the facking of a town.

The women and children indeed were fpared: but fuch of them, as had neither died of the fright, nor had been butchered by mif-

take,

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 it's 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

" 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 intereſting 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 Oſcian. 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.

SECT. 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 entirely 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,

ſour, 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 cloathed 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 oppreſ-ſion 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 kind. 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 Greenock.

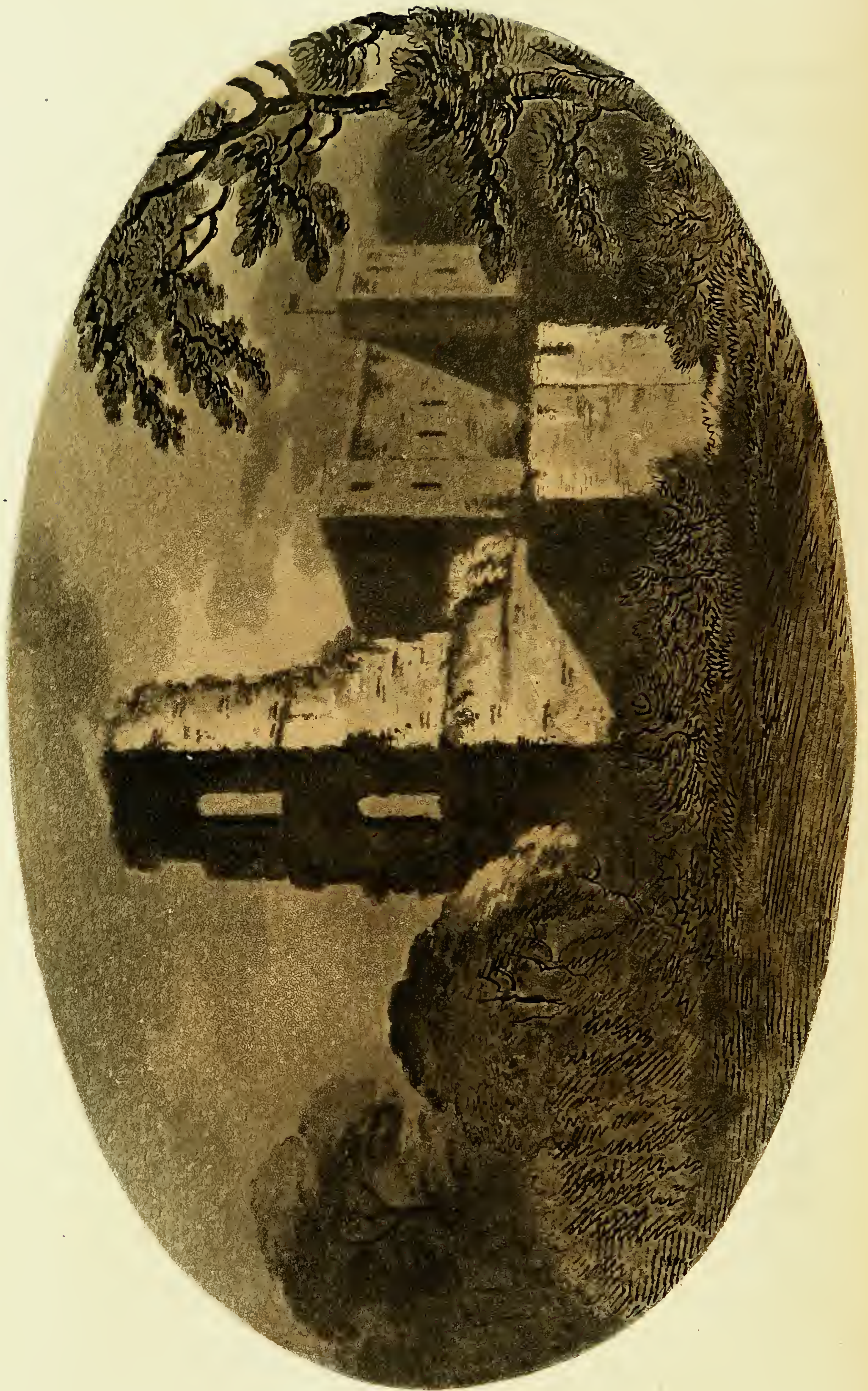
We propoſed alſo to viſit Loch-Lomond, and Dunbarton; but not by the rout of theſe emigrants; which would have abridged our tour. We choſe a wider circuit by Tindrum and Inverary.

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; totally

tally naked; and yet in it's 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 inchanted 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.

Altis

——————————— Altis
Montibus audiri fragor ———————

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 Dalmaly 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-skreens, 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-skreens 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 inchantment; 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 decorations of each 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.

Situation of

INVERARY CASTLE.

Cairndow

Doniquaik

River Airay

Castle

Town

LOCH FYNE

SECT. 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 ſemicircular 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. It's ſides are ſhaggy, and broken; and the interſtices of ſoil are filled with wood. On it's ſummit ſtands a lonely watch-tower, which

like every thing characteriftic has a good effect. Had it been an ornamental building of any kind, thus loftily feated, it had been abfurd.

At the foot of this mountain, runs the Aray, a confiderable ftream. It iffues through a narrow valley, behind the houfe; and taking a femicircular fweep around it, at the bottom of the lawn enters Loch-Fyne.

This lake, which is the glory of the fcene, fpreads into a noble bay before the front of the caftle; forming an irregular circle of about twelve or fourteen miles in circumference, beautifully indented with a variety of peninfulas, and furrounded by mountains. It is an object, not only beautiful in itfelf; but it makes a fine contraft with the woods, and mountains around it.

Loch-Fyne is a falt lake, communicating with the fea, at the diftance of about twenty-five miles from Inverary-caftle; but as the tide has no very great effect upon it here, it has almoft all the beauties of an inland-lake; and fome, which an inland-lake cannot have; particularly that of a crouded navigation. It is one of the favourite haunts of herring; and at certain feafons of the year is frequented by innumerable fhoals. 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 bag-pipe is rarely forgotten; the ſhrill melody of which you hear reſounding from every part; unleſs 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

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 ſkreen 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 picturеſque 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

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;

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* 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 cu-

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

rious

rious 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.

SECT.

SECT. 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 ſir 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, at the ſame time, 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

having 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 ſailed 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

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

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, oſtenſively 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 had 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 ſævitiæ genus omittit ira, et victoria.**

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* Tacitus.

Maclean,

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

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 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 inriched 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.

SECT. 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 ſubſided; 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

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

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

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* See page 74.

 rapine,

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 Highlands, 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 blaws loud with angry ſugh [1];
The ſhort'ning winter-day is near a cloſe;
The miry beaſts retreating frae the pleugh;
The black'ning trains of Craws [2] to their repoſe;
The toil-worn Cotter [3] frae [4] 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 through [5]
To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin [6] noiſe and glee.

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[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] *Craws*, 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 wifie's ſmile,
The liſping 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, amang the farmers roun';
Some ca' the pleugh [4], 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 amaiſt 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 amaiſt as weel's the new.*
Makes old clothes look almoſt as well as new.

[11] *A wi'* — all with.

Their

Their maſter's and their miſtreſſes's command,
The youngkers a' are warned to obey;
And mind their labors wi' an eydent hand [1],
And ne'er, tho' out o' ſight, to jauk [2] or play:
'And O! be ſure to fear the Lord alway!
'And mind your duty [3], duly, morn and night!
'Leſt in temptation's path ye gang aſtray,
'Implore his counſel and aſſiſting might:
'They never ſought in vain that ſought the Lord aright!'

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
Jenny, wha kens [4] the meaning o' the ſame,
Tells how a neebor lad cam [5] 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 hafflins [6] is afraid to ſpeak;
Weel pleas'd the mother hears, it's nae wild worthleſs rake.

With kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben [7];
A ſtrappan youth; he takes the mother's eye;
Blythe Jenny ſees the viſit's no ill ta'en [8];
The father cracks [9] of horſes, pleughs, and kye [10].

---

[1] *Eydent*, diligent. [2] *To jauk*, to loiter.

[3] *Mind your duty*. Say your prayers.

[4] *Wha kens*. Who knows.

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

[6] *Hafflins*, 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

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 ſae baſhfu' and ſae grave;
Weel pleas'd to think her bairn's reſpected like the lave [2].

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! loſt 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 parritch [3], 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 *hawkie* (their cow) affords the ſoupe; or the milk, with which it is eaten. This is the common food for breakfaſt, and ſupper among the low people.

The

The ſoupe their only hawkie does afford.
That 'yont the hallan[1] ſnugly chews her cood.
The Dame brings forth in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel hain'd kebbuck, fell[2],
And aft he's preſt, and aft he ca's it guid:
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
How 'twas a towmond auld, ſin' lint was i' the bell[3].

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' bible[4], 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:
Perhap's *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 houſed in winter.

[2] *Weel-hained kebbuck, fell* — well-preſerved cheeſe of ſtrong taſte.

[3] *How 'twas a towmond auld ſin 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

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 ſaint, 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 Windſor foreſt.

There

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, incenſed, 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 ſtills 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.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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OBSERVATIONS

ON

SEVERAL PARTS OF GREAT BRITAIN,

PARTICULARLY

THE HIGH-LANDS

OF

Scotland,

RELATIVE CHIEFLY TO

PICTURESQUE BEAUTY,

MADE IN THE YEAR 1776.

BY WILLIAM GILPIN, A.M.

PREBENDARY OF SALISBURY; AND VICAR OF BOLDRE IN NEW-FOREST, NEAR LYMINGTON.

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OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

S E C T. XXII.

WE left the ſcenes of Inverary with regret; thoſe ſcenes, in which the grand and beautiful are as harmoniouſly combined as we almoſt in any place remembered to have ſeen them. We approached it through magnificent woods; and we left it through a ſucceſſion of lake-ſcenery, ſtill more magnificent. Ten miles we travelled along the confines of Loch-Fyne, ſkirting that grand opening, which it forms to the north eaſt.

It's ſkreens are every where equal to the expanſe of it's waters. They are indeed chiefly

naked, and want ſome ſuch munificent hand as we had juſt left, to ſpread a little ſylvan drapery upon their bare, enormous ſides. But what they loſe in beauty, they gain in grandeur.

Their ſituation alſo upon the lake operated as another cauſe, to impreſs the idea of grandeur. Nothing exalts the dignity of a mountain ſo much, as it's riſing from the water's edge. In meaſuring it, as it appears connected with the ground, the eye knows not where to begin, but continues creeping up in queſt of a baſe, till half the mountain is loſt. But a water-line prevents this ambiguity; and to the height of the mountain even adds the edging at the bottom, which naturally belongs not to it. Thus the mountain of Doniquaick, ſeen from the new inn at Inverary, appears as if it roſe from the water's edge, tho in fact the duke of Argyle's lawn intervenes, all which the mountain appropriates: and tho it meaſures only eight hundred and thirty-five feet, it has a more reſpectable appearance, than many mountains of twice it's height unconnected with water.

But theſe ſkreens, tho the *grand* idea is principally impreſſed upon them, are not totally devoid of *beauty*. Two circumſtances

in

in a lake-ſkreen produce this quality; the line, which it's *ſummits* form; and the *water-line*, which is formed by projections into the lake.*

Of theſe modes of beauty we had great profuſion; and might have filled volumes with ſketches: but unleſs there is ſomething in a ſcene beſides theſe beautiful lines, ſomething which is ſtriking, and characteriſtic, it has little effect, we have ſeen, in artificial landſcape.

Uncharacterized ſcenery is ſtill leſs adapted to uncoloured *drawing*, the beauty of which depends chiefly on compoſition, and the diſtribution of light. In *painting* indeed, colouring may give it ſome value; but in this kind of ſimple *drawing*, ſomething more intereſting is required to fix the eye; ſome conſequential part, to which the other parts of the compoſition are appendages.

In our whole ride round this extenſive bay of Loch-Fyne, we met only one object of any conſequence to mark the ſcenery. It was a ruined caſtle upon a low peninſula. The

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* See this ſubject treated at large in Obſervations on the lakes and mountains of Cumberland, &c. p. 82 and 95.

lake ſpread in a bay before it, and behind it hung a grand curtain of diſtant mountains; one of which is marked with a peculiar feature — that of a vaſt ridge ſloping towards the eye.

We now approached the end of the lake, where, in the ſeaman's phraſe, we *raked* a long reach of it. When we view it in this direction, and conceive ourſelves at the head of a bay of ſalt water, ſixty or ſeventy fathoms deep, four miles in breadth, and at leaſt fifty from the ſea, we have a grand idea of the immenſe cavern, which is ſcooped out between theſe ranges of mountains, as the receptacle of this bed of waters. If we could have ſeen it immediately after the diluvian craſh, or whatever convulſion of nature occaſioned it, before the waters guſhed in, what a horrid chaſm muſt it have appeared!

> So high as heaved the tumid hills, ſo low
> Down ſunk a hollow bottom, broad, and deep,
> Capacious bed of waters ————————

Ideas of this kind ſeem to explain a difficult paſſage in Tacitus. In deſcribing the Caledonian coaſt, he obſerves that, *Nuſquam latius dominari mare; multum fluminum huc, atque illuc*

*illuc ferre; nec litore tenus accrefcere, aut reforberi; fed influere penitus, atque ambire, etiam jugis atque montibus inferi, velut in fuo.**

Some explain this paffage, as if the fea would fometimes cover even the tops of the mountains. Others, among whom is the learned Gronovius,† laying the ftrefs upon the word *ambire*, and arbitrarily changing *velut in fuo* into *velut infulis*, make the fea, inftead of covering the mountains in it's rage, only to furround them, and form them into iflands.

Neither of thefe interpretations can well be the hiftorian's meaning, as they both imply the fea to be in an agitated ftate: whereas he had juft before told us, that thefe feas were fcarce ever known to be agitated. *Pigrum et grave remigantibus perhibent; ne ventis quidem proinde attolli:* and this information he feems himfelf to have believed; giving phyfical reafons, fuch as they are, to afcertain it's probability. We are conftrained therefore to illuftrate this paffage in fome fenfe exclufive of that dominion of the fea, which it exercifes in a ftorm.

---

* In vita Agric.

† In a note in his edition of Tacitus, which he feems to approve.

Two other ſpecies of it's dominion over the land, ſeem to be alluded to; the dominion of tides, and that dominion, which it ſeems to aſſert, by running up in creeks into the country. I ſhould therefore tranſlate the paſſage thus: *Over no country the ſea aſſerts more dominion. In various parts it meets the mouths of rivers; and not only waſhes the ſhores with the flux, and reflux of it's tides; but flows boldly up the country, winds round vaſt ſtretches of hills, and mountains; and makes deep inroads into the land, as if it were it's natural channel.* — There cannot be a better comment upon this paſſage, than the weſtern coaſt of Scotland; which may in ſome degree therefore aſcertain the truth of the tranſlation.

Having doubled the northern point of Loch-Fyne, we came to Carndow, which conſiſts only of a few inconſiderable houſes; and turning to the left, we purſued our rout in queſt of the ſcenes of Loch-Lomond. Our road led through the valley of Kinlas, which is one of the wildeſt, and moſt ſublime vallies we had yet met with. The two ranges of mountains, which form it's ſkreens, approach within two or three hundred yards.

We

We were immured between them.* Mountains brought near the eye, like objects in a microſcope, appear monſtrous. They require diſtance to give them ſoftneſs; and remove deformities. But theſe mountains had few deformities to remove. They were magnificent; and yet well proportioned: bare of wood indeed, but rich from a varied and broken ſurface.

> ———— Their contraſts broad,
> And careleſs lines, and undulating forms
> Played through the varied ſcene.

Through the valley ran a ſtream, tumbling violently over the rocky fragments, that oppoſed it's courſe: and to compleat the grandeur of the whole, the ſky happened to harmonize with the mountains, ſhaping the clouds into thoſe grand forms, which Virgil calls the *cava nubila cœli*; and Shakeſpear, ſtill more expreſſively, *the cloudy cheeks of heaven*—thoſe ſwelling forms, which preſent ſo ſtrongly the idea of puft cheeks. Shakeſpear's idea may be inelegant: but it is exact; and the forms themſelves are very picturеſque.

* See a ſcene of this kind deſcribed, in *Obſervations on lakes, and mountains*, &c. vol. i. p. 209.

It is a happy circumſtance, when we find a ſky thus ſuited to a landſcape. In point of *harmony of colouring* the ſky and landſcape ſeldom vary. The former generally impreſſes it's ruling tint on the latter. But the *harmony of compoſition* is another point; and is not always ſo exactly found. Tho the general tint of the ſky may be harmonious; the clouds may ſtill be ill-formed, and unpictureſque. And it cannot be otherwiſe: for among all the appearances of nature, nothing aſſumes ſuch variety of ſhapes, as theſe floating bodies. Amidſt this variety there muſt often be bad forms. The painter therefore takes care not only to impreſs the ruling tint of the ſky on his landſcape; but alſo to get a good modulation of the ſky, in that key, if I may ſo ſpeak, which he hath choſen.

No preciſe rules in the choice of a ſky can be given: nor in the adapting of ſkies to landſcape. This latter eſpecially is matter of taſte, rather than of rule. In general, clouds in large maſſes, like thoſe, which gave occaſion to theſe remarks, are more beautiful, than when they are frittered. Large ſwelling fleecy clouds on a blue ſky are often beautiful. A few light floating clouds (yet rather con-

tiguous,)

tiguous,) in one part of the ſky; when the other part is of a uniform tint, has the effect of contraſt. It is a beautiful ſpecies of ſky alſo, when the dark part melts gradually into the lighter: and this may be carried to the higheſt degree of contraſt in a ſtorm. Breaks alſo in the ſky, when you ſee a light part through the diſparting of dark clouds, are pleaſing. And one or other of theſe ſpecies may be ſuited to all landſcape. The full meridian ſun, and clear etherial ſky, are ſeldom choſen. The painter commonly chooſes his ſkies in a morning, or evening; which he thinks will inlighten his picture to the beſt advantage, and give it the moſt brilliancy. Of one thing he ſhould be very careful; and that is to avoid all ſhapes of animals, or other objects, into which clouds are ſometimes apt to form themſelves. I have ſeen a good picture ſpoiled from having the clouds formed in the ſhape of a ſwan. From this miſchief Shakeſpear may guard us.

> Sometimes you ſee a cloud, that's dragoniſh:
> A vapour ſometimes like a bear, or lion;
> A tow'red citadel, a pendent rock;
> A forked mountain; or blue promontory
> With trees upon't, that nod, and mock the eye
> With empty air. ——————————

Having

Having travelled two or three miles in the valley of Kinlas, we found the end of it cloſed by the ſkirts of a mountain, which the road aſcends. Here the river, (which in the valley, was only a violent ſtream) deſcends in a rougher manner, through the ſeveral ſtages of the mountain; and ſweetened the toil of our aſcent, which was made on foot, by exhibiting cataracts, and water-falls in great variety. At the ſummit, we found a ſmall lake, which was the reſervoir of all theſe beautiful exhibitions. The road we travelled, is a military one; and has been made at great expence of labour. The toil it coſt in making; and the toil it coſt in aſcending, are expreſſed in an inſcription on a ſtone-ſeat at the top, *Reſt, and be thankful!*

The deſcent, on the other ſide, is a direct precipice: but a zig-zag road is contrived, which is paſſable enough. This road brought us into Glen-Croey; which is a ſcene of peculiar conſtruction.

Glen-Croey is a valley, which ſeemed about two miles in length, tho it may be longer, well proportioned in it's dimenſions; and ſkreened, on each ſide by mountains as magnificent,

magnificent, and as finely formed, as thoſe we had paſſed: but it's peculiarity is this, that altho in the neighbourhood of the wildeſt, and moſt rugged ſcenes, yet (contrary to the uſual mode in which nature unites contiguous landſcapes) it is totally ſmooth, and almoſt poliſhed. The bottom of the valley conſiſts chiefly of fine paſturage, which cloaths alſo the ſides of the mountains. The ſoftneſs of the herbage upon their diſtant ſides, appeared like a rich, ſpreading, velvet mantle. Here and there the broken channel of a torrent had formed gutters in the declivities; but in general, all was quiet, and unbroken. Had this valley, and it's lofty ſkreens been planted, the ſcene would have been delightful. The grandeur of the valley of Kinlas could ſupport itſelf independent of wood: but the valley of Croey, inclining rather to the beautiful, than to the ſublime, is not complete without that accompaniment.

In the middle of the valley ſtands a lonely cottage, ſheltered with a few trees, and adorned with it's little orchard, and other appendages. We might call it a ſeat of empire. Here reſides the hind, who manages, and overlooks the cattle, which in numerous herds,

graze

graze this fertile valley: and if peace, and quietneſs inhabit not his humble manſion, it does not harmonize with the ſcene, to which it belongs.

From the valley of Croey we ſoon reached the banks of *Loch-Loung*, or *the lake of ſhips*, another ſalt-water lake; in which, according to the geography of Tacitus, the ſea is wont *influere penitus, atque ambire, etiam jugis, atque montibus inſeri, velut in ſuo.*

In the account I have given of the two vallies, which lie between Loch-Fyne, and Loch-Loung, I have deſcribed the firſt as rough; and the latter, which is the valley of Croey, as ſmooth. I ſhould not however conceal, that I have ſeen the journal of a late traveller, which inverts this order. It makes the valley of Kinlas paſturage; and Croey, it deſcribes as rocky. I dare not take upon me to ſay, I have made no miſtake. I can only ſay, that my minutes were taken on the ſpot.

Loch-Loung oppoſed our farther paſſage by it's extremity, which formed the point of a bay. This bay we ſkirted with ſo much

much pleaſure, that we could have wiſhed the interruption had been greater. As we approached the vertical point, it roſe in value, exhibiting a ſimple, and very ſublime piece of lake-ſcenery. Upon it's ſhores and rocks lie ſea-weed, ſhells, and other marks of a tide; which alone ſhew it to be ſalt-water; for it's banks have all the verdure, and vegetation of an inland-lake.

From the confines of Loch-Loung, we had a ſhort ride to Tarbet, which ſtands upon Loch-Lomond; the ſcene we had ſo long expected. *Tarbet* is a common name in Scotland for a town ſeated on an iſthmus between two lakes; which is the ſituation of this place; a mere neck of land dividing Loch-Loung from Loch-Lomond. Some ſuppoſe the word *Tarbet*, to ſignify the ſame as a *Carrying-place* in America. Here the ſcenes of Loch-Lomond opened before us.

SECT. XXIII.

LOCH-LOMOND is a freſh water lake; about twenty-four miles in length. It's northern end is narrow, running up a conſiderable way, among lofty mountains: but it widens towards the ſouth by degrees; and attains a great breadth. Some ſay it's ſurface is obſerved gradually to increaſe; and pretend to ſhew the ruins of buildings far in the waters, when they are in a tranſparent ſtate. But we ſaw nothing of the kind.—As this lake has ever been eſteemed one of the moſt celebrated ſcenes in Scotland, it will be proper to dwell a little upon it.

Tarbet lies upon the narrower part of the lake, from whence we took our rout to Luſs, which commands the broader. The road accompanies the lake; and is exceedingly grand, and generally every where lofty.

Water,

Water, and mountains are the removed part of the ſcene: rocks and hanging woods adorn the foreground, among which, at every turn of the road, the lake appears to much advantage. The whole road is exactly that path upon the grand ſcale of nature, which is preſcribed in the improvements of art:

——that path, from whence, the ſight is led
Gradual to view the whole. Where'er thou windſt
That line, take heed between the ſcene, and eye,
To vary, and to mix thy choſen greens.
Here for a while with cedar, or with larch,
(That from the ground ſpread their cloſe texture,) hide
The view entire. Then o'er ſome lowly tuft,
Where roſe and woodbine bloom, permit it's charms
To burſt upon the ſight. Now through a copſe
Of beech, that rear their ſmooth, and ſtately trunks,
Admit it partially; and half exclude,
And half reveal it's graces. In this path,
How long ſoe'er the wanderer roves, each ſtep
Shall wake freſh beauties; each ſhort point preſent
A different picture, new, and yet the ſame.

This road is one of the grand entrances into the highlands; and a very formidable one it is. It runs along the ſide of a mountain, and is in many parts a mere precipice hanging over the lake; and tho ſecured ſufficiently for travellers, is ſtill a dangerous defile for an army. The difficulty of making

it

it has been great. In ſeveral parts it is cut through the ſolid rock, which is left as a pavement; and the grateful traveller finds himſelf indebted (as an inſcription with Roman brevity informs him) to the labours of Colonel Laſcelles's regiment.

About three miles from Tarbet, where the road riſes, we have a grand retroſpect of the narrow part of the lake. A mountain, on the left, near the eye, runs boldly into the water; beyond which the lake retires, bay after bay, in perſpective, among diſtant mountains into it's deep receſſes.

The colouring of theſe mountains was very beautiful. It was an early hour: the ſun juſt riſing had not ſtrength to diſſipate the blue miſts, which hung upon them; but yet it's faint radiance, here and there, tinged their broken points, and ſhed an effuſion of the ſofteſt, and moſt delicate light. The effect too was aſſiſted by the waters of the lake, which in ſome parts were ſcarce diſtinguiſhable from the baſe of the mountains.

There is a paſſage in the prophet Joel, which I think nobly deſcriptive of ſuch a ſcene as this. He is deſcribing the day, in which the Lord cometh to execute judgment.

It is a day, ſays he, of darkneſs, and gloomineſs —a day of clouds, and thick darkneſs—as the morning ſpread upon the mountains.

Having been always pleaſed with this paſſage, particularly the laſt clauſe of it, as a piece of ſublime, and picturesque imagery, I was not a little diſappointed in finding it animadverted on by ſo able a critic, as the biſhop of London, in his excellent tranſlation of Iſaiah.* He allows the *morning* to be the *uſual* ſenſe of the Hebrew word in this place: but as the ſame word alſo ſignifies *gloom*, he rather prefers that word here, becauſe the *morning*, he thinks, is an *incongruous idea.*

If the biſhop had ever paid any attention to the effects of morning-lights in a mountainous country (which the prophet, who had always lived in ſuch a country, probably did,) he would not perhaps have taxed the vulgar tranſlation of this paſſage with *incongruity.* By a very eaſy, and elegant metonymy, the morning, which is the *cauſe*, may ſtand for that *brightened gloom*, which is the *effect.*— If, on the other hand, we underſtand by

* See his note on Iſ. viii. 20.

the

the *morning* only a *gloom*, the ſentiment gains nothing. It is a mere repetition.

I would not be ſuppoſed to diſpute a point of criticiſm with ſo great a maſter as the biſhop of London; but I may without vanity, ſuppoſe myſelf better acquainted with the effects of morning-lights in a mountainous country; and may therefore be allowed to ſay, that *the morning ſpread upon the mountains*, is, at leaſt not an incongruous expreſſion.

At Luſs we got into a boat, and rowed to the middle of the lake, where we lay upon our oars to take a view of the ſcenery around us.

To the north we looked far up the narrow channel of the lake, which we had juſt ſeen from the ſhore. We were now more in the center of the view. But the ſcene was now ſhifted. It was more a viſta. The mountains ſhelved beautifully into the water, on both ſides; and the bottom of the lake was occupied by Ben-vorlie, which filled it's ſtation with great diſtinction. On the right, Ben-lomond, the ſecond hill in Scotland, raiſed it's reſpectable head. While the waters at their baſe, were

 dark,

dark, like a black, tranſparent mirror. But in this point of view the form of Ben-lomond was rather injured by the regularity of it's line, which conſiſts of three ſtages of aſcent. In general however, this mountain appears finely ſloped; and it's ſurface beautifully broken.

Ben-lomond meaſures in height between three and four thouſand feet from the ſurface of the lake, extending it's ſkirts far, and wide into the country. It's lofty ſides are ſubject to various climates; and maintain various inhabitants. The ptarmigan, and other heath-fowls frequent it's upper regions: it's lower are ſought, as a favourite haunt, by the roe-buck: while the many irriguous vallies, and ſheltered paſtures at it's baſe, tempt the peaſants of the country to ſettle among them.

By this time the early hour of ſun-riſe had paſſed away. The *morning ſpread upon the mountains* — thoſe velvet lights, which we had ſeen from the Tarbet-road, had now taken a more vivid hue; and the vapours forming a more tranſparent medium, began to diſcover through their thinner veil a fine purple tint,

which

which had overſpread the tops of the mountains; and is one of the moſt beautiful of all the hues, that inveſt thoſe lofty ſtations. Pouſſin is ſo fond of it, that in general, I think, he throws too much purple into his diſtances: and the imagination of Virgil could conceive nothing beyond it in the Elyſian fields, where he tells us that a brighter ſun ſpreads it's radiance upon the mountains;

———————————et lumine veſtit
Purpureo * ———————————

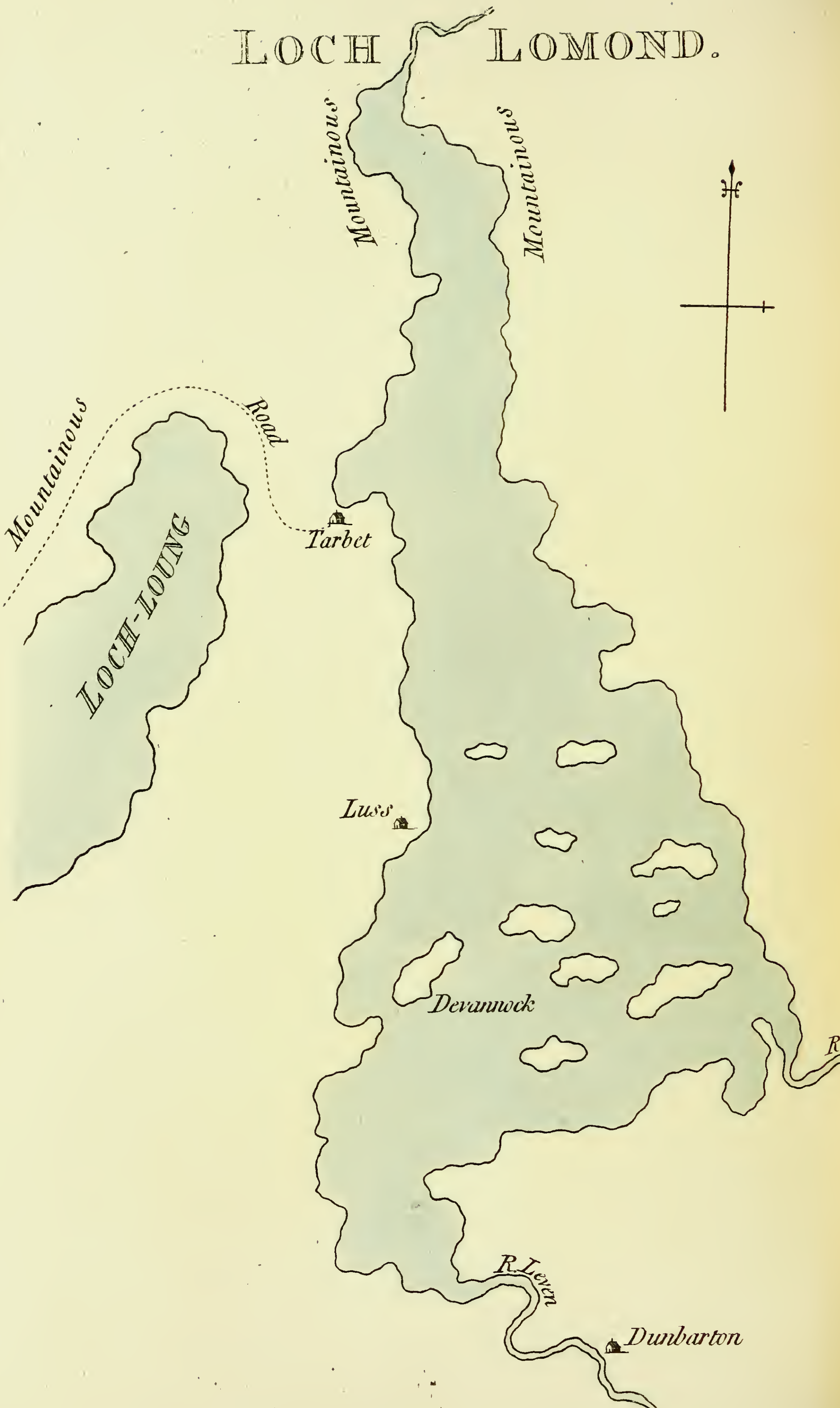
The view to the ſouth has leſs value in *a picturesque light.* The ſurface of the lake is broken by a number of iſlands, which are ſcattered about it, and prevent all *unity of compoſition.* It's banks alſo, in that direction, are tame ſcenes of paſturage, and cultivation; and the mountains, which ſkreened it's northern regions, are here removed. As we could not therefore admire the ſouthern part of the

* Purpureus often ſignifies, *ſhining,* or *glowing*; but it is often deſcriptive of colour alſo, and ſignifies *purple.* Thus Horace ſpeaks of *purpurei tyranni;* and Ovid of *purpureus pudor.* And where the term is applied to the colouring of a mountain, I cannot conceive it can mean any thing but *purple.*

lake,

lake, as a *picture*, we wiſhed to examine it as a *map*: and for this purpoſe we looked round for an advantageous point, that might command a fair view of the whole.

SECT.


LOCH LOMOND.
Mountainous
Mountainous
Mountainous
Road
Tarbet
LOCH-LOUNG
Luss
Devannock
R.
R. Leven
Dunbarton

SECT. XXIV.

ON the weſtern ſide of the lake, is an iſland, called Devannoc; which riſes at one end into a lofty hill. To this iſland we ſteered; and mooring our bark in a creek, we aſcended the hill under the conduct of our boatman, who was a very intelligent guide. The aſcent coſt us a full half-hour; and we thought it ſomewhat extraordinary to find a hill of ſuch dimenſions upon an iſland in a lake. When we gained the ſummit we ſeated ourſelves on a rock cuſhioned with moſs, and heath; and as the day was fine, we had indeed a moſt amuſing view over all the ſouthern diviſion of the lake.

A vaſt expanſe of water, at leaſt ten miles in diameter, lay before the eye, interſperſed with various iſlands of different forms, and dimenſions. Among theſe the little barks,

 which

which navigated the lake, and plied among the ſeveral channels, appeared and diſappeared by turns; dividing portions of land into iſlands, which to the eye ſeemed united.

The iſland (or *inch* according to the Erſe) which lay neareſt to us is Ghenaghan. It is an iſland of conſiderable extent; being not leſs than a mile in length. It conſiſts of great variety of high ground; and is every where woody. On the hither ſide it is indented by a large ſemicircular bay; which gives it a peculiar appearance.

Beyond Ghenaghan lies Inch-Crune, about half a mile in length; flat, unwooded, and covered chiefly with paſturage.

Inch-Fad lies in the ſame direction, beyond Crune; and is nearly of the ſame dimenſions; flat alſo, and unwooded.

To the ſouth, between Crune, and Ghenaghan, lies Moin, one of the largeſt iſlands in the lake. It is flat; it's ſhores are much indented; one half of it conſiſts of paſturage, and the other of a peat-moſs.

Beyond Inch-Fad, verging towards the eaſtern ſide of the lake, lies Inch-Calloch, or the *Iſle of Nuns*; which is about a mile in length. It conſiſts of high ground, and is very

very woody; but the eye, at ſo great a diſtance, could not diſtinguiſh the indenting of it's ſhores. This iſland, which is regularly inhabited, is in this reſpect of greater dignity than any other upon the lake. It is remarkable alſo on another account. The clan of M'greggors, who occupied the mountainous limits on the north of the lake, and were proſcribed by an act of parliament, for their thefts and rapine, had among them one very egregious ſuperſtition, which was to lay their bones in this iſland, where ſtill appear the remains of a holy-houſe. Accordingly they have all been buried here from time immemorial; preſuming, no doubt, (as men, in all ages, ſeem from ſacrifices, or other rites, to have had ſome idea of atonement) that the ſanctity of the ground would deprecate the guilt of their lives.

There is another reaſon however given for burying in iſlands; which is practiſed alſo in other parts of Scotland. When the country abounded with wolves, it is ſaid, theſe animals would often attack church-yards; againſt which the people guarded by inſular graves. Thus a practice founded in neceſſity, might have been continued through ſuperſtition.

To the ſouthward of M'greggor's iſle, lie Grange, and Torremach, each of which iſlands is about half a mile in length: both are woody, but Torremach conſiſts of higher ground.

In the ſame direction, lies the iſland of Merin, the largeſt upon the lake; being two Scotch miles in length, which are nearly equal to three of Engliſh meaſure. It's breadth alſo is proportionable, meaſuring above a mile from one ſide to the other. This iſland, which is very woody, and conſiſts of high, irregular ground, is converted into a park, by the duke of Montroſe. The keeper, and his family, are the only inhabitants, which it contains. Formerly this iſland was a place of more note, and was dignified with a noble manſion, built by the duke of Lenox.

On the other ſide of M'greggor's iſland, towards the north, lies Inch-Lonac, formed in the ſhape of a creſcent; with ſome wood upon it, but more heath. This alſo is a conſiderable iſland; being near two miles in length. It is the property of ſir James Colquhoun, who has turned it into a deer-park. — Commodious as theſe ſituations ſeem for deer, a good paling is a better fence than a

lake,

lake, however deep. Often a herd, landing together, will venture through this vaſt expanſe of waters, in queſt of better paſturage: and it is one of the moſt laborious parts of the keeper's employment, to purſue the emigrants, and drive them home.

In an oppoſite direction lies Inch-Galbrith. This iſland the oſprey-eagle inhabits, in preference to any other on the lake: but for what particular advantages, the naturaliſt is ignorant. From his reſidence here he ſends out his rapacious colonies. Fiſh is his prey: but nature hath neither given him the power to ſwim, nor the art to dive. She has furniſhed him however with powers, equally deſtructive. With a keen eye he hovers over the lake; and ſeeing from a great height, ſome inadverent fiſh near the ſurface, he darts rapidly upon it; and plunging his talons, and breaſt, if need be, into the water, keeps his pinions aloof in the air, undipped; on the ſtrength of which he ſprings upwards with his prey, tho it is ſometimes bulky. The oſprey differs little from the ſea-eagle; only he is more, what is commonly termed, a *freſh-water pirate*.

Beſides theſe larger iſlands, there are others of ſmaller dimenſions; which are too numerous

for

for particular notice. In any other place they would make a figure; but here we confider them only as garnifh to the reft. We counted eighteen iflands diftinctly lying before us; but we were told there are not fewer than thirty fcattered over the lake; three of which have churches upon them, tho, I believe, now in ruins.

One of thefe iflands is obferved alternately to fink, and rife. This is a common ftory among lakes; and the myftery of it generally is, that the water, tho it's apparent form is rarely altered, is yet fometimes fo high, as to cover an ifland, which happens to be very flat. I have heard however well attefted ftories of iflands, in fome lakes, that really rife and fink. This may poffibly be owing to fungous earth dilated by vegetation, and detaching itfelf by it's lightnefs from the bottom. As it's vegetation ceafes, and it becomes of courfe more compreffed, and more faturated with water, it lofes it's buoyancy, and finks. The fact I believe is unqueftioned; but I will not pretend to fay, that this folution accounts fufficiently for it.

Befides this, there is another kind of floating ifland, which hath been fometimes feen

upon

upon this lake, and hath confounded the eye of travellers; and that is a ſort of raft, which the inhabitants uſed to make of a conſiderable ſize, faſtening the ſhafts of ſeveral pines together, and covering them with earth, and clods. Theſe rafts were uſeful on many occaſions. I believe they are not now in uſe; as boats are much more manageable, and commodious. But in elder times, the raft was the firſt ſpecies of lake-navigation. On it the inhabitants uſed to tranſport their cattle, hay, or any other bulky commodity, from one part of the lake to another. But the raft was principally of uſe in times of alarm. When an adverſe clan was laying waſte the country, ſome poor highlander would ſhip his family, and moveables on board a raft; and running under the lee of an iſland, would attach himſelf to it. His raft at a diſtance would appear a part of the iſland itſelf, and lie concealed. In the mean time he would rear a low hut of boughs, and heath, againſt the oak, to which he was moored; and would eat his oaten bread, the only proviſion he carried with him, and drink of the lake, till a time of ſecurity gave him liberty to return.

We were aſſured however, that in a part of the country, where we had lately been, in the road between Killin and Tindrum, there is a lake, where a real floating iſland, which never ſinks, continues always ſhifting about the lake. We did not ſee it; but we were told, it is formed of the matted roots of a particular kind of weed. It's ſurface, which is now about forty-five yards in circumference, is ſuppoſed rather to increaſe. If you bore it, in three or four feet you come at water. Sometimes, as it reſts near the ſhore, the wild cattle are tempted into it by a little freſh graſs. But it is a dangerous bait. If the wind ſhift, they may be carried off into unknown regions, from all their kindred and acquaintance; or as their proviſion is ſcanty, if the voyage prove long, they may ſuffer greatly by hunger.

Iſlands of this kind were perhaps more common in ancient times. The younger Pliny at leaſt gives us an account of ſeveral, which he had ſeen dancing about the Vadimonian lake, in a very extraordinary manner. *Interdum junctæ, copulatæque, et continenti ſimiles ſunt. Interdum diſcordantibus ventis digeruntur. Nonnunquam deſtitutæ tranquillitate ſingulæ fluitant.*

*tant. Sæpe minores majoribus, velut cymbolæ onerariæ, adherescunt. Sæpe inter se majores, minoresque quasi cursum, certamenque desumunt. Rursus omnes in eundem locum appulsæ.**

Besides the islands in Loch-Lomond, there are many peninsulas, which run into it, and add greatly to the variety of the scene. Of these, the most remarkable is that, on which sir James Colquhoun has his residence. His seat, and plantations were a great ornament to our view.

The country immediately beyond the islands, appeared flat, and the mountains were too far removed to be of any picturesque use from the hill of Devannoc, where we stood. Among other objects of distance, a strange form attracted our notice. It was something like a house, only greatly bigger, than any house, at that distance could possibly appear. Upon enquiry we found it was the rock, on which the castle of Dunbarton stands. Our expectation was of course greatly raised, to see an object on the spot, which had excited our curiosity so much at a distance.

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* Plin. Epist. lib. viii. ep. 20.

SECT. XXV.

HIGH places, and extended views have ever been propitious to the excurſions of imagination. As we ſurveyed the ſcene before us, which was an amuſing, but unpeopled ſurface, it was natural to conſider it under the idea of population.

If commerce and wealth are the great means of improving the human mind, by communicating knowledge — freeing it from prejudice — giving it a more liberal turn — encouraging letters — and introducing arts; they as certainly at a riper period, introduce corruption, and become the handmaids of vice. How happy then would it be to drop them at this critical period; to arreſt the preciſe time, when they have done their utmoſt to enlighten mankind, and then diſcard them. But it would be as

eaſy to arreſt the courſe of the river. Human affairs, like the plants of the field, flouriſh only to decay: they are longer lived indeed; but the hope of preſerving them in a ſtate of perfection, would be the futile hope of immortalizing mortality.

In a reverie however we may conceive the happineſs of a few philoſophical friends, retiring from the follies of life to ſuch a ſcene as this; and ſettling themſelves in the ſeveral iſlands, that lay ſcattered about the lake before us. Their happineſs would conſiſt in the refined pleaſures of intercourſe, and ſolitude. The viſionary does not conſider the many economical difficulties and inconveniences of a plan. All theſe things are below his notice. He enjoys only the fair idea — the pleaſure of a refined, and virtuous ſociety. He feaſts on the agreeable expectation that would ariſe at the ſight of a ſail making to his little retreat, which he would know was fraught with wit — or claſſic elegance — or the refinements of taſte — or philoſophy — or the charms of an unaffected piety. The contents of the cargo would be known at a diſtance from the direction, in which the veſſel came. — Nor would the hours of ſolitude paſs with leſs

delight.

delight. However pleaſing the charms of converſe, each member of this virtuous, and happy ſociety, would ſtill be his own beſt companion. He who wants reſources within himſelf, can never find happineſs abroad.

Among the amuſements of this happy people, it would not be the leaſt to improve their little territories into ſcenes of ſimplicity, and beauty — academic groves, Elyſian fields;

> Where they, whom wiſdom, and whom nature charm,
> Stealing themſelves from the degenerate croud,
> May ſooth the throbbing paſſions into peace,
> And woo lone quiet in her ſilent walks.

Even the drearineſs of winter would not want it's enjoyments. Winter is the reign of domeſtic pleaſures; and if the ſtorms of the lake forbad the adventitious intercourſe of agreeable ſociety, they would at leaſt remove the impertinent interruptions of what was not ſo. The intruſions of a tatling world would be totally excluded: while books, and elegant amuſements, would be a ſovereign antidote againſt the howling of winds, and the beating of waves. —— But enough of theſe idle reveries, which belong not to terreſtrial things.

 When

When we deſcended the rocky hill, from which we had theſe amuſing views, we ſurveyed the whole iſland of Devannoc. It ſeems to be one of the moſt beautiful on the lake; and admirably adapted to be the ſeat of ſome capital manſion in ſuch a ſcene, as we have juſt imagined. It cannot be leſs than two Engliſh miles in length; and tho at the northern end it is woody, rough, and even mountainous, as we have ſeen; it's ſouthern end affords both corn and paſturage. We obſerved however but one ſolitary farm upon the whole place.

Embarking again we ſpent ſome hours in rowing among that clump of iſlands, which lie neareſt the eye; and in looking into their little creeks, and bays; tho we did not land on any of them. Standing then for the ſhore, we met our horſes about five miles below the place, where we at firſt embarked.

Loch-Lomond was never known to freeze. Partially indeed it has been ſometimes frozen at the ſouthern end; but never in any degree, ſince the memory of man, except in the year 1740. But the northern part, which runs up among

among the mountains, was never known at any time to receive even the ſlighteſt impreſſion from the froſt.

The ſouthern part of Loch-Lomond is much frequented by ſalmon; tho in general this fiſh is not fond of lakes. But the caſe is this. The river Leven forms the chief exit of the lake; and communicates with the ſea. In a direction nearly oppoſite to the Leven, the river Ennery enters the lake. Of this river the ſalmon is particularly fond; and entering by the Leven, he traverſes the lake on purpoſe to proceed up the Ennery. By what inſtinct he knows that he ſhall find the ſtream he delights in, acroſs ſo vaſt an expanſe of waters, let the naturaliſt ſay. Do the waters of the Ennery run pure through the lake to the Leven? Or does the old ſalmon, which hath once found the way, diſcover it to the ſhoal? Or, ſhall we confeſs our ignorance; and ſuppoſe them guided by ſome inſtinct, which we cannot comprehend?

It is remarkable, that at the beginning of November, 1755, when the city of Liſbon

was deſtroyed by an earthquake, this lake was exceedingly agitated. The day was perfectly calm, and it's ſurface ſtill, when it's waters aroſe ſuddenly many feet in large ſwells, and overflowed a conſiderable diſtrict. Then in a moment or two retiring, they ſank as much below their uſual level. Their next flow and ebb were leſs than the former; but ſtill very great: and thus they continued riſing, and ſinking for ſeveral hours; till the fluctuation gradually ſubſiding, the waters at length ſettled within their common bounds. A boat was thrown upon dry land, forty yards from it's ſtation in the lake: and in ſome places, where the land was low, the waters ruſhed away, and overflowed the country for a conſiderable extent. Similar remarks were made at that time on other lakes.

Since the year in which theſe obſervations were written, an agitation in Loch-Tay was ſtill more remarkable than this in Loch-Lomond; becauſe no earthquake, nor any other probable cauſe could be aſſigned for it. It happened on Sunday the 12th of September 1784. That day, and the preceding day, as in the former caſe, were calm; and the waters of the lake of courſe perfectly ſtill; when, about nine

nine o'clock in the morning, a ſtrange agitation was obſerved in that part of the lake, which ſpreads into a bay, before the village of Kenmore. * Great part of it is ſhallow: but a little before it unites with the body of the lake, it becomes very deep. In this bay the agitation was firſt obſerved: the water retired ſeveral yards within it's uſual boundary; and, as it did in Loch-Lomond, immediately flowed back again; continuing to ebb, and flow in the ſame manner, three or four times, during the ſpace of a quarter of an hour — when ſuddenly the waters ruſhed from the eaſt, and weſt with great violence, and meeting in the place, where the ſhallow waters and the deep unite, aroſe in the form of a great wave, in appearance at leaſt five feet high; leaving all the ſhores of the bay dry for the ſpace of an hundred yards, as nearly as could be conjectured. The meeting of the two currents made a claſhing ſound: but the force of that from the Kenmore-ſide overpowering the other, carried the wave weſtward. It continued decreaſing, as it proceeded; and in about five minutes diſappeared. How

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* See a deſcription of Loch-Tay, vol. i. p. 153.

great the force of the water was on the Kenmore-ſide, tho collected only from the ſhallow part, appeared from it's overflowing it's natural boundary, as the waves ſubſided, ſeveral yards, notwithſtanding the chief part of the current went the other way. After this violent agitation, the water did not recover it's tranquillity for ſome time. It continued ebbing and flowing, but with leſs and leſs force, at the interval of ſeven or eight minutes, during the ſpace of at leaſt two hours, after the ſubſiding of the great wave.

While the waters of the lake were thus agitated, the river Tay, which iſſues from the lake at Kenmore, ran backwards into it with ſo much force, as to leave it's ſhores, and in ſome parts, it's channel, quite dry. It was curious to ſee the weeds, which grow at the bottom, and are ſmoothed by the ſtream, flowing over them; all briſtling up, and pointing in a contrary direction.

On the day after this violent agitation of Loch-Tay, and on the four following days, the waters were diſturbed again in the ſame manner, and about the ſame time; but in a much leſs degree: nor did thoſe commotions intirely ceaſe for a full month afterwards; but

but they became very irregular, ſometimes appearing in the morning, and ſometimes in the evening. The 15th of October was the laſt day, on which any diſturbance was obſerved on the lake.*

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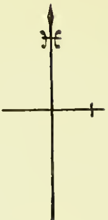
* Theſe circumſtances are extracted from a letter written by the Rev. Mr. Fleming, miniſter of Kenmore, to the Rev. Mr. Playfair, and by him communicated to the royal ſociety at Edinburgh, December 6th, 1784, in whoſe journals it is publiſhed.



LOCH LOUNG
FIRTH OF CLYDE
River Leven
Dunbarton
Dunbarton Castle
Grenock
Port Glasgow
CLYDE

SECT. XXVI.

FROM the ſcenes of Loch-Lomond we made the beſt of our way to Dunbarton. The lake bore us company on the left, during moſt of the road, appearing and diſappearing, by turns, among the woods, which ſhade it's banks. The country is level, cultivated, and adorned with gentlemen's ſeats. Near the road ſtands a pillar erected to the memory of the late Dr. Smollet.

The principal object, during our ride along the banks of Loch-Lomond, is Dunbarton-caſtle, which ſtill maintains that uncommon form, which it firſt exhibited. We began now to diſtinguiſh it plainly into two parts, one of which appeared like a vaſt tent. This appearance continued ſome time; but as we approached nearer, certain prominences, which have a caſtle-like form, indicated the whole to be a maſs of fortified rock.

A ſtill

A ſtill nearer approach gave more diſtinct-neſs of courſe to it's enormous features. One of it's ſummits appeared now higher, and more pointed than the other; and adorned with a ſolitary watch-tower. The broader ſummit is occupied by the principal part of the caſtle: and a wall, flanked with towers, fortifies the cleft between them. This whole grand object comes in as a ſecond diſtance; and the Clyde, ſkreened by mountains, completes the picture, by forming a third.

When we arrive upon the ſpot, the ſituation of Dunbarton-caſtle appears indeed ſurprizing. A vaſt rock, ſteep on every ſide, riſing out of a plain, and unconnected with any high ground for the ſpace of a mile, is one of thoſe exhibitions, which nature rarely preſents. It is almoſt ſurrounded on the north, the weſt, and the ſouth, by the Leven, and the Clyde; which latter is here a grand eſtuary. On the eaſt lies a moraſs.

Such a rock as this, is as uncommon at land, as it is common at ſea. When the tides of the ocean, gaining upon ſome continent, force their way through a promontory, and waſh away the ſoil from the inſulated part; if it conſiſt only of ſoil, it preſently diſappears.

But

But if there be any ſolid ſtratum of ſtone within, that ſtratum, when the ſoil is waſhed away, becomes a rock. It is covered with ſea-weed, the only herbage the ocean produces, which is the ſport of the waves. Virgil has given us the idea with great ſtrength of expreſſion.

——————— Spumea circum
Saxa fremunt; laterique illiſa refunditur alga.

The pencil could not give the idea ſo preciſely. The pencil gives only *form* and *colour*: Virgil's deſcription gives *motion*.

Numberleſs are the natural ruins of this kind, which the tides of the ocean are continually forming in every part of the globe. But ſuch a land-rock as this before us, bare and inſulated like the rocks of the ſhore, is a wonderful appearance. It is contrary to nature's whole proceſs in forming rocks, as far as we are acquainted with her works. Her rocks are generally in ſome degree ſimilar to the country, in which they are found. The rock, on which the caſtle and city of Edinburgh ſtand, it is true, is of very peculiar conſtruction: yet it does not there ſo much ſurprize us. Nature has been in that ſpot buſily employed in making rocks. She has raiſed

raiſed them all round the town in various forms; and if ſhe threw one out of her hands, amidſt the variety of her operations, rather uncommonly ſhaped, it is not much to be wondered at. But an immenſe rock ſtarting up on the level banks of the Clyde, and on the edge of a moraſs, where there is not only nothing ſimilar to it, but a face of country highly diſſimilar, is among thoſe productions of which the globe of the earth does not afford frequent inſtances.

The form of this grand fortreſs, on a near inſpection, is very pictureſque. Such alſo is the contraſt between the two ſummits. The craggy ſides of the rock are finely broken; and the buildings upon it, tho not in themſelves beautiful, have at leaſt a good effect, and give it conſequence.

We were curious to ſee the contents of this uncommon fortreſs: and entering a gate at the bottom, we aſcended through a cleft of the rock. Two hundred and eighty ſteps, hewn out of the ſolid ſtone, landed us upon the firſt ſtory. From hence we clambered the rock to view the works upon the broader ſummit: to the other we never attempted to aſcend: the path is frightful.

The

The ſquare tower, which we ſee at the diviſion between the ſummits, was once the reſidence of Wallace, whoſe patriotic actions we have ſeen recorded in ſo many parts of the country.

The texture of this rock, we were told, is of ſo impenetrable a nature; as to baffle the effects of gunpowder. Boring has often been attempted: but the keeneſt inſtrument of the auger-kind cannot touch it. Buchanan indeed tells us, that *Saxum illud eſt prædurum, ut vix ullis ferramentis ſuperabile; e quo ſi quid vel vi effringitur, vel ruinis collabitur, ſulfureum late odorem expirat.* This ſhews the labour of hewing two hundred and eighty ſteps out of it.

The upper regions of the rock are profuſely covered with the *lychen geographicus*; which is one of the moſt beautiful of all vegetable incruſtations. I doubt not, but theſe plants of the lychen kind, tho they do not in appearance riſe above the ſurface of the ſtone, have their peculiar ſoils, barren as we may eſteem them, as well as oaks, or elms. One loves a free-ſtone — another a purbeck — and the ſpecies before us, I am perſuaded from many ſituations in which I have ſeen it, flouriſhes

flouriſhes beſt on the hardeſt rock. So beautiful are the incruſtations of the geographic ſpecies, that if we had had time to trifle, we could have amuſed ourſelves with endeavouring to trace the ſeveral countries of Europe among their various forms. We found a ſtrong reſemblance of the outlines of Great Britain.

In the body of the rock is a reſervoir of water, collected from ſprings, which affords a ſufficient ſupply for any garriſon, which the caſtle can admit.

From the batteries we had many very amuſing views. We had one up the Clyde, towards Glaſgow; in which that river, now a grand eſtuary, forms two or three ample ſweeps. Dunglas-caſtle is ſeated on a neck of land, ſhooting into it. Beyond the Clyde appears a rich diſtant country; adorned with ſeveral ſeats, among which Lord Semple's is conſpicuous. The town of Glaſgow, we were told, might be ſeen in a clear day: but when we were at Dunbarton, the weather was hazy.

From an oppoſite part we looked down the Clyde, where it expands into a vaſt ſheet of water, occupying almoſt the whole of the diſtance. It's opening into the ſea is intercepted

by

by a double range of mountains, which mark the channel of Loch-Loung. Into this lake the Clyde enters nearly at right angles. Between the hither-mountains, you ſee the ſtrait, through which it paſſes: and under thoſe on the left, lie the towns of Grenoc, and Port-Glaſgow; both of which are diſtinctly ſeen.

Between theſe two grand views upon the Clyde, we had a third towards the mountains of Loch-Lomond, which appeared cluſtering around Ben-lomond, in formidable array. The intervening country is varied by the windings of the Leven.

All theſe views would receive additional beauty from the peculiar circumſtances of tides, ſtorms, ſhipping, hazineſs, and lights. We ſhould have wiſhed alſo to have ſeen the caſtle oppoſed to a ſetting ſun. The fractured ſides of this noble rock, would have received uncommon beauty from ſuch a light. But we had not the pleaſure of ſeeing it under this, or any other circumſtance of peculiar grandeur. It was an object however, which was able to ſupport it's dignity, without any adventitious aids.

Salluſt gives us a picture very like Dunbarton-caſtle, in the following deſcription of

 a Numidian

a Numidian fortreſs: *Haud longè a flumine Molucha, erat inter cæteram planitiem mons ſaxeus, mediocri caſtello, immenſum editus, uno perangusto aditu relicto: nam omnia natura, velut opere, atque conſulto, præceps.*

Buchanan's deſcription of Dunbarton, runs thus: *A confluente Glottæ, et Levini fluminum, planicies, circiter mille paſſuum, ad proximorum montium radices extenditur. In ipſo autem angulo, ubi amnes commiſcentur, rupes biceps attollitur. Inter duo cornua, quod in ſeptemtriones verſum eſt latus gradus habet, per obliquam rupem, hominum induſtria, et magno labore exciſos, per quos vix ſingulis eſt aditus.*

So exact a ſimilitude appears between theſe two deſcriptions, that if we only reciprocally change the names of Numidia and Scotland, Molucha and Clyde, either deſcription will ſerve for either ſcene.

To theſe two deſcriptions I could add a third, which Cæſar gives us of Alicia in Gaul. *Oppidum erat in colle ſummo, admodum edito loco; ut, niſi obſidione, expugnari non poſſe videretur: cujus collis radices duo, duabus ex partibus flumina ſubluebant. Ante oppidum planities circiter millia paſſuum tria in longitudinem patebat.*

Fortreſſes

Fortreſſes of this kind are always highly eſteemed in the momentous periods of enterprize. Salluſt's fortreſs had a great event annexed to it in the time of Marius; and Dunbarton, as remarkable a one in the times of Mary.

It was at that period of diſorder, when Mary was impriſoned in England, and all her kingdom was rent from her, that Dunbarton-caſtle alone acknowledged her dominion. But tho ſingle in her cauſe, it's conſequence was ſuch, that Fleming, the governor, would boaſt, "He held the fetters "of Scotland." A trifling accident humbled his pride. Having puniſhed the wife of a common ſoldier in the garriſon for theft, the huſband, an uxorious man, perſuaded of her innocence, and burning with revenge, deſerted to the regent, and promiſed to make him maſter of the fortreſs. The man appeared confident, ſenſible, and reſolute; his ſtory ſimple, conſiſtent, and plauſible. In ſhort, the military men about the regent, thinking the attempt worth hazarding, provided ladders and other neceſſaries, and began their march from Glaſgow on the evening of the laſt day of March.

 Buchanan

Buchanan indulging the imagination of a poet, tells the ſtory with many embelliſhments. A ſimple narrative tells it beſt.

It was about midnight when the troops arrived at the bottom of the rock. The moon was juſt ſetting, and a miſt from the water, had overſpread the upper regions of the caſtle; which the officers conſidered as a fortunate circumſtance; the men, as a lucky omen.

The attempt was made at a part of the rock, where their guide aſſured them they ſhould find two good landings. Their firſt operation was unſucceſsful. A ladder, which had been placed in confuſion, gave way; and tho nobody was hurt, yet they feared an alarm. Liſtening a moment; and finding all ſtill, they proceeded again; and placing their ladders with more caution, many of the troops attained the firſt landing. Here the ſtump of an aſh tree, firmly interwoven with the rock, was of great ſervice to them. They tied cords around it; and while ſome were employed in drawing up their companions to the firſt landing, others made uſe of the ladders in ſcaling the ſecond.

On one of the ladders happened an odd circumſtance. A man, in the middle of the

aſcent,

aſcent, was ſeized with convulſions. To ſtop was dangerous; to throw him down, inhuman. Neceſſity quickens invention. They bound him tight to the ladder; and turning it round, aſcended over his breaſt. The whole party arriving thus by degrees at the ſecond landing, they found the only obſtruction now left, was a wall; which was yet of ſuch height as to require a third application of the ladders. The day was dawning—they had not a moment to loſe—with redoubled diſpatch they made this laſt puſh.

Then firſt three drouſy centinels took the alarm: but many of the aſſailants being now upon the wall, which was lower within, they leapt down at once, followed by the reſt. The centinels were diſpatched: "God "and the King," was echoed, with loud ſhouts on all ſides: the ſecurity of the garriſon was inſtantly changed into confuſion; and the caſtle was taken without ſtriking a blow.

The town of Dunbarton lies about a mile from the rock. It is an inconſiderable place; and delayed us only for refreſhment. From hence we proceeded to Glaſgow.

SECT. XXVII.

AS we leave Dunbarton the caſtle-rock in retroſpect loſes it's double-top; and takes rather a heavy form.

Dunglas-caſtle is the next object we meet. It appears to ſtand upon a peninſula, which runs into the Clyde; and, being adorned with a back ground of mountains, makes a good picture.

The road to Glaſgow continues, for many miles, along the banks of the Clyde; which is ſtill a grand eſtuary, and covered with ſhipping of various forms. The country is well cultivated; but tho woody, it is not picturesque. The Clyde ſeldom forms a winding bay. It's banks are generally parallel.

Glaſgow is a beautiful town; conſiſting of elegant houſes. If they were a little more connected, the high ſtreet, which is ample in it's dimenſions, would in all reſpects be noble.

The ſeparation of the houſes, no doubt, hath it's conveniences: but ſo many breaks injure the perſpective. The great church is a vaſt pile; but we ſaw nothing very pleaſing in it's ſtructure; and it accords ill with the modern ſplendor of the city.

Here we were told of a ſmall Gothic chapel at Paiſley, within a few miles of Glaſgow, remarkable for a very ſurpriſing echo: but we had not time to viſit it. The flap of a door is converted into a peal of thunder; and a melodious air loſing all idea of earthly muſic, becomes an inchanted ſtrain.

From Glaſgow to Hamilton, the road is bare of objects. The only one of conſequence is Bothwell-caſtle; of which we had a very ordinary view on the right. It appears to ſtand on a flat; and is diſcovered only by two or three detached parts, which ſcarce appear above the trees, that ſurround it: whereas in fact it is ſeated on an eminence, and overlooks the Clyde. From this ſide I have ſeen two or three good drawings of it's ruined towers. Bothwell-caſtle, in the time of Edward the firſt, was the reſidence of the Engliſh

Englifh governor. It afterwards belonged to a man the moft notorioufly marked of any, in the annals of Scotland, for the audacity, and fplendor of his crimes.

Hamilton-houfe, which we foon approached, difappointed us, both in profpect, and on the fpot. It had the appearance of one of the moft difagreeable places we had feen in Scotland — heavy, awkward, and gloomy. From it's form indeed, nothing beautiful could refult. It is a centre, with two very deep wings tacked to it, at right angles. Nor did we fee any thing in the fituation that was pleafing.

The awkwardnefs of the houfe indeed was an original error, which could not be corrected, without rebuilding: but I am informed, the park, the approach to the houfe, and the whole fcenery around it, are intirely altered, and improved, fince thefe obfervations were made. Two winding rivers, the Clyde, and the Avon, flow through the park; of which proper advantage is taken. There is alfo much greater variety of ground about it, than could have been fuppofed, before the incumbrances were removed. Advantage alfo has

has been taken of ſome clumps of very fine old oaks, which grow in the park; and which greatly adorn the banks of the Avon. To theſe, many new plantations have been added, which are in a thriving condition. In ſhort, tho Hamilton does not enjoy that grandeur of ſituation, which we admire at Hopeton-houſe, and Inverary; yet as a park-ſcene, I am informed, it is now become ſuperior in richneſs, and pictureſque beauty, to any thing of the kind in Scotland. The internal part of the houſe too has been greatly improved. The hall particularly, which was a gloomy, and diſagreeable entrance; is now, I am told, an elegant room, decorated in a grand, yet ſimple ſtyle.

The dukes of Hamilton ſeem to have been copious collectors of pictures; of which there is great profuſion in every room. In general, one ſhould not ſay much for the taſte, with which theſe collections have been made. A few are very good. In the gallery hang two or three excellent portraits by Vandyck, among which the earl of Denbigh is a maſter-piece. He is dreſſed in a red-ſilk jacket, and holds a gun in his hand. His hair is ſhort, and grey; and he looks up with a countenance

ſo

ſo full of nature, and character, that you are amazed the power of colours can expreſs life ſo ſtrongly. This picture is by ſome attributed to Rubens.—In a cloſet hangs a ſmall female profile by Vandyck, which is equal to any picture I have ſeen, by that pleaſing maſter.

But the glory of Hamilton, is Daniel in the lion's den, by Rubens. It would perhaps be doing more than juſtice to it's merit, to rank it above the moſt capital pictures by this maſter in England; two or three of thoſe eſpecially in the poſſeſſion of the duke of Marlborough; and that celebrated one of Simon's ſupper, at Houghton-hall:* but without entering into any invidious compariſon, it is certainly a noble work.

The prophet is repreſented ſitting naked in the middle of a cave, ſurrounded by lions. An opening at the top, through which he had been let down, affords light to the picture. In his face appears ineffable expreſſion. Often do we hear the parading critic, in a gallery of pictures, diſplaying the mixed paſſions, where they never exiſted. For myſelf

* Now ſent to Ruſſia.

indeed,

indeed, I cannot ſee how two paſſions can exiſt together in the ſame face.* When one takes poſſeſſion of the features, the other is expelled—But if the mixed paſſions ever did exiſt any where, they exiſt here. At leaſt from the juſtneſs of the repreſentation, you are ſo intirely intereſted in the action, that the imagination is apt to run before the eye; and fancy a thouſand emotions, both of hope, and fear, which may not really exiſt. The former appears the ruling paſſion; but a cold damp ſweat hangs evidently on the cheek, the effect of conflict. The whole head indeed is a matchleſs piece of art. Nor is the figure inferior. The hands are claſped: agony appears in every muſcle, and in the whole contracted form. And indeed ſo far, I think, we may admit the mixt paſſions: one paſſion may take poſſeſſion of the face; while another may actuate the limbs. We may allow, for inſtance, a mother to claſp her infant in her arms, with all the tenderneſs of love; while

* Since this was written, I met with the following remark in Sir J. Reynolds's lectures.—"They are fond of deſcribing with "great exactneſs the expreſſion of a mixed paſſion, which ap- "pears to me beyond the reach of art." Vol. i. p. 118.

her features are marked with terror at the ſoldier, who ſtrikes it with his ſword. In the ſame way, we may here allow the hands to be claſped in agony; while hope alone is ſeated in the face. In a word, nothing can be more ſtrongly conceived, more thoroughly underſtood, more delightfully coloured, or more delicately touched, than this whole figure. I ſhould not indeed ſcruple to call it the nobleſt ſpecimen I have ever ſeen, of the art of Rubens. It is all over glowing with beauties, without one defect. At leaſt, it had no defect, which I was able to diſcover.

But altho the principal figure (on which I dwell, becauſe it is ſo very capital) exceeded my expectation; yet the whole of the picture, I muſt own, fell beneath it.

The compoſition is good. The lions, of which there are ſix, with two lioneſſes, are well diſpoſed; and ſtand round the prophet with that indifference, which ſeems to have ariſen from a ſatiety of food. One is yawning, another ſtretching, and a third lying down. An artiſt of inferior judgment, would have made them baying at the prophet, and witheld by the Almighty from devouring him,

as

as a butcher reſtrains his dog by a cord. The only fault I obſerved in the compoſition ariſes from the ſhape of the picture. The painter ſhould have allowed himſelf more height; which would have removed the opening at the top to a greater diſtance; and have given a more diſmal aſpect to the inſide of the den. At preſent the opening is rather paltry. This has induced ſome judges to ſuppoſe, what does not ſeem improbable, that the picture was not originally painted on one great plan; but that the painter having pleaſed himſelf with the figure of Daniel, added the appendages afterwards.

But the great deficiency of this picture is in the diſtribution of light. No deſign could poſſibly be adapted to receive a better effect of it. As the light enters through a confined channel at the top, it naturally forms a *maſs* in one part of the cave, which might *gradually fade away*. This is the very idea of *effect*. The ſhape of the maſs will be formed by the objects that receive it; and if bad, they muſt be aſſiſted by the artiſt's judgment. Of all this Rubens was aware; but he has not taken the full advantage, which the circumſtances of his deſign allowed. A grand

grand light falls beautifully upon his principal figure, but it does not graduate ſufficiently into the diſtant parts of the cave. The lions partake of it too much. Whereas, had it been more ſparingly thrown upon them; and only in ſome prominent parts, the effect would have been better; and the grandeur, and horror of the ſcene, more ſtriking. Terrible heads ſtanding out of the canvas, their bodies in obſcurity, would have been noble imagery; and have left the imagination room to fancy unpictured horrors. That painter does the moſt, who gives the greateſt ſcope to the imagination; and thoſe are the moſt ſublime objects, which are ſeen in glimpſes, as it were — mere corruſcations — half viewleſs forms — and terrific tendencies to ſhape, which mock inveſtigation. The mind ſtartled into attention, ſummons all her powers, dilates her capacity, and from a baffled effort to comprehend what exceeds the limits of her embrace, ſhrinks back on herſelf with a kind of wild aſtoniſhment, and ſevere delight. —— *A ſpirit*, ſays Job (iv. 15) *paſſed before my face. The hair of my fleſh ſtood up. It ſtood ſtill; but I could not diſcern the form thereof.* —— With the ſame grandeur of obſcurity

ſcurity Virgil deſcribing the Gods, who, inveloped in ſmoke, and darkneſs, beat down the foundations of Troy, gives us in three words, *apparent diræ facies*, more horrid imagery, than if he had deſcribed Jupiter, Juno, and Pallas, in a laboured detail, with all their celeſtial panoply. And thus Milton guarding the entrance of paradiſe, deſcribes, with the ſame judgment, it's gate

With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms.

A legion of angels, in flame-coloured veſts, and brandiſhing fiery ſwords, could not have guarded it ſo awfully. For when the mind can ſo far maſter an image, as to reduce it within a diſtinct outline; it may remain grand, but it ceaſes to be ſublime, if I may venture to ſuggeſt a diſtinction.* It then comes within the cognizance of judgment, an auſtere, cold faculty; whoſe analytic proceſs carrying light into every part, leaves no dark receſſes for the terror of *things without a name.*

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* This diſtinction, I think, is juſt; but for want of a ſufficient variety of terms, we are obliged often to uſe the words—*grand*, and *ſublime*, as ſynonymous.

Rubens in managing his lions, has erred againſt theſe precepts. He has injudiciouſly ſhewn too much. Beſides, a little more ſhadow would have concealed his ignorance in leonine anatomy: for it muſt be confeſſed, the lions are not only very ſlovenly painted,* (which, capital as they are, ſhould not have been the caſe,) but in many parts they are very ill drawn. The lioneſs in particular, on the right, inſtead of the gaunt, leonine form, has the roundneſs of a coach-horſe. Some of the heads, at the ſame time, are admirable.——I have dwelt the longer on this picture, not only as it is in itſelf a very noble one; but as it is eſteemed the firſt picture in Scotland.

About a mile from Hamilton-houſe ſtands an appendage of it, called Chatelherault, the name of certain ancient poſſeſſions, which the Hamilton family enjoyed formerly in France.

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* I have been informed, that this appearance of a *ſlovenly manner*, is owing only to the bad light, in which the picture hangs; but that in fact the lions are painted in a very high-finiſhed ſtyle. I can ſpeak only as the picture appeared to me. It certainly hangs in a bad light

It is a ſumptuous pile; but contains the odd aſſemblage of a banquetting-houſe, and a dog-kennel. It ſtands on a riſing ground near the Avon; the banks of which river form a deep, woody dell behind it; open in many parts, and in general wider, and of larger dimenſions, than theſe receſſes are commonly found. Frequent as they are in mountainous countries, and rarely as they are marked with any *ſtriking, or peculiar* features; yet they are always varied, and always pleaſing. Their ſequeſtered paths; the ideas of ſolitude, which they convey; the rivulets, which either ſound, or murmur through them; their interwoven woods; and frequent openings, either to the country, or to ſome little pleaſing ſpot within themſelves, form together ſuch an aſſemblage of ſoothing ingredients; that they have always a wonderful effect on the imagination. I muſt add, that I do not remember ever meeting with a ſcene of the kind, which pleaſed me more than the wild river-views about Chatelherault.

SECT. XXVIII.

IN our way to Drumlanrig, which was the next place we propofed to vifit, we paffed over vaft waftes, and barren tracts; the fame kind of country we had met with on our entrance into Scotland. But the beauty of the fcene was greatly altered. We had then grand mountains, which, tho void of furniture, formed pleafing lines, and contrafts. Here every picturefque idea was blotted out: and yet the countries were nearly the fame. A mere accident made all the difference. We faw one in funfhine, and the other in rain. A difmal hue was not only thrown over the country; but the eye that furveyed it, was put out of humour; and in a habit, if I may fo fpeak, of taking offence at every thing.

 From

From the riſing grounds, a little to the right from the road, was pointed out to us Eliock-houſe. We ſaw it through the rain, or at leaſt were made to believe we ſaw it, ſeated on an eminence, and boſomed in wood.

The moſt remarkable circumſtance of this houſe, is, that it was formerly in the poſſeſſion of Robert Crichton, the father of the celebrated James Crichton, who is repreſented as one of the moſt ſingular characters of his own, or of any other times.

His hiſtory is thus told. He was bred at the univerſity of St. Andrew's, where his improvements ran before his inſtructors. By the time he had attained his twentieth year, he could ſpeak, and write, correctly, either in proſe, or in verſe, ten different languages. Hebrew and Arabic were two of them. He was perfectly acquainted alſo with the whole circle of the ſciences, as far as they were then taught.

His accompliſhments were equal to his acquirements. Nobody danced ſo well as Mr. Crichton. Nobody ſung ſo agreeably. He could join the concert with any inſtrument, that

that happened to be vacant. Exercifes of every kind he performed with fuperior excellency. In the field he rode with uncommon grace; and he handled arms of every kind with furprifing fkill. So that it was difficult to fay, whether in the active or fedentary line, he was the more wonderful man.

Thus furnifhed at home, he travelled abroad for farther improvement. He went to Paris — to Rome — to Venice — to Mantua. But in none of thefe univerfities he received any acquifition of knowledge. He had already made every thing his own. Admiration at his fkill in arts, in fciences, and arms was all he acquired. In the mean time, he was a companion for all forts of people. He could be ferious, or he could be gay. He could reafon with the philofopher; talk with the man of bufinefs; or trifle with the ladies: and they who were no judges of his parts, and learning, admired the qualities of his heart, the elegance of his manners; and the beauty of his perfon. In a word, he acquired in all places the title of the *admirable Crichton*, and under this name he is handed down to pofterity.

 To

To ſay the truth, a relation of this kind calls for ſtrong vouchers. In the hiſtory of mankind, no other ſuch inſtance occurs. The accounts of Alcibiades, ſir Phillip Sydney, and the chevalier Baynard, follow far behind, In verſatility of genius, in learning, acquirements, and accompliſhments, Crichton far outſtripped them all. We ſhould require ſtrong proof to believe, that the human figure, in any inſtance, ever attained the height of eighteen, or twenty feet. We require equal proof to believe ſo enormous a growth of the human mind. A paper, which Mr. Pennant has given us in his Scotch journal, bears the only appearance I know of any authentic evidence for the wonderful accounts we have of this ſingular man. From that paper this ſlight ſketch of him is taken. The reader may there ſee his life, and actions at large; and the authority on which the account reſts.

The ſequel of the ſtory of Crichton, is, that as he was walking, at the time of a carnival, in the ſtreets of Mantua, ſinging, and playing careleſsly on his guitar, he was attacked by ſix people in maſks, and treacherouſly ſlain; after he had gallantly defended himſelf againſt them all, and beaten off the attack.

In the dreary regions, in which we now travelled, we met the Clyde wandering about in a very low condition. It is here much nearer it's fountain-head; and carries no prognoſtics about it of that glory, which it afterwards aſſumes at Dunbarton.

But tho it cannot produce here that expanſe of water, which it diſplays on it's approach to the ocean; yet it has water enough to aſſume a character of magnificence in another ſtyle. Near this place it happens to meet a variety of grand accompaniments — rocks — woods — and hilly grounds; which it turns to great advantage in forming among them many noble falls. But from our not being apprized of this ſcenery, we were not ſo fortunate as to ſee it: tho it would have carried us very little out of the common road. I had an opportunity however of aſking ſeveral queſtions about it; and received very intelligent anſwers; from which, and my acquaintance with the ſubject in general, I am enabled to give ſuch an idea of it, as may excite the curioſity of others to profit more from the intelligence, than we were able to do.

Theſe falls are to be found at a place called Cory-Lin, near Lanerk. From a lofty ſeat in a gentleman's garden, we were informed, the firſt of them is ſeen to moſt advantage. You look over the tufted tops of trees; and ſee the river beyond them precipitating itſelf from rock to rock, a conſiderable way, rather pouring along (as we underſtood) through an abrupt ſlope, than down a perpendicular deſcent. The two cheeks are rugged precipices; adorned with broken rocks. On the edge of one of theſe cheeks ſtands a ſolitary tower. A path, if you chooſe to follow it, leads to the top of the fall: where from a projecting rock (which in high floods is ſevered from the continent,) you have a tremendous view down the furious cataract, as it pours below the eye. You may carry your curioſity yet farther; and by walking half a mile, may ſee the ſtill more celebrated fall of Boniton, and two or three more, I believe, beyond it. In idea, all this ſcenery is grand, and picturesque. The imagination with ſuch materials may make noble pictures. And indeed I ſuppoſe the whole is in itſelf admirable. It is *art* commonly, and not *nature*, that diſappoints us.

In

In our travels through Scotland I have mentioned many ſcenes, which were ennobled by being called the retreats of Wallace. This was one. Among theſe wild rocks, and in the tower, that adorns them, we were told, he lurked, during a period of diſtreſs. Theſe traditional anecdotes, whether true or fabled, add grandeur to a ſcene: and the variety of theſe hiding places, which the Scotts have every where provided for Wallace in his miſfortunes, ſhew at leaſt their gratitude and affection for one of the nobleſt heroes, which their own, or any other country hath produced.

The hills, among which we now travelled, are ſuppoſed to abound with lead; tho many projectors have ſuffered by ſeeking it. A celebrated ſchemer * purchaſed lately a large eſtate in this country, at an advanced price, with a view to work it; but his enterprize either miſcarried, or was never executed.

* Sir George Colebrooke, who made this purchaſe of the earl of Selkirk.

It fared better, a few years ago, with another projector, at Lead-hill, a little to the right. This gentleman, whoſe name was Lothian, had long ſought ore in vain. Many a time in deſpair he reſolved to deſiſt: but his workmen raiſed his ſpirits with freſh hopes. The rock was juſt cut through, which had occaſioned ſo much delay; or the ſoil was manifeſtly marked with the ſigns of ore; or ſprings were found, which had the undoubted mineral tinge. Thus deluded by falſe hopes, he went on, till ruin ſtared him in the face.

At this criſis of his fortunes, a boy, who wrought in the mine, came ſecretly to him, and told him, he was deceived by his workmen; and that a vein of ore had been diſcovered, and ſecreted. Tho the boy was unacquainted with the depth of the roguery, Lothian eaſily gueſſed it. Theſe knaves were firſt to ruin him, and then to take the works themſelves, at an under-rate. — The difficulty was, how to profit by the information, without diſcovering the informer: for the boy declared with tears, that he ſhould be murdered, if the thing were known. Lothian bad him fear nothing; and ordered him to ſaunter about the place, where the vein was diſcovered, at ſuch an hour

the

the next morning. "At that time, ſaid he, I ſhall enter the mine; and ſeeing you idle, ſhall pretend to be very angry; when you in a paſſion may throw down your tool as near as poſſible to the place, where the vein was found." The ſcheme was as well executed, as contrived. Lothian finding the boy in a place where he ſeemed to have no buſineſs, rated him roundly for his idleneſs; and receiving an inſolent anſwer (which, among ill-paid workmen, was not uncommon) ſtruck him two or three times: upon which the boy with great addreſs counterfeiting a paſſion, threw his tool out of his hand, and ſaid, he would work for him no longer. Lothian marked the ſpot with unobſerved attention; and giving him two or three more blows for his inſolence, and bidding him go about his buſineſs, went on himſelf among the other workmen; aſking his uſual ſtring of queſtions, and receiving his uſual ſtring of anſwers. At length, he took up a tool; and beginning careleſsly to pick about the chambers of the mine, in various places, came by degrees to the ſpot he had marked, where picking a little about the ſurface, he ſeemed ſurprized; and calling ſome of the men, he aſked them,

if

if they did not think there were plain indications of ore? The men were of a different opinion, and affured him, that fuch appearances were very common; and not in any degree to be trufted. Lothian however ftill continued picking about, and told the men, he could not be fatisfied, unlefs they took their tools, and went a little deeper. With fome reluctance, as being taken from work of more importance, the men complied. But they had no occafion to go deep. A very few ftrokes convinced all who were prefent, not only that there was ore; but that the vein was uncommonly rich. The honeft workmen, joining in the farce, afked each other with aftonifhment, How they could poffibly work fo near the place, without difcovering it? In fhort, there was a univerfal joy, on all fides, on having found at length, what they had fo long fought in vain.

The mines here, as in all mineral countries, are deftructive of health. You fee an infirm frame, and fqualid looks in moft of the inhabitants. And yet among the miners of Lead-hill, within thefe fix years, a man of the name of Taylor, attained the age of one hundred

hundred and thirty-two years, and as we were informed, with the perfect uſe of all his faculties. He wrought at his profeſſion, as a miner, till he was one hundred and twelve. In the mean time as if, with patriarchal preciſion, he had foreſeen the extent of his days, he did not marry till he was ſixty years of age, and left behind him nine children; whom he lived to ſee provided for.

In the midſt of this wild country, night came upon us. But it's ſhades were unaccompanied with any pictureſque ideas. Often, when mountains, foreſts, and other grand objects, float before the eye, their ſweeping forms, clad in the ſhades of evening, have a wonderful effect upon the imagination. But here the objects were neither grand, nor amuſing. All was one general blot.

As we approached Drumlanrig, the country appeared greatly to improve in beauty. The forms of trees ſwept paſt us; and we were often carried along the ſides of dells, and heard the ſound of waters, through the ſtillneſs of the night. Such objects beguiled the hours, which began now to verge on midnight.

SECT.

SECT. XXIX.

OUR inn was about a mile from Queenſberry-houſe, which we viſited early the next morning. It's appearance, as we approach it, is magnificent. It is a turrited ſquare; ſeated among woods, and ſkreened by woody hills.

When we arrived on the ſpot, it ſtill maintained it's magnificence, tho there is little beauty in the architecture. It was begun immediately after the civil wars of Charles the firſt, and partakes of the unſettled condition of the times. Arts were beginning to flouriſh: but the animoſity of chiefs ſtill ſubſiſted; and the laws were yet too feeble to repreſs it. The houſe ſeems therefore to have been formed on a plan neither of civil, nor of military architecture; but between both; tho beauty (ſuch as it is) ſeems to have been more attended to, than defence. It occupies

occupies the four ſides of a ſquare; and it's turrited walls being very lofty, the area within, excluded from ſun and wind, becomes a mere reſervoir for unwholeſome damps; which it communicates abundantly to the whole houſe. —— The chambers have no magnificence; and we obſerved ſcarce a ſingle picture to engage the eye; tho there is a gallery, above an hundred feet long, which is full of pictures.

But if there are few ornaments of this kind, there is no deficiency of other ornaments both within the houſe, and without; among which the *Heart*, the enſign armorial of the houſe of Douglas, appears every where in great profuſion. In England perhaps the hiſtory of the *Heart* is little known; but in Scotland every body has heraldry enough to know, that it was given to the Douglas family, in honour of ſir James Douglas, who was employed to carry the heart of Robert Bruce into Paleſtine, there to be interred under the altar of the holy chapel at Jeruſalem. But it is generally imagined, this precious depoſit never got there. It was incloſed in a golden urn; and hung round ſir James's neck, who took ſhipping, accompanied by two hundred knights. As the veſſel was

ſailing

ſailing near the coaſt of Spain, ſir James had intelligence, that king Alphonſo was juſt on the eve of a battle with the Moors. The Douglaſſes always loved fighting; and ſir James could not forego his inclination to this favourite amuſement. He landed therefore with his companions — went to the royal pavilion, and offered his ſervices to the king; which were graciouſly accepted. The battle began; and among all the heroes, that engaged, none diſtinguiſhed himſelf like the knight with the golden urn. It unfortunately however happened, that as he ventured too far, he was ſlain, and deſpoiled of king Robert's heart. But before the battle ended, both it, and the dead body of Douglas were recovered by the bravery of the Spaniſh troops, and ſent back into Scotland. The body was buried in the burying-place of the family near Douglas-caſtle, where ſir James's effigy ſtill remains; and the heart is ſaid to have been depoſited in the abbey of Melroſs.

But if the houſe at Drumlanrig afforded us little amuſement, the ſituation of it made amends. It ſtands on a riſing ground, on

the ſide of a vaſt ſweeping hill, ſurrounded by mountains, at the diſtance of two or three miles. This is one of the grand ſituations, which a mountainous country affords; and it is often as beautiful, as it is grand: but it's beauty depends on the elegant lines, which the ſurrounding mountains form; on their receſſes; their ornaments; their rugged ſurface; their variety, and contraſt. It depends alſo upon the contents of the area within the mountains; it's hills; it's broken grounds; it's woods; rivers; and lakes.—— *Here* the mountain-ſkreens, in themſelves, have no peculiar beauty: but the circular vale, which they inviron, and in which the houſe ſtands, is ſo broken, by intervening hills; ſo adorned with rivers, and varied with wood, that many of it's ſcenes are beautiful, and the whole greatly diverſified.

A ſituation however of this kind, circumſcribed by hills, which keep the eye within bounds, muſt always want one of the greateſt beauties of nature — an *extenſive diſtance.* Nor will any ſpecies of landſcape fully compenſate the deficiency. We may have the tinted hill, the middle diſtance, and the rough foreground, where the ſun

Turns, with the ſplendor of his precious ray,
The meagre, cloddy earth to glittering gold.

But ſtill we want

———————the charms of laughing vales,
Rocks, ſtreams, and ſweeping woods, and antique fanes,
Loſt in a wild horizon.———————

The more confined landſcape would ſuit very well a manſion leſs than ſuperb: but ſuch a manſion, as Queenſberry-houſe, tho it's ſituation is good, would ſtand yet to more advantage, if it commanded a country.

The garden front of Queenſberry-houſe opens on a very delightful piece of ſcenery. The ground falls from it, near a quarter of a mile, in a ſteep, ſloping lawn; which at the bottom is received by a river; and beyond that riſes a lofty, woody bank. All theſe objects are in the grandeſt ſtyle, except the river; which, tho not large, is by no means inconſiderable.

It is amazing what contrivance hath been uſed to deform all this beauty. The deſcent from the houſe has a ſubſtratum of ſolid rock, which has been cut into three or four terraces at an immenſe expence. The art of blaſting rocks by gunpowder was not in uſe, when

 this

this great work was undertaken. It was all performed by manual labour; and men now alive remember hearing their fathers ſay, that a workman, after employing a whole ſummer-day with his pick-ax, could carry off in his apron all the ſtone he had chipped from the rock.—How much leſs expenſive is it, in general, to *improve* the face of nature, than to *deform* it! In improving we *gently follow*: in deforming, we *violently oppoſe*. The duke of Queenſberry of that day, who carried on theſe works, ſeems himſelf to have been aware of his own folly. He bundled up all the accounts together; and inſcribed them, as I have been informed, with a grievous curſe on any of his poſterity, who ſhould ever look into them.

The rough hand employed in theſe ſcenes, having diſpatched the ſlope, proceeded next to the river. All it's winding ſimplicity, it's rocky channel, it's woody furniture, and fringed banks, were deſtroyed at once; and formed, by making a *head*, into an oblong canal.

The grand wooded bank beyond the river ſtill remained an object for improvement. At a great expence a little ſtream was conducted

ducted from the neighbouring hills to it's ſummit. There a moſt magnificent caſcade, conſtructed of hewn ſtone, and conſiſting of innumerable ſteps, received it; and conducted it in ſtate into the canal. —— So vile a waſte of expence, as this whole ſcene exhibits, we rarely meet with. Deformity is ſpread ſo wide through every part of it, that it now exceeds the art of man to reſtore it again to nature. The indignation of the poet ſeems to have been levelled at this very place; where after various inſtances of falſe taſte, he at length ſpeaks of

> ———————deformities of hardeſt cure.
> The terrace mound uplifted; the long line
> Deep delved of flat canal; and all that toil,
> Miſled by taſteleſs faſhion, could atchieve
> To mar fair Nature's lineaments divine.

SECT. XXX.

ALL the environirons however of Queenſ-berry-houſe, are not of this formal caſt. Very near it runs the rapid river Nith, winding between high, ſloping, woody banks. It's channel is a continued bed of rock; and the water, in paſſing through, ſuffers a thouſand obſtructions. The ſcene is of that kind we found at Chatelherault; which tho frequent in mountainous countries, is always varied, and always pleaſing.—Along one of the woody ſides of this ſweet dell the ducheſs of Queenſberry's taſte has conducted a ſimple walk, which winds beautifully, and at every turn commands ſome part of the rocky river below. There is a great profuſion of wood all round the duke of Queenſberry's houſe;

and in theſe ſcenes particularly it flouriſhes both in abundance and in perfection. *

In one of his parks, we were informed, the duke had preſerved a breed of the old Scottiſh buffalo, which we were very deſirous to ſee. Our conductor told us, they might probably be in ſome diſtant part of the park; and might with difficulty be found. We determined however to go in queſt of them. It was high noon; and the day was ſultry: the cattle, it was therefore ſuppoſed, might be at that time in a valley, which is ſpread with a large piece of water. Thither we directed our courſe; and beneath the ſhelter of a thick wood we walked at eaſe.

In leſs than a mile we came in ſight of the water. The banks of the pool (for it had not the dimenſions of a lake) were adorned with clumps, and ſingle trees: and on the oppoſite ſide, a hanging grove ſwept down to the water. It was an open grove; and the ground was covered with herbage, as far as the eye could penetrate it's receſſes.

* The preſent duke, I am told, has not been ſo attentive to the preſervation of his timber, as his predeceſſor. Many of the woody ſcenes here mentioned, have now loſt much of their ornament.

This delicious fcene the luxurious herd had chofen for their noon-tide retreat; where we difcovered them at a diftance, repofing on the other fide of the water. Our guide informed us they were rather fhy; and inftructed us to walk on without ftopping, or paying them any particular attention. We had the pool to walk round; fo that we had them long in view, before we came near them. As we approached, they rofe and retired gently into the wood; but gave us fufficient opportunity to examine them. There were two bulls, feveral cows, and fome calves. They were milk-white, except their nofes, ears, and the orbits of their eyes, which were black. Boethius fpeaks of this breed of cattle, as *boves candidiffimos*; *in formâ leonis jubam habentes*; *cætera manfuetis fimillimos*: and Polidore Virgil mentions them nearly in the fame language. *Gignit fylva Calydonia boves candidos, inftar leonum jubatos*; *qui adeo feri funt, ut domari non poffint. Sed quia caro grata palato humano eft, ferunt omne penè eorum genus extinctum.*

As to their lion-manes we faw no fuch appearance; but indeed we faw them in difhabille, as all cattle are, in their fleek, fummer attire.

attire. In winter, their ſhaggy fur is more pićtureſque; and it is probable their manes may then be luxuriant. We ſee a great profuſion of mane often in our domeſtic cattle, at that ſeaſon; eſpecially when they winter abroad in mountainous countries. I have often obſerved the remains of it even in the month of June. It is poſſible alſo that the degree of domeſtication, in which theſe cattle are now placed, may have deprived them gradually of this ornament. But in all other reſpećts, except the mane, the cattle we ſaw in the duke of Queenſberry's park anſwered very exaćtly to Boethius's deſcription of the Scottiſh buffalo — that is, *they very much reſembled common cattle.* Their form indeed is ſomewhat more elegant. They have not that bulk of carcaſs, nor heavineſs, which charaćterizes the common cow. There is a ſpirited wildneſs alſo in their looks; and when they run, inſtead of the clumſy cow-gallop, they bound like deer. A herd of them ruſhing at once over a lawn, makes the foreſt tremble.

One of the bulls (for the other had not yet attained his growth) was a noble animal. He ſeemed to be a beaſt of prodigious ſtrength, but it was an aćtive, rather than a ſluggiſh ſtrength.

ſtrength. His colour was not ſo white, as the reſt of the group. His ſhoulders and ſides had a yellowiſh tinge; which we thought became him; till our guide informed us, that it was not his natural hue; but that he had been rubbing himſelf upon ſome okery ground in the park. This intelligence immediately turned the beauty into a defect. Such is our love for nature, that when we find any thing artificial, which we ſuppoſed was natural, we are diſguſted; and cannot bring the eye to it again with pleaſure. For tho the object in it's artificial diſguiſe, may be *in itſelf* more beautiful; yet we cannot perſuade ourſelves, but that nature *undiſguiſed* would be more *uniform*, and of courſe more pleaſing. Thus in the object before us, tho the tinted ſhoulders of the bull were beautiful; yet when we knew the tint was artificial, the eye immediately revolted; and we conceived, that if it had been removed, we ſhould have ſeen ſtill greater beauty—the beauty at leaſt of uniformity. Thus too, tho the cheek of a lady, when ſkilfully painted, may appear more beautiful, while we are ignorant of the artifice; yet when we are aſſured it is painted, we take offence—either becauſe on cloſer inſpection we con-

conceive a cheek ſo glowing, not perfectly in uniſon with the other features, on which time may have made an impreſſion; or becauſe we conceive the bloom to be a diſguiſe to ſome defect, which the prying imagination endeavours to ſee through.

The wild cattle we were examining, are as much in a ſtate of nature, as the boundaries of an extenſive park will admit. They are at leaſt ſubject to no controul. Domeſtic uſe of no kind is made of them; and when killed, they are ſhot, like wild beaſts, from trees. For if they ſhould happen only to be wounded, they are dangerous. Otherwiſe, they moleſt nobody, who does not moleſt them: but the cows, if you offer to touch their calves, are very fierce.

Naturaliſts give a uniform colour to all animals in a ſtate of nature; and inform us that domeſtication induces variety. In cows we may ſuppoſe therefore the original colour to be white, or a tint ſo near it as to be called white. Æneas found white cattle in Italy; and admiral Anſon, in Tinian. Buffon in-

indeed ſuppoſes the yellowiſh dun to be the original colour. But whether white, or yellow be the original colour, it is certain, that white has ever been moſt in eſteem. When a bull, or a heifer, was led up to the altar of the Gods, it was generally white: and when deſcribed by the poets as peculiarly beautiful, this hue is always given it. The venerable Apis himſelf was white.

For myſelf, with regard to the *picturesque beauty* of white cattle, I ſhould make a diſtinction. As the *ornament of a ſcene*, I think no cattle ſo beautiful. No ſight of the kind ever exceeded that of the herd, which gave occaſion to theſe remarks. At the ſame time, when we conſider the bull as a *ſingle object*, a dark colour melting into a lighter, is more picturesque; and of all colours, Buffon's yellowiſh dun, if the head and ſhoulders be dark, is the moſt beautiful.

Among the pleaſing ſcenes of Drumlanrig, one is of ſo peculiar a nature, that it ſhould never be forgotten. It conſiſts in the uncommon appearance of comfort and happineſs, which reigns every where among the duke's

duke's tenants. Contrary to the ufual practice of the Scotch nobility, the duke of Queenfberry * grants leafes of his farms; and has built comfortable houfes for his tenants, through his whole eftate. Many of them are ranged within fight of his caftle, at proper diftances along the fides of the hills. If they are not picturefque, they have a much higher fpecies of beauty; and adorn a country more than the moft admired monuments of tafte. Mr. Maxwell, the duke's fteward, who prefides over all thefe improvements, feems to have the intereft of the lord, and tenant equally at heart. He talks of the munificence of the one, and of the happinefs of the other, with the fame pleafure. The Queenfberry-eftate, he told us, had in nine years, yielded about feventy thoufand pounds; out of which fum the duke had only drawn, for his own private ufe, as he was attached to his feat at Amefbury, about thirty thoufand pounds. All the reft was fpent in the country, on works of charity, generofity, improvement, or of public utility.

* The duke of Queenfberry, here fpoken of, was the laft duke.

Among

Among the latter he had lately expended a large ſum upon a noble road; which winds ſome miles down the ſide of a mountain, not far from his caſtle. We had reaſon to bleſs his bounty on this occaſion. We travelled it with great eaſe in the night, tho in many parts it is very ſteep. We ſaw the old road, the next day, full of cataracts, like the bed of a mountain torrent.

Near Drumlanrig ſtands Queenſberry-hill, which probably took it's name from ſome ancient tradition. From this hill the dukes of Queenſberry take their title: and from the ſides of it ariſe thoſe ſprings, which are the principal ſources of the river Clyde.

On another hill, in ſight of the houſe, remain ſtill the veſtiges of Tieber's caſtle; originally a Roman ſtation; and long afterwards a fortreſs of conſiderable ſtrength. In the hiſtory of the wars between England and Scotland, it is ſaid to have been one of Edward's ſtrong holds; and to have been taken from him by Wallace. We have ſeen

ſeveral

ſeveral of that hero's retreats in the times of diſtreſs: but here he appeared in force; and kept in awe, by the terror of his ſudden incurſions, the neighbouring chiefs, who were inclined to Edward.

A little to the left of Tieber's caſtle, ariſes Entrekin, a hill chiefly famous for a frightſul road, paſſing over it, called by way of eminence, the *path of Entrekin.*

SECT.

SECT. XXXI.

FROM Drumlanrig to Dumfries, the road was rather pleaſant, than picturеſque. The *grand ſtyle* of landſcape was now gone; the blue mountains of the highlands were ſunk below the horizon; and the country in general became flat, and uniform.

A little before we reached Dumfries, we met with an object, which detained us ſome time—the ruins of Linclouden-college. It appears to have been formerly a foundation of ſome conſequence. The habitable part may ſtill be traced; contiguous to which are a chapel, a hall, and other appendages of a college. The remains of the chapel, and hall are of elegant Gothic; and the whole is ſo combined, as to afford two or three

 good

good views. The roof of the chapel is vaulted; and ſtill remains entire.

Linclouden-college was once a houſe of Benedictine nuns; but thoſe ladies growing licentious, Archibald the Grim, earl of Douglas, disfranchiſed them, and endowed a collegiate houſe in their room. When the houſe of Douglas was in the plenitude of it's power, the kings of Scotland were little conſidered in theſe parts. At Douglas-caſtle, conventions were called; troops were raiſed; and every act of regal authority was exerciſed. The earl of Douglas therefore by his own arbitrary power altered the form of this religious houſe. Archibald the Grim conveys to us the idea of a ſavage deſpot. But his character was very different. *Grim* in the Scotch language ſignifies *black*. And Archibald was in fact, an upright, religious man, with black hair, and eye-brows. — In Linclouden-college is a rich tomb erected to the memory of Margaret daughter of Robert the third of Scotland, who married the ſon of Archibald the Grim.

Dumfries ſtands pleaſantly upon the Nith. The water, and ſcenery about the bridge, are amuſing. Upon Corbelly-hill, which is juſt beyond the river, we have a pleaſing view

view of its winding courſe towards Solway-frith.

On the confines of England, and Scotland, the antiquarian eaſily collects veſtiges enough of border-feuds to fill his volume. There is ſcarce a bridge, or a paſs, that has not been gallantly attacked, and defended — nor a houſe of any antiquity, that has not been plundered, or beſieged. But there is one work, of which conſiderable traces remain, of more than ordinary conſequence; that great foſſe, thrown up formerly at this place, to prevent the incurſions of the Engliſh, known at this day by the name of *Warder's dyke.* Here a watch being conſtantly placed; ſignals were given by beacons on the approach of an enemy; and the whole country was inſtantly alarmed. The alarm-cry was *a Loreburn, a Loreburn*; which words, tho not now underſtood, are inſcribed as a motto on the provoſt's ſtaff of office; and by a well-imagined device, transfer the idea of vigilance, from the ſoldier to the magiſtrate.

At

At Dumfries we breakfafted with Mr. Goldie; with whom one of our party was well acquainted. Of the recovery of this gentleman from a lethargy, we heard afterwards a very aftonifhing account. He was a large corpulent man; and the diforder, under which he had long laboured, had at length gained fo much upon him, that he would fall afleep at his meals, with a knife, and fork in his hands. His death indeed was almoft daily apprehended. The fatal moment, as it appeared, at length arrived. A fit of apoplexy, bereft him of his fenfes, and of every fymptom of life. A phyfician attended, and for the fatisfaction of his friends applied thofe remedies, which are confidered commonly as the apparatus only of death. They produced no apparent effect; and his relations, having taken their laft leave of him, retired. Two fervants fat by him; one of whom was employed in fupporting his dying mafter's head. The man continued about two hours in the fame pofture: and fuppofing it now a ufelefs office, he complained of the fatigue, and told his fellow-fervant, he could not well continue it longer. The dying man, almoft inftantly recovering with all his fenfes about him,

him, and having heard what his ſervant had ſaid, diſmiſſed him from his office; and from that moment not only the effects of his apoplectic fit, but of his lethargic diſorder were intirely removed. He ſupped with his family that evening in perfect health; and was as much a man of buſineſs afterwards as he had ever been in any part of his life before: nor had he ever again the leaſt ſymptom either of lethargy, or apoplexy. He died about five years after this event, at the age of ſixty-eight, of a total decline of ſtrength, with ſome dropſical appearances; but with his ſenſes perfectly clear. It was about a quarter of a year before his death, when we breakfaſted with him; and it did not then appear, that he had ever had any ailment. *

As we leave Dumfries, a wide, bleak, unpleaſant country opens before us. But as we approach the frith, our views become rather more pictureſque. There is ſomething pleaſing in thoſe long ſtretches of ſand, diſtant

* We had this account from Dr. Carlyle of Carliſle; and have had it ſince authenticated by Dr. Gilchriſt of Dumfries.

country, and water, which flat ſhores exhibit. The parts are often large, well-tinted, and well-contraſted. Often too their various ſurfaces appear ambiguous, and are melted together by light miſts into one maſs. They are beautiful in that ambiguity; as they are alſo when the vapours vaniſhing, a gleam of ſunſhine breaks out; and ſhoots over them in lengthened gleams. To make pictures of them, in either caſe, the foreground muſt be adorned with objects, — maſts of ſhips, figures, cattle, or other proper appendages, to break the lines of diſtance.

A landſcape of this kind we had where the Nith joins the Solway. It conſiſts of a vaſt ſtretch of country rendered dubious by diſtance; and broken into ample parts, as it approaches the eye.

We had the ſame kind of view alſo towards Newbay-caſtle, which belongs to the marquiſs of Annandale; and appears from the diſtance, where we ſtood, like the caſtle of deſolation, overlooking the barren ſhores of the frith.

A little to the weſt, we were informed, the coaſt becomes more beautiful. It is there

waſhed by the ſea: and tho the ſhores of an eſtuary may have their mode of beauty; yet it is always inferior to the bold headlands, the rocky promontories, and winding bays of the ocean.

One ſcene on this coaſt was particularly mentioned to us, as worth viſiting — the ſeat of the earl of Selkirk — on the account of it's ſingularity, and beauty. I ſhall juſt give the outlines of it, as I heard them deſcribed.

Where the coaſt runs almoſt directly oppoſite to the ſouth, a bay enters it of conſiderable circumference. The entrance is narrow, and occupied by an iſland; which forms the whole into a grand lake, about nine or ten miles in circumference. The ground, which circles it, is high; but rather hilly, than mountainous. Some parts of it are rocky; other parts lord Selkirk has planted.

At the bottom of the bay, a peninſula, about a mile long, and half a mile broad, runs into it; which is ſometimes, (tho rarely,) when the tides are high, formed into an iſland. On this peninſula ſtands lord Selkirk's houſe. It was formerly an abbey; and enjoyed the ſame kind of ſituation, which the abbey of

 Torbay

Torbay in Devonſhire did. Only the abbey of Torbay ſtood more within the land. From the abbey, which ſtood formerly here, this place obtained the name of St. Mary's iſle, which it ſtill retains.

Situations of this kind are often very pleaſing; but the beauty of them depends chiefly on the grounds, which inviron the water. How theſe are ſhaped, I know not: but if their forms be analogous to thoſe we chiefly met with along the bays or lochs, of the weſtern coaſt of Scotland, they cannot be unpleaſing. One beauty, I ſhould ſuppoſe, they muſt enjoy. As the bay opens to the ſouth, one of it's ſides muſt be inlightened by the morning, and the other by the evening ſun; and the veering of the lights muſt neceſſarily occaſion, if the ſkreens be well broken, a great variety of beautiful illumination.

On the weſtern ſide of Saint Mary's iſle, a creek runs up, which forms the harbour of Kircudbright. This town, tho of no extenſive trade, employs coaſting veſſels enough to people the bay with ſhipping; which is a great advantage to it in a pictureſque light.

Of this town the noted refugee, Paul Jones was a native. Having been proſecuted for

ſome

ſome offence, he fled from home; and being an active ſeaman, obtained the command of a privateer in the American ſervice. As he knew well the parts about his native town, he executed one of his firſt enterprizes at this place. Early one morning he ſtood into the bay, with colours flying, like a Britiſh frigate; and ſent his boat on ſhore, near lord Selkirk's houſe, well-manned with an officer, who had orders to behave as if he commanded a preſs-gang. The ſcheme took effect. All the men about the houſe, and grounds, immediately diſappeared. When all was clear, the officer, with his party ſurrounded the houſe, and inquired for lord Selkirk. He was not at home. Lady Selkirk was then inquired for. The officer behaved very civilly; but told her plainly, that his errand was, to carry off the family-ſervice of plate. She aſſured him he had been miſinformed; and that lord Selkirk had no ſervice of plate. With great preſence of mind ſhe then called for the butler's inventory, and convinced him on the ſpot of his miſtake. At the ſame time ſhe ordered wine. The officer drank her health politely; and laying his hands on what plate he met with, went off without doing any wanton miſchief. — Soon after the ſhips left the

the bay, Jones informed lord Selkirk, by a letter, that he avowed indeed the intention of carrying him off; but with a deſign merely through his means, to get a cartel eſtabliſhed. As to taking the plate, he totally diſavowed it: his crew forced him to it; being determined to have a little plunder, for the riſk they had run both in Kircudbright-bay; and in attempting, the night before, to burn the ſhipping at Whitehaven. — To this apology Jones added a promiſe to reſtore the plate; which, on the peace, ſeven years after the depredation, was punctually performed. It was placed in the hands of lord Selkirk's banker in London; and not the leaſt article was miſſing.

Beſides the ſcenery about St. Mary's iſle, we were told of other parts of the coaſt, ſtill more to the weſt, which were well worth viſiting. But our time not allowing us to go in queſt of them, we continued our rout to England.

As we approach the frith ſtill nearer, it becomes narrower; and the oppoſite ſhores of England

England begin now to take a form in the diſtance. The principal features are the high woody grounds about Bolneſs, and the mountains of Cumberland, among which Skiddaw is conſpicuous.

Gretna-green was the laſt place we viſited in Scotland; the great reſort of ſuch unfortunate nymphs, as happen to differ with their parents, and guardians on the ſubject of marriage. It is not a diſagreeable ſcene. The village is concealed by a grove of trees; which occupy a gentle riſe; at the end of which ſtands the church: and the picture is finiſhed with two diſtances, one of which is very remote.

Particular places furniſh their peculiar topics of converſation. At Dover, the great gate of England, towards France, the vulgar topic is the landing, and embarking of foreigners; their names, titles, and retinue: and a general civility toward them reigns both in manners, and language.

Travel a few miles to the weſt, and at Portſmouth you will find a new topic of converſation. There all civility to our polite neighbours is gone; and people talk of nothing

nothing but ſhips, cannon, gun-powder; and, (in the boiſterous language of the place) blowing the French to the d—.

Here the ſubject of converſation is totally changed. The only topics are the ſtratagems of lovers; the tricks of ſervants: and the deceits put upon parents, and guardians.

——Vetuere patres, quod non potuere vetare,

is the motto of the place.

Of all the ſeminaries in Europe, this is the ſeat, where that ſpecies of literature, called novel-writing, may be the moſt ſucceſsfully ſtudied. A few months converſation with the literati of this place, will furniſh the inquiſitive ſtudent with ſuch a fund of anecdotes, that with a moderate ſhare of imagination in tacking them together, he may ſpin out as many volumes as he pleaſes.— In his hands may ſhine the delicacy of that nymph, and an apology for her conduct, who unſupported by a father, unattended by a ſiſter, boldly throws herſelf into the arms of ſome adventurer; flies in the face of every thing, that bears the name of decorum; endures the illiberal laugh, and jeſt of a whole country, through which ſhe runs; mixes in the

the ſhocking ſcenes of this vile place, where every thing, that is low, indelicate, and abominable preſides; (no Loves and Graces to hold the nuptial torch, or lead the hymeneal dance; an inn the temple, and an innkeeper the prieſt;) and ſuffers her name to be inrolled (I had almoſt ſaid) in the records of proſtitution.——Theſe were the natural effects of an act of legiſlature, which many thought had been conducted on leſs liberal principles, than might have been wiſhed.

Leaving theſe Idalian ſcenes we ſoon met the Sark, which is the limit of Scotland in this part. The ground is well varied; and the bridge, and river, with the addition of a few trees to cover the real nakedneſs of the ſcene, would make a tolerable picture.

As we enter England, we have a grand diſtance on the right. The nearer parts of it preſent the river Eden uniting with Solway-frith. Beyond theſe riſes the city of Carliſle, diſtinguiſhed by it's caſtle, and cathedral: and beyond all, a range of mountains.

The

The road led us close by the place where that dreadful eruption from Solway-mofs, in the year 1771, entered the Efk. Time has now almoft effaced the fcars, which that terrible mifchief made in it's career. A great part of the plain, which was once overflowed, is now recovered; but we were informed, it had been cleared at an expence nearly equal to the value of the land.

It may not be amifs, on the conclufion of this tour in Scotland, (which we were obliged to perform, for want of time, in little more than a fortnight) to recapitulate a few of thofe peculiarities, and ftriking modes of fcenery, which this wild country exhibits. A general view of this kind will imprefs more ftrongly the idea of the fcenes we have paffed.——To the obfervations alfo, which have immediately arifen from fuch a view, may be added a few other particulars, which we had not an opportunity of introducing before.

SECT.

SECT. XXXII.

ON entering Scotland, what makes the firſt impreſſion on the picturesque eye, are thoſe vaſt tracts of land, which we meet with intirely *in a ſtate of nature.* I ſpeak not here of mountains, or vallies, or any *particular ſpecies* of country: but of thoſe large tracts of *every* ſpecies, which are totally untouched by art. In many parts of England, in Derbyſhire particularly, and the more northern counties, we ſee vaſt diſtricts of theſe wild ſcenes: but ſtill they are generally interſected by the boundaries of property, (conſiſting chiefly of looſe ſtone walls) which run along the waſtes, and ſides of mountains; and aſcend often to their ſummits. Theſe not only injure the idea of wildneſs, but introduce a great deformity. Their rectilineal figures break the great flowing lines of nature, and injure her features,

features, like thoſe whimſical ſcratches, and pricked lines, which we ſometimes ſee on the faces of Indians. — But in Scotland, atleaſt in thoſe parts which we viſited, we rarely met with any of theſe interſections. All is unbounded. This, it is true, is not ſo much a beauty, as the removal of a deformity; but when deformities are removed, beauty in ſome ſhape, generally makes it's appearance. It is art that ſophiſticates nature. We conſider cloathing as neceſſary; and ſome modes of it as pictureſque: but ſtill it hides the forms of nature, which are undoubtedly more beautiful: ſo that beauty gives way to decency, and convenience. It is thus in landſcape. Ceres, Triptolemus, and all the worthies, who introduced corn and tillage, deſerve unqueſtionably the thanks of mankind. Far be it from me to diſturb their ſtatues, or eraſe their inſcriptions. But we muſt at the ſame time acknowledge, that they have miſerably ſcratched, and injured the face of the globe. Wherever man appears with his tools, deformity follows his ſteps. His ſpade, and his plough, his hedge, and his furrow; make ſhocking encroachments on the ſimplicity, and elegance of landſcape. The old acorn-ſeaſon

was

was unqueſtionably the reign of pictureſque beauty; when nature planted her own woods, and laid out her own lawns;

——— immunis, raſtroque intacta, nec ullis
Saucia vomeribus. ———

Could we ſee her in her native attire, what delightful ſcenery ſhould we have! Tho we might, now and then, wiſh to remove a redundance (for ſhe is infinitely exuberant in all her operations) yet the noble ſtyle in which ſhe works, the grandeur of her ideas, and the variety and wildneſs of her compoſition, could not fail to rouſe the imagination, and inſpire us with infinite delight.

And yet we muſt make a diſtinction among countries in a ſtate of nature. Vaſt, extenſive, flat countries, tho covered with wood, like many of the maritime parts of America, cannot poſſeſs much beauty. Seen from the ſea, they are mere woody lines: and examined in their internal parts, the eye is every where confined; and can ſee only the trees, that circumſcribe it. The only countries, which are pictureſque in a ſtate of nature, are ſuch as conſiſt of variety both of *ſoil*, and *ground*. You muſt have *variety of ſoil*, that ſome parts may be covered with wood; and others with

 heath,

health, or paſturage. You muſt have variety of *ground*, that you may view the ſeveral parts of the country with advantage. Rivers alſo, and lakes belong to a ſtate of nature. In this way the face of England is varied; and was certainly on the whole, more beautiful in a ſtate of nature, than it can be now in a ſtate of cultivation. Scotland, and Ireland are both countries of this kind. Such alſo are Switzerland, Italy, many parts of Germany; and I ſuppoſe, in general, moſt of the northern, and eaſtern parts of Europe.

In the caſual obſervations of travellers we have many pleaſing ſketches of landſcape in a ſtate of nature, from countries ſtill more remote, and leſs known.

The kingdom of Whydah particularly, on the coaſt of Guinea, is repreſented as one of the moſt delightful countries in the world. It abounds every where with a great variety of beautiful trees, which grow in groves, and clumps, without any underwood, or even weeds; and the ground is ſpread in rich paſtures and meadows, winding among them without any ſeparation, or boundaries, but what are occaſioned by the folding, and intermixing of theſe natural groves.

The

The ſame kind of ſcenery is deſcribed, in admiral Anſon's voyage, in the iſland of Tinian. There the country, we are told, has the air of a magnificent plantation, in which extenſive lawns, and ſtately woods are artfully combined, and judiciouſly adapted to the declivities of the hills, and the inequalities of the ground; which riſes in gentle ſlopes from the beach to the middle part of the iſland: tho the general courſe of it's aſcent is often interrupted by woody vallies, which wind irregularly through the country *.

Such exhibitions as theſe however are among the choiceſt of nature's productions. We muſt not every where expect ſuch ſcenes. And even in theſe pictureſque countries themſelves, the eye will often be repelled by deformities: yet almoſt every where, we may expect from pure nature ſomething either of grandeur or beauty to amuſe us. Even in countries like this in which we now travelled, where the ſoil and climate are thought to deny the luxuriant growth of wood, there is abundant amuſement:

> ——— quæ deſerta, et inhoſpita teſqua
> Credis; amœna vocat, mecum qui ſentit.

* See Anſon's voyage.

The coarſeſt face of nature is a comely face; and tho her features, in theſe barren countries, have no great ſhare of ſweetneſs, and beauty; yet there is always ſomething wildly graceful, and expreſſive in her countenance.

SECT.

SECT. XXXIII.

A *Poverty of landſcape* from a want of objects, particularly of wood, is another ſtriking characteriſtic in the views of Scotland. A country, as we have ſeen under the laſt head, may be in a ſtate of nature, and yet exceedingly rich. The various hues, which woody ſcenes exhibit; the breaks which they occaſion; and the catches of light, which they receive, are abundant ſources of what we call *richneſs* in landſcape. In populous countries the various kinds of architecture, bridges, aqueducts, towns, towers, and above all the ruins of caſtles, and abbeys, add great richneſs to the ſcenes of nature; and in *remote* diſtances, even *cultivation* has it's uſe. Cornfields, fallows, and hedge-rows, melted together with other objects, we have often had

occaſion to obſerve, form one general rich maſs.

Now in all theſe ſources both of *natural*, and *artificial richneſs* we find the Scotch landſcape in general greatly deficient.

In the *foregrounds* indeed this *poverty of landſcape* is of little importance. Here the painter muſt neceſſarily take ſome liberty in his views of the *richeſt* country. It is rarely that he can form his compoſition without it: and in Scotland he has as good a chance, as any where, of meeting with broken knolls, ragged rocks, or pieces of winding road, to give him a general hint for his foreground, which is all that he deſires. But in the ſeveral *removes of country*, the Scotch landſcape is not ſo happy. In *theſe* it's poverty chiefly appears. In moſt parts of England the views are rich. Near the capital eſpecially, objects are ſcattered in ſuch profuſion, that unleſs the diſtance be very remote, they are injurious to landſcape by diſtracting the eye. But the *Scotch diſtance* rarely exhibits any diverſity of objects. It is in general a barren tract of the ſame *uniform unbroken hue*; fatiguing the eye for want of variety, and giving the imagination little ſcope for the amuſement, which it often

often finds amid the ambiguity of remote objects. — Were it not for this general deficiency of objects, particularly of wood, in the Scotch views, I have no doubt but they would rival thofe of Italy. Many a caftle Gandolfo might we have, feated on an eminence, and overlooking an Alban lake, and a rich circumjacent country. The grand outlines are all laid in; a little finifhing is all we want.

Dr. Johnfon has given us a picture of Scotch landfcape, painted, I am forry to fay, by the hand of peevifhnefs. It prefents us with all it's defects; but none of it's beauties.

" The hills, fays he, are almoft totally covered with dark heath; and even that appears checked in it's growth. What is not heath is nakednefs; a little diverfied, now and then by a ftream, rufhing down the fteep. An eye accuftomed to flowery paftures, and waving harvefts, is aftonifhed, and repelled by this wide extent of hopelefs fterility. The appearance is that of matter, incapable of form, or ufefulnefs; difmiffed by nature from her care; difinherited of her favours, and

left in it's original elemental ſtate; or quickened only with one ſullen power of uſeleſs vegetation *."

How much more juſt, and good-natured is the remark of another able writer on this ſubject. " We are agreeably ſtruck with the grandeur, and magnificence of nature in her wildeſt forms — with the proſpect of vaſt, and ſtupendous mountains; but is there any neceſſity for our attending, at the ſame time, to the bleakneſs, the coldneſs, and the barrenneſs, which are univerſally connected with them † ?"

It is true indeed, that an eye, like Dr. Johnſon's, which is accuſtomed to ſee the beauties of landſcape *only* in *flowery paſtures, and waving harveſts*, cannot be attracted by the great and ſublime in nature. It will bring every thing to it's own model; and meaſure the proportions of a giant by the limbs of a dwarf. Dr. Johnſon ſays, the Scotch mountain has the appearance of matter *incapable of form or uſefulneſs*. As for it's *uſefulneſs*, it may for any thing he can know,

* Weſt. iſles, p. 84.

† See Gregory's comparative view, &c. p. 229.

have

have as much ufe in the fyftem of nature, as *flowery paftures, and waving harvefts* *. And as for it's being *incapable of form*, he can mean only that it cannot be formed into corn-fields, and meadows. It's form as a mountain is unqueftionably grand and fublime in the higheft degree. For that poverty in objects, or *fimplicity*, as it may be called, which no doubt injures the beauty of a Scotch landfcape; is certainly at the fame time the *fource of fublimity*.

Simplicity, and *variety* are the acknowledged foundations of all picturefque effect. Either of them will produce it: but it generally takes it's tone from one †. When the landfcape approaches nearer *fimplicity*, it approaches

* See Derham's Phyfico-theology (Book III. chap. 4.) in which the great ufefulnefs of mountains is examined.

† Since this was written I met the fame remark in Mr. Shenftone's thoughts on gardening. Tho our opinions are not in all points coincident, they are wholly fo in this. " Grandeur and beauty, fays he, are fo very oppofite, that you often diminifh the one, as you increafe the other. Variety is moft akin to the latter; fimplicity to the former. Suppofe a large hill, varied by art, with large patches of different-coloured clumps, fcars of rocks, chalk-quarries, villages or farm-houfes, you will have perhaps a more beautiful fcene; but much lefs grand, than it was before."

nearer the *ſublime*; and when *variety* prevails, it tends more to the *beautiful*. A vaſt range of mountains, the lines of which are ſimple; and the ſurfaces broad, grand, and extenſive, is rather *ſublime* than *beautiful*. Add trees upon the foreground, tufted woods creeping up the ſides of the hills, a caſtle upon ſome knoll, and ſkiffs upon the lake (if there be one) and tho the landſcape will ſtill be *ſublime*, yet with theſe additions (if they are happily introduced) the *beautiful* will predominate. — This is exactly the caſe of a Scotch view. The addition of ſuch furniture would give it *beauty*. At preſent, unadorned grandeur is its characteriſtic; and the production of *ſublime ideas*, the effect.

Yet views of this kind are by no means void of the picturesque. Their broken lines and ſurfaces mix variety enough with their ſimplicity to make them often noble ſubjects of painting; tho, as we have obſerved, they are leſs accommodated to drawing. Indeed theſe wild ſcenes of ſublimity, unadorned even by a ſingle tree, form in themſelves a very *grand ſpecies of landſcape*.

It ſhould not however be inferred, that Scotland is without wood. Dr. Johnſon's remarks

remarks * on this ſubject are too acrimonious. It is true we meet with no ancient foreſts; and rarely with a ſingle oak, elm, or beech, of dignity enough to adorn a foreground. Indeed we rarely, except around the ſeats of the nobility, find any extent of deciduous woods, tho of inferior growth. That beautiful ſpecies of landſcape, which is ſo common in England, under the denomination of park-ſcenery, is little known in Scotland. But we met with many a plantation of pine, many a

——————— plaga pinea montis;

mountains covered with fir, which when fully grown, and their uniformity a little deſtroyed by the axe, may hereafter have a fine effect. At preſent we ſaw few extenſive plantations, that had attained any ſtate of picturesque perfection. In ſmaller plots, we found ſeveral that had. But till lately, I believe the Scotch nobility and gentry have not employed themſelves much in planting.

The Scotch fir, which generally makes a diſtinguiſhed part of theſe plantations, is naturally a beautiful tree. A ſtrait, regular ſtem

* See Johnſon's Tour.

is

is not the form which nature gives it. Left to itſelf, it's bole often takes an elegant turn, and it's branches, an irregular form. It's growth is not very unlike that of the ſtone pine, which is among the moſt pictureſque trees. It graces the views of Italy; and is one of the greateſt ornaments of the ruins of Rome. In England we ſcarce know it. But when the Scotch fir is left to it's natural growth, it frequently reſembles this ſpecies of pine. As it attains age, it's head forms a buſhy clump: and yet I know not, whether it is ſo happy in this reſpect in it's native country; as when it is favoured in England with a richer ſoil, and happier climate.

Beſides the Scotch fir, the ſpruce ſeems alſo a native of this country: at leaſt it flouriſhes here very happily. This tree has more than any other, what, in the language of poetry, hath been called *the ſhadowy pomp of floating foliage*; and in ſome ſituations nothing combines better with other trees. It is often alſo, as a ſingle tree, an object of great beauty; ſpiring in a pyramidal form; and yet varying it's lateral branches, eſpecially when they are a little broken, ſo as to remove every

unpleaſant

unpleaſant idea of uniformity: and when it receives the ſun, it's broken parts, ſplendid with light, and hanging againſt the dark receſſes in the body of the tree, have a fine effect. I am at preſent however conſidering theſe trees not as *individuals*; but as they may in ſome places, aid the poverty of landſcape, by adorning barren parts, which are in general ſo prevalent in Scotland.

In theſe ſervices tho we meet the *pine-race* ſeldomer than we wiſh, we find the *deciduous* tree ſtill a greater ſtranger in the country. Here, and there we ſee the larch, and the birch; both of which flouriſh; and both of which are picturefque. But tho the nobler trees, as we obſerved, rarely occur; yet when we ſee them thrive in many parts, particularly about Dunkeld, Inverary, Taymouth, Hamilton, and Hopeton-houſe, we cannot but ſuppoſe the country is in general as well adapted to foſter them, as the pine; and that the nakedneſs of Scotland in this reſpect, is more owing to the inattention of the lords of the ſoil, than to any thing forbidding either in the ſoil itſelf; or in the climate.

After all, however, I know not whether the pine-race are not, in a *picturesque light*, more adapted to the *ruggedness* of the country, than the deciduous tree; which is more suited to the *sylvan* scene.

Besides, in Scotland winter reigns three parts of the year. The oak protrudes it's foliage late; and is in that climate, early disrobed. The pine is certainly a more cheerful; and a more sheltering winter-plant; and of course not only better adapted to the *scene*, but to the *climate* also.

Of pines, no doubt, very large plantations might every where be extended. Many of the summits of mountains are indeed intractable; and must be left in their native, unadorned grandeur: but along the whole district, through which we travelled, as far as we could judge from particular spots, and yet these not particularly favoured, a very large proportion of the country might bear wood; and Scotland might again be, what we have reason to believe it once was, full of forests, and woody scenes.

SECT. XXXIV.

WOOD however, if it exiſted, could never be the glory of Scotch landſcape. It's mountains, lakes, and rivers are it's pride.

It's mountains are ſo various, that they appear in every ſhape, which a mountain can aſſume; at leaſt in every pictureſque ſhape: for (what is very extraordinary among ſo large a collection of mountains) we meet with very few groteſque, or unpleaſing forms. A general elegance runs through their lines, and interſections; and we found among them what we do not commonly find, not only grand objects, but agreeable compoſition: ſo true is the poet's remark, that in the wild ſcenes of Nature there is ſometimes

——————————— an art,
Or ſeeming art, which, by poſition apt,
Arranges ſhapes unequal, ſo to ſave
That correſpondent poize, which unpreſerved
Would mock our gaze with airy vacancy.

A mountain is of uſe ſometimes to cloſe a diſtance by an elegant, varied line: and ſometimes to come in as a ſecond ground, hanging over a lake, or forming a ſkreen to the nearer objects. To each purpoſe the Scotch mountains are well adapted. The diſtances of this country, with all their uniformity, have at leaſt one praiſe, as we have often had occaſion to obſerve, that of being bounded by a grand chain of blue mountains: and when theſe mountains approach, their ſhapes are generally ſuch as may with little alteration be transferred to canvas.

I have however heard good judges in landſcape find much fault with the Scotch mountains in general; and place them on the wrong ſide of a compariſon with the mountains of Italy, and other countries. I can only therefore give my own opinion modeſtly on this head; ſuggeſting, at the ſame time, that perhaps theſe travellers and I may have drawn our concluſions from different parts of the country. Thoſe mountains, which I have remarked, I have

have generally ſpecified in the courſe of my journey. — Or, it may be perhaps, that theſe travellers admire mountains with ſpiry points, inſtead of flowing lines; which with me are not among objects of pictureſque beauty. — The affair however, after all, reſolves into matter of opinion.

The lakes of Scotland are as various, as it's mountains: but they partake with them of the barrenneſs of the country. In the neighbourhood of water one ſhould expect ſomething more of vegetation. In general, however, the Scotch lakes are very little adorned. You ſee fine ſweeping lines, bays, receſſes, iſlands, caſtles, and mountain-ſkreens; all of which, except the caſtles, are in the beſt ſtyle. But with theſe embelliſhments you muſt be content: wood you ſeldom find; at leaſt in any degree of richneſs, or proportion. — At the ſame time if you wiſh to *ſtudy landſcape*, perhaps you can no where ſtudy it with more advantage. For ſcenes like theſe, are the ſchools in which *the elements* of landſcape are taught —— thoſe great outlines, without underſtanding which, the art of finiſhing is frippery.

One thing farther may be obſerved with regard to the lakes of Scotland; and that is their dingy colour. The lakes of Cumberland and Weſtmoreland have a remarkable pellucidity. They are ſo tranſparent as to admit the ſight many fathoms below the ſurface: whereas all the Scotch lakes, which we ſaw, take a moſſy tinge from the moors probably in their neighbourhood: at leaſt they were all, I think, of that hue, when we ſaw them. And yet I know not whether this tinge is of any great diſadvantage to them. It certainly affects the *general landſcape* very little. In navigating the lake indeed; or in viewing it's ſurface from the bank, it preſents an unpleaſant hue: and perhaps the reflections are not ſo vivid, as when the mirror is brighter. Yet I have ſometimes thought this dingineſs is perhaps more in harmony with the mooriſh lands, which generally form the Scotch landſcape, than if the hue of the water had been more reſplendent.

The rivers in Scotland are in general very beautiful. They are all mountain-ſtreams; and their channels, as we have ſeen in the courſe

of

of this journey, commonly fretted in rock. Their deſcent of courſe is rapid, and broken. They are true claſſical rivers:

——— Decurſu rapido de montibus altis
Dant ſonitum ſpumoſi ———

Their banks, we allow, are ſeldom wooded, often indeed without the leaſt fringe: but when they are fortunate enough to find accompaniments of this kind, as they ſometimes do, they form ſcenes, which perhaps no other country can boaſt. Among their beauties are their frequent caſcades; which are generally of the broken kind. Sheets of water we rarely found. Their common properties are admirably deſcribed in the following lines of a Scotch bard. *

Whyles [1] owre a lynn [2] the burnie [3] plays,
Or through the glen it wimpled [4];
Whyles round a rocky ſcar it ſtrays,
Whyles in a wiel [5] it dimpled.
Whyles glittered to the nightly rays,
Wi' bickering [6], dancing dazzle;
Whyles cookit underneath the braes [7],
Below the ſpreading hazle.

* Burn's poems, p. 170.

[1] *Whyles*, ſometimes —— [2] a *lynn*, a caſcade —— [3] *burnie*, a brook —— [4] *wimples*, winds —— [5] a *wiel*, a little whirlpool —— [6] *bickering*, haſty —— [7] *cookit underneath the braes*, appears, and diſappears under the hills.

 The

The eſtuaries of the Scotch rivers exceed any, that are to be ſeen in England. In England, their ſhores are generally low, and tame: even the Welch mountains give little grandeur to the Severn. But in Scotland, the friths of the Clyde, and Forth, Loch-Fyn, Loch-Loung, and many others, diſplay the nobleſt, and moſt beautiful ſcenery. The Engliſh eſtuary, beſides the flatneſs of it's ſhores, is often too wide. The water gets out of proportion; which it always does, if it extend more than a mile, or a mile and a half in breadth. The Severn, and the Humber are both of this kind. Nor is the Solway-frith much better: it partakes too much of the tameneſs and diſproportion of the Engliſh eſtuary. But the Scotch eſtuaries having their boundaries generally marked by the firmer barriers of mountains, are kept within narrower limits, and rarely exceed a proper width; unleſs juſt at their mouths, and even then the height of the mountains is generally ſuch, as to preſerve a tolerable proportion between the land, and the water.

One

One circumſtance farther may be mentioned, and that is the gloomy, melancholy air, which commonly overſpreads the Scotch landſcape; I mean the highland part of it, which I have been deſcribing. "The highlands of Scotland," ſays Dr. Beattie, "form a picturеſque, but in general a melancholy country. Long tracts of mountainous deſert, covered with dark heath, and often obſcured by miſty weather; narrow vallies, thinly inhabited, and bounded by precipices reſounding with the fall of torrents; the mournful daſhing of waves along the friths, and lakes, that interſect the country; and the portentous noiſes, which every change of the wind, and every increaſe, and diminution of the waters is apt to raiſe in a lonely region full of rocks, caverns, and echoes," are all circumſtances of a melancholy caſt; and tho they are not entirely of the picturеſque kind; yet they are nearly allied to it; and give a tinge to the imagination of every traveller, who examines theſe ſcenes of ſolitude and grandeur.

SECT. XXXV.

AMONG the picturefque appendages of this wild country, we may confider the flocks and herds, which frequent them. Here we have ftronger ideas, than any other part of the ifland prefents, of that primeval ftate, when man and beaft were joint tenants of the plain. The highlander, and his cattle feem entirely to have this focial connection. They lead their whole lives together, and in their diet, beverage, and habitation, difcover lefs difference, than is found between the higher and lower members of any luxurious ftate.

Thefe *groups of cattle* were picturefque, wherever we found them; tho we found them lefs frequently, than we could have expected in a country, which is totally pafturage: for, altho the diftrict be wide, the herbage is

ſcanty. The animals therefore unable to feed every where gregariouſly, as nature inclines them; are obliged to ramble apart, and pick up a ſubſiſtence, where they can.

The cattle themſelves, as *individuals*, are in general homely. Their colour is commonly black, with patches of white; which make together the moſt inharmonious of all mixtures. They are ſmall: their countenances uſually ſour; and their horns wide—very unlike the ſmall, curled, beautiful horn of the Alderney, and French cow. But theſe deformities are of little conſequence in *a group*. —The ſheep are alſo diminutive and ordinary; but in their tattered rough attire, exceedingly picturesque.—Theſe ſcenes too are often enlivened by a ſpecies of little, wild horſes; which tho not abſolutely in a ſtate of nature, are perfectly *ſui juris*, for the firſt three or four years of their lives. Some of them are very beautiful.

Nor are the cattle of this wild country more picturesque, than it's human inhabitants. The highland dreſs (which, notwithſtanding an

an act of parliament, is ftill in general ufe *) is greatly more ornamental than the Englifh. I fpeak of its form; not it's colour; which is checked, of different hues, and has a difagreeable appearance. The plaid confifts of a fimple piece of cloth, three yards in length, and half that meafure in breadth. A common one fells for about ten fhillings. The highlander wears it in two forms. In fine weather he throws it loofely round him; and the greater part of it hangs over his fhoulder. In rain he wraps the whole clofe to his body. In both forms it makes elegant drapery; and when he is armed with his pif-tols, and Ferrara, † has a good effect. Oftener than once we amufed ourfelves with defiring fome highlander, whom we accidentally met, to perform the exercife of his plaid by chang-

* As the highlanders were fo extravagantly attached to their drefs, the government, in the year 1784, in fome degree reftored it to general ufe. But it is by no means univerfally adopted. The herdfman of the mountains finds it, beyond all others con-venient: but the farmer, who has a fettled abode, begins to think the Englifh drefs more commodious.

† Andrew Ferrara, a Spaniard, was invited into Scotland by James the third to teach his countrymen the art of tempering fteel. From him the beft broad-fwords take their name.

ing

ing it from one form to the other. Trifling as the operation ſeems, it would puzzle any man, who had not been long uſed to it.— But to ſee the plaid in perfection, you muſt ſee the highland gentleman on horſe-back. Such a figure carries you into Roman times; and preſents you with the idea of Marcus Aurelius. * If the bonnet were laid aſide (for the elegance of which but little can be ſaid) the drapery is very nearly Roman. The bonnet is commonly made in the form of a beef-eater's cap, which is very ugly. I have ſometimes however ſeen the bonnet ſit ſnugger to the head, and adorned with a plume of feathers. It is then picturesque.——When the common people take a journey on horſe-back, they often gather up the plaid in a few plaits; and ſo form it into a cloak. In this ſhape it is ſcanty, and unpleaſing.

What little change three centuries have made in the dreſs, and accoutrements of a highlander, will appear from the following account, written in the time of Henry the ſeventh.

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* Alluding to the antique.

" Alteram

" Alteram aquilonarem, ac montoſam tenet genus hominum longe duriſſimum ac aſperum, qui ſylveſtres dicuntur. Hi ſago, et interiore tunica amiciuntur; nudiſque genu tenus tibiis incedunt. Arma ſunt arcus et ſagittæ, cum enſe admodum lato, et pugione unâ tantum ex parte acuto." *—If we take away his bow, and arrows, and ſtick a couple of piſtols in his belt, the highlander of thoſe days, is the very highlander of theſe.

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* Pol. Virg. lib. i. p. 11.

SECT.

SECT. XXXVI.

IN point of all improvements in landſcape, and every exertion of taſte, the Scotch are very far behind their more ſouthern neighbours. Few ideas of this kind of beauty have yet ſeized them. The lawn, the clump, and the winding walk, which carries you ſimply to every thing worth ſeeing in the neighbourhood, are rarely found. The modern river indeed I ſhould not recommend to their imitation. It is generally a poor unnatural contrivance. One genuine Scotch torrent is fairly worth all the ſerpentine rivers in England. — It is true, the Scotch landſcape boaſts of nobler effects, than theſe trivial ſervices of art can produce: but even the grand ſcenery of nature may ſometimes be improved by the addition of a good foreground: and about the houſes of the nobility, where improvement is avow-

avowedly aimed at, the efforts are generally either feeble, abſurd, puerile, or groteſque. But a national taſte is long in forming. At the beginning of Henry the ſecond Gothic architecture firſt appeared, but it did not arrive at perfection, till about the reign of Henry the ſixth, which was nearly three centuries afterwards.—Thus too the Grecian, and Roman architecture, which began to appear in England in the days of Henry the eighth, was long a heterogeneous compound; and has not yet perhaps attained its perfect growth.

About the beginning of this century appeared firſt the dawning of the preſent taſte in improving gardens, and pleaſure grounds; which is in fact nothing more than a ſimple endeavour to improve nature by herſelf; to collect ideas of the moſt beautiful ſcenery; and to adapt them to different ſituations; preſerving at the ſame time the natural character of each ſcene. But this taſte, ſimple, eaſy, and natural as it appears, is yet by no means become general even in England. The old idea that *art muſt do ſomething more than nature*, is not yet obliterated; and we ſee the groteſque, the formal,

formal, and the fantaſtic ſtill holding poſſeſ-ſion in many ſcenes, where we might have expected ſimplicity, and nature. But the Scotch are ſtill at leaſt half a century behind the Engliſh. In Scotland we ſaw nothing in this way purely elegant. Even in their beſt improvements there is a mixture of the old inſipidity. It muſt be underſtood however that I ſpeak of things, as I found them a dozen years ago. Many improvements may by this time be introduced. I have already mentioned the improvements, which I am informed, have been made around Hamilton-houſe; and it is probable there may be many other. It will be long however before this taſte becomes general.

With regard to architecture, painting, and ſtatuary, very little is found in Scotland to detain a traveller. The duke of Athol's gardens are at this day * adorned with tawdry, painted, leaden figures, the product of Hyde-park corner.

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* 1776.

Before

Before I conclude theſe remarks, it may be neceſſary in juſtice to myſelf, to ſuggeſt one conſideration. It is very poſſible that many, who may travel this country, may ſee among the natural objects of it many which have eſcaped my eye; and loſe others, which mine obſerved. Objects too, may appear under very different forms to different perſons. All this will neceſſarily happen from the different circumſtances, under which they are ſeen. A grand light, or ſhade, thrown upon an object, gives it a conſequence, without which it may eſcape notice. One traveller ſeeing an offskip under the circumſtance of a light, thin, miſt, without attending to the cauſe, cries out, What a beautiful diſtance! Another travelling the ſame road, an hour afterwards, finds the diſtance gone; and in it's room an unpleaſant, black heath. At one time a diſtance might appear melting into the horizon; at another a lurid cloud might have taken poſſeſſion of the ſky above it, and the diſtance aſſuming it's indigo tinge, might be marked with a harſh blue edge. To my eye, as the ſun declined, a part of Dunbarton-

rock

rock appeared from the ſhores of Loch-Lomond, like a vaſt tent, with one of the front-curtains drawn back. To another perſon travelling in a morning, it would probably make an appearance totally different. I have touched on this ſubject in another work;* and may add, that in a mountainous country theſe variations are more common than any where elſe. Such countries are greatly affected by lights, ſhades, miſts, and a variety of other circumſtances; ſo that in point of ſize, ſhape and diſtance, two perſons may give very different accounts of the ſame mountain, and yet both may be very exact.

Amidſt all theſe ſources of uncertainty (which by the way are ſources alſo of variety, and beauty) I have generally marked the time of the day together with ſuch circumſtances, as appeared ſingular in the view; and I hope whoever ſhould ſee the country, which I have deſcribed, under the ſame circumſtances, in which it appeared to me, would find the delineation of it tolerably exact.

* See the preface to the North. tour, p. 7.

SECT. XXXVII.

FROM Carliſle to Cockermouth, we paſſed over dreary, unpleaſant heaths. Some ſcenery we found; particularly at Cockbridge; and about Whitehall, an old deſerted manſion, belonging to the Salkelds. The road to it happens to be ſo conducted, as to form a good approach.

As we mounted the hill, a little beyond Bowl, we had a grand view of the opening of the Solway-frith, into the Iriſh-ſea. It's breadth is conſiderable, and yet the mountain of Scrofell, which takes it's ſtation near the mouth of the frith, on the Scotch ſide, makes a very reſpectable appearance. To the right, we ſee the frith narrowing through the ſpace of many leagues: beyond which the mountains of

of Scotland riſe in the diſtance; while the Engliſh border forms the nearer ground. The whole together is too extenſive for the pencil: but a good view might be taken of the ſituation of Scrofell, a Scotch mountain at the mouth of the frith. — This was our laſt retroſpect of a country which had afforded us ſo much pleaſure.

As we approached Cockermouth, the mountains, which occupy the middle of Cumberland, begin to make a formidable appearance. One of them in particular, inlightened by an evening ſun, ſeemed ſupported by vaſt buttreſſes, like ſome mighty rampart, in the times of the giant wars. Each buttreſs, I ſuppoſe, might be three or four times the height of St. Paul's church. When nature in any of her frolic-ſcenes takes the ſemblance of art, how paltry in the compariſon appear the labours of men! At the ſame time, in her frolic-ſcenes ſhe is the leaſt pictureſque.

Cockermouth is one of the pleaſanteſt towns in the north of England. It lies in a ſinuous, extended

extended vale; ſkreened by that circular chain of mountains, Skiddaw, and it's compeers, which we have juſt mentioned. But they do not hang over the vale: they are removed to a proper diſtance; and form a grand background to all the objects of it. The vale itſelf is beautiful; conſiſting of great variety of ground, and more adorned with wood, than the ſcenes of the north commonly are. But it's greateſt ornaments are two rivers, and the ruins of a caſtle. The rivers are the Derwent, and the Cocker; both rapid ſtreams. The former is the larger; to which the latter is but tributary. At the confluence of theſe rivers, cloſe by the town, riſes a peninſular knoll, in part probably artificial. Upon this ſtand the ruins of the caſtle; which are among the moſt magnificent in England. Beſides the grand appearance they make on the ſpot, they preſent an object in various parts of the vale, and dignify ſome very picturesque ſcenes.

Few caſtles have made ſuch ample proviſion for priſoners of war, as this. Here are two vaulted dungeons, each of them capable of holding fifty men. An aperture at the top of each is juſt ſufficient to lower down the un-

 happy

happy captive into it; and his food was ſhovelled through a ſmall ſlit at the ſide.

It makes one ſhudder to think of the wretched condition of a human creature, ſhut up in theſe chambers of horror. How dreadful would it be for the people of theſe more poliſhed times to be carried back into thoſe barbarous periods, when theſe ſavage practices exiſted. And yet there is ſuch a correſpondence throughout the whole ſyſtem of manners in each æra, that people are happier perhaps under the intire habits of any one age, than they would be under a partial change, even tho that change were for the better. If we could ill bear a mixture with ſuch ſavage contemporaries; they would perhaps be as much diſcompoſed with our poliſhed manners. Nor did they feel as we ſhould, a compaſſion for that barbarous treatment, which they were ready to ſuffer themſelves from the chance of war.

The territory annexed to this caſtle by William the conqueror, was all that tract of country called Copeland, at that time a mere foreſt, ſtretching between the river Dudden, and the Derwent. Tradition fixes the original ſeat of this little feudal empire at Papcaſtle,

caſtle, about a mile from Cockermouth; and informs us that Waldoff, in the age ſucceeding the conqueſt, deſerted it, as not ſufficiently extenſive, and built the caſtle of Cockermouth. At Pap-caſtle no veſtiges remain of any ſuch fortreſs; but the name, and ſite, are both ſtrong arguments for it's having exiſted.

We ſcarce remember, in our whole tour, a pleaſanter walk, than we had one evening in the meadows along the banks of the Derwent. The whole ſcenery is pleaſant, and as we returned by the higher grounds, we had, through the whole walk, a varying view of the caſtle of Cockermouth; which tho not the moſt beautiful object in itſelf, has at leaſt a grandeur, and dignity, which make it intereſting in every view.

From Cockermouth to Keſwick, (which was our next ſtage) lead two roads. One of them, over the mountain of Whinlater, is called the *upper road:* the *lower* paſſes by Armithwaite-bridge, and the lake of Baſſenthwait. Let the pictureſque traveller enquire for the latter; and not be deterred, tho the prudent innkeeper inform him, that the Whinlater-road

is both better, and nearer. He will find the *lower road* very good; and inftead of repining at being carried two miles about, he will wifh he had been carried twenty; (at leaft if he is bent on no errand of importance) fo amply will the inconvenience be repayed by a fucceffion of fcenery, in which grandeur and beauty combine to entertain him.

He will firft be prefented with a mountain-vifta; which he muft confider as the grand portal to the fcene he approaches. This vifta, which he purfues about four miles, is terminated by the mountain of Skiddaw.

The furface of this mountain, when we faw it, exemplified very ftrongly an incident, to which thefe vaft bodies are fometimes liable; that of *falfe fhadows.* Scarce any thing gives higher offence to the picturefque eye. —— Whoever pretends to any fkill in painting, tho he may not be verfed in all the theory of light, yet cannot be ignorant of thefe general principles — that the light falls on all the inlightened objects of a landfcape in one direction — that all the fhadows are of courfe thrown on the oppofite fide — and that extended fhadow is one great fource of that

breadth,

breadth, as the painters call it, both in nature, and in painting, in which ſimplicity conſiſts.

Now on the vaſt ſurfaces of theſe elevated bodies it ſometimes happens, that in the room of this ſimple illumination, we ſee what I have expreſſed by the term *falſe ſhadows* ; which are occaſioned by ſmall floating clouds intercepting the light, and throwing their ſhadows promiſcuouſly ; and often where we ſhould naturally expect light. In *flat* countries theſe *falſe ſhadows* are rarely diſguſting. They are often loſt in cavities : they are often broken and diſperſed by intervening objects : they are often lengthened by perſpective, and ſo loſe their diſagreeable form : they are often alſo the ſource of great beauty, by leaving catching lights upon the diſtant parts of a landſcape, or ſome happy illumination upon an object at hand. Indeed this fortuitous circumſtance is often employed by painters with great effect.*

But when theſe *falſe ſhadows*, are patched againſt the *ſide of a mountain*, and held up to the eye in their full ſize and dimenſions ; they are almoſt ever accompanied with great confuſion. — A ſunſhiny, windy day therefore, with

* See vol. i. p. 12.

ſmall

ſmall floating clouds, is the worſt kind of weather for viewing a mountainous country.*

At the end of the viſta, we came to the brow of the hill, called the *Ray*, from whence we had a noble view. The ſegment of a vaſt circle, many leagues in circumference, opened before the eye. It was a cultivated vale, ſkreened by Skiddaw, and other mountains, which winding round puſhed their baſes into it, in different directions; forming many bays, and promontories of broken ground as they united with the vale. In the middle, a portion of the lake of Baſſenthwait made an ample ſweep. Here beauty was introduced into our landſcape, and mixed with the ſublime. The whole valley indeed was amuſing in a great degree; tho too extenſive to be the object of painting.

From the Ray, deſcending into the vale, we had as grand a viſta formed by the lake

* See remarks on the effect of this ſpecies of light in a flat country, vol. i. p. 12.

of

of Baſſenthwait, as had been formed by the mountains juſt before. The lake of Baſſenthwait is not among the moſt beautiful lakes of the north. It is about four miles long; and rarely more than half a mile in breadth. It ſeldom therefore has ſpace enough to bear it's proportion in the noble ſcenes, in which it is engaged; eſpecially when viewed acroſs: but as we here took it in perſpective, it made a noble appearance, running up among the mountains, and loſing itſelf behind them. Skiddaw formed the left ſkreen of this viſta; Thornthwait-cragg the right, and the mountains of Borrowdale filled the centre.

We had another very fine view of the lake at Owſebridge, where the river Derwent leaves the waters of Baſſenthwait. Here alſo we ſaw the lake in perſpective, which gives it a ſpreading appearance; and more conſequence, than it commonly has.—On it's banks ſtands Armithwaite, where we had the ſame view over the lake, which the road had juſt preſented to us.

We now approached the northern ſide of Skiddaw. This mountain is in moſt parts

ſmooth,

ſmooth, tame, and unfurniſhed. But on this ſide, it makes it's beſt appearance. It is channelled and guttered, in it's higher parts; and often adorned with large proportions of rocky ground. In one place it exhibits two vaſt baſons. The whole mountain ſeems divided into an upper, and a lower region. The lower ſpreads into ſheep-walks, which run as far as the guttered channels; and in many parts inſinuate themſelves among them, till all diſtinction of ſurface is loſt in the heights of the mountain. A greyiſh tint over-ſpread the middle parts; contending with pur-ple as it roſe higher; till at length the purple gained the aſcendant, and took poſſeſſion of all the upper regions of the mountain.

This was the appearance, which Skiddaw exhibited at a ſecond diſtance: but the road ſoon brought us under it's baſe, where all it's upper regions diſappeared; and we could ſee nothing but the immenſity of it's ſkirts.

Here we were entertained with another grand mountain-viſta. A concave part of the baſe of Skiddaw, ſweeping to the road, formed the near ſkreen on the left; on the

right

right was a chain of broken mountains, running into perſpective; and the lake, having now changed it's form, appeared like a noble river, winding under them.

Our landſcape too had all the advantages, which light could give it. After a diſturbed day, the evening was ſerene. All the *falſe ſhadows* had fled with the clouds; the lights were ſtrong, and permanent; and under ſuch illumination, every mountain ſummit, and every woody knoll, had taken it's proper form, together with it's proper hue.

We ſtill continued winding round Skiddaw, the ſides of which are every where rather ſhelving, than ſteep. But as we now began to veer round towards it's ſouthern aſpect, we loſt the guttered channels, and rocky promontories which inveſted the northern ſide of the mountain. Smooth paſturage ſeemed now to cloath it to the top. — The road is good every where round the mountain; which continually ſheds from it's ſkirts a kind of ſhivering, flaky ſtratum, which binds hard, and is perfectly ſmooth.

We now came to the iſthmian part, which divides the two lakes of Baſſenthwait, and

Keſwick.

Keſwick. The beautiful meadows, at the head of the lake, full of cattle, made a pleaſing appearance; contraſted, as they were, with rocky mountains on every ſide.

As we approached ſtill nearer, the vale of Keſwick began to open; and we had a grand view of the mountains of Borrowdale; arrayed in all the ſplendor of an evening-ſun. Theſe are among the moſt broken of all the mountains of the north: and their ragged points, on a nearer approach, wear rather a fantaſtic form: but at the diſtance from which we now viewed them, every groteſque appearance was loſt; and their broken points were admirably fitted to receive the ſharp catches of light, with which they were all illumined. Below the mountains appeared the ſkirts of the lake of Keſwick. We ſaw the whole ſcene afterwards to great advantage, from the higher grounds, which fully command this grand, and beautiful landſcape.

SECT.

SECT. XXXVIII.

THO we had feen the lake of Kefwick many times; yet fuch a fcene is an inexhauftible fund of beauty. It always prefents fomething new. Our next undertaking therefore was to ride round the lake, which we had never done before. It is about eleven miles in circumference. Amufing however as this circuit is, it feems to have been fo little frequented, that altho we were under the conduct of an inhabitant of the place, we had fome difficulty in finding even a bridle-road: and yet materials are fo plentiful, that a little expence might eafily make it commodious for wheels. Were the road better, the tour of the lake of Kefwick would perhaps be one of the grandeft, and moft beautiful rides in England. You are not carried along the margin of the lake, which in many parts is probably obftructed

obſtructed by large promontories of rock running into the water; but you wind often among the higher grounds, and ſlope along the ſides of the hills. The *whole lake together* you ſeldom ſee: but you have every where, the moſt beautiful views of portions of it; open bays, deep receſſes, and ſpreading ſheets, accompanied, both in the diſtance, and foregrounds, with ſuch variety of rock, wood, and broken knolls, as few landſcapes exhibit in ſo ſmall a compaſs.

From the eaſtern ſide of the lake, which we had traverſed oftener than once, the weſtern ſide appears waſte and barren. On the weſtern ſide, we had never been before; and were ſurpriſed to find it, what it did not appear at a diſtance, full of beautiful ſcenery. Ringſide-fell, which makes a part of it, is a grand, and well ſhaped mountain. The other mountains, between it and Baſſenthwait are too much broken.

Of the iſlands upon the lake we had ſeveral views; of Lord's iſland covered with wood; of St. Herbert's, newly planted with fir; and of Vicar's iſland, flat, plain, and cultivated.

vated. In ſome places too we had a view of them all together.

Lodoar was in great penury, when we paſt it. Inſtead of roaring over the mighty rocks, which form it's deſcent, it fell gently down, gliding among them with feeble tone, not having force of water, to reſiſt it's obſtructions.

A circuit round the lake, naturally ſuggeſts the viſionary idea of improving it. If the whole lake (I mean the whole diſtrict of land and water, contained within the circumference of the mountains,) belonged to one perſon, a nobler ſcene for improvement could not well be conceived. This grand circumference, it is true, in all it's vaſtneſs and extent, ſets at nought all human power; and reſiſts every idea of improvement: yet ſtill in ſome parts an impreſſion might be made. It might be rendered *more acceſſible*—it might be *cleared of deformities*—it might be *planted*—and it might be *decorated.*

In the firſt place, it might be rendered *more acceſſible.* We have juſt ſeen how difficult it is to get round the lake in it's preſent ſtate. Half it's beauties are loſt. An eaſy road therefore might be traced. I do not merely mean a good carriage road; but ſuch a road, as might both form a pleaſing line in itſelf; and ſhew the beauties of the lake to the beſt advantage. This improvement would require both taſte, and ſtudy. Many a ſurvey of the lake ſhould be taken, both from the higher and lower grounds, to find out, where the road might open on ſome beautiful part, without loſing it's own beauty —where it might run obliquely, and give only catching views—or where it might entirely loſe all view of the lake. A pauſe in a grand continuation of ſcenery, is often as pleaſing as in a concert of muſic. It makes the eye in one caſe, as the ear in the other, more alert for every new exhibition.

Beſides this ample road around the lake, there might be a variety of paths, and ſequeſtered walks cut from it; which, in ſome part or other, might preſent every ſcene in it's moſt pictureſque form.

Our

Our next bufinefs would be to *remove deformities* — fuch *deformities* efpecially as obtruded themfelves from the road, or paths. And here I fhould perhaps find a difficulty in fettling with many people, what was a *deformity*. In *nature's works* there is feldom any *deformity*. Rough knolls, and rocks, and broken ground, are of the very effence of beautiful landfcape. It is man with his utenfils, who prints the mark of *deformity* on Nature's works. Almoft every thing in which he is concerned, I fhould wifh to remove. In thefe rough grounds indeed there is not much of this kind that offends; and fome of his works, the cottage efpecially, under particular circumftances, is an object of beauty: tho in general thefe are not the fcenes which it fuits.

But notwithftanding the beauties of nature, it may happen that fome deformities, even in her operations may exift. We often obferve the craggy points and fummits of mountains not well formed; and the mountain itfelf not exactly fhaped. With thefe things however we muft reft fatisfied. — Yet fometimes, in

 fmaller

ſmaller matters, a natural *deformity* may be done away. An awkward knoll, on the *fore-ground*, may offend; which art may remove, or at leaſt correct. It may remove alſo buſhes and rough underwood; which, tho often picturesque, are yet ſometimes in the way. It may remove alſo a tree, or a clump, which may have placed themſelves between the eye, and ſome beautiful part of the ſcene. Farther than this we dare not move — unleſs perhaps we wiſh to give the line of the lake a more pleaſing ſweep, by paring away cautiouſly — very cautiouſly — here and there a little of it's margin.

We begin next with *planting*. In this buſineſs the improver might wiſh to have the lake in it's primeval ſtate ſurrounded with ancient wood. He might wiſh that *cutting away*, rather than *planting*, ſhould be neceſſary: but as that cannot be, he muſt be content to plant: and this he muſt do, chiefly for the ſake of poſterity, whom he muſt leave *to admire* his work: for tho he may plant, it will require an age to bring his work to perfection.

The

The chief uſes of planting in ſcenery, are to *ſet off beauty*, and to *hide* ſuch deformities as we cannot *remove*.

Nature has various coverings for her ſurfaces. Graſs is her principal, and general covering. This however is only a thin dreſs, cloſe and tight, which following the form of her limbs, gives little *ornament* to them. Weeds of various kinds, ſhrubs, and bruſh-wood form another ſpecies of veſt, and often a rich one. But her richeſt, and moſt ornamental mantle, is wood, which ſhe ſpreads in various forms, and various colours, over the earth; and in uninhabited countries in ſuch profuſion often as to blot out landſcape. In inhabited countries however woods of this cloſe texture, and wide continuance, are uncommon: yet we always wiſh for a command of ſuch wood in all our improvements—not only for the reaſon already given, that old timber is more beautiful than young; but becauſe nature always plants with much more picturesque beauty, than man. Man cannot put a twig in the ground without formality: and if he put in a dozen together, let him put them in with what art he pleaſe, his awkward handywork will hardly ever be

 effaced.

effaced. Nature would be aſhamed to own his work — at leaſt, till it had been matured by a long courſe of years. The beſt mode of planting, is, to plant profuſely; and thus to afford ſcope for the felling axe. The felling axe is the inſtrument, which gives the finiſhing touch of pictureſque effect. It forms the outline; and marks the breaks. No human judgment can manage this buſineſs compleatly in the firſt planting: yet human judgment, in the firſt planting, ſhould nevertheleſs do what it can: and under the management of taſte an artificial wood may attain great beauty; and vie in ſome degree with the ſuperior effect of nature.

As for any particular rules for planting ſuch a ſcene as this, none can be given. They muſt be adapted to the ſpot. Foregrounds and backgrounds are equally ſuſceptible of the beauties of wood. Only, in general, contraſt ſhould be obſerved. The whole ſide of a hill for inſtance, ſhould not be planted, but parts of it left bare. Sometimes the top may be planted; and ſometimes the bottom: and if the wood run down to the lake in one part; in another the contiguous ſhore will, perhaps appear better unadorned. The fore-

grounds

grounds however muſt generally be adorned with wood.

But wood, beſides it's uſe in adorning landſcape, is of uſe alſo in hiding it's deformities. The lake and it's invirons, however beautiful, will always have many parts to hide. But to hide them from every ſtation would be impoſſible. In ſo extenſive a ſcene they muſt preſent themſelves in numberleſs places. And yet perhaps the ſame object may appear from one ſtation as a beauty, and preſent itſelf from another as a deformity. All however that can be done on this head, is to have reſpect to the ſeveral roads, and paths you have marked out; and to endeavour, as much as poſſible, by trees on the foreground, to plant out, from thence at leaſt, every thing offenſive. Even the ill-formed points, and prominences of mountains, where they are moſt offenſive, may be ſkreened, in ſome views at leaſt, by the foliage of a ſpreading tree.

We come laſtly to the *adorning* of ſuch a ſcene as this. I mean the *addition of artificial ornament.*

 But

But before any *mode of ornament* can be ſettled, the queſtion occurs, For what *purpoſe* do you mean to adorn? Do you intend to build a manſion in ſome part of the ſcene? — Or, do you mean it only for the wild ſcenery of a park; or what is commonly called a riding? We have yet done nothing, but what may be accommodated alike to both theſe purpoſes.

If you mean to *build*, in behoves you well to fix the ſpot with judgment. I ſhould traverſe the boundaries of the lake many times; examine it in all ſeaſons; and not determine a point of ſuch importance, in leſs that half a ſummer. I ſhould at once however reſolve not to follow the example of the earls of Derwentwater, and chooſe one of the little, flat, unvaried iſlands for my reſidence. Theſe iſlands may often make the *object* of a ſcene: but none of them has extent to make a *ſcene itſelf*; or to unite well with the ſcenery around.

Having determined your ſpot, and built your houſe, your next *adorn* it. Much of the wild bruſhwood of the country muſt give way; and an elegant neatneſs take place; which growing rougher by degrees, will unite itſelf with

with the wildnefs of the country. Having levelled the ground, where too rough, and given an elegant play to it, you next plant your groves, and clumps, open your lawns, and conduct your walks. In all thefe things, the fituation you have chofen muft determine you. If it could be done commodioufly, I fhould wifh to have the grand lawn before the houfe fweep down to the water's edge. And yet I fhould not be pertinacious on this point, becaufe other views of the lake might be equally interefting.

When you have thus laid out your different fcenes, I fhould not object to your adorning fo large an extent with a temple, or two; provided they were objects pleafing in themfelves; adapted to their fituations; and not both feen glaring together. I fhould not even object, if you chofe to place fome artlefs object as a point of view on the other fide of the lake: for I conclude your houfe, or fome of the grand walks, will open to the oppofite fhores. If you choofe to adorn your diftant view in this way, let not the object you make choice of, be fome odd appearing thing, ftaring from the top of a hill, like a tower, or a fpire, where you know no fuch

thing

thing could probably be placed. Neither let it ſtand directly in the front of your view; the deſign of it will be ſuſpected. As to the *kind of object*, it muſt be ſomething, which will not diſgrace your invention, if it is to be ſeen upon the ſpot. It will be difficult to direct you. But if you heſitate about a proper object, you had better at once give up the intention.

But perhaps you do not mean to build a *manſion*; but mean only to adorn the invirons of the lake, as a *wild park-ſcene*. In that caſe little ornament will be wanting. If the ruins of a caſtle, or abbey *could be* built, and ſtationed with veriſimilitude, and propriety, they would undoudtedly be a great ornament. Their ſtation ſhould be accommodated to the road, and walks; and yet muſt appear, not as if fixed by deſign, for the purpoſe of ornament; but as if naturally choſen. They ſhould alſo be in a magnificent ſtyle. If you are ſatisfied with bringing a few loads of brick, or ſtone; and putting them together in ſome odd ſhape, whitening them over, and calling them a ruin, you had better do nothing. You may diſgrace what you wiſh to adorn: and ſhould always

remember

remember that the ſcene is able to ſupport itſelf without any ornament.

I know no other ornaments proper to the invirons of the lake, except perhaps a bridge or two; for which I ſhould think, there might be great choice of ſituations. But I ſhould wiſh the form of them to be that of the *rumbling brig* in Scotland;* rather as joining rocky chaſms, than as paſſages over rivulets. Of courſe therefore they ſhould be ſo conſtructed, as to ſerve the purpoſes of the road. The form of an aqueduct might be introduced with propriety. The Alpine bridge alſo might have a good effect. Such a bridge is conſtructed only of a few rough pines, ſplit, and held together by rafters, and pins. Chaſms, over which ſuch bridges might be thrown, are frequent about the lake. But here too you muſt follow the ideas of *probability* (which is *nature* as far as it goes) and throw the bridge over ſome part, where it appears really to be wanted. Your path muſt lead over it; or at leaſt be directed over ſome ſafer place in it's neigh-

* See Vol. I. page 125.

bourhood;

bourhood; that the *danger of the bridge* may appear plainly to be the *cauſe of it's deſertion.* But in all matter of ornament, let me once more adviſe you to be ſparing. I have heard, that, ſince theſe obſervations were made, the lake of Keſwick, as well as other lakes, hath been injured by ſome miſerable, and taſteleſs ornaments.* Let me intreat you not to add to them; nor to incourage a wretched taſte, which may in time, as each proprietor of the lake takes it into his head, creep every where around it; and deſtroy by degrees the ſimplicity, and beauty of one of the grandeſt, and moſt pleaſing ſcenes in Britain.

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* From this cenſure I ſhould wiſh to exclude ſome improvements, which have lately been made on the weſtern ſide of the lake, by lord William Gordon. I never ſaw them; and only accidentally heard of them, ſince this work went to the preſs; but from what I could learn, I ſhould ſuppoſe they are made, as far as they go, on the principles here laid down.

SECT. XXXIX.

FROM Kefwick we took the common road to Kendal; and were greatly amufed, as we had often been before, with the grandeur and beauty of the fcenery; which two ideas go hand in hand through all this country. Sometimes one prevails: fometimes the other: and fometimes we are ftruck with the united force of both. Ideas of fimple grandeur were generally fuggefted between Kefwick, and Amblefide; and of beauty chiefly between Amblefide, and Kendal.

From Kendal to Lancafter the country affumes a tamer afpect. At Lancafter we could not avoid afcending the caftle-hill, to admire the fcene of diftant mountains it difplayed,

played, tho we had often admired it before. But it was now attended with accompaniments, which were new to us; and which of courſe made the ſcene a new one; as all ſcenes are, when viewed in different lights, and different ſeaſons. The day was rough, and boiſterous; and tho we had often ſeen this grand bay in a calm, we had never before ſeen it in a ſtorm. The tide had wholly overſpread it; and tho there was not depth of water (as the whole bay is at beſt but a flooded ſand-bank) to ſtir up the grand ſwells of the ocean; yet it has depth enough to be greatly agitated.

But if it's waters wanted *depth*, they had *extent* fully proportioned to the mountains, that invironed them; and all together produced a very grand effect. The greatneſs however of this noble exhibition aroſe chiefly from the adventitious circumſtances, which attended it. The violence of the ſtorm had confounded in one maſs of driving vapours, air, ſea, and mountains; and the ſublimity lay in the emerging of each of theſe objects occaſionally from the maſs of confuſion, in which it was involved. Sometimes the broad back of a mountain would appear; while the

the imagination was at a loſs to find out on what baſe the mighty fabric was erected: for all it's lower ſkirts were obſcured. Sometimes the baſe appeared whitened by the ſurges of the ſhore: while the ſummit of the mountain, involved in vapour, left the imagination to ſeek it among the clouds. Even objects ſtill ſmaller, did not want their effect. The ſerried files of ſuch ſea-fowl as fly in flocks, urging their flight through the ſtorm in firm array, were contraſted by others of a more devious courſe; as the gull particularly, which turning her breaſt, and wings to the wind, gave herſelf to the blaſt; and was carried away far to leeward, as if delighted with ſporting in the ſtorm: then, as the guſt had ſpent it's force, ſhe would recover her courſe; mount again into the air, and again renew her aerial paſtime.

But the greateſt ornaments of this boiſterous bay, were the ſkiffs, which traverſed it in various parts, making to the little ports, which lie along it's ſhores. Their different forms, and groups, as they were tumbled about by the wind, were amuſing. One veſſel there was of larger dimenſions, which ſeemed to have been out at ſea, and from her ragged ſails to have

have ſuffered from the ſtorm. She was working her courſe, with an adverſe wind, in *tacks*, as they phraſe it, athwart the bay. In ſome ſituations her appearance was formal: but when ſhe was foreſhortened, heeling from the wind, and with full ſail driving the whitened ſea before her prow; ſhe was very picturеſque. Shakeſpear, who had his beautiful moral ready on every occaſion, on the exhibition of ſuch a picture would ſay,

> ——————— How like a prodigal
> The ſcarfed bark puts from her native bay,
> Hugged, and embraced by the ſtrumpet wind!
> How like a prodigal doth ſhe return,
> With weather-beaten ribs, and ragged ſails,
> Torn, crazed, and beggared by the ſtrumpet wind!

In the mean time we could have wiſhed for a burſt of reſplendency to throw, at intervals, a vivid ray on the landſcape — to brighten the mountain top, or the ſwelling ſail of the ſkiff. Nothing is more picturеſque, than a ſtorm thus inlightened.* But we were not ſo fortunate. One gloomy tint overſpread the whole picture; and the ſeveral objects that

* See Northern Tour, Vol. I. page 126.

were

were ſeen, were ſeen rather from an *indiſtinct ſhadow*, than any *effect of light*.

One appearance indeed we had of ſolar illumination, which is of no uſe in enlightening objects; but is exceedingly pictureſque; and that is thoſe broad, diverging beams, which the ſun, concealed behind a cloud, ſhoots down through a cloudy horizon. But let the painter, when he adorns his landſcape with appearances of this kind, take care that they diverge naturally. Without a little philoſophy the beſt efforts of his pencil will be awkward. I have ſeen a picture, in which the artiſt wiſhed to adorn his landſcape with a rainbow; but thinking a ſemicircle rather formal, he drew it in perſpective.

This bay, from the ſetting of the currents, is at all times, ſubject to very rapid tides. But when the wind is ſtrong from the ſouth-weſt, the waters ruſh in with a violence that is aſtoniſhing; as many unfortunate travellers have fatally experienced. Nor is this the only danger, with which theſe pathleſs deſerts are attended. The tide often leaves them interſperſed with quickſands, which vary their ſituation. As it ſaves however ſeveral miles to croſs this track of ſand from Lancaſter

 to

to Ulverſton, Cartmel, and the other towns upon the coaſt, you can ſeldom look over it from the ſtation where we now ſtood, when the tide is at ebb; without ſeeing it *figured*, as the landſcape-painter ſpeaks, with ſeveral paſſengers; ſometimes ſolitary, and ſometimes in companies. For the accommodation of travellers, the government pay two guides from the rents of Coniſhed-abbey, (as the monks formerly did) who relieve each other, and conduct paſſengers, at ſtated hours, over the moſt dangerous parts: tho many people, who think they are as well acquainted with the fords themſelves, truſt to their own diſcretion.

SECT. XXXIX.

AS we leave Lancaſter, the broken coaſt ſtill affords us many views of land, and water, with ſtretches of ſand interſperſed; which to a common eye appear only barren tracts of dreerineſs: but the picturesque eye finds often a great amuſement in them *; and if they are happily illumined, contemplates in them, ſome of the fineſt effects of harmony. At this time indeed, they were under the influence of a rough unpleaſant day.

About a mile beyond Garſtang, we had a very fine diſtant view of a different kind — different indeed from any thing we had ſeen

* See vol. i. page 132.

for

for many weeks —— a flat, woody country, terminated by light, azure hills, which appeared

> ——— ſmall, and undiſtinguiſhable,
> Like far-off mountains, turning into clouds.

They were ſuch in fact. We here took a farewell view of the mountainous country, we had paſſed. The *far off mountains* became by degrees *ſmall and undiſtinguiſhable*; and ſoon *turning into clouds*, diſappeared.

The general character of all this country, through which we now travelled, is that of flat, and woody. About Charnock the ground is varied, and the ſcenery more beautiful.

In Lancaſhire we frequently obſerved a breed of large cattle, which in the country is called the *wag-horn breed*, from the manner, in which the horn bends under the eye. In other countries I have heard them called *lough-horned*; but throughout England, they are commonly known by the name of the *Lancaſhire breed of cattle*. They are ſaid to be fleſhy, and more proper for the ſhambles, than the dairy:

tho

tho in Lancaſhire, we were told, they are eſteemed the beſt milch-cows. Their twiſted horns give them a peculiar, and picturesque caſt of countenance.

The country between Wigan, and Warrington ſtill continues flat, and woody. The ſoil is a looſe ſand, inſomuch that the poplar, and other quick-growing trees, whoſe roots creep about the ſurface, often receive a caſt from the wind, which gives them a diſagreeable appearance. An inclined tree may be picturesque; but to make it ſo, it muſt always be well balanced. A tree, which inclines, when it is young, naturally forms a balance, as it grows; but when it takes an inclined direction, after it is full grown, it immediately appears to be in an unnatural ſtate.

The lands in this country are pleaſant: but the roads are rough. The ſoil produces no materials to make them; and the inhabitants are obliged to fetch ſtones from the Welch coaſt; the freight and carriage of which raiſes the expence of the roads, in many parts, to the enormous ſum of one thouſand pounds a mile.

Here and there in paſſing through the country, we have long flat diſtances; over which

which riſe the high grounds of Derbyſhire. A new houſe, built by Mr. Smith Barry, commands an extenſive woody flat of this kind towards Cheſhire, bounded by Delamere-foreſt. But his brother's houſe ſtands more pleaſantly by the ſide of Marberry-mere, which is a conſiderable, and beautiful piece of water.

By degrees the face of the country becomes more varied. We admire a woody dip at Wynchcomb-bridge; and near it a common, pleaſantly circled with clumps, and ſingle trees. Mowcap hill, crowned with a ſort of caſtle-like form, which has a good effect, is ſeen far and wide, adorning as a background all the ſcenes in it's neighbourhood. It is a poor ſubſtitute for a Scotch mountain; yet it is ſufficient to remind us frequently, in our different views of it, of the great uſe of high grounds in landſcape. — As we approach Trentham, the country aſſumes a ſtill more varied appearance.

Trentham is the ſeat of earl Gower, now marquiſs of Stafford. When we were laſt in this country, a wet day prevented our ſeeing more of it, than we could diſcover from

the

the road *. We had now the opportunity of a fine evening, and ſaw it to better advantage. The houſe ſtands low; at the bottom of a woody hill, on the banks of the Trent: and tho there is nothing very peculiarly ſtriking in the ſituation; yet it conſiſts of conſiderable variety in point of ground, wood, and water. Of all this Mr. Brown, who was called in to improve it, has made a maſterly uſe; and has adapted with great judgement his improvements to the ground. The contrivance is more varied, than the works of this artiſt commonly are; and the reſult is, a ſcene of great ſimplicity, and beauty — I may add, of magnificence alſo. The Trent is here a river of no great conſequence; but being checked in it's courſe by a head, it forms a large piece of water, which ſweeps along the ſide of the park, where the ground from the wooded hill falls beautifully into it in all directions. A very elegant walk likewiſe is conducted, firſt by the edge of the water; and then among the woods; from many parts of which the houſe makes a magnificent appearance beyond the lake, forming pictureſque reflections upon it's

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* See Obſervations, &c. v. i. p. 75.

 ſurface.

ſurface. The ſhores of the water on the ſide oppoſite to the park, have little to recommend them at preſent. They are flat, newly planted, and without any effect: and the head, or mole, has yet rather an awkward appearance; running a conſiderable way like a hedge. Whether a lake, or a river, is aimed at, the extremities ſhould be provided for; and if the artificial ſquareneſs of the mole, which forms the lake, cannot be hid, or diſguiſed; the idea of a *lake* ſhould be dropped, and that of a *river* adopted. Pliny's rule, tho given on a different occaſion, cannot be too ſcrupulouſly obſerved. *Ambire debet ſe extremitas; et ſic deſinere, ut promittat alia poſt ſe; oſtendatque quæ occultat.* — But as a dozen years have now elapſed, ſince theſe obſervations were made; many improvements may have taken place; and the whole line of the lake may be altered. Upon the whole however we ſeldom ſee a piece of artifical ground, which from it's variety, and management, is more capable of commanding attention. —— A very fine approach to the park, on the ſide next Stone, is now forming. The line is good in which it is marked out round a hill. Handſome gates are already erected.

From

From Trentham to Stone, the road is pleaſant, winding among hills; but as we enter more into Staffordſhire, the country loſes it's beauty.

Enville, the ſeat of the earl of Stamford, ſtands low; but moſt of the grounds, which belong to it are high: and theſe high grounds are the moſt beautiful appendages of the place. They are ſimple ſheep-walks, and conſiſt of large lawns, and plantations intermixed; but are more varied, more natural, and more pleaſing, than the neighbouring lawns of the celebrated Hagley. They pretend to no decoration, but that of nature: and when nature, at any time condeſcends with her own hand to decorate a ſcene, removing what is offenſive, and bringing before the eye ſuch objects only as pleaſe, (whether of the ſublime, or as here, of the paſtoral kind) it is ſurely paying her no very high compliment, to ſay, ſhe exceeds the utmoſt attempts of art. In theſe grounds if any art hath been uſed, it hath been uſed with great judgement. To this

this pleafing foreground is added a diftance, proportioned to it in extent, and equal to it in beauty. We overlook an extenfive view on both fides. On one towards the Clent, and Malvern-hills; and on the other as far as the Wrekin. I cannot defcribe this diftance better, than in the words of Thomfon, who fpent much of his time in this country, and feems to have collected all the ingredients of this landfcape from fome hill in the neighbourhood.

> Mean time you gain the height, from whofe fair brow
> The burfting profpect fpreads immenfe around:
> And fnatch'd o'er hill and dale, and wood, and lawn,
> And verdant field, and darkening heath between,
> And villages imbofomed foft in trees,
> And fpiry towns by dufky columns mark'd
> Of rifing fmoak, your eye excurfive roams.

We ftrayed a long time among thefe beautiful lawns, before we defcended to the lower grounds. One view, in our defcent, particularly pleafed us. It is a valley, fkreened on each fide with wood; and bounded by diftant country and mountains. The lower grounds near the houfe, are more decorated by art, as they certainly ought to be: but it was unfortunate, that we had not feen them,

before

before we ſaw the ſheep-walks. From ſuch an exhibition it required ſome time to bring the eye in humour with the moſt pleaſing artificial ſcene.

From Enville the country grows unpleaſant. On the left we have good views about the hundred and ſixth ſtone. Perſhore-church, as you approach, and the diſtances beyond it, make a good picture. — The celebrated vale of Eveſham poſſeſſes little that is pictureſque. It is a mere extended ſcene of cultivation. Vales of this kind have no place in landſcape, but the diſtance. They afford no circumſtances on the ſpot. Near the cloſe of the vale, a little to the right of Broadway-hill, the ſkreen of the vale is woody and more beautiful. The view as we deſcend Porten-hill is very amuſing. It lies chiefly within the compaſs of a ſecond diſtance. — Soon after we deviated a few miles to ſee Bulſtrode.

Bulſtrode belongs to the ducheſs dowager of Portland *. The park is a pleaſant, rather

* Now to the duke of Portland.

than a ſtriking ſcene. It conſiſts of a great variety of riſing and falling grounds, without water indeed; but in many parts well-planted, and every where ſimple, and unforced.

On a height, in one part of it, is a circular flat, about half a mile in circumference, which has evidently been a camp; but whether of Britiſh, Daniſh, or Roman ſtructure, is not eaſily known. You plainly trace a mound and a double ditch. The ſcene itſelf, ſurrounded by wood, is pleaſing.

The houſe formerly belonged to the celebrated Judge Jeffereys; but is now greatly altered and improved. It ſtands on a gentle riſe, which ſlopes into a ſemicircular valley, compoſed of park-ſcenery. The approach, which was formerly regular, winds now, in an eaſy line, along a valley. Behind the houſe runs the garden; where plants, and flowers of every kind, find their proper ſoil and ſhelter. One large portion is called the American grove; conſiſting of the plants of that continent. Here too the ducheſs has her menagerie. She is fond of animals; and among many that are curious, encourages the very ſquirrels and hares to enjoy a ſtate of perfect tranquillity. The ſquirrel cracks his nut at

your elbow; and looks at you without dismay: while the hare, at her pleasure, takes her morning and evening gambols about the park, which she considers as her own domain. When the bell rings for dinner, a servant carries out a basket of corn, which he lays in little heaps upon the lawn, before the dining-room windows. The hares know both the signal, and the intention of their benefactress; and assembling from all parts, bring their little families with them, and enjoy their meal in great comfort.

The house contains some good pictures. One particularly, by Rubens, in which he has given several different attitudes of himself, and his three wives, is much admired. There are also two or three well-painted heads. Two lions pursuing a fawn, by Rubens, are thought capital. The lions are good; but unnaturally introduced. They are quarrelling about a fawn, before they have taken it. The truth is, the fawn does not belong to the lions. We have them in other pictures without it. Lord Warwick, I believe, has the lions without the fawn.

The hall is hung with a large collection of huntings by Snyders. In the bear and bull-

bull-baiting are ſome excellent dogs; but in general theſe pictures are only haſty compoſitions.

Among the works of art at Bulſtrode, which abounds chiefly with the curioſities of nature, we were favoured with a ſight of one by Mrs. Delany, which we greatly admired. Mrs. Delany, is widow of the late Dr. Delany, dean of Down, one of the intimate friends of dean Swift. She is now ſeventy-ſix years of age, and enjoys her faculties in ſuch vigour, that you find not the leaſt faultering in any of them. The work of hers, which I allude to, is an herbal, in which ſhe has executed a great number of plants, and flowers, both natives, and exotics, not only with exact delineation, and almoſt in their full luſtre of colour, but in great taſte. And what is the moſt extraordinary, her only materials are bits of paper of different colours. In the proceſs of her work, ſhe pulls the flower in pieces, examines anatomically the ſtructure of it's leaves, ſtems, and buds; and having cut her papers to the ſhape of the ſeveral parts, ſhe puts them together; giving them a richneſs, and conſiſtence by laying one piece over another; and often a tranſparent piece over part of

a ſhade,

a ſhade, which ſoftens it. Very rarely ſhe gives any colour with a bruſh. She paſtes them, as ſhe works, upon a black ground, which at firſt I thought rather injured them; as a middle tint would have given more ſtrength to the ſhade: but I doubt whether it would have anſwered in effect. Theſe flowers have both the beauty of painting, and the exactneſs of botany: and the work, I have no doubt, into whatever hands it may hereafter fall, will long be conſidered as a great curioſity *.

From Bulſtrode we took the Uxbridge road. At Hillingdon, oppoſite to the church, ſtands a very noble cedar of Lebanon; indeed almoſt the only truly pictureſque tree of the kind, I ever met with.

Soon after we entered Hounſlow-heath, and called at Witton, which belonged formerly

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* Mrs. Delany died in the beginning of the year 1788. She continued her work, till within two, or three years of her death; and compleated nine volumes in folio; each volume containing one hundred plants.

to the duke of Argyle. The duke was the greateſt connoiſſeur in trees of any man in England; and naturalized many. He piqued himſelf on having his trees in the greateſt perfection. If a tree did not *immediately* thrive, he never waited it's growth, but put in another. In the houſe and gardens, there is little beſides, that is remarkable.

From Witton we proceeded through Twickenham; where the garden of Pope is ſtill ſhewn, in the ſtate in which he left it. It is ſurpriſing to ſee ſuch an effort of real taſte, at a time, when the country was barbarous in all it's ideas of gardening. He is ſaid to have been aſſiſted by Kent; but I think it not at all a determined point, whether he did not give Kent more aſſiſtance than he received. Pope certainly aſſumed to himſelf the merit of forming this piece of ground; and uſed often to ſay, with perhaps ſome little degree of affectation, that of all his works, he valued himſelf moſt on his garden. —— What Sir William Stanhope added afterwards, tho he had the ideas of a more improved day to guide him, is very inferior.

As we leave Twickenham, the Thames opens beautifully, and forms a fine reach. But notwithſtanding it's beauty, and even grandeur — the richneſs of it's banks — and the gorgeous villas, that crown them, it ſtill falls ſhort, in a pictureſque light of a Scotch river, with all it's rough accompaniments, pouring over rocks, and forming a thouſand little foaming eddies. The eye, ſo long in the habit of admiring the wild ſcenes of nature, cannot eaſily forget thoſe inchanting images. Every kindred object raiſes a recollection of the paſt; and every recollection, a compariſon, in which the tame, tho inriched ſcenes of art, are ſure to ſuffer.

To enumerate only in a catalogue, the ſeveral ſplendid villas, that adorn even this part of the Thames, would be tedious. What is chiefly the object of a ſtranger's notice is Mr. Walpole's houſe at Strawberry-hill. He has rebuilt it (for it was before an old manſion) in the Gothic ſtyle, as the moſt proper receptacle for the many curious, and rich remains of art, and antiquity, with which it is

adorned. But through the inability of his architects, his ideas were never properly executed. Mr. Walpole often complained they were rather Moorish, than Gothic: however, as he could not, at that day, procure better assistance, he was obliged to acquiesce in what he could not amend. He was always however among the first to depreciate his own architecture.

With regard to the inside of his house, he early saw that insipid taste prevailing, which is now so general, of adorning walls, and ceilings, with light, faint, gaudy colours; and endeavoured to introduce a tone of harmony into his apartments; and to relieve the furniture by an opposition of colour, in the rooms, where it was placed. He always however lamented, that he fell short of his own designs: but still he raised the admiration of others, who had a less accurate taste than he had himself; and were pleased with something, which they could not account for.

The garden contains about ten acres. It consists of a lawn, and open grove; and is considered only as a foreground to a beautiful bend of the Thames, and the landscape beyond it, which displays some of the rich distances in that neighbourhood — very unlike indeed the grand, and simple views, we had

seen

ſeen in the highlands of Scotland; but more aſſimilated to the character of a ſouthern county. A Scotch landſcape beyond the rich views of the Thames, would be as abſurd in a picture, as it would be unnatural in a real view.

In an angle of the garden ſtands a Gothic chapel, containing a lofty, rich ſhrine of ancient Moſaic, which is exceedingly curious.

But tho the houſe is richly adorned with remains of antiquity, which preſent themſeves in every apartment; yet they are a ſmall part of thoſe rarer productions of art — drawings — medals — enamels — and miniatures, which are contained in cabinets. In the three laſt articles eſpecially, moſt of which conſiſt of the portraits of eminent men, I ſuppoſe few private collections are either ſo copious, or ſo curious.

From Twickenham, we croſſed the Thames at Kingſton, and proceeded into Surrey.

THE END.

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